

# THE CYCLES

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A correspondent writes to ask my opinion if it would be proper for him to take a gentleman's wife riding on a sociable, while the husband accompanies them on a bicycle. This is an easy one. Under the above circumstances it seems to me that there would be no danger of anything but proper riding.

I don't believe there is in all the country so well satisfied a man as Pitman. Condemned by his friends to be laid upon the shelf as a specimen of an old veteran, he has quietly labored and trained, as few would do under these adverse circumstances, and to-day comes forward as a tricyclist of whom his friends and club mates may well be proud of. Winner of the N. Y. State championship, winner of the 100-mile Boston Club tricycle race and record medal, his cup of glory only overflowed when he rode his old antagonist Burnham off his feet and left him by the roadside "sick."

From recent accounts it appears that Sellers had aspirations to pugilistic honors as well as racing ones, but that they were speedily dispelled in three rounds by his confrere, Mr. Howell.

It's rather a "back number" now to record my treatment whilst in New Haven, but this is the first opportunity since the event, and good deeds should not be allowed to go unacknowledged. It's an old story that any cyclist who has ever been there can duplicate. Royal hospitality from the best of fellows, to be ever marked in the roadway of the pleasant past with white stone, on which is deeply graven N. H. B. C.

While tricycling among the fair sex does not yet reach that point of numerical strength that I would like to see, yet I am constantly reminded that it has come to stay, and, like Banquo's ghost, "will not down." Miss Anna Babetta Huss, the fair Secretary of the Ladies' Tricycle Club of this city, having exhausted the field of glory here, has sought pastures new and green in European cycling paradises. At last accounts she had reached Germany on her trip round the world on a tricycle. She is accompanied by her mother and father on a sociable, and has been the recipient of many press and public encomiums for her excellent riding form. With such a Secretary for an example, her club should to the fore and carry the gospel of wheeldom to their sisters until the fair fairies will everywhere welcome the cyclist wherever roads and riders meet.

I understand that Gen. Vicle, the President of the Park Board, is to run for Congress. While no one will deny his perfect fitness for such a position, a hint to him from myself as to how he can secure many votes that will otherwise be cast and controlled against him may not be valueless. There are in his district possibly some three hundred voters who are tricyclists; while not all voters

themselves, they can control with their own franchises about five hundred votes. It rests with him whether these go for or against him. Let him show a little more justice to these—say, admit tricycles to the drive and to the Park, under the same restrictions as the two-wheelers, widen the wedge a little by giving them more timely hours for enjoying the Park, and I will pledge him each and every one of these votes when their owners appear at the polls. That we are a political factor can not be gainsaid, and I shall do all in my power to prove it in the present case.

It is not true that Belva Lockwood has challenged Grover Cleveland to a tricycle race, the loser to renounce all claims to the Presidential chair in favor of the winner of the event. While both are devoted three-wheel riders, yet I am afraid that Cleveland would hardly have time to train down to racing weight in readiness for the event, while the fair Belva is already a feather weight.

The most exciting contest I have ever witnessed was the one waged at the New Haven meet between Leland Howard, of the Capital Club, and Egan, of the Ixions, in their match race on raising a full beard for the coming winter. At last accounts it was a close shave with only a hair's breadth between the two.

While speaking of the Capital Club, it brings to mind a proposed trip of theirs that is fully in keeping with their fame of able management in all things undertaken. They have under consideration a proposition to secure a special Pullman and baggage car, fill the former with wheelmen and the latter with their wheels and baggage, and then on to the World's Exhibition at New Orleans, where the cars will be sidetracked and used as a hotel during their stay there. It is thought the whole cost to each participant will be about \$35 for the round trip, exclusive of meals and extras. If they will only, with their usual generosity, open the doors to some of us outsiders, we will be but too glad to travel in so good a company at so small a cost, as it will be one of the few instances in cycling where a good thing will be had for a cheap figure. Make it in January or February, my dear Caps, and let us in, won't you?

### THE CENTURY ROAD RACE.

The second annual 100-mile road race of the Boston Bicycle Club occurred yesterday, and, like most everything in which the club is interested proved a complete success. The time of the winner is better and the number of contestants greater than last year. The number of headers and other accidents was about the same, none proving of serious consequence, although one of the riders was forced to retire on account of a fall. The weather and wind were about the same as last year. Yesterday the riders had the wind at their sides for nearly all the distance, both on the outward and inward runs. The roads were in excellent conditions for the bicycles, but, on account of ruts, were not so good for the tricyclists. The Boston Club

is the only club in the country that has successfully conducted a 100-mile road race.

The starting hour was 6.30, and a few minutes before that time the men were called out in front of the hotel. There seemed to be some negligence in the matter of the start, as Pitman and one or two others claim that they did not hear the word given, as they were in the hotel, and that the other riders had gained several minutes before they finally got under way. J. S. Dean acted as starter. The men sent off were: Bicyclists, George Webber, Smithville, N. J.; C. J. Dettling, Milford; L. A. Peabody, Marblehead; J. W. Vivian, Charlestown; B. T. Harrington, Salem; D. T. Fales, J. E. Wood, Beverly; Theodore Rothe, Boston; H. E. Lombard, Cambridge; J. J. Murphy. Tricyclists: W. R. Pitman, New York; E. B. Dudley, Beverly; E. P. Burnham, Newton; G. W. Wood, Beverly.

The first five named riders set out to the front at once, and soon left the others out of sight. The others straggled along at various intervals behind, Murphy and the tricyclists bringing up the rear. About a mile from the start Pitman caught up with the rear men, and keeping up a good pace soon passed three of them, and came up close to Burnham, who had a good lead on the other tricyclists. The first point where the men were checked was at Dey street, Cambridge. Here as each rider passed he gave a check to Freelon Morris, who marked upon it the time. From the start to Dey street is about twelve miles. The five leaders reached there at 7.31, or in about seven minutes better than last season. The men passed Dey street as follows: Webber, Dettling, Peabody, Vivian, Harrington, 7.31; Fales, 7.34; J. E. Wood and Rothe, 7.26½; Lombard, 7.40; Pitman, 7.43; Murphy, 7.50; Dudley, 7.50¾; G. W. Wood, 8.05. Burnham did not pass the checker, but rode down another street.

Keeping up a steady pace, the men rode without accident to Medford, when Vivian, who had set the pace for a good portion of the distance, took a header and badly bruised one of his legs. He, however, remounted and continued on to "Black Ann's Corner," distant about two miles from Malden, where he took another header, which was so severe that he was forced to retire from the race.

The leaders still continued at a lively gait, passing through Lynn, where they were checked by Abbot Bassett, to Salem, where E. W. Hodgkins took their checks. At Beverly, J. B. Wood checked the time as follows: Harrington, Peabody and Webber, 9.08; J. E. Wood 9.15; Dettling, 9.18; Rothe, 9.20; Murphy, 9.40; Fales, 9.40; Burnham, 10.10; Dudley, 10.10; and G. W. Wood, 10.50. The latter exchanged his machine for a smaller one, more fitted to his use, but he was by this time so far behind as to be practically out of the race.

As will be seen, the leaders had kept up at a fourteen-mile gait from the start, which pace was altogether too fast for the first part of so long a race, and before the turning point was reached a number were completely tired out. The route was now through Wenham, Hamilton, and Ipswich to a point four and a half miles beyond Rowley, which was the turning point. Captain L. R. Harrison checked the men and took their time here. Peabody and Webber arrived at 11 o'clock; J. E. Wood and Rothe, at 11.07; Dettling and Fales, at 11.18; Pitman at 12.13½; Lombard at 12.41, and G. W. Wood at

1.27. The latter two and all who came after were, of course, out of the race, but Pitman was ahead of time, for his record medal. Returning to Rowley, most of the riders stopped for lunch.

Among the riders who did not reach the turning point were Burnham and Dudley, both of whom gave it up at Beverly, as they were not feeling well, Harrington retired at Ipswich.

When Webber left Rowley on the return he was feeling in splendid condition, and, starting out by himself, set such a lively pace that at Beverly he had a clear lead of 45 minutes. Wood was second man. A local rider helped Webber along from here for a few miles, where he was met by other riders and hurried to Boston, where he finished first, 20 minutes ahead of J. E. Wood, who took second place. The latter rode at a very fast pace during the last part of the race, from Rowley to Boston, gaining 25 minutes on Webber. Most of the others had "runners in" from Lynn to the finish. At Harvard square the time was checked by Mr. Morris, as follows: Wood, 3.44; Fales and Rothe, 3.56; Dettling, 5.09; Pitman, 5.30½. Webber's time was not taken, but he was probably about 25 minutes ahead of Wood. What had become of the other riders could not be ascertained, as up to a late hour last night they had not reported at the club house.

As the time drew near when the riders were expected to finish; the scene in front of the Boston Club house, 87 Boylston street, was a lively one, and speculations were rife as to the positions in which the men would finish. At 3.50 Webber came in and was enthusiastically received. A little more than twenty minutes later J. E. Wood finished; Rothe at 4.25½, Fales at 4.50½, Dettling at 6, and Pitman at 6.02. After the three leaders had finished, the chief interest centered in the arrival of Pitman, the tricyclist. It was known that he was ahead of time in the first half of the race, and it was hoped that he would finish inside of the eleven and a half hours necessary to secure a time medal. At 6 o'clock nothing had been heard from him, but two minutes later a tricyclist and bicyclist rushed down the street, and stopped in front of the club house. Pitman proved to be one of the riders, and he was quickly lifted from his machine and carried into the house by his admiring friends. He appeared little exhausted by his efforts, and in a few minutes was as fresh as ever. In consideration of his starting late he was awarded the time medal, the judges deciding that the delay occupied more than two minutes. Pitman's performance is altogether the best on record in this country. He used a 48-inch geared Columbia tricycle. Webber, the winner of the race, rode a Star bicycle. The winner receives a gold medal, the second man a silver medal, and the bicyclists who finished inside of ten hours a silver time medal, as well as the bicyclists who finished within eleven and one-half hours. The summary of the race is as follows:

Name.	BICYCLERS.	Time.
George Webber		9 20 00
J. E. Wood		9 41 30
Theodore Rothe		9 55 30
D. T. Fales		10 29 30
C. J. Dettling		11 30 00
W. R. Pitman	TRICYCLER.	11 30 00



## DOWN THE HUDSON.

Till one has actually experienced a pleasure, he can form but little estimate of it. If the wheelman who simply spins around the neighborhood of his home, or uses his wheel for mere practical purposes, receives joy therefrom, how much more happiness must there be to those who spend weeks, yes, whole months, touring through scenes which the bicycle can bring to view; over mountains, beside singing brooks, now lingering at some wayside inn, at night dreaming and longing for the morrow. No! These are not simply fancies, but realities. On the New York and Troy steamer, Aug. 3, two merry, light hearted cyclists were wending their way toward the northern terminus of navigation. What is more charming than a sail by moonlight on waters of such a grand river as the Hudson? Gradually the lights of New York grow dim and disappear. The eye now no longer speaks of hidden beauties to the soul, but mind seems to wake to reproduce the picture which it now alone beholds, and to explain what it all means. You think of a world left behind, just beyond that darkness, where happiness and misery exist in every form, of theatres crowded, business ever stirring, of hunger and death. But suddenly you are aroused from reverie as a train rushes by, or a vessel heaves in sight with her swinging lanterns of green and red, and now and then the lights of some village come dancing far out upon the water. When we came on deck next morning, the steamer was just making fast to the wharf at Troy. After a hearty breakfast, we boarded the train for M—, where in the evening all plans were matured, and machines given an extra rub for the occasion. Aug. 5. When morning dawned the roads were very muddy, but Old Sol was hard at work making them fit for riding. By 10 A. M. we were underway, in spite of mud and friendly warnings, and soon ran into Troy, where we board the Albany boat. On our arrival at the capital city, having found a place to store our machines, we marched off to a restaurant, which we immediately took by storm, fortified with immense appetites and determinations to destroy everything eatable we could lay hold of. Mounting again at 2.20 P. M., we crossed the river into Greenbush, where we struck the double tracks of the H. R. R. R., following it thirty miles to Hudson City. The riding was good all the way, and a gait of ten miles per hour easy. There is but little danger from trains, as they can be heard while far distant; yet caution must be exercised in crossing bridges. The scenery along the river is grand and constantly changing; on the west side of the river the hills are very high, beautiful foliage covers their sides; sometimes a little cottage or hotel is spied, nestling on some good lookout far up the mountain; villages are scattered on either shore; the river, fair mistress of all, is alive with all kinds of craft, moving in every direction. Reaching Hudson City about 8 P. M., we went to the first hotel in sight. After a good bath and a general putting into shape, we vanquished the best meal we had on the trip. Distance covered during the day, forty-two miles. Aug. 6. Last night the boys must have had some unpleasant feelings, as I heard muffled voices and saw a light moving about the halls. This morning, mounting about 9 A. M., we continued wheeling between the tracks till the riding became so poor that we gladly took to the old stage road at Germantown; we would have saved time if we had left Hudson by this road, which continues to grow better as you approach Poughkeepsie. Two coasts added their charms to the morning's sport. The more exciting one being near Hyde Park, where the road is as smooth as a floor, and descends nearly a quarter of a mile. Swinging our legs over the handles and gathering ourselves firmly, we started; first slowly, but gradually increasing our speed, till we seemed to fairly fly; leaping thank-you-ma'ns, dashing by carriages, rounding a corner that made us quake, narrowly escaping a flock of startled sheep, rushing onward with ever increasing velocity. Who can describe the wild pleasure of such a dash, such a combination of delightful motion and risk? The scenery of to-day surpasses even that of yesterday. From every hilltop nature unfolds itself in new beauty. As each new scene bursts forth, it reminds one of the rainbow ever chased, yet ever receding. As far as the eye can pierce the distance, valley and hill seem decorated for some grand occasion; forests, farms, villages, all mingle in a beautiful picture, and in the midst of

them all the Hudson winds its ever onward course. We reached Poughkeepsie early in the afternoon, where we stopped. Distance, forty-five miles. While descending the hill to the boat landing, our dear friend Erse gently murmured: "I pawed thru air, I sawed thru air, an' sawed myself a lot."

We took the steamer "Baldwin" here for Cornwall. Now if there is anything in this universe more disagreeable than to have attention centre on one, I am ignorant thereof. Though in a crowd of passengers, we did not escape the glances of the stewardess, who seemed much amused over something. Presently her ebony lips gave vent to her pent-up emotions; but why repeat the pull-down-your-pants and plucked-em-early phraseology of those who continually make stale jokes, because of a cyclist's apparel. Landing about 11.30 P. M., we inquired the way to the Elmir House. Now C— is situated in the midst of hills, which are the darkest things I have ever met. Pushing our wheels before us wheelbarrow fashion, we commenced the ascent. About half way up the road winds around into deep woods, where it was so dark we could with difficulty keep its course. Situated right here is a large house, in appearances a hotel. I do not think we should have seen it or known of its existence, were it not for a light dimly shining through a window. Surveying it for a few minutes in silence, we decided to make known our presence; accordingly, drawing lots to see who should be the fated one I was elected. Mounting the stairs softly, I approached the window where the light was seen. It was open from the bottom so I stuck my head in to take a survey. Is there anything so startling to a young fellow as to behold a vision before him, robed in dazzling white! Did spirits from the other world inhabit this region! (Frozen to the spot, I did not stir, scarce breathed, while the blood in my veins stayed its course.) A tiny scream brought me to my senses, then I did get three stairs at each leap right into the arms of my comrades, who, more startled even than I, did not seek an explanation. But enough of one adventure for one evening. Aug. 7. The day was very pleasantly spent in riding around the village, and through "Idle Wild," a lovely spot just on the border of the river, whence is a fine view of the Hudson, as it winds in here and there among the many hills, with its long serpentine appearance. To the south, not far distant, lies Storm King, and a few miles up the river is seen that old historic town, Newburgh. Dancing and strolling through the park, with pleasant company, completed the day's programme. Aug. 8. A very pleasant ride to Newburgh, and an exceedingly lengthy one back, occupied the morning. In returning we took the wrong road, thus riding ten miles out of our course; however, everything tended to our enjoyment: we saw one of those "peculiar cats," desperately struggling with four dogs; we scared horses and took headers, and to clap the climax it began to rain. As it cleared off after dinner we took the steam launch "Cadet," for West Point, spending a pleasant afternoon. We were back in the evening in time for a late supper, and a nice time waltzing and promenading. Aug. 10.—We were nearly frozen stiff this morning in our light suits. While the folks were at church during the morning, we naughty boys rode around the Boulevard to thaw out. After dinner a party of us climbed up to the summit of Storm King; what a climb, up the worst way possible; so steep at times we could hardly help our lady friends along; over fallen trees and big boulders; now resting and laughing; now waiting for others to come up, and at last reaching the top. Well were we paid for our toils by the view that opened like a panorama before our eager vision. Nature seemed to have outdone itself. Around us were two worlds, the one far below of toil and business, the other of quiet and splendor. What a beautiful picture they formed to the mind as well as to the eye. It was on this mountain that Washington caused one of the largest illuminations ever known, as a sign of peace. We were all silent at first with the thought of what had been here, and that which still remained, but young hearts are never known to be long absorbed in silent thought or things, and soon the old hill and woods rang with many a merry shout. Somerambled around, sometimes rolling musty rocks down the declivities, laughing and joking with the one another, while others read. Numerous steamers passed by far below us, and there we could watch their course long after they

were buried behind distant hills, by the smoke from the furnaces. But their is an end to everything, good or bad, and as it had grown late, we joined in a hearty song, and hastened home. Aug. 11th.—This was the morning of our departure; we were loath to leave behind us so much that had made us happy, and would always be so dear in our memory; yet it must be; so bidding all farewell, and especially "those little dears," we rolled off to Newburg. Here we visited Washington's headquarters. The appearance of the building strikes one immediately as belonging to another age; its roof is low and very slanting. As you enter, the walls, stairway, fireplace, all speak of a time long past. We registered, as is the custom, and in the short time we had before the arrival of the steamer, examined the many interesting relics, too numerous to mention or describe. \* \* \* We will now bid you farewell in the dining saloon of the steamer "Vibbard," bound for Albany.

GEO. P. MACOGWAN.

## CINCINNATI LETTER.

*Editor of The Wheel:* Your readers need not expect from this locality accounts of race and record breaking meets, as seems to be the plan adopted by our brother wheelmen in the East. The wheelmen here have not distinguished themselves for record breaking, but many of them have made quite a number of century runs. We may say without hesitation that the club runs of the Cincinnati Bicycle Club are, however, without exception, the most enjoyable meets held in southern Ohio.

A club run was taken on the 7th. Five members left club headquarters for Miami town, a distance of fourteen miles, at 6.45 A. M., and five at 7.30 A. M. The first shipment arrived at their destination, after stopping at all the wells and places where ginger ale could be got, at 10 A. M. The second did like the first. Mr. Landy accompanied the latter on his tricycle, this being the first attempt at tricycling of any extent in this vicinity. The weather was very hot, the thermometer indicating 98 degrees in the shade. On arrival the boys made for the Big Miami River, where one and all sported in the water until the dinner bell reminded them that they could do justice to a good dinner. Cappy claimed it to be better than that set at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington, and nobody disputed his word. Upon arriving at the house the boys were agreeably surprised on seeing New. L. Pierson and his estimable wife. The run was enjoyed by all. The boys arrived at headquarters in time to attend church in the evening.

A run was called for Sept. 14, 1884, at 6 A. M., when twenty members appeared in line, a two-seated buggy with four other prominent members, and also a tricycle under the guidance of J. F. Landy was ready for the familiar sound of the bugler's notes to mount and wheel to Venice, a distance of sixteen miles from headquarters, over a very rolling country, several of the hills being over one mile and a half in length; but with all the up grades the route proved to suit every one. After riding half an hour in a body they were overtaken by Mr. Henselman, ex-Captain of the Washington Bicycle Club, and Mr. Aiken, of the College Hill Club. Upon arriving at the springs, which is but a short distance from Venice, the boys were agreeably surprised at seeing Mr. Wakefield, of Harrison, awaiting their arrival. Shortly after dismounting the buggy hove in sight and three cheers were given to the occupants. They then handed out the lunch and ginger ale in the most approved free-lunch style imaginable—with a help yourselves. After satisfying the inner man, H. N. Kitchell produced his photographing implements and requested all the wheelmen to take a seat around the spring, on the hillside. He then took an instantaneous picture of twenty wheelmen climbing a hill. After this funny part of the programme was over, the boys amused themselves by shooting at the empty ginger-ale bottles with a Remington target rifle. Sandy Livingston then amused the company with some of his wonderful shots in the air, the boys throwing up twenty-five bottles, and not a single one did he miss. They then adjourned to the Big Miami River for a swim, where Burt came in handy again by taking a photograph of the swimmers in the water, and also one in the act of their dressing. The one taken of Cappy sitting on the rock laughing at the

rest, he not supposing he was in the darned thing's focus, with his bald head covered with wrinkles, is very realistic. After the swim the boys made a bee-line for Venice for their dinner. Just before leaving on their return trip, the last plate Burt had was given to taking them as they appeared in the woods. The homeward trip was as much enjoyed as the outward.

The election of officers of the Cincinnati Club for the ensuing year will be held at their headquarters, Monday evening, October 6th, 1884.

The Wanderer's Camp-meeting did not materialize as they expected it would. They have made arrangements to have a grand race meeting in the near future, either on Chester Park or Carthage Fair Grounds.

The Brightons are very quiet of late, as they do not want to let the other clubs know what they are doing. Their intention, it is said, is to surprise the older clubs in the spring.

Sam Livingston says he would not miss such another trip if he had to charter an entire railroad train.

Cappy's bald pate resembled a sandwich after Waters had greased it, as did also the latter's face.

Sandy's backward shots without the aid of a looking-glass, were wonderful.

Mr. Henselman had his top-knot taken in the water.

H. N. Kitchell was kept busy, but probably enjoyed it as much as the rest, if he was unable to get a picture of himself.

John Hodge has a mania for billiard cues and broomsticks, John having now collected quite a number from different parts of the country, which he keeps labeled.

The wrestling match between J. G. Kitchell and Waters proved an easy victory for Kitchell; the first bout taking 2.39; the second proved that he had been well trained, as he downed his opponent in 1.17.

Sandy could not help smiling if he tried, although he did capture quite a number of subscribers for Karl Kron's book.

J. F. Landy says he could take tricycle for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and still not be happy.

BEE.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 21, 1884.

## A MOONLIGHT SPIN.

*Editor of The Wheel:* Had all your readers such roads as we Marylanders have round Baltimore, with the blessing of enlightened park commissioners, they would then appreciate their position as members of a fraternity truly manly—America's wheelmen.

Meeting a fellow biker on the Druid Lake drive one evening last week who was unacquainted with some of our popular runs, I volunteered to acquaint him with some of the loveliest roads as seen by moonlight. We took our course out the Pimlico road, finding it in excellent condition, and stopping at the biker's resort, Holstead's, waited some time for others whom we expected, but finding some had gone on ahead, and realizing that valuable time was being lost, we pushed on to Pimlico, from thence taking Rogers avenue to Mt. Washington. In this picturesque little town we saw some young folks enjoying the allurements of the queen of summer entertainments—a lawn party.

Standing by our wheels outside the wicket fence enjoying it from a distance, we failed to realize that from the fact of our hub lamps being lit we were conspicuous to a degree, so quickly mounting our wheels we glided away, midst a chorus of "ohs!" "ahs!" etc. One young charmer ventured, "Don't they look like spooks!" Pushing on over to Lake Roland, went from there by Lake avenue to Charles street avenue. In front of the old country seat formerly belonging to Gerard Reese, a view of rare magnificence met our enraptured gaze. The entire lake valley lay bathed in silver moonlight below us, with the beautiful sheet of water shimmering "neath Luna's sweet smile." Cottages dotting the lake's margin, with the lights of Mt. Washington in the distance, rendered it at once a scene of loveliness and peace.

From here we had excellent roads to the beginning of Bellona avenue, where we shaped our course for Govanstown, encountering a slight cropper at one turn, caused by our enthusiasm at the lovely moonlit landscape.

Arriving at Govanstown, we found everything closed up tight, and instead of getting our usual ginger ale, had to content our-



selves with a draft from the town pump. Again mounting we were off, through Mr. Garrett's place to Charles street avenue. We took the "long coast" by Notre Dame, and were soon rolling into Baltimore streets, after what was to both the most enjoyable run of the summer, and one long to be remembered by "Mil" and

RHYS.

## MY EXPERIENCE.

*Editor of The Wheel:* My practical experience with the wheel has been short, but it is over fifteen years since I began to ride an old fashioned velocipede, and when I have not been riding, I have watched the progress of wheeling with great interest. I am now riding almost daily, and am quite an enthusiast on the subject.

Previous to 1870, when I was some fifteen years old, I owned, for eighteen months, a two wheeled, wooden velocipede which I constantly rode. I became so expert with it that I rode side saddle, or stood upon the saddle and did other tricks with ease. The affair cost me nine dollars. I hired it out at ten cents an hour, and earned from it more than its cost. Finally, I sold it for four or five dollars. During the eighteen months I used it I met with very few falls or other mishaps, and no serious accident.

For nearly twelve years I had not touched any machine when, in the fall of 1880, a friend in the Connecticut town in which I was then located asked me to visit the bicycle riding school just opened. I went down with him one evening. The manager asked me to try my hand, and helped me on a 50-inch. To my great surprise I found I could ride alone. After helping me mount a 50-inch two or three times, I mounted a 48-inch alone, then a 50-inch, and soon a 52-inch. From the start I dismounted alone, and always by feet over handles. I rode in the school a few minutes daily for about ten days, when the owner suddenly disappeared with his machines. I was then able to move around with some facility, but had never been on the road.

While the school was open its patrons were cleverly (?) swindled. The manager stated that he had bought a new machine which would be raffled for. My friend and I bought three tickets between us at two dollars each. Some sixty or seventy tickets were sold. When the night for the raffle came, the fellow stated that the machine, for some unknown reason, had not come, but, if desired, he would deposit its equivalent in money, the same to be refunded by the winner when the machine arrived. No one demanded this, and the drawing began. By some chicanery a crony of the manager won. No machine ever came. The two rogues divided the spoils and left town.

For three years and a half I did not touch a bicycle. Then, close confinement in a business office having impaired my health, I bought one at the urgent advice of my physician. When I reached my suburban home on the night of its arrival I made ready, and, after dusk, made my first trial on the smooth macadam road. On my second attempt I succeeded in mounting, rode a quarter of a mile, turned successfully, and dismounted clumsily enough by the pedal. The next morning I rode two miles in about twenty-five minutes, and was pretty much exhausted. But I improved so much that in four weeks I took a run of twenty miles without getting particularly tired. For four months I have ridden almost daily, averaging barely an hour a day. At first I was weak and timid and did not make satisfactory progress. For two months I seemed distinct from my steed. After that I began by degrees to feel more like part of it, and consequently gained in confidence and facility. In the first three months my only accomplishments were back pedaling fairly well and riding moderate distances with one (either) hand. In the fourth month I improved considerably in both these. I also learned to coast with confidence and pleasure, and to ride comfortably with hands off. My average gait is eight to nine miles an hour. I occasionally ride a mile in about four minutes, and have spurred half a mile in a minute and a half, but I ride for health and pleasure, not speed, and seldom care to rush.

I have had few accidents, only three headers and two tumbles. Two of the headers came from running into deep sand, the third from turning suddenly on a rough spot, and all could easily have been avoided. One tumble came from turning on slippery

ground, the other from an attempt to stop on beginning to descend a hill. In both cases I was able to throw both legs over handles and land upon my feet.

I ride a 52-inch Harvard, and find it staunch and reliable. This is a size below my limit, but on that very account can be the more perfectly controlled, and perfect control means confidence, safety, and pleasure.

My health is decidedly better for my riding; my digestion much improved, and my system generally toned up. I have ridden in the saddle, have rowed in every boat from a shell to a tub, have walked and run, played base ball, foot ball, skated, and indulged in nearly every outdoor sport, but I have found nothing that approaches wheeling in harmonious exercise of the whole body, pleasant occupation, exhilaration of the nerves, and general beneficial results. Such being the case, I recommend it warmly, especially to all persons of sedentary habits. P.

## NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA.

*Second Ride, Jersey City to Philadelphia.*—Left Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City Ferry, 4:15 A. M., Sunday, Aug. 3d; reached Marion 4:40, Newark 5:20, Springfield 6:05, Plainfield 7:15 (breakfast delayed me until 8:45), then reached Somerville 9:55, Hopewell 12:05 P. M. Trenton 1:45 (dinner, and first of a succession of heavy showers met here. The latter reduced my rate from Trenton to Philadelphia, via Burlington and Camden, from 9½ to 7 miles per hour, and hard work at that). Left Trenton, in pouring rain, at 2:45 P. M.; reached Bristol 3:55, Burlington (by ferry) 4:15, Camden Ferry 7:15 P. M. Total distance, 100 1-10 miles; total time, 15 hours; riding time, 11¾ hours; rate, 8½ miles per hour. Rate to Trenton (70 miles) 9.4 miles per hour, including walking through Jersey City and Newark. Machine, 58 "Light Rudge." No wind. H. S. W.

## BUSINESS AND PLEASURE COMBINED.

*Editor of The Wheel:* One pleasant morning, not long ago, as I sat perched upon my well-worn stool, and was vainly endeavoring to post my books up for a month ahead, preparatory to a two weeks' run in Ohio, a fellow cyclist invaded the privacy of my sanctum, and without any preliminary remarks demanded my company for a few days' run, the objective point to be Findlay's Lake, nineteen miles distant. I at once commenced to beg off on the ground of business before pleasure, but I soon saw he had not come to hear excuses, and before I was really aware of it I was astride on my 50-inch, and in my belt hung a statement of an account amounting to \$1.50, which the firm had against a citizen of Findlay's Lake, and the collection of which was the reason (?) I had given my sire for going. The morning was perfect for bicycling. After walking a short but rough hill at the city limits, we settled down into an eight-mile gait, and enjoyed ourselves. We wheeled for a full hour without a dismount, which brought us to a hill towering heavenward. This we conquered on foot, after a friendly visit to an adjoining orchard. From the top of this hill we had a fine coast to our half-way house, a place called Durkeeville, consisting of post-office and grocery, the former open at the arrival of the Findlay's ocean stage, and the latter whenever you would "call around to the house." After refreshing ourselves at the town pump, we sped on our way down the hill to French Creek Flat, meeting nothing on the way except an unlooked-for sand hole, which caused a graceful header for my companion. We now had a straight road for three miles as level and smooth as the far-famed Canadian roads. This was soon covered. A sudden turn to the left, and a dismount for a condemned bridge left us at another orchard which we surveyed, and, finding the coast clear, sampled to our heart's content. The remaining five miles were quickly left behind, and a turn in the road disclosed to our view the famous Findlay's Ocean, a body of water about two miles long, and from one fourth to one half mile wide, delightfully situated and well stocked with the finny tribe. A pleasant run along the smooth, hard road, running by the water's edge, brought us "to town" in time for dinner. After dinner a row boat and the services of a skilled boatman were easily secured, and the spot where the dreaded sea-serpent appeared last season was visited, as was also the island, where, stretched upon

the bank, we sunned ourselves for an hour or more, and debated the advisability of continuing our trip to Erie, and returning on the following day. A motion to this effect being put before the house was carried unanimously, and returning to the town we turned our horses' heads towards Lake Erie, and started off with the assurance that we would find it down hill all the way to North East, 10 miles distant, which, *mirabile dictu*, we found to be the case, and resulted in several hat-raising coasts. About two miles from North East the road, descending a long hill into the town through a densely wooded gulf, forms a long coast through scenery the most picturesque and delightful imaginable. A spring pouring from the solid rock invites us to dismount when about half-way down, and here an incident occurred which now as I recall it causes me to laugh more heartily than it did at the time. We had quenched our thirst and were about to continue our coast when a vehicle with three occupants put in its appearance around a bend in the road, a short distance below. We waited for it to pass, as we did not wish to have our coast spoiled by a dismount. They had scarcely gotten within speaking distance, when one of the party, a man perhaps 55 years of age, jumped out, and running up to us inquired eagerly if we were "genuine bicyclers." There was something in his manner and the expression on his face which plainly indicated that a terrible struggle was going on behind the wrinkled front, and the look of desperation in his eye as he tried to divine our answer showed plainly enough that the answer, if as he wished, would form another and perhaps the last epoch in his eventful career. Not wishing to keep the old man in suspense, I replied as calmly as possible that we were genuine bicyclers. The spell was broken. At last the time had arrived which the old man had watched and perhaps prayed for so long. He now saw a bicyclist, a genuine bicyclist. A heavenly expression overspread his joyful countenance as, clasping me with both hands, he fairly shouted: "Thank the Lord; now I am sanctified!" He quickly released me and started for my companion, who stood speechless, hardly knowing whether to hold his ground or to mount his wheel and fly for his life. Whichever way he decided, he was soon in the old man's grasp, and the same tender affection was displayed over him, only with increased emotion, the old man all the while informing us that he was now entirely sanctified. He continued his love making, repeating his tokens of regard again and again, until through justifiable fear we begged him to desist, assuring him that there was no longer a shadow of doubt in our minds as to his sanctification. Quite pleased to think he had impressed this fact so thoroughly upon our minds, the old man quieted down and proceeded to give us a complete biography of himself, from which we learned that his name was John Cleary, that he came from Massachusetts, that he had several sons, the most illustrious of whom was Mike. Had we never heard of Mike Cleary, the great prize fighter? Oh, certainly. Well, he was the proud father of that noble boy. He had scarcely warmed up in his praise of Mike when we informed him that we should be obliged to proceed on our way, as we were still several miles from home, and assured him at some future time we would be pleased to hear more concerning his illustrious family. At parting he brought out the mysterious black bottle and urged us to drink to Mike's health, but being bicyclers we were forced to decline, and, promising him we would think of him twice a day, we left the old man, sanctified. The balance of the run to North East was made without any incident worth noting, and after a hasty lunch we continued on to Erie, fifteen miles distant. Being now upon the famous Lake road, progress was rapid and easy. The run of 15 miles was made in an hour and fifteen minutes, without a dismount. In fact we had no forced dismount between Durkeeville and Erie, a distance via North East of 34 miles. I saw no better road on the whole Niagara to Boston Tour than the Lake road is from Erie to Buffalo. We reached Erie at 7 P. M., and after supper started out to take in the town, but, as might have been expected, had scarcely gotten outside of the hotel before we heard from all sides "Canary bird dudes." "Those fellows dress up that way and come out to show off," and other kindred remarks, which we endured as long as we could, and then beat a hasty retreat to our

hotel and retired, but not to sleep, as a dance across the street kept us awake until 2 A. M. At 7 in the morning we started on our return and made the run of 15 miles to North East in one hour and three minutes. From here we encountered head winds and rain, necessitating very slow progress, but we reached home in time for a late dinner, much pleased with our trip and with 90 miles more to our credit on our summer's work. F. G. KING.

CORRY, Pa., Oct. 4, 1884.

## CAYUGA CLUB RACES.

*Editor of The Wheel:* The first annual race meeting of the Cayuga Bicycle Club of Weedsport, N. Y., was held at the Driving Park, Sept. 10, and scored a success. Although the day was intensely hot, a large crowd was in attendance, and some exciting races were run. Following is the summary of events as run:

1. Half mile championship of Cayuga county. J. R. Rheubottom, 1st time, 1.44.
2. Half mile without hands. George S. Morley (Clyde Bi. Club), 1st time, 2.22.
3. One mile dash open. Geo. S. Morley, 1st time, 3.56.
4. Slow race. 100 yards. Ed. Leonard (Auburn Bi. Club) winner, time 2.25.

The extreme heat and dusty track made fast time impossible. The club will hold a second annual meet next June, and will make preparations for a big time.

Yours etc.,  
CHAS. TOWNSEND, Sec'y.  
WEEDSPORT, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1884.

## FROM THE CLUBS.

**BURLINGTON.**—The Burlington (W.) Wheel Club was organized on September 22d, 1884, with 24 members. Its headquarters are located at the Skating Rink, and it is enjoying a prosperous existence. The board of officers elected are as follows: President, Jos. Auld; Vice-President, W. K. Menns; Capt., Geo. Styles; 1st Lieutenant, V. Whitcomb; 2d Lieutenant, John Storrs; Secretary, Chas. Palmer; Treasurer, Geo. A. Pope; Bugler, L. X. Freeman.

## TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE.

Bicycling has been quite lively around Toronto during the last two weeks. On the 27th of September the Toronto Bicycle Club attended the Ottawa Bicycle Club races, and succeeded in obtaining two out of the three open events. Some ten members of the club rode back to Toronto, a distance of over 200 miles, but a very disagreeable time was had owing to a four days' spell of wet weather.

On the same date the fancy drill squad of the Wanderers went to Hamilton to compete for a \$75 cup. The only other club entered was the Buffalo Bicycle Club, who defeated the Wanderers by a few points. The tournament was held in the drill shed, and the floor was very rough, being composed of soft clay. W. Hurst, of the Wanderers, however, easily defeated all comers in the fancy riding competition, winning a \$30 gold medal.

This same squad also exhibited at Lindsay on the 1st, and as they were the only club entered were awarded the first prize. They also captured first and second prizes in three races held there.

The coming entertainment of the Wanderers promises to be one of the features of the season. A two-hours' exhibition of fancy riding, drilling, and other specialties will precede an "at home." A large time is expected by the bicyclists, and quite a few outside wheelmen are expected.

The Industrial Exhibition held two races here last month on the trotting track. There were four entries. The one mile was won by Davies, of the Wanderers, who fell and fractured his collar bone at the finish. Campbell, another rider, took a header in the two-mile race and strained both wrists, as well as breaking his machine. The papers here strongly advise all bicyclists to keep away from the Exhibition track, as it is unfit for riding. "GEORGIUS."

Zacharias & Smith have greatly improved their Star lamp, which has had such a successful run this season. The ventilation is now perfect and it is more difficult to put it out than keep it lighted. They have also introduced a new step for the Star, which is a great improvement, as all danger of slipping is obviated.





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#### TRICYCLES FOR ROAD WORK.

The result of the recent hundred-mile road race in Boston is instructive to a considerable degree, inasmuch as the tricycle, which has been looked upon as considerably behind the bicycle in the matter of speed upon the ordinary road, suddenly went to the front with a record of one hundred miles in eleven and one half hours, or about the rate of eight and four fifths miles an hour. This is far ahead of any previous record yet made in this country, and the medal bestowed upon the winner is one of which he may well be proud.

Although the use of the tricycle in various sections of the country has become somewhat of an ordinary matter among wheelmen, yet its field has been to a considerable degree limited to short trips over good roads in favored localities. The abominable character of the American highways is so well known that a tour or long distance run on a three-wheeler is unknown; and in fact is almost an impossibility. Abroad things are different. Good roads abound, and the fact that a tricycle has covered 230¾ miles in twenty-four hours proves that its place as a road vehicle has been well established. While the popularity of the tricycle will gradually extend, we regard its general use in this country as wholly dependent upon the improvement of our highways.

Good roads are what are needed to increase the number of riders, and as the numbers increase so will the highways improve. As yet the united strength of wheelmen has not been felt at the polls; in fact, no suitable opportunity has presented itself; but sooner or later the time will come, and our present "road makers" will find that there is a political significance in a body of wheelmen, and more attention will be given to their requirements.

THE *Bicycling World* is making an endeavor to raise funds for the American Branch of the Cyclists' Touring Club to accomplish the erection of danger boards, as a caution to those unacquainted with the highways. The idea is an excellent one as far

as it goes, but the article further informs us that the Touring Club has no funds with which to defray this and other expenses. We fail to see why it should not have a proportion of the dues American members pay into the home treasury retained for use in this country. It is taxation without representation, and until some such arrangement can be made it will remain what it is on this side of the water, a select Mutual Admiration Society. The man who pays his yearly dues to the C. T. C. with the idea of receiving some benefit in return other than that of good fellowship will be sadly mistaken. It is merely a "complimentary benefit" to our hard working brethren in England, and it should stop there. Any attempt at usefulness with the present scant two or three hundred members will only result in ridicule.

In speaking of guide boards for hills, it is a wonder that some of our enterprising dealers have not seized the opportunity for advertising and erected them in their neighborhood with their card at the bottom. In that way traveling wheelmen would not only be perhaps saved from accident, but would also be made cognizant of the whereabouts of a place for repairs and supplies.

#### CLEVELAND NOTES.

The Cleveland Bicycle Club held its annual dinner and business meeting, October 1st. The dinner, as fine an affair as was ever set in Cleveland, was at the Stillman, and while coffee was being served Lieutenant Pugh presented W. H. Wetmore with an elegant chain and charm to go with the gold watch "Will" won in the State Fancy Riding contest during the August meet. One of the officers generously volunteered to replace the movement with a chronograph, and Mr. Wetmore thanked the club and its President in some happily turned remarks. At the business meeting, which followed immediately after the dinner, all of the old officers declined nominations, as most of them had served for several years, and the following ticket was elected. The new officers are all energetic ones, and all look forward to a very successful year in the life of the club: President, F. B. Stedman; Cor. Sec'y, C. W. Norman; Rec. Sec'y, F. S. Borton; Treasurer, F. W. Douglass; Captain, H. R. Payne; 1st. Lieut., T. S. Beckwith; 2d. Lieut., F. P. Root; Bugler, C. H. Potter; Quartermaster, Geo. Collister. Executive Committee: J. H. Wade, Jr., Fred T. Sholes, J. D. Pugh, Jr., and the President, Captain, and Corresponding Secretary.

#### THE KENNEBEC TOUR.

Editor of *The Wheel*: I delayed writing my account of the tour, because I thought it would be more pleasant to be reminded of it when the autumn rains and the snows of winter keep us in doors, than during the summer days filled as they are with races, tours, and events of all kinds.

Our first "rendezvous" was the Eastern Railway depot, and here half a dozen of us met, Tuesday, July 29th, wet to the skin; for we had ridden from Hotel Vendome in the rain. We had a special car to Augusta. On the way we were joined by others of the party. In the evening a hop was given for us at the Augusta House, where we spent the night, under the auspices of Messrs. Pierce, Wyman, Cornish, and Milliken.

Wednesday, July 30th. The roads being heavy from the rain of the day before, but few of the boys ventured to ride to the Soldier's Home, at Togus. Those who did, however, reported fair roads; the others spent their time viewing the city. After dinner our photographs were taken in front of Mr. Blaine's residence, the hotel, and the State house. We started for Waterville at half past two o'clock, and found the roads very sandy. We stayed at the Elmwood Hotel. Here I left my gold chain, not discovering my loss until some days after; upon requesting to have it forwarded to Boston, it was sent there, and I recovered it. Such honesty deserves to be mentioned. In the evening we enjoyed a complimentary hop at the hall.

Thursday, July 31st. It was extremely hot and the roads were but little better, but we

managed to reach Skowhegan at last. After dinner, at Hotel Coburn, we were taken about the town by the citizens in their carriages; an act highly appreciated by us after our hot ride in the sun. The Norridgewock Band furnished music from four till six on the hotel piazza; then we had the ever welcome supper. Fireworks were displayed in the early part of the evening, in spite of a light shower, after which we listened to a complimentary musical in the parlors of the hotel. But this was not enough, so at half past ten we were ushered into the dining hall with our ladies, and for two hours feasted upon sweet smiles and words, and things more substantial perhaps, though not half so enduring. Then came the speeches, Col. Wildes and Mr. Elwell representing the uninitiated, while Messrs. Miller, Hazlett, and Fuller, on the part of the tourists, enlightened a tired audience. At half past one in the morning dancing began, but it did not last long, not over an hour, all being glad to retire then.

Friday, Aug. 1st. It rained during the night, nevertheless we started promptly at half past eight. The roads improved very perceptibly; we had some fine coasts, one being especially enjoyable—for those looking on. It was good half through the woods, when suddenly turning, the road became a bed of sand, and we were thrown in all directions. Arriving at Solon we were received by a brass band and dined. The afternoon was employed in visiting the famous "Caratunk Falls," and in making the easy run to Bingham. We stayed at the Stage House, singing songs far into the night.

Saturday, Aug. 2d. The roads were perfect, and the weather rivaled the roads. The Kennebec flowed twenty feet below us on one side, and the hills, piled one upon another, rose high above on the other side. The trees sheltered us all day from the sun, and the numerous springs refreshed us with many a cooling draught. We ate a huge dinner at "Carney's," which is near the place where Arnold crossed the Kennebec on his way to invade Canada. "The Forks" was reached about five o'clock. After supper ten of us started to find "Moxey Falls," without a guide. We found them after much wandering and many narrow escapes, but the sight amply repaid us. The falls, in the moonlight, appeared like a bridal veil studded with diamonds, as the water plunged over a precipice ninety-five feet high. It took us fully two hours to retrace our steps—about five miles—and we did not get to the hotel until morning.

Sunday, Aug. 3d. Another perfect day. Services were held at the school house, Mr. Fuller preaching from the text, "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark, viii, 36). We visited Moxey Falls again in the afternoon, to see how near death some of us had been the evening before, and we were afraid to go to the places which by moonlight seemed perfectly safe. We went in bathing, however, and I was carried over the lower fall (about four feet high), while trying to swim across too near the edge—I rather liked the sensation since no harm was done. We retired early.

Monday, Aug. 4th. Saturday's run was reversed, the same delightful weather continuing. The evening was spent in dancing.

Tuesday, Aug. 5th. It rained, but we pushed on, first crossing the river by ferry. Here one of the boys thinking he could ride on to the ferry, took an ideal header into the water. It made little difference, for it was raining. We dined at North Anson. Some took the train from here to Skowhegan, the rain and hills proving too much for them. The evening at Skowhegan was spent at the skating rink, and in making calls. The wheeling part of the tour ended here.

Wednesday, Aug. 6th. More rain. We took the morning train for Boston. On the train a vote of thanks was unanimously given to Mr. F. A. Elwell for his kindness and enterprise in planning the trip, and the successful way in which it was carried out, and to Mr. J. P. Sparrow for acting as treasurer. The mileage was as follows:

July 30, 27 miles.	Aug. 2, 24 miles.
" 31, 18 "	" 4, 24 "
Aug. 1, 23, "	" 5, 35 "
Total, 151 miles.	

I hope another tour will be planned embracing the delightful scenery of the upper Kennebec. I, for one, can be counted on.

H. F. FULLER.

CHICAGO, Sept. 29, 1884.

#### A TERRIFIC COAST.

Editor of *The Wheel*: Your Maryland correspondent seems to have had some strange experiences on the road. While I never rode up a telegraph pole on a bike, still in the light of modern science it may be possible to do so; and, in fact, the strange adventures which befel a friend and myself last week, removes from my mind all doubt of your correspondent's veracity. We had been touring for a couple of days without anything happening worthy of note. On the morning of the third day, we overtook a native who warned us to beware of a terrible hill about a mile ahead. We were told that the hill was so steep that they had to fasten the gravel down with railroad spikes to keep it in place. We laughed the native to scorn; but alas! had we heeded his admonition, my friend Quintz would not be baldheaded, and my truthful words would not be scouted. We reached the hill in due time, and although it did look rather steep, we resolved to coast it. Away we went, Quintz leading, and I following at a safe distance. Our speed increased as we proceeded, and soon we were whirling along at a rate that was simple terrific. Faster and faster! The telegraph poles along the road seemed like the teeth of a fine comb, and still our speed increased. We tried putting on the brakes, but had to let them off, as the friction made the spoons red hot, and melted the ices. To jump off was certain death, and our only salvation was to stick on and go it blind. I had gradually been drawing nearer to Quintz, and now I noticed with horror that the wind, generated by the swift motion of my wheel, was rapidly blowing the hair from his head, leaving him bald as a new born babe. But now a new danger threatened us, and all seemed lost; away down the road, broadside on, stood a large cow, directly in our path. The road was too narrow to turn out, and death, cold, grinning, relentless death, stared us in the face. For a moment my heart ceased to beat, and then, happily, philosophy came to our rescue. We had both read that a bullet fired from a gun would go through a window without shattering the glass, and that a candle could be fired through a door. As we were both going faster than a bullet, why should we not go through the cow? True, a cow is larger than a pane of glass, and a bicycle is larger than a rifle ball; but philosophy is philosophy just the same; and with this comforting fact in our minds we flew on. The cow looked up when we were about a quarter of a mile away and attempted to get out of the road. It was too late. Before she could take a single step we were upon her. There was a dull z-i-i-p-p, as a buzz saw makes when it strikes a piece of rotten wood, and the dismembered halves of the unfortunate bovine fell by the roadside. Our speed had not been checked. Indeed, the obstruction of the cow had, if anything, served to increase it; for, on arriving at the foot of the hill we saw rising before us another steep hill, fully a mile in length. Up this we flew like the wind, and it was only by dint of hard back pedaling that we succeeded in stopping when we reached the top. We dismounted and examined our wheels. No break, bend, nor strain was visible, but the decimally trued, case hardened balls were entirely worn out. Nothing but steel dust remained in the bearing boxes. This shows how fast we went. Now if any of my readers doubts the truth of my words, I will gladly show them the identical suit I wore that day, the toothbrush I carried, and point out the direction in which we went. This will, or ought to, satisfy the most skeptical.

Yours very truly,  
TERTIUS.

WEEDSPORT, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1884.

#### NEW HAVEN RACES.

SECOND DAY—SEPTEMBER 24TH.

Weather pleasant, but a strong southerly wind blew directly in the faces of the riders on the homestretch, making fast time impossible. Attendance about 800 to 1,000 of the best people of New Haven.

Three-mile State championship—William Wait, 1st; gm. 24s.; H. E. Bidwell, 2d; gm. 24 r-4s. Wait won by a few yards after a hard struggle.

Five-mile scratch—G. M. Hendee, 1st; 16m. 54¾s.; Sellers, 2d; 16m. 54¾; L. B. Hamilton, 3d by two wheels. This was the great race of the day, as it was thought it would settle the question of superiority between Sellers and Hendee, but unfortunately



the question still remains open. For the first few miles no one seemed to be anxious to force the pace, each in turn taking the lead without any intention of making things warm; this continued till within three quarters of a mile of home, when Hendee took the lead and made the pace a little warmer. Just after passing the judges' stand Sellers made a spurt and rode up close to Hendee's shoulders, forcing the latter to ride very close to the border, and just as they were turning the curve Sellers crossed Hendee's track within two feet of the latter's front wheel, causing him to slow up to prevent tripping over the former's wheel, whereupon the whole audience cried out "foul! foul!" Going down the back stretch and up the homestretch Hendee made a great effort to regain the lost ground but without avail, Sellers breaking the tape three yards in advance. Upon a claim of foul being entered for Hendee, the judges justly decided to give Hendee first place and Sellers second.

This decision put all the Englishmen in high dudgeon, as they had considerable money at stake, and of course the bet went with the judges' decision. Howell, the professional, refused on this account to ride a mile, in an attempt to beat the record, as had been advertised, but our private opinion is that he had not been taking proper care of himself, and, feeling that he was not in record form, was glad of an opportunity to refuse.

One-mile tricycle—G. H. Illston, walk over. Time, 3m. 36s.

Three-mile handicap—Wm. Wait (40s.), 1st; time, 9m. 31½s.; N. P. Tyler (40s.), 2d; time, 9m. 35s.; Wm. Palmer (25s.), 3d; R. Chambers (scratch), 4th. Wait had the race in hand from the start, and won as he liked, Dr. Tyler taking second place in excellent time, especially when it was considered that the Doctor cannot train properly, on account of the demands of his profession upon his time.

Twenty-mile scratch race—R. Chambers, 1st; time, 1h. 12m. 30½s.; Wm. Maxwell, 2d; by three lengths; W. C. Palmer, 3d.

One-mile consolation race—J. C. Lewis, 1st; time, 3m. 14s.

In the evening the N. H. B. Club gave a very pleasant entertainment. The programme was:

- No. 1. Entree, N. H. B. C.
- No. 2. Competitive club drills.
- No. 3. Competitive fancy riding.
- No. 4. Professional fancy riding by Burt Pressy.

No. 5. Polo on bicycles by Messrs. Pressy and Lester.

No. 6. Presentation of prizes.

First prize, club drill for best club of eight, \$25 clock.

First prize, amateur fancy riding, \$25 silver cup.

The Ramblers' Club, of N. H., being the only competitors for the club drill prize, were awarded it after giving a very pretty exhibition. Ed A. Leopold, or N. H., won the prize for fancy riding, Messrs. Pressy and Lester gave a fine exhibition of fancy riding, after which they played two games of polo on bicycles which greatly amused the audience.

Mayor Lewis distributed the prizes to the victors, making a few fitting remarks upon the presentation of each prize.—*Athlete*.

#### WHEEL GOSSIP.

Beautiful riding weather.

The Citizens Club turned out seventeen on the last Saturday run, five of whom were tricyclers, and all enjoyed the run home by moonlight.

We understand that the New York Athletic Club intend to appropriate the space reserved for bicycles and tricycles in their new building for an electric light plant. This is a serious mistake, as it will deprive the many wheelmen who are members of the club of the much needed privilege of storage.

When Prince made his excellent record of 2m. 39s. upon a Duryea saddle, Howell and Sellers immediately telegraphed for one each, which they will use in the future.

We received a very pleasant call from Gaskell and Mr. Bale, of the Coventry Machinists' Company, who sailed last Saturday for England. Gaskell takes with him over eighteen prizes.

The generosity of wheelmen is proverbial. How often do we see tacked on to some account of the Kalamazoo Club run to Mudville something like the following: "Our club will probably subscribe to your paper in a few days." Great Scott! In a few days about twenty men will endeavour to send the sum of one dollar to help perpetuate the sport. This is truly astonishing and reflects greatly to the credit of wheelmen.

One of the good things in saddles is the "American," now manufactured by Bull & Haynes, of Buffalo, which is extremely simple in construction, yet light, strong, adjustable, and comfortable. It consists of a steel frame in two pieces; the adjustment is secured by a steel screw under lever of saddle to regulate the tension of an oak-tanned leather cover, which is fastened with copper rivets. On top of the lever is a steel set screw which binds the adjusting screw. It is sold at the moderate price of \$4.00, and weighs only eighteen ounces.

While the season of tournaments is about over in the East, they seem to have just begun among the Western wheelmen.

The Omaha Wheel Club gave their maiden race meeting on the 11th of October on a new cinder path that has been especially built for the occasion.

A neat invitation to attend the third annual race meeting and entertainment of the Scranton Bicycle Club on October 16th, is received. The well known reputation of the club is sufficient to warrant its success.

The Cleveland Club will also hold forth on the same day at Athletic Park, and a most attractive programme has been prepared. We trust that Dolph will be in better condition than at Springfield, and will now come into prominence as a fast man.

Rockford, Ill., on the 15th October will be the scene of the first annual tournament of the Illinois division of the L. A. W., and three State championships will be the distinguishing feature of the day. Other races are provided for amateur wheelmen. The Chicago delegation having provided a special car for the occasion, a grand time will doubtless be the result.

Going farther South we run across the fall races of the Washington Clubs, which have combined in order to raise the necessary funds to rebuild the track at Athletic Park, where the League races were held, which with a clay surface and raised corners will doubtless rank among the fastest in the country.

The Kansas City Wheelmen have a three days' tournament November 8th, 9th, and 10th, which will doubtless do considerable towards increasing the interests in the wheel in Missouri, and we wish them success.

Around New York the racing element is rather quiet, and with the exception of the Ixion Club's annual road race on Election Day but little is being done. The route will be decided at an early date, and an interesting contest is expected.

"Edmond Dantes," the sequel to Alexander Dumas' great novel, "The Count of Monte-Cristo," is one of the most wonderful romances ever written, and an entire new and enlarged edition of it is in press and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Just at the point where "The Count of Monte-Cristo" ends, "Edmond Dantes" takes up the fascinating narrative and continues it with marvelous power and absorbing interest unto the end. Besides the hero, Haydee, Mercedes, Valentine de Villefort, Eugenie Danglars, Louise d'Armilly, Zuleika (Dantes' daughter), Benedetto, Lucien Debray, Albert de Morcerf, Beauchamp, Chateau-Renaud, Ali, Maximilian Morell, Giovanni Massetti, and Esperance (Dantes' son) figure prominently, while Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and hosts of other revolutionary leaders are also introduced. "Edmond Dantes" will delight all who read it.

Brooks has at last shown his true colors and will join the professional ranks, having made an arrangement with Woodside for a three days' race, occupying eighteen hours a day on the former's private track at Blossburg, Pa. A new set of professional records will doubtless result, as both men are fast riders.

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Cor. Fulton & Orange sts.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 1, 1884.

Dear Sir: We take pleasure in announcing that we shall open about October 10th a general bicycle business, corner Fulton and Orange sts., Brooklyn, N. Y. We shall carry in stock a complete line of American and English bicycles, parts and sundries, and shall have facilities for doing repairs of all kinds with promptness.

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use the floor for practice during the winter months, when riding out of doors is impracticable. Trusting you will favor us with a share of your patronage, we remain very respectfully,

B. H. B. S.,

T. HUNT STERRY, Manager.—*Adv.*

#### FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

[Advertisements inserted under this heading, not exceeding four lines on a pair, for one dollar.]

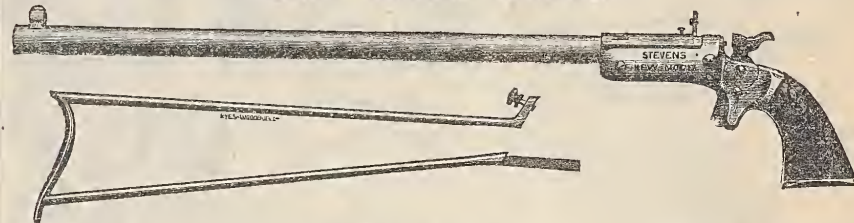
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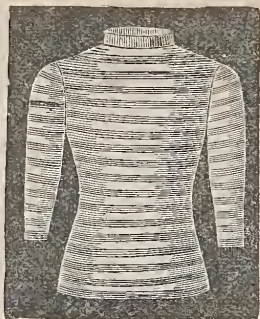
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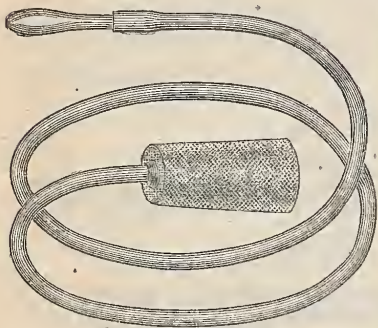
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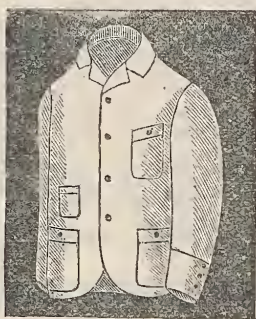


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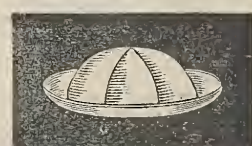
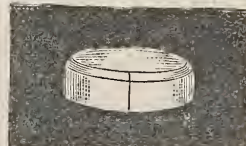


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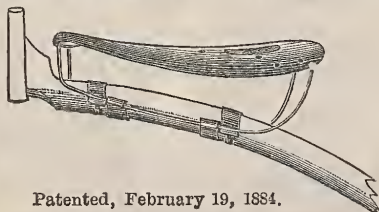
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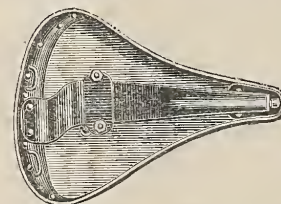
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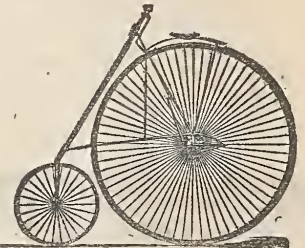
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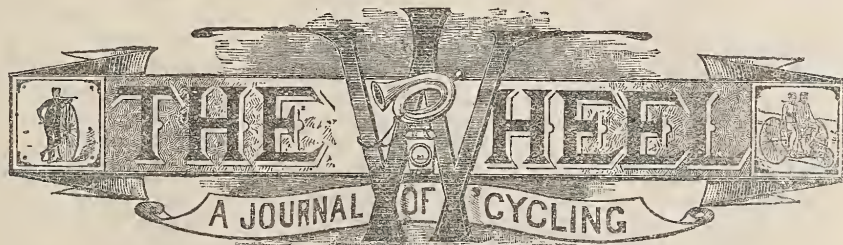
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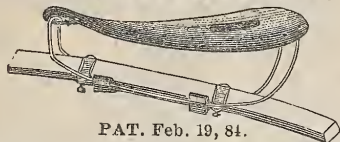
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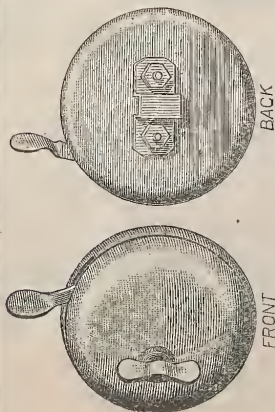
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