

The Cycle.

VOL. I., No. 24.

BOSTON, MASS., 10 SEPTEMBER, 1886.

FIVE CENTS.

THE MARLBORO' TANDEM.

The Latest! The Fastest! The Best!

"OUTING," for May, says—"The 'Marlboro' Tandem is in every way the greatest advance for 1886."



Runs on Three Wheels only. Patent Automatic Steering.

The Coventry Machinists Co., Ltd.

239 COLUMBUS AVENUE - - - - BOSTON.

WE WILL ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE

THE AMERICAN SAFETY

— TO BE THE —

EASIEST RUNNING BICYCLE IN THE WORLD.

AND WE KNOW WHEREOF WE SPEAK.

IT IS ORIGINAL TOO, AND NOT A COPY OF A FOREIGN MAKE.

We append herewith the unsolicited testimony of three of the largest dealers in the country, who sell all the well-known makes and who have purchased, paid for and are now riding this machine, because they know it is the best, and therefore take the moun, for their personal use.

DAYTON, OHIO, Aug. 13, 1886.

Messrs. GORMULLY & JEFFERY:

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by freight, as soon as possible, one 42-inch American Safety, with ball-bearings to both wheels and to cranks, and with cow-horn handle-bars. I wish this for my own use. I have for the last five years been riding an Expert, but the American Safety you sent me has spoiled me, and I think the one you send me will be my future mount.

Very respectfully,

A. W. GUMP.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 6, 1886.

Messrs. GORMULLY & JEFFERY:

Please ship, etc., also, a 46-inch American Safety, with balls all over, for the writer's own use. We believe you have by far the best dwarf machine in the market. It runs easier than any light roadster I ever mounted, and I shall ride one the balance of the season.

Yours truly,

C. F. SMITH, *Mgr. Ind. Bi. Co.*

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 3, 1886.

Messrs. GORMULLY & JEFFERY:

The 42-inch Safety has arrived, and the purchaser is more than pleased with his mount. I tried the American Safety myself, and I must say that it is the finest action for a Safety, and the easiest running bicycle I ever rode, and that is saying much, as I have ridden almost every make. I congratulate you on your achievement of turning out the best Safety for the lowest price.

Yours,

J. C. THOMPSON, *Pres. & Treas. Am. Bi. Co.*

The last Edition of our Catalog (printed in July), and containing Detailed Descriptions of this and other Excellent Cycles, Mailed FREE.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY

CHICAGO, ILL.

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.

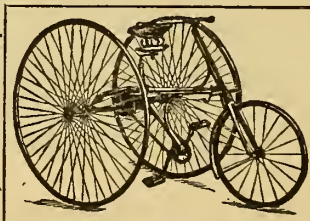
20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

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



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THE CYCLE

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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

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THE Racing Board is roundly denounced by our local contemporary. It has been doing this thing for a long time past. The influence of the journal is shown by the votes of confidence obtained by the Board. Unanimous in general meeting, eight to one in mail vote.

THE creation of the promateur as a recognized type and the general upsetting of racing matters is really all the Racing Board has accomplished. It has not done any good to the sport. We defy any one to show that the Board has benefited cycling.—*World*.

IT has substituted honesty on the path for subterfuge. The Board of Officers has said that this is a good thing for cycling, by a vote of about eight to one. We are very sorry to see our contemporary on such unstable ground as it is now treading. It is putting forth ideas originally held by the A. C. U. members, but they have found them fallacious and given them up.

A CONTEMPORARY says: "It takes a club to kill a crank." We have generally found that cranks flourish in wheel clubs. There is no club, no matter how seclusive, but one old crank is there; there is no scheme so crazy or delusive whose introduction cranky will not dare.

A TANDEM EPISODE.

BY DAISIE.

"COME, Guy, wake up! Don't let your thoughts run away with you altogether. You don't seem to be aware that you've got a companion to-day, and that it's your duty to be sociable. You've been completely oblivious to everything around you for the last half hour." So spoke Mr. John Jones, who occupied the rear seat of a tandem behind Mr. Guy Atherton, who was in charge of brake and tiller in front. They were bowling along a level stretch of road in Eastern Massachusetts, and while the rear rider was alive to everything going on about him, his friend seemed deeply absorbed in his own thoughts, which, if outward evidences were to be relied upon, were not of the most pleasant kind.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear boy," answered Guy. "I am not indifferent to your presence, but I've got a knotty social problem to solve, and it's troubling me. I am going to take you into my confidence, for I shall probably need your assistance to mature a little plan I have in mind. Wait till we get over this hill. By George, that was a teaser, but she went up. There's nothing like a tandem for hills."

"Yes, that was a tough one, but we're going to have a good coast to make up for the climb. There are downs as well as ups in a cyclist's life. But let me into your scheme. Count on me to help you out in anything outside of matrimony. If there's a woman in your plan, I am committed against it. I am too much of a bachelor to have anything to do with the petticoat brigade."

"It savors a little of that, I must confess," returned Atherton, laughingly; "but you need have no fears for yourself. You recollect Miriam Ryder, my cousin, and also my father's ward? She is spending her vacation at our house, and it was she that suggested to me the plan I am about to divulge to you. She came dashing into the room where I sat, last evening, with an open letter in her hand—the very personification of indignation—exclaiming,—

"How unfortunate, Cousin Guy, it is to be rich and handsome! I fully intend, when I get emancipated from school, and seriously think of marrying, of changing my name, donning some simple garb, and going into the country to earn my living by my own exertions."

"Well, cousin mine," said I, smiling at her enthusiasm, "what do you propose to effect by your rustic simplicity?"

"Why, win a husband by my own merits—not by my pretty face, name, or fortune. One of my schoolmates writes me of a friend of hers who has been a wife but a year, whose liege lord told her unblushingly that it was her beautiful face and fortune that he wedded—not herself. Now, Guy," continued Miriam, seriously, "have a care

that you do not win a wife through either of these mediums, or through the romance of your name, particularly."

"So you are going to try some such ruse, Guy, my boy?" said Jones, laughingly; "and pray tell me in what way I can be of assistance to you. But wait till we've interviewed that pump over there. I'm dying with thirst. I can see an empty tomato can on top of the pump. The villagers have probably had too many dippers stolen, or else they carry impecuniosity to the extent of making every one furnish his own dipper. Some good Samaritan has made up for the delinquencies of the town and given us a tomato can. Here's to the health of the hero of the tomato can. May he never know thirst except when I am around to invite him to drink."

Having refreshed themselves at the village pump, our travellers resumed their journey, after satisfying the curiosity of a passer-by, who wanted to know how much the tandem cost, whether it would go as fast as a bicycle, whether it was not hard work, etc. etc. It was not long before the conversation began from the point where it was broken off.

"You were asking me to tell you how you could assist me," resumed Guy. "I will do so. You know how often you have laughed at your plain, unromantic name—Mr. John Jones? Well, I have a fancy to borrow it for a while, and lend you my fortune, with the name Mr. Guy Atherton, as a passport into some fair lady's favor; and as you profess yourself impregnable to their battery of charms, you will be in no danger, while I wish simply to be Mr. John Jones, with no pretensions above a fair share of agreeableness, and a tolerably good-looking phiz."

"A new kind of sport that will be, Guy. Beats cycling all hollow. But where do you propose to go with your new name?"

"I'm going on a long run into the country, and I'm going to take you with me. You shall occupy the back seat of the tandem, and we'll explore new fields. You can afford it, for you know you've got a fortune now. We'll start out in search of adventure. Perhaps we will do some gunning and some shooting, and perhaps—"

"Yes," said Jones, interrupting him, "perhaps you will find some bright, particular star, and think to wed it. But do not count on my doing the same thing, for you know I decided long ago to lead a life of single blessedness."

"Do not be too sure, my dear fellow; you may even get ahead of me, for perhaps you will get a little of my nature along with your new title. But do you like the plan?"

"Very much; it will be a pleasant change from city life and drudgery. But when do you propose to go?"

"Next week," said Atherton; "for I am heartily tired of pleas, writs, courts, and, in fact, everything that pertains to a lawyer's life. We'll take along a couple of valises, and run across the country by easy stages.

We ought to cover fifty miles a day at least."

Nestled lovingly beneath the sheltering arms of many a noble elm and chestnut tree, was the quiet village of Woodville, with its picturesque scenery of vine-wreathed cottages and bright-flowered gardens ever tempting the passer-by to stop and admire. Standing coquettishly by itself, on the banks of the beautiful stream which wound quietly through the village, was the residence of Mr. Whiting, the wealthiest citizen in the place. Becoming weary of mercantile life, he had left the city, and had chosen Woodville as his permanent home; but being naturally of an active disposition, could not content himself without some excitement. He accordingly purchased a small manufacturing establishment about two miles from the village, riding out every day to attend to his business.

He had just returned from the factory, and was seated in his great arm-chair on the piazza, enjoying the luxurious coolness of the evening, when his youngest daughter Belle, a wild, joyous, madcap creature, came dashing up the gravel walk, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, —

"Oh, papa! won't it be jolly? We are to have our picnic the day after to-morrow! I have just been to see Jennie Cary, and she tells me that there are two arrivals in our quiet little place. Only think, papa!" said Belle, without stopping to take breath, "two gentlemen from the city, — a Mr. Jones and a Mr. Atherton! And they rode here on a tricycle. Both on one machine. And they wear knickerbocker trousers. And Jennie says they're just too lovely for anything. And she says she's going to ride the tricycle. And one man told her it was a 'daisy,' and the other called it the name of a sewing machine, a Weed, or a Grover and Baker, or a Singer, or something like that, and — and I'm so glad."

"Well, my little wildfire, why does it please you so much? Are you going to take them by storm? Or do you want me to buy you a tricycle just like theirs?"

"Why of course we're going to take them by storm! Can't you see what an attraction they will be at the picnic? All the girls are set by the ears, and they are putting extra ribbons on their bonnets and new lace on their dresses in honor of the two strangers. I have already sent them invitations by Jennie, who has been introduced to them by her uncle who keeps the hotel. And only think, they say they will get the hotel appointed a league hotel, and then all the wheelman will come this way to stop there. Won't it be jolly? But you must let me go now, papa, for I want to carry the good news to Ellen and mamma."

"Why, Bell! what a looking creature you are!" said both ladies in the same breath. "Your curls are flying in all directions, and your face is as red as red can be!"

"Oh, Ellen dear! pray spare your lecture for another time. I'm not in a receptive mood. I want to give out. I've got something delightful to tell you." And she told them the story that she had but just given to her father, reproducing it as nearly as it is possible for an enthusiastic girl to duplicate a narrative when she is full of excitement over it.

"Only just think, Nell! Guy Atherton — what a delightfully romantic name! It's enough to provoke a mash with any girl. I'm head-over-heels in love with him already. Aren't you caught a little, too, Nell?"

"Hush, Belle! How can you behave so? And do give up that dreadful slang. I don't see where you can learn it. I have very little interest in these young men, and I can't see that it adds to their charms that they ride on a velocipede. I have generally found that riders of bicycles are not sufficiently careful of their apparel to appear in the presence of ladies. What is the other gentleman's name?"

"That's just like you, Nell; you can't see that a gentleman can be a gentleman unless he wears a dress suit. As for me, I never look at the togs. I'm generally too much taken up with the wearer. What's the other fellow's name? Listen to it, and don't let it throw you over! It's Jones. Jones in all its glaring simplicity and plainness. And a splendid looking fellow he is too, Jennie says."

"I dare say you'll think him splendid, Belle, just because he carries about such a dreadfully plain name. It's just like you to do that. But I shall detest him. I never could endure so hideous a cognomen. Mrs. Jones, indeed! No, I thank you!"

"One of them is quite wealthy, Jennie says, and I suppose you will make attacks upon his heart at once," said Belle, teasingly.

"I presume it is Mr. Atherton," said Ellen. "But whom have you invited to your picnic?"

"Oh! all the girls, which will be two for every gallant. Girls are a drug in this place and young men are at a premium. If a girl can get half a fellow she's lucky. Especially if it's the better half."

"You have not invited Clara Morgan, surely?" cried Ellen.

"Surely I have. I would n't slight her for the world, — she is my best friend."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?" returned Ellen, poutingly; and, running to Mrs. Whiting, she exclaimed, indignantly: "Mamma, Belle should not be permitted to behave as she does. She has invited these gentlemen to meet Clara Morgan, a factory girl. I shall die of mortification."

"Not yet, Nell, my love; don't die this evening; wait till some other evening, for Jennie is coming to call with the gentlemen this P. M. So put on your best dress-up smile for the occasion, and perhaps you'll make a good impression on the knights of the knickerbockers."

Evening came and with it came the tandem tourists. The invitation to attend the picnic was accepted with many expressions of gratitude. The wheelmen said they would ride their machines, and would not object to giving a few lessons in riding to the ladies of the party while they were on the way to the grove. Belle was in her brightest of spirits, and kept the company in good humor with her quick repartees and lively sallies. Wheeling and wheelmen was the principal topic of conversation, and Belle expressed an earnest desire to learn to ride at once.

"By what name is your vehicle denominated?" asked Ellen, with that preciseness to which she was inclined.

"It's a Springfield tandem made by Singer," answered Mr. Atherton, formerly Mr. Jones; for we must now follow their example and make a change in names.

"Well, if it's made by a Singer, I suppose it's a base concern," cried Belle, anxious to get in her little joke.

"I perceive the tenor of your remarks," said Guy, taking her up, "but it's a double, not a treble."

"Oh, I see!" said Belle, "a sort of duet."

"Yes, we can do it every time," answered Guy.

"I never knew that this was the part of the country where chestnuts grew, but I feel as though I was among the nut trees," put in Jones. And this stopped them.

That night when the girls were preparing for bed they were a little confidential, as all girls are at this trying time.

"I like Mr. Jones the best. But such a name, — I would never marry him!" said Nell.

"Do not trouble yourself to win him," said Belle, laughing, "for he is poor, Jennie tells me, — as poor as the traditional church mouse. Atherton is my fancy of the two, but I hate rich folks. Besides, he is a professed and practising bachelor."

The sun beamed with unwonted brightness the morning for their picnic. Belle was up early, dancing around as gay and happy as the birds.

Not so Nell; she was sullen and dispirited, because Clara Morgan was to be of the party, for although Clara was poor, she was fair and beautiful, winning all hearts by her gentle, artless manners, and Nell feared her as a rival.

"You will go, Clara, my pet, won't you?" said Mrs. Morgan, tenderly.

"I do not care about it, dear mamma, for Ellen Whiting will spoil all my pleasure, as usual; but as Belle insists upon my going, I will."

"What a contrast there is between those two girls!" said Mrs. Morgan. "I think Belle will try and make it pleasant for you."

"Most certainly, mamma; but you seem so feeble, my mind will wander back often to you."

"Oh, dear sister!" said Louise, a bright-eyed, laughing creature, of about ten years of age, "you must certainly go, and I will stay and nurse mamma. I can take care of her, so don't you be afraid."

"I know you will, my pet," said Clara, kissing her; "and perhaps I had better go, though I scarcely know how to leave my work for a day."

"My poor child," said Mrs. Morgan, wiping away a tear, "what a weary life is yours!"

"Oh, never mind, mamma," returned Clara, cheerfully; "I am getting along nicely, and shall be able to keep Johnny in school another quarter. But I must hurry, or I shall be late."

The place selected for the picnic was about a mile from the village, on the banks of a beautiful stream; and so all of the party walked, save only those who rode on the tandem. There were two ladies to each gentleman, and *en route* every one of the girls had to ride the machine on the front seat, while Jones or Atherton rode behind

and gave instructions. There was much riding up and down the road on the machine, and it is a fair estimate that the tandem covered five miles in going the mile to the grove.

The day passed pleasantly and quietly away at first, nothing occurring to damp the happiness of the gay party except the ill-concealed chagrin and sarcastic expressions of Ellen, because Clara was not slighted by the gentlemen, as she had hoped. Its peace was disturbed somewhat, however, at about 4 o'clock, when a scream of pain was heard, and Belle came bounding in terror to where the company was seated, exclaiming:—

"Oh, dear! She's killed! I know she's killed! Come quick some of you and get her out! She's under the machine and she can't get up! Come quick!"

They all rushed at once to the spot indicated, Jones reaching it first. There the condition of things told the story. Belle and Clara had slipped aside with an idea to have a ride on the tandem all by themselves. They had ridden a short time, had lost control of the machine, and had run down an embankment. Belle had escaped unhurt, but Clara lay under the machine in a faint. It took but a moment for Jones to remove the tandem, and, taking Clara in his arms, he bore her to the river's bank, laying her temples until she revived sufficiently to realize her situation. Blushing deeply, she thanked her friends for their kindness, and attempted to rise, but could not stand, for her ankle was sprained. She begged to be taken home at once, but as she could not walk, she must be carried. This was a matter easily arranged. The tandem was uninjured, and Clara was placed on the front seat with her foot on the rests, and Jones, taking the rear seat, proceeded to pedal her home. The distance was not great, and very soon Clara was at home under the careful nursing of her mother, and Jones had returned to the party for another passenger. But the incident had destroyed all interest in the picnic, and when he got back they were ready to go home. Jones invited Belle to take the vacant seat on the tandem. This did not altogether please Atherton, who felt that he should be the one to ride with the lively girl in whom he had taken a decided interest, but Jones wanted to talk about Clara. His interest in the young lady had become very keen, and like all people who find themselves in this condition of mind, he wanted to talk it over. Belle was not the one to refuse to talk with him, and this he knew well enough when he asked her to ride.

"I feel so condemned for asking dear Clara to ride with me," said Belle, starting the conversation just in the way Jones wanted her to. "Her suffering will not be light; she will be so troubled, too, that she cannot attend to her work."

"Why does she work in the factory?—is there nothing else she can do? She seems far too fragile and delicate for great labor."

"Because necessity compels it. She has taught our village school for several previous summers, but through the machinations of an enemy, she was this year deprived of it. She has a very good education, and it was a great grief to her to give up her school."

"Could she get no other school?"

"O yes," returned Belle; "but she could not think of leaving her invalid mother for a single night."

"She has no father, then?" said Jones, much interested.

"No; he died about three years since, and Clara by her own exertions has supplied the wants of the family, since she has a younger brother and sister whom she insists upon keeping in school. Their little cottage is their own, but still it is very hard for them to get along."

"She is certainly a noble girl, and should be honored both for her independence and tender interest in her family. I shall certainly call in the morning and extend my sympathy. Will you accompany me, Belle?"

"I will with pleasure," replied Belle, pleased with Mr. Jones' approbation of Clara.

They had now reached the home of Belle, and she alighted from the machine with many expressions of thanks for the ride.

"Why, my little gazelle," exclaimed Mr. Whiting, who was in his accustomed seat on the piazza, "what has happened? Have you lost your heart to-day, and found none in compensation?"

"No, no, dear papa; my heart is unchanged as yet; but I was thinking of our dear Clara. She fell from the tandem and sprained her ankle."

"I am sorry for her," said Mr. Whiting, feelingly, "for she is a lovely girl."

"I am not sorry," said Ellen, who had just parted with Atherton at the gate, "only that it gives her that attention from the gentlemen which she so coveted. She is an artful, intriguing girl, and I firmly believe she did it on purpose."

"Hush, hush, my child!" said Mr. Whiting. "Such a remark is unworthy any one."

"You should be ashamed of such a thought, even," said Belle, indignantly. "She would despise intrigue in any form. I think her the loveliest girl our village boasts."

"Except one," thought Atherton, gazing admiringly upon Belle. He had returned with Ellen's parasol unperceived by the girls, but just in time to hear what they were saying of Clara. Nell had made a deep impression upon him, and he had resolved to see her often, while in Woodville; but her malicious, ungenerous remarks about Clara had unmasked her, and broken the charm with which she was fast binding him, placing Belle in her stead.

"Are you not very lonely, Clara?" said our friend Jones, as he was sitting for the sixth evening in the neat little parlor of Rose Cottage (a name given to Clara's home by Belle). "You must nurse your lame foot tenderly, that you may be able to attend a sailing party which we have in view for next week. I shall have to leave your pleasant little village soon, much to my regret."

"I *should* be very lonely, but Belle has been often with me through the days, and you have been very kind to deprive yourself of the pleasant companionship of your friends to relieve the tedium of my evenings!"

"It has been no deprivation. I crave no sweeter companionship than that which I have enjoyed here by your side. And may I—dare I—hope," continued he, earnestly,

"for your sweet society" through life to share alike my joys and sorrows? Will you not be my partner on the tandem through life?"

"Oh! my friend," said Clara, smiling through her tears, "your words have made me infinitely happy; but I could not leave the precious charges here given unto my care by a dying father. I love you more than I can tell you, but I cannot leave my feeble mother."

"Nor need you, dearest; we can labor together for them, surely, if we love each other."

"But if I say yes, must I go through life with you on a tandem? Would it not be better to go hand in hand? I don't want you to follow me, nor do I want to go behind. Can't we travel side by side?"

"If you'll say 'Yes,' I'll get a sociable and we'll go side by side, I don't want to give up the tandem, but I must have my companion."

"Your'e a silly boy. You need n't give up the tandem. We'll journey in company if you insist upon it."

The irrepressible Belle burst into the room at this moment, and with a woman's instinct she saw what was going on.

"I hope I don't intrude. If I do I'll go away. But I've got some news for you. Now, don't you say a single word, Mr. Atherton, for I want to be the first to tell it. What do you think, Clara? this man has persuaded me to accept him. I told him that I liked him well enough, but I detested his money. I want to live in a cottage and plenty of it. He says he's going to will his money to unfortunate wheelmen who take headers; says he'll found a special hospital for them. Won't that be jolly? Shall I take him, Clara? I've told him I would; but if you object, I'll take it all back."

"Why, you madcap darling," said Clara, "of course you must have him. I want you to be real happy, and I want your congratulations, for I have agreed to ride a tandem through life with Mr. Jones."

"You have! Why, isn't that too awfully nice for anything? I'll make Atherton give you all his money to set you up in life with. Mr. Atherton, you may give your check-book to Mr. Jones."

A quiet smile came over the faces of both gentlemen, and then Belle demanded an explanation. The secret came out; and it is unnecessary to say that all parties were satisfied to have things in their normal state.

And so there were two weddings in Woodville,—two weddings and a combination tour. It was altogether a novel ceremony, for the two bridal parties drew up to the church door on tandems, and they left the holy edifice and started off upon their machines followed by the cheers of friends and the customary old shoes.

WHY is a colored professional cyclist like the rubber you use for erasing ink marks? Because he is an "inky racer" (ink eraser).

WHY does a hub lamp remind one of the trial of a murderer? Because when on being "examined" it is found "wicked" enough, it is "shut up," and afterwards "hung."

WHEN is bi. riding like a conundrum? When it is given up.

Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., September 14, 15, 16, ^{AND} 17, 1886.

FIFTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Who Takes 'Em ? Who Takes 'Em

OFFICIAL LIST OF RACES AND PRIZES.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.	FIRST PRIZES.	SECOND PRIZES.	THIRD PRIZES.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 1st heat.	Vase Lamp, hammered copper and A. C. U. Gold Medal. [oxidized]. \$100 Cash.	Scarf Pin, diamond setting. A. C. U. Gold Medal. \$60 Cash.	Fancy Inkstand, gold and oxidized. A. C. U. Gold Medal. \$40 Cash.
1-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Novice.			
10-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	A. C. U. Championship.	Gold Watch, open face. Gold Watch, open face. \$62.50 Cash.	Vase Lamp, gold and Silver. Ewer, antique brass, embossed. \$37.50 Cash.	[qué, gold lined. Smoking Set, hammered and appli-Opera Glass, pearl mounted. \$25 Cash.
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 2d heat.	Two Gold Medals.	Two Silver Medals.	
5-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	16.30 Class.			
1-mile	Promateur	Tricycle	Open.			
3-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Open.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 3d heat.			
1-mile	Amateur	Tandem	A. C. U. Championship.			

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.	FIRST PRIZES.	SECOND PRIZES.	THIRD PRIZES.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 4th heat.	Gold Watch, open face. Diamond Stud. \$62.50 Cash.	French Clock, with bronze figure. Gold Watch, hunting case. \$37.50 Cash.	Glass Vase, decorated gold stand. Silver Chronograph Watch. \$25 Cash.
5-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Lap.			
10-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.	\$62.50 Cash.	\$37.50 Cash. [breech-loader. Stevens Shot-gun, double-barreled, \$37.50 Cash.	\$25 Cash.
3-mile	Professional	Tricycle	Open.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 5th heat.	\$62.50 Cash.	\$37.50 Cash. [tern. 12 Silver Knives, renaissance pat-	Silver Chronograph Watch. \$25 Cash.
3-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Lap.			
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Lap.	\$62.50 Cash.		
3-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Handicap.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 6th heat.	Gold Medal.		Traveling Clock, and case.
3-mile	Amateur	Tricycle	Open.			

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.	FIRST PRIZES.	SECOND PRIZES.	THIRD PRIZES.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 7th heat.	Gold Medal. Diamond Stud. \$50 Cash.	French Clock, with bronze figures. Gold Watch, hunting case. \$30 Cash.	Gold Watch Chain. Gold Watch, hunting case. \$20 Cash.
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Open.			
10-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Lap.	Tea Set, 6 pieces, satin embossed. Gold Watch, hunting case. \$50 Cash.	Stevens Sporting Rifle. Diamond Stud. \$30 Cash.	Stevens "Hunter's Pet" Rifle. Gold Watch Chain. \$20 Cash.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Open.			
5-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 8th heat.	\$62.50 Cash.	\$37.50 Cash.	\$25 Cash.
3-mile	Promateur	Tricycle	Open.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.			
3-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 9th heat.			
3-mile	Professional	Tricycle	Handicap.			

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.	FIRST PRIZES.	SECOND PRIZES.	THIRD PRIZES.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 10th heat.	Gold Watch, open face. Diamond Stud. \$120 Cash.	Carving Set, renaissance pattern. Complete Fishing Outfit. \$90 Cash.	Gold Cuff Buttons, stone settings. Water Set, silver, gold lined. \$60 Cash. Fourth, \$30 Cash.
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	9.45 Class.			
10-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Open.	Diamond Stud. Gold Watch, open face. \$100 Cash. [Medal. Winner last heat, Gold Watch and Gold Watch Chain.	Scarf Pin, diamond setting. Pedestal Lamp, antique brass, tulip \$60 Cash. [globe. Winner fastest heat, Fine Gold Stevens Bicycle Rifle. [Watch.	Biscuit Jar, decorated china, gold Gold Watch Chain. \$40 Cash.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Lap.			
3-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 11th heat.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.			
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	2.40 Class.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Open.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, final heat.			
1-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Consolation.			

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 7, 1886.

All Events have three Prizes, where there are four or more starters. Entry Forms, Blanks, List of Prizes, etc., will be furnished upon application to SANFORD LAWTON, Secretary Springfield Bicycle Club, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

CYCLETS.

CYCLING.

I AM a slave to cycling,
I bow to its every behest;
I yield to the spell
That I love so well,
When I mount my wheel at even,
And ride toward the glowing West.

I am a friend to cycling,
I work for it many an hour.
When the gleaming day
Has faded away,
I tell of its wondrous virtue,
I sing of its mighty power.

I'm a lover of cycling.
I have pledged my troth to my wheel;
It's mine forever,
It fails me never,
It holds in its flying circle
Joy none but the cyclers feel,

I've pledged my life to cycling,
'T is the greatest blessing of man;
Wherever I rove,
Wherever I move,
I dwell on its endless blessings,
I do for it all I can.

L. H. P.

CYCLING QUOTATIONS.

The bugles sound the call. — *Scott*.
We seem to cut the wind. — *Hood*.
But oh! the road is very hard. — *Burns*.
Enough of climbing toil. — *Wordsworth*.
But steep and flinty was the road. — *Scott*.
We came down a foul hill. — *Shakespeare*.
Go paddling, paddling through the wet. — *Hood*.
Summer will come again, and summer sun. — *Hood*.
Merrily, merrily, whirled the wheels. — *Longfellow*.
Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel. — *Wordsworth*.
The folded gates would bar my progress now. — *Cowper*.
To wheel about, long as the summer lasted. — *Wordsworth*.

Flying from London smoke and dust annoying. — *Hood*.
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward. — *Elizabeth B. Browning*.

Descending now, but cautious lest too fast,
A sudden steep. — *Cowper*.

Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside
And passes gently by. — *Wordsworth*.

Take the lead and then keep it;
That is, if you can. — *Ingoldsby*.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascend. — *Cowper*.

Adjust the unimpaired machine,
To wheel the equal dull routine.

— *Burns*.

Though, like a demon of the night,
He passed and vanished from my sight.

— *Byron*.

To make a tour and tak' a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'. — *Burns*.

How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause. — *Cowper*.

See, see! he's off the saddle!
He headlong tumbles. — *Tannahill*.

And many a joke, and many a song,
Gaed round while wheels were busy rinning.

Robert Nicoll.

Turn, turn, my wheel! turn round and round,
Without a pause, without a sound. — *Longfellow*.

And the wheels how they spin,
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled. —
Thomas Noel.

If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topped the hill — *Denham*.

He is mounted; he rides up the street. — *Scott*.

I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel with it as
any man in England. — *Shakespeare*.

Th' alert and nimble motion of those joints that never tire.
— *Cowper*.

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel.

— *Ezekiel x. 10*.

Then may I set the world on wheels. — *Shakespeare*.

Be warned by me, then, they that ride so, and ride not
warily, fall into foul bogs. — *Shakespeare*.

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, which his aspiring
rider seemed to know. — *Shakespeare*.

WE are at Hartford. We shall be at
Springfield in the sweet by and by.

THE CYCLE printers made a good show
in the labor procession.

JOHN BULL will have no victories to crow
over this year.

NEW-YORKERS are already bringing forward
candidates for the League presidency
next year. They are all residents of Manhattan. New York always was modest, and we
can well believe she would like to keep the
first office in the gift of wheelmen forever.
Perhaps the West would like a chance at the prize.

AND now the Boston ladies are talking of
a repetition of the North Shore trips, which
were so successful last year. We expect to
see a larger turnout this year, for the number
of lady riders has increased very largely.

CHARLES FRAZIER is expected to make
his appearance on the track once more this
fall. He has had a long vacation, which he
has employed in the machine shop and in the
forest shooting bears and things.

WITH a desire to correct records this fall,
the Pope Manufacturing Company has invested
\$350 in a watch. Now let a good man hold
the watch, and away for the records.

EDITOR AARON has not been without his
troubles. Ever since his advent in Buffalo
Aaron has been shadowed by two suspicious
looking strangers, who, he supposes, are
emissaries of Renton, the self-appointed
Nemesis of the League officials. Fearing
some scheme is in process to put him in
durance just as he is about to start for home,
the crafty editor has given out that he will
visit Niagara to-morrow, but ere this sees
the light of type the editor will have skipped
far beyond the reach of Renton and his myr-
midons. — *Herald*.

WHAT is the difference between a first-
rate hub lamp, and a stout and healthy
vagrant? One is a trusty lamp, the other a
lusty tramp.

WE don't believe there was any necessity
for fear on the part of Mr. Aaron. Mr.
Renton assured us last week that he was on
friendly terms with the gentleman, and that
he had no idea of troubling him again. The
affair between them was adjusted, and satisfaction
was expressed by both parties.

GIRLS think wheeling inimical to love;
but what did Carlyle say? "The British
Isles contained thirty odd millions of in-
habitants, and the majority were fools," and
the census has proved the feminine gender
to be the majority.

THE *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* thinks the
I. C. A. should not recognize Sunday racing.
It says that most of the members are Catho-
lics, and that this sect does not consider in-
dulgence in such an amusement on Sunday
to be sinful, but the effect of racing on Sun-
day would be to destroy the character of the
day as a season of rest, and it would be made
a day of toil.

ROBERTSON is going across Cabin John
Bridge on the coping once more, and will be
photographed in the act.

THERE is a story of antiquated complexion
which tells of a man who never found any-
thing to satisfy him down here below.
When he died he took his disposition with
him, and in the upper world he was as un-
happy as he was below. He even found
fault that his halo did n't fit him. We know
an editor that will kick up a jolly row if he
ever gets a halo, for there are nine chances
in ten that he won't be satisfied with it.

WHY may a bi. be termed an inebriate?
Because the spokes are "tight," the saddle
"screwed," the head a little "loose," while
the machine itself cannot stand without sup-
port.

H. A. C. — Such things do not trouble
us. The young man has been instructed by
his principal to crush the CYCLE out of ex-
istence. He was ordered to do it in three
months, but he failed to do this, and is still
at work. Meantime the CYCLE is flourish-
ing. We know very well that the young
man does not mean what he says, but he
must take opposite ground to that taken by
us, and this accounts for many queer no-
tions he has put forth. Thanks for what
you say, but we don't care to publish the
letter. The course of the paper is gaining
friends for us every day.

STODDARD, LOVERING & Co. tell us that
they have a telegram from Howell to the
effect that he will not be in America this fall.

H. S. OWEN, of Washington, is in Eng-
land, and the *Cyclist* reports a call from
him.

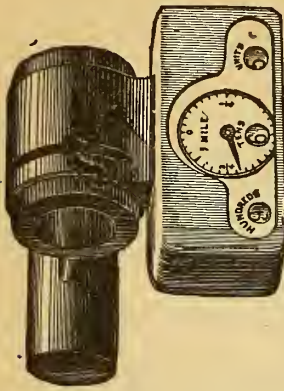
G. P. MILLS, whom we reported on his
way to John-o'-Groat's last week, is reported
at that noted cabin, and says he has beaten
Marriott's tricycle record by twenty-nine
hours, making the distance in five days, ten
hours.

ENGLISH residents of Calcutta introduce
a novelty into pony racing which makes no
end of sport. They make a man keep a
cigar in his mouth through the race, and he
must smoke it enough to keep it alight. A
novice at this business generally finds his
stomach full of smoke at the close, and they
play the joke on the greenies.

WHEN is a wheelist like a bad pen? When
he spurts.

THE League officers have asked manu-
facturers to adopt a universal thread for nuts
and bolts. A good idea. We don't believe
much in the efficacy of such resolves, except
that they are one of the forces that go to
shape public opinion, and public opinion
always brings a bow from manufacturers.

WHAT is the difference between a con-
victed thief and a bicyclist who has had a
spill? One is a fel-on, the other's fell off.



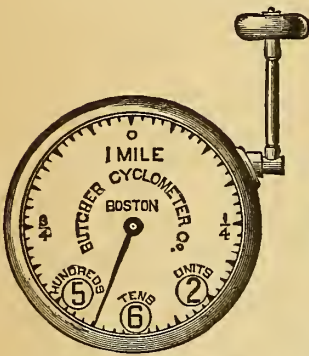
Our 1886 Pattern

Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST,
not the Lowest Priced. Sent by
Mail on receipt of Price,

FIVE DOLLARS.



THE INVINCIBLE

Has not a very long list of records to show; but as it is the **BEST TRICYCLE MADE**, it does not need them. **Quarter-mile WORLD'S RECORD, 41 2-5s.**, was made on an Invincible. Send for Catalogue to

GIDEON & BROWN - - Philadelphia Pa.

THIS SPACE RESERVED

— FOR —

JENS F. PEDERSEN,

MANUFACTURER OF

MEDALS,

11-2 Maiden Lane - - - NEW YORK.

ROSEVILLE TOURNAMENT PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 30.

- 1 Mile Novice, bicycle.
- 1 Mile Promateur, bicycle.
- 2 Mile Amateur, bicycle, 6-minute class.
- 3 Mile Professional, bicycle lap.
- 2 Mile Amateur, tricycle.
- 10 Mile Professional, bicycle.
- 1 Mile Amateur, bicycle handicap.
- 3 Mile Promateur, bicycle lap.
- 3 Mile Amateur, bicycle handicap.

SECOND DAY, OCT. 1.

- 1 Mile Amateur, bicycle lap.
- 3 Mile Promateur, bicycle handicap.
- 2 Mile Amateur, bicycle handicap.
- 5 Mile Professional, bicycle lap.
- 2 Mile Amateur, tandem tricycle.
- 10 Mile Promateur, bicycle.
- 3 Mile Amateur, bicycle.
- 1 Mile Professional, bicycle handicap.
- 1 Mile Amateur, bicycle, 3-minute class.

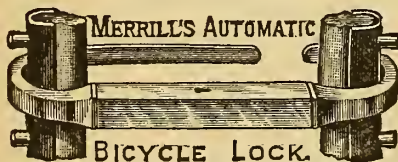
THIRD DAY, OCT. 2.

- 1 Mile Professional, bicycle.
- 2 Mile Amateur, tricycle handicap.
- 1 Mile Promateur, bicycle handicap.
- 5 Mile Amateur, bicycle.
- 5 Mile Professional, bicycle handicap.
- 3 Mile Amateur, bicycle 9.30 class.
- 5 Mile Promateur, bicycle lap.
- 1 Mile Amateur, bicycle, club team race, 3 men for each team.
- 1 Mile Amateur, bicycle consolation.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPT. 25.

Entrance Fees: \$1.00 for Amateurs and Promateurs; \$3.00 for Professionals. Blank forms and particulars can be obtained by addressing

FREDERICK JENKINS, Manager, Station D, Roseville, N. J.



BICYCLE LOCK.

For locking Bicycles. New, Novel and Elegant. Can be applied instantly and locks automatically. Is neat, compact and cheap. Weighs only 2 1-2 ounces, and length only 4 inches.

Dr. W. D. Ball, of Boston, writes: "I bought one of your locks the first of the season, and can say it is really the only lock on the market good for anything. I leave my bicycle anywhere and have never had it tampered with, and yet, two bicycles have been stolen within a stone's throw of my office."

Can be had of any dealer in bicycles, or sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.00.

MABLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

The Road Book of Boston and Vicinity

CONTAINS all important routes around Boston, details of road surface and turnings, copious and interesting notes, many new points reached.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

A. L. ATKINS, care of Pope Mfg. Co., Boston.

PATENTS

Secured on reasonable terms. Work reliable. Papers carefully and legally drawn. Special attention given to inventions in cycling by an experienced wheelman. Write for particulars.

N. L. COLLAMER - - - Patent Attorney,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHEELMEN, ATTENTION

A Hydrometric Paradox.

The favorite run from Boston through Brighton, Newton, Newtonville and West Newton, to the Woodland Park Hotel is TEN miles.

A bath or swim in Allen's charming pond of pure running water (with every bathing and dressing convenience), will make the return run one of EIGHT miles. Try it.

Everything necessary provided for 15 cents.

JAMES T. ALLEN.

N. B.—Private entrance to pond midway between West Newton and the Hotel, off Washington Street, opposite Greenough.

As usual, the Fitchburg band will give a concert on Monday evening before the Springfield tournament, on Court square.

THE Lynn Cycle Club, at a meeting held Friday evening, voted to defer action concerning a clubhouse until next spring. The location will probably be corner of High Rock and Grover streets.

THE Cleveland Bicycle Club will lose considerable money by its recent races, owing to the small attendance. Not over eighteen hundred people attended in three days, when they had near three thousand in one day last year.

Is it not a confession of weakness when a newspaper devotes columns of space to the criticism of its contemporaries? Men do not cry unless they are hurt. The CYCLE is causing many of its contemporaries to shed tears. It goes steadily ahead despite the stones that are being cast at it.

THE committee to count the recent mail vote at Buffalo, reported, on the vote to change the constitution, yeas, 19; nays, 81; on vote to request the Racing Board to rescind Rule H, yeas, 21; nays, 78; on the vote to reinstate certain expelled racing men, yeas, 15; nays, 85; on the vote to abolish all reference to racing in the League by-laws, yeas, 15; nays, 85; on the vote to sustain Henry E. Ducker's appeal against the decision of President Beckwith in removing him from the office of chief consul of Massachusetts, yeas, 9; nays, 87.

THE annual illumination of Charles River was down for Thursday evening of this week. This event always draws wheelmen, and the clubs nearly all called club runs to Waltham and Auburndale to take in the brilliant affair. There is an old proverb which refers to persons who have not the activity to set the river on fire. The residents along the border of the Charles are not inactive, and if the river is not set on fire, it looks to be aflame, and looks go a great ways.

THERE is a difference of opinion regarding the recent correspondence between Robert Todd, Esq., and the chairman of the Racing Board. The *World*, in its usual spirit of hostility to the latter official, says: "We are not at all surprised that the N. C. U. will not grant special sanction to the visiting Englishmen after reading Bassett's letter to Robert Todd. Ducker would do better to let Bassett alone and manage his own affairs. Ducker evidently thought that Bassett would write a helping letter. If he did, he made a mistake. The whole thing was foolish."

The *Wheel* says: "The chairman of the Racing Board and the president of the A. C. U. endeavored to persuade the N. C. U. to allow Englishmen to compete with our promateurs without affecting their standing at home." The chairman of the Racing Board was not asked to write a helping letter, nor was he requested to use any effort to get the Englishmen over. He was asked to explain the position of affairs over here, and this he did as clearly as possible. Having explained this, the way was clear for the A. C. U. to prefer requests.

A WESTERN man was the second wheelman up Corey Hill. Three Westerners are

the only riders who have dared to coast Mt. Washington on ordinaries. A Western man won the Big Four Century against all the Eastern cracks, and the writer of the above "went broke" against him. A Western man was the only one who rode the entire distance on the Big Four tour, rain or no rain, mud or no mud. A Western club introduced electric timing. A Western man, at the head of the touring and transportation departments, has done the most practical work of the League. A Western man would have been president of the League to-day had he not withdrawn from the race. A Western paper ran the most successful and best arranged road race in the country. A Western division inaugurates the campaign for better roads. The biggest and best tours of the country have been arranged and carried out by Western men. It is true we do not run as big tournaments, or as big rows, as the East; but we do our proportionate share of the work. — *American Wheelman*.

This is a good record. We wish we could get a summary of what Eastern men have done into so small a space.

It was old Mr. Samson, we believe, who lost his strength when he lost his hair. Things work differently nowadays. W. C. Herring, of New York, went to the Cleveland races with a full beard. This he wore the first two days, and he won nothing but the title "whiskers." On the third day he appeared with a smooth face and won the consolation race. It has not transpired if there was a Delilah in the case.

THE Massachusetts Club has arranged for a hare and hounds race. The hare will be let loose at 3.15 on Saturday afternoon, 18 September, and the hounds will start five minutes later. The scorchers are getting ready.

NEXT Monday Huntley will make an attempt to beat McCurdy's feat in his twenty-four hours ride. On the same day Corey and Kennedy-Child will ride a tandem for a record, so they say.

THE secretary of the League made a report at Buffalo showing the following condition of things in the League's numbers and finances: The total membership of the League is 9,676, a gain of fifty per cent in one year; cost of the League bulletin for 17 weeks, 160,650 copies, \$4,914.96; receipts, \$4,324.88; net cost, \$590.08, a cost of 19 cents per member. The last balance on hand, per treasurer's and secretary's reports, is \$1,757.60.

THE League *Bulletin* does not pay expenses. THE CYCLE has paid its expenses, and something handsome besides. That's where we beat the *Bulletin*. In the matter of circulation, we do not beat the *Bulletin*.

AND now State divisions of the League can arrange their own affairs and elect their representatives and chief consul in the manner they think best. So said the officers at Buffalo.

ST. LOUIS is happy. It has been decided that the League will meet in that city next May, and her cup of happiness is running over. Wonder if they'll take the parade to De Sofo or over Son-of-a-Gun.

THE officers did well to postpone action on the by-laws till the spring meeting. It was a mistake to call the fall meeting at Buffalo, and it would have been a greater mistake had they done anything of importance.

ONE of our boys came near making a professional of himself while at Clarksville. A crowd had gone to take a look at a pretty tough hill, and some one suggested that M—— could not climb it, and offered to bet the party that he couldn't; the bet was made and money put up. M—— started down the hill with his machine; as soon as he was out of hearing, the chief consul, who was present, called the bet off, and stated his reasons for doing so, saying that if the bet stood he would have to declare M—— a professional, or rather report it to the board. At the same time he wanted to see M—— climb the hill. Everything was made satisfactory at the top of the hill by the time M—— started. Away he came, and seemed to mount it with ease. When he dismounted some of the boys thought they would see what he would say, and told him he was now a professional. His face a few seconds before was all smiles, now it was as long as your arm. He didn't know what to say, and on being told that the bet had been declared off by the chief consul, he at once went to him and expressed his most hearty thanks for what he had done, and said that he had not once thought of the consequences. A good laugh was had at his expense, and a big watermelon at the expense of the party who would have lost had the bet not been declared off. — *Memphis Cor. Journal*.

THE *World* charges the Racing Board with keeping the foreign amateurs away from America. How does it account for the absence of the professionals? Howell, Duncan, De Civry, DuBois, Lees, and English were to come. The latter will be a professional hereafter; and having announced his intention to race with Wood, he could meet him in America if he was disposed to come.

POT-HUNTERS it seems, are unknown in Italy at present among cyclists, if we can judge by the report in "The Cyclist" of the recent races in Genoa, where colored flags were presented to the winners instead of our more substantial prizes. This will cause a thrill of joy to enter the breast of A. W. Rumney if he still holds the same opinions concerning laurel wreaths, etc. We also notice that the riders in a procession which took place before the race meeting all wore large bunches of flowers, which they eventually split up into smaller bunches and distributed to the different ladies present. — *News*.

A VERY pleasant incident occurred at the Cleveland tournament. After J. R. Rheubottom, of Weedsport, N. Y., had won the open quarter race in dashing style, Referee Sholes called him to the stand and said: "Mr. Rheubottom, it has come to our knowledge that you have recently left the ranks of the single bicyclists, and as a token of their esteem and good wishes to yourself and wife, the boys ask me to present you with this as a fine for your act," handing out of the stand a very handsome chased silver tray, pitcher, and goblet. "Rheuby," as the boys call

HURRAH FOR LYNN!

First Grand International Fall Tournament

OF THE

LYNN CYCLE CLUB TRACK ASSOCIATION,

At LYNN, MASS., September 23, 24, and 25, 1886.

A. C. U. RULES TO GOVERN.

\$5,000 in Prizes! Races for Amateurs, Promateurs, Professionals. \$5,000 in Prizes!

BEHOLD THE GRAND LIST OF RACES AND PRIZES!

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

- 1-Mile Novice, Bicycle, Open, 1st, Gold Medal; 2d, Gold and Silver Medal; 3d, Silver Medal.
- 2-Mile Amateur Bicycle, 5.45 Class, 1st, Fruit and Flower Stand; 2d, Silver Revolving Butter Dish; 3d, Silver Bell Spoon Holder, gold lined.
- 1-Mile Promateur Bicycle, Open, 1st, Snowflake Silver Embossed Tea Set; 2d, Silver Engraved Ice-Water Set; 3d, Cake Basket, hammered, Venetian chased, gold lined.
- 3-Mile Professional Bicycle, Handicap, 1st, \$60 Cash; 2d, \$40 Cash; 3d, \$20 Cash.
- 2-Mile Amateur Tricycle, Lap, 1st, Base Parlor Lamp, gold and oxidized; 2d, Silver Vase, gold inlaid and oxidized; 3d, Russia Leather Satchel.
- 10-Mile Promateur Bicycle, Lap, 1st, Fine Gold Watch, stem-winder; 2d, Silver Festoon Chased Tea Set; 3d, Gold Watch Chain.
- 1-Mile Amateur Bicycle, Open, 1st Silver Water Set, snowflake chased; 2d, Silver Vase, gold and oxidized; 3d, Gold Watch Chain.
- 5-Mile Professional Bicycle, Lap, 1st, \$75 Cash; 2d, \$50 Cash; 3d, \$25 Cash.
- 3-Mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap, 1st, Silver Tilting Water Set, gold ornamentation; 2d, Clock, Persian chased, appliqué, candelabra, plaque; 3d, Pair Pearl Opera Glasses.

SECOND DAY, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

- 1-Mile Professional Bicycle, Open, 1st, \$50 Cash; 2d, \$30 Cash; 3d, \$20 Cash.
- 1-Mile Promateur Tricycle, A. C. U. Championship (time limit, 3m. 5s.), 1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal; 2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal; 3d, A. C. U. Silver Medal.
- 10-Mile Amateur Bicycle, Lap, 1st, Lynn Prize Cup; 2d, Dessert Set, coral rose, glass and silver; 3d, Nut Bowl, gold lined, oxidized finish.
- 5-Mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap, 1st, Gentleman's Fine Gold Watch; 2d, Epergne, engraved, oxidized, gold finish; 3d, Snowflake Chased Tilting Ice-Water Set, gold lined.
- 1-Mile Amateur Bicycle, 3.05 Class, 1st, Fishing Set; 2d, Cake Basket, gold lined, oxidized finish; 3d, Fine Russia Leather Satchel.
- 5-Mile Professional Bicycle, Lap, 1st, \$75 Cash; 2d, \$50 Cash; 3d, \$25 Cash.
- 1-Mile Amateur Bicycle, A. C. U. Championship (time limit, 2m. 50s.), 1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal; 2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal; 3d, A. C. U. Silver Medal.
- 3-Mile Promateur Bicycle, Lap, 1st, Double Walled Silver Ice-Water Urn; 2d, Shot Gun, double-barreled, breech-loader; 3d, Silver Watch.
- 3-Mile Amateur Bicycle, Handicap, 1st, Centre Piece and Fruit Dish, Crystal Dishes; 2d, Flow & Stand, cut glass, gold, oxidized finish; 3d, French Pearl Opera Glasses.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

- 1-Mile Promateur Bicycle, Open, 1st, Lynn Prize Cup. (Special Prize for Record.) 2d, Base Lamp, gold inlaid and oxidized finish; 3d, Diamond Breast Pin.
- 3-Mile Amateur Bicycle, 9.10 Class, 1st, Base Lamp, old silver and hammered; 2d, Vase, gold finish; 3d, Gentleman's Gold Ring.
- 2-Mile Professional Bicycle, Lap, 1st, \$50 Cash; 2d, \$30 Cash; 3d, \$20 Cash.
- 3-Mile Amateur Tricycle, Lap, 1st, Photographer's Outfit; 2d, Silver Watch; 3d, Fishing Set.
- 5-Mile Promateur Bicycle, A. C. U. Championship (time limit, 15m.), 1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal, diamond setting; 2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal; 3d, A. C. U. Gold and Silver Medal.
- 1-Mile Amateur Bicycle, Lap, 1st, Fruit Dish, rich cut glass, gold, oxidized; 2d, Cigar Box, oxidized; 3d, Gentleman's Gold Chain.
- 10-Mile Professional Bicycle, Lap, 1st, \$100 Cash. (\$50 extra for Record.) 2d, \$50 Cash; 3d, \$25 Cash.
- 3-Mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap, 1st, Handsome Oil Painting; 2d, Silver Cashmere Band Tea Set; 3d, Dessert Set, coral rose and glass.
- 1-Mile Amateur Bicycle, Consolation, 1st, Half dozen Napkin Rings, gold ground, satin case; 2d, Silver Watch; 3d, Russia Leather Satchel.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 16.

All Events have Three Prizes where there are four or more starters. Entry Forms, Blanks, List of Prizes, etc., furnished upon application to E. M. BAILEY, Secretary Lynn Cycle Track Association, LYNN, MASS.

him, took the present in one hand, his racing cap in the other, and looked around in a dazed way. Then he gasped and said: "Boys, I'm overcome," and lifted the silver in his hand and bowed to his wife, who sat blushing in the stand. There is quite a story about Rheuby's marriage. He and pretty Miss Ingram of Weedsport started out with their minds made up to take in the Cleveland tournament and get married. On Friday morning he called on George Collister and asked him to do him and Miss Ingram a favor. What was it? Get them married. And Collister left everything else to do the work, got the license and Squire Peck, and the ceremony was performed in the hotel parlor.

THE Springfield Bicycle Club has preferred the following request to the A. C. U., and it has been submitted to a mail vote of the officers: The Springfield Bicycle Club contemplate giving at their coming tournament 14 to 17 Sept., a world's champion one-mile race, in which may be entered amateurs, promateurs, and professionals, each class to be kept distinct, till by competition the contestants have been narrowed down to the winner of a final heat, in each class, leaving the question of superiority to be decided between the winning amateur, promateur, and professional. We desire the sanction of the American Cyclists' Union allowing these three representatives of the three classes to compete in a final heat, and with that end in view would request you (the secretary) to obtain for us, if possible, permission to allow them — the winners — to enter for the race mentioned.

ON Saturday afternoon, 29 Aug., the yacht Edith, containing Charles S. Willis and four others, while sailing in the harbor, was run down by the steamer Chatham, of the Baltimore Line, and Mr. Willis was drowned. He was one of the founders of the Suffolk Wheel Club, and was vice-president of the club at the time of his death. He was an open-hearted, jolly fellow, much liked by his associates, and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn his untimely end.

"SHOULD cyclists ride on Sunday? is a question which sadly troubles some minds. Of course the unvarying strictness of Sabatarianism will at once reply in a dignified and unmistakable 'no;' and I am bound to say that fellows who can ride during the week evenings and on Saturday afternoon will do well to rest on the Sabbath. But those who toil unceasingly from morn till dewy eve maintain that they do no harm by Sunday runs, since they cause no one else to work, and their own effort in riding a machine is much less than that of walking. They say also that pure worship is not confined to time or place, but springs from the heart, and that although they hear no 'parson pray and preach,' yet they attend a grand church, the roof of which is God's great blue sky, and the choir His vast throng of tiny feathered songsters, who seem ready to burst with their rapturous notes of praise. As the devout Sunday cyclist rides through the fresh sweet air, he forgets the cold, dreary earth, and seems quite near to heaven. There is a sermon, too, written in every fragrant flower and stately tree, and the text is 'God is love,' a sermon never deep or dry or dull, but fresh

with heavenly inspiration and infinite delight." — *Christian Commonwealth*.

DR. BLACKHAM introduced the following resolutions at the Buffalo meeting: —

Whereas, The League regards pure amateurship as a qualification for membership, and therefore should have full control of the question of amateurship.

Resolved, That the League hereby reasserts its supreme and sole jurisdiction over cycling athletics in the United States.

Resolved, That it refuses to acknowledge any division of this jurisdiction.

Resolved, That the Racing Board and Membership Committee be instructed to ignore any action or pretended action on the part of any other organization claiming to affect the amateur standing of any wheelman, for acts done or committed to be done in connection with cycling in the United States, nor shall the record of such action be deemed even as collateral evidence in cases before the Racing Board or Membership Committee.

Resolved, That if any wheelman has been suspended or expelled by our Racing Board or Membership Committee on account of any pretended action of any other organization, they are hereby restored to full and unblemished amateur standing.

The resolutions were tabled by a vote of 42 to 19.

OUR correspondent, "J. Parke Street," has our congratulations. He is back from his wedding trip and settled down to business.

THE cycle speeds away, away;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as thee.

THE fall races will bring out very prominently the tactics of the manufacturers' racing team. The men have not been carefully trained for the purpose of beating each other.

TANDEM tricycles are popular among the members of the Salvation Army in England. Report comes to the effect that recently two sisters and two brothers were expelled from the army because they were found guilty of racing on the Sabbath for a bottle of gin. — *Globe*.

R. H. JAMES, of the Buffalo Bicycle Club, has covered 3,500 miles on his wheel so far this season, and expects to bring it up to 5,000. President Churchill has made 2,000 miles, and C. G. Gething and C. W. Adams have each covered 1,500 miles.

THE furniture and effects of the Faneuil House have been sold under the hammer.

THE Massachusetts club is at work laying out a course for its annual road races.

ON Friday afternoon of last week, Mr. H. D. Corey, with Mr. A. Kennedy-Child, rode a private road trial for ten miles on a tandem. The course comprised the well-known Newtonville circuit. The time was a few seconds less than forty-one minutes.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Minnesota Division, which is to be held in Winona, 22 and 23 Sept., promises to bring together the largest number of wheelmen ever assembled in the Northwest. Among the special features of the meet will be the hill-climbing contest up Beck's Hill, on the outskirts of Winona. The hill is eight hun-

dred feet long and sixty-seven feet high, with a grade, in places, of one foot in eight. No bicyclist has ever succeeded in riding his wheel from the bottom to the top.

THE lady tricyclists of Chelsea have a run every Saturday afternoon, and they are seldom without gentlemen friends in their train. One veteran bicyclist of the lovely suburb can never be induced to mount his wheel for a run with the boys, but he always goes out with the ladies.

FROM the rules of the American Cyclists' Union just to hand, we learn that that body divides the country into five districts for legislative purposes, and that District No. 1 is to be known as the Eastern District, composed of the New England States and the Dominion of Canada. The italics are ours. We were always under the impression that Canada was governed, from a cycling point of view, by the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, and we have just been told by a prominent member of that association that it is perfectly independent of the United States and the L. A. W. For our own part, we protest against the annexation of Canada by the United States. What do our Canadian brethren of the wheel say? — *Cyclist*.

J. C. GARROOD, of Boston, and C. W. Hamshaw, of Blue Springs, Mo., have taken out patents for velocipedes.

THE Newcastle (Penn.) Club has hired grounds wherein will be facilities for tennis, base ball, and cycling. A little Keystone State town can do this, but Boston, with a big B, cannot. If not, why not? We never could account for the thushness of this thus.

THE coach and cart I like nor loathe,
Extremes are suited not for all;
On steely car, unlike them both,
I surest sit and fear no fall.
This is my choice; for me I feel
No ride is like the quiet wheel.

KNAPPY says he is not going to call his bicycle "Cleveland." He wants it to run on the surface, and if it cleaves land it will not do this. This cuts us up.

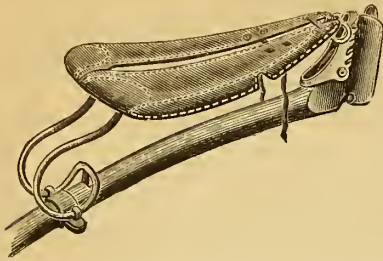
WHEN this you see, at Hartford, we are looking at the races. Next week we'll tell what there befell the men who sought first places.

THERE will be few, if any, English amateurs in the fall races. And yet we think there will be large crowds at the races.

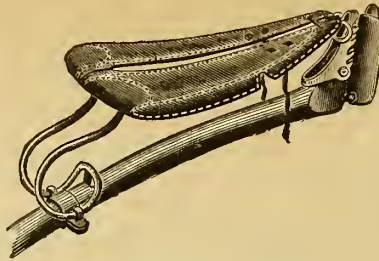
THE white dove of peace does not rest in the camps of the racing men. There is want of harmony in the Columbia team, and it is doubtful if all who have trained in that grand aggregation will go into the races.

A WHEELMAN at Crescent Beach introduced a new idea for the sea bathers. He rode his wheel up and down the beach into and out of the water. He was thrown over a number of times by the breakers, but he seemed to consider this a part of the fun. His antics drew a large crowd, and we imagine that is what he was aiming at. We have not heard how long it took him to get his machine in order after its bath.

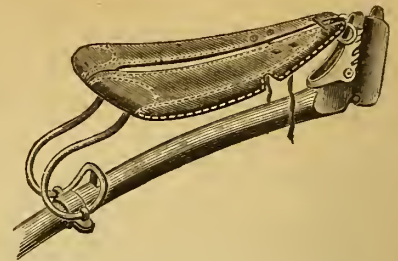
"How did you hurt your nose?" said Mr. Munnybags to his bookkeeper. "Taking a trial balance, sir." "How in the name of all that's figurative could you hurt yourself taking a trial balance?" "It was on a bicycle, sir."



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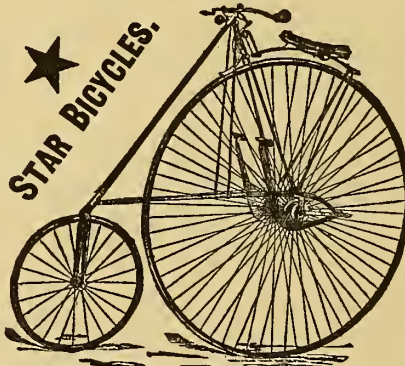
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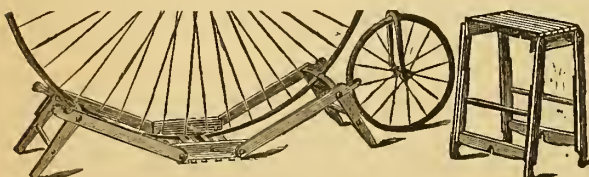
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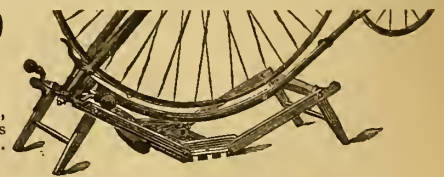


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DUNCAN tells the *Cyclist* that he is too busy to come to Springfield.

A PECULIAR handicap sweepstake race of one mile is to come off among three members of the Ixion Club, Messrs. Harris, Herring, and Squire. The two last recently had a match race for a handsome gold medal given by the loser, which proved to be Herring, and out of this has grown the present match. Harris is to allow both Herring and Squire seventy-five yards in the mile, and the winner is to receive as trophies the wheels of the other two. This is certainly a novel, and not likely to become a common style of racing. — *Cor. Journal*.

THE Pope cup is going into Van Sicklen's neighborhood. Van has two wins already. The cup may find a home in Chicago.

"THE tricycle is coming rapidly into favor, and will be the favorite of the ladies, and of such men as are too old, too timid, or too weak to ride the bicycle . . . but for the young, active, and enterprising of *man-kind*, the bicycle is the ideal steed. . . . It is the coming horse for doctors and for patients." — George E. Blackham, M. D., in *Pope's Calendar*. We have seen the Doctor on a wheel just twice, and each time he was on a tricycle. Which can he be, old, timid, or weak?

At the Buffalo meeting a report was read from the Executive Committee. It was presented by Mr. Gulick. It was a long document, and recited the facts learned by the committee in regard to the secretary's office. An expert accountant had made a thorough examination of the office, and on his report the Executive Committee based their conclusions. The business of the office was found to be in a very loose condition, the books kept not being of a nature to enable any correct statement of affairs without much labor. Otherwise everything was in order, and all the money was accounted for. Mr. Veazie, the accountant, had, at the direction of the committee, organized a new and perfect system of accounts, by which the status of the division could be discovered at short notice, and the system was now in use and working very satisfactorily. The committee and secretary both recommended that the League should be incorporated.

M. J. LOWNDES, the well-known tricyclist, of Coventry, has been arrested for bigamy. He has beaten the record, having taken more wives than is customary, and his name is on the record book of the police court.

ALF FLETCHER, of England, has made a new bicycle record for the road,—fifty miles in 3.9.56½. He also scored 265½ miles in 24 hours.

WE have received a very unique photo from Dr. Kendall. It shows the Boston Bicycle Club in the water at Allen's baths. There is a good exposure of head and shoulders. Otherwise the boys are enveloped only in the water.

"EVER had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the East. "A cyclone? Oh, yes," said his aunt. "Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston a spell ago, but law! he could n't ride it. Tumbled off every time he tried."

WHEN Samil Lambik courting went
Of little Ado Skrig,
He asked if she preferred assent
To tricycling or gig?

Miss Ado pursed her pretty lips,
And looked uncommon sly —
Thinking, perhaps, of moonlight trips,
Said, "You may have a Tri."

Oh! those who "Kiss and never tell,"
May kiss without much trouble;
And Samil said, "Oh, very well!
I'd better have a double."

And, by-the-by, that double Tri.
Made many pleasant trips,
And very many times, — oh, fie!
Miss Ado pursed her lips.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WHAT size, sir?" said the Tottenham House young man.

"Well, I wear a fifteen collar," I replied;
"but will it shrink?" I added, with an affectation of innocence.

"Oh! no, sir, it's well shrunk, and we always make them an inch bigger in the collar to allow for a little shrinkage."

"Well, I think I'll take a seventeen inch."

"Seventeen inch!!! you will find it much too large, sir; that with the extra inch will be eighteen."

"Never mind, I'll try and bear it," I added, determined to profit by experience, and completed the purchase and departed.

I took that white flannel shirt home, and also an early opportunity of trying it on. It reached below my knees, hung in luxuriant profusion around me, and my neck looked like a prospective telegraph post ere the earth is filled into the hole.

"I guess," thought I, "if this blamed thing *don't* shorten sail next washing day, I shall have no alternative but to devote it to the embellishment of 'the unfortunate noble now at large.'" I tried various expedients, but with little success; and finally braced up the collar with the necktie, took a double reef in each arm, selected my most capacious pants, and then reckoned I could brave it out if the boys did let on any.

After a ride or two, I sent it to the wash. The old lady said she only took sacks on contract; she kept her word; on contract she did it, for when it came back it was several sizes smaller.

"Shure it's an iligant shirt," said I, and for the first and last time felt satisfied with my purchase, it fitted so beautifully. The result of its next visit to the benign female who disassociates our linen from "matter out of place," was calculated to fill me with grief. I could only just get the collar to button, the arms with the reefs shaken out, barely reaching my wrists, and the skirts were alarmingly curtailed.

Wash No. 3 necessitated the introduction of a large triangular piece of new material in the collar behind, the wristbands would n't fasten, and when in the saddle I no longer sat on the tail. The result of its fourth visit to the laundry was that I decided to inhabit that shirt no more—necessity had more to do with this resolve than I care to admit—so I handed the garment over to my eldest boy.

With becoming pride he went off boating in it, had an upset, and when he reached home it took us ten minutes to extract our son and heir from that shirt—it fitted him tighter than his skin. His brother inherited it, but happening to get caught in a thunderstorm, it foreclosed on him like a mortgagee, and we had to cut the stitches to disinter our progeny.

"Now you see," said my wife, "that I *am* right when I say that clothes *do* get too small for the children, and it is n't that they outgrow them. It'll do for baby now."

"Well, well, don't give him his bath in it, or it *will* do for baby."

Next time it was washed I had to give it to my daughter as a frock for her doll, but she tells me jerseys and such tight dresses are not fashionable.

"Warranted well shrunk." The words of that "pushing young particle" come back to me when I think of my ample acquisition of last spring.

But what has become of the balance of that white flannel shirt? — *Wheeling*.

WASHINGTON IS NO MORE.

WHEN Washington was president,
As cold as any icicle,
He never on a railroad went,
And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,
Nor heard about the Yellowstone;
He never licked a postage-stamp,
And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at his knees,
By wire he could not snatch dispatch;
He filled his lamp with whale oil grease,
And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it 's come to pass,
All work is with such dashing done —
We've all those things; but then, alas! —
We seem to have no Washington.

— *Brooklyn Eagle*.

In the steamer, O my darling! when the fog-horns scream
and blow,
And the footsteps of the steward softly come and softly go;
When the passengers are groaning with a deep and sincere
woe,
Will you think of me and love me as you did not long ago?

In the cabin, O my darling! think not bitterly of me,
Though I rushed away and left you in the middle of our
tea;
I was seized with a sudden longing to gaze upon the damp,
deep sea —
It was best to leave you then, dear; best for you and best
for me.
— *Texas Siftings*.

A "COMPOSITOR" DOG.

"WHAT kind of a dog is that you have?" asked the editor, addressing the foreman of the composing room.

"I call him a compositor dog," was the answer.

"It's a name I invented myself," said the foreman, as he helped himself to a cigar from the editor's box.

"Why do you apply the name to him? What resemblance does a dog bear to a compositor, or *vice versa*?"

"Well, this dog is a setter."

Then the editor, with a melancholy look, turned to complete his article on "the lesson of the great strikes." — *Boston Herald*.

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At the Cleveland tournament resolutions of respect were passed to the memory of the late George Weber.

NOTES FROM THE SOUTH.

To better accommodate its increasing membership and consequent demand for more space, the N. O. B. C. has decided to erect a clubhouse of its own. The site has been selected, and work will probably be commenced within the next few weeks.

The new club, the Crescent Wheelmen, are progressing nicely, and expect to be established in permanent quarters during next week. Though but two weeks old this club has already created a watchfulness on the part of its elder sister, the New Orleans Club, which, for some time past, has been in a somewhat drowsy state, but now that a competitor has made its appearance, it (the N. O. B. C.) is fully awake and beginning to hustle. So much for a little friendly rivalry.

You must know that we have no race track in this city suitable for cycles, and that our late races were run on a public thoroughfare. The need of a track and grand stands, however, was so thoroughly demonstrated that it is quite likely that ere another year we will have both. Your correspondent is informed that a certain individual of this city has the matter under consideration with every likelihood of carrying out the plan.

MR. R. C. CHAPMAN, of Charleston, S. C., is expected here next week. He is touring through the Southern country, having left Charleston on his bicycle on the 19th ult. Presume he has no regrets at escaping the little shock which upset that place a day or two since.

THE New Rapid is making a bid for Southern favor this year, an agent for that machine having been recently appointed here.

NOTHING has been heard recently from the projected tournament in Vicksburg, which was to occur next month, so presume it has fallen through, or if not, Mr. Bruce should let us hear something further.

BI.

NEW ORLEANS, 3 Sept. 1886.

THE PATH.

BUFFALO, N. Y. — Races under the auspices of the N. Y. State Division, L. A. W.
One-mile novice. — H. D. Kittenger (1), 3.00 $\frac{1}{4}$; Will G. Schack (1), 3.01 $\frac{1}{4}$.

One-mile open. — H. P. Davies (1), 2.48; S. P. Hollingsworth (2), 2.48 $\frac{1}{2}$; E. H. Gamble (3).

Three-mile handicap. — H. P. Davies, 150 yards (1), 8.58 $\frac{1}{4}$; Dukelow, 150 yards (2).

Half-mile State championship. — H. S. Kavanaugh (1), 1.21; C. A. Glanz (2). W. F. Barker, of Rochester, made a mile on the unicycle in 3.37 $\frac{1}{2}$.

One-mile City of Buffalo championship. — C. A. Glanz (1), 2.55 $\frac{1}{4}$; J. B. Milley (2).

Two-mile State championship. — H. S. Kavanaugh (1), 6.01 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. S. Campbell (2), *One-mile 3.10 class.* — A. M. Montgomery (1), 3.08 $\frac{3}{4}$; P. J. Dukelow (2).

Five mile L. A. W. championship. — S. P. Hollingsworth (1), 15.23 $\frac{3}{4}$; H. S. Kavanaugh (2).

One-mile tricycle State championship. — A. E. Schaaf (1), 4.15; W. S. Campbell (2). *One-mile consolation.* — E. P. Cochran (1), 3.05.

The timers were not well up in their business, and there was much confusion in this respect.

TROY, N. Y., 1 Sept. — Races under the auspices of the Troy Club.

One-mile novice. — J. W. McKee (1), 3.12 $\frac{2}{5}$; B. Billings (2).

Two-mile Rensselaer Co. championship. — A. F. Edmans (1), 6.37 $\frac{2}{5}$; G. R. Collins (2).

Half-mile dash. — J. R. Rheubottom (1), 1.28 $\frac{2}{5}$; H. P. Cole (2).

One-mile for Star wheels. — A. L. Arthur (1), 3.57; B. Billings (2).

Two-mile open. — J. R. Rheubottom (1), 6.12 $\frac{2}{5}$; A. F. Edmans (2).

One-mile 3.15 class. — G. R. Collins (1), 3.12 $\frac{2}{5}$.

Three-mile open. — E. P. Baird (1), 9.54 $\frac{2}{5}$; A. F. Edmans (2).

Two-mile team. — Albany v. Troy; Troy (1).

One-mile open. — E. P. Baird (1), 3.10; G. R. Collins (2).

Three-mile club championship. — J. R. Rheubottom (1), 10.49 $\frac{2}{5}$; A. F. Edmans (2). *One-mile consolation.* — T. W. Roberts (1); 3.24 $\frac{2}{5}$.

NEW ORLEANS. — Annual races of the Louisiana Division, L. A. W., at New Orleans, 26 and 27 Aug.

FIRST DAY.

One-mile N. O. B. C. championship. — C. B. Guillotte (1), A. M. Hill (2), W. L. Hughes (3). Time, 3.10.

This was a magnificent race, being a constant struggle from start to finish. Guillotte and Hill both spurted for all they were worth about one hundred yards from the line, the former winning amid great excitement by half a wheel.

One-mile tandem. — C. H. Fenner and W. L. Hughes (1), B. C. Rea and C. B. Guillotte (2); 4.03.

Rea and Guillotte were well in the lead, when they took a bad side fall, losing the race and bruising themselves somewhat.

One hundred yards slow race. — Won by H. M. Marks in two straight heats.

Quarter-mile, hands off. — B. C. Rea (1), A. M. Hill (2); 49 seconds.

Quarter-mile dash. — W. L. Hughes (1), A. M. Hill (2); 41 seconds.

SECOND DAY.

One-mile division championship. — A. M. Hill (1), C. B. Guillotte (2); 3.23 $\frac{1}{5}$.

Guillotte rode against the advice of his friends, he being stiff and sore from his fall of the day before, but he nevertheless

pushed Hill hard, the latter winning by a bare six feet. W. L. Hughes was in this race, but took a header at the quarter mile.

One-mile handicap.—Geo. T. Guedry (34 yards), 1; H. M. Marks (194 yards), 2; B. C. Rea (scratch), 3; T. M. Hill (34 yards), 4.*

One-mile time race (3.54).—A. A. Ruhlman, 3.52; H. M. Marks, 3.51.

Five-mile handicap.—A. M. Hill (scratch), 1; Geo. E. Guedry (424 yards), 2; 25.01½.

Guillotte started in this race, but his bruised leg gave out on the fourth mile.

Quarter-mile safety.—Walk-over for C. H. Fenner, Guillotte, who was also entered, being unable to ride.

Quarter-mile consolation.—T. M. Hill (1), Geo. Sentell, Jr. (2), H. H. Hodgson (3).

ROSEVILLE, N. J.—Races under the auspices of the Orange Wanderers, 4 September:—

Three-mile N. J. Championship.—J. B. Pearson (1), 9.07½; E. P. Baird (2).

One-mile Novice; first heat.—E. M. Smith (1), 3.14½; E. R. Lamson (2).

Second heat.—H. Wolcott (1), 3.08; H. Caldwell (2).

Final heat.—E. M. Smith (1), 3.09; H. Wolcott (2).

One-mile Hudson County Wheelmen.—C. A. Stenken (1), 3.12½.

One-third-mile Dash.—A. B. Rich (1), 56½; P. Brown (2).

Two-mile Tandem Tricycle.—G. M. Gideon and A. G. Powell (1), 6.35½; A. B. Rich and E. Valentine (2).

Five-mile Scratch.—A. B. Rich (1), 15.26½; W. E. Crist (2).

One-mile Orange Wanderers.—H. H. Wells (1) 3.34½; A. E. Cowdrey (2).

One-third-mile, Boys under Fifteen.—W. Willetts (1), 1.10½; G. Case (2).

One-mile Dash.—A. B. Rich (1), 3.10½; P. Brown (2).

Three-mile Lap Race.—A. B. Rich (1), 9.18½, 57 points; C. R. Hoag (2), 49 points.

One-mile Consolation.—E. Valentine (1), 3.06½; E. C. Parker (2).

AT Long Eaton, 21 August, Percy Funnivall ran a mile in competition in 2.35½. His quarter was made in thirty-eight seconds, and his half in 1.16. Best American quarter, American, 35½; promateur, 36½. Best American half-mile, American, 1.12½; promateur, 1.13½; English record, quarter, 38½; half, 1.15½.

AT Long Eaton, 23 August, Funnivall made his mile in the following times: one quarter, 37½; one half, 1.16; mile, 2.34½. Later he made the three quarters in 1.53½, and the mile in 2.32½. Gatehouse rode a tricycle, and cut the following records: five miles, 14.57 (16.19); ten miles, 29.49½ (32.33½); twenty miles, 1.0.21½ (1.8.42).

THE Coventry track has also been giving us new records. At a race meeting, held 21 August, F. W. Allard ran a mile on a tricycle in 2.46½ in a trial heat, and then topped that with 2.45½ in the final. Best American amateur time, 2.53½; professional, 2.49½. The same day Engleheart gave us a new bicycle record for three miles of 8.16. Rowe's record is 8.07½, and the best English record is 8-20½.

FURNIVALL has been after the mile record again, and scored 2.32½. Last year Funnivall said to us, when we asked him to give us a good mile at Springfield, "It's no use trying; I can't do better than 2.47 if I do my best." We thought then that he would show better than his figures if any man forced him up to a 2.40 gait, and he is giving us very fair figures this year.

E. B. TURNER and Sidney Lee have given us a tandem road record of 3.9.55½. They did it on 21 August, on the Great North Road.

WHEN accidents threw Stenken, Myers, and Hoag out of the ten-mile road race given by the Orange Wanderers, six weeks ago, the success of Baird was not generally regarded as conclusive, for many believed that Stenken could defeat him. So it came about that a new race for the four above-named men was arranged under the joint auspices of the Hudson County Wheelmen and the Orange Wanderers.

Only Stenken and Baird appeared Tuesday, 31 August, at seven A. M., the time set for the race over the Irvington course. The macadam was in poor condition, owing to the recent dry weather, and fast time was impossible.

The men were started at 7.42 with Stenken in the lead for the first quarter mile. At that point Baird passed him, and was never caught. The time was, Baird, 37.1½; Stenken, 38.57.

The Irvington course is a hard one, having very little level riding on it, and four hard hills each way.

Baird rode a 53-inch Rudge and Stenken a Star.

THE following programme of events has been arranged for the Roseville tournament, although subject to change before closing of entries:—

First day, 30 September.—One-mile novice, bicycle; two-mile amateur, bicycle, 5.45 class; one-mile promateur, bicycle; three-mile professional, bicycle lap; two-mile amateur, tricycle; one-mile promateur, tricycle; ten-mile professional, bicycle; three-mile promateur, bicycle lap race; three-mile amateur, bicycle handicap.

Second day, 1 October.—One-mile amateur, bicycle lap; three-mile promateur, bicycle handicap; five-mile professional, bicycle; two-mile amateur, tandem tricycle; three-mile amateur, bicycle; ten-mile promateur, bicycle; one-mile professional, bicycle handicap; one-mile amateur, bicycle, three-minute class; two-mile promateur, tricycle.

Third day, 2 October.—One-mile professional, bicycle; two-mile amateur, tricycle handicap; five-mile amateur, bicycle scratch; one-mile promateur, bicycle handicap; five-mile professional, bicycle handicap; five-mile promateur, tandem; one-mile amateur, bicycle; five-mile promateur, lap; one-mile amateur, bicycle; consolation.

COMING EVENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

10 Friday.—Annual tournament Berkshire County Wheelmen, at Pittsfield, Mass.; two days.

11 Saturday.—Races of Harlem Wheelmen at Manhattan Grounds, New York. Entries close 4 September, to F. L. Bingham, 49 Rose street, New York.

10, 11 Friday, Saturday.—Annual tournament Berkshire County Wheelmen, at Pittsfield, Mass.

13 Monday.—Road race of Ilderan Bicycle Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

14 Tuesday.—Races at Cortland, N. Y., by Cortland Co. Cyclists Club.

Races at Farmers' and Mechanics Fair, No. Attleboro', Mass.

14 to 17 Tuesday to Friday.—Springfield Bi. Club's annual tournament, at Hampden Park, Springfield Mass.

18 Saturday.—Races of Associated Clubs at Allegheny City, Penn.

Races of Passaic County Wheelmen, at Clifton, N. J.

Fall race meeting of K. C. W., at Brooklyn, N. Y. Entries to C. Schwalbach, 124 Penn street, Brooklyn. Close 11 September.

Races at So. Worcester, Mass.

21 Tuesday.—Races by R. I. Division, at Providence, R. I.

21, 22, 23 Tuesday-Thursday.—Bicycle races at Junction City, Kansas. Apply to Charles S. Davis, Junction City, Kansas.

Races at Queen's County Fair, Mineola, L. I.

22, 23, Wednesday, Thursday.—Races of the Winona (Minn.) Club, and meet of Minnesota Division, on the 22d, five-mile N. W. championship; 23d, twenty-mile L. A. W. championship.

23, 24, 25 Thursday-Saturday.—Fall tournament of Lynn Track Association, at Glenmere Park, Lynn, Mass.; three days.

27 Monday.—Annual 100-mile race of Boston Bicycle Club. Entries to R. J. Tombs, 36 St. James street.

Races by Indianapolis (Ind.) A. A. Address C. F. Smith, 114 No. Penn street, Indianapolis, Ind.

28 Tuesday.—Kansas L. A. W. division meet and races, Junction City, Kan.

Second day of Indianapolis races. Pope Cup race.

30 Thursday.—First day of tournament of New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association, at Roseville Station, Newark, N. J. Apply to Frederic Jenkins, manager, Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.

OCTOBER.

1 and 2 Friday, Saturday.—Second and third days of tournament at Newark. Apply to Fred Jenkins.

1 Friday.—Illuminated parade of wheelmen at St. Louis, Mo. J. S. Rogers, care of American Wheelman, St. Louis.

1, 2 Friday, Saturday.—Inter-State meet at St. Louis, Mo. Apply to J. S. Rogers.

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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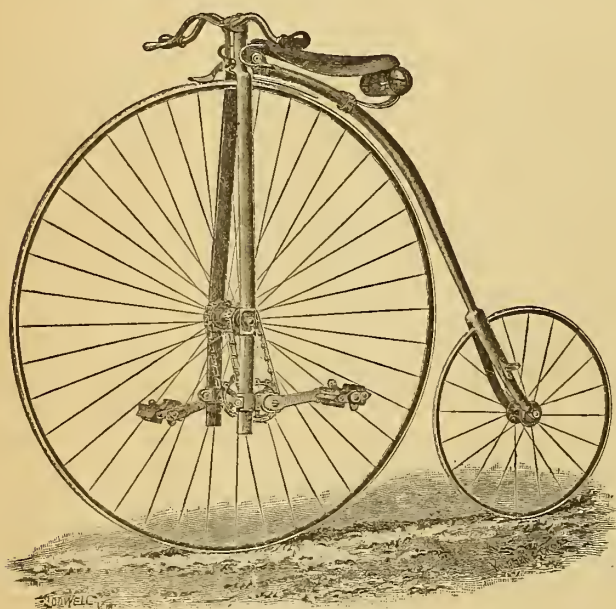
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