

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 1.

BOSTON, MASS., 1 OCTOBER, 1886.

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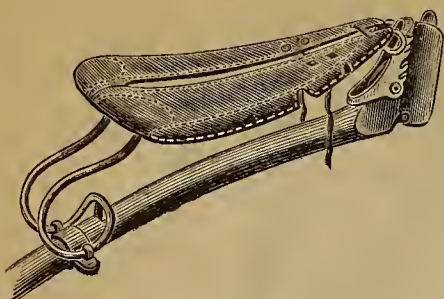
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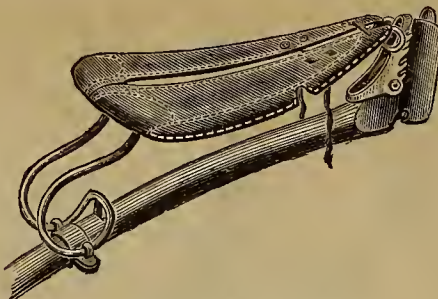
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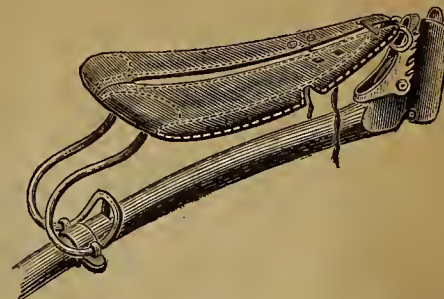
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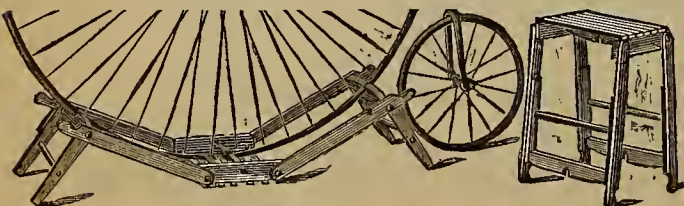
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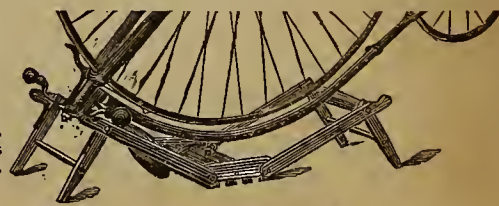


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Is enough in itself to determine one in favor of the

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The Only Wheel having this Head.

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TRULY THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR.

Genuine Trigwell Ball-Bearing Head used on the Royal Mail.

The rigidity of a bicycle and the freedom in steering is increased to such an extent that hills can be surmounted with far greater ease, and rough roads traversed with considerably less discomfort. A Ball Head will not require lubricating or adjusting more frequently than ONCE EVERY ONE THOUSAND MILES.

The invention was awarded the Silver Medal at the Inventions Exhibition, 1885, by a jury of experienced and practical riders.

The One Hundred Mile Race of the London Bicycle Club, from Bath to London, was won on a bicycle fitted with this Head, in 7 hours 33 minutes, against a strong head-wind for at least a third of the distance, with heavy rain falling for six hours.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. FURNIVALL says:

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Mr. HAWLEY, Hon. Sec. of the L. B. C., says:

My bicycle was ridden about 4,000 miles last year, during which time the Ball Head was only adjusted three or four times. I certainly think this is a distinct advance in cycle manufacture.

Mr. HY. HERBERT, Clarence, B. C., says:

I cannot speak too highly of the Patent Ball-Bearing Head, which is really everything that can be desired for rigidity and ease of steering.

From "WHEELING," 1 Sept., 1886:

We seldom remember such unanimity as prevails with reference to the Ball-Bearing Head of Messrs. Trigwell, Watson & Co. Not a man who has tried it is there who does not swear by it as the greatest thing in bicycle manufacture of the day.

A Trigwell's Patent Ball-Bearing Head was fitted to the machine of Mr. Mills, on which he made the existing record (bicycle) for the Land's End to John o' Groat's ride, though he rode another machine not fitted with this head when he made the twenty-four-hour record. The longer ride, however, was by far the best test for this well-appreciated head-piece, whose merits are so pronounced that no bicyclist should be without it.

Mr. HARRY JONES, of the Haverstock C. C., says:

My record last year amounted to 8,241½ miles. I have ridden over some of the roughest roads through nearly every county in England and Wales, and can say that some of the grass roads traversed in Lincolnshire, etc., would have been quite unridable with the ordinary head; but in this, and where any delicate steering is required, I have found the Ball-Bearing Head invaluable, and also a great assistance in hill climbing. I have ridden it over 1,000 miles without oiling, and only adjusted it three times during the year, and the wear is imperceptible.

Mr. SHIPTON, Sec. to the C. T. C., says:

My views as to the merits of your new Ball-Bearing Head are pretty fully expressed in the *C. T. C. Gazette* for October last, to which you are at full liberty to make reference. The eulogium then bestowed I cannot but confirm by the light of more recent experience. To put it briefly, I consider the Ball-Bearing Head to be the most valid of all the modern-day improvements, and I would not be without it for twice its cost.

We have Royal Mails, either with Old Pattern Head and Cemented Tire, or Ball Head and Cemented Tire, or Ball Head and Grip-Fast Tire.

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In Selecting a Wheel, Get the Latest Improved.

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We take Other Wheels in Trade, and can Allow More Now for Old Wheels than able to in the Spring.

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Beating George Weber's American record by over 11 minutes, and Golder's English record by over 9 minutes. He did the

100 Miles in 6 Hours, 43 Minutes and 59 Seconds,

Knocking McCurdy's record over an hour. His mount was a

57-INCH AMERICAN CHAMPION,

Which is not a Light Roadster, but a machine constructed solely for Road Riding. Whittaker says it's the Bearings.

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FIRST. The comparative superiority of the machine in vital points.

SECOND. The comparative cost of same, all things being equal.

The result of this consideration in a majority of cases will influence the purchaser to decide on one of the

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THE CYCLE

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

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WITH this number we enter upon our second volume. We cannot boast of great age, but for a "bantling" we think our record has been a good one. We have found a place for ourselves, if we can judge by the support wheelmen have given us, and we hope their continued favors will lead us to do better things. It has been predicted that the CYCLE would "soon go up." It has been steadily going up since its start.

Wheeling in England and the WORLD in America have started on a campaign against the amateur law. They have undertaken a hopeless task. The drift of public opinion is setting toward rather than away from this law, and the devotees of those sports where it has not obtained are now earnestly seeking to employ it. The yachtsmen feel the necessity for some such law, and a movement to put one in force has many advocates in yachting circles.

THE season of 1886 has given us the best crop of amateurs we have ever had. Had Hendee, Rowe, Burnham, etc. etc., been riding as amateurs this year, we should have heard nothing of such good men as Rich, Foster, Crist, Gaskell, DeBlois, Hart, and Brown have shown themselves to be. The boys have had a chance to do something, and they have shown us the best racing of the tournaments.

It does not speak well for the success of the promateur class of riders that the winner could be picked in every race at the fall tournaments; but it is greatly to the credit of the men that this could be done, for it shows that the races were run on the merits of the riders

CROSSING the field at Springfield on the last day of the tournament, we saw a large mound of fresh earth. "What's that?" we inquired of interlocutor Lawton. "That," replied he, "is where the wheelmen have been burying hatchets. There's a lot of them in that mound, and we consider that to be one of Springfield's proudest monuments." We shed a few tears on the mound, as we thought that the proper thing to do.

LET it be said to the credit of wheelmen, that no English cyclist who has come over ever went back and wrote a book on America. And yet the English wheelmen see a great deal of the country.

SAVED BY A VOICE.

THE following is an extract from the diary of an intimate friend of mine, now deceased. It contains an account of an occurrence so remarkable, that I feel no apology is required for introducing it to my readers. Neither do I violate any confidence in so doing. There is no longer any one whose susceptibilities can be wounded, or in whom painful memories can be awakened, by the perusal of these lines. The chief actor, if I may use the expression, has now be endead for years, and the family of the other person, to be hereafter referred to, has been resident for about the same length of time in another hemisphere, where it is extremely improbable (but yet possible) that a copy of the annual containing the relation of this strange experience should ever meet their eyes.

As regards the occurrence itself, it is not my intention to offer any theory of my own. Some who read these lines will see in it a confirmation of the beautiful and consoling dream, that the spirits of those we have loved and lost are sometimes permitted to watch over the dear ones they have loved on earth; while others will take a prosaic, and so-called scientific view of the matter, and will talk of "reflex action," "unconscious cerebration," etc., until they lose all sight of the golden sunshine of poetry, in the dreary fog of materialism. As to which hold the more accurate view, there may be a difference of opinion—as to which holds the happier and more elevating, one! I will only say that the occurrence evidently made a very deep impression on my friend's own mind. His own opinion on the matter is obvious, from what he has

written; while that he felt it to be too sacred a subject for discussion even with his dearest friend, is made evident from the fact that my first intimation of his having had such an experience, was from the perusal of the entry dated 13 August, 187—, when his diary came into my hands.

Before I proceed to give the extract, it is perhaps necessary that I should supply a brief sketch of my friend's history, so far as it relates to the matter in hand, and thus enable my readers to enter into the subject with a fuller sympathy and comprehension than they would be able otherwise to do.

Herbert F., known to his intimates as "Bertie," was a man about 25 years of age at the time this entry in the diary was made. He possessed a moderate competence of his own, was devoted to athletic pursuits in general, and was an enthusiastic wheelman in particular. He had gone in for racing with marked success, and at this period of his career was beginning to be looked upon as a "coming man," and one almost certain to develop into a champion.

He had been engaged to a very beautiful girl, to whom he was passionately attached, and who returned his affection with equal ardor.

The termination of their brief dream of happiness was singularly tragic.

My friend was unexpectedly called to Paris on business of an urgent nature, which he expected to detain him about ten days. On the night previous to his departure he bade farewell as usual to his *fiancé*, who appeared more depressed at their separation than the brief nature of its duration seemed to warrant. All his efforts to cheer her drooping spirits were in vain,—she could only cling to him, and exclaim, "Suppose we never see each other again!" and so, with tears on her part, and a tender smile at her fears, and an assurance that ten days at the utmost would see them together again, on his, they parted.

Three days later, she was found dead, with an unfinished letter to her lover before her, her hand still grasping the pen with which she had been inditing loving words to him she was never to see again! Unsuspected heart disease, the doctors said.

My friend was for a time utterly prostrated at the appalling suddenness of the blow. Then his strong healthy nature asserted itself; he resumed his former pursuits with all his accustomed ardor, and to the superficial observer he seemed at the period (nearly three years from the date of his loved one's death), when he met with the strange experience which he records, to have entirely recovered his former happy, light-hearted disposition. He never spoke of his loss to mere acquaintances, and but rarely even to me; but I, who had proven the faithful, loving nature of the man, and had been a witness of the true and tender affection subsisting between the lovers, knew well that she whom he had so early lost, was seldom or never absent from his thoughts.

And now for the entry dealing with the occurrence which suggests the title of this narrative. I give it exactly as it stands written in my dead friend's hand.

13 August, 187-. To-night a strange thing has happened to me. I know not what to think; but about the reality of what took place there can be no question, and I am as certain as I am that I am now writing this, that to-night I heard my darling's voice calling to me, and was thereby saved from an accident that might, who knows, have proved a fatal one! Can it be that my own lost Alice still watches over me, and that she who is ever present in my thoughts was for once permitted to speak to me through the darkness which separates us, and once more, though death divides us, prove her loving care for my welfare?

Let me set down, as well as my beating heart and bewildered brain will allow me, the record of to-night—though, indeed, no memorial is needed to remind me of what will ever be treasured in my heart.

This evening I rode over to W. on my new "Salvo," and called on Tom D. While there, three other men came in, and after supper we all sat down to "Nap." I left them about a quarter to one A. M., having lost about 15s.

It was a glorious night for my homeward ride of 12 miles,—fine and still, and the roads in splendid condition, while the darkness only seemed to make my lamp give a better light than usual. I therefore spun along the familiar route at a merry pace, calculated to almost beat the hour for the distance.

For the first few miles my mind was full of the occurrences of the night. What luck that beggar Tom always has! And what beastly cards I generally hold, etc.; but soon my thoughts went back to their accustomed channel when I am alone, and I was once more strolling in spirit with my lost darling through the leafy lanes, and listening to a voice I never thought to hear on earth again.

I had just entered the avenue of elms which leads into the village of L., when, apparently close at my side, I heard my name called twice. Clear and distinct, it rang out through the still night air,—*"Bertie!" "Bertie!"* It was my darling's voice—how should I fail to recognize it? Yes! it was hers; but the tone was one of such anxiety and distress, as, thank God, I never yet heard from her lips.

Terribly agitated, I slackened up, my heart beating as if it would suffocate me. I tried to answer, but no audible sound passed my lips, and once again from the darkness behind me, the voice cried *"Bertie!" "Bertie!"*

I jumped down, trembling in every limb, and leaning my machine against a tree, I ran up and down, peering through the gloom, and calling on my darling by name, though my common sense told me it was no corporeal voice that had spoken.

Nothing but the road I was on, and the bank with its high trees on either side, was to be seen, and though I cried frantically, *"Alice! Speak to me! speak to me!"* there was no reply; all was silent as the grave.

I must have waited nearly half an hour on the spot, so loth was I to leave the place where I had heard my loved one's voice; but the cry was not repeated; there was not even

the sound of the night breeze stirring amongst the leaves.

Reluctantly I turned away, my mind full of wonder and amazement, for the sound had been far too real for me to cheat myself into the belief that my imagination had played me a trick. Besides, I am not an imaginative man, and "nerves" are, I am thankful to say, things hitherto unknown to me.

I took my machine and walked slowly on, occasionally looking back, intending to mount when I had passed the bend in the road, just ahead of me. I turned the corner, and there, to my horror, I saw dimly by the light of my lamp, a huge black mass lying completely across the road. An enormous limb of one of the elms had fallen directly at right angles to the path, entirely blocking up the way.

In a moment the meaning of what had happened to me flashed across my mind like a revelation! The tree was just round the bend of the road (clear on my outward journey), where I could not possibly have seen it in time to dismount, and had I not been stopped in time, in another twenty yards I should have ridden into the obstacle at full speed, with results which it made me shudder to think of. I could no longer doubt, even had I been inclined, that it was my lost one's voice which had called to me, and that it was her agency which had been permitted to save me from what might have been instant death!

Full of awe at my wonderful escape, and the means by which it had been accomplished, I lifted my machine over the obstacle, and resumed my route.

Of course such a dangerous obstruction could not be left where it was to cause peril to life and limb. I therefore rode on about half a mile, to a cottage where I knew Jackson, M.'s farm manager, lived. With some difficulty I aroused him, and explained matters to him, when he promised to get at once a man and a couple of horses from the farm, and remove the danger.

In half an hour more I was safe at home, and now I am writing down, as well as my bewildered emotions will permit, the marvellous experience of this night. Oh! my lost, but unforgotten, darling! do you indeed still love me fondly and faithfully as when I held you for the last, last time, in my arms? I know now that we shall meet again in the distant, unknown land! And perhaps—who knows?—it will not be long till then.

Here ends my friend's account of what took place on this, to him, memorable 13th of August.

Two months later I helped to carry him off the course, where he met with the accident which caused his death. It was the last lap of the final heat of a mile hcp. A long-start man was leading, with my friend, who was at scratch, close on his hind wheel. Rounding the last corner but one, the leader fell, bringing down my friend, who was thrown with sickening violence against some railings. He was unconscious when we picked him up, but he soon rallied, and we hoped he had escaped with nothing more than a severe shaking and a few cuts, but in a little while after he was got home, internal injury declared itself, and in less than a week he passed away, with his lost Alice's name on his lips, exactly on the anniversary of her sudden death, three years previously.

At his request, his diary, with a few other mementos, was given to me, "his oldest friend." And thus it was that I learnt how, on that August night, he had been so mercifully and strangely Saved by a Voice.

Wheeling.

JOHN'S HOLIDAY TOUR.

CHAP. II.

Having arranged the route and distances to his satisfaction, he, with his mother's help, proceeded to draft out a list of the articles he would take, which list was finally completed, and Mrs. Williamson said she thought he had got down everything he was likely to want. Making out the list was all very well, but when they came to pack the various articles enumerated, they found there were about twice as many as could be carried on the machine. So they had to revise the list, and do all the packing over again, and even then it was a great wonder the large bag did not burst, it was crammed so full. John's pockets also, on the morning of the start, were a sight to be seen, so full were they stuffed with various things which his mother was sure he would find useful. As the day was a very hot one, these numerous parcels did not add much to our tourist's comfort, and he was not sorry to reach his intended sleeping-place in the evening. When he retired to his bedroom, mindful of his mother's words, he stripped the sheets off the bed and reposed peacefully between the blankets, albeit they felt rather rough. Next morning he was up betimes, breakfasted, and was soon on the road again. The day previous had been hot, but this was hotter, and our friend, who was not tied to time, rested all the middle part of the day, and did not start off again until after tea. After that meal, he went off in earnest, and riding steadily all the evening, got to his intended stopping-place about ten o'clock, when, after a good supper, he tumbled into bed,—between the blankets, of course. Next day it was, if anything, hotter still, and John carried out the same programme as on the previous day, resting all the afternoon and starting after tea. He had about twenty miles to do, and as he felt somewhat disinclined for hard work, he took matters easily, and about half-past eight found it was beginning to get dark, and he had still five or six miles to go. So he quickened up a bit, and was bowling along at a good round pace, when, on turning a corner of the road, something ahead arrested his attention. On getting nearer, he perceived that it was a light trap, and that there had been a spill. In the middle of the road lay the trap, with one wheel off, attached to which was a brown pony, who, with down-hung head, was patiently awaiting his fate. Two young ladies were standing in the roadway dejectedly surveying the wretched vehicle. On hearing the tricycle bell, and seeing John approaching, these young ladies conferred together, evidently as to the advisability of seeking the new comer's aid. Upon coming up with them, John dismounted, and raising his cap, asked if he could be of any assistance to them. The elder of the two was about to reply, when John seized her hand and cried, "How do you do, Miss Lord?" for it was no other

than that young lady. "Mr. Williamson!" said she, coloring slightly, "what a surprise to see. This wretched wheel has come off, and we don't know what to do. This young lady," she continued, turning to her companion, "is Miss Usher, at whose father's house I am staying." After an inspection of the wreck, and a detailed account of the accident from the ladies, who were happily neither of them hurt, though rather shaken, "the trap having gone down so sudden, you know," they proceeded to discuss the best course to pursue. Mr. Usher's house was about two miles away, and at first John thought of riding on there for assistance; but as it was now almost dark, and it would not do to leave the young ladies out alone, he proposed that they should go on with the tricycle, which they might take it in turns to ride, while he remained behind in charge of the pony and the smashed vehicle. As there seemed to be no alternative, the ladies agreed to do so, both expressing their deep regret at having to interrupt John's tour, but at the same time looking very pleased at having found a way out of their awkward fix. John lit the lamps of the machine, and took one of them off to keep with him to avoid being run into in the dark. He also undid all the luggage with which the machine was loaded, so as to make it lighter for them to work. "It does seem a shame to leave you here all alone," said Miss Lord. "Then perhaps you'll stay with me?" said John. She laughed, and said she could not let Miss Usher go on alone, but she would send some one to him as soon as ever she got to the house. "Well, at any rate," said John, "don't say again that I was unkind in not going in for the cradle."

John watched them until they were out of sight, and then, after tying the pony so that it could graze at the side of the road but not stray away, he filled and lit his pipe, and having placed his lamp so that anyone coming along the road could not fail to see it, he reclined full length on the soft cushions of the trap, with his feet higher than his head, as, owing to the loss of the wheel, the vehicle was very much on the slant. This is a rum go, thought he. Who would have thought when I started this morning I should have fallen in with Florence Lord? She seemed quite pleased to see me, too, but perhaps it was only because of the wheel coming off. Wonder if the young lady's father will ask me to supper? Should think so, and hope so, anyway. So he went on, thinking and smoking, for about an hour, until he became quite drowsy, and was thinking he must get up and walk about to avoid going to sleep, when he heard a sound of wheels coming along the road, and got up to see if it was the people come to meet him, and if not, to make sure by shouting and waving the lamp that the approaching vehicle did not run him down.

"Hullo there!" cried a voice.

"Hullo!" shouted John, in reply.

"Is that the broken trap?"

"Yes, this is it," replied John.

They now came up alongside, and a stoutish gentleman got down from a very high dog-cart, introduced himself as Mr. Usher, and began to shake John's hand most cordially.

"My dear sir," said he, "how can I thank you for your kindness? Get up in the dog-cart, and come home with me. I've brought

two men to set the trap to rights and bring it back."

The two men who had come with him dismounted; and after Mr. Usher, by the light of the lamp, had made an inspection of the broken wheel and trap, and examined the pony's knees to see they were not cut, John and he got up in the dog-cart, and they started off. The drive took some little time, but the whole of the way Mr. Usher was thanking John for his kindness. Arrived at the house, which, although it was dark, John could see was of large size, Mr. Usher introduced him to his wife, and then conducted him up-stairs, where he had that greatest of luxuries after a ride, a good bath, which over, he came down-stairs to supper. Mr. Usher treated him quite like an old friend, and having heard that Miss Lord and he were previously acquainted, seated him beside her "to make him a bid at home," as he said. This treatment neither John nor the young lady objected to. In the ride to the house John's tricycle had behaved beautifully, so the ladies said; indeed, had it not been for the necessity of taking turns at walking, they would have quite enjoyed the spin.

"We'll get up early in the morning, and ride it on the lawn," said Miss Usher.

"Ah! I forgot, Mr. Williamson," said Mr. Usher, "of course you'll stay with us to-night. We have had a bedroom got ready. A friend of Miss Lord's is always welcome here; but after your great kindness to-night, you are doubly welcome." John, overcome by their praises, gratefully accepted, and by twelve o'clock, after a glass of whisky and water and a cigar, was safely in bed in Mr. Usher's house, and only one room removed from Florence Lord. That night he slept between the sheets.

Next morning he arose early, and was out in the grounds, hoping to see the young ladies to give them a ride, but, like many young ladies, their good intentions of the night before were not fulfilled, and they did not appear until breakfast time. The morning was spent, after John had written to his mother, in tricycling and viewing the ground, and the afternoon in tennis, and that night also John slept there.

Next morning he, much against his host's wishes, insisted on going on to the end of his tour, a distance of only about three miles. That day and the week following he stopped in the town, and on the next morning went back to Mr. Usher's as invited by that gentleman, and there he spent the remainder of his holidays. When his fortnight was up he bade good-by to his kind host and hostess, promising to look them up on the first opportunity, and also to stay a day or so at Christmas, and then went home with his tricycle by train. This time it was not one heart changed places—it was two—John left his heart with Florence Lord, and brought hers away with him. He has been down to Mr. Usher's several times since, but the place will shortly lose its chief attraction for him, as Florence Lord is about to be married. John's holidays are coming on shortly again, but he cannot go down to visit his friends, as he is going to spend his honeymoon elsewhere.—*Ben Hayward in Wheel World.*

SINGER & CO, have a mystery in the shape of a new machine which is to come out next season.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

FROM a feminine point of view, the aspect of the cycling world is constantly changing. I cannot think it is a narrow view, for its meets and bounds are very broad, and extend beyond even that of the sterner sex. I do not desire to disparage the masculine element of the sport, nor to say that our ideas are better than theirs; but while they concentrate their minds upon racing and legislation, the feminine mind looks over and beyond to brighter things.

I WANT to give you a leaf from my journal this week, which has only a very slender thread to connect it with cycling, and yet it would not be there had it not been for the wheel.

I MET little Mrs. Wheelman on the road one day, and the freemasonry of the wheel led to a speedy acquaintance. She told me that she rode a great deal, though she never went far from home, and she hoped to meet me again. She added that she could be found, almost any day, in the vicinity of where I first met her.

AFTER that we met frequently, and the rubbers of our wheels pressed the surface of many miles of road together. She was a charming little body, although she always carried an anxious look, and often, when we parted, I noticed that her face betrayed the pressure of a heavy heart.

I SOON knew her story. Hers was not a happy home, and her enjoyment lay without its walls. She had ridden the wheel before marriage, and now she found it a medium for taking her away from scenes that did not delight her, to those which gave her peace of mind.

HER husband was not cruel, and he denied her nothing; but the Wheelmans, father and son, were absorbed in money-getting, and had no time to think of anything else. They lived under one roof and were as one family. They knew not of nor cared for those affections which bring joy to the household. The old people and the young were courteous and entertaining to each other when they met at table, just as they would be to any guest; but if love was an inhabitant of the domicile, he never betrayed his presence. It was an atmosphere wholly unsuited to a person of the temperament of Mrs. Wheelman. She craved for affection, and her cravings were unanswered. The husband gave her not of his leisure hours, but spent them in the company of boon companions. In such an environment, little Mrs. Wheelman could not flourish; it was withering. She sought consolation upon the wheel, and in the riding season she was daily upon the road.

ONE day she did not come to the rendezvous, nor the next, nor the next. I got a little note from her shortly after, in which she told me she had given up riding, and must remain at home. She gave me no reason, and I called for none, but later in the sea-

son there came to me a tiny card, which read :

"MABEL WHEELMAN.
8th August."

THE mystery no longer existed. The little mother now had some one to live for, and she could feel that her affections would be fully returned.

To the world the birth of little Mabel was a trivial and a meaningless occurrence. No reporter, however hungry for news, would jot it down as having any present bearing on the history of the time. It was but the birth of a girl baby.

LITTLE Mabel came to a chilly nest, save for the presence of its mother. The elder Wheelman and the young husband looked upon its advent as a mistake. It was one more mouth to fill, one more agent to deprive them of their gold. She had a cold reception. She was an intruder.

THESE people were wont to hear eloquent divines preach of humanity and love, and they drank in what was said, and received it as good advice to the world, without an idea that it fitted their own cases. They were not persuaded that they lacked those refining qualities, and the sermons never came home to them.

AND now came one to preach them a sermon more practical and effective than they had ever heard before. The sermon that this little helpless bit of flesh in its roll of flannel preached was given out in some speechless fashion peculiar to its nature.

THE baby in the Wheelman house was to outsiders like any other baby. But within, it soon became a miracle, a wonder. The little mother and the grandmother held hourly councils over the dainty cradle, and talked seriously of colic and croup, instead of dress and the dinner. The old lady suddenly discovered John's wife to be a most sensible, lovable person, and John's wife began to call her "Mother," and so brought tears to the sharp eyes behind the spectacles.

JOHN deserted his companions and could be seen almost any day pushing a perambulator along the walk, and closely attentive to the pranks of the little lady who was out for an airing. The elder Wheelman became an abject slave, from the day she held out her chubby arms to come to him. After that she tugged at his white mustache or spectacles as she pleased; old Wheelman and young Wheelman, who never betrayed any sympathy with each other, and never sought each other's society outside the counting-house, sat by the nursery fire, good fellows together, many a night, forgetful of money and forgetful of trade.

WHEN the child was ill, they waited night after night till morning, silent and anxious, while the doctor and the women were busy overhead.

LAST week the baby died, and all that is left to tell that it was once in the world, is a

little heap of earth in the cemetery, with a freshly planted rose upon it, and a silence that has fallen upon one household. No, — something more; a strange loyalty and kindness which have sprung up in certain hackneyed, worldly hearts, toward each other and toward that Power which gave the baby to them and took it away after so brief a time; a store of tiny garments and toys of which they do not speak to each other, but which bring back to each thoughts beyond all others tender.

WHEN men and women die, they always leave behind them a certain amount of evil influence, as well as good, at work in the world. But little Mabel left in the forsaken home only a sacred memory, forever softening and holy. Her life was but a span, and yet her record was such an one that one of longer life can hardly boast. Hers was a mission of love and sweetness. She came where love was not, and she sowed the seeds of perfect love so broadly that fruit in abundance was brought forth. She found a family disunited; she left a loving household. Even her helplessness preached a sermon that went to the hearts of all. It was only a baby, but it was a gift beyond all others to that family; and the brightest memory they possess turns their thoughts to that little hillock in God's acre. DAISIE.

NOTES FROM THE SOUTH.

IN the last issue of the *Bicycle South*, Mr. A. M. Hill authorizes the statement that he will allow any local rider from two to six miles' start in a fifty-mile race for the medal which he donated some months ago for a fifty-mile road race between the members of the N. O. B. C., and which fell through. Mr. C. B. Guillotte now comes out with a challenge to Hill for a race on even terms. Hill, however, desires that the medal be won three times before absolute possession is given; Guillotte wants one trial to settle the question, and here the matter rests.

THE Crescent Wheelmen are exceedingly anxious to find out who their speediest riders are, and the advisability of giving a couple of races to decide the question is being discussed. It is extremely probable that a one and five mile race will be arranged to occur some time next month.

ONE of our "star" riders tells a good story. While on a run which led him past a number of sugar plantations, he stopped at one of them for water, and, as is usual in such cases, was immediately surrounded by all the darkies around the place. One old fellow inquired, "Say, boss, is yer goin' to s'vey dis here plantashun?" He took the bike for a surveyor's instrument. The cyclist wilted.

THE new editor of the *Bicycle South* is a good 'un, and a great favorite among the boys. Although an honorary member of the N. O. B. C., he is not a rider. *Some day*, however, we hope to see him "break the magic spell."

ONE of our leading newspapers is agitating the matter of more and improved drives

around the city. It is needless to say what the cycling community think of the move.

BI.

NEW ORLEANS, 24 September, 1886.

CYCLET'S.

LAYS OF THE TRACK.

YE LAST-LAP BELL.

WHEN the trumpet sounds on the warrior's ear,
He grasps his brand, for the foe is near,
And the ardor of battle fills his breast:
As he rushes forth to its stern behest:
So flies to the front the peaceful steel,
And swiftly flashes the glittering wheel,
As the rider hears 'mid the voices' swell
The thrilling sound of the last-lap bell:

For he knows the battle is nearly done,
As the flyers close surely, one by one;
And the struggle is fierce, but hopes are high,
While gallantly moving they swiftly fly
With a desp'rate speed, for the goal is near,
All heedless of danger in front or rear —
No need of the shouts of the crowd to tell
Of that "One more lap!" for they hear the bell!

As the jaded steed at the spur will spring
With vigorous bound — so the warning ring,
That floats on the breeze with its music shrill,
Gives a fire and strength to resolve and will.
It speaks not to all with a voice that cheers —
The faltering waver, the faint heart fears;
Fair dreams are unreal — ah! then 't is a knell
For a hope that is dead — a passing bell!

To the stout of heart it would seem to say,
"Courage! press on! for the laurel to-day
Is yours if you battle in knightly sort,
Though rivals are strong and the distance short!"
And all craven thoughts to the winds are thrown —
Merrily, steadily holding his own,
The victor discovers a potent spell
In the echoing ring of the last-lap bell!

F. F. S., in News.

OCTOBER.

MONTH of the red leaf.

MONTH of all months for riding.

MONTH when the scorcher does not perspire and the leisurely rider drinks in joy.

MONTH when the record-breaker is at work, and the unlucky scribe tries to keep his tables in shape.

AND now for Roseville; then let us rest.

SECRETARY AARON has been doing Boston, and has been trying to convince the Bostoneses that Philadelphia is not a country village.

SCATTERGOOD and Burch of Albany, Guernsey of Macon, Hal Greenwood of St. Louis, and many others have been with us.

STALL has got the sole right to photograph Rowe, and has taken some good negatives.

THE dissipation of the tournaments is at present felt by the editor to a considerable extent. — *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

Confession is good for the soul.

ONE dollar and twenty-five cents will now pay the initiation fee of the L. A. W. and the dues to 1 January.

THE secession of the New Haven Club from the League was not on account of dissatisfaction with the enforcement of the amateur law, though many have tried to create that impression.

WE think Massachusetts could send out a team that would beat the world, — Rowe, Hendee, Burnham, Rhodes, Gaskell, Hunter, Adams. Match them.

ALSO match the five men who entered the final heat in the one-mile amateur race at Lynn on the first day, — Foster, Rich, Gaskell, Hunter, Brown.

IF the amateur law is an absurd one, as the *World* says it is, there are many men who cling to it.

THE King's County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, gave a lantern parade on 16 September. There were one hundred and forty riders in line, and the affair was a great success, crowned with a supper and song.

THE New Jersey road-racing association with a long name is about to give another team race, and the scorchers are getting ready. Brooklyn has the cup and wants to keep it. The King's County Wheelmen have no rich man to buy a cup for them, but they put forward a Rich man to capture it on such occasions. (Bell, please.)

THE many friends of John G. Hitchcock, of Omaha, will regret to hear that he is in an insane asylum. He was recently picked up in the streets of Minneapolis in a dazed condition. Jack showed us some fine spurting when he was with us a few years ago, and he made many friends in this vicinity.

A HARTFORD bicyclist met with a rather comical accident the other day. He and a grocery team tried to pass each other on the same track, and as the wheel and horse collided, the cyclist clasped his arms around the animal's neck, and left the machine to take care of itself. The bicycle accordingly sustained all the resulting damage.

A GREAT many persons are asking about the life membership in the League. The constitution says that such tickets *shall* be issued upon payment of \$10, but we have not heard of any one going in for life.

NEVER was a man more disappointed than was Lewis Frye, the old-time champion, when he lowered his colors to George Hendee. The whirligig of time has now shown Hendee behind Rowe, and Lewis was there to see the thing done.

AT the Boston Theatre, last week, Editor Dean was observed showing Editor Aaron "Around the World in Eighty Days." We wonder if it will take the secretary eighty days to get around the *World*.

AT Springfield we went with Editor Priall of the *Wheel* to see "Chestnuts." It was a revelation. Neither editor had ever used this kind of fruit, and they took a solemn oath then and there to avoid it.

IT will not do for any foolish virgins to ride a tricycle in Orange. Unfilled lamps will not burn. And, by the way, will not the ladies of that locality be looking for a match very often?

NEW YORK wheelmen are getting up a petition, asking that the entire Central Park be open to wheelmen, but it has been intimated to them that the presentation of such a petition will imperil the privileges already granted.

THE Lynn boys made merry the first night of the tournament, and shook the light fantastic toe at the Coliseum. Visiting wheelmen were made welcome by Lynn's fair daughters.

HERE is a very bad conundrum. We beg the indulgence of our readers, but we have worked very hard to get it, and it must go in. Why were the crowds that took the train at the Eastern depot last week, like the cycling records at that time? They were for Lynn. Those who can't see this, will please pass to the next paragraph without comment.

THE proprietors of the *Bicycle South*, of New Orleans, are not a little annoyed that a report has gone abroad, that the *American Wheelman* has bought that paper. It was the *Southern Cycler* that went to St. Louis. In fact, it was a Surprise party that the *Wheelman* took in.

JACK ROGERS, of St. Louis, has gone into the newspaper business and discovered a silver mine in the same season. If every newspaper man could find a silver mine, there would be more happiness in the fraternity. Silver mines are not found very often under the covers of a cycling journal.

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES has appointed a long list of consuls for Massachusetts. They are all workers.

WE have received a copy of "Papa" Weston's log book, "My Cycling Log Book" he calls it. It is gotten up in good taste, and the best of material has been employed. It is not intended for use on the road. An old piece of paper, an envelope, or a leaf from a memorandum book, will do for the road, but when one gets home he can sit down, with plenty of time at his disposal, and jog down a history of a day's ride in a book that will look well on the centre table. The book is published by Charles H. Whiting, 168 Devonshire street, Boston, and sells at a moderate price.

LATE cycling patents: M. M. and W. B. Depuy, Rowland, Pa., tricycle; F. W. Lipincott, Rockford, Ill., oil can; J. T. Slocomb, Hyde Park, Mass., bicycle.

KENNEDY CHILD and Secretary Aaron went on a run with the Boston Club. When the party came home Child's hat-band had been cut into pieces, which were worn as trophies by club members, and each of the guests wore a Boston Club badge. They had a very lively time. It was a struggle for trophies, and therefore the amateur law was not broken.

WHITTEN and Porter of Lynn, and Senter of Rockland, have been reinstated as amateurs by the Racing Board.

CANADIAN wheelmen have reason to be proud of their representative on the path this year. He should be fostered.

FOREPAUGH, the circus man, is going to build an eight-lap track in his winter circus at Madison Square Garden, New York. He thinks he can persuade amateurs to run in races as an attraction among others. We think his venture will prove a *faux pas*.

IF the genius who informs you now that the days are growing shorter is not careful, he will stumble over the equally valuable fact that the nights are growing longer. — *Graphic*.

Wheeling is out with a call for the abolishment of the amateur definition.

THE last number of *Harper's Weekly* contained an excellent full-page cut, drawn by Henry Sandham from sketches on the ground, of the Springfield races, showing

a cluster of men coming down at full speed at the end of a lap.

OUR old friend Frank W. Weston, alias "Papa" Weston, has gone back to his old profession, and once more puts out his shingle as an architect. He has not paid us for an advertisement, but we want to advise all wheelmen who are going to build to look him up and give him a chance at their plans. He is at 150 Devonshire street, Equitable Building.

ROWE did not race with Hendee on Monday, because there was a very large sum of money staked on the result, and he felt that if Hendee should beat him his friends would think that he had sold the race.

THAT fog at Lynn would not have been mist had it staid away.

LYNN people did not support the club as they were expected to and as they should have.

THE members of the Victor team work well together, and do the best they can to win for their machine, but they have been in too fast company.

J. C. GARROOD was seen on the Lynn track last Saturday, riding a nondescript machine with three wheels. We didn't get near enough to examine it, but at a distance it looked as though the rider was astride a large rear wheel, while two small wheels went ahead. Garrood knows what a good machine is, and has the ability to make one, and therefore we can believe he is going to give us something of value. We hope to get nearer to the machine later.

KNAPP, formerly of the Columbia team, is now a partner of the Denver Wheel Company.

KARL KRON is resting at West Springfield.

C. R. ZACHARIAS, of Brick Church, N. J., has made a lantern holder, which attaches to the fork and carries the lantern at the side of the wheel.

THE Capital Club, of Washington, D. C., has taken possession of its new clubhouse. We gave a cut of the house a few weeks since.

THE Massachusetts Division has been talking about a cyclers' camp, and now comes the Cottage City committee with an invitation for the division to meet there next summer. They promise to give three days of sport, and to make extraordinary inducements for wheelmen to go and spend a few days on the island. Chief Consul Hayes and his advisers are now considering the matter.

WE hear that Springfield lost \$1,200 at the tournament. This is to be regretted. It is not a little disheartening to work hard and pay for the privilege of so doing. This is what Springfield boys have done.

THE proper thing for a cyclist to wear at the races is a black silk knock-down cap. They all do it.

THE Western men don't like to order their League suits through the secretary. They say it takes too long. The secretary answers them that he must do this in order to keep non-league men from getting the cloth. But will the secretary take away the uniform from those men who don't renew? The promateurs nearly all have League suits, and

several of the professionals wear them also. It is too late to hedge this thing about with red tape.

FRED WOOD is a good fellow, and very few cared to take offence at his wearing a Chief Consul's League badge at Springfield and Lynn. It was funny, though.

THE wheelmen have been having cuts at the records, and the dailies have been having cuts of the wheelmen.

DOGS are not allowed in the park at Glenmere. The managers say they will curtail the history of any canine found on the track.

JACK PRINCE appeared at Lynn in a suit of robin's-egg blue. It was an outward semblance of his inward feelings over his losses.

LONG lap races on a track of many laps are a mistake.

THE C. T. C. mountain has been in labor, and has produced the most ridiculous mouse, in the shape of a badge, that it has ever been my lot to see. After all the talk, froth, and gas that appeared in the *Gazette*, I expected something very special. Judge, then, of my surprise when I saw only a bicycle wheel with three arms spreading from the hub. The most amusing thing, however, is that the design is not in the faintest degree original, but is an exact fac-simile of a design at the head of the *L. A. W. Bulletin*. How does this affect the patentry of Mr. Phillips? — *Octopus in Wheeling*.

VERY many men have charged the Racing Board with the failure of the fall tournaments consequent upon the absence of the English cyclists. But now comes the

Cyclist with this statement: "The N. C. U. refusal to grant permits to our riders to meet the promateurs scarcely affected the matter one iota, as, long before the request, our minutest inquiries failed to unearth one amateur who intended going."

AN English exchange says it improves a record to have it broken.

THE look of astonishment on Jack Prince's face at Lynn, when he was told that he had taken only third place in the lap race after winning a very large number of laps, was a study for a painter. He did not keep up his average, for in the first three laps he won but one point each, while Fred Wood was winning eight each, and after that Jack was gaining only one point extra in each lap. It doesn't do to be in the back row at the start when the number of starters is large.

FRAZIER is improving daily. At Hartford he took back seats; at Springfield he went ahead a little, and at Lynn he was seen in the front row.

THE Boston road race will be run 2 October. A good course has been laid out, and excellent time is expected.

THE Massachusetts Club will hold a series of road races 16 October. The starts will be from the clubhouse.

HARRY COREY goes to England the present month.

THE Renton cases against the League officials has been dismissed. The complainant was beaten horse, foot, and dragoons, so to speak, and now the officials will make Mr. Renton think he is in the torrid zone, so they say.

THE Lynn wheelmen have a high appreciation of Rowe, but when he takes a handicap from them for a three-mile race and catches his men on the first lap, it looks as though they underrated his powers.

It is extraordinary the amount of slavish adulation that is poured upon some of our racing men. One famous wheelman was lamenting on Saturday that all sorts and conditions of men come and shower unwished-for compliments upon him, addressing him by a nickname, and all without his knowing them in the slightest degree. We remember the same thing happening with that Alphabet Webber whom we had to slate into his senses again in consequence of his head turning, and now a nicer boy for a ladies school tea-party we do not know. — *Wheeling*.

SPEAKING of Greenwood, his hill-climbing feats are astonishing. No rider that has appeared can "hold a candle to him." Where other riders glory in a feat, Greenwood performs it with ease, time and again. He stands as far above the crowd as the Hon. John L. Sullivan does in his line. Let not the comparison seem odious. He is the only one who fills the bill. Since Gaudaur pushed Beach so closely in the boat race, the present champions in various lines of athletic sports do not hold their honors by a very large margin, barring Sullivan. — *Spectator*.

As I pedalled my tricycle down the Epsom road the other night, I met a sweet and lovely youth in braided coat arrayed, riding a large nickel-plated bicycle. On his jockey cap there shone a golden badge of supernal

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

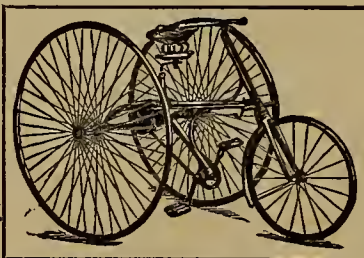
20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

brightness, gauntlets of extravagant size adorned his arms, and slung across his slender shoulder was a big brass bugle. This man (save the mark!), no doubt, thought the effect of this glittering show would altogether turn the heads of simple, sensible villagers, but he was vastly mistaken. All such prodigious bundles of vanity may be interested to know that in the eyes of everybody except a few giggling girls, foppish, over-decorated, doll-like wheelmen appear supremely ridiculous. What people admire in cyclists is manliness, dignity, and simplicity. — *Christian Commonwealth*.

A COCKNEY bicyclist was coming at great speed down Pitt street, one of the steepest streets in Edinburgh, when his machine capsized and landed him in the middle of the road. Two carters were passing, and they promptly came to his assistance. "Maun, hoo did ye fa'?" kindly inquired one of the carters. To which he received this answer: "I was coming down that declivity with such velocity that I lost my gravity and fell on to the macadamized road." The carter turned from the unfortunate rider with true insular contempt. "C'wa', Jock," he said to his mate. "If I'd kent the cratur was a forriner he would hae lain in the gutters lang enuch for me." — *C. T. C. Gazette*.

THE Victor team has separated. Rhodes will remain in Boston and enter the Boston road race, Ives will go to Roseville, and Stone has returned to St. Louis.

GIDEON HAYNES, JR., secured some good views of the starts at Springfield, and also, a number of views of racing men. He has sent us, for our gallery, two groups of wheelmen in front of the Warwick, and also a view of W. B. Everett & Co.'s employes.

THE LYNN TOURNAMENT.

FIRST DAY.

FRIDAY, 24 SEPTEMBER. — A good day for racing, though the track was heavy. Clear weather. Light wind.

One-mile Novice, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
J. H. Sherman.....	$\frac{1}{2}$		
George J. Collins.....	1	3	2 $\frac{2}{5}$
E. A. Packard (2).....		3	3 $\frac{4}{5}$

J. H. Sherman (3); E. Pyne (4); L. C. Travers (5); Frank Martin (6); James Barnett (7).

Two mile Amateur, 5.45 Class, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
W. E. Crist.....	$\frac{1}{2}$		
W. E. Crist.....	1	3	1 $\frac{1}{5}$
Fred Foster.....	2	5	52 $\frac{1}{5}$
W. E. Crist (2).....		5	53

D. E. Hunter (3); P. S. Brown (4); E. A. DeBlois (5); H. S. Kavanaugh (6); C. E. Tracy (7).

One-mile Promateur, 2.50 Limit, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Wm. A. Rowe.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	14 $\frac{2}{5}$
Wm. A. Rowe.....	1	2	35 $\frac{2}{5}$
G. M. Hendee (2).....		2	35 $\frac{4}{5}$
F. F. Ives (3); P. W. Stone (4); C. P. Adams (5).			

Three-mile Professional Handicap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Fred Wood, scratch (1).....		8	10 $\frac{3}{5}$
J. S. Prince, 100 yds. (2)....		8	11
W. M. Woodside, scratch (3); H. G. Crocker, 75 yds. (4); F. T. Merrill, 375 yds.			

(5); W. J. Morgan, 200 yds. (6); C. F. Frazier (7).

Time of scratch men:

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
W. M. Woodside.....	1	2	37 $\frac{4}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	2	*5	25
Fred Wood.....	3	*8	10

* Best professional record for England and America.

Two-mile Amateur Tricycle, lap race, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
A. B. Rich.....	1	3	5
A. B. Rich, 17 points.....	2	6	18 $\frac{4}{5}$
H. W. Gaskell (3), 12 points; J. T. Williams (3), 7 points.			

Ten-mile Promateur Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Percy W. Stone.....	1	2	56
F. F. Ives.....	2	5	51 $\frac{4}{5}$
W. A. Rhodes.....	3	8	49
W. A. Rhodes.....	4	11	50
W. A. Rhodes.....	5	14	50 $\frac{1}{5}$
W. A. Rhodes.....	6	17	51
W. A. Rhodes.....	7	20	51 $\frac{4}{5}$
W. A. Rhodes.....	8	23	51 $\frac{4}{5}$
W. A. Rhodes.....	9	26	56
W. A. Rhodes.....	10	29	53
Percy W. Stone (2).....		32	22
F. F. Ives (3).			

Points: Rhodes, 128; Stone, 109; Ives, 87; Burnham, 72; Adams, 17. These figures are not like those officially announced, but we are convinced that they are correct, for no less than five or six men kept the tally on the press stand, and all agreed. The official figures were: Rhodes, 133; Stone, 101; Ives, 87; Burnham, 62; Adams, 17.

One-mile Amateur, —

First Heat, — Wm. E. Crist (1), 2.49 $\frac{3}{5}$; D. E. Hunter (2); P. S. Brown (3); C. E. Tracy (4); E. A. DeBlois (5).

Second Heat, — A. B. Rich (1), 2.48 $\frac{2}{5}$; Fred Foster (2); H. W. Gaskell (3); G. M. Worden (4); H. S. Kavanaugh (5).

Final Heat, — Fred Foster (1), 2.48; W. E. Crist (2), 2.49; D. E. Hunter (3); H. W. Gaskell (4); A. B. Rich (5).

Five-mile Professional Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Fred Wood.....	1	2	42 $\frac{2}{5}$
Fred Wood.....	2	5	48
J. S. Prince.....	3	8	57 $\frac{2}{5}$
J. S. Prince.....	4	12	7
J. S. Prince (1).....	5	15	18 $\frac{4}{5}$
Fred Wood (2).....		16	7

H. G. Crocker (3); W. J. Morgan (4). Points: Wood, 102; H. G. Crocker, 98; J. S. Prince, 92; W. J. Morgan, 79.

Three-mile Promateur Handicap, — W. A. Rowe, scratch (1), 8.22 $\frac{2}{5}$; C. P. Adams, 125 yds. (2); W. M. Haradon, 225 yds. (3); Ives (4); Rhodes (5).

SECOND DAY.

SATURDAY, 25 SEPTEMBER. — Cloudy weather and a cold wind. A large attendance and good racing.

One-mile Professional, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Robert James.....	$\frac{1}{2}$		
C. F. Frazier.....	1	2	57 $\frac{2}{5}$
Fred Wood (2).....		2	58 $\frac{3}{5}$
John S. Prince (3); R. A. Neilson (4); W. J. Morgan (5); R. James (6).			

One-mile Promateur Tricycle, A. C. U. Championship, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
E. P. Burnham.....	$\frac{1}{2}$		
E. P. Burnham.....	1	2	59 $\frac{3}{5}$
F. F. Ives (2).....		2	59 $\frac{4}{5}$

Ten-mile Amateur Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
H. W. Gaskell.			
H. S. Kavanaugh.....	1	2	54 $\frac{2}{5}$
A. B. Rich.....	2	6	01
H. W. Gaskell.....	3	9	24 $\frac{4}{5}$
A. B. Rich.....	4	12	01 $\frac{4}{5}$
A. B. Rich.....	5	15	25 $\frac{4}{5}$
A. B. Rich.....	6	18	47 $\frac{2}{5}$
H. W. Gaskell.....	7	21	58 $\frac{4}{5}$
H. W. Gaskell.....	8	25	14 $\frac{4}{5}$
A. B. Rich.....	9	28	25 $\frac{4}{5}$
H. W. Gaskell.....	10	31	35 $\frac{4}{5}$

Points: A. B. Rich, 181; H. W. Gaskell, 179; Fred Foster, 144; H. S. Kavanaugh, 143.

Five-mile Promateur Handicap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
G. M. Hendee.....	1	2	38 $\frac{2}{5}$
G. M. Hendee.....	2	2	5.26
W. A. Rowe.....	3	8	18 $\frac{1}{5}$
W. A. Rowe.....	4	11	10 $\frac{3}{5}$
W. A. Rowe.....	5	14	08 $\frac{1}{5}$
G. M. Hendee (2).....		14	8 $\frac{2}{5}$

F. F. Ives, 150 yards (3); P. W. Stone, 150 yards (4); W. M. Haradon, 375 yards (5); C. P. Adams, 175 yards (6); A. A. McCurdy, 475 yards (o).

One-mile Amateur, 3.05 Class, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
J. H. Sherman.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	30
W. H. Boudreau.....	1	2	54 $\frac{4}{5}$
C. W. Ware (2).....		2	56 $\frac{2}{5}$
W. W. Windle (3); C. E. Tracy (4); J. H. Sherman (5); G. M. Worden (6).			

Five-mile Professional Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Horace Crocker.....	1	2	44 $\frac{1}{5}$
Horace Crocker.....	2	5	40
W. M. Woodside.....	3	8	47 $\frac{2}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	4	11	56 $\frac{4}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	5	15	9 $\frac{4}{5}$
H. Crocker (2).....		15	14 $\frac{4}{5}$
C. F. Frazier (3).			

Points: Woodside, 81; Crocker, 79; Frazier, 68.

One-mile Amateur, 2.50 Limit, A. C. U. Championship, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Fred Foster.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	26 $\frac{2}{5}$
A. B. Rich.....	1	2	47 $\frac{1}{5}$
Fred Foster (2).....		2	47 $\frac{4}{5}$
E. A. DeBlois (3); W. E. Crist (4); D. E. Hunter (5); P. S. Brown (6).			

Three-mile Promateur Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
F. F. Ives.....	1	2	58 $\frac{4}{5}$
W. A. Rhodes.....	2	6	19 $\frac{1}{5}$
F. F. Ives.....	3	9	22 $\frac{4}{5}$

Points: Rowe, 43 points; Ives, 37 points; Burnham, 34 points; Rhodes, 33 points; Stone, 27 points.

Three-mile Amateur Handicap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
C. E. Tracy, 350 yds.....	1		
E. A. DeBlois, 225 yds.....	2		
E. A. DeBlois.....	3	9	46 $\frac{4}{5}$
W. H. Boudreau, 300 yds (2).....		10	01
P. S. Brown, 150 yards (3); C. W. Ware, 175 yds. (4); C. E. Tracy, 350 yds. (5); J. H. Sherman, 250 yds. (6); Fred Foster, scratch (withdrew).			

THIRD DAY.

MONDAY, 27 September. — Pleasant at first with light wind, then changing to a dense fog so thick that the riders could hardly be seen across the track.

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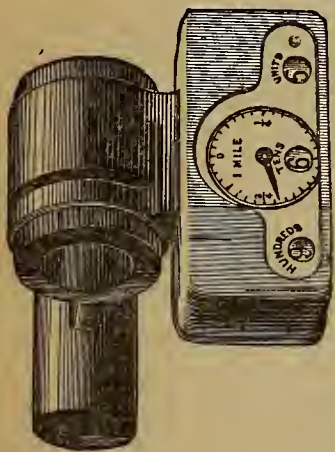
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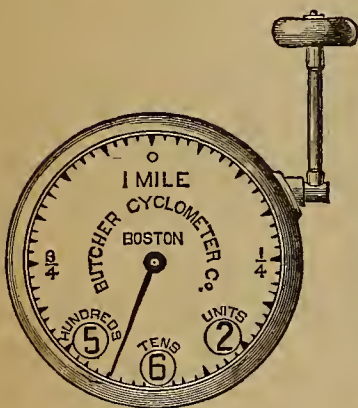
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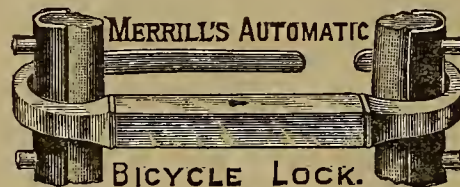
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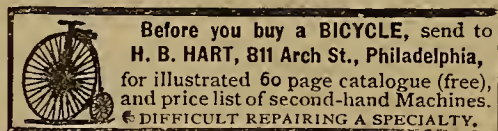
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tember 6, beating Valentine and Rich. Send for Circulars.

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One-mile Promateur, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
C. P. Adams.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	28 $\frac{2}{5}$
G. M. Hendee.....	1	2	41 $\frac{1}{5}$
F. F. Ives (2), 2.41 $\frac{2}{5}$; Percy Stone (3); W. A. Rhodes (4); C. P. Adams (5).			

Three-mile Amateur, 9.10 Class, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
W. E. Crist.....	$\frac{1}{2}$		
W. E. Crist.....	1	3	31 $\frac{1}{5}$
W. E. Crist.....	2	6	37 $\frac{1}{5}$
W. E. Crist.....	3	9	34 $\frac{2}{5}$

Fred Foster (2), 9.34 $\frac{3}{5}$; E. A. DeBlois (3); P. S. Brown (4); C. W. Ware (5); W. H. Boudrean (6); H. S. Kavanaugh (7).

Two-mile Professional Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Fred Wood.....	1	2	41 $\frac{2}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	2	5	30 $\frac{1}{5}$

H. Crocker (2), 5.34 $\frac{1}{5}$; C. F. Frazier (3); Fred Wood (4); J. S. Prince (5); R. James (6); R. A. Neilson (7).

Points: Wood, 43; Crocker and Frazier, 34 points each; Prince, 28 points; Woodside, 25 points; Neilson, 27 points; James, 12 points; Morgan, 14 points.

Three-mile Tricycle Handicap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
H. W. Gaskell, 50 yds. (1)...	3	9	10 $\frac{4}{5}$
A. B. Rich, scratch (2).....	3	9	11 $\frac{1}{5}$

D. E. Hunter (3); G. M. Worden (4); J. T. Williams (5). Rich's time: 1 mile, 3.21 $\frac{2}{5}$; 2 mile, 6.01 $\frac{2}{5}$; 3 mile, 9.11 $\frac{1}{5}$. American amateur record: 1 mile, 2.53 $\frac{4}{5}$; 2 mile, 6.03 $\frac{4}{5}$; 3 mile, 9.08 $\frac{3}{5}$.

Five-mile Promateur, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
W. A. Rhodes.....	1	2	43 $\frac{1}{5}$
F. F. Ives.....	2	5	37 $\frac{3}{5}$
G. M. Hendee.....	3	8	39
G. M. Hendee.....	4	11	40 $\frac{2}{5}$
G. M. Hendee.....	5	14	30 $\frac{3}{5}$
Percy Stone (2).....		14	31

F. F. Ives (3); W. A. Rhodes (4).

One-mile Amateur Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
E. A. DeBlois (1).....		2	43
Fred Foster (2).....		2	43 $\frac{1}{5}$

W. E. Crist (3); A. B. Rich (4); D. E. Hunter (5); H. W. Gaskell (6); H. S. Kavanaugh (7). Points: E. A. DeBlois (2); Crist (2); Fred Foster, Rich, and D. E. Hunter, 15 each. Our scoring gave Hunter 16; Foster, 15; Rich, 14.

Ten-mile Professional Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
W. M. Woodside.....	1	2	43 $\frac{1}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	2	5	35 $\frac{4}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	3	8	39 $\frac{1}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	4	11	41 $\frac{1}{5}$
C. F. Frazier.....	5	14	40 $\frac{2}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	6	17	39 $\frac{2}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	7	20	39 $\frac{3}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	8	23	40 $\frac{3}{5}$
W. M. Woodside.....	9	26	41 $\frac{1}{5}$
C. F. Frazier.....	10	29	36 $\frac{1}{5}$

W. M. Woodside (2).

Points: W. M. Woodside, 170; C. F. Frazier, 146; H. G. Crocker, 96; W. J. Morgan, 35; Fred Wood, 28; J. S. Prince, 3.

Three-mile Promateur Handicap, —

W. A. Rowe, scratch (1), 8.21 $\frac{1}{5}$; P. W. Stone, 75 yards (2); E. P. Burnham, 90 yards (3); C. P. Adams, 125 yards (4); W. A. Rhodes, 50 yards (5). Rowe's time: 1 mile, 2.43 $\frac{1}{5}$; 2 miles, 5.38 $\frac{4}{5}$; 3 miles, 8.21 $\frac{1}{5}$.

One-mile Consolation, — H. S. Kavanaugh (1), 2.52 $\frac{2}{5}$; G. M. Worden (1).

The officials were: W. W. Stall, referee. Judges, J. H. Lewis, Newton; F. S. Winship, Lynn; Will Pevear, Lynn; H. E. Ducker, Springfield. Timers, O. S. Roberts, Lynn; George N. Nichols, Lynn; Eugene Merrill, Boston. Scorers, W. S. Atwell, Boston; J. Elmer Wood, Beverly; W. A. Pevear, Lynn. Starters, H. W. Hayes, Cambridge; W. G. Kendall, Boston. Clerk of course, W. G. Foster, Lynn. Assistant clerk of course, F. S. Hitchcock, Lynn. Umpires, J. J. Gilligan, Boston; R. H. Robson, Salem; Howard Crowell, Lynn; J. F. Tully, Lynn.

COTTAGE CITY, 24 Sept. — Races under the auspices of the citizens.

One-mile Amateur, — E. S. Hutchins (1), 3.13; A. Y. Greene (2).

One-mile Tricycle, — E. S. Hutchins (1), 3.47; A. C. Foss (2).

Ten-mile Amateur, — F. E. Fennessy (1), 41.32; A. Y. Greene (2).

One-mile Professional, — Wilson (1); Alden (2).

One-mile Professional Tricycle, — Wilson (1); Alden (2).

CHICAGO, 18 Sept. — Races under auspices of the Owl Club.

One-mile Novice, — F. T. Harmon (1), 3.03 $\frac{4}{5}$; H. R. Winship (2).

One-mile Handicap for Club Members, — F. T. Harmon (1), 3.03 $\frac{4}{5}$; C. H. Munger (2).

Two-mile Open, — W. S. Webster (1), 6.16 $\frac{1}{5}$; J. W. Bowbeer (2).

One Hundred Yards slow, — O. B. Pierce (1); 4.35 $\frac{1}{5}$; C. H. Munger (2).

One-mile Illinois Cycling Club Members, — J. W. Bowbeer (1), 3.10 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. B. Buckley (2).

One-mile Handicap, — J. M. Crennon (1), 3.05 $\frac{4}{5}$; N. H. Van Sicklen (2).

Half-mile Dash, — W. S. Webster (1), 1.27 $\frac{2}{5}$; O. B. Pierce (2).

Two-mile Lap, — W. S. Webster (1); J. R. McNor (2).

One-mile O. C. C. Championship, — F. T. Harmon (1), 3.04 $\frac{2}{5}$; H. Munger (2).

One-mile Consolation, — O. B. Pierce (1), 3.09 $\frac{2}{5}$; Wm. Cook (2).

WHITTAKER'S RECORDS. — Press dispatches from Crawfordsville, Ind., credit S. G. Whittaker with certain road records, as follows: 24 September, started at 5 A. M., reached the 25-mile post at 6.31, and the 50-mile point at 7.55.46 $\frac{1}{2}$; time, 2.55.46 $\frac{1}{2}$. Whittaker completed a run of 100 miles at 11.43.59; time, 6.43.59. Whittaker wanted to cover 300 miles in the 24 hours; but after completing 150 miles, he ran into a cow and was so badly bruised that he had to abandon the attempt. The records as compared with others are: 25 miles, 1.31. American record, 1.24.46 $\frac{1}{5}$. 50 miles, 2.55.46 $\frac{1}{2}$. American record, 3.2.34. English record, 3.9.56 $\frac{1}{5}$. 100 miles, 6.43.59. American record, 7.51.30. English record, 6.39.5.

THE fall meeting of the Dorchester Bicycle Club will be held Saturday, 9 October, at 3 P. M. Races of fifteen, six, three, and one miles made, and suitable club prizes will be offered. The start will be from

the corner of River and Washington streets, Dorchester Lower Mills.

THE Association for the Advancement of Cycling have made arrangements for a number of bicycle races, to be given on the grounds of the West Philadelphia Athletic Association, at Belmont and Elm avenues, on Saturday, 9 October. A number of fast riders have entered, and some rapid time is anticipated.

THE Syracuse Cycling Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., will hold its first race meeting at Tallman Park, Wednesday, 6 October.

THE second in the series of road races for the championship of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, was run on the Coney Island Boulevard 25 September. Distance, 5 miles. The start and finish were made just below the half-mile post, the course being a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles with return. The road was very heavy and crowded with carriages, hence the poor time. G. E. D. Todd was the winner in 22 m. 5 $\frac{3}{5}$ s., beating F. B. Hawkins about an eighth of a mile. William Vail was third.

The gear about which there has been so much talk this fall, is being made by Gormully & Jeffery, and is being put on an ordinary 54 American Champion, gearing it up to a 126 wheel. This gear is undoubtedly the simplest yet produced, and in a 38-inch Ideal wheel with improvised forks and with bearings that consisted only of a hole bored through iron, and with a rider who required the reach of a 58-inch wheel, made a mile in 2.56. What it will do on the large wheel is of course experimental, but its inventors are very sanguine. If it is successful, Gormully & Jeffery will at once put it on the market.

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Philosophy tells us that additional speed requires a corresponding additional power, but we shall see what we shall see.

MISCELLANEOUS

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