

# THE RECORD

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### THE RECORD BROKEN AGAIN.

S. SELLERS, OF ENGLAND, MAKES A MILE IN 2m. 39s.

A FINE DAY OF SPORT AT HARTFORD.

The weather was all that could be desired for the first of the great tournaments which opened with the races at Hartford, on Tuesday, September 9. With the exception of a boiling sun, the weather was perfect. Early in the morning the streets were alive with wheelmen, who came from Springfield, Meriden, New York, and other adjacent points. The line was formed at the Capital at 10.30 and was under command of Dr. N. P. Tyler, of New Haven, who had for his aids, W. H. Thomas, W. H. Hale, of New Haven; Dr. Rust and S. S. Ives, of Meriden; and Capt. W. N. Winans, of Springfield.

The order of the parade was as follows :

Connecticut Bicycle Club, 38 men, Captain C. E. Chase.  
Springfield Club, 21 men, Lieutenant Fisk.  
Meriden Club, 20 men, Captain T. S. Rust.  
Middletown Club, 16 men, Captain Hogan.  
New Haven Club, 12 men, Captain F. H. Benton.  
Holyoke Club, 6 men, Captain E. C. Clark.  
New Britain Club, 15 men, Captain C. C. Rossberg.  
Pequot Club, East Hartford, 16 men, Captain A. S. Forbes.  
Citizens' Club's representatives (of New York) — Dr. N. M. Beckwith, president L. A. W.; George A. Wells, George Martin Huss, Elliott Mason, Knight S. Clapp, Dr. John C. Spencer, jr.

In the parade were Colonel A. A. Pope, of Boston, and F. D. Fisk, of the Lowell Bicycle Club.

After passing through the principal streets by a circuitous route, the parade disbanded. Upwards of one hundred and fifty men were in line.

Shortly after one o'clock an immense crowd wended their way to the depots where trains running out to Charter Oak Park were made up every few minutes. The Weed Sewing Machine Co., and several other large manufacturing concerns closed their doors, making it a general holiday. About 5,000 people crowded the grand stand and field, and the home club will doubtless net a comfortable sum after all expenses are paid. The arrangements for the races were excellent, and the track kept clear of intruders. A good band was in attendance and discoursed popular airs throughout the day. Referee Terry had his officials well in hand, and everything went off satisfactorily. The races were as follows :

One Mile (320 Class).—C. H. Parsons, Springfield, 2m. 49½s.; W. C. Tracy, second. A very large field put in an appearance, and at the pistol fire seemed a good start. The lead was taken by W. C. Tracy, who held it until the half mile post when Westervelt took charge of the procession. He soon relinquished the lead to Parsons, who at the three quarter pole showed a clear lead of three yards in 2m. 11½s. Down the home stretch they charged, Parsons, well in front, landing a clean winner in remarkably good time.

Two Mile Tricycle.—E. P. Burnham, first, time 6m. 32s.; R. Chambers, second. Out of five entries only Burnham and R.

Chambers, of England, put in appearance. Burnham immediately took the lead, with Chambers close at his heels. An even pace was observed during the first mile, which was covered in 3m. 20s, under the leadership of Burnham. On the second mile Chambers improved his lead somewhat, and on round into the home stretch rode quite wide. Down they came neck and neck, first one and then the other showing ahead. Burnham, however, had the best of the spurt, and won quite handily, making the best on record. This was the first defeat of the imported racers, and was received with great enthusiasm.

One Half Mile Boys' Race.—H. H. Stockder, first, time 1min. 24½s.; Howard S. Hart, second. At the crack of the pistol Stockder sprang into the lead, and was never headed, winning quite easily. Hart and Finley had a very pretty brush for second place, the former winning by about a foot. This is another best on record for boys under sixteen.

One Mile Club Race.—H. E. Bidwell, first, time 2m. 55¾s.; A. G. Gruendler, second. Up to the half mile post the men were close together, but in the last quarter Bidwell, by a well directed spurt, went to the front and won quite easily.

One Mile.—S. Sellers, first, time 2m. 39s.; Asa Dolph, 2m. 41s. This was one of the grandest races ever seen. The field of starters embraced the best men of America, and included S. Sellers, the English amateur, who had come over to try his fortune in this country. At the pistol fire Dolph immediately took the lead, reaching the quarter pole at 40¾s. Continuing on the half mile post was passed in 1m. 20s. As the party approached the three quarter mark, Sellers shot to the front rather unexpectedly, and passed the post in 2m. 1¼s. Down the stretch they came, first one and then the other leading until within 200 feet of the finish, when Sellers put on a tremendous spurt, breaking the tape in the unprecedented time of 2m. 39s. Dolph appeared to lose heart, but landed a good second in 2m. 41s. That any possible doubt regarding the track exists, we append a brief description of it. Charter Oak Park is a trotting track, a mile in circuit. A substantial wooden fence three feet high runs around the entire course on the inside. On the turns a supplementary wooden fence was built out, from which the measurement was made. By a surveyor's certificate and steel tape measurement the circuit measured 5,282 feet 5 inches, or 2 feet 5 inches over the required distance. The three timers were T. J. Vail, Secretary National Trotting Association, Frank Whittemore, and Col. Henry Kennedy. Two of the watches registered 2m. 38 3/5s., and the other 2m. 39s., so that not the slightest doubt exists as to the correctness of the time. Scores of unofficial watches checked the time, all agreeing as to the result.

Mr. J. D. Canary, the champion fancy rider of the world, then gave one of his unparalleled exhibitions of riding, which is too well known to describe, but which elicited enthusiastic applause.

One Mile Ride and Run.—C. B. Ripley, first, time 4m. 36¾s.; Chas. M. Miller, the other competitor, finished a bad second. Ripley, who rode a Star machine, had a decided advantage in mounting and dismounting, and was far ahead at the half mile, and coasted leisurely to the finish.

Five Mile State Championship.—Lewis Hamilton, first, time, 15m. 52¾s.; L. A. Miller, second. The other starters were R. F. Way and J. F. Ives. The long-limbed student from Yale was the general favorite at the start. Way, however, led the quartette to the time of 3m. 16s. On the second mile Ives went to the front and kept the lead for three miles. The last mile was a series of brilliant spurts. Hamilton, who had been riding a close second, did not make his effort until the last quarter, when he went to the front and stayed there, winning the race by about three yards. The last mile was made in 2m. 51¾s.

Five Mile Scratch.—S. Sellers, first, time 15m. 48s.; R. Chambers, second. This brought all the Englishmen into the field, and fast time was consequently predicted. Webber, on his Star, was allowed to do the running for the first three miles, knocking them off at about a 3.15 gait. The race was rather devoid of interest until the last mile, when a series of brilliant spurts took place among the kaleidoscope of riders. Sellers, who was a great favorite from his recent performances at the mile, and it was hardly a surprise when he came down the stretch ahead of the bunch, Chambers stuck gamely to his heels and finished close behind. The time for the miles were as follows: 3.6½, 6.24, 9.38, 12.57½, and 15.48. This was quite a victory for England, who secured the three first places, Illston finishing third, with Frazier fourth.

One Mile Tug of War.—Teams of three from each club. Springfield, first; Connecticut, second.

Enteries were received from Smithville, Connecticut, Meriden, New Haven, and Springfield, but the team from Smithville and Meriden withdrew. The appearance of Hendee on the track created considerable applause and the Springfield Club were in consequence favorites. Hendee immediately took the lead and made the pace, closely followed by Bidwell, who was considerable of a surprise. Hendee made the quarter in 41s., the half in 1m. 22¼s., and the three quarters in 2m. 6½s. Bidwell finished the mile in 2m. 48s.

One mile against time, by Richard Howell, Professional Champion of the World. As announced from the stand, Howell started in to better the time made by Sellers. He had hardly recovered from the effects of his sea voyage, but a special prize being offered of \$50 in case he should beat the record, he made a game effort and succeeded in reaching the quarter in 43¼, the half in 1m. 21½, the three quarters in 2m. 1¼s., and the final in 2m. 42s. Considering the fact that he made the pace alone, the time was excellent.

Ten Mile Scratch.—Lewis Hamilton, first, time 33m. 14s.; Asa Dolph, second, time 33m. 15¾s. Frazier, Weber, and Chambers were the other starters. The race was rather devoid of interest, being on the procession order. Frazier made the running for the first mile when he made way for Dolph, who was in the van on the second, third, and fourth miles. At the fifth mile Frazier again took charge or the procession for a mile, and coaxed Weber into first place. The latter took hold of the tow line for the next two miles until the ninth, when Dolph assumed command. The last mile was any body's race, and to the surprise of many, Hamilton went to the front in response to the cries of the Yale contingent.

The Consolation Race was won by Illston, in 3m. 55¾s.; Webber, of Smithville, was

second. This concluded a most successful series of races.

### THE BUFFALO TOURNAMENT.

The fourth annual tournament of the Buffalo Bi. Club was held on August 27, at the Buffalo Driving Park.

Visiting wheelmen to the number of 150 were present from Rochester, Batavia, Toronto, and Lockport. The 25 wheelmen from the last city were elegantly uniformed, and outside of the Buffalo Club were given the palm for appearance.

The track was in splendid condition, weather fine, but a trifle windy. Attendance 1,500, including most of Buffalo's best people. A band was in attendance, and its well-played selections enjoyed by the spectators.

The following were the officers of the day :

J. E. Donelson, referee; T. B. Groves and A. F. Webster, of Toronto, judges; Dr. C. S. Cutler, clerk of the course; Geo. Dakin, starter and scorer. The time keepers were Messrs. J. H. Addington and J. H. Isham, of Buffalo, C. H. Hipinstall, of St. Thomas, Ont. Mr. C. H. Alley was the official reporter.

Before the races the wheelmen paraded in front of the grand stand.

One-mile club championship, best two in three heats—First heat: James H. Hedge, 3m. 8 1/5s.; C. A. Smith; C. F. Hotchkiss, o.; C. E. Troop, o. Smith led from the start to the three-quarter pole, when Hedge went by and won easily. Second heat: Hedge won this heat and the race in 2m. 20 1/5s., with Smith second; Hotchkiss, o.

One-mile, club novice: H. L. Drullard, 3m. 18 4/5s.; T. A. Russell; G. W. Chase, o.; R. Ault, o.; C. W. Adams. The last two took headers on the last lap.

100-yards, slow race; Niel Campbell, Niagara Falls, 4m. 7½s.; J. H. Addington; C. Ward, o.; N. E. Kaufman, o. Previous to the race Mr. Campbell gave a first-class riding exhibition.

Two miles, open: D. N. Milley, no time taken; G. H. Terry, Batavia; M. P. Shafer, Rochester, o. This was a very unfortunate race, being fruitful of headers, and one serious accident occurred. D. N. Milley led the procession to the mile in 3m. 3 2/5s. On the last quarter of the second mile C. F. Lavender, of Toronto, Ont., tried to pass between Terry, who was now leading, and J. V. Barros, of Attica. The machines becoming entangled, the three were thrown, their wheels falling on the top of them. There was a great deal of excitement among the spectators for a few minutes until the men had extricated themselves from the machines. Terry and Barros were only slightly hurt, but Lavender had both of the bones of his fore arm broken near the wrist, and had several bruises about the body. After having his arm set by a doctor, in the dressing tent, he was taken from the grounds. His wheel was a complete wreck.

One-mile, tricycle: Neil Campbell; 4m. 7s.; Geo. Dakin, 4m. 10 2/5s.; R. H. Palmer, o.; H. Hayford, o.

Three-mile, State championship: D. N. Milley, 10m. 16s.; C. F. Hotchkiss, 10m. 19 2/5s.; H. L. Drullard, o. First 3m. 22 2/5s., second mile 6m. 44 2/5s.

An exhibition of Buffalo Bi. Club drill corps was then given. The team went through many graceful and skillful manoeuvres.



One-mile, open : Barros, 3m. 1 1-5s.; Milley, 3 m. 2 4-5s.

Time race, four to eight minutes : This was the queerest of competitions. After the twenty-two men had started the judges drew two cards numbering four and five, so that the man coming in nearest to 4m. 5s. would win. The lucky man proved to be C. B. Graves.

Five-mile, open : John Barros, Batavia, N. Y., times, 3.18, 6.36 4-5s., 10.2, 13.30 3-5s., and 16m. 30s.; Robert Barker, East Lockport; M. F. Shafer, 6; C. A. Smith, 0.

At 9 o'clock 135 wheelmen sat down to a banquet in the Genesee. The band played, toasts were drank, medals distributed, and every one talking wheel. ATHLETE.

### THE NEW LONDON RACES.

The eagle can now scream to its utmost extent, as that long looked for event, the lowering of the English bicycling records has at last been accomplished by an American on an American trotting track, which is described as being none the best. At the tournament given by the New London Bicycle Club, on Wednesday, September 3d, Dolph made his first attempt at the mile time and scored 2m. 44s., but on Thursday, the second day of the tournament, he easily covered the distance in 2.40 1/2, beating all amateur and professional records ever made in the world, the best English amateur record being that of H. L. Curtis, 2m. 41 2-5, and the best professional time is 2m. 40 4-5, made by R. Howell. He started off at great speed, and completed the first half mile in 1m. 20s., beating the American record of 1m. 24 3/4s. made by Geo. M. Hendee. A sudden gust of wind slowed the ride at the finish, or else 2.40 would have been lowered. The track measured 5,281 feet on a line eighteen inches from the pole, and the time was taken from the flash of the pistol and not the report, as stupid proof reading has made the recently published League rules read. The timers were five reliable men, three of whose watches agreed to a fraction, while the other two made the time a little faster. Dolph rode all alone, and if he had only had some one to push him, there is no saying what time would have been made. After making his wonderful time, he took a short rest and started in again to break the half-mile record. This he accomplished in 1m. 17 1-5s., finishing as fresh as when he started. He rode a 54-in. Rudge racer weighing twenty-four pounds.

The other races are as follows, and were remarkable for general good time, in several cases the Ohio State races being lowered :

One half mile, best two in three—W. F. Knapp, Cleveland, time 1m. 29 1/2s. in both heats.

Five Mile Bicycle—W. F. Knapp first, time 18m. 14s.; C. W. Ashinger second.

One Mile, best two in three—Geo. Collister first, time 3m. 4s., 3m. 11 1/2s.; C. W. Ashinger second.

One Mile, Tricycle, best two in three heats—Chas. Howland first, time 4m. 6s. and 4m. 11 1/4s.; George Collister second.

John S. Prince vs. pacing horse Useless—Prince won in 10m. 32s.

A torchlight procession closed the performance in the evening of the first day, in which seventy-five wheelmen took part.

### SECOND DAY.

Ten Mile Bicycle—George Collister first, time 36m. 29s., which beats the State record made by Frazier at the recent Cleveland meet; W. F. Knapp second.

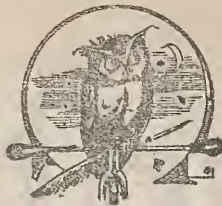
Three Mile Bicycle, two in three heats—C. E. Howland first, time 10m. 20s. and 10m. 58 1/4s.; C. T. King second.

Half Mile Bicycle—C. E. Howland first, time 1m. 50 1/4s.; W. F. Knapp second.

C. W. Ashinger then made a half mile against time in 1m. 22s.

The performance concluded with a race between John S. Prince and the horse Useless, who rode five miles, the former winning in 15m. 59 1/4s., by about 50 yards.

The officers of the day were : Referee, Frank Jenny; Judges, Charles Messenger, G. W. Runyan, and William Conant; Timers, William Spaulding, New London; Geo. Collister, Cleveland; C. B. Shrom, Greenville, Pa.; Chas. Howard, Akron, and P. McNulty, Ashland; Starters, Asa Dolph, and N. O. Allen, New London; Scorer, W. G. Spaulding, New London; Clerk of the Course, E. E. Phillips, New London, Ohio.



I am just tickled to death to think I have come back to New York during this nice cool September weather, especially so since one can ride ten or fifteen miles and see as many as two cyclists riding. Verily this town is the cyclist's paradise, but like the celestial one, it finds few wheel residents upon its pathways.

Why doesn't the League give that irrepressible friend of mine, Aaron, something to do? Here he is, finding too much time on his hands, just forced to come out with a racing challenge against the feather-weight editor of this paper and my ponderous friend, the editor of the *Bicycling World*.

I think the fairer way for all concerned would be an editorial tricycle race. Let each one write in the columns of their respective journals an account of the race as they think it would be run; then let a competent committee be appointed, with the "club liar" as chairman, and to award a medal, in the shape of a lyre, to the one adjudged the winner. This would be the most equitable way to decide the affair; and goodness knows which one would win, as it would be a (pen) scratch race, with a close finish.

That lively paper, the *Canadian Wheelman*, is out with a "fish story" about my intimate acquaintance, Egan, having rescued the queen of Gooseberry Park, N. J., from the rapacious maw of a shark, which piscatorial fiend appears to have eventuated into a catfish under the microscopic investigation of that paper. Now, I do know that no man who respects himself will come back from a two months' vacation without a fish yarn big enough to knock out all others in that line; but I thought this must have been an error, so I am just now interviewing Egan on the subject. While he blushes, as he always does when narrating any of his heroic adventures, he declares that this is a Star story, i.e., the wheel before the rider. He did not rescue the lady from the fish, but the fish from the lady. It was at straw, ride supper party at Pleasure Bay, and the fish had been fried until it was harmless, and just as the lady was going to eat it, he saved the fish from the lady and ate it himself; for which heroic act he has letters from prominent piscatorial philanthropists extolling him in the highest manner.

He begs me to state that he hopes this true history of the whole affair will be accepted by his friends in lieu of the one offered by the Canadian anecdotist.

Now, I always like to have something to say on any of the cycling controversies of the day; and goodness knows they are a legion, so I don't propose to let the present Robinson medal squabble go by unnoticed. Were I not afraid of being "league"-ally censured, I should most emphatically state that Mr. Robinson uses the truth with a most intense scarcity, when he asserts that he did not know that the League championship medal won by him was to be again contested for. To me, personally, not once, but repeatedly, did he declare that if the League wanted their medal they would have to go over to England for it, as he would not again return here to defend its ownership.

While I am on the subject of championships, it will probably not be out of place for me to pass a few remarks about handicapping.

Some sage has said something or other about a policeman's lot not being a happy one. This may or may not be true; but it certainly is the acme of peace and satisfaction when compared with that of the handicapper. Let this individual do what he may, he is sure to make an enemy of every man in a race, save the one who wins, each of the defeated candidates declaring that he has been unjustly treated because he has not won. What the League wants is a handicapper who can so handicap a race as to allow all of the starters to cross the line at the same identical moment, and thus make every man who enters a race a sure winner. Until this can be done, my learned members of the Racing Board, do not accept the tendered resignation of Mr. G. D. Baird, at present before you, but remember his errors and mis-

takes, like all of us, are many, but his intentions are honest and his ability great, and time will make the latter equal the former if you but forbear with him for a time.

A new play has just been produced in this city entitled "Called Back." I am inclined to believe the author is a bicyclist, and intends this for a sequel to "Within ten feet, or fouled at the start."

### LEWEE'S LETTER.

MEET OF THE MASSACHUSETTS WHEELMEN AND RACES OF THE RAMBLERS CLUB.

In response to the call of Chief Consul M. D. Currier, of the Massachusetts division, L. A. W., for a parade of the wheelmen of the State, irrespective of club and league membership, the riders began assembling in the vicinity of Hotel Vendome, on Commonwealth avenue, Friday morning, September 5; and at 10 o'clock the line formed, with the right resting in front of the hotel, and moved toward Chester Park in the following order :

Chief Marshal, M. D. Currier, C. C., Massachusetts division, L. A. W. Staff—H. W. Williams, Chief; W. Lawson, W. M. Pratt, H. W. Wollison, A. D. Clafin, H. E. Ducker, George Chinn, Colonel A. A. Pope, the Rev. S. L. Gracey, W. W. Stall, Abbot Bassett.

First Division—Commander, A. S. Parsons; Massachusetts Bicycle Club, comprising the Massachusetts Club, Captain Pope, and the clubs and unattached wheelmen in Boston and vicinity.

Star Division—Commander, W. W. Stall, comprising the riders of the Star bicycle and Victor tricycles.

Second Division—Commander, J. F. Adams, of Haverhill; Lynn Cyclists, Captain Stewart; Lawrence Club, Captain Webb; Amesbury Club, Captain Greenleaf; Salem Club, Lieutenant Ingalls; Hawthorne Club, Salem, Captain Boudreau; Marblehead Club, Captain Hooker; Gloucester Club, Captain Parsons; Beverly Club, Captain Wood. About eighty wheelmen in this division.

Third Division—Commander W. I. Harris, of the Boston Ramblers, comprising wheelmen from Fall River, Brockton, Newton, Maynard, Dorchester, Chelsea, Tremont, Hingham, Weymouth, Belmont, East Bridgewater, Wellesley, Portsmouth, Providence, and other sections.

There were about 325 riders in all, and in all varieties of uniform and ununiform, but the line moved in good and regular order, and presented as creditable an appearance as many parades which have taken place under more restrictions. They proceeded down the avenue to Chester Park, countermarched on the other side to Arlington street and back to Dartmouth, thence to Columbia avenue, Beacon street, and Brighton avenue to Longwood, Brookline, where they partook of an excellent lunch in John Gibb's grove, where they arrived about noon. About two hours were spent here very pleasantly, the riders fraternizing with the greatest ease and harmony. They remounted and returned to the city at about 2 o'clock, in season to attend the Ramblers' race meeting in the afternoon. Considering the heat of the day and the closing of the vacation season, the number attending was fully as large as the committee expected, and was very gratifying. The route of the procession was thronged with spectators, who greeted and cheered the riders at many points. The committee were : C. C. Mahlon D. Currier, of Lawrence; H. W. Williams, of Boston; W. I. Harris, of Boston; C. S. Howard, of Boston; Abbott Bassett, of Chelsea; A. S. Parsons, of Cambridge; W. B. Everett, of Boston; William E. Gilman, of Chelsea; E. G. Whitney, of Boston.

The second annual fall race meeting of the Boston Ramblers Bicycle Club, was held at 3 P. M. at the Union Athletic grounds. The weather was intensely hot and the attendance of spectators was rather small, probably not much over three hundred and fifty. The officials were as follows : Referee, Mahlon D. Currier, of Lawrence Bicycle Club; judges, H. W. Williams, Massachusetts Bicycle Club; William B. Everett, Boston Bicycle Club; starter, Will I. Harris, Boston Ramblers; Clerk of the course, Alonzo D. Peck, Jr., Boston Ramblers; timers, Eugene E. Merrill, E. G. Whitney; scorers, F. E. Bryant, Harry Dunlap. The first event was a half mile, amateur, best two in three, for gold and silver medals to first and second respectively. The first heat was called at 3.10 P. M., and the competitors were George

E. Cain, of Lynn, B. F. Harrington, of the Hawthorne Club (Salem), C. S. Whitney, of the Ramblers, and G. F. Crosby, of the Newton Club. The heat run in procession style for two laps, but on the third and last lap Crosby and Whitney made a good contest, the former winning in 1m. 37s., and the latter a second behind.

The second event was a two-mile race in heats for gold and silver medals to first and second, respectively, and G. B. Graves, of the Tremont Club, W. B. Youngman, of Waltham and C. F. Haven, of the Newton Club, competed. Youngman took the lead at starting, but on the third lap yielded place to both Haven and Graves, the latter leading, and this position was kept up until the bell rang for the final lap, when Haven went at once to the front with a fine spurt, and increased his distance to the end, winning amid excited applause in 6m. 58s. A five mile race for the championship of the club was the next event, and only M. G. Norcross and C. S. Whitney started. The former rode a Star machine and took the lead, and this position continued until the final lap, when Whitney, who had hung close on his adversary's rear throughout, spurred to the front, but it was responded to promptly by Norcross, who pushed the other hard to the end, Whitney keeping his lead, however. The times by miles were : 3.42; 7.21 1/2; 11.11 3/4; 15.03; 18.40 1/4. Norcross, 18.43 1/4.

The fourth event was the first heat or a one mile race for gold and silver medals to first and second, respectively, and for this F. E. Bryant, of the Ramblers, B. F. Harrington, of the Salem Hawthornes, and C. F. Haven, of the Newtons appeared at the line. This made a good race, all three men doing their best, but Harrington leading the first half mile when he gave place to Haven, who won by three seconds in 3m. 27 1/2s.

The fifth event was a one mile in heats for riders who had never beaten 3m. 25s., for gold and silver medals to first and second, respectively, and the following competed : D. Edgar Hunter, of the Thorndyke Club, G. R. Graves, of the Tremont Club, G. R. White, of Wellesley Hills, Charles E. Whitten, of Lynn; F. A. Bickford, of Somerville; W. H. Hull, of Lowell; C. E. Tracy, Waltham wheelman; C. W. Ware, of Marblehead; W. B. Youngman, of Waltham; Harry Hunt, of South Boston. This proved one of the most interesting contests of the series, being well competed by several riders, all but two or three of the leaders keeping pretty well bunched. Hunter, however, followed by Hull, second, took the lead almost from the start, and these maintained their places throughout, making the mile in 3m. 21 1/2s. and 3m. 24 1/2s., respectively, which were the fastest mile times ever made on the track. Graves, who came in third, also rode a fine race. The second heat of the half mile race was next called, Crosby, Harrington, and Cain responded. Crosby easily led throughout, winning in 1.38, but Harrington claimed a foul against Cain for second place, and the judges being unable to decide, ordered them to run it off at the conclusion of the other events.

The second heat of the two mile race came next, Haven and Graves only competing, and they hippodromed it almost to the end, the former easily winning in 7m. 48 1/2s., nearly a minute longer than in the first heat. This finished this event. Haven, Harrington, and Bryant next started on the second heat of the one mile event, riding fairly well, but beginning and ending with the men in the order named, with Haven two seconds in front and the others nearly close together. Time, 3m. 2g 1-8s.

The second heat of the 3.25 class race was the next event, Hunter, Hull, Graves, White, Bickford, Whitten, and Tracy taking the line, the three first leading in that order to the end, but some of the rear ones, as before, made some good contests, and Bickford especially made a fine spurt and passed Graves on the fifth lap, when he stumbled and got a bad throw and withdrew. Graves, also, who had been overtaking himself, was at the close brought from the field helplessly exhausted. Hunter, who rode in splendid form, beat his previous time, winning in 3m. 19 1-8s., Hull five seconds behind. This settled the race, and the trial between Cain and Harrington for second place in the half mile was run and won by the former, which, as Harrington was ahead of him in the first heat, he had to win again, which he did in 1m. 42 7-8s. This closed the events, which, on the whole, proved quite interesting and were about the best contested races yet done on this track,



which, by the way, was in a most wretched condition for this sport, besides having no curb, which will spoil the records claimed—at least in the opinion of the sporting press.

#### ANOTHER TORCHLIGHT PARADE.

I was going to say, the weather was so dubious Saturday, but I mean the weather was so decidedly opposed to agreeable bicycle riding, that most of our members concluded that our illuminated parade had better be postponed till the first clear evening. Monday brought all the advantages that the combined efforts of the elements could produce, and at 8.40 o'clock, eleven members, as many as had heard of the postponement, and some friends wheeled into line, under command of Captain Powers, at Sixth avenue and 125th street, with a Chinese lantern on each side of our handle bars; our line of march was up Sixth avenue to 132d street, thence to Seventh avenue, thence to 123d street, and by the way of Mt. Morris avenue and 124th street to Fifth avenue, along Fifth avenue to 130th street and back, then to Pleasant avenue. We returned to our club room through 124th street and Sixth avenue, where we left our machines, and sought the ice cream parlors opposite, and after cooling down in the orthodox way, we sang a song and parted. We passed the residences of several of our members, and in response to the inspiring notes of bugler Knowles, we received loud applause and hand clappings; judging from the universal and hearty welcome we received, Harlem has a favorable impression of the "Cyclist;" at 129th street Fifth avenue we were greeted with a vigorous tattoo on primitive drums borrowed for the occasion from the kitchen; our parade was a genuine success, as it gave pleasure to others than the club.

The pleasure of the wheelman was enhanced by the presentation, just before the parade, of a set of colors to the club by a lady friend.

A HARLEM WHEELMAN.

#### WESTERN GOSSIP.

On Friday, August 22, the Hamilton Co. Agricultural Society held a series of races at their grounds and track, near Carthage, O. A fine day, a smooth track, and interesting contests made the event quite a success, as was exemplified by the large crowd present, and eager attention paid to the racing.

Some twenty-five wheels mustered at the bell tap, and under the direction of Captain Whiting, Cincinnati Club, and Mr. Brown, as timer, the events were run off in good shape. The first on the programme was a two mile race, bringing to the scratch Rodgers, of the Kentons, Smith, of Madisonville, and Brady, of the Cincinnati.

Rodgers led, with Smith spurring for it, and Brady drawing out, left a close race between the remaining two. Rodgers won by a few yards. First prize, ball pedals; second, medal.

Next was a half mile dash between Brady (Cin'ti), Greer, and Myers, of Kentucky. Greer slipped his pedal, fell with Brady on top, leaving Myers to finish in 1.48½. Prize, nickled hub lamp. Nobody hurt.

A one mile scratch between Hoyt and Brady, of Cincinnati, and Nepper, of Covington, Ky., resulted in a close race between the former and the latter. Won by Nepper in 4.02. Prize, gold medal.

Slow Race, 100 yards—Entries, Greer, Rodgers, Brady, Hoyt, and Myers. Won by Myers in 3.42. Prize, silver medal.

Five Mile—Entries, Greer, Brady, Pierson, and Scarborough. Pierson took the lead rapidly gaining on the others. First half mile in 1.50; mile in 3.48½. Won by Pierson. Prize, gold medal; Scarborough second.

These races were held under the sanction of the L. A. W. W. E. Whiting, Clerk of the Course; A. L. Brown and A. A. Bennett, timers.

An exhibition half mile, without hands, was run also. H. G. Ellard, H. S. Rodgers, and P. N. Myers starting. Myers won in 1.58; Ellard second in 2.01.

#### NOTES.

A sound of great rejoicing and of hand-shaking is heard in the camp of the Kentucky boys; yea, even in the Kenton Wheel Club headquarters. Four first prizes.

Where are the Wanderers? Wherefore no scoop?

The rain held off long enough to spoil the horse races after the wheelmen were satisfied.

W. E. Galway and Julian Wright appeared on the scene after the races. They missed their train. Should have been on hand to hurry up New. Pierson and his "wink." Brady and his Rudge or Rudge and his Brady, got left somehow. Queer, ain't it?

The Wanderers announce their fall road races for September 6. Fine sport is anticipated.

*Hoo hooked Harry Hall's wheel?* This question must be answered now, or else somebody or something will have a fight on their hands.

Captain Whiting left his wheel at home on the piano—forgot it, he was in such a hurry.

This chronicle is down on "wheelmen" who don't wheel. Get out your rusty bicycles, ye summer sluggards, and polish the same up, and go to riding, or by Jupiter, we'll expel ye from the rights and franchises of our honorable association—or brain you, which is easier and more comforting.

The K. W. C. wants a track, and will have one, too, before many moons have waxed and waned. Any one seeing a stray race-track fooling around, please report same, and receive the blessing of the community. Not particular about size or quality. Anything under ten laps and as level as possible. No objection to leaving city.

I forgot to mention the fancy riding of Mr. H. G. Ellard after and during the races on Friday. He has the one-wheel-without-hands act in his repertoire, and would make a dangerous competitor with Wetmore.

NORB.

COVINGTON, Ky., August 27, 1884.

#### MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB.

##### A QUIET SUMMER JAUNT.

(Continued from Sept. 5th.)

By the time the captain and his folks had descended to the towpath, the mule had uttered one last shriek, plunged wildly across the canal, snapping the rope, and had climbed up the activity and stood trembling on the ledge. The captain exhausted his profane acquirements and was advancing on us, with evil in his eye, when we all heard a crackling and crumbling, and all eyes were at once turned to the ledge on which the mule stood, and we perceived it was yielding to his weight.

He also seemed to be aware of it, for he gathered himself for a spring, and as it broke away, he sprang from it and fell sideways on the sharp point of the telegraph pole, which pierced him through and through. Breaking the wires and crossbar, with a circular motion he slowly slipped down the pole and was stopped about six feet from the ground by a large knot. There he hung, and the warm crimson blood trickled slowly down. Astounded by such a remarkable accident, we gazed on him in silence. But that mule was game. I saw him feel for the base of the pole with his rear hind hoof, and when he found it, he drew his leg up, and flash—there was a sharp snap and the pole was broken off square. He alighted on his feet and steadied himself, with the pole running through him, protruding six feet on one side and fifteen on the other.

Observing by the expression in his eye that he had concocted some devilry, I hastily whispered to Tom to lie down flat. We had scarcely done so, when he placed all four feet together and swung around on the pivot. Like grass before the mower, the captain, his wife, the large size boy, the girl, the three twins, the baby, and the dog went down in the waters of the canal as the pole struck them. With a loud ha! ha! the mule sprang down, down to the deep, wide river. From over his disappearing head, the ripples spread far and wide, bearing to the banks and the bushes the story. He soon appeared, and, buoyed by the pole, he swam towards the other shore. On reaching the twin rocks, he stopped and eyed them attentively, then swam up the stream and steadying himself for an instant, he let the current bear him

down. And so nice was his calculations, the end of the pole ran between the rocks and such was the force it was jammed tight.

The mule lost no time in working off the other end, and kicking up his heels, swam on to the opposite bank, clambered out, jumped a cornfield fence, and began devouring the young corn with a gusto that showed he didn't have ice cream for his dinner every day.

As the canal boat captain was still searching for the odd twin, we wisely concluded that we'd better depart, which we did, after calling their attention to the six-year old boy under the barrel.

We had scarcely gone three miles and were still speculating on the great events that insignificant accidents bring forth; for if that tomato can hadn't been there, the mule would in all probability have passed us soundly sleeping.

We journeyed on down the towpath, and finding it growing monotonous we left it at Williamsport, where we had dinner, and took the pike to Hagerstown. We had heard so much praise of the pike connecting the two cities, that we had great curiosity to ride over it. We found the road bed quite good; but as usual with highly extolled goods, disappointing.

We stopped but long enough in Hagerstown to write home. It was growing late, and we were anxious to reach Boonesboro before night.

Mr. Updegraff, of the Hagerstown B. Club, kindly piloted us a few miles. About two miles from Boonesboro it suddenly began to get strangely dark. We could not distinguish objects that five minutes previous were plainly visible. A cool, rustling wind came out of the east. We anxiously looked towards the western sky, and to our terror there was no sun there. Nothing but a solid mass of cold gray, whilst here and there above the horizon, like unto the outstretched fingers of a ghostly wanderer, thin strips of clouds, half shown through the gathering gloom. Darker and darker it grew. The farmhouses, one by one, were wrapped from our sight in this misty mantle.

Darker and darker we cannot see ten feet ahead. Fight the phantom as we may, we cannot choke the awe that rises within us. Once more to the westward we turn our imploring eyes mutely appealing to the sun for succor. But all there is black. Black as the blackness of envious hate or the heart of a Judas. The ghostly fingers are gone. In the forest the east wind moans as a tiger seeking her lost young.

Through the impenetrable gloom I heard, "I knew it. Here it's night, and we are a good mile from Boonesboro, all from your confounded laziness." The strange darkness was explained. It was night. How remiss in me not to think of it.

"Come on, will you," and then there was a whiz, and Tom began fast disappearing through the sable duster of night, uttering a sigh I reluctantly "let out" after him.

Referring to our other diary, we extract: 3.10 P. M. Damn No. 5. Lovely sight. Walls of a burnt house opposite. Attacked by two black dogs. Road from last lock frightful. Like to tell in 4.40.—Williamsport, waiting for something to eat. Strong headwind. W. is a very pretty place, situated on high ground. Just met Cooney, the barber. he's a brick.

6 P. M.—Back to Hagerstown. The barber treated us well. Distance 6 miles. Cy, measured 4¼. "What a peculiar 'cluck' the canal boys use in exciting the mule to increased action. Never heard it anywhere else. 8.20, Boonesboro. Since our arrival the major part of the population has gathered around the Commercial House. Pike from Hagerstown perfect somewhat hilly. Slashing coasts.

Have had a great day, more fun if possible than any day so far. Tom says it's all owing to a lucky cent he is carrying. We just got cigars. Man asked if we wanted two for five. We grew slightly extravagant and took two for ten cents. Must mention the clerk at Hancock; most polite man I ever met. Tom's distance was 61 and mine 59 miles from Cumberland. Said the clerk: "Gentlemen, you are both right. We call it 60 miles, but the mile post is a little way down the canal." Met two tourists at Hancock, had tramped from Berkeley and were going to Cumberland over the mountains, as we did. I pity them. One was a very thin, delicate looking chap. Now to sleep. Have given orders to be awakened at 4 A. M.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

5 A. M.—Sitting on the porch waiting for breakfast. There's the summons, 5.35. Resting on the road to Frederick. Both nearly played out. No Harper's Ferry for this chicken. The mist is slowly dragging through the trees on the mountains. Have two ranges to cross ere we reach Frederick. Oh! dear, I never want to see another mountain.

8.45 A. M.—Frederick; some awful roads. Two small mountains. At least the natives call them mts. But we are way up on mts. They cannot pass their hills off on us. Not since we have been from Hancock to Cumberland over mountains that are mountains.

5.30 P. M.—Still in Frederick, and the rain is steadily falling. We slept all the morning. It is awfully stupid. Wrote home and to some of the boys. The evening paper noticed our arrival, and further said: "They took the evening train home as they found bicycling riding wearisome." It certainly is after 5 days of it. 9.15. Still raining hard. Expect our trip has been brought to an end. Am making my last entry. We certainly have had a very pleasant summer jaunt. Not one circumstance to mar our pleasure. And have had a trip to remember for its pleasures. From the time we left Hagerstown it has been a period of which we have spent every moment in enjoyment, save those spent in devouring 10 x 5 x 2 bread, fat bacon, and huckleberry jam. We were kindly and hospitably received everywhere we stopped, and though we did not quite drink dry the water supply, we at last considerably diminished it, and I expect Providence is endeavoring to replenish it by the present ever increasing rain.

I do not believe the country we passed through can be surpassed for gentle beauty and awe awakening grandeur. From the towering, solemn mountains, to the green, placid banks of the Potomac and slow, flowing canal, it is shifting scenes of panoramic beauty.

So far, it is the longest and most important trip of our bicycling career and adds another chapter to our log and to the many pleasant recollections that we will recall when we grow old and wrinkled, and draw our easy chair before the crackling fire, and lighting our pipes, think of the time when our cheeks were full of flesh and color, and our eyes never blinked at the wickedest looking dangerland, and our nerves never trembled journeying down the steepest and ugliest coasts, and our hearts never failed to stick out on the meanest hill—"til the last horn blowed."

Yes! they will be pleasant recollections.

I remember! I remember what a fascination those words have for us, what phantoms of the past come trooping to us at their bugle like sound. I remember, I remember, cries the old man, watch how the dull eyes brighten and the wan cheeks flush. I remember—yes, I remember that all that's foreign to a recital of our trip. Heigho! I think I'll turn in.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26.

In the midst of a drizzle we left Frederick for Baltimore, which was reached at 6 P. M., and our trip was over.

The distance we rode was about 240 miles. Our faith in cyclometers is considerably shaken. When we left Hagerstown their registering was 19 miles apart, my big hand being at 71, and Tom's 55. When we reached Frederick, Tom's had gained the 16 miles and two miles additional. They seem to work pretty fair on smooth roads, but on rough ones and coasting they get away out of gear.

Our trip has taught us three things relative to touring:

1. Don't make your daily distances too long.

2. Rest about every fourth day.

3. Don't make an early start on an insufficient breakfast; sleep your full time and eat a good meal.

We took a bottle of ginger ale with us, and found by dropping a few drops in every third or fourth glass of water that we could drink as much and as often as we wished, and not experience any inconvenience. Well! the great trip is over, and I wonder if we'll take another, and it we do, I further wonder if that compositor will dish it up as he did the first part of this, and again display his utter ignorance of caligraphy.

SECRETARY.

THE END.





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# 2.39

When Dolph made his remarkable performance at New London the other day, we were inclined to think that the limit for this year had almost been reached, and we were prepared to throw up our hats at the fact that an American led the world in the matter of speed upon a bicycle. Wonderful as his performance was, it sinks almost out of sight at the time returned for the mile race at Hartford, when the figures were again lowered one second and a half.

While it is a matter of some regret that the crown has been snatched away from America and given to England, yet we cannot refrain from joining in the congratulations that must pour upon Sellers, the English amateur, who so pluckily reduced the time standard to the above figure.

For a long time English tracks and English records have been looked upon as unattainable, but the recent performances have shown that our own trotting tracks, with proper care and attention, can be made as fast if not faster, and that our own riders possess the stamina and speed as those from the mother country. International contests are now assuming an interesting phase, and, we trust, the day is not far distant when a team of American riders will return the compliment, and visit the old country to try conclusions with the riders of the other world.

The recent records are satisfactory in all details. The track was of the proper length and the timing was accurate, and free from the objections that have characterized past performances. Great credit is due to the Connecticut Club for their efforts in making the conditions necessary for fast time famable, and their example is a worthy one for other clubs to follow.

The coming tournaments at Albany, Springfield, and New Haven will now be watched eagerly, and as the same set of men are entered for the races that occur, it is not at all

doubtful but that the figures at the head of this column will again be lowered.

Of course, the fact that Sellers rode a Rudge racer is worthy of comment, and a convincing proof of the merits of that now famous machine.

#### TORONTO RACES. CANADIAN RECORDS BROKEN.

TORONTO, Sept. 6.—At the Toronto Club races here to-day the Canadian records for one and five miles were considerably lowered. The weather was all that could be desired, and a slight shower only placed the cinder track in a better condition for fast riding. Wheelmen were present from all the principal clubs in Canada.

The following is a list of the races and the prize winners:

1. One Mile Green Race; 11 starters.—Won by W. M. Hurst, Toronto Wanderers; second, F. Capon, same club. Time, 3.34½.

2. One Mile, open to all amateurs; 6 starters.—Won by H. Clarke, Woodstock B. C.; second, H. P. Davies, Toronto Wanderers. Time, 3.02¾.

Davies protested this race on account of Clarke not allowing sufficient space for him to pass, and also he charged Clarke with "jockeying" him. The judges sustained Davies, and ordered the men to run over again, which they did, Clarke winning easily in 2.59¾, which lowered the record by some 6 seconds.

3. Club Handicap, three miles; 7 starters.—Won by P. E. Doolittle, scratch; second, H. Ryrie, 400 yards. Time, 10.10.

4. One Mile, Championship of Toronto; 3 starters.—Won by H. P. Davies, Toronto Wanderers; second, F. Foster, Wanderers. Time, 3.15.

6. Two Miles Club Championship; 2 starters.—First, P. E. Doolittle; second, F. J. Campbell. Time, 7.20.

7. One Mile Time Race. Time set at 3.59; 15 starters.—First, W. Stewart, Toronto; second, P. E. Doolittle, Toronto. Time, 3.57.

The object of this race was for the rider who crossed the scratch nearest to 3.59, it being done in 3.57 by the winner.

8. Half Mile Combination Race; 10 starters.—Won by H. P. Blackford, Toronto; second, H. Ryrie. No time.

This race was a mixture of running, carrying, and wheeling a bicycle, and proved very interesting.

9. Five Miles Handicap; 8 starters.—Won by H. Clark, Woodstock B. C., scratch; second, H. P. Davies, Toronto Wanderers, scratch. Time, 16.6¾.

This time lowers the former record considerably.

10. The Fancy Riding contest only brought out W. M. Hunt, of the Toronto Wanderers, against whom nobody seemed to care to enter. He gave a marvelous exhibition of fancy tricks, and introduced some new and original ones. He accomplished some hundred difficult tricks with great rapidity, and without a single error.

After the races Mr. R. Nelson, professional, from Boston, Mass., attempted to beat the one mile record made to-day, but failed, making the mile in 3.12. GEORGIUS.

#### TWO ALL-DAY STRAIGHTAWAY RUNS.

Editor of the Wheel: Your paper of April 25 printed the description of routes between New York and Philadelphia, which the League Consul for the latter city, Mr. H. S. Wood, a member of the Germantown B. C., had been good enough to prepare at my request. (He says there were several misprints in it, I may add.) Similar information, in tabulated form, is supplied by him for the *Bi. World* of August 8; and he has just responded to my request for memoranda concerning two recent day's rides of his between the two cities. It will be observed from these notes, which I hereby forward for publication, that the route of the two rides differed as regards the fifteen miles nearest Philadelphia. The first route, by way of Frankford, does not leave Pennsylvania until the river is reached at Trenton; whereas the second route lies entirely in New Jersey, except the ten-mile stretch between Bristol and Trenton. I myself went over this second route, on the 18th of May, from Moore's Hotel in Somerville to the Bingham House in Philadelphia—a distance of 61 miles; and the section between Burlington and Camden I considered the poorest of all. On the pre-

vious day, in getting from New York to Somerville, 39 miles, I went through Elizabeth, by Mr. W.'s recommendation; but, as both his recent rides took him through Springfield, I infer that experience has proved to him that the latter route is preferable.

My own preference, in wheeling from (the lower part of) New York to Newark, is to start from Hoboken ferry, ride on the sidewalk flags over Bergen Hill to the bridge over the Hackensack, thence about four miles across the marshes on a macadamized road, and thence for another mile of sidewalk (Bridge street) flags to Broad street. Oraton Hall, the "Z. & S." headquarters of the local wheelmen, is just above the corner of these two streets. The ferry at Fort Lee is the proper one for a bicycle tourist to take when he desires to go "through" New York, for it brings him into the city at 125th street, a few rods from the macadamized Boulevard; and, in the other direction, it takes him to a point on the New Jersey bank of the Hudson whence he can ride to Newark by a variety of routes (for which see my report in *Wheelman* of June, 1883, p. 219).

As I like to see prominence given to "straightaway" riding, I will remind you, in conclusion, that this same Mr. Wood rode from Staunton, Va., to Columbia, Penn., a distance of 215 miles, during the three days ending with the 25th of May—his daily records being 63, 73, and 79 miles. This last day's ride was from Hagerstown to Columbia; and the road was so poor that, when I made the trip a week later, I devoted two days to doing the same distance. I think the above 215 miles run is the best straightaway record for three days yet made in America; though I, myself covered 250 miles in the first four days of my tour through Canada.

KARL KRON.

Wash'n Square, N. Y., 9 Aug.

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#### A CORRECTION.

Editor of The Wheel:

I am pleased to acknowledge so pleasant and kindly a correction as that from Brattleboro', Vt., in THE WHEEL of August 29th. It rained very hard upon my arrival, and I am glad to learn that, had the evening been pleasant, I would have met a number of wheelmen. During the stay, however, until my departure at ten the next morning, the residents with whom I came in contact did all they could to make the stranger welcome, for which he received a most pleasant impression of the people and their town. I certainly appreciate and remember their kindly treatment with gratitude, and shall hope to go there again with more time to enjoy the riding and scenery, which is of the best.

Very truly yours,

FRED. A. COLEMAN.

August 30, 1884.

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No.	EVENT.	CLASS.	CONDITIONS.	1ST PRIZE.	2D PRIZE.	3D PRIZE.
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2.—3	"	"	"	75	40	25
3.—3	"	"	Boston Men Only.	75	40	25
4.—2	"	"	Open,	60	30	16
5.—1	"	Tricycle,	"	50	25	15
6.—5	"	Bicycle,	"	150	75	30
7.—1	"	"	3.25 Class.	50	25	15
8.—1	"	"	Record.	60	30	15
9.—1	"	Professional Bicycle,	Open.	50	25	15
SECOND DAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1884.						
1.—2	mile,	Amateur Bicycle,	Open,	\$60	\$30	\$13
2.—2	"	"	6.50 Class,	60	30	15

No.	EVENT.	CLASS.	CONDITIONS.	1ST PRIZE.	2D PRIZE.	3D PRIZE.
3.—1	mile,	Amateur Bicycle,	Open,	50	25	15
4.—3	"	Professional Bicycle,	Record,	75	35	20
5.—20	"	Amateur	Columbia Prize Cup, value \$1,500.			
THIRD DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.						
1.—1	mile,	Professional Bicycle,	Boston Men Only.	\$30	\$15	\$10
2.—3	"	Amateur Bicycle,	Record;	100	65	30
3.—1	"	" Tandem,	Open,	50	25	15
4.—2	"	" Tricycle,	"	65	30	20
5.—1/2	"	" Bicycle,	"	50	25	15
6.—1	"	"	Hands off,	40	20	10
7.—5	"	"	Record	300	150	50
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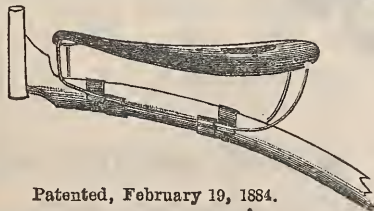
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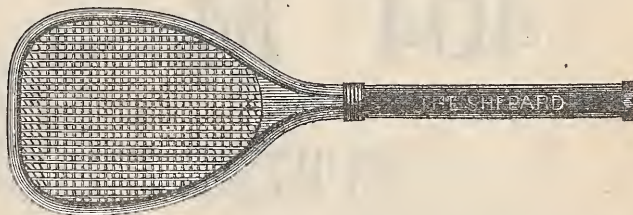
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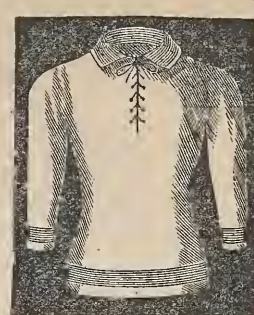
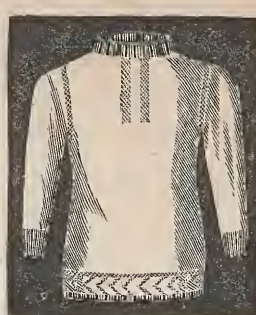
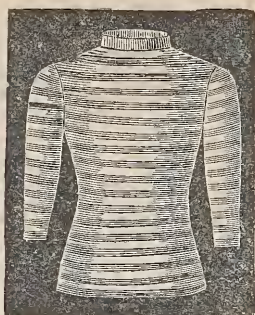
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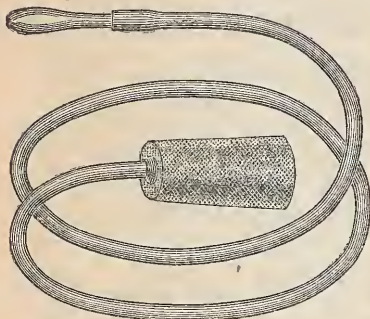
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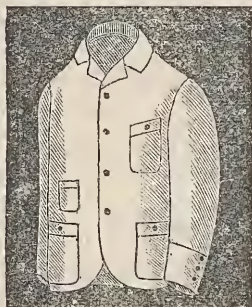


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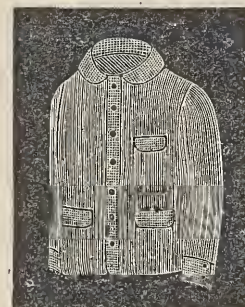
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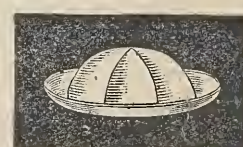
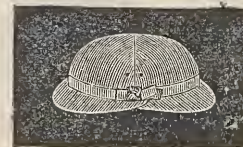
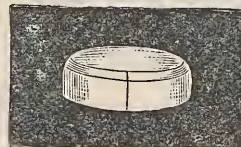
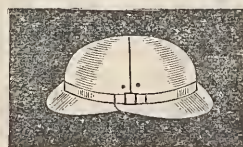
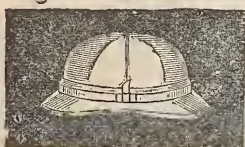
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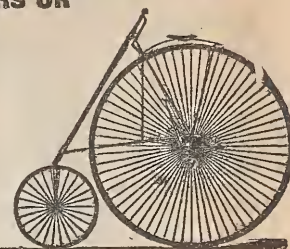
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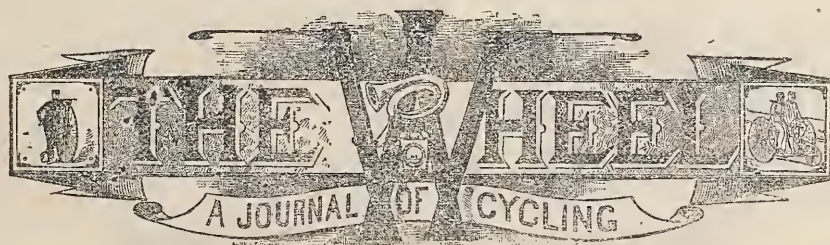
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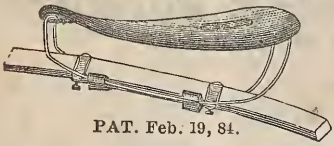
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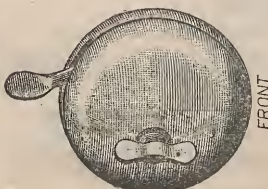
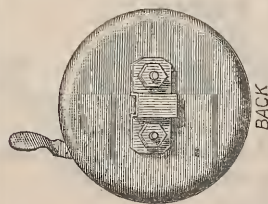
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