

THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. No. 10.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1889.

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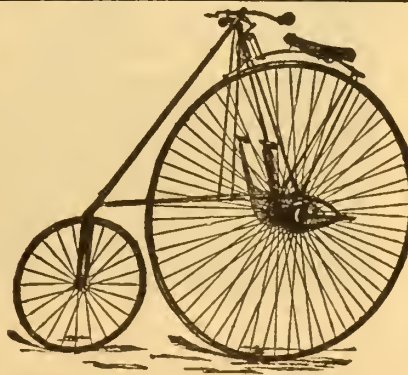
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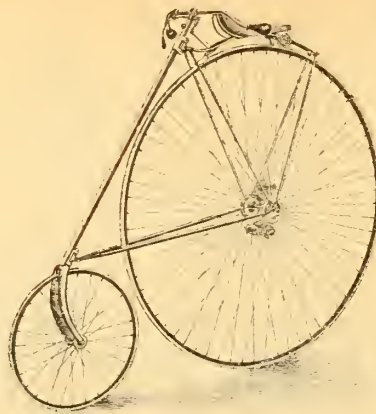
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—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 10.

AN EXTENDED ADVENTURE.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER PERSONS

CHAPTER I.

OUR PLANTATION was sixty miles down the country; away from any railroad, and could only be reached by private conveyance. It was quite a large affair, consisting of nearly two thousand acres; the greater part of which was under cultivation. Of course the number of hands employed was correspondingly large, and Mr. Johnson our overseer, was kept busy superintending them.

The chief products of the place were cotton, corn, potatoes and fruit, with enough meat each year to supply the laborers. The busiest season always was "cotton pickin' time," and then it was that the negroes were the happiest and worked hardest, for as soon as the cotton was all picked, baled, and gotten off to town, they received the majority of their years wages, and would proceed to lay in a supply of clothes, tobacco and etc., for the coming winter.

The years crop of cotton had all been at last hauled to the city and sold; settlements made by my father with Mr. Johnson, and he was ready to return to the plantation to make his final settlements with the hands. The money was in the library, spread out all over



"At the sound of the voice, Haunt gave a yelp of terror, and ran down the hill side."

the center table, in one, two, five and ten dollar bills. Father was counting it over for the last time, and checking it off by Mr. Johnson's accounts. It was just three thousand dollars.

Next morning he was off before daylight, driving a span of hand-some greys, hoping to reach his destination before dark.

I went to work that day as usual, but about ten o'clock a servant came for me, saying I was wanted at home. There I found the entire household in excitement, and each one greatly agitated. The trouble seemed to be, as I learned it, that when about fifteen miles from the city, Mr. Johnson had been knocked from his buggy by a billet of wood thrown by a negro, while another had stabbed him several times. They then proceeded to search him, as reversed pockets showed, with but little success. At this point, the appearance of a wagon and several men around a bend in the road, caused them to take to the woods, and they were not again heard from. The travellers picked the wounded man up, and from his barely intelligible words, learned that he wanted to be brought back to the city. He explained as best he could, what had happened, and two of them went down the road some distance, where the smashed and battered buggy was found wedged between two trees. They took all the things out, and with Mr. Johnson, put them in their wagon, and brought the lot back to the city. In a small valise all of the money was found to be perfectly safe, and we were relieved as far as that was concerned.

I forgot to say that my father had left on the midnight train for the north, and of course, knew nothing of the attack. But we cared for our friend just the same, and the physician said it would be weeks and maybe months, before he would be able to get out again, if at all. My mother was in a sore dilemma. Mr. Johnson, the only one who knew how to settle with the negroes, had suddenly been brought nigh unto death. Father was gone, not to return for a month; there was three thousand dollars in the house, itself a dangerous thing to have about, and last but not least, there was a swarm of negroes out at the plantation waiting to be paid off, who might soon become fretful and reckless if their just dues were not prompt in forthcoming.

Several friends of father's came in that morning, and offered their assistance, should it be needed in any way, but mother firmly but kindly refused all their offers. She thought it entirely too much to ask any one to take such a trip, and then in the face of what had happened to Mr. Johnson, she would not have done it for worlds.

That afternoon an idea suddenly occurred to me which caused me to do a lot of thinking before sunset. These hands had to be paid off and right away at that; and there was but one person to do it, and that was myself. Then I began to think of the obstacles in such an undertaking, and found them quite numerous. First; my mother would never consent, and if I went, it would have to be without her permission. I had my wheel; a trusty Victor; and with an early start was sure of making the sixty miles in a day.

The understanding at home was that I was to sit up with Mr. Johnson all night; and I secured permission to have a chum of mine keep me company. All the while I had been forming my plans, and spread them out before him. He seemed to admire, rather than to be surprised at them, and said something about "he would like to go too," but I paid no attention to that. So that night without attracting any special attention, I did up a small lunch and a change of underclothes in a package for my luggage carrier, and was that much towards starting. Next I carefully cut the pages out of the account book, that I would need in making the settlements. Then I wrote a note explaining in full why I had done as I had, that I thought it was for the best, and directed it to my mother. But the hardest part of it all was getting the money. It was hid in the bottom of a trunk away up in the garret, and I was quite a long time in finding it. After giving a few instructions to my friend, I laid down on a pallet, and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning at the first signs of day, I was on my wheel and under way; rapidly passing through the outskirts of the city, and wondering how great would be my mother's dismay when she learned that I had decamped with that three thousand dollars. But I was sure of my undertaking, and felt gay and light at heart.

By ten o'clock I had done twenty-five of the sixty miles, and was

getting along fairly well. I passed the place where Mr. Johnson had been attacked, with a feeling of relief, and had no fear of sharing such a fate, as no one would suppose that I had the money.

But I had one companion of whom I have neglected to tell you, and that was a dog, whose name was "Haunt." Rather a quiet name it's true, but I think he deserved it. Just a year before that, father had made a trip to the plantation, and on his way back, had found this dog wandering up and down the road, poor and half famished, and had brought him home with him. There were cuts and bruises on him, but after a month's care he was in good shape. On his collar were some queer figures and marks; none of which we could read or decipher. He had a half wolfish look, and if such a thing was possible, presented just my idea of what a foreign dog should be. And then his disposition was a queer one. At times he would spend whole hours, it seemed, in deep reflections, which appeared not at all pleasant, and I had no idea but there was some trouble resting on his mind. But Haunt and I got along very well together, and as time went on, he seemed to be occupied more with the present than the past.

About noon I noticed that it was rapidly clouding up, and in a little while was raining hard. This delayed me for some time, and when I was able to start again, it was after four o'clock, with thirty more miles to do. Another hour on the muddy roads decreased this but little, and it was soon apparent that I would have to put up somewhere on the route for the night.

Soon I came up with a white wood-cutter on the edge of the woods whom I asked if I could get lodgings anywhere in the neighborhood. He looked me over for a moment, and then asked: "Kin ye pay fer it?—Hev ye got any money?"

"Oh yes," I returned in answer to his first. "If they are not too high."

"Well you take this road, go about a mile and a ha'f and come to a gum spring, then you turn to your right down that cow path, till you come to that creek, cross over and keep on till you come to an old house, it used to be a church, but two ole wimmin live thar' an' I guess they'll take you in. Say—whar'd yer git that dorg?"

"Oh I've had him for some time. Much obliged."

"Evenin' sar!"

After travelling a few miles as directed, and just as the shades of night were closing, the top of a house was seen through the trees. At nearer sight it proved to be a two story one, of dark wood, unpainted and a low fence around it. On the front porch sat a woman tilted back against the wall, a cob pipe in her mouth, and her feet up on the rounds of the chair. She arose as she heard me dismount, and welcomed me with a simple, "Come in, stranger!"

At the sound of the voice, Haunt gave a yelp of terror, and ran down the hill-side as fast as his legs could carry him; presently stopping about two hundred yards away, he began filling the air with howls, long and dismal. I could not account for such strange conduct, and so went in to attend to more important business.

My case simply stated, I was confronted with the question, "How much money have ye got," so quickly, that I come near stating the exact amount, but recovered my words soon enough to say—"I can pay for whatever's right!"

"Ye kin, eh! Then cum in an' make yerself ter huni."

"What's the matter with yer dorg—why wont he cum in?" she asked quite suddenly and in an agitated tone.

"I'm sure I don't know marm; he never acted so before."

"Can't yer call him up here?—I'd like to look at him," she said, straining her eyes to see the canine as he galloped down the road.

I called him, and called him, and finally went after him, but it was of no avail. He would growl and the hair stand up on his neck, as he watched the woman on the porch, so that I thought it best to let him alone, and I returned to the house.

"Whut ails that houn"? he sholy acts mighty quar!" she remarked as I came up, and then turned and went in the house.

After sitting on the chair awhile, I walked around the yard to see what kind of a place it was. The house evidently had six rooms; four below and two above. The upper two were small, with no windows on the front or sides, but a small one to each in the rear. I did not like this plan. These rooms seemed to be reached only by an old staircase that went up from the outside. This seemed queer and I examined it more closely. Then what surprised me still more

was, though it ran up by the wall, it was in no way fastened to the house. and had no props under it. But after studying it a moment, I saw a narrow portion of a rope, where it came out of the wall and entered a hole in the upper step. The other end of the rope being in the lower room, I at once concluded that it was to lower the steps and thus cut off means of communication from above. Wondering what such an arrangement could be for, I went in, and had just sat down again, when the woman came out and said I "had better cum in an' tek er bite er two befo' I went ter sleep."

At the supper table was another old hag whom I had not seen before.

Ever and anon, as I munched the corn bread and drank the milk, I could feel their greedy looks from their hollow eyes as they rested upon me, and cold shivers ran down my back at the thought of the deeds it would be a temptation for them to do should they find out the amount of money I had with me. Of course I had no fear of the women, but the general aspect of things, together with the natural uneasiness caused by having such a large sum in my pocket, put me in not the best of spirits.

After supper the two women went out on the porch, and as they

visible. In the center of the floor was a large coil of rope, but besides this, nothing else was to be seen. After putting the plank back in place, I lay down and was soon asleep.

In a short while I awoke with a start, and sat up in bed, staring at the inky darkness. I had just had a dream. It seemed as if the wood-cutter had caught my dog Haunt, and with the rope around his neck, was letting him down a deep well under the house through a trap door in the next room, around which were the four brick walls I had seen. Haunt was resisting by giving forth howls with all his power, which had seemed so real that I sat up listening to see if they would be continued, but all was now still and quiet. The moon was rising, and peeping in through the little window, and feeling somewhat relieved, I dropped off to sleep again.

But in a short time I once more awoke from a dream. In the last one it appeared that the wood-cutter had succeeded in letting Haunt down in the hole, but not in stopping his howls, which continued to float dismally over the night air.

The big man with the villanous looking countenance had disengaged the rope, and with the loop in one hand, and a knife with a long bright blade in the other, was just creeping toward the bed



The danger signal.

went out, I pulled my purse out; selected a two dollar bill from the roll, and hastily thrust it back again. As I did so, I heard one of the shutters give a slight creak, but thought nothing of it at the time.

In a little while my hostess suggested that as she guessed I was rather tired, maybe I would like to go to bed. She took a candle and a large key, and going out, turned the corner of the house and began climbing the stairs.

CHAPTER III.

Not much favoring this move, but having no plausible objections to make, I went up too, and found myself in a dingy room with a low bed and two chairs, the only pieces of furniture visible. In a few moments I was alone, and after fastening the door, looked around to see what a close inspection would reveal.

The end of the room opposite the door, I found, was made by a partition of a few planks; put across like a fence, but higher than my head. I tested them, and found one loose enough to take out. By hard squeezing, I managed to get through, and found myself in a square shaped apartment, with no other means of entrance. What struck me most was, that the four walls were brick, when I had noticed only wood from the outside, and was sure that only such was

where I lay, when I came to my senses.

By now I was so agitated that I could not sleep, and walked to the window to look out. The moon was high up now, and shed her light down over the floor. Suddenly, in the center of it, I noticed a large dark spot which I stopped to examine. It might have been ink or dirt, but after such dreams, my first and only thought was that it was blood. Near the large spot were several smaller ones, and gradually I traced a line of them as they led off into the darkness. Excited beyond measure, I got down on my hands and knees, and followed them to the very bottom of the partition. Taking down the loose plank I went in; found the rope and pulled it back in my room into the moonlight. One end of it was made into a slip-loop, just as I had seen in my dream. Holding this close to the window I could see some dark stains on it, and in one place, what I was sure was a little clod of matted human hair.

Evidently this was no place for me. Noiselessly pulling the rope back into the small room, I was engaged in stacking it up again when I noticed some queer seams in the floor. Examining these, I soon pulled up a small trap door, which looked down into just such a hole as I had seen the man letting Haunt into.

At that moment from off in the woods there came a howl from Haunt, loud and dismal, as if warning me to fly for my life.

My nerves were so unstrung that I believed if I staid in the house another hour my hair would be as white as snow. So gathering my shoes up in one hand, I opened the door and stole down the steps as quietly as possible. As I reached the bottom I darted off behind a tree, to see if any one was in sight. After a moment, the warning voice of Haunt came again, and as it died away I rejoiced to know that we should be together again soon. Just then I saw a figure move behind a tree but a few yards away, and my heart gave such a bound that its beatings seemed loud as a drum to me. A minute later the man—for such it proved to be—left his hiding place, and with stealthy steps, went gliding toward the corner of the house where the stairs began. As he passed the tree behind which I was crouching I could see the handle and part of the blade of a long keen knife, as it entered his sleeve. As soon as he was around the corner, I made all haste to get away. My wheel was still leaning against the fence where I had left it, and it wasn't long before I was a mile down the road. A hundred yards from the house Haunt came running to meet me. He appeared as glad to see me as if I had risen from

On the back of the lock was engraved—wonder of wonders—the very figures and characters that had been on Haunt's collar when father found him. Thinking I had a right to it, I fastened the box to my wheel, walked to the road, and was soon on my way again.

CHAPTER IV.

About ten o'clock I arrived at the plantation, hungry, tired and sore from my night in the woods. But by next day, I was all right again, and made all the hands happy by paying them off in full.

After staying at the overseers house two days, Haunt and I started for home one bright morning, just as day was breaking. We took a different road than by which we had come, and after a hard days run arrived safe at home that evening.

Of course mother had been terrible anxious about me, and gave me a good scolding for my rash deed, but at the same time, she was glad that the hands had been paid off.

Somewhere on father's route north, a paper had a short telegraphic account of the attack on Mr. Johnson, and he had seen it, and taken the next train for home, arriving there but a few hours after I did. He was greatly relieved to find Mr. Johnson much better and in a fair way to recover, and the money paid to the negroes.



Haunt's discovery.

the dead, and I fully believe that he never expected to see me alive again, after entering that house.

But here I was now; thankful for having been delivered, but in a terrible fix. It was but a little past mid-night, and nowhere to stay until day. So I turned off into the woods, and with my coat for a pillow, was soon asleep, leaving Haunt and my wheel on the watch.

I awoke at daybreak, cold and stiff, but everything safe. I was sitting up rubbing my eyes and wondering whereabouts on the face of creation I was, when Haunt roughly pushed me over, and began scratching at a small hole in the foot of the tree, against which I was leaning. Thinking it some rabbits burrow I did not pay much attention to him until he caught my pants leg and pulled me toward it. Whenever Haunt did that, he meant buisness, so I helped him continue the investigation. Lying flat on my face, I ran my arm up the hole, felt all around, and got a grip on something and pulled it out. It was a small tin box, with a brass padlock.

The first chance I could get at him, I told him all about my experience at the house, but he laughed, and said it was all a dream, until I produced the tin box, and then his look of amusement changed into one of wonder and mystification. The lid was pryed open, and another box was found inside, wrapped in paper, on which was written: "This is the property of B. Edings, Esq. Return to him without opening, and get \$10 reward."

In this inner box, imagine our surprise at finding a very handsome gold watch and chain, and other jewelry. Very likely *we* would return this for \$10 reward!

Father opened the watch, which was heavily jeweled, and in the case found those mysterious characters that had been on Haunt's collar and the lock on the box. On the inside of a diamond ring was found the same thing.

The entire case was put in detectives hands, and in a week he re-

Continued on Page 153.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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Receipts. The fact that you receive your paper is proof that we have received your remittance. Your subscription expires at the date on the wrapper.

Errors. We make them; so does everybody, but we will cheerfully correct any we may make if you will write us. Try to write good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write us anyway; do not complain to your friends and let it pass; we want an early opportunity to make right any injustice we may do.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

"Nations move by cycles," says Emerson. Boys move by-cycles too.

An æsthetic wheelman has painted his bicycle red and yellow for the autumn.

"I have been riding through a country," said an enthusiastic wheelman, returning from a tour, "where the hand of man has never set foot."

Amateur racing man.—What did you think of the races, Miss Mamie. It was rare sport, was it not?

Miss Mamie.—Well-er-yes it wasn't so very well done.

Mr Blinks. (passing through a torn-up street which the Department of Public Works are rebuilding)—I say my friend what does that sign "D. P. W." over there mean?

His Friend. (who is a cyclist)—Devilish poor wheeling!

So long as you do not overtax yourself, and you ought to have the sense to know when you do; so long as you do not tie yourself down to any particular distance; or ride every hill; or try to race everything on the road; I care not what your age, sex, or physical condition, cycling ought to be a tonic.

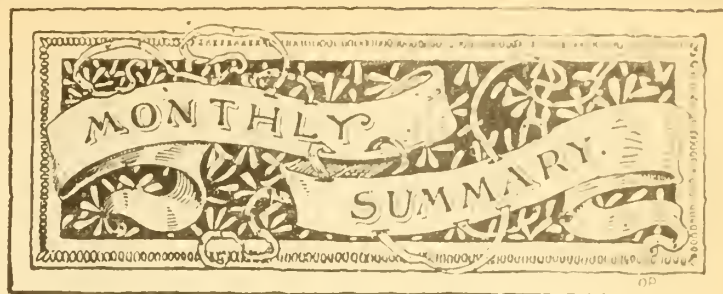
The best way to preserve a bicycle is to cut it in quarters, take out the core, and boil the pieces till they are well done. Then make a syrup of sugar and pour it over the pieces, after which they may be put in cans or jars. Bicycles preserved in this way will keep all winter without any danger of rusting.

The other day the village preacher while riding through the hamlet where he lived, on his bicycle, took a header near a crowd of loafers which can always be found congregated around a country store, he arose, and after brushing the dust from his clothes, turned to the laughing crowd and solemnly remarked: "Will some layman make a remark suitable to this occasion."

"Sanford is a real nice kind of a fellow, but he drinks too much. It's bound to kill him if he don't quit," remarked one wheelman to another as they were discussing the merits and demerits of one of their fellow club-men.

"Why you must be mistaken he is temperate to the extreme."

"Can't help it, he drinks enough to kill him. Last month when we were touring he nearly drank one of the farmers pumps dry. It'll kill him if he don't quit."



FROM SEPTEMBER 15 TO OCTOBER 15.

Connecticut. Tournament at Bristol, Oct. 1. Four mile road race between Rubey and Westlake took place Oct. 2, Rubey winning in 13:30.

Delaware. Two mile bicycle handicap, at Wilmington, Sept. 21.

Illinois. Washington Cycle Club, of Chicago, two weeks tour to Boston, Sept. 30. First annual fall race meet of the Peoria Bicycle Club, Oct. 4, 5.

Indiana. Races at the Y. M. C. A. athletic park, at Indianapolis, Sept. 28.

Kansas. Race meet of Wichita Wheelmen, Oct. 1-5.

Louisiana. L. A. W. division meet at New Orleans, Sept. 11.

Massachusetts. Race meet at Taunton, Sept. 24-26. Cambridgeport Bicycle Club's 25 mile road race, Sept. 27. Wakefield Bicycle Club's dance, Oct. 9. Boston Athletic Association's 25 mile road race, Oct. 2. Wakefield Bicycle Club's 25 mile annual road race, Sept. 31. First annual race meet of the Bay State Bicycle Club, of Worcester, Sept. 14. Annual 25 mile road race of the Port Cycle Club, of Cambridgeport, Sept. 28. The 8 mile handicap road race of the Millbury Wanders was run Sept. 28, C. Benson winning in 29:42½. Two 50 mile road races at Springfield, Sept. 13.

Michigan. Michigan division meet at Ypsilanti, Sept. 20. Michigan division meet races at Detroit, Sept. 21.

Maryland. Annual road race of Baltimore Wheelmen, Oct. 7. Races at Elkton, October, 10.

Maine. State division meet at Portland, Oct. 2.

Nebraska. Third tournament of Lexington Wheel Club, Oct. 9.

New York. Race meet at Niagara Falls, Sept. 27. Tenth annual tournament of the Rochester Bicycle Club, Sept. 18. Races at White Plains, Sept. 28. Queens Bicycle Club race meet, Oct. 5. Annual club races of the Hudson County Wheelmen, at Spring Valley, Oct. 4. Bicycle races at Glen Falls, Oct. 5.

New Jersey. Murphy-Van Wagoner 25 mile race over the Irvington-Milburn course, Sept. 21. Race meet of the Hudson County Wheelmen, of Jersey City, Sept. 24-27. Second annual cycling tournament of N. J. A. C., at Bergen Point, October 12. Hudson County Wheelmen's races, October 4.

Ohio. Twenty mile club championship of Crescent Wheelmen, was run Sept. 29, Allsnp winning in 1:13:48.

Pennsylvania. Mahoning Cycle Club of Youngstown held its annual meet, Oct. 7. Second annual meet of the Juniata Wheelmen at Hollidaysburgh, Pa., Sept. 26. Cumberland County race meet at Carlisle, Oct. 8, 9.

Rhode Island. Annual 25 mile road race L. A. W. division, Sept. 25.

Tennessee. Races at Clarksville, Oct. 9.

Virginia. State division meet at Norfolk, Oct. 14, 15.

FOREIGN.

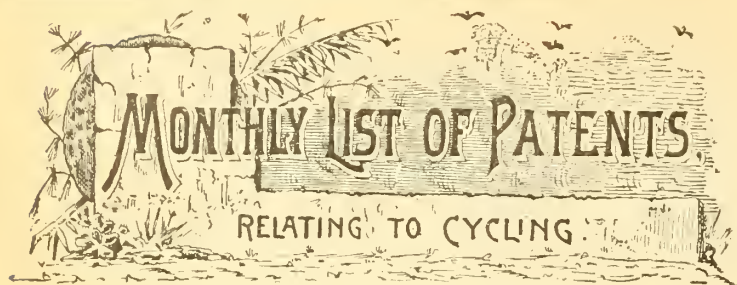
Canada. Tournament of the A. A. A., at Toronto, Sept. 28. Race meet at Hamilton, Oct. 12.

England. F. T. Bidlake broke the 100 mile tricycle record, reducing it to 6:55:58, Sept. 11. Fifteen mile professional championship, at North Shields, was won by R. H. English, in 49:11. A. Holbein, of the Premier Road Club, rode 323 miles in 24 hours on a safety.

Ireland. Annual fifty mile road race for the championship of Ireland was run Sept. 14, J. P. Butler winning in 3:17:1.

France. M. M. Moussett, of Paris, rode 177½ miles in 11:59:50, on a safety, Sept 19.

The last lap—the shoemakers.



NEW AMERICAN PATENTS.

A selected list of patents reported especially for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

- 410,725. Sept. 10. J. L. Watkins, London, England. Velocipede.
 410,938. Sept. 10. A. B. Shaw, Boston, Mass. Oil can.
 410,751. Sept. 10. G. H. Davies, Worcester, Mass. Velocipede.
 411,035. Sept. 17. T. B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill. Velocipede.
 411,190. Sept. 17. B. A. Haines, Smithville N. J. Combined wrench and screw driver.
 411,790. Oct. 1. A. O. Downs, Charlevoix, Mich. Tricycle.
 412,181. Oct. 1. N. Henkle, Rochester, N. Y. Lamp.
 412,216. Oct. 1. G. T. Warwick. Springfield, Mass. Bicycle.

NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

- 13,201. J. H. Betteley. Metal wheels for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
 13,210. E. Doring and F. A. Siegert. Improvements in bicycles and tricycles.
 13,293. T. Warwick, F. Warwick, and E. Warwick. Improvements in the handle-bars of bicycles, and other cycles.
 13,349. J. E. Gill. Improvements in safeties.
 13,325. L. A. Parrock and G. Butler. Improvements in saddles for bicycles, tricycles, and similar vehicles.
 13,320. L. A. Parrock, London. Improvements in the seats, or saddles of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
 13,321. F. T. Blake, Northfleet. A home trainer, washer, and safety bicycle stand combined.
 13,395. Aug. 24. L. A. Parrock, and G. Butler. Improvements in saddles for bicycles, tricycles and similar vehicles.

13,407. J. Clough and G. Carter, Bradford. Improvements in variable speed or speed and power driving mechanism for velocipedes.

13,429. J. Bucking, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

13,431. H. Middleton, Slough. Improvements in tricycles, and in apparatus for propelling the same.

13,578. L. D. Copeland, Birmingham. Improvements in motorcycles.

13,583. W. C. Burton, Ambleside. Improvements in velocipedes.

13,594. T. J. Easey, Bromley-by-Bow, Edward Williamson, Mile End Road, T. J. Burgess, Limehouse. Fixing indiarubber tires to wheels by means of a metallic clip.

13,614. A. Sharpe, W. Kensington Park. Improvements in chain driving gear for velocipedes.

13,704. G. Singer, London. Improvements in or connected with velocipedes.

13,721. C. N. Linley, and J. Biggs, London. Improvements in rubber tires for velocipedes.

13,826. C. Browett and W. J. Pickup, London. Improvements in velocipede saddles.

14,000. E. Burstow, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

14,045. R. K. Hartley, Manchester. Improvements in and relating to bicycles and tricycles.

14,106. T. Bottoms, Birmingham. Improvements in cycle frames.

13,357. Aug. 24. T. Redman. Improvements in the construction of bicycles and the like.

13,381. Aug. 24. O. Schwan. Improvements in velocipedes.

14,204. Sept. 9. C. Southon, Jr. Novel means to facilitate the propulsion of velocipedes.

14,205. Sept. 9. G. L. Morris and W. T. Wilson. Improvements relating to adjustable ball bearings for velocipedes and the like.

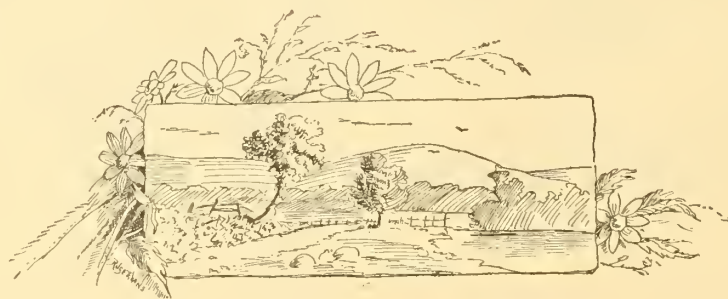
14,256. Sept. 10. H. J. Cooke. Improvements in cycle saddle bars and seat tubes.

14,341. Sept. 11. J. Harrington. Improvements in springs for carriages or velocipedes.

14,393. Sept. 15. G. Darby. The diamond non-vibrating spring bracket for attachment to cycle wheels and frames.

14,401. Sept. 12. H. Lucas. Improvements in clips for the fittings of velocipedes.

14,491. Sept. 14. H. Arnz. Improvements in the driving mechanism of velocipedes.



⊕ TIGHTENED ⊕ SPOKES. ⊕

In my wheel there's a spoke that never loosens,
 In the handle a bar that never bends,
 And so tried and true are these faithful servants,
 That in my heart they hold the place of friends.

There are spokes in the wheel of time that tighten,
 That yield not their hold as the years go by;
 They are mostly thoughts that are linked with the love
 Of the friends who now are no longer nigh.

THE DELIGHTS OF WHEELING.

"COMRADES my soul wearies of the tiresome scenes that are constantly before my vision; I thirst with the desire for adventure, and an uncontrollable longing to fly to pastures new, and pump my faithful beast of burden where man has never pumped before; therefore, come, my trusty followers, come, and ere yon sinking sun has cast his farewell glance, and bestowed his parting kiss upon this dull and prosy habitation, hie yourself to the downy couch and wrap yourself securely in the arms of Morpheus, so that, at the first crow of the morrow's cock you may be much refreshed and well prepared for the arduous undertaking that awaits thee. Now, begone! for he who, when the first gray streaks of the early dawn shall cast a hazy hue upon this sleeping globe, is not found ready with a full stomach and a well-fed beast, it were better for that man that he had never seen a bike."

Thus spoke the bold and fearless leader of the little band of six, who, ere the morrow's sun had again sunk to rest behind the Western hills, would—if it took a leg—cross the great divide and ride the ninety miles allotted them. Scarcely had the first crow of the cock been crowed, or the last whip of poor Will been whipped, when the solitary procession of six silently wended their drowsy way past the stately mansion of the slumbering millionaire, who clutched ruthlessly in his sleep, as he dreamed of the starving widow whom stern duty commanded him to eject into the middle of the street with her wash tub, Easter bonnet, and other effects, unless a kind providence should interfere on the morrow, and pay the mortgage. On through the sleeping suburbs, out into the waking country, just in time to see the hills gently tinged with the first bright flush of the new-born day. At last the silence is broken by the captain, intermingled with the snarl of a yellow cur, who does the contortionist act under the gallant leaders' wheel: "Curses on thy homely shape, lest thou forbear tormenting me further, I shall make thy body food for the vultures!"

The gentle low of the well-fed kine comes up from the meadow, and the smell of the farmer's frugal morning meal is wafted to our nostrils together with the delicate scent of the blossoming clover. As mile after mile was spun out from under the wheels of the flying steeds, the force of those well-known lines, "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., etc., came upon the "followers" with remarkable energy. They thought they were enjoying themselves. It was not in my heart, gentle reader, to deceive them.

But what is passed is only a gentle reminder of what is to follow. Pressing onward and upward, with the cry of "Excelsior!" on our parched and burning lips, our life and strength slowly ebbing away through the pores in our bodies, hungry and foot-sore, thirsty and tired, no water, no shade, no creature in sight, and Elizabeth twenty miles away.

I am alone plodding slowly up a long and winding hill, with my steed on my back—ruminating upon the possibility of reaching civilization or a cow-shed before dark, and consoling myself with the knowledge that I am the last of the party, and the last house fifteen miles behind me, when the hill-top is reached, and what a sight meets my astonished gaze. A bike, a bundle of clothes, and a wandering cow smelling the head of the first man she has seen since last year's round up.

"How now, Artemus? Art thou overcome with fatigue and exposure?" The only reply which comes in muffled tones from the nondescript heap is: "Done up."

"It is far from my intention to leave thee thus to the mercy of the elements and wild beasts, while I am strong and powerful; hence will I abide by thy side till thou art somewhat refreshed. Then will we continue on this continuous round of pleasure." So speaking, I fling myself on prairie cactus with the whitened rib of a departed buffalo for a pillow, and snore, snore, snore. When at last we awake, rub our eyes, and realize the inconvenience of dying on the barren prairie, with no one to tell the tale, we crawl to our feet, shoulder the bikes, and push forward, with Elizabeth nineteen miles away. We plod on in silence. No sound is heard save the ghostly whistling of the dried and whitened bones of the long-since departed prairie wolves, who died for want of company.

"Art thou my friend?" spake Artemus.

"Bet yer life," quoth I.

"Then hie thyself with all possible speed until the sight of water strikes thine eye, and bring the news to me, lest I die." Thie, while Artemus stretches himself wearily by the wayside to await my return. Onward I tramp, till it seems that miles have been travelled, and my feet refuse to obey my commands—when, horror of horrors, do mine eyes deceive me? Am I dreaming? No, no, it cannot be; it is true, it is, it is—a man, a man, feeding the kine. Artemus, Artemus, where art thou? Haste, onward, onward; water, wet water; come! We are saved. Impatiently we slake our thirst, inquire for food, and learn that the captain and his "followers" are one mile in advance preparing dinner for us at a railroad grocery store. "Haste, Artemus, haste! Refreshments await us in the near future." We haste as best we can, dragging our wheels behind us. We tramp, we faint, we burn, we parch, and must soon lie down to die, when we see the hut, see the bikes, hear a shout, and make a last desperate break for food and life. We are successful. We eat, we gorge, we fill, we rest, and soon—Allah be praised!—the smoke of a distant freight train slowly approaching, reminds us we need tramp no more; and as the caboose pulls up alongside, we mount and start for home, with Elizabeth seventeen miles away.—*Sports Afield*.

FORTY MILES.

"How far in a day do you ride usually, on a tour?" asked a new man of the writer, recently, when he was preparing for his first tour a-wheel.

Much depends upon the kind and condition of the roads, time of the year, and what I am looking for; on such roads as you will find through New England, good, bad and indifferent, and where stops are made for notes, chats and sketches, I do not average over forty miles, and often twenty-five will be nearer the figures.

This shows that my idea of having a pleasant and profitable tour does not mean a series of hill climbing feats, nor any road racing, where miles are the chief end aimed at.

Considerable comfort should be worked into a tour a-wheel, and especially on summer days, when the bees hum lazily, and a little exertion goes some distance.

Over on the other side, on their decent roads we comfortably rode fifty to sixty miles a day, even at our leisurely pace, and were no more weary than twenty-five miles would make us among the hills of New England.

Right here we wish to say that more efforts by cycle makers and dealers to boom road improvements, and something really done in that way, would tend to increase the demand for, and sale of wheels, more than to add nic nacks and patented jigger work to them, for they are all good enough now; what we want are decent roads to run them on.

Any half dozen dealers with a little help from the makers, can collect a sum of money, buy gravel and put it on bad places on through routes and thus make it possible for tourists and local riders to travel, where it may now be about impossible.

That opening up of riding districts would be a telling card that would pay the ones doing it, better than anything else they could do. It's only in places that roads are bad and it would not cost a fortune to do as suggested here.

STAMSON.

SECRETS OF HEALTH.

Be cheerful.

Don't hurry.

Don't worry.

Don't starve.

Don't overeat.

Never despair.

Court fresh air.

Avoid excitement.

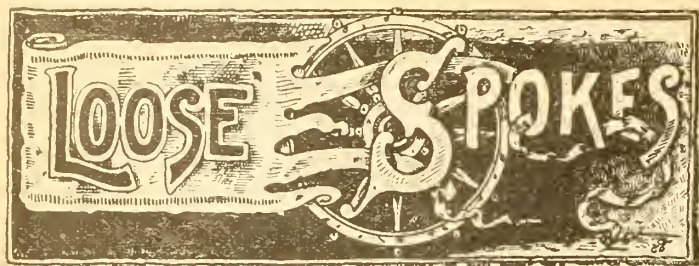
Take plenty of sleep.

Take plenty of exercise.

Think only healthy thoughts.

Avoid intemperance in all things.

Ride your wheel in a rational manner, don't try to see how fast you can go, nor to pass every vehicle on the road. Take it easy and you will enjoy it more, and your health will be greatly benefitted.



R. P. Gormully sailed from Liverpool for New York Sept. 28.

* * *

By the end of the month wheelmen can give their knee breeches to the poor.

* * *

Richard Howell the English professional has reduced the mile record to 2:31½.

* * *

The safest "elixir of life" is out door exercise in moderation, and the best exercise is cycling.

* * *

Niagara Falls is spoken of very favorably as the place for the League Meet in 1890, and from present indications seems likely to get it.

* * *

The Springfield Bicycle Manufacturing Co. has made an assignment to Augustus Russ and Chas. E. Pratt, for the benefit of their creditors. They claim that the expense of building their new factory was the cause of their failure.

* * *

The Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that bicyclers cannot be held liable for damages resulting from horses becoming frightened at their wheels if such runaways occur whilst the bicyclist is riding in the highway and doing nothing to show a lack of regard for others.

* * *

Philo C. Darrow and Louise Halséy are to be married Nov. 6th at the brides residence in Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr Darrow was formerly connected with the GAZETTE, and we are confident his many friends will join with us in wishing him a happy married life.

* * *

"My poor fellow, you are pretty badly used up," said a man to a victim of a railroad accident, who was suffering from several severe bruises.

"Oh," said the battered individual, cheerfully, "I don't mind a little thing like this, I am a bicycle rider."

* * *

We have just received a letter from one of our subscribers in which he says that his mileage for the past year has been 230 miles and that he considers this remarkably good and worthy of publication considering that he has only been able to ride 3,046 days. This looks a trifle mixed, but it corresponds with the figures sent us.

* * *

Such inventions have an influence on the national health beyond computation. They facilitate the affairs of men, allowing them to do much more business than in the old days when half a man's life was spent in reaching the scene of action and preparing for work. The bicycle is no less a signal discovery than the cotton gin or the application of steam to engines.—*New Haven Palladium*.

* * *

About as cruel a joke as has been perpetrated in this country was played up on an Omaha minister a few months ago. A practical joker fixed up an announcement of a female bicycle race and mixed it with the other notices to be read from the pulpit. The good man never noticed the true inwardness of the announcement till he struck the last half dozen words. The congregation firmly believed he received complimentary tickets to the entertainment, until he fully explained.

* * *

This is the time of year when colds are caught—a very poor preparation indeed for the coming winter. The sudden changes of temperature are terribly trying, and a cyclist who has found a long pull uphill in the afternoon sun rather too heating to be comfortable,

runs a risk of suffering from the other extreme when the sun goes behind a cloud just as a swift rush downwards begins, in the teeth of the wind. I would like to beg all my lady readers to take particular care to avoid chills in this way.—*Violet Lorne in Bicycling News*.

* * *

Tom Roe, one of the best known wheelmen of Chicago, has aspirations to break the Across-the-Continent record, and with that end in view, he left Chicago Sept. 14 for San Francisco, by rail. He arrived there Sept. 19, and left on the 21st. He met with a royal welcome at San Francisco, and quite a number of wheelmen escorted him out of the city.

Arrangements have been made so that Roe is to telegraph to the *Chicago Herald* from every telegraph office he passes, and as his route is along the Santa Fe railroad he can telegraph several times a day. The distance to be covered is 2,573 miles, and the existing record is 59 days, but his many admirers are confident he can break this.

He is mounted on a special 56 inch American Champion, made by the Gormully and Jeffery Mfg. Co. and a duplicate of the wheel he is riding is following him by rail so that in case of breakdown there will be only a very slight delay.

COMING EVENTS.

October 15-17. Meet of the L. A. W. division, at Wheeling.

October 18. Two mile handicap at Manhattan Athletic Club's grounds, New York.

October 19. Wilmington (Del.) Bicycle Club's 25 mile Handicap Road Race.

October 21-26. Tournament at Toronto, Canada.

October 23, 24, 28, 29. Tournament at Macon, Ga.

October 25. Three mile bicycle handicap at Staten Island, N. Y.

October 26. Fall handicap road race of the Milwaukee Wheelmen over the Whitefish Bay course.

November 5. Kings County Wheelmen's 25 mile handicap road race.

December 11. Races of the Twelfth Regiment Athletic Association, New York.

AN EPISODE.

Riding out the other day,
Down a green and leafy way,
Where I oft' had passed before,
Where I hope to pass once more,
I met a maiden gay.

Fair of face and lithe of form,
Quick she took my heart by storm,
From her bright and laughing eye
Little lightnings seemed to fly,
For that maid was gay.

Twice I tried to say a word,
Twice my voice she should have heard,
But somehow or other I
Missed my chance, and now I sigh
For that maiden gay.

I will go and ride again,
Down that road where, but few men
Travel, either day or night,
Perhaps I'll gain just one more sight
Of that maiden gay.

CURIS WHEELER.



Continued from Page 148.

ported to father that he had evidence to vouch for the following facts.

About a year before, a rich old doctor from India, had been travelling through the country on horseback, but suddenly disappeared some miles above the plantation, and had not been seen since. He was supposed to have a large amount of money with him, which with neither horse nor dog, had ever been heard from. A negro remembered seeing him ride up to the house, where I had stopped over night, and on being told that he could get lodging, dismounted and went in.

But he had never been seen to come out!

At the other places where he had stopped, people had remembered seeing him with the watch, and as the people in the house bore the name of Edings, father felt justified in taking out a warrant charging them with murder. After the whole family had been hustled off to jail, the sheriff with father and myself went to the house. There was no entrance to the brick wall room, except through the trap door from above.

By means of a rope around his waist, and a pulley overhead, we let Sheriff Westcott down into the dark hole. He had hardly touched the bottom before we heard him call out in an excited voice: "Hey, what's this? Look out—something's got me—pull me up out of this infernal place!"

We pulled as fast as we could, and the sheriff poked a face as white as a sheet up through the hole. "Take it off!—take it off!" he cried, as he drew himself up into the room. All of his body was up except his left foot, which something evidently had a grip on. I could see something white, and with a sudden grab jerked it up through the hole. Then we all turned white and made a break for the other room. There we stopped, and with startled glances, each waited for the other to speak. Father was the first to move, and following him, we slowly and cautiously went back in the little room. On the floor by the top of the hole, lay a full sized skeleton. How did it get there, and how had it held on to the sheriff? That question was easily enough answered. It had been lying on the floor directly under the trap-door. In going down the sheriff had stepped directly on the body, and his foot had got between two ribs. These had sprung back in place, and taken a firm grip on the ankle, hence the cries we had heard.

After our nerves had quieted somewhat, another trip down was made, and two more skeletons were found, together with a queer old saddle from some Eastern country, and a lot of clothes.

To make a long story short, the Grand Jury made a charge against Edings for murder; he was tried, and sentenced to be hung. On the scaffold he acknowledged his crimes, and made several statements. He said that he had built his house with the four brick walls to help him dispose of his victims. He said; "he would find out if travelers had money that stopped there, he would go up to their room when they were asleep; silence 'em, and drop 'em in the well, where they would be hyead from no mo'."

He told how he had disposed of the Indian doctor, and had dropped the body through the trap door, and was coming back for his dog when that canine started to run. As he went through the door, Edings threw his knife at him, which made quite a bad cut, but in no way decreased his progress.

The women down stairs, having heard the body fall, were both coming up the steps, to see what the spoils were, when the dog started down.

"Catch that dog! Stop that dog!" Edings cried out from above. The woman in front grabbed a leg, and held on for dear life. "Come on Bill! Come quick, I've got 'im!"

"Hold 'im til I kin find that knife," he returned. Just then Haunt closed on the woman's wrist, and she let go with a cry of pain. A moment later, and the dog was off in the darkness, howling as he had done a year later, to warn his master, and which had seemed so familiar to the woman who had met me on the porch that afternoon. The steps to the upper rooms, were made so that they could be let down from below, on the drawbridge plan, were intended to cut off all means of a victims flight, after Edings had gone up.

Edings' day soon came, and he was sent on a long journey to meet his victims in another world. The trip did not take much time, although the distance immeasurable. He was on the scaffold one

moment, but in twelve minutes, his soul had fled—had made the trip.

The two women; one his wife, the other his sister, are each in the penitentiary, serving out a ten years term.

Haunt and I are still in the land of the living; at this writing, but I doubt if either of us will forget the night spent in that house on the hill.

INFLUENCE OF MIND OVER BODY.

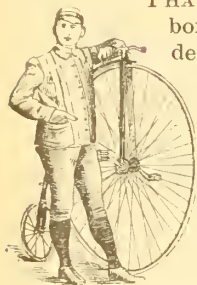
THAT the mind has an immense control over the body (especially in human beings who are several removes from the brute), has long been acknowledged. The same in one thing as in another. The marksman shooting at the target will assure you he can generally tell when his finger presses the trigger, whether the shot is going to be good or bad. If he goes out in the morning full of hope, and is full of confidence at the time of shooting, history will tell you his score is almost invariably a fine one, depending of course on his possibilities as a marksman. The same thing with bicycling. The mind exercises some wonderful effects over the body in this sport. Not long ago I heard of a man who was riding an "ordinary" and as he wended his way home, his machine kept up a continual squeaking. Runs hard, thought the rider as he got down, and oiled the bearings at all points. Then he mounted, but the squeaking continued just as before. The consequence was that in riding home, he expended so much nervous force in thinking that squeak was caused by a tight bearing that on arriving at his destination, he was completely tired out. Next day upon giving the machine a thorough overhauling he discovered that the squeak was in the saddle and in no way affected the running of the machine, yet his mind had all the way home been busily occupied in convincing the body that the easily running wheel was fatiguing him. This is the effect the mind has over the body. Give a man a bicycle or a gun which he does not believe in, and he will never amount to much as a rider or a shot. You may have noticed how a man brightens up in appearance, and how much stronger he rides when you tell him there are only two laps more, in a hundred-mile race. If he had not a mind to control the actions of the body, he would not be sensible of any difference in his physical feelings, but the mind "cheers him on" and says to the tired-out body. "Only two laps more, old fellow," and the body pulls itself together, and races in fresh as at the start. The reaction soon comes, though.

Men of high strung temperaments should never strain themselves in cycle racing, as their intense natures are apt to over estimate the strength of their bodies, and they urge the body to do more than it is really able to do without experiencing injury. High strung men are like Cremona violins tuned to "concert pitch." They are all right till the strings break, and then—utter collapse.

That is why a man of a highly-strung temperament is so intemperate in his habits as a rule. He is intense, and can't do things by halves, and careless of results, he pitches in "neck or nothing." The water jump looks too broad for cautious Farmer Dick, and he rides around it; but what cares young Sir John? He is "in for a penny, in for a pound" and if he is thrown and perhaps killed for his recklessness, we must still admire the fine dashing fellow, who was not going to back out in the face of danger, and who fell "in scarlet" on the hunting field. We must say that we'd rather die by a bullet from some Zulu's gun (or even be dispatched by his uncouth club) in fair man to man warfare, or get stretched out in a regular British way in a steeplechase, than die from some dyspeptic ailment caused by the deadly American biscuit. We would like to "die game," with unimpaired faculties, and not live to be a source of nuisance to ourselves and others. We do not happen to come of a contented kind, and are ambitious, and having sipped the nectar of youth, we do not care for a revolution of condition. Unlike Gurth, the swineherd, born-thrall of Cedric the Saxon, our neck is a resting place for no man's foot, our mind gives lodgement to no churchman's views unless they be logical. We have no blind faith, but must have reasons, and failing these, we sit in darkness. Better to grope in the darkness of honest disbelief than exult in the simple faith of the feeble-minded, ready to accept any theory which the brain of their poor minister may consider a panacea for the ills of his unquestioning flock. We are argumentative, and want reasons and "blue-prints," and a little "cause and effect" thrown in to assist digestion.

"JACK,"

HOW I CAME TO RIDE.



I HAVE been an admirer of the wheel ever since the old bone-shaker days, when I, like the vast majority, wondered how it was possible to ride one of them things. My admiration increased with the development of the wheel, but I had no idea, and entertained no notion that I should ever become a rider. I looked upon the accomplishment as entirely outside the sphere of my existence. Age, circumstance, and everything but inclination warranted me in holding such an opinion, if, indeed I held any opinion at all on the subject. But I collected all the catalogs, and read all the cycling news that came my way, and in this manner cultivated the acquaintance of the magic cycle.

In the spring of '86 I talked a great deal of wheel talk with a friend of mine, and eventually the matter grew warm in our hands, or took such strong hold on our imaginations, that, one morning, he suddenly challenged me by saying "if you will get a wheel I will get one." I was taken somewhat aback, as I had not got on quite that far, and was not ready to give an immediate answer. I asked for time to think it over. By evening he got my reply, which was to go ahead. So we went to our only riding school to make a bargain with the proprietor, that if he would teach us to ride, we would each buy a wheel; to which he agreed.

My friend, being much younger and consequently more active than I, came to me some time after and said: "I've got it." Got what? "Why I can ride." Well I said, I can't ride, but I'm going to learn, or break my nose trying. I did not think then, that I was almost prophesying.

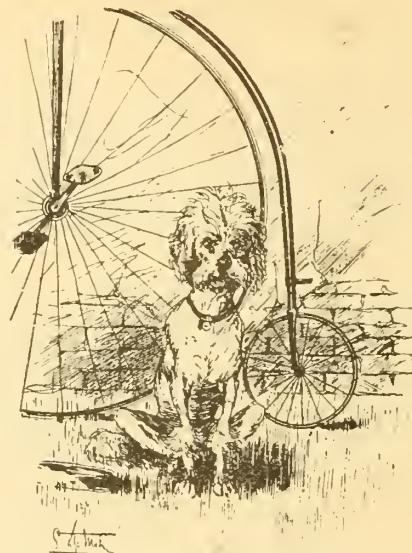
I did try, and I kept trying. I stuck to it and the way I tussled with the mule was a sight to behold. The mule was an old 40 inch crank machine, used by beginners, big and little. The tires were loose in places and kept there by strings; some of the spokes were broken and twisted about the adjacent ones, and altogether the machine would be hard to describe as other than a run-down mule.

Well I tugged and tussled, and the mule "gee'd and who'd" and finally "bucked" and I went sprawling. This was about the ending of each day's performance. The riding-school was on the third floor of a prominent building, and on a level with that floor, on the opposite side of the street, is the room of the Telephone Co., in which there is a number of female operatives. Some of these naughty girls took a mischievous and aggravating interest in my welfare, and, when not otherwise engaged, found a wicked pleasure in standing at the windows, watching the contest between me and that awful mule—contests in which I invariably came out second best.

Some time after that I got an attack of pleuresy, muscular rheumatism, or something that gave me severe pain in the side, and this made me give up for a couple of months, without having learned to ride, and I and the mule parted company forever.

Soon after I had commenced taking lessons, a Rudge Safety was left at the school, for sale. It struck my fancy, and I purchased it, and took it to my home, without knowing that I should ever be able to ride it. I must now transfer the scene of my exploits from the riding school to my place of residence, where a straight garden walk served as a riding-floor. Here beneath my own vine and fig-tree, I felt assured of relief from the perplexities induced by either that m—mulish mule, or those t—tantalizing telephone girls. My 40 inch Rudge safety (front driving) was a staunch wheel and is now doing good service in Kansas. After my experience with my former mount, I determined to keep on the right side of this animal; and I endeavored to do this by deluging the bearings with oil, polishing and re-polishing the nickel parts, and carefully cleaning off all dust after each time it was used. For all of this, I might have expected gracious treatment, and I did; but alas! whereas the other was a mule this proved a donkey. I must have kept too much on the right side, for that machine would always and continually swerve to the left. I had a young apricot tree growing on that side of the path, and as surely as I got into the saddle, as surely would I make for and into that tree. About this time I usually took a rest; and as I reclined, I tried to imagine why this was thus, and I came to the conclusion that either the tree or the wheel must be bewitched. The reclining part was a mere repetition of what had taken place at the school. But

THE TAIL OF A DOG.



Young Jenkins thinks it would be a good idea to have a dog to accompany him on his tours, and so buys a poodle for that purpose,



and takes him with him on his first run.



with rather indifferen success as the dog causes him to take a bad header,



and has to be patched up in consequence.



The next time he goes out the poodle follows him again.



and at one place on the road he leaves him to watch his bicycle for a moment. Just as he is leaving a tramp, prowling about, runs across the wheel, and, ignoring the dog,

here, at least I was free from observation. So I thought. But I soon found out that the female members of the family were enjoying the free show to their hearts content. So I made up my mind I should have to stand it.

One morning I got out early with only my rubber shoes on my feet, and now I was sure I was going to have a nice little time all to myself. After six or seven one legged jumps behind the wheel I sprang into the saddle. I kept feeling for the right pedal, but instead of finding it, my foot got caught between the crank and the wheel, and what a fall was there, my countrymen? It was the worst fall of my life. That time I hurt myself. And whereas I started to ride with my face to the south, when I sat up from my recumbent position I was facing directly north. I can't explain how I got there but I did. And the wheel? It lay some distance off completely *hors de combat*. I didn't want to ride any more just then, but I wanted to put my wheel away, and when I attempted to do so, I found it was not a bit like Helen's baby's wheels—it wouldn't go "wound." Looking from the rear, the relative position of the two wheels would have formed an X. I didn't try to ride that wheel any more until after it came from the repair shop. There occurred a sort of hiatus—an interval as it were. I found, as in music, that rests are very effective at times, and I gently subsided into a state of vinocuous desuetude.

It is said that pluck and perseverance are good things, and I believe it; and it is also said that all things terrestrial comes to an end, and I believe that; and I also believe that is well that it is so. I think that the spirits that preside over the affairs of acrobats, contortionists, and etc., must have anticipated that they had had enough of fun at my expense; for at the next time that I essayed to ride, from somewhere out of the unknowable came the idea into my head that I would try to ride down the garden walk without touching the pedals. That settled the whole difficulty. There was a gentle decent from the north, and I rattled into the saddle and left the pedals to take care of themselves, maintaining balance and steering, by means of the handle-bar, and the wheel did all the rest. I saw at once what my trouble had been. I had always put my foot on the right pedal first, and at once applied pressure before I had found the other pedal. This was what invariably drove me to the left, and as I always started at the same place, I always got to the devoted tree. I was all right now, and after riding by the new method a few times, I carefully slipped my feet upon the pedals, and was soon able to ride the whole length of the lot—down hill. Then I wished that I could only turn about and ride back, but to do this gentle as was the rise, was up-hill work. But I persevered, and was soon able to ride at will in either direction. This satisfied me for awhile, but I soon begun to think that the dismounts at either end were quite too frequent, and I could not turn without dismounting. This denoted progress. I experimented a little longer, and then rode out into the world.

Now all good people, young and old,
Who fain would learn to ride,
Don't be discouraged, should you fall;
Remember how I tried.

For you'll get there if you hold on;
As others did, you may;
For some have learned it in an hour,
And some in half a day.

If you require longer time,
I'm sure you've nought to fear;
I proudly wear the champion belt;
It took me half a year.

And never think that you're too old;
And that 'tis now too late,
I want to ride yet forty years,
And I am ———ty eight.

Lancaster, Pa.

TENTOONE.

The publishers of *St. Nicholas* announce that, commencing with the new volume, which opens with the November issue, their magazine will be enlarged, and that a new and clearer type will be adapted. Four important serials by American authors are announced for the coming year.

Those of our readers who need any athletic or gymnastic goods should write S. B. Call, of Springfield, Mass., for his catalog.



proceeds to make away with it.



The dog, however, follows him,



and, though he is going at a pretty good gait, soon catches up with him.

UNCLE KERLUMBIA'S PHILOSOPHY.

UNCLE KERLUMBIA came into the reading room with his spectacles abridge his nose, with a paper in his hand, and a look of deep inquiry on his face.

"Luck er heah, Mr. Pussuns," he said; "I see by er ole paper dat dis yere Stebens man is done got bac' from 'is trip 'round de world; an' 'as gone ter Africa an' found dat udder Stanley man, an' taken 'im ter Englan' an' dat dey am opened er bisickle sho'. Am dat er fac'?"

"It's several facts, but you've got them somewhat mixed, haven't you?"

"Dat's de way dat boy Bill, ub mine read it ter me out yonder in de coal room, an' if he's been foolin' me, I'll tan 'is hide fer 'im."

"An' 'e say dat at Mr. Stanley's sho' dar wuz one house dat had ober sebenty diffe'nt kinds er sieles ter look at. Am dat er fac'?"

"According to the accounts, it certainly is."

The old man slowly turned around, and started for the door, shaking his head all the while.

"Now Uncle Kerlumbia, what's the matter with that?"

He paused; looked back; and said: "De idea uv any body wid any common sence tryin' ter make sebenty diffe'nt kinds er bisickles an' trisickles, an make em eny ercount. An' dey tells me too, dat ober dare dey sells em by de pound. Now whut kind ub er way is dat fer doin' biznes, I'd like ter 'no?"

"Spouse I'de wanter buy me er wheel, an' ax de price ub it, an' he hooked it up on er pair ub scales, an' said dat it waid forty-seben pounds an' nineteen ounces. Whose gwinter do all dat figgerin'?"

"No sah, Boss; if deyed make 'bout ha'f er duzen diffe'nt kinds er machines, like us 'Merican folks, an' make em so dey could fall off de top ub er house, an not min' it, dey 'd be all right. But de present plan dey all am er runnin' now, er'll ruin em sooner er later. See if it don't."

C. A. P.

WALKING FOR HEALTH.

OF ALL forms of exercise, there is one that costs nothing, and is probably as good as any other, and that is walking. For walking as an exercise there is no adequate substitute, and no man was ever prepared for a physical contest of any kind—rowing, jumping, wrestling or bicycle racing—without much time being spent by the candidate in pedestrianism.

It gives healthful play to a larger number of important muscles than any other exercise; besides, it especially tends to promote that cheerful frame of mind so indispensable to aid easy digestion and a normal flow of blood.

Of course by walking, it is not intended to convey the meaning that the mere moving of the legs, in a close room or any building however large, is beneficial. Walking for the health and exercise must be in the open air, the more open the better.

People of sedetary habits will find daily walks better than a pint of "tonic." Our breath vitiates the air, and the only way to change the air, is to keep moving.

Walking expands the lungs as well as strengthens the muscles; it defends the body from lassitude, puts doctors at arm's length, and increases the span of life.

The English live longer than the Americans, simply because they live more out of doors. In this country a man of sixty is called "old;" in England he is in the prime of life; yet the climate of England is not to be compared with ours. It is always damp, and generally foggy and rainy, but the average Englishman cares nothing for that. While the American takes a car to go to his office or shop, a mile from home, the Englishman foots it, saves his money and betters his health.

Gladstone, the greatest figure in European politics to-day, is eighty years of age, and he does an enormous amount of work without perceptible fatigue. He always was a great walker, and at the age of sixty-five could walk thirty-five miles in a single day, over the hills of Scotland. At his present age he is still good for a twenty-mile tramp, and how many twenty-year-old Americans can say the same?

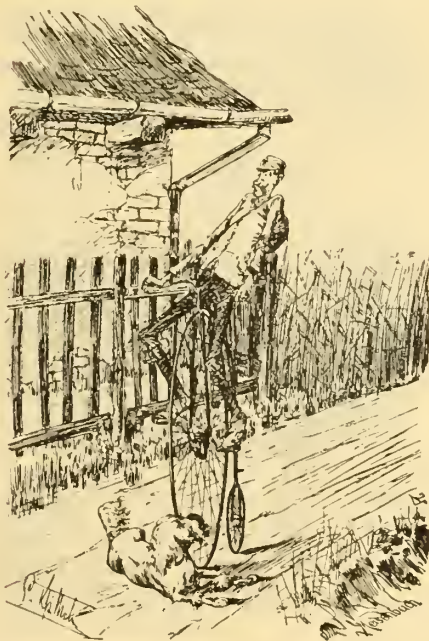
For girls there is no exercise like walking, and besides, it is perfectly "proper." To-be-sure, they must wear common sense shoes and moderately loose clothing; but these conditions complied with, there is no reason why they should not do their five or ten miles a day, like their English sisters. They would reap their reward in rosy cheeks, expanded forms and better health all around.

OUR TANDEM.

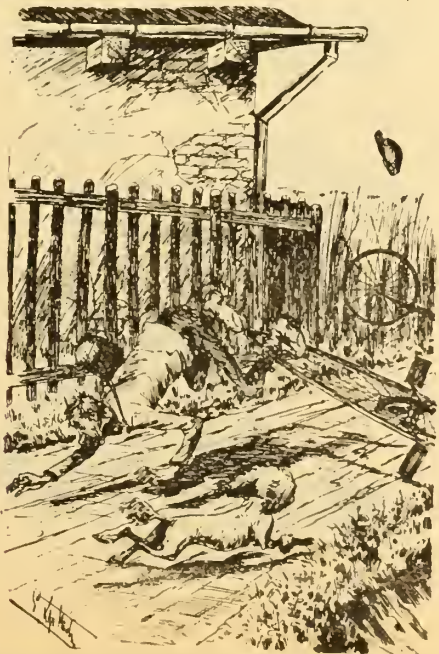
BY ALICE BROWN.



and jumps and barks at him furiously,



but finding that does no good he falls in front of his wheel,



causing the tramp to take an awkward fall,

IT WAS a most exciting letter. Mamma read it aloud to Daphne and me at the breakfast table, and we looked at one another in amazement over its most important part, the postscript.

"You know my girls have been riding a tricycle for some time," Aunt Margaret had written. "They have had one with an attachment, so that it can be used by one person or as a tandem—that is used by two riders. Lately, however, they have been teasing for a new tandem, with certain improvements,—about which I don't in the least understand,—and I have bought it on condition that they give the old one to your girls. As you have no horse, I know they will enjoy it exceedingly."

"Did you ever hear of anything so charming!" cried Daphne, clasping her hands.

"I don't know dears," said mamma, more doubtfully. "I should be sorry to have you undertake anything that might be considered peculiar or unladylike."

"Aunt Margaret lets her girls ride!"

"Yes, but they are near the city, where the fashion is beginning to spread. I don't see, for my own part, why you shouldn't do it, even if you are hooted; but, girls I can't help thinking of Uncle Melcher."

So did we think of him; we thought and spoke of him too often for our peace of mind. Uncle Melcher was rich, and we were very poor. Moreover, the time had come when we needed to go away from school. Mamma had always taught us that it was a mistake to suppose the world owed us a living.

"You have no right to your uncle's money simply because he has a great deal and you have none," she said. "But if he would lend you a small sum for a beginning, I think you could work your way at Ellsworth Seminary. You would pledge yourselves to repay it with interest, when you are old enough to support yourselves; and though he would be taking a risk, we should all try to make that risk as small as possible."

But when the scheme was proposed to Uncle Mel., he vetoed it at once, and with the utmost vigor.

"Go away to school!" cried he. "What for? My mother never studied beyond long division, nor yet my grandmother, and they were good house-keepers and excellent women. You be good, sensible girls, and learn to make bread and darn stockings, and when I'm done with my money, you shall have it all."

That was not what we wanted, however, and we at once set about trying to find work in some town that had an advanced school for girls. Meanwhile, we lived in the little cottage Uncle Mel. gave us rent free, raised our own vegetables, and bound shoes.

But to return to that mornings discussion.

"You must not displease your uncle," said mamma. "I can't help hoping that in case some very rainy day should come in the midst of your school course, he would lend you a little money. You know he is kind according to his lights."

"Only Madge and I want to read by electricity, instead of knitting by candle-light, as his grandmother did," said Daphne. "Be bold, mamma! Be bold!"

Mamma laughed, and after a night's consideration she gave her formal sanction to the tricycle, which arrived a day or two later.

"But I do hope," she said doubtfully, as she examined its shining wheels and springy seats, "I do hope you won't try to ride fast. Perhaps you can be more ladylike about it if you do it slowly."

Such a time as we had in getting started to ride at all! First we made over some old dresses, lengthening the skirts and relieving them of superfluous tags of trimming which might get caught in the wheels. Then we learned to oil the machine, and finally to manage in. The cousins had written that, with its fourth wheel behind, it was a clumsy affair compared with their new three-wheeler; but we who were used to no lighter means of transportation than the family wheelbarrow, were more than satisfied with our new steed.

Our exalted sense of its merits at once prompted us to christen it "Pegasus," a name which became "Peggy" in every-day conversation.

Fortunately, we lived several miles from the village, and could

practice without fear of many spectators, but whenever we did meet an acquaintance or stranger we were saluted with grins and witticisms. In spite of all this, however, we did learn to ride, and day by day we gained strength, and our color brightened.

One June afternoon, after a longer ride than usual, we found ourselves near the little crossroad where Uncle Melcher lived. A year before, after quarrelling with the village authorities, he had bought a small cottage eight miles from church and store, and had taken up his abode in it, with the pleasing consciousness that he had withdrawn as far as possible from the local civilization. It was a dreary place, but Uncle Mel. liked it, and Mrs. Simmons, his old house-keeper, tolerated what he chose.

"Madge," said Daphne, putting on the brake, as we reached the crossroad, "let's go and call on Uncle Mel. It's only two miles farther."

"I wouldn't for worlds!" said I. "He is sure to scold us for riding Peggy."

"Well, we can't help that. He knows by this time that we have the machine, and he might as well see it. Come, and have it over. O Madge, before I'd be afraid!"

For an answer I put my feet down hard on the pedals, and started Peggy onward. Girls don't like to be dared any more than boys do.

"I'll go," said I, "but we must hurry, for it's getting late."

We turned into the narrow road, and in due time reached the house. Uncle Mel. was sitting on the piazza, reading a newspaper, but after one long steady look at us, he got up and went in the house.

We had gone too far to retreat, and so we alighted and walked up to the house.

"Tell them not to bring that thing a foot nearer!" came Uncle Mel's voice from the sitting-room; "If they've a mind to come in here like decent girls, they're welcome, but I won't have any Crazy Janes ridin' bicycles up to my door." Just then Mrs. Simmons appeared in the entry. She was evidently glad we had heard the message, and that she need not repeat it.

"You jest roll it back a mite," she whispered. "You know your uncle's a little sot."

So we meekly trundled poor Peggy behind the big syringa bush, and then walked into the house with as much composure as we could assume. Uncle Mel. was sitting in his great chair, drumming with his fingers on the table. That was a signal we knew well; it meant "Danger!"

"What do you mean by comin' here on that thing?" he inquired.

"We were riding near here and so—so we thought we'd call," said Daphne, faintly.

"I've heard all about it," went on Uncle Mel. Deacon Tolman says you're the talk of the town, ridin' round on that new-fangled steam-engine. If you blow up on it, it's all you deserve."

"It doesn't go by steam, uncle," I ventured.

"Don't tell me what it goes by! I don't want to know anything about it. The least I expect is, you'll break your mother's heart and go to ruin, circus ridin' round the country."

Just then, dear comforting Mrs. Simmons reappeared. "There's some bread and milk on the kitchen table," she said, in her mildest tone, and strove to draw us out of the room without attracting his attention. That was impossible.

"You're welcome to the bread and milk," he said, "but you ain't welcome to make my house a readyvoo for such goin's on. Now you hear to me, once for all: don't you bring that thing within a mile of me again while you have it."

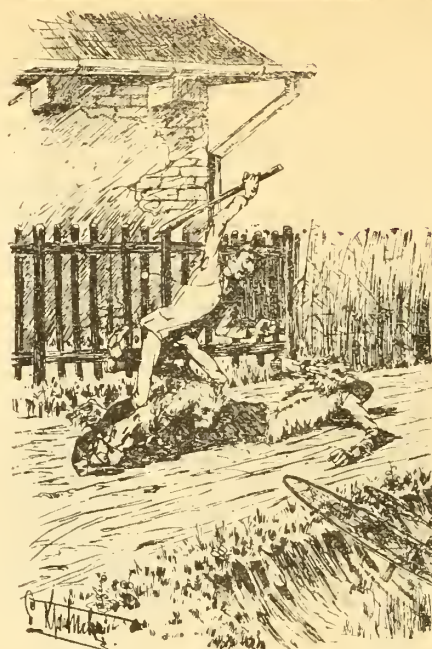
"No sir," said I, meekly, and we hastened out after Mrs. Simmons.

Even she had a word of disapproval. "Seem's if you might ha' known how he'd take it," she remarked, as we began to drown care in the flowing bowl of milk.

"Don't you get lonesome here?" I inquired. It had become desirable to change the subject of conversation.

"Lonesome! I guess I do. Your Uncle seems possessed to get away from folks. Now, we ain't got no neighbors, except them shif'less Burrages, a mile away, an' they ain't any use to us. We're both of us to old to walk a mile, if 'twas to see the President."

Why don't uncle keep a horse?" said Daphne.



Before he can remount the owner comes up and chastises him unmercifully,



and rides away, while the tramp limps back in the direction he came.



The owner shows his appreciation of the dog's conduct by taking him with him, into the next hotel at which he stops.

"Taint likely he could do that 'thout a hired man to harness up," said Mrs. Simmons. "Even the cow's too much for him sometimes. It beats me to think what he'd do if one or both of us should besick at night, with no hoss, an' no man, and the doctor eight mile away."

At that moment we started and looked at one another. Apparently we had all heard the same thing, a faint "Hallo! hallo!" Again it was repeated, and then Mrs. Simmons started to her feet.

"You mark my words, your uncle's climb' the mow for eggs and fell!" she cried, as she hurried to the door. "Run girls, run to the barn! You're spryer'n I be."

We gathered up our long skirts and ran. As we neared the barn the cries grew more distinct, and when we entered the great door, there lay Uncle Mel. on his back, trying in vain to raise himself from the pile of rubbish on which he had fallen.

"Are you deaf?" he asked, as we hurried up to him. I've hollered myself hoarse. Now don't go to actin' like a hen with her head cut off," he added, as Mrs. Simmons appeared on the scene. "I've broke every bone in my body, and if you women go to draggin' me round, you'll break the rest. Girls you jest run down to Burrage's and tell Eph. and Sam to come an' lift me up, Tell 'em to send somebody else for the doctor, I've got to lay here."

"Come, Madge!" said Daphne, taking me by the arm. "I know where the Burrages live. Hurry!" She ran into the house for our hats and gloves, and by the time I reached her was wheeling Peggy out from the srynga bush. "Jump on!" She cried. "Never mind your gloves. Put your best foot foremost."

We rolled out of the yard and down the dusty road. Hitherto we had tried to ride in a style that might be generally considered consistent with good deportment; we had sit straight, and even composed our faces to an expression suggesting "prunes and prisms." Now, however, when I saw Daphne bending to her work in true professional style, I also tried to turn all my energies into foot-power. We did not speak; breath was not plentiful enough to waste.

We found Mrs. Simmon's mile was a long one, but not many minutes had passed when, dry lipped and panting, we rode into the Burrages' yard, where a man was pumping water.

"Uncle Melcher has fallen in the barn and hurt himself," began Daphne. "Will you and your brother go and help him up? And will you please give us some water?"

He slowly filled the rusty dipper, and passed it to us.

"Sho!" said he. "Jest what I expected! What's the old coon want to go climin' round for, anyway?"

"Will you go now?" insisted Daphne. "He may be dying."

"Oh yes, I'll call Eph, and we'll fetch up there in the course o' fifteen minutes. But what under the canopy do you call that thing you're ridin on?"

"It's a tricycle." said I. "Have you a horse to go for the doctor?"

"No I aint, but—"

The pedals began to turn, and so did Peggy. I knew what Daphne had decided, and I was ready to do my part. Out of the yard we went, and on until we reached a trim little cottage near the road.

"Has your father a horse?" called Daphne, to a bare-headed and bare-footed boy who sat on the fence, gazing at us in what we hoped was admiring awe.

"Yup."

"Is he at home—the horse, I mean?"

"No, he aint."

On we went without another word. At the next house there was a horse, feeding in a neighboring orchard. Daphne gave it one glance.

"Madge," said she, "I could run faster than that old barebones. Are you good for six miles more?"

"For twenty!" I cried, with more zeal than accuracy.

As to the work that followed, I can still declare that I never knew anything so wildly exhilarating. Our breath came fast, and our cheeks were burning; but we gained on time, and annihilated distance.

Two more triumphant girls could scarcely have been found that day than we, as we rode up to Doctor Miller's house—and certainly no hearts ever sank lower than ours when we were told that the doc-

tor had driven away five minutes before.

"He took the road to Greensboro'," said pretty Mrs. Miller, "but I am almost sure he meant to stop at Mrs. Moore's cottage, about a mile and a half from here." Away we toiled, working almost against hope, for the Greensboro' road was terribly sandy. I heard nothing and saw nothing; I only breathed and struggled.

"Hurrah!" cried Daphne, at last. "There's the house, and there's the doctor!"

But alas for us! He had just put the weight in his carriage, and was preparing to step in after it. Foot-power was no longer of use, and we lifted up our voices and shrieked.

"Doctor!" we called. "Doctor! Wait! wait!"

He paused, he looked, and the day was won.

"Well, if you're not two crazy girls!" he began, as we rode up to him, but a glance at our faces must have shown him that no spirit of fun had prompted the chase.

"Can you go to Uncle Melchers?" I asked with what breath I had left. "He's broken every bone in his body."

Then Daphne took up the tale, and after a brief explanation, the doctor turned his horse about.

"Now you girls have had exercise enough for one day," said he, "and I shall stop and tell my wife that you'll spend the night with us. Then, after I've seen your uncle, I'll drive around and explain everything to your mother. Good-bye."

"Shall we?" asked Daphne, when he had gone.

"We must—or lie down and cover ourselves with leaves. I don't believe I could ride five miles more to save the nation."

Then we toiled back through the sand to the doctor's house, and sweet Mrs. Miller gave us a royal welcome. When the doctor came home, he brought the news that Uncle Mel. had broken a leg, and that mamma had been sent for to nurse him.

"And you are to pack up your clothes, and ask one of the neighbors to take you over there, also," he said, adding, with a demure twinkle of the eye, "Though what your mother wants you for, I can't imagine, unless it's to ride on errands and chase inoffensive doctors about town."

Uncle Mel was ill for many a long week, and we had a dull and quiet time in taking care of him. One day in August, as mamma was sitting with him, he said, suddenly, "call them girls in."

We appeared, a little doubtful of our reception.

"The doctor says if it hadn't ha' been for your ridin' on that thing I should ha' been wuss off'n I was," he began, abruptly. "Where is it?"

"At home, Uncle," said I. "You told us it wasn't to come within a mile—"

"There, there, don't twit!" said he. "Do you want to go to school?"

"Oh uncle!"

"Now, don't 'O uncle' me. I'm goin' to turn your mother out of her house and live there myself. I'm too old to be so fur away from neighbors."

This looked serious. Poor as the house was, we had, as yet, no other shelter.

"I've took a place in Ellsworth," he went on, "and I'm goin' to let your mother live there and board you while you go to the Seminary. Now don't set so shaller. You tire me all out!"

For Daphne had dared what no one else had probably done during the last fifty years; she had kissed Uncle Melcher; and Uncle Melcher looked as if he actually liked it.

TO A WIND WHIFF.

steal o'er the meadows, untired whiff,

And cause dirge music 'mong the ghostly spears

Of frost-wrecked corn—a symphony of tears—

A chant for roses dead; for loves grown cold.

The days gone have been fair. As soft as though

Kissed into place by pretty petulant lips.

Or solaced by the soothing melting tips

Of finge.s dew-dipped from some aimless skiff.

steal down the garden-way, and, oh! be warm

With bright remembrance of loving words in glen

And twilit flower paths o'er sweet, to charm

Our frozen souls in summer's broken vows.

Blow soft, wind whiff, and spare us, over all,

The recollections of our last ungraceful fall.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Many tell me, that I should not
Ride the tricky wheel,
That the day will come, when I shall
Shake the steed of steel,
When it gives me more than Nature
Calculated that,
I should bear about me
In the shape of extra fat.

Many tell me, that I am
Committing quite a sin,
To ride the wheel, because it makes
Me look so very thin,
And that, if I continue, to
Bestride the "hateful thing,"
I may make up my mind quite soon
To "with the Angels sing."

Many tell me, that I am, as
Mad as was Gulteau,
More so, for they say, I'm bound
To shape my conduct so,
That, instead of going straight to Heaven,
Like some other noted chap,
I'll send myself to locate on
A lower region map.

Many tell me, that the trouble
With such men as I,
Is that we want pudding, when
We should fill up on pie.
If Nature's mode of transit
Isn't good enough for us,
We should not raise on wheels, they say,
A never ending fuss.

Well let them talk, and let them laugh;
They're welcome, if they choose
To criticize my other whims
In ways of hats or shoes;
But if you try to do, what all
Your learned neighbors say,
You might as well "go west," and when
You go, go there to stay.

CHRIS WHEELER.

CYCLE AND I.

Weirdly the autumn winds sigh in the trees,
And the yellow leaves are falling fast—
Falling to earth, and scurrying past,
In a wild, mad, reckless race with the breeze.

The daisies are dead, and the herbage brown;
The brook at the roadside runs low,
Yet nature is smiling, this I know,
As Cycle and I speed out of the town.

The sun shines mildly, and sweet is the air;
The road, it is straight and hard and dry;
The senses thrill; "My wheel," quoth I,
"I'm for a race with the leaves; do you care?"

Flashes the sunlight on rim and on spoke;
Flushes the cheek like ruddy wine;
Our hearts full beating, yours and mine—
Yours, Cycle, of steel, and mine, stout as oak.

Glints the soft sunlight on spoke and on rim—
We are sleeping in air I trow—
The landscape fair, it seemeth now
Flits by in a maze, and the sight grows dim.

I float in ether—a phantom in steel
Seems bearing me onward towards fate,
Like a dream of doom, and all too late,
As a lost soul bound to a winged wheel.

The shadows are lengthening, the sun going down,
Bathes the earth in a golden gleam.
I breathe again, and wake from my dream,
To find we are ten good miles from the town.

The daisies may blossom, wither, and die,
The faded autumn leaves fall fast;
We laugh at fate while good roads last,
As speed from the town my Cycle and I.

CHARLES RICHARD DODGE.



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Inspired by the thoughts of a strapped American cyclist, touring through England.

I am dying—Father—dying
In this land so far from thee!
I am sighing—Father dearest—for thee sighing,
In Great Britain—'cross the sea.

On these roads of glass are cycles flying,
To an' fro! Hither, thither, everywhere!
To be with them I am pining
But the trouble's I'm not there!

I am dying—Father—dying
In this land so far from thee!
For thy pocket-book, only, am I sighing,
Then on a cycle, you'd see me.

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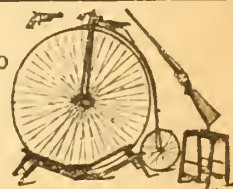
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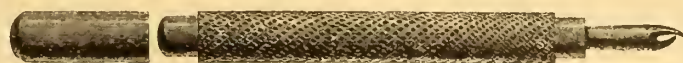
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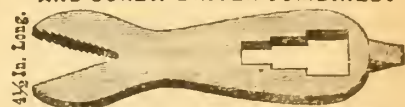


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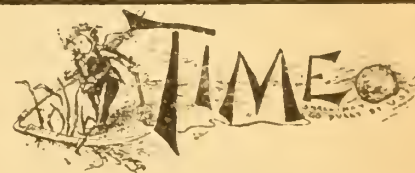
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Wanted.—42 or 45 inch Special Star, state condition in detail; must be cheap and done at once. Books and miscellaneous goods traded for cycles. One new Safety, balls all around; best steel tubing. List price \$135.00; for \$72.00. Send for catalogue and best second hand list in this country. John G. Zook, Lititz Pa. Type-Writers and Organs.

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what you have been looking for since you have been riding a wheel, is what you will say when you get a bottle of

Wilson's Wonderful Nickle and Enamel Restorer.

It will polish Nickle and Enamel, also prevent Nickle and Steel from rusting. There is no grease to rub off and it will positively keep your wheel from rusting.

SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50 CENTS IN STAMPS.

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Descriptive catalog mailed free by oldest Homoeopathic Pharmacy. WORTH WRITING FOR.

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We will take a limited number of ordinary bicycles in trade for Diamond safeties. Indiana Bicycle Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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The Kingston Knitting Co., of Boston, Mass., manufacture for the trade and clubs the most beautiful line of athletic goods made, and in all the leading colors in Plain, Stripes, and Mixed Fabrics, also in Worsted, Wool and Jersey Spun Cotton, for

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Our prices are very reasonable.

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the largest circulation in the west. Old reliable.

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Terms \$1.50 per year

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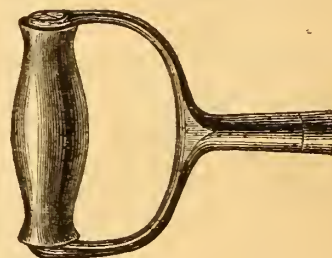
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MANUFACTURERS OF

Bicycle Tires,

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Bicycle Handles of every description, & c, & c.



Spade Handles, \$2.50 per pair.

Complete, full nickle.

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In the rough with bolts and grips.

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MOULD WORK OF ANY KIND SOLICITED.

Send for wholesale price list of Bicycle Tires, & c, & c.

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Organic weakness, premature decline, nervous debility, impaired memory and involuntary losses successfully treated at home by magnetism. This wonderful force of nature is more successful in this affection than all other remedies combined. For any weakness, trouble, or unnatural condition of the sexual organs, it will restore life, vigor and health. Our Magnetic Suspensory is worn with ease, comfort, and convenience; a perfect support; producing no shock. Constructed with permanent magnets, acting directly upon the parts affected, giving a toning and strengthening effect from the first application. This appliance is indorsed by the best medical authority and used with the greatest success. Price \$5.00, sent by mail to any address. Send for our special circular.

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Are a specific cure for Lame Back, Weak Kidneys, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc. They act directly upon the nerves, strengthen and tone up the system, equalize the circulation and distribute life-giving power to all parts of the body. Price by mail or express \$10.00. Send for circulars and price list of our Magnetic Goods. Address,

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QUADRANT TRICYCLES.

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Improved Patterns for Safeties, Straight Wheels, Tricycles, and for
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If there is no agent for our goods in your town, write for terms.

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The Best Riders and the Best Makes of Machines Were There.

THE RESULT.

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10 OUT OF 11 SECOND PRIZES.
8 OUT OF 8 THIRD PRIZES.
1 OUT OF 1 FOURTH PRIZE.
1 OUT OF 1 FIFTH PRIZE.

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WON BY RIDERS OF COLUMBIAS.

"389 WHEELS IN LINE."

CONN. DIVISION L. A. W. PARADE,

Hartford, September 2, 1889.

COLUMBIA SAFETIES	-	-	-	133	OTHER SAFETIES	-	-	-	-	42
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				264						125

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