

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 6.

BOSTON, MASS., 5 NOVEMBER, 1886.

FIVE CENTS.

World's Tandem Record

—❧FOR 24 HOURS❧—

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

—❧RIDDEN ON A❧—

* MARLBORO' * TANDEM *

—❧BY A❧—

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

❧Beating all previous records by over 30 miles.❧

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

WORLD'S RECORDS.

NOW, GENTLEMEN:—We fail to see why records made on a 22-pound Racing Wheel, and on a track with an exceedingly smooth racing surface—we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a Roadster (a differently constructed machine), even though the latter be made by the same company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be SIGNIFICANT.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

to-day holds every World's Record on the road above 25 miles to 300 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER**, at Crawfordsville, Ind., Oct. 18th and 19th. The run was made on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the times:—

		Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
50	(About 4 minutes behind his previous World's Record.)	2	59	50 ² / ₅
100	(25 minutes ahead of the World's Record, and over a minute better than Ives's Springfield Track Record.)	6	1	15
150	10	28	52
200	15	13	30
300	(About 24 minutes better than the best World's Track Record.)	23	46	16 ³ / ₅

The latter magnificent record is about 41 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by Munger, about 19 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 13 miles better than McCurdy's, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however.

If you want the **EASIEST RUNNING ROADSTER** in the **WORLD**, you must come to us.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY

Manufacturers of the AMERICAN CYCLES,

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

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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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FRED WOOD is complaining bitterly that he was fined for loafing at Springfield, and he says that he was not notified that the penalty would be enforced. Wood does not tell the truth. He was notified by the clerk in the dressing-room that a race for the championship run in time slower than three minutes would be considered a loafing race, and when he came on to the track each time the referee gave him the same notice, and asked him if he understood it, and he said that he did. Wood has no good reason to complain at the fine. Now let us look at Wood's record! Just before the final heat of the championship race, Wood and Rowe came together and agreed to alternate in making the pace. It was agreed that Rowe should pace for the first half, and Wood for the second half. Rowe went in and carried out his portion of the agreement, and then slowed up for Wood to go ahead, but Wood refused to take the lead. The riders came nearly to a standstill on the back stretch, and the crowd began to hiss. Finding that he could not force Wood to do as he had agreed to, Rowe again took up the pace and kept it to the end. Had Wood kept his agreement with Rowe there would have been no fine in this race, and he would have done no more than the fair thing had he paid Rowe's fine.

IT seems in rather poor taste for the editor of our esteemed School-street contemporary to find fault with the A. C. U. for not enforcing its rules while the League remains inactive. — *World*.

The League does not "remain inactive" when there is work to be done. We can assure our e. c. that there would have been no inactivity in League circles had there been such proceedings on the path as those which have been seen on the road. And, moreover, certain riders who competed in the fall tournaments under A. C. U. rules would have been asked to explain certain proceedings not altogether consistent with true amateurism, had the League had supervision of the meetings.

THE League is being criticised because it has taken no action regarding certain men who are objects of suspicion. These men were accepted as amateurs by the A. C. U. Before they could race at the fall meetings their entries had to be accepted by the A. C. U. officials. They have raced at none but A. C. U. meetings, and yet complaint comes from ardent supporters of the A. C. U. that the League has not proceeded against the men.

THE Chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board says, "The American rider (Rowe) who beat Fred Wood does not race for money." And yet this same man declared Rowe a professional. — *World*.

The oldest bicycle paper in America thinks that a man can be made a professional only when he races for money. Our office-boy knows better than that.

BETWEEN TWO EVILS ALWAYS CHOOSE THE LEAST.

IT has been observed by Mr. Spencer and others that the march of the passing years has a tendency to calm the ardor of youth and moderate the passions of man, and yet there are notable exceptions to this rule, and old age is noticeably querulous about trifles. Here is a case in point.

Mr. Theophilus Brown was in a tremendous rage simply because he could not find his spectacles. It was as fine a May morning—it was nearly ten by the clock—as you ever saw in New York City. The sun was shining very brightly without, and the air was fresh and vernal. Within Mr. Brown's library the air was not quite so fresh, but it was very cozy and comfortable, not to mention luxurious, and Mr. Brown sat in a velvet-covered chair that might have

soothed a man of war; and yet he turned and twisted in his chair, pulled out each successive desk drawer with a jerk and closed it with a bang, tumbled over the papers with reckless disregard of heaven's first law, and then began to look into all sorts of impossible places,—out of the window, on top of the bookcase, behind the pictures, and up at the ceiling,—as old gentlemen will do in such cases, and finally gave up the search in despair. He was looking for his spectacles.

Upon the desk in front of Mr. Brown lay a square note, which Mr. Brown wanted to read. He could have read it without his spectacles, with some difficulty, but his temper having been thoroughly aroused, he scorned to give in; and so he sank back into his chair with a red face, and stared at the note vindictively, and probably would have remained thus until he brought on a fit had he not chanced to pass his fingers frantically through the scanty fringe of hair on the top of his head, and there, of course, he found his spectacles.

You can imagine in what a frame of mind he opened the square note. As he did so the door-bell rang,—a vigorous, determined ring it was,—but Mr. Brown heard it not, as he was buried in the note.

"THEOPHILUS BROWN, ESQ.,—I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your daughter Isabel. We have known and loved each other since children, and you cannot be unaware of our attachment, which I hope you regard with favor. You are acquainted with my position in life, and I need not waste words in assuring you that her future is safe in my hands. I will call to-morrow for an answer. Your affectionate nephew,

"WALTER HAYMAN."

You remember that the door-bell rang. The ringer stood upon the upper step, and whistled while he waited. When the servant came to the door he was handed a very limp and soiled card, embellished with two ink spots and some bread-crumbs, on which was written in beautiful script,

James Brown Bartlum.

The servant looked at the card and then at the giver, and was plainly astonished.

A young man of twenty-eight perhaps, most decidedly handsome and most undeniably seedy; hair glossy black, and in need of the shears; a jaunty mustache and a three days' beard on his face; large, bright, and bold black eyes, and a straight, slim figure, rather tall. This handsome young man wore upon his glossy head a black silk cap, hooked down in front and much the worse for wear; on his back a dirty flannel shirt; his legs were clothed in rusty knee breeches and dust-soiled stockings, while his feet were encased in a pair of Congress gaiters that were so patched and tied with strings, and so run down and over, and burst in so many places, that it seemed a miracle that they did not fall to pieces upon being looked at.

The young man bore the scrutiny of the servitor with easy good nature, fingering his mustache the while, and seemed so self-possessed that John Thomas, who at first had but one mind, and that to shut the door in his face, began to have his doubts.

"You wish to see —" he began, hesitatingly.

"Mr. Theophilus Brown," said Mr. James Brown Bartlum, suavely. "Yes. Take him that card, my good man, and I will wait an answer. Stay! On second thoughts, lead on, and I will follow."

The man was too bewildered to protest; besides, he was new to the house, and although he felt that his situation was trembling in the balance, he meekly moved toward the library, followed by the presumptuous stranger.

Mr. Brown has just finished reading his nephew's note for the third time as the servant entered and laid the card on the desk, and he had just time to glance at it, when the young man with the miraculous shoes seized his hand.

"The same old man!" he cried joyfully; "not changed a bit! Age cannot stale nor time wither an ounce of Theoph! Bless your heart, sir, how glad I am to see you! How do you do?"

Mr. Brown shot up from his chair like a rocket, impurpled with rage, and absolutely glared at the intruder.

"Who — what — what does this mean?" he roared, while John Thomas fled for his life. "Who are you, sir? and what do you want?"

"Who am I?" repeated the other, in apparently great wonder. "Well, upon my word, this is humiliating, indeed. Not remember me! Are we then, indeed, so soon forgotten when we are gone? Why, sir, I remember you like a book."

"Very likely," said Mr. Brown, fiercely; "but you have not answered my question. Who are you, sir?"

"I, sir," replied the intruder, making a hasty but ineffectual search for a handkerchief, "am James Brown Bartlum — my card lies before you. In short, sir, I am your nephew."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brown, looking from the card to the owner, and eying both with considerable disfavor. "So you are James?"

"Yes, sir," said James, taking a chair, and composing himself therein with great care. "I am the unfortunate young man of whom you have no doubt heard a great many tales —"

"And nothing good," said Mr. Brown, sharply, sitting down with a bump.

"I am sorry to hear it," rejoined Mr. Bartlum, with an air of great concern. "The breath of slander might have passed me by; but no matter. To change the subject: it has been five years since I last saw you."

"Yes."

"You have not changed a particle, while I — well, I've seen the world, uncle."

"Indeed, sir!"

"I have travelled from Heart's Content to San Diego, and been all things to all men. I have surprised myself by working at carpentry, driving a stage, and editing a paper, all inside of six months. I dined at the Palace Hotel in Frisco, with the Corean

Embassy, one day, and exactly thirty days from that time I was in Virginia City, sawing wood for my dinner. You never sawed wood, uncle?"

"Never!"

"You would not like it; neither did I; but a man must eat, uncle."

"There is no danger," said Mr. Brown, dogmatically, "of any man starving, if he will work."

"Humbly, my dear sir," cried Mr. Bartlum, cheerfully. "Don't you believe it. I have tried it, and I know. Besides, a man needs clothes and a roof over his head in addition to his daily bread. The world is very big, uncle, but it seems to be all pre-empted by some one else. I have knocked all around the American part of it, and here I am back where I started, returning to my native city, and spending the first night in the station-house."

"In the station-house!"

"As a lodger, sir. Don't be alarmed, sir; your nephew is poor, but strictly honest. Your spoons are perfectly safe, sir."

"What is your trade? What occupation do you follow? How do you get a living?"

"I am a makers' amateur."

"A makers' what?"

"A makers' amateur, don't you know? Ride a bicycle, make a record, get a check, next week make a record for another man, get another check, then go back to first man and make another record, get another check. That's the way; a fellow that can make records can always get his price. I rode across the country on wheels and the papers had my name in big letters. Rode a long distance on car-wheels, but didn't say anything about that. Maker of bicycle gave me a check."

"Yes, I understand; you sell yourself to the highest bidder."

"That's it; money talks every time. Shoved up my wheel three days ago to get a dinner. The man that owns it will find it in the pawn-shop one of these days, and he'll take it away from my uncle."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Brown, sternly, "on your own confession, you are a rogue. Perhaps you will condescend to tell me just what you want of me."

Mr. James Bartlum arose and stood before his uncle like a statue. Mr. Brown looked at him from head to foot, and noted in detail every article of his raiment, until his eyes became riveted on the Congress gaiters, and these proved too much for him.

"It is very humorous," said Mr. Bartlum, smiling easily at his uncle's unbounded mirth, "and I have often enjoyed them myself. I am quite a cartoon, I know, and if I were wearing these clothes for fun, I don't know but that I should see the funny side more frequently."

Mr. Brown suddenly checked himself and became grave. "Sit down," he said. "I beg your pardon. You are in need of — of clothes?"

"Everything — clothes, money, a place to sleep, friends."

"Why did you come to me?"

"Why does the drowning man seize a straw?"

"What claim have you on me?"

"None — only that we are of one blood. Understand me, sir. I know you are not bound to support me. Let us forget our re-

lationship for a moment. Consider simply that I am merely a starving man, ready and willing to do anything for a living, with not a chance in ten thousand to get a situation. Consider that you are rich, never know what it is to go hungry to bed, and can count up ten thousand friends. Consider —"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Brown, in a great rage. "Do you suppose I am going to turn you out-of-doors? Nothing of the sort. This house is yours, sir, as long as you behave yourself. You have been a vagabond, sir — you *are* a vagabond, sir, and I have no pity for your misfortunes. John will show you to my son's room. You remember George? You can make yourself presentable, I dare say."

"Uncle, you overpower me! I expected nothing more than a dollar — and a kick."

"Go, sir! No more of your shameful levity. You shall pay me for this, sir, never fear. Throw away those shameful clothes, sir; and burn your shoes, sir — burn them!"

Mr. Bartlum was a rapid dresser, but when he returned, inside of thirty minutes, bathed, shaven, and attired in George Brown's best suit of black, his uncle had vanished; so he planted himself in his vacant chair, possessed himself of a book, and made himself comfortable. Hardly had he done so when the door flew open, and a very dark young man and a very fair young woman rushed in and almost fell upon him.

"Oh, sir!" cried the young man and the young woman in a breath; and then they paused and looked at each other in evident trepidation, while Mr. Bartlum regarded them in mild surprise.

At length the girl said, in a disappointed tone: "We thought you were older than you are. Did not we, Walter?"

"Much older," assented Walter decisively.

"I regret to say," said James, gravely, "that I am not older than I am. But let that pass. What is the matter, my children?"

"Well, sir — You tell him, Walter."

"Well, sir, we wish to tell you the truth of this affair."

"Stay!" interposed James. "Is this a secret? Because, if it is, you had better keep it. I am a stranger to you both."

"We know it," cried Walter, eagerly; "but that makes no difference. I insist upon your hearing it."

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Bartlum, resignedly; "since you insist, fire away!"

Walter took his companion's hand in his, and began in a very manly tone, —

"Sir, we have known each other since we were six years old."

"Six years old," said Mr. Bartlum, with a judicial air. "Very good!"

"That is, I was six, and Isabel was three. We have never been separated for more than a year, and have grown to love each other — I may say ardently. Within the last month or two Uncle Brown has noticed our intimacy, and questioned Isabel about it. She confessed all. He then flew into a violent rage — he is very violent at times —"

"Yes, I know he is."

"— and actually swore at her, and forbade me the house. To-day I wrote him a note making a formal offer for Isabel's hand, and I was to come to-morrow for an answer, but Isabel heard you were coming —"

"Indeed!"

"—and we determined to make an appeal to you. In the first place, let me ask you if I have acted wrongly in any way?"

"No!" said Mr. Bartlum, looking at Isabel with considerable admiration; "you have acted quite right. You could n't help it."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Walter, "we appeal to you. Make an effort to soften Uncle Brown. It's only a crotchety whim of his, and you have such influence over him: you are his adviser—"

"Hold hard!" cried James. "I suspected all along that you were in the wrong box, but you would come in. Permit me, before this goes any further. Who do you think I am?"

"Ferguson, of Ferguson & Board, lawyers," cried Walter and Isabel, in a breath.

"You're mistaken; my name is James Bartlum, your cousin, from—well, say California. Just arrived this morning."

"Oh, Walter!" cried Isabel, with a gasp, "what have we done?"

"We are ruined," said Walter, tragically.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Bartlum, soothingly. "Don't break down all at once. I am getting interested in this affair. I am always on the side of youth and love, old as I am. Now that I know all, perhaps I can help you more than Ferguson. Don't say anything to Ferguson; don't appeal to him. A man with that kind of name is apt to be flinty-hearted. Trust to your cousin James."

"Oh, Cousin James!" cried Isabel, convinced at once, "bless you! You have made us feel so happy!"

"Bless you, sir!" echoed Walter, also very much affected.

"All right," rejoined Cousin James, dryly. "A brilliant and, let us hope, feasible plan has occurred to me, which for the present I shall keep in the inner recesses of my bosom. Will you trust implicitly to me?"

"Implicitly," cried Walter.

"Very well. Then—you travel out of the house."

"What!"

"Go! and when you come back to-morrow for an answer to your note, and Uncle Brown says 'No,' which he undoubtedly will, submit quietly."

"Give up Isabel? Never!"

"For a time, young man—for a time! Be a diplomat and trust to me."

"Yes, do, Walter," pleaded Isabel. "I am sure you can trust him."

"Now, then," said Cousin James, when the ardent lover had torn himself away, "you are very young, and you are a female, but you look sensible. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"I'll try you. Please sit down."

When Mr. Theophilus Brown returned from his search for the recreant Ferguson, he opened his blue eyes very wide on seeing his daughter and the ex-tramp enjoying a very lively *tête-à-tête*.

"Cousin Isabel and I," said James, with a smile, "are excellent friends already. I confess I did not remember her when she came in. Everybody has changed in five years except Uncle Theoph."

"Humph," growled Mr. Brown, not alto-

gether admiring this familiarity, but yet compelled to admit that his nephew was evidently presentable.

Within a week Mr. James Bartlum had taken the Brown mansion by storm. Mr. Brown was a widower, and since George had gone away the dinners had been rather lonesome, but Cousin James changed all that. An interminable talker, with a knowledge of men and manners gained in a school to which Mr. Brown and his guests were entire strangers, and a perfect mint of anecdotes and chitchat, the young man entertained his uncle's guests in a most surprising manner. Mr. Brown was vastly amused when he pictured the consternation of his guests did they but know his nephew's antecedents, which he wisely decided to keep to himself, and then he told himself that his nephew *was* an educated gentleman, notwithstanding his scampish adventures.

Isabel was completely captivated, to the intense and growing wrath of Walter. He had religiously kept his promise, and after being refused Isabel's hand as anticipated, had been kindly allowed to make an occasional call, on each and every occasion only to find Isabel "not at home."

To the opera with Mr. Bartlum; out riding with Mr. Bartlum; here, there, everywhere with Mr. Bartlum, until Walter was reduced to skin and bone, and began to suspect that he was being duped. Once or twice at dinner he had essayed to communicate with his beloved, but the attempts were always failures. Either Mr. Brown had his eye on him or Isabel had not her eye on him, or, as most frequently happened, Cousin James engaged him in spirited conversation until the opportunity had gone by.

After this sort of thing had been going on two entire months, the young lover had worked himself into such a fever that he had made up his mind to have an explanation, or—well, anything!

The opportunity came the very next week at a ball. After some little manœuvring he ran the faithless couple to earth in a bay-window.

"Isabel," said he, trying very hard to be calm, "I have a right, and I *do* demand an explanation."

"An explanation, Walter?" said Isabel, in the innocent, inquiring tone very effectually calculated to madden the average man.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Walter, very effectually maddened, "is it possible you affect ignorance? Do you think I am blind? Faithless Isabel, had I not seen with my own eyes—"

"Don't talk so loud," interposed the faithless James, soothingly.

"Don't *you* talk to me," exclaimed Walter, passionately. "I'll have a settlement with you, sir, at another time and place."

"One moment," said James, coolly. "Permit me to remove the lady from the scene of strife."

Before Walter could interpose, they were gone, and before he could leave the window his faithless friend had returned and taken him by the arm like a schoolboy.

"Young man," he said with a patronizing air "you are making a donkey of yourself. After making all possible allowances for your youth and inexperience, I cannot close my eyes to the fact that you are something of an idiot."

"I won't be talked to in this way," said Walter, savagely.

"Oh, yes, you will. It is for your own good, my dear boy. Everything is going along very nicely, and if you will only keep quiet—"

"But I will not. I have been shamefully deceived, and unless Isabel explains everything to my satisfaction, I'll do something."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know" (gloomily).

"Don't do anything rash."

"Yes, I will. I'll expose you."

"To whom?"

"To everybody. To—to Uncle Brown!"

Mr. Bartlum was panic-stricken at this announcement.

"Wretched youth! you would n't dare."

"Would n't I?" said Walter, with a dark frown. "You'll see. I am not to be trampled on with impunity. If I *am* a worm, I can turn."

With this dark and significant threat he burst away, in spite of the other's efforts to restrain him, and was seen in the supper-room shortly afterward eating oysters with a determined air.

The next day, about four in the afternoon, as James and Isabel were leaving the house for a drive, John Thomas accosted them with a message from Mr. Brown, who would be pleased to see them in the library.

"Cousin James!" cried Isabel, in great trepidation, "all is discovered."

"So it would appear," said James, tranquilly; "and there is nothing else to do than to face the music like little men. Come along, cousin."

Mr. Brown was seated in his chair of state, and at a little distance sat Master Walter, looking very pale and rather sheepish.

When the couple entered Mr. Brown laid his hand upon a dictionary, as if he had half determined to knock somebody down, but changed his mind and said, with an assumption of irony that became him very ill, "What a charming pair! Ha! Ha! Yes; quite beautiful!"

"Anything wrong, sir?" inquired James, with exasperating mildness. "You know you are *not* careful in your diet."

"Diet!" roared Mr. Brown, coming out strong as the old original Brown,—"diet, sir! Confound your impudence, sir! Do you mean to try to humbug me? Do you mean to attempt to deceive me? Don't trifle with me—I know all."

"Tell us, then."

"You—you are a villain, sir!"

"I deny it."

"You are—an ungrateful villain. I have warmed a serpent in my bosom."

"Meaning me, sir?"

"Yes, you. Oh, I shall not spare you! You have basely gained the affections of my daughter—wretched girl!"

"Oh, papa!"

"Go away. I have been blind, but now I see."

"I suppose," scornfully, "that Mr. Hayman assisted your eyesight?"

"He did—and quite properly, too."

"Mr. Hayman is an interested party, I believe. He has aspirations—"

"Never you mind, sir, what he has. I am talking about you now. You are engaged, I suppose?"

"Not quite."

"Indeed! I wonder at that! But the affair has gone far enough, at any rate, and I tell you plainly, sir, that it must stop — and now."

"Mr. Brown —"

"I won't listen to a word."

"But you must, you unreasonable old man. Let me sum up the situation. You have a young and lovely daughter, with whom a worthy young man is madly in love."

"Worthy young man!" cried Walter fiercely. "Do you hear that, uncle?"

"I was referring to Mr. Walter Hayman," said Mr. Bartlum, with a bland look at the speaker, "who is in every way exemplary. You refuse this worthy young man your daughter's hand, and why? Because he is worthy? Evidently. Well, here am I, a most unworthy young man, and you entertain an equally strong objection to me. How inconsistent! If this worthy young man is eligible, I am out of the question; but if he is out of the question, why not take me? You surely do not intend to make a nun of Isabel."

Mr. Theophilus Brown was evidently staggered by this remarkable piece of reasoning, and looked alternately at the worthy and unworthy rivals, and finally at the fair Isabel.

"Oh, papa!" pleaded the bone of contention, "choose for me, please. You do not know how distracted I am."

"She loves them both," murmured her father, helplessly.

"Isabel!" exclaimed Walter, imploringly.

"Respected sir," said James, placidly, "the decision rests with you. You are the judge and jury, and the evidence is all in."

"Walter," cried Mr. Brown, with great vehemence — "a thousand times Walter!"

The worthy young man and his betrothed were locked in a fervent embrace, while Mr. Brown smiled beneficently upon them.

"May a cousin's blessing rest upon you!" said James.

Mr. Brown looked at him savagely, then keenly, and then, as he met his calm and unflinching gaze, said sharply, "You take it coolly, sir."

By way of answer the handsome vagabond closed his left eye very slowly and looked at Mr. Brown in silence. An unmistakable wink.

In an instant the old man saw through the trick, but before he could open his mouth the arch-schemer laid his hand on his arm, and pointing with his thumb to the absorbed young lovers in the corner, said, in a low tone, —

"Permit a graceless vagabond, sir, to treasure in his mind the thought that he has brought two loving souls together, and taught a fine old gentleman to know his own mind. You will never regret it, sir, and just reflect what might have been had your girl really thrown away her affections. Do you see the point?"

Mr. Brown, after a moment's hesitation, grasped the other's hand fervidly, and acknowledged that he did.

THE Champion's record of 300 miles on a straightaway course of fifty miles is certainly a poser, and is a mark for the other makers of Roadsters to work upon.

NEW HAVEN.

THIS glorious October weather, with its delightful shading of the garb of nature, is being taken advantage of by all true lovers of the wheel who can get the time for riding. Many, however are obliged by their business to either desecrate the Sabbath, or, as one writer has put it, worship the Giver of all gifts in his primitive temples, the woods, and commune with nature and nature's God at the same time. New Haven bicyclers are no exception to the rule. On a recent Sunday a dozen of them rode from here to Milford and return, taking dinner in the latter place. Last Sunday, the 24th, B. M. Bacon, C. E. Shepard, A. W. Everett, and Benjamin Van, of the New Haven Club, and Messrs Backus, Clark, Thomas, and Osterhouse, invited guests, made the run from here to Waterbury and return. Several members of the Waterbury Wheel Club rode to Naugatuck, six miles, with them on the return. Just before reaching Naugatuck Mr. Bacon had the misfortune to snap the backbone of his Star just above the little wheel, and was obliged to take the cars home.

THE New Haven Bicycle Club is enjoying quite a season of prosperity, from three to eight new members being voted in at each of the last three meetings, with a dozen more men under "conviction."

ONE of the members of the New Haven Bicycle Club has become tired of the single machine, and will ride tandem hereafter. William Wait, whom some of the wheelmen who were at Springfield in '84 will remember as the man in white who won the half-mile dash (his second race) in 1.20, was married on Wednesday the 20th inst. to Miss Mary, daughter of Wm. H. Rainey, of Kinderhook. They have the best wishes of all wheelmen, and the hopes that their journey through life may be over smooth roads, with no sand or rocks to run into and cause headers or injuries. May they have clear skies, bright sunshine, and only enough clouds to temper the heat and burdens of life.

THERE can be little pleasure in this life without some sadness, and it is with sadness that we contemplate the accident that befel Dr. A. Ruickoldt on Friday last. He had just put his horse in the stable, when a telephone call summoned him to a house near the centre of the city. Not waiting to harness up again, he took his bicycle, a Rudge safety, and started in a hurry. While turning a corner sharply, he was thrown off by a small rolling stone probably, and his left arm was broken. The arm was under him, and the doctor's whole weight, 185 pounds, came upon it. Both bones in the forearm were broken by the fall, and one of them was driven through the flesh. Physicians were summoned but before the fractures could be reduced, the end of the protruding bone had to be cut off. This injury will confine the doctor to the house for some time, and prevent his wheeling again this year.

MR. H. C. BACKUS of this city has recently made two century runs on a straightaway course. He left New Haven, and rode to West Warren, a distance of 103 miles. On his return he covered the distance between termini in 12 hours, including all stops.

ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM.

MR. ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM, of Boston, who was seriously injured last Friday evening on Lake street, Brighton, by taking a header from his bicycle, died at the Hotel Hunnewell, Newton, Monday night. His injuries were of an internal nature, and his death was rather sudden. He met with the accident about 5 o'clock, while riding down the hill opposite St John's Seminary. He was able to walk to the Hotel Hunnewell, where he was stopping temporarily, but was considerably exhausted when he reached there. Dr. Utley of Newton attended him, and his injuries at first were not considered fatal. Monday peritonitis set in, and his case was then considered hopeless. It is supposed by his physician that his bowels were ruptured. Deceased was fifty-six years of age and leaves a widow. He was well known as an importer of bicycles, and was the first man in Boston to make a business of selling English wheels.

"WHEELMAN" writes as follows to the *Herald*: On the editorial page of last Friday's issue appeared a statement that before long the insurance companies may draw the line at bicycles. Doubtless the incentive for writing the squib was from the recent fatal accident of Mr. Cunningham. It so happens that I was perfectly conversant with Mr. Cunningham's physical condition at the time, and the immediate cause of his death, and as the public seem to lay the blame entirely upon the bicycle, it is perhaps well that that erroneous idea be corrected. At the time of the accident, Mr. Cunningham was fifty-six years old. He had been suffering for some time from rupture, for which he was obliged to wear a truss. He was near-sighted, and for some time had been suffering from poor health, which had considerably weakened his constitution. On general principles, he was too old a man to ride a bicycle, even if in good health, and certainly a man who is near-sighted should not ride a bicycle, or a horse for that matter, without taking the greatest precaution. Mr. Cunningham was naturally fearless, or he never would have in his condition ridden a bicycle, and if he had, would not have risked the riding down a hill of so steep a pitch as the one which caused him to take the header. The immediate cause of his death was, of course, his fall, which was made serious by the handle-bar catching in the truss which he wore, but it is probable that he would have survived the shock had he taken care of himself afterward. Instead of being carried home, he walked something like one and one half miles, pushing his machine, and before going into the house he stopped to clean it. It was after that that a doctor was summoned. My object in writing this letter is to help offset any slur which chronic grumblers are apt to make against any pleasure contrivance which plays a part in any accident. Had Mr. Cunningham not ridden a bicycle, he probably would not have died when he did, but any other agent of conveyance might have been as fatal for him in case of accident, and accident is always liable to attend any one when upon the public highway in any sort of vehicle, and often, if care is not taken, particularly when one is physically incapacitated to guide a bicycle or a horse.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"THAT's a pretty good story, Jim, but if think I have one to match it, and I you fellows want to have, it I've no objections to telling it.

"Go ahead, old fellow; we're in for anything."

The above conversation occurred one rainy evening not a hundred years ago, in the rooms of the Jonestown Bicycle Club, the words with which our narrative opens being spoken by Bob Gorman, a lieutenant of the club, who was known as one of the hardest and pluckiest riders of his neighborhood, and what hill or road for miles around he had not conquered were hardly worth trying. The parties to whom his words were addressed were Jim Baldwin and three or four other members of the club, who being kept in-doors by the rain, whiled away the time by recounting their cycling adventures.

"All right, boys; if you can stand it, I can. But mind, every word of it is true, whether you believe it or not," and lighting a fresh cigar, Bob began. "I suppose you all remember when I left here on that ten-days' tour, year before last. Well, what I am about to relate occurred on the trip. It was on my third day out, when I was about one hundred and fifty miles from here, in the neighborhood of Shadyville. I had taken to the railroad track, it being much easier riding and several miles shorter than the public road to Shadyville, which place I was anxious to reach to stop for the night. It was already growing dark when I came to a long and high trestle over an unpleasant-looking stretch of swamp. I dismounted, of course, and started across. I had got to about what I thought to be the middle, when a distant rumbling caught my ear. I at first imagined it to be a gathering thunder-storm, and thought but little of it. The rumbling, however, grew more distinct every moment. I stopped and listened; then of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. A train was approaching from behind, and I on a trestle, I knew not of what length. To jump sideways would be to fall into a perhaps fathomless bog; to retreat might be the longest way across; and as every moment was now precious, I gripped my wheel tighter and started forward as best I could. It was now quite dark, and I could see but a short distance ahead, neither could I yet see the train, as a curve in the road shut it from view, but I could hear it coming nearer every moment.

I began to get excited; I felt a cold sweat coming over me, and every now and then in my excitement I would make a misstep, losing valuable time. The seconds sped by, and still I had not yet reached the end of the trestle. The train was getting dangerously near, I thought I felt the trestle tremble, and then the headlight of the engine showed around the bend, not a half-mile off. It came nearer, nearer; then I thought my time had come. A muttered prayer escaped my lips as I prepared for the worst. I heard the engine whistle, and the grating noise as the brakes were put on, and knew that I'd been seen, but still the train came on, its momentum scarcely checked. It was on the trestle now, I knew it by the sound, and there, not six feet off, I could plainly see, by the engine's headlight, solid ground. Another step, and then in desperation I gave

my wheel a violent shove, and jumped, I knew not where.

A few hundred yards off the train came to a stand, and the train hands started back to search for me. When I jumped I struck the railroad embankment and fell, rolling down into a network of bushes not three feet from the edge of the swamp. I lay there conscious of everything, yet unable to move, and scarcely able to make myself heard to the train men as they passed on the track above. They found me, though, and my wheel as well, and carried us both to Shadyville, where a little attention and sound rest enabled me to arise the next morning but little the worse of my exciting adventure of the night before. As for my wheel, there it is in the next room; for beyond a bent handle-bar, there was not a thing the matter with it. That's my story, boys; you all are certainly good listeners, and I must compliment you for not interrupting me."

"I say, Bob, that was a close shave; but for the life of me I don't understand how you could hold on to your wheel in such a dangerous fix. Seems to me you would have dropped it, and make pretty quick time in getting off the trestle," remarked one of his auditors.

"I don't really understand how or why I did it myself, but I did nevertheless. When I struck the ground I was actually paralyzed, could not move a limb, and even now I sometimes think the terrible mental strain of that night occasionally affects my brain somehow; but as all's well that ends well, I don't worry over the past a particle, though exceedingly thankful for my fortunate escape. The rain is over and it is getting late, boys, so I must bid you good-night.

BIKE.

CYCLET'S.

TRICYCLING.

THE hillside blazed in red and gold;
The fields had burned to amber;
The air was crisp, nor yet too cold,
As down a winding way I bowled
With Jenny on a Humber.

Sweet Jenny, with her chestnut hair,
Her roguish eyes and laughter;
How proud was I that she was fair;
How glad was I to see her there;
And know that none came after.

O dream of happy days gone by!
We spoke of autumn sadly;
And when I seemed to hear her sigh
I lisped her name, I know not why—
Somehow she pedalled badly.

I lisped her name, and growing bold—
No wonder she grew sober,
Or that the wheels so slowly rolled
Along the sun-lit, leaf-strewn mould
This rare day in October.

I lisped her name, and bending low,—
While pedals turned at random,—
Till cheek touched cheek,—I— but you know—
Of course 't was wrong to treat her so,
Sweet Jenny on a tandem.

Charles Richards Dodge, in *Record*.

NOVEMBER.

LAST month of all that sees our pleasant riding.

SOON all cycling will be done under great disadvantage.

WE can ride, it is true, and there are many that enjoy winter riding, but the great majority of machines are laid away.

VASELINE will soon be in demand to cover the bright parts, so that the dampness of winter will not bring rust.

THANKSGIVING, with its concomitant of pudding and turkey, is generally the day to put up wheels.

CLUB men are brushing up their dress-coats for ball-room use, and the demand for whist accessories is increasing.

WHIST tournaments will take the place of wheel tournaments, and lucky ones as well as skilful ones will continue to win prizes.

THE appetite as well will be attended to, and club dinners will flourish. Bicycle club dinners are always temperance affairs, for wheelmen need no stimulants.

THERE are few mugwumps in League politics. They vote the straight ticket with great unanimity.

THE Chelsea Club will hold a saltatorial festival on the 8th of December.

THE Boston Club started its club restaurant last Saturday.

FRANCE has given to America a statue of liberty. Would it not be a good idea for America to give to England a statue of a man on a cycle?

THE editor of *Outing* has started a subscription paper to erect a statue of Frank Walton in Winchester Cathedral.

THE six-day race at Minneapolis begins on Monday. Woodside, Frazier, Merrill, Morgan, Prince, Friedberg, and Hardwick will start.

IF a cycle rider coasting a hill should swerve and run into the gutter, would it be a bull? No, it would be a wild steer.

FRED PALMER, of Cleveland, Ohio, has taken the Ohio road record, having ridden 162 miles in twenty-four hours.

THE editor of the *World*, having ridden from Gloucester to Boston, says it is too hard a road and too great a distance for ladies to ride. Strange that none of the ladies thought so.

FURNIVALL and Gatehouse have been investigated by the N. C. U., and have been found to be pure amateurs. Rich fathers supplied money for their expenses.

A. L. BOWER, of the Ripley Road Club, is about to attempt the feat of riding twenty miles in the hour on the road. He will ride a safety machine.

THE touring department, L. A. W., is busily engaged in preparing for the European tour next year. Jo Pennell will arrange everything abroad, and Burley Ayers will work up the enthusiasm here.

S. G. WHITTAKER is regularly employed by Gormully & Jeffery, and when he is not breaking records on the road, he is selling machines in their salesroom.

It is proposed to hold a wheeling caucus.

in this city to discuss the propriety of sending a representative to the Hub, for the sole purpose of inspecting Editor Bassett's "pun manufacturer," which, judging from samples appearing by the score weekly, must be a most wonderful machine.— *Pencil, in Bulletin.*

WE suppose the representative of the cawcuss will expect us to give him a crowmo, and treat him to Old Crow whiskey. Send him along.

THE Hudson County Wheelmen sent \$50 to the Charleston sufferers.

T. J. KIRKPATRICK has retired from the chief consulship of Ohio. The division has sustained a great loss. James R. Dunn, of Massillon, has been appointed to succeed him. It is a good appointment. The work will be well *Dunn.*

JACK ROGERS, of St. Louis, has sloped, — Pacific Slope. His address is at San Diego.

A NEW handle-bar has been designed and manufactured by an English firm. The handles are attached to the bar by a universal joint, and can be fixed in any position. This will give relief to the hands on long rides.

SEÑOR DON JOSE RIBERA has been astonishing his brother Spaniards by climbing the Pyrenees, heretofore supposed to be unsurmountable to the cyclist.

JOHN S. PRINCE and Albert Schock have made a match for a fifty-mile bicycle race to take place in Minneapolis, Prince to allow Schock one mile start.

TOBOGGANING is to be the great winter

sport this year. Several slides will be erected near Boston, and our local wheelmen are showing much interest in the prospective sport.

THE Traveller tandem is one of the most successful of all those of the Humber type. Its record this side of the water has been a good one.

CAPTAIN PECK, of the Massachusetts Club, rolled off a Century, 24 October. His riding record for 1886 is very near to 4,000 miles, and there is little doubt but that he will go far beyond that figure before the season closes.

OUR road riders seem to be partial to one magazine. Nearly all of them are anxious to get a *Century*.

MR. JOHN M. SCHOEFFER, the Brooklyn correspondent for the *Wheelmen's Gazette*, took a severe header near Jamaica, L. I., while out on a tour on Tuesday, 19 Oct. He turned a complete summersault, spraining his right elbow, beside badly scratching his face. He was accompanied by two friends, one of whom went home with him via the railroad. He will have to carry his arm in a sling for several weeks.

ROSE CLEVELAND has just published her book, "The Long Run." We were not aware that it was a cycling work. Wonder if it is another book about Stevens? Or perhaps it's billiards.

THE Massachusetts Club will hold a hare and hounds contest on Thanksgiving Day. The club will furnish the hares, and the hounds will be made up of club members and any other wheelmen who may care to join. Particulars later.

THE Somerville Club will dance at Odd Fellows' Hall, Winter Hill, on Tuesday evening next.

F. F. IVES has challenged Whittaker for a road race, and has gone to Indiana to meet him, or if no meeting can be arranged, to break his record.

MR. GEO. SINGER, of Singer & Co., says that he is going to make wheels for practical road use next season. He has listened to the advice of scorchers in the past and has endeavored to make too light a wheel. He now promises a strong wheel that will do its work without coming to grief, and yet not so heavy that it will prevent easy riding.

WE are indebted to the *World* for a very flattering notice of our stories. We had never supposed that they were read in the office of our contemporary, but we find that they are, and that the editor is able to give a very exhaustive review of them. It shall be our aim to furnish tales that will entertain him in the future.

THE change in the color of the foliage is effected by an autumn-atic process.

CYCLING clubs are not sought after in New York; on the contrary, they are objected to, muchly. Mr. Richard Nelson, the owner of the house now occupied by the Citizens' Club in 60th street, was offered \$5.00 by each of eleven house-owners in the block, and \$1,000 by one other, if he would not let his house for the club's occupancy. Anybody who knows Mr. Nelson, knows that money is no object, when he makes up his mind to go ahead with anything, so the snobs kept their money and the Citizens got their house. — *The Owl.*

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

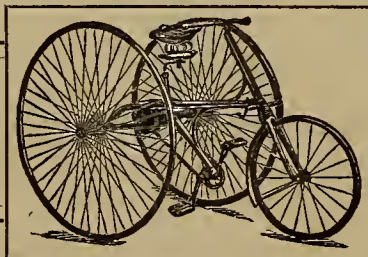
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

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

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FRED WOOD and Robert James left San Francisco on a steamer direct to Australia. They took letters of introduction from Langdown. This is the first visit of professional bicyclists to Australia.

At a recent performance of the "Black Crook" in a Western city, a feature was a bicycle drill by half a dozen handsomely shaped and appropriately costumed young ladies.

WHEELMEN will regret to hear that Arthur Cunningham, the head of the pioneer house of America, lost his life on the wheel.

"DAISIE" gives place to "Merrie Wheeler" this week, and the last chapter in the story of the North Shore trip is given.

It is said that we are working for the abolition of the amateur rule. Indeed we are not. We like the dear *silly old rule*. But we should like to have some one point out why it should not be done away with.—*World*. "While the lamp holds out to burn, etc." We thought the *World* was pitching into the rule out of pure cussedness, but it seems that it is a case of ignorance. Oh, well, we haven't got time to go into it.

A THREE-TRACKED Victor, weighing 105 pounds, had his lamp blown out one windy night. A wooden-wheeled Elliott standing by laughed at the mishap. "It's all very well," said the Victor; "were I as light as you are, I should not need lamps." The moral of this is, that a tricycle should not weigh over fifty pounds.

BRIDGES that will not stand a test of ten times the load they will ordinarily be expected to carry, would be condemned. A cycle would hardly meet this requirement, and yet they ought to stand a test much harder than would come to them in ordinary use.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company have a considerable number of their handsome calendars left, which wheelmen may have by calling.

FORTY miles over such roads as have to be encountered between here and Gloucester, is too much of a jaunt for ladies to cover in one day. While there are no very long hills on that route, grading seems to have been one of the unknown sciences to the engineer who laid out the road.—*World*.

And yet some dozen ladies made the run without undue fatigue. The ladies rolled into Magnolia in the best condition, and entered into the dancing of the evening with as much vim as though they had ridden but a few miles.

"Is that a bull-dog?" inquired a wheelman of a foot-passenger. "No, sir, it's a cow-dog." "A cow-dog! I never heard of that breed." "Well, sir, if you doubt my word, just look at the affectionate way in which he's looking at your calves." Wheelman puts his head down and cuts out the pace for himself.

THOSE who wish to abolish the amateur rule have had their first little skirmish at the N. C. U. council meeting. The abolition party was buried under an avalanche of votes.

A ROAD race for tandem riders is among the possibilities for Thanksgiving Day.

MLLE. ARMAINDO say that she will never again ride a bicycle in a race. Good.

CLAIMS are now being made that Stevens will reach Boston to celebrate New Year's day. We think the claims will be found to be a little previous.

THE Springfield Bicycle Company has just close a contract with a Worcester firm for two thousand Springfield Roadsters. This is the Yost and McCune machine, that runs with lever action. It can be built very light, and its power is very great.

THE Somerville Bicycle Club will present their captain, Eugene Sanger, with a special gold medal, commemorative of his fine performance in the 30-mile road race.

NEW HAVEN assessors complain that bicycles and pianos are exempted by owners from the assessable lists. They say that pianos give some trouble, but bicycles the most.

LONDON has become the Mecca of American fancy riders.—*Herald*. And the Pope Manufacturing Company is the Mecca of their wheels.

EDITOR HOWARD, of the *Globe*, has made a great mistake. The *World* never uses its exchanges. All its news and items are evolved from the inner consciousness of its editor. And yet Mr. Howard launches this thunderbolt at the *World*: "It is strange that it never occurs to this member of the press that it would be a charitable idea to occasionally give credit for the lengthy extracts from the *Globe's* inaccurate columns, with which it weekly enlivens its news department."

THE *News* adds to its table of "How Many Miles Per Hour" as follows:

A mile in 2 m. 36 s. is at the rate of 23 miles 135 yards.				
"	" 2 m. 37 s.	"	" 22 "	1636 "
"	" 2 m. 38 s.	"	" 22 "	1381 "
"	" 2 m. 39 s.	"	" 22 "	1129 "
"	" 2 m. 40 s.	"	" 22 "	880 "
"	" 2 m. 41 s.	"	" 22 "	634 "
"	" 2 m. 42 s.	"	" 22 "	391 "
"	" 2 m. 43 s.	"	" 22 "	151 "
"	" 2 m. 44 s.	"	" 21 "	1674 "
"	" 2 m. 45 s.	"	" 21 "	1440 "

THE N. C. U. does not publish the names of suspends for fear of the law. Mr. Todd says that any legal action that might be taken by any men whose names might be published would not be contested upon the facts of their suspension, but merely upon the fact of their names having been published.

A RICH Norwegian lawyer left all his money to use in buying bicycles for the Christiana school children. He evidently believed in having the rising generation make a strong generation. It is suggested that some American might do the same thing with more profit to the human race than in putting his money into so many so-called philanthropic movements.—*Herald*.

A STERN-WHEEL velocipede for propelling a house boat was recently tried on the Thames between Marlow and Bourne End, a distance of two and a half miles. It was constructed by Mr. A. Edwards, engineer, of 23 Bedford place, W. C., and worked by the owner. The paddle, two feet in diameter, is connected with a gut band to the driving wheel, which is 26 inches in diameter, and over 70 pounds in weight. Ord-

nary bicycle handles, which are connected with the rudder, saddle cranks, and treadles, are used. The boat is 30 feet long and 7 feet beam, and was propelled the distance mentioned in 40 minutes, which is good time. It caused a great deal of astonishment to the oarsmen and the inhabitants of other house boats, to see such a big thing propelled so easily by one man.—*Invention*.

A NEW ball bearing was seen at the Pioneer Works, which it is believed cannot be touched by Bown's patent, enabling any rider to extract a bicycle wheel from the bearings without removing the cranks,—an impossibility with other patterns. It is outwardly after the style of the old pattern, the case being in two portions, joined by a couple of screws, but, unlike the old pattern, there is a couple of bevelled collars inside, which take all the friction, so that the case itself can be made of much softer material than usual in order to make the fitting easier. The one Mr. Dring has now is a clumsy model, but any one with half a mechanical eye can see its excellent points.—*News*.

IN spite of the fact that Whittaker claims to have covered a greater number of miles during the twenty-four hours than any other man, F. F. Ives has not been at all backward in issuing a challenge to ride him a race for any distance. Now is the time for Whittaker to prove that his past performances have been all that he claims them to be, and it is to be hoped that he will accept the challenge.—*Globe*.

HERE is a ridiculous episode at the recent ladies' cycling tour to Cape Ann: The fair Athenian, we will call her Mrs. C., was riding on the front seat of a tandem tricycle, the rear seat being occupied by her husband, when, without a second's warning, she suddenly felt herself being drawn downward upon the saddle until she could hardly move. At her startled cry the machine was brought to a standstill, when it was discovered that her dress had been caught in the gearing of the machine, the dress-guard having been left off at the repair shop through an oversight. Two breadths of the skirt were so effectually wound backward and forward into the machine that budge an inch the lady could n't, while the combined efforts of the gentlemen of the party were as unavailing in extricating even a fragment of the blue flannel. "Cut the dress," said one; but the lady said "No" very decidedly, for to appear in public with but three quarters of a dress skirt would never do in the world. Then the tricycle was attacked, and the ground was soon strewn with bolts, nuts, washers, wrenches, and other tools, parted chains and nameless tricycle "sundries," but still the lady was pinioned; nearly half an hour had been spent in fruitless effort, the cold northwest wind was freshening to a Mayflower breeze, and everybody becoming chilled, when one of the party was despatched to a neighboring house to borrow a dress skirt. Could madame *crawl* out of her predicament? She would try. So the borrowed skirt was donned, *sans ceremonie*, right there in the king's highway, the party meanwhile turning their backs to gaze off over the ruffled bosom of old ocean; the other skirt was loosened, and "hub," with herculean efforts, though not without several trials, lifted the tricycienne clear of the

CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

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GEO. M. HENDEE.....5 "	W. M. WOODSIDE.....1 "	ROBT. JAMES.....2 "
E. P. BURNHAM.....4 "	J. S. PRINCE.....2 Views.	P. S. BROWN.....2 "
C. P. ADAMS.....4 "	T. W. ECK.....2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH.....2 "
W. A. RHODES.....3 "	W. E. CRIST.....2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES.....3 "	H. G. CROCKER.....2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE.....1 View.	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
A. B. RICH.....3 Views.	R. A. NEILSON.....	D. E. HUNTER.....
FRED FOSTER.....3 "	FRED WOOD.....2 "	

GROUPS.

HENDEE, ROWE, and BURNHAM.
COLUMBIA TEAM, MANAGER and TRAINERS.
OFFICIALS AT SPRINGFIELD.
GROUP CONTAINING RICH, RHODES, WILLIAMS,
GASKELL, FOSTER, and NEILSON.

VICTOR TEAM.
OFFICIALS AT LYNN.
START OF HENDEE and ROWE RACE.
STARTS AT LYNN.

VIEWS.

SPRINGFIELD TRACK.
POPE TENT AT SPRINGFIELD; Interior and Exterior.
LYNN TRACK.

OVERMAN TENT AT SPRINGFIELD.
COLUMBIA TRAINING QUARTERS AT LYNN and
SPRINGFIELD.

WM. A. ROWE.

We have pictures of Wm. A. Rowe in Citizen's Dress and in Racing Costume. These are full length, bust or three quarter size, at fifty cents each. We have a large panel picture, half length, 7 x 14, suitable for Club Rooms. Price, \$2.00.

ANY OF THE ABOVE, UNMOUNTED, FORTY CENTS.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

THE CYCLE,

22 School Street - - - - Boston, Mass.

wreck, and she stood once more on *terra firma*. Fifteen minutes more were required to extricate the skirt and put the machine together again, when a temporary dress guard was metamorphosed from an old piece of oil-cloth, madame changed her skirt again at the farmhouse, and after just fifty minutes' delay the party mounted once more and resumed their journey toward Newburyport. — *Record*.

SOME OF THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE TANDEM TOURISTS.

FROM GLOUCESTER TO NEWBURYPORT, AND THENCE TO BOSTON.

ONLY six of the tourists spent Friday night at Gloucester, and gathering at breakfast the next morning were surprised to see the smiling face of their captain at the dining-room door, he and a companion having ridden down to escort them back to Magnolia, where they were to be joined by the remainder of the party, who had spent the night at this place. The captain was very enthusiastic as to the beauty of the morning, the air was so fine and exhilarating. No doubt it was, for he had been riding *before the wind*; but they found an entirely different story going the other way, with a regular howling gale in their faces, sweeping down the road, cold and raw. It required no small amount of courage and hard pushing to make any headway at all, and Newburyport seemed a long way off; but six of that party had written it down in their own minds that they would sleep in Newburyport that night, and follow out as far as possible the original plan of the tour.

At Magnolia they were reinforced by a single "trike" and a "bike." The company having now again assumed quite respectable proportions, rolled merrily along, intending to ride as far as Manchester before the final separation, but owing to an entanglement of one of the ladies' dresses in the gearing of her machine, which occasioned a delay of nearly an hour, those who were bound for Boston started on their way, with pleasant "good-bys" and kind wishes for the success of the Newburyport detachment.

The combined patience and ingenuity of the gentlemen finally accomplished the disintegration of lady and machine, to the great relief of all, for it began to look as if the key to the combination would never be found, and the party come to a *windup* not down in the programme. The ride through the Essex woods was delightful, although a week too late to enjoy their full beauty. The brilliant hues were almost gone; the leaves were sere and brown, all too suggestive of a dead summer, and "days that were no more."

Ipswich was decided upon as the best place to halt for dinner. And now began the real work of the day. The wind had increased in velocity until it was almost impossible to make any headway. The bicycle showed no advantage over the tandems, and frequent stops were found necessary to regain breath, after an encounter with that double-headed foe to cycling, — a stiff hill and a head wind. Dinner had been ordered by telegraph at the "Agawam," and at about 2 P. M. nine hungry and tired ones were busy trying to break the record in dis-

posing of the dinner, considerably handicapped, however, by the lady of the cook-stove, who evidently thought cold "vittles" good enough for cyclers. A little disheartened and somewhat inclined to growl, another start was made, the "solitary bikesman" heading for home. The wind was still on the rampage, but the courage of the six held out, and all expressed their determination not to be circumvented in their purpose of reaching Newburyport that night. Howling gales, steep hills were alike defied, and although the watchword was not "Pike's Peak or bust," the sentiment was much the same. A halt was made at Rowley to call on a lady whose name deserves to shine among those of the lady cyclers. Slender and by no means in robust health, nearly sixty years of age, the mother of a large grown-up family, she has ridden a tandem with her daughter from Rowley to Lynn in one day, and enjoyed it, too. "I suppose folks think I am an old fool," she remarked, "but I don't care. It is a great pleasure to me." There is no reason to doubt that if this lady had been on the "ladies' second annual tricycle tour," seven at least would have reached N. Grit tells more than strength.

There was one encouragement for the now weary wheelers, whose one idea was to reach the Mecca of their hopes, the Merri-mac House, N., and that was the almost perfect roads, hard and smooth, a joy to the cyclist's heart. With the sun going down and the wind going up, they fain would comfort themselves with anticipations of the return run on the morrow, with the wind at their backs, — how they would skim along! The hotel was reached about 7 P. M. One couple decided to return to Rowley to spend the night, leaving but few to partake of the hot supper soon steaming on the table. The question of the pleasantest method of spending the evening was settled by rolling in front of the grate fire sofas and arm chairs, and while the ladies deliberately settled themselves for a nap, the male tandemons built the machine of the future, and although minor points were not always agreed upon, it was a fact conceded beyond a doubt that the wholly satisfactory machine was yet to be built. The ladies peacefully slumbered, their dreams taking somewhat of a mechanical coloring, owing to fragmentary bits of conversation relative to the respective merits of "ball-bearings," "differential gears" falling upon their drowsy senses, which only seemed to enhance that perfect comfort, honestly earned that day.

The hour growing late, the "Humbers" retired to their room adjoining, and all was still, when suddenly a crash — a lurid exclamation — revealed to the startled "Springfields" that there were other things beside "trikes" with a tendency to break down. A hustling down stairs soon effected a change of base, and the "Springies" were informed that the "Hummys" would be found in the morning at No. 12.

First question when A. M. came, "Has the wind changed?" and by all that was perverse, it had. There it was, out in full feather with great puffy cheeks, waiting to crack them at our sorely tried travellers, clearly not a great inducement for an early start.

Lingering over their coffee, reminiscences of last year's tour were indulged in. How

much each absent one was missed! the "Midget" and her music; the "Cherub" with his smiling face and unfailing appetite; the one in her black garments mourning the sad and sudden death of her gifted father and young brothers; the other too busy in the rush and drive of New York to permit his joining the tourists.

Poor Watson, the quiet young Englishman, who, after his brief sojourn in the new country, went home to die.

The "doctor," having entered the state of matrimony, no more joins the ranks of the wheelers.

"Sister Carrie," lost to civilization in an antiquated town in Rhode Island, — all remembered and regretted.

The sight of the Sunday *Globe* brought our travellers back to the present with a rush, and without doubt it was the cycling news that was first looked for; and if the person who wrote the article headed "Ladies Awheel" had dropped in just then he would have been warmly congratulated on his report, for as a specimen of glowing misstatements it was a colossal success. Parties who pay regular hotel rates for their accommodation at a public house hardly relish the idea of being published as "deadheads," even to accommodate the vivid imagination of a newspaper reporter.

The return start was made about 10 A. M., and parts of the road between Newburyport and Rowley were rolled over in good time, three quarters of a mile of shell roads being done in a little less than three minutes. At Rowley they were met by the third tandem, with a sister on a single, ready to do escort duty as far as Ipswich.

Being mindful of a long coast just beyond Rowley, a spurt was made to reach it, and a fine start was gained, every one giving himself to the full enjoyment of the smooth, hard road, when those in the rear were horrified to see the leading tandem swerve from the roadway and make straight, at full speed, for a stone wall. A bank interposing, however, prevented any serious results, the handle-bar holding the lady in, while her husband in some way managed to land on his feet. The cause of all this was a broken axle, and as they gathered around the "wreck" there was great rejoicing at their lucky escape from the might-have-beens. Leaving the unfortunate tandemons to make the best of their way home, which was near, the devoted four were once more on their way, and in another hour were registered at the "Agawam," as the "melancholy remnants of the ladies' second annual tricycle tour."

The road through North Beverly to Salem was wretched, and but for the sidewalks would have been unridable. It was proposed to spend the night in Salem, but on reaching that place it was decided to make Lynn, being encouraged on the way by a well known bicyclist, who kindly acted as pace-maker. A good, substantial supper at the house of a cycling friend so far encouraged the invincible quartette, that they determined to reach home that evening, where they arrived at 8 P. M., thus bringing to a close the L. S. A. T. T. of '86.

All things considered, the tour was a success. Many miles had been covered; many points of interest seen and noted. The incidents of ordinary weeks had been crowded

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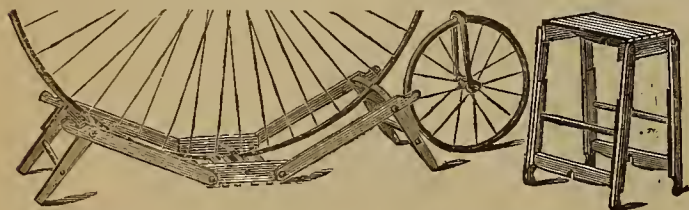
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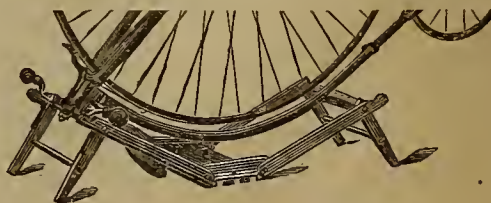


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into a few days. Much experience had been gained, and many pleasant acquaintances formed.

Human nature, as seen on the wheel, is an interesting study. The ready willingness of some to lend a helping hand in case of necessity, and others who pass by on the other side. Those who *will* scorch, in spite of the understanding that there is to be no scorching, and then perhaps boast of having beaten those who have hung back to encourage the lame, the halt, and the blind. The placid ones, to whom everything is all right, and those who insist on having an equivalent for their money. Those who faint and fall by the wayside at the sight of hills and rough roads; and those of whom little is expected, and who astonish all by their pluck and endurance.

The division of the party at Gloucester was a mistake, as experience derived from a former very pleasurable tour demonstrated. The elements for the most enjoyment are contained in the party that sticks together from start to finish. Those who have never met before have a chance to become acquainted; the corners get rubbed off. The pleasant, social evenings not soon to be forgotten, and the reunions at the breakfast table, when refreshing sleep has sharpened the wit and brightened the eye, the merry jest and quick repartee, are all lost when there is even a temporary break. Any changes from the original plan, unless compelled by actual necessity, should not be made without consultation and mutual consent; individual convenience should be subservient to common interest, and the result would be much more satisfactory than where each one follows his own sweet will, irrespective of the others. May the experience gained in the past serve to render even more enjoyable the tour of the future, is the earnest wish of
"MERRIE WHEELER."

NEW ORLEANS.

It is rumored that the offer of Mr. A. M. Hill, which appeared in the September issue of the *Bicycle South*, to race any local rider for the medal which he donated to the N. O. B. C., for a series of 50-mile races, and which failed to mature, is at last to be accepted, and by a member of the new club, the Crescent Wheelmen. Since his banter was published, Mr. Hill is reported as having meant to confine the competition to members of the New Orleans Club, but his offer does not so state, and if he really desires to run, the opportunity will be afforded him, and on his own terms, too.

THE time (17.45) made in the recent five-mile race of the Wheelmen is the best yet made in the city. It is not a bad opening for a new club,—but wait until next time. It will be beaten, sure.

MR. T. L. HALLIDAY, Jr., of Cairo, Ill., arrived in the city a day or two since, having ridden on his bike from Cairo to Mobile, Ala., from which place he wisely took the train to this city.

THE N. O. B. C. have again revived the matter of erecting a club house, but nothing definite has yet been decided upon.

BI.

NEW ORLEANS, 29 Oct., 1886.

THE PATH.

NEW ORLEANS, 23 Oct. *Five-mile Bicycle Race of the Crescent Wheelmen.*—C. T. Mitchell (1), R. G. Betts (2), S. H. Plough (3), 17.45.

This was a very pretty and well contested race. Mitchell set the pace from the start with Betts at his little wheel; at two miles the latter led for a while, but getting tired of making the pace, he slowed up, allowing Mitchell to pass him, taking his place at the latter's rear wheel, this order being kept up until within a half mile of the finish, when Mitchell spurred; Betts followed suit, but he could not overtake the leader, who won by twelve yards; both men slowing up just before the finish. Plough tried the waiting game, but to no advantage, as the pace was too hot and distance too great for him. At the fourth mile he was practically out of the race, coming in over half a mile behind the leader.

The officers of the race were: W. W. Crane and S. M. Angell, Jr., judges; Geo. E. Guedry and J. P. Phelan, timers; E. Guedry, referee.

THOSE old-timers, Stanton and Keen, raced twenty miles at Lilliebridge, Eng., for £100, 4 Oct. Stanton fairly ran his man off his feet, and at 15 miles had double-lapped him. Here Keen stopped and Stanton ran another mile or two, and then was called off. He finished fresh, while Keen was badly blown when he stopped.

THE point made by Gormully & Jeffery, that racing records show the excellence of racing wheels only, and cannot in justice be applied to Roadsters, is well taken.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

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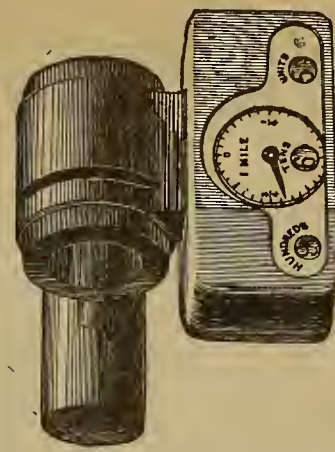
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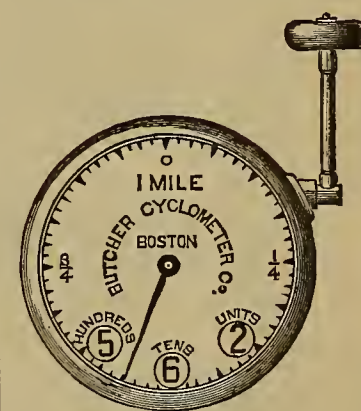
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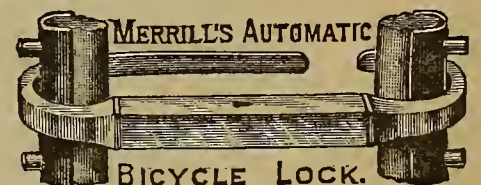
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