

A FAMOUS LIGHTHOUSE.

Tillamook Rock, at the Mouth of the Columbia River. The most famous lighthouse on the Pacific coast is that of Tillamook rock, 70 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river, Oregon. The rock is 92 feet above the sea, yet at the time Mr. Lord made one of his photographs a wave was breaking through a crevasse and hurling its spray higher than the summit. On this day it was too rough for the Columbia's boat to make a landing. Coal for the station had to be hoisted in net slings, and the keeper had to be lowered in a cage or basket and, suspended in midair over the sea, report on the condition of himself and his assistants, as they were short of provisions, most of the supply having been destroyed during a storm. From the side of the rock a heavy sea at the height of this storm tore off two pieces averaging 63 pounds and hurled them upon the roof of the keeper's dwelling. With the weight of the water these fragments made a hole 26 feet in area in the roof, flooded the building to a depth of over five feet and washed out two walls, throwing three rooms into one, an "improvement" for which the keepers were not especially grateful. Pieces of rock punctured the iron roof in 35 places. Although the focal plane of the lantern is 136 feet above the sea level, 11 panes of glass three feet long and three-eighths of an inch thick were knocked in by pieces of rock which went through the lantern, and the water put out the light. The building has now been raised six feet, and a thick concrete roof has been laid on heavy steel girders.—Chautauquan.

"Most Unique." One can hardly pick up a newspaper nowadays without seeing the "most unique" as "it was the most unique entertainment ever given in the valley." If a thing is unique, it is unique in the superlative degree. It is not unique. To say that an incident is "one of the most unique that ever occurred" is abominable. "Very singular" is a parallel solecism.—Exchange.

Two Points of Difference. "The difference between the cow and the milkman," said the gentleman with a rare memory for jests, "is that the cow gives pure milk." "There is another difference," retorted the milkman—"the cow doesn't give credit."—Indianapolis Press.

Might and Right do differ frightfully from hour to hour, but give them centuries to try it in they are found to be identical.—Caryl.

A Midnight Escapade. It was midnight as a thundering knock came at the door of room No. 48, Phoenix hotel.

"What is wanted?" asked the occupant as he sat up in bed with furiously beating heart.

"Never!" "Then take the consequences."

The man sprang out of bed and hurriedly dressed himself. His face was pale and his hands trembled, but he shut his lips with a determination to sell his life dearly. He heard foot-steps moving in the hall, and presently his door was burst from its hinges and a dozen men burst into the room. They found him standing with a revolver in each hand and the light of battle in his eyes.

"You may hang me," he said in a low, tense voice, "but 12 of you will go into the other world before me."

"Who said anything about hanging?" inquired a voice.

"But you have come for that. Twelve years ago in this town I killed four men. You have recognized me and have come for revenge."

"Not much, stranger. We don't know anything about the four men and don't want to. You live in Missouri, don't you?"

"Do."

"Well, what we wanted to ask was whether three of a kind beat a straight in your state."

"They do not."

"Then that's all, and you can go back to your snooze. So we have disturbed you, but we had a dispute and wanted to settle it."—New York Sun.

Man's Fool Age. A medical man has discovered that neither in youth nor old age is a man likely to make the biggest fool of himself. Extreme youth usually is considered not to have arrived at the dignity of years of discretion, yet a homely proverb would have us believe that "there is no fool like an old fool." This medical observer has broached the theory that there is an "aberration period of middle life," between the ages of 37 and 42.

The Trunk Paid. Some years ago a man ran up a bill of \$200 in the Tremont house, Chicago, and then ran away without settling it. The trunk which remained in his room was unusually heavy and when opened after his departure was found to contain specimens of ore, brought from the gold and silver mines of Colorado, where presumably he had lost all his money. After waiting out the legal time to an assayer, who returned it two bits of metal valued at more than \$100 in excess of the bill after deducting his own fees.

"Mr. Maximus." The result of an examination was put up on the notice board of a well known cramming establishment, and one of the attendants was scanning the list with as much interest as any of the countless students. At the head of the list was written, "Maximus \$50," and when the attendant's eyes rested there he exclaimed, "Why, that Mr. Maximus, he's always top, he is."—London Globe.

Not a Good Conductor. "Well, sir," remarked the observant passenger, after watching the conductor collect eight fares and ring up five, "you need never be afraid of being struck by lightning."

"Why not?" asked the trusted employee.

"Because," replied the observant passenger, "it is evident you are not a good conductor."—Philadelphia Press.

No Case. "You charge this man with impersonating an officer, do you?"

"I do, your honor."

"Tried to make you believe he was a policeman, did he?"

"He did."

"When he was in the saloon with you, did he?"

"He didn't go into any saloon, your honor."

"The prisoner is discharged."—Chicago Tribune.

He Rose Rapidly. In speaking of the late Ballard Smith the Louisville Courier-Journal says that when he first sought a position in a newspaper office after graduating from Dartmouth college he entered the sanctum with an air of condescension. He wore a silk tie and a velvet jacket. He said he would like to be dramatic editor, but he was given a place on the local staff. In less than six months he was made city editor. After that his rise in journalism was rapid.

He Doesn't Like Aquariums.

Why any one should ever have desired to own or to visit an aquarium is a mystery. The view of fish, except when nicely grilled or when suspended at the end of a fishing line, is one of the most uninteresting of sights. The other man's when in confinement display traits which are more or less interesting. The lion has a sense of humor and displays it in the most pleasing way who he devours the lion tamer who has entered too often into his cage. The bear in his thirst for luns seems so much like the human being that the spectator of his antics frequently feels an irresistible desire to hit him with a stick.

But the fish has not a single interesting trait. He will swim around the tank in which he is confined with a persistence which is maddening to the nervous spectator. He never engages in a genuine fight, but content himself with an occasional surreptitious bite of an enemy's tail, which gives no true satisfaction to the beholder. If he happens to be a large snake thinly disguised as an eel or an octopus or some other alarmingly ugly fish, he will sometimes swim directly at the glass through which the visitor is looking at him and thereby give the latter a momentary sensation of horror, but the average fish cares nothing for the public and treats his visitors with calm contempt. An aquarium without fish, like a seashore resort without the sea, is unobjectionable, but an aquarium with real water and real fish is the dreariest object in nature.—W. L. Allen in Pearson's Magazine.

The Paris Cab Driver.

Outside of many wine shops in Paris and in the principal cities of France a sign is often to be seen bearing the words, "An cocher fidele" ("To the faithful cocher"); beneath it a driver is pictured, hat in hand, restoring to a gentleman and lady, the hirers of the coach, a purse forgotten on the cushions of the vehicle. This is not a conception of the artist, nor vile flattery of the restaurateur or wine shop to draw thither the coachman with a fob for the bottle, but a reality which often occurs and of which the cocher has every right to be proud.

Anybody who has lived any length of time in Paris will endorse the statement "Who has not forgotten an umbrella, a walking stick, a small satchel or some little object on the seat or floor of a public vehicle? And who has not had his property restored without even having taken the number of the vehicle, without any remembrance of the physiognomy of the driver? By a simple application to a special office at the prefecture of police, where all objects found in public carriages are deposited and arranged according to the date and hour at which they were brought in, one is able promptly to regain possession of his lost property."

This reflects great credit on the Paris "cabbies," few of whom, by the way, are born Parisians.—Harper's Weekly.

Re Concentrated.

Professor Contentfast is a small man with a large mentality. His wife is a tall woman, who believes in the power of matter over mind. The professor had been absorbed the whole evening in a profound paper on the mental characteristics of people who were unhappily married. Suddenly looking up, he remarked:

"My dear, are you aware of the fact that a man's brain weighs about 3 1/2 pounds?"

"Humph! You've just read that, haven't you?"

"Er—er—why—er—oh, yes; certainly, of course."

"Well, that article says a woman's brain is not so heavy, eh?"

"Er—er—yes, it certainly does, but—"

"And it also states that a woman's brain is of much finer quality, doesn't it?"

"Er—er—well, yes; you are quite right, madam."

"Now, listen to me. Just concentrate your 3 1/2 pound brain on that scuttle and figure out how much it will weigh after you bring it full of coal from the cellar." The professor meekly bowed his great head, and, as he departed for the lower regions in search of abstract information, he murmured:

"The man who thinks that mind is superior to matter is an illustrious idiot."—London Tit Bits.

The Trunk Paid.

Some years ago a man ran up a bill of \$200 in the Tremont house, Chicago, and then ran away without settling it. The trunk which remained in his room was unusually heavy and when opened after his departure was found to contain specimens of ore, brought from the gold and silver mines of Colorado, where presumably he had lost all his money. After waiting out the legal time to an assayer, who returned it two bits of metal valued at more than \$100 in excess of the bill after deducting his own fees.

Jealousy Among Monkeys.

When a monkey gives way to jealousy, it shows a degree of hatred for the animal that has innocently aroused its malice that makes it for the time a monster of cruelty.

On a ship returning from one of her tours in tropical lands, was a monkey which became a great friend of the stewardess. One day she fed another monkey, a pretty, gentle creature. This trifling attention enraged the other monkey, which coaxed the little thing to its side and then, before the stewardess had time to realize that mischief was meant, took it by the neck and flung it overboard.

Of another monkey the same person tells that while preparing dinner for a grand party the cook was absent from the kitchen for a minute. No sooner had her back been turned than the monkey slipped a kitten of which it had always been jealous into the soup pot.

Why a Minister Gave Up Preaching.

A minister had his salary cut down \$100 a year or so ago (and this was in a western church) because his wife wore a handsome gown than some of the prominent women in the congregation. The reason was given openly, and the matter found its way into public print. The fact that the wife's wealthy aunt was the donor seemed to be of no consequence, and the poor woman herself, irritated and mortified at the publicity given to her private affairs, succeeded in persuading her husband to withdraw from the ministry.—"A Minister's Wife" in Ladies' Home Journal.

In Self Defense.

"What makes you assume such a loud and aggressive tone in proclaiming your own merits?" asked the very "and I friend."

"I am forced to do it," was the great actor's answer. "I'm naturally one of the most modest men in the world, and I've got to keep praising myself for fear my sensitive nature will compel me to go to the manager and tell him I think I am getting too much money."—Washington Star.

THE TRAIN WAS STOPPED.

And Then the Question Was Who to Hold Responsible. "One night last winter," said a Boston man, "I came up from the south with two friends of mine. They occupied the stateroom, and I was lodged in a section outside. They were in a hot discussion before they retired, and one of them had finally become so sleepy as to abandon the argument. I turned finally, as they did, but the man to whom the argument had been abandoned did not seem satisfied with the victory he had won, and when I left them he was busily engaged in trying to prolong the talk with his sleepy companion.

"Shortly after I had fallen asleep I was awakened by some confusion in the aisle of the car. The train was at a dead stop, and then I heard the voice of the conductor angrily ask of the porter, 'Now, who in thunder pulled that bell rope? I had a shrewd suspicion, but deemed it safe to lie quiet and say nothing. Finally the train started, and as they could not find out who had jerked the bell rope, the car assumed its customary night aspect. Presently the stateroom door opened and one of my friends requested me to step in and decide a bet. It seems that he who was not sleepy was trying to tell the man who was something to which the sleepy one refused to listen on the ground that the noise of the car wheels made it impossible for him to hear. The other man promptly rang the bell and stopped the train, who had jerked the bell rope. 'The bet of \$50 was as to who was responsible for stopping the train. The sleepy one said the wide awake one, because he had pulled the bell rope. The wide awake one said it was the sleepy one, because he had averred that he could not hear what was said to him because of the rumbling of the train, which naturally led to the train being stopped. I decided in favor of the wide awake man, which effectually waked the other up also. Which would you have decided in favor of?'—New York Tribune.

Thinking of Her.

In the "Recollections of a New England Town" is the story of Mr. Bush, an inventor and a very studious man, who sometimes became so absorbed in thought as to forget both place and people.

His wife was a notable housekeeper, but she did not always go to church. One Sunday she accompanied her husband thither, and glad and proud was he. But when the service was over he walked away home, leaving her behind. Mrs. Bush was grieved.

"My dear," she said when she reached home, "I don't know what people will think. You came away without me. It was plain to be seen that I was entirely forgotten."

Mr. Bush looked at her in comical bewilderment. "Forgotten, my dear?"

"Oh, no. I don't think that's possible. Why, a brilliant idea striking him, 'now I remember. I was thinking of you all the way home. I was thinking what a good dinner you'd give me.'"

Dangers of Boating.

Clara. When George and I are married, I am to have my own way in everything.

Dora. Guess you won't.

Clara.—Indeed I will. That's the bargain. Don't you remember I told you I was proposed to me in a rowboat and asked if I'd float through life with him just that way?"

"Yes."

"Well, he was rowing, but I was steering."—New York Weekly.

A Misleading Analogy.

"When you eat, be careful to leave off hungry," is advice often given at the dinner table, but seldom received in an obedient spirit.

The caution was repeated not long since to a young man of vigorous appearance.

"I know," said he, "you might as well tell me to wash my face and be careful to leave off dirty."

They Swapped.

A little boy in Bangor, Me., was suffering from a severe cold, and his mother gave him a bottle of cough mixture to take when at school. On his return she asked if he had taken his medicine. "No," he candidly replied, "but Bobby Jones did. He liked it, so I swapped it with him for a handful of peanuts."

It Is Imprudent to Keep an Oil or Gas Stove Burning in a Sleeping Room.

They consume the oxygen and thus vitiate the air.

The purest Chinese is spoken at Nankin and is called "the language of the mandarins."

General Merchandise.

Water Street, Foot of Broadway, Jackson

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING OUR PATRONS and the public generally that we have on hand a very choice selection of DRY GOODS of all kinds, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES. We particularly direct the attention of the public to the fact that we keep on hand the largest assortment of IRON and STEEL to be found in Amador county. Also a superior assortment of all kinds of HARDWARE, such as Carriage Bolts, Screws, Nails, and, in fact, everything that a mechanic or farmer would require. We are sole agents for the celebrated HURDLE POWDER, of which we shall constantly keep on hand a large supply.

FOR 1900

McCall's Magazine

(THE QUEEN OF FASHION)

Will contain TWENTY-TWO FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 1000 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date FASHION designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

With Amador Ledger

Only \$2.75 a Year

And each subscriber receives a FREE PATTERNS of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25 cents or 30 cents.

The Astor Butcher Trust.

From the northern end of Chatham square starts the Bowery, and a few steps from its commencement is the building now used as a German theater, which was once the OH Bowery. Before the Bowery theater and previous to the Revolution the same site occupied by a building which has a place in history because Washington slept in it. This was the Bull's Head tavern. Being close by the city slaughter houses, all the butchers who came to town stopped at this inn, making it the first commercial inn of its day. During the Revolution Henry Astor, brother of John Jacob Astor, owned the Bull's Head tavern. He leased it to Richard Varian. But Varian went privateering and left the inn to be conducted by his wife.

Astor was a butcher and conducted his business in the Fly market in Maiden lane. He incurred the enmity of all the butchers in the town by conducting the brilliant idea of riding far out along the Bowery lane, meeting the drovers as they brought their cattle to town and buying their stock, which he sold to the other butchers at his own price. As the lane was really the only road to the city, Astor in this way formed a trust and prospered for many years. The inn, too, prospered until 1826, when it gave place to the Bowery theater.—Home Journal.

Close Resemblance.

Mrs. Talkso's husband was reading an advertisement which asserted that "the mail is quick, the telegrapher is quicker, but the telephone is quickest, and you don't have to wait for an answer."

"Ah," he reflected, "in one particular that reminds me strongly of Mrs. Talkso."—Baltimore American.

Thought It Was a Proposal.

Scene, cab stand near London. Lady, distributing tracts, hands one to cabby, who glances at it, hands it back and says politely, "Thank you, lady, but I'm a married man." Lady nervously looks at the title and reading "Abide with me," hurriedly departs, to the great amusement of cabby.—Spare Moments.

The men-of-war of the Romans had a crew of about 225 men, of which 174 were consumed working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about six miles an hour in fair weather.

Never mind who was your grandfathers. Who are you?—Proverb.

The Panama Hat. "The cheapest straw hat to buy," said a man who owns a beauty, "is, after all, a Panama, like this. Look here." He took down his big white hat, which was creased down the middle like a pair of trousers, and rolled it up tight; then he tossed it in the air. With a crackling sound it spread open and fluttered down to the floor in its original shape, deep center crease and all. "You could soak this hat for a week," he continued, "and iron it out afterward, but when you came to put it on again it would be just as you see it now."

"Women in Mexico and roundabout all that region make the hats, using straw that has been selected with more care than could tell you of. The art has been handed down in their families from one generation to another, and it is a secret art, unknown to any other people in the world."

"These women, living so far away from everything are ignorant of the fashions, and that is why the hats never change their ugly shape. If they were fashionably made, the demand for them would be enormous. As it is, hatmakers travel through all that country and buy them up at good prices."

"The worst of Panama hats is that they are at least \$30, and if you should pay \$50 for a big and unusually light one you would not be getting stuck."—Philadelphia Record.

His Double Fee.

Lawyer Smart—Good morning, Mr. Gull. What can I do for you today?

"I want to get your opinion on a matter of law."

"Yes."

"My hens got into my neighbor Brown's yard, and he poisoned them. What I want to know is, can I recover damages?"

"Certainly. It was malicious mischief on his part, besides being a destruction of your property."

"Thanks. But hold! I stated that wrong. It was Brown's hens got into my yard, and it was I who administered the poison."

"Ah, yes; I see. That puts a different color upon the transaction, and it is clear that he, in the person of his hens, was the trespasser, whereas in leaving the poison on your premises you were quite unaware that his fowls would eat it. It was purely an accident, so far as you were concerned."

"Thanks. How much?"

"Thirteen and fourpence."

"Why, that's just twice what you asked for a legal opinion the other day."

"I know it, but you see, I have given you two opinions today."—London Answers.

The man who sits down and waits for fortune to come along and smile on him is apt to have need of a soft cushion.—Chicago News.

E. GINOCCHIO & BROTHER

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Merchandise

Water Street, Foot of Broadway, Jackson

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING OUR PATRONS and the public generally that we have on hand a very choice selection of DRY GOODS of all kinds, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES. We particularly direct the attention of the public to the fact that we keep on hand the largest assortment of IRON and STEEL to be found in Amador county. Also a superior assortment of all kinds of HARDWARE, such as Carriage Bolts, Screws, Nails, and, in fact, everything that a mechanic or farmer would require. We are sole agents for the celebrated HURDLE POWDER, of which we shall constantly keep on hand a large supply.

FOR 1900

McCall's Magazine

(THE QUEEN OF FASHION)

Will contain TWENTY-TWO FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 1000 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date FASHION designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

With Amador Ledger

Only \$2.75 a Year

And each subscriber receives a FREE PATTERNS of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25 cents or 30 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW NATIONAL HOTEL. FOOT OF MAIN STREET JACKSON, CAL. FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TRAVELERS AT REASONABLE PRICES. Sample Room for Commercial Travelers. Rooms Newly Furnished Throughout. Table Supplied With the Best in the Market. BAR Supplied With the Finest Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

F. A. VORHEIS, Proprietor

FREEMAN'S VARIETY STORE. UP-TO-DATE Stationery and Novelties. AT RIGHT PRICES. Telephone 441 Main, E. G. FREEMAN & CO.

PIONEER FLOUR IS PERFECTION. Made From SELECTED WHEAT. Blended According to Our Own Formula. Producing Perfect Results and Bread Divinely Fair and Feathery Light. Sweet to the Palate's Touch and Snowy White. PIONEER FLOUR MILLS, SACRAMENTO.

JORDAN'S FAMOUS AAA1 CUTLERY. THE BEST IS CHEAPEST FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS. A. J. JORDAN MANUFACTURER. ST. LOUIS AND SHEFFIELD ENGLAND.

INSIST UPON HAVING THE JORDAN "AAA1" CUTLERY ONLY. DON'T BE A CLAM.

And take some other kind because a little cheaper. Best is always cheapest in the end, and the Jordan "AAA1" Cutlery is "It." For sale by the leading dealers everywhere.

GOING TO MEXICO?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Monday, November 12th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.

The round trip rate from San Francisco will be \$81, from Los Angeles \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.

It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit.

Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenue of travel. They can be visited at small cost and should not be omitted.

The Excursion will be in charge of Wm. H. Meaton, Excursion Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who is familiar with Mexico, speaks its language, and will cheerfully give all desired information to inquirers. Go and see or address him at 613 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Inquire of M. W. GORDON, AGENT S. P. CO. AT IOWA DEPOT.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE

The LEADING NATIONAL REPUBLICAN NEWS-PAPER, thoroughly up to date, and always a staunch advocate and supporter of Republican principles, will contain the most reliable news of

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN,

including discussions, correspondence and speeches of the ablest political leaders, brilliant editorials, reports from all sections of the land showing progress of the work, etc., etc., and will commend itself to every thoughtful, intelligent voter who has the true interests of his country at heart.

Published Monday, Wednesday and Friday, is in reality a fine, fresh, every-other-day Daily, giving the latest news on days of the week, and covering news of the other three. It contains all important foreign and other cable news which appears in THE DAILY TRIBUNE of same date, also Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, Short Stories, Elegant Half-tone Illustrations, Humorous Items, Industrial Information, Fashion Notes, Agricultural Matters and Comprehensive and Reliable Financial and Market reports.

Regular subscription price, \$1.50 per year. We furnish it with THE LEDGER for \$3.00 per year.

New York Tri-Weekly Tribune. Published on Thursday, and known for nearly sixty years in the United States as a National Family Newspaper of the highest class for farmers and villagers. It contains all the most important general news of THE DAILY TRIBUNE up to hour of going to press, has entertaining reading for every member of the family, old and young. Market Reports which are accepted as authority by farmers and country merchants, and is clean, up to date, interesting and instructive.

Regular subscription price, \$1.00 per year. We furnish it with THE LEDGER for \$2.75 per year.

Send all orders to THE LEDGER, Jackson, Cal.

LOTS

FOR SALE

The Meehan Property will be subdivided into building lots and sold for CASH OR INSTALLMENTS. Will be laid out in blocks, with 50-foot streets and 25-foot alleyways. Each lot can be reached at front or rear by wagon. One main street from Volcano road west of Calvin's house; one east of Meehan's house; and one west of Meehan's property, to reach the property.

For further particulars apply to NEIL A. MACQUARRIE, Spagool Building, Summit Street

YOU CAN PATENT

anything you invent or improve; also get CAVEAT, TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION. Send your sketch, or photo, for free examination and advice. BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Attorney's fee. Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ANTONE RATTO

Carpenter and Contractor. ESTIMATES GIVEN ON ALL KINDS OF work. Jobbing and repairing work attended to promptly. Address at Foglia's shop, Broadway, Jackson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"White" Bicycle Breaks World's Records. At the Saucer Track, Los Angeles. "Ride a 'White' and keep in front and save repair bills." Hardy Downing, the middle distance champion, Feb. 22, broke all world's records from 1 to 15 miles on a 1900 White Bicycle. H. B. Freeman broke the one mile competition record Feb. 18th, on a 1900 "White" Bicycle. H. B. Freeman holds the world's one mile record of 1:28 2-5, made on the "White" wheel. All famous champions ride the "King of Wheels," the "White."

Orlando Stevens, Johnny Chapman, H. B. Freeman, Hardy Downing, F. A. McFarland.