

Bicycling World

Published Weekly. 40 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

William S. Gilman, Editor.

S. C. Hodges & Co., Proprietors.

\$2.00 a Year.
7 cents a copy.

BOSTON, 26 AUGUST, 1881.

Volume III.
Number 16.

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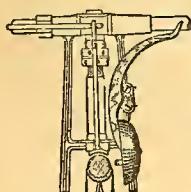
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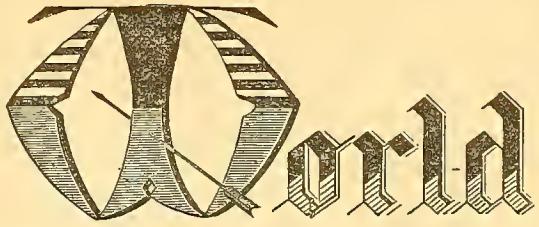
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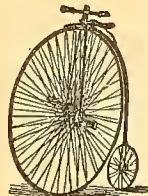
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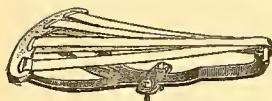
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[*Advertisements inserted under this head, not exceeding four lines, nonpareil, for fifty cents.*]

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CURRENT CALAMO

THE Central Park hearing was resumed Wednesday, before Referee Paris.

SEE the announcement in "Coming Events," of the Newport races, 7 September.

THE managers of the Cotton Exposition, Atlanta, Ga., will have bicycle races in connection with the exhibition early in October.

EITHER Saturday or Monday would be the most available day of the week to have the League races next month in New York.

WE have a few copies left of the photographs of the wheelmen at Newport in 1880, which we will send postpaid to any address for \$2.50, \$2.00, and \$1.00, according to size and style. Address E. C. Hodges & Co., 40 Water street, Boston, Mass.

THE Columbia Bicycle Club, of North Attleboro', will hold, 10 September, one of the best meets of the many announced for this season, judging from their very liberal outlay in prizes, accommodations, and racing provisions. The track is an unusually good one, hard and smooth as a floor, affording opportunity for making some fast time. There is good riding nearly all the way from Boston, only about five miles being bad, while for those preferring to go entirely by train may do so at reduced rates, which Secretary E. C. Stanton will explain if applied to. The meet occurs on Saturday, which will make it especially convenient for many who cannot attend the Worcester races in the earlier part of the week. The prize medal designs are very elegant and unique as well as costly, and will be well worth competing for. The programme is published in our department of "Coming Events."

PERSONAL

MR. FRED. BROWN, of the Chicago Bicycle Club, is said to have been in Boston last week.

A COMMUNICATION from "K. K." of Montreal, arrived too late for this issue, but will appear next week.

LIEUT. W. C. AMES, of the Columbia Bicycle Club, Attleboro', Mass., has recorded 1,600 miles' riding since April 1. Mr. Ames is one of the "heavy weights," turning the balance at one hundred and ninety pounds.

MR. CHARLES E. PRATT, president of the Boston Club, Mr. S. A. Marsden, captain of the New Haven Club and Mr. Waldo Lincoln, of the Worcester Club, will probably be judges at the New England Fair races at Worcester on the 6th inst.

MR. F. W. BLACKER, of the Aeolus Club, of Worcester, called on us Monday, he having, in company with Lieut. Biscoe, of the same club, wheeled in from Framingham. Mr. Blacker says arrangements are in progress by which it is hoped that all railroads converging at Worcester will transport passengers' bicycles free on the occasion of the great meet, on 6 September.

IT is rumored that the recent illness of "St. Botolph" Webster was caused by an undue use of water at the time of the League Meet. Mr. Webster says that he had rather be sick a month or two than go back on the principles of the Massa-

chusetts Club. After giving a dissertation on the advantages of Massachusetts lemonade, he called for a milk punch. We simply sighed, but he did n't invite us.

MR. WILLIAM V. GILMAN, a Nashua, N. H., wheelman, visited us Monday, accompanied by two others from the same town, Messrs. Charles E. Drew and Charles B. Beason, they having wheeled from Nashua to Boston. The last two gentlemen intend a whole week of runs in this vicinity before returning home, but Mr. Gilman went back the same day. The wheelmen of Nashua are about forming a club, and if the three who called upon us are representative men, it will be one of the most creditable organizations in the League.

Shake-Spokes.

To ride, or not to ride, that is the question;— Whether it be wiser in a man to walk the earth Like those who have preceded him in ages past, Or, taking Taurus by the horns, purchase a wheel And conquer it. To ride—to fall— Some more;—and could we but believe that we Should never have to learn the thousand different ways The thing can throw us. —'t were a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To ride;—to fall;— To fall! perhaps to hurt ourselves;—ay there's the rub; For in those falls what visions to us come Of bruised shins, cracked heads, and broken limbs, To give us fame. There's our respect For things which are in style that asks us why we doubt; For who would like to see themselves passed by, While others mounted on the wheel shall take the cake And mash the gentler sex, as wheelmen sometimes do? Oh, the tough toughness of the toughened things The poor pedestrians from these riders take, When they themselves might banish all their woes By learning! Who would all these things bear, And groan and sweat and walk themselves to death, But that the dread of getting on the wheel From whose high porcine perch so many riders pass To root old mother earth, checks our ambition; And makes us try to think the ills we have Are not to be compared with those we wot not of? Thus reasoning it makes cowards of us all, And so our native hue of hesitation Is hedged about with resolutions not to try, And schemes of wondrous kind and moment Must from our thoughts be turned away, And given o'er to wheelmen.

F. W. B.

A "Poem."

THE following was sent us from Pennsylvania, and shows to what Parnassian heights the juvenile mind may be lifted when its owner takes a header from his bicycicular Pegasus:—

Editor Bicycling World:—Enclosed find a poem written by myself although I don't know whether it is fit for publication. Therefore I will leave it to your judgment. For I am no Poet at all but a Striped and am very interesting in Bicycling but had the means to buy one but with the assistance of my Brother we constructed a rude machine (if indeed a machine it may be called) And had these verses knocked out of me in endeavoring to ride it. If you find it fit for publication I wish you would send me a copy with it in and thereby Greatley Oblige me.

I Remain Yours as Ever

A. F., Fryburg, Clarion Co. Pa.

THE JUVENILE BICYCLER.

On the Bicycle

Up high

And oh my

In the gutter i fly

It makes you sigh

For oh my

You think you fell from the sky

But its only a few feet high

You come down in a heap

With out a leap

In the gutter deep

And come down in a sprawl

But oh that ain't all

For it makes you baul.

A. F.



As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclists generally, and aims to be a clear, comprehensive, and impartial record of all bicycling events in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, business meetings, club meets, social events, personal items, inventions, varieties of manufacture, routes, and all information of interest or value to wheelmen. From foreign journals there are throughout the year selected such items and articles as are of interest in this country. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 26 AUGUST, 1881.

FOR CONSIDERATION.

WE would suggest to wheelmen that considerable discretion should be exercised in the use of the bell to warn overtaken horse vehicles of their approach. If there is plenty of road room, the bicyclist will do better to quietly glide ahead without attracting the horse's attention; then the latter, seeing the machine rapidly receding before him, feels no alarm. If, however, warned by bell or whistle, he turns and sees the machine approaching from behind, if inclined to scare anyhow he will scare them. If the alarm is given, however, the rider should remain behind the carriage, out of sight of the horse, until the driver is aware of the former's presence, and so prepared for any scare on the horse's part. We also think the lantern at night on a dark road should be accompanied by frequent sounding of the bell to warn approaching horse-carriages, as we have heard drivers otherwise in favor of bicycling raise objection on this point, claiming that they, no less than the horses, are often startled by the sudden appearance of the light, unaccompanied by any warning sound. It would be well if these questions were considered by the League, and some rules adopted regulating the use of

lights and alarms, based on aggregated individual experiences of both horsemen and bicyclists.

AND now an inexperienced and uninformed sub-editor of the Chicago *Tribune* has been tampering with the bicycle question in the columns of that very able and influential journal, and to about the same purpose as the callow sub. of the Boston *Transcript* did last week. This vacation season is very embarrassing to any metropolitan daily which has but one competent leading editor, who, if he feels any pride in the conduct of his journal, must lose half the enjoyment of a pleasure trip in the fear of some *contretemps* of this sort on the part of his ambitious but often indiscreet associate. The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, which rarely if ever "slops over," because its editorial staff is a strong one, comments thus on the *Transcript's* unfortunate article:—

"It would seem to be a little late in the day to revive the old controversy about the rights of bicycles on the highway. It may or may not be wise to admit the use of them, even under strict regulations, on sidewalks and upon the paths of parks; but in the street, at all events, they have as much right to be as wheelbarrows and handcarts. Yet a Boston paper has just said that there are no interests at stake on the bicyclists' side except those of the manufacturers. The only purpose of the bicycle at present, it is said, is amusement or exercise. That, one would think, is a rather broad purpose, and the general pursuit of such objects by a large number of young men, whose appearance rarely frightens a horse which will not 'shy' at a hay cart, would seem to create something of an interest and confer some rights."

It is not necessary to defend bicycling to our readers, and we refrain from attempting to argue the question with the *Transcript*. Besides, that journal has made amende honorable by publishing to its readers President Pratt's able rejoinder in its Thursday issue of last week.

Some Tricycles. VI.

THE ROYAL SALVO.

WHETHER my papers on tricycles are of sufficient interest to be continued must be decided by you, Mr. Editor; and that you may have opportunity of decision, I send you one more. The use of tricycles is steadily increasing, to be sure, but not by any means with such rapidity as attended the introduction of bicycles. It is not attended with such rapid increase as one familiar with the possibilities of their use would be led to

expect. In Massachusetts, for instance, there were one or two English tricycles imported in the winter of '77 and '78, and two or three more during that year; but it was not to be expected, with all the emphasis given to bicycling, that tricycling would receive much attention. Another reason why it did not, probably, was the fact that the construction of tricycles had not apparently reached a proportionate degree of perfection; so that while some tricycles have been in use in this State for three years, the number at present, so far as I can ascertain, does not exceed fifty. Last spring, before the roads were in an inviting condition for bicycling, there were many good wheelmen who resorted to the tricycle, and found it safe and comfortable for short excursions, even on frozen and rutted roads, and snow and ice. It is certainly capable of use under some circumstances which make bicycling precarious, and many are beginning to avail themselves of it for use under such circumstances.

The ladies are also beginning to look more hopefully toward it. One of the most prominent lady tricyclers, who has accomplished much with her Challenge in the line of pleasure, pronounces it of peculiar advantage to ladies for shopping and making calls, and expresses the opinion that while ladies may find other means of locomotion for diversion, they will find this the readiest, convenientest, and most economical, and on the whole the easiest way of getting about within reasonably short distances, for practical and social purposes; and beyond this, she also thinks it a boon in the way of exercise and positive recreation. Now, that is substantially expressing for the ladies, just what the judgment regarding bicycles has settled down to for gentlemen. My own added experience in the way of tricycling only tends to confirm me in the opinion that as compared with walking, or anything else than bicycling, tricycling is the correct, enjoyable, and graceful thing; but that those who can use the bicycle will find it so much superior, that they will not relinquish it often for the tricycle. One may take a bicycle, for instance, and ride off nine miles an hour for forty miles, as easily and pleasantly as he will ride six miles an hour for twenty miles, with any tricycle yet brought to my attention. That is about the comparative speed and distance of the two. If any one else has a different judgment to offer, I shall be glad to see it stated in print. But I am to describe a tricycle. In previous papers, I have already described eight velocipedes, and now I propose to say something for the Royal Salvo. This machine, though somewhat improved for the present season, is substantially what was known before as the Special Salvo, a name which has been dropped by Starley Brothers, of Coventry, England, the makers, because of the patronage of the royal family, two of them having been purchased by the queen.

It is one of the easiest and steadiest

tricycles for hill work and rough roads of any which I have yet tried. It is made of two sizes: the one for ladies' use, and for such gentlemen as prefer it, having 46-inch driving wheels, and the larger one having 50-inch driving wheels. The driving wheels are of equal size, have $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch rubber tires, crescent rims, direct spokes, steel hubs, and are set at about the usual width of tricycles. The guiding wheel is eighteen inches in diameter, with $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch tire, is held in a fork bearing in a socket head, and is guided by rack and pinion steering. It is placed directly in front of the driving wheels. This tricycle has a strong band brake, which holds both driving wheels, and which is very efficient. It has an adjustable seat or saddle, an easy double scroll spring, foot rests well out of the way and yet well placed on the perch over the guiding wheel. This perch extends beneath the driving axle, tapering towards the rear, and has a small steel wheel four inches in diameter at the rear end, which is carried about six inches from the ground, and which operates as a stay or brace to prevent rearward overturning. This stay wheel is seldom called into use; but as the rider is pretty evenly poised over the driving axle, it is very easy to lift the guiding wheel from the ground, and I have noticed that sometimes, by a sudden change of position or lift on the handles, the machine is tilted so as to make this little wheel an element of safety. The handles are well placed, one for steering and support or lift, and the other for support or lift alone, the brake being applied by a separate lever. This tricycle may be classed, as to means of propulsion, as a crank-movement one; as to its driving, as a double driver; and as to its steering, as a front steerer. It has a crank shaft bearing rubber pedals in the lower part of the frame, on the left end of which is a cog wheel, connected by an endless chain with a drum on the driving axle, slightly geared up for power; and this chain gear is covered by a guard to protect the dress of the rider.

The driving mechanism is very ingenious, and shows the ingenuity of the late Mr. Starley, whose contributions to the perfection of bicycles and tricycles have been so much referred to of late in the newspapers. The drum on which the endless chain works contains three bevelled gear wheels, two of them of considerable diameter, and running in parallel vertical planes, and the other of small diameter, operating in a plane perpendicular to the others and between them. One of the larger bevelled gear wheels is fixed to the left driving wheel, which is free or movable on the axle; the other bevelled gear wheel is fixed on the axle within the drum. The axle extends across the machine through both wheels, and the right-hand wheel is fixed on the axle instead of being free, as the other one is. Outside of this axle is a tubular part of the frame, extending between the wheels and containing roller bearings, within which the axle revolves. These roller bearings

each contain fifteen small rollers about two inches in length, very finely made and adjusted. The operation of the small bevelled gear wheel between the other two is such that when the machine is driven straight ahead it operates merely as a clutch, causing both wheels to revolve together and to operate as driving wheels, and to be driven alike, either backward or forward; but when any deflection is given to the course of the machine, so that one wheel shall travel faster or slower than the other, this intermediate gear, turning on its axis, allows the gear connected with the left-hand driving wheel to take a different motion, and the wheel to turn free on the axle instead of turning with it; so that one wheel may be made to run in one direction and the other in the opposite direction at the same time. C. E. P.

EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

Kron's Spring Vacation.

WHEN I finished my 500-mile autumn tour on the last Friday evening of last September, by circling round the fountain in Washington Square, the old straw hat which had sheltered my head during the journey was "unanimously called in." Mortal eye saw it not again until the early dawn of the last Saturday in May, when the dozen bicyclists who rode in the baggage car from Fall River to Boston had the pleasure of inspecting that same historic head-gear. By that sign also was my identity revealed to the youth who had consented to take a two-days' ride with me, according to my proposal in the BICYCLING WORLD, and who, after a ten-mile spin from the suburbs, was awaiting my arrival in front of the Hotel Brunswick.

Mounting there at 8.30, we took a five-mile path to Harvard Square, stopping a half-hour for breakfast at Carl's, and proceeded through Cambridge, Malden, and Lynn, to Salem, where we tarried from 1.45 to 3 P.M. at the Essex House, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the start; thence to Wrentham, four miles, one hour; Ipswich, six miles, three quarters of an hour; and Rowley railroad station, five miles, three quarters of an hour. There we took the train to Portsmouth, N.H.; and after indulging in four miles more of wheeling, in order to visit the Kittery Navy Yard, in the State of Maine, dismounted for the night at the Rockingham House, at 8.15. The weather of the day had been favorable; for though the clouds threatened in the morning and a few rain-drops really fell, the afternoon was bright. The clouds of the next morning, however, were not only threatening, but they fulfilled their threat. We left Portsmouth at 5 o'clock, and reached the Merrimac Hotel in Newburyport, twenty miles on, at 8.45, in a thoroughly dampened condition, for the heavy mist of the early part of the ride definitely turned into rain during the last hour. The last five or six miles comprised the poorest roads encountered on the tour, and during the

last two miles the mud became quite troublesome. Having breakfasted and cleaned our wheels, we had a fire made for the drying of our garments, and betook ourselves to reading, as a pleasant way of passing the time until the 5 o'clock train should start for Boston. Even when we went down to dinner at 1.30, we had no hope of avoiding this inglorious ending of our excursion, though the rain ceased to fall soon after noon. The bright sun, however, soon tempted an examination of the roads, and the examination tempted us to risk the mud and start along at 2.45.

Once clear of the shaded streets of the town, we found no trouble, for the soil and sunshine had absorbed the moisture of the morning, and the track, freed from the dust of the previous day, was at its very best. The rain had freshened all the foliage and given life to the atmosphere; the fruit trees were in full bloom, and in many cases so overhung the road as to fill the air with fragrance; in short, it would be hard to imagine pleasanter conditions for riding. The pump on Rowley Green, six miles, was reached in an hour after starting, during which hour about a mile of perfect shell road was whizzed across, and the second hour showed a record of eight miles more. The third hour, six miles and a half, brought us to Salem, in ample season for the train. When I dismounted in front of the Hotel Vendome, Boston, at 8.20 o'clock, the cyclometer indicated ninety-three miles for the two days. My companion proceeded a little further, and as he rode somewhat before joining me, his record for the two days was a dozen miles greater. Considering that he was a boy of eighteen, who had never before been on a tour or ridden more than twenty miles in a day, I thought his utility to do 105 miles without inconvenience or subsequent ill effects was a pretty good proof of the healthfulness of bicycling. He was a leader on the road more of the time than a follower, and he often bobbed along serenely through sand and ruts when I myself, out of prudent regard for my more venerable bones, preferred to make frequent dismounts. Save for the six hours' delay, we should have covered the whole distance from Portsmouth to Boston on that memorable 29 May; and I am sure he will always be as glad as I am to recommend the track in question to all wheelmen who have not as yet had the pleasure of its acquaintance.

Nineteen and three quarter miles was my record for Monday, the 30th, which included four miles in the tail of the great parade and an afternoon spin to Chestnut Hill reservoir. The next day I did a similar distance, as one of a party of eighteen, who lunched at the Blue Bell Tavern in Milton, by invitation of the Boston men. Wednesday afternoon (I did n't get started till afternoon, because I didn't "go home till morning," from the orgies at St. Botolph's) I went to Dedham, and rode some thirty-five miles

over the admirable roads of that region, including another visit to the reservoir, and a coast down the hill there, when my wheel ran away with me but did n't quite throw me off. During about half of this afternoon's ride I had a pleasant chance companion in the person of a steady youth on a big wheel, who said his brother drove a sixty-inch, and who will himself, I doubt not, ultimately attain the requisite stature for driving a similar monster. On Thursday morning, at 9 o'clock, having sent my baggage to Springfield, I bade adieu to the Hotel Vendome, and rode out to Cambridge for breakfast. I had planned to start at 5; but the rain was drizzling down when the waiter called me then, and I was glad to sleep for another three hours. Even at 9 the sun had not been shining long enough to dry the roads; but by noon, when I left Harvard Square, all ill effects of the rain had disappeared. At Mount Auburn Cemetery, the superintendent denied my vehicle the privilege of entering the gates, so I journeyed through North Cambridge to the Monument House in Lexington, where I stopped for lunch at 2 o'clock, some twenty-one miles from the start and ten miles from the college yard. I was told that the road towards Concord was inferior, and so went from Lexington to Waltham, an excellent spin of six miles and a half, in about three quarters of an hour. Leaving there a half-hour later, my first stop was caused in an hour by some road repairs in Wellesley, seven and a half miles on. At South Framingham, I took another rest, leaving there at 6, and reaching the hotel in Northboro', fourteen and a half miles on, at 7:45, making fifty-four and a half miles for the day.

When I made my next mount, at 5.30 on Friday morning, a chilly wind from the east blew against my back and threatened all the while to turn the prevailing heavy mist into unmistakable rain. The best I dared to hope for was to reach Worcester before the roads should get too slippery. I did reach the railroad station there, nine miles, in an hour and a quarter, which I thought creditably fast travelling, considering the hills. Where the roads fork at about the middle of the journey, I took the "new" or left-hand one, and went down grade for about a mile to the railroad track, (where perhaps a tourist bound for Boston might well take the road for Westboro' rather than the Northboro' road, down which I came). If any of the Worcester riders remember the bad words I said about the journey from that city to South Framingham in the report which I printed concerning my first ride from Springfield to Boston in 1879, let me confess to them that it was all a mistake, — a clear case of "a good man gone wrong." Trusting to the Grafton route described in "The American Bicycler," I failed even to follow that with accuracy, and therefore used up the whole of a day in doing some twenty-five miles. I now wish to say that the proper track between

Worcester and Boston is as good a one as any tourist ought to ask for.

The east wind and heavy mist were as threatening as ever when I finished breakfast in Worcester; but remembering the proverb that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," I ventured to hope that I might be the body which this particular ill wind, cursed through the chattering teeth of everyone else, was destined to benefit. So at 7:40 I mounted again, and in an hour had got to the hill beyond the brick church in Leicester, nearly six miles. I stopped next at Spencer, an hour later, four and a half miles on. The mist here was almost thick enough to cut, and the shivering Spencerians, clad in overcoats, evidently felt murderous towards me for my apparent ability to keep warm without a coat of any sort. Brookfield, eight and three quarter miles on, was reached at 11:35, and West Brookfield, three miles, a half-hour later. When I started on again at 2 o'clock, the mist had lifted, but the east wind was as threatening as ever, and at times in the afternoon there were occasional brief sprinklings of rain. At the hill by the lake side, about a mile beyond the hotel, where I should have taken the left-hand road to Warren, I took the right-hand one; and when I discovered my mistake, I determined, rather than retrace three miles of poor road, to push on to Ware instead, and complete my tour to Springfield by that longer (and probably rougher) route. Five miles more brought me to Ware, at 3:30 P.M.; and Thorndike, eight miles on, was reached an hour later. A mile of good sidewalk riding led to Three Rivers. Jenksville, seven and a half miles on, was reached in an hour and a half, spite of several hills, and another mile of good sidewalk then led to Indian Orchard, at which place I should probably have arrived two hours earlier had I taken the Warren route. Dusk had now settled down, and darkness soon followed, with occasional rain-drops; but the east wind still helped me, and I rode nearly all the way across the plain, either in the rut or on the adjoining edge of hard gravel to the horse railroad terminus in East State street, Springfield, five miles, at 8:15. Then followed three miles of slow wheeling over the dimly lighted macadam of the city streets and the planks of the North bridge, whence I walked two miles homeward without trying a single mount. My day's journey of sixty-four and a half miles was completed at 9:45 P.M.; and by 10 o'clock the rain, which had been threatening me every hour since daybreak, was pouring down in right good earnest. The cyclometer showed 286½ miles for the seven successive days, an average of forty-one miles, and this was the first occasion of my mounting a wheel each and every day of a given week.

Two days later, 6 June, I devoted an afternoon to exploring the roads around Springfield to the extent of twenty-three miles; and next morning, at 7 o'clock,

started on a long ride up the Connecticut Valley. In an hour and forty minutes I reached the station at Smith's Ferry, just nine miles, and just two minutes ahead of the train which was to carry me through the sandy stretch to North Hatfield. That last mile to the train was made in twenty minutes by running along a sandy road, and taking many short mount and two or three tumbles. But I did n't get left! Leaving the cars at North Hatfield, I by mistake took the direct road on the west instead of the longer and better road on the east. I was therefore an hour on the way to South Deerfield, — less than six miles. Good riding then led to Greenfield, eight miles, at 11:45. After a mile of sidewalks, rather poor roads followed for perhaps three miles, and then an excellent track for a like distance to the Bay State Hotel in Bernardston. A good dinner was served there for half a dollar; and after waiting nearly two hours to eat and digest it, I started on at 2:40 P.M., and reached the water trough near the slate quarry, eight and a quarter miles, at 4:05, and the hotel in Brattleboro', five miles, an hour later. The road was nearly all good, but the last hour included considerable hill climbing. The rain, which had overhung me all day, then began to drizzle mildly down, and continued to fall with varying intensity through the night; nevertheless, after supper at the Brooks House, I accepted the invitation of a party of local wheelmen, and took a spin with them out to West Brattleboro' and back, the return being made in the dark. This little sidewalk side-show of six miles brought up my day's record to forty-seven and a half miles. Next morning the mud below and mist above was far from encouraging, but I was told that the road was good for ten miles to Putney, and I made trial of it for a third of that distance before turning about for home.

Leaving the hotel in Brattleboro' at 11:30, I surprised myself by riding up the hill as far as the water trough before dismounting. The descent of the hill seemed pleasanter than the descent towards Brattleboro' the previous afternoon. Spite of the heavy and often muddy roads of this second day, I was five minutes less than before in covering the distance to Bernardston. As I dismounted at the hotel there, after riding without stop for two or three miles, a bystander drew attention to the fact that there was "something wrong" about my machine. Examination showed the backbone to be nearly broken off, the solid steel beneath serving to hold the parts together. So I sorrowfully swallowed my dinner (for the afternoon's ride promised to be a fine one and a fit ending of my pleasant vacation), trundled my machine to the railroad station, and next day took it to its Hartford birthplace for repairs and improvements. To-morrow I hope to meet it there and do some more riding, after two months of absorption in less important duties. I have no special grudge against the machine for giving out

as it did, for it was on its 3013th mile when the break took place; that was also my twenty-first mile of that day, and the 399th of my ten-days' spring tour.

KOL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., 1 August, 1881.

Louisville.

Editor Bicycling World:—I have noticed the descriptions of bicycle trips in almost every part of the United States in your excellent paper, but have not seen any mention of a trip in Kentucky. Therefore I will see what I can do in the way of relating the account of a bicycle trip from Louisville to Simpsonville and return. We (by which is meant Henry Schimpeler, captain of the Falls City Bicycle Club; Ed. Owen; Ferd. Dunnekake, president of Falls City Bicycle Club; and the undersigned) left Louisville on Saturday evening, the 6th inst., at 5 o'clock P.M., intending to run to Shelbyville, distant thirty-three miles, by moonlight. We proceeded safely, so to speak, to Middletown, thirteen miles, where we left Mr. Dunnekake, who was unable to go further. The rest of us then pushed on, and when about three miles from Middletown, came upon a "horse accident," which, by the way, was not caused by bicycles. Two drunken men had been scuffling in a wagon, and just as we were coming down a hill, one of them fell forward between the wheels, his neck resting on the shaft and his head jammed in between the wheel and the shaft. It required the united strength of us three bicyclers and several bystanders to so bend the wheel as to release the man from his dangerous position. In about twenty minutes he had so far recovered as to be taken into a house near by, and we started again on our way over the hills. The whole distance from Louisville to Shelbyville is up and down very steep hills. But now it had become dark, and we only had one lantern among us. "Schimp" took the lead on a 56-inch Harvard, Owen the centre, on a 50-inch Harvard, with the lamp, and I brought up the rear on a 50-inch new Columbia Standard. Unluckily for our moonlight ride, the clouds began to come up, and by the time we got to Long Run, eighteen miles from Louisville, it began to rain. When we had gone about two miles farther we had to get down and walk on account of bad roads, which had been rendered worse by covering them with dirt and loose rock. So on we tramped up hill and down hill, pushing our machines before us to Simpsonville, twenty-three miles from Louisville, after walking four miles in rain. The last mile was walked totally in the dark, as our lantern was broken by a "header." We ate supper at half past ten o'clock, and immediately went to bed, intending to go on to Shelbyville in the morning. When morning came, however, we were so delighted with Simpsonville that we concluded to pass the day there. At ten o'clock we were joined by Dunnekake, who had come on from Middletown, and

Mr. Howard Thompson, of the Louisville Bicycle Club, who had come out on his 58-inch Harvard. Mr. Dunnekake rode his "Minnie," a 54-inch Harvard. We left Simpsonville at 3:30 P.M., leaving Mr. Dunnekake, who came back on the train, and arrived home safe and sound, after having enjoyed a splendid run of forty-six miles. . . . We have about fifty bicycles here: twenty-four in the Louisville Bicycle Club, twenty in the Falls City Bicycle Club, and eight or ten unattached. . . . I would like to correct one error in your Chicago news for the 12th of August. Your correspondent states that Mr. Craig lost his race here, on the 22d of June, by falling from his machine. Mr. Craig did not fall from his bicycle, but was badly beaten by Messrs. Schimpeler and Thomas, the latter of whom won the race.

C. H. J., *Falls City Bicycle Club.*

LOUISVILLE, KY., 19 August.

Louisville.

Editor Bicycling World:—Being in Richmond, Ind., yesterday, I, accompanied by two of the unattached of that city, rode out to Camp Morton, where the Fourth Regiment, Ohio National Guard, were encamped. Arriving at the guard line we were heartily received; our wheels taken to the guard tent, where they were properly cared for, while we passed a very agreeable afternoon. But it was of the behavior of the hundreds of horses we met that I wished to speak more particularly. The exercises at the camp had been extensively advertised, so that all the farmers within driving distance were there with their teams, while the railroads brought upwards of 3,000 people from Cincinnati, Columbus, and Dayton, Ohio, and Indianapolis and Logansport, Ind., and points between those cities and Richmond. This insured the use of all the livery in town, and of course all the citizens who owned horses were out, and we were among them all, meeting them in drives where we would have to dismount because the road was too narrow to pass, meeting and passing them with our alarms ringing like those nightmare-giving clocks, where the people crowded so close to the vehicles that we had to ring for a clear track, meeting and passing them swiftly and noiselessly on the avenue; and not a horse did we meet that frightened, or even appeared timid at the sight of us. This, where there was music, beating of drums, blowing of bugles, firing of cannon, bright uniforms, and many other things calculated to make a horse excitable, speaks very well for the superior intelligence of the equine inhabitants of Eastern Indiana,—that is, if we may believe those Pittsburg and New York gentlemen who pronounce the wheel such an infallible scarecrow:

1079.

LOUISVILLE, KY., 15 August, 1881.

A Better Way.

Editor Bicycling World:—Wheelmen passing through Beverly, *en route* for Ips-

wich, Newburyport, etc., can save themselves nearly two miles of very rough road, without resorting to sidewalk riding, with its attendant risk of being swept out of the saddle by overhanging branches, by going through the Reservoir grounds, the entrance to which is reached just after crossing the Gloucester Branch Railroad track, on Cabot street. If the driveway gates are closed, the wheelman can easily get his machine inside through the entrance for foot passengers. The walk up one side of the hill is amply repaid by the magnificent coast down the other; but in descending the eastern slope, towards Beverly, the machine should be kept well in hand until nearly half way down, otherwise the speed would be terrific, and the consequence of a fall serious. The view from the summit of the reservoir is very fine, our palace Hospital for the Insane, in Danvers, being a prominent object. If any wheelman avail himself of the foregoing, and succeed in climbing the eastern slope without a dismount, let him send his name to the *WORLD* for the veneration of

PEDAL PUSHER.

SALEM, MASS., 20 August.

Boston to Portland.

Editor Bicycling World:—In advance of a printed pamphlet descriptive of all the best routes, hotels, and side-trips in this vicinity, which I am preparing for free distribution to L. A. W. members, I would notify tourists who propose to ride from Boston to Portsmouth, that the Seabrook sands can be avoided by following the horse-car tracks from Newburyport via the Chain Bridge to Amesbury, instead of crossing the Merrimac River on the old travel bridge, near the railroad bridge at Newburyport. After crossing the Chain Bridge, wheelmen should take the second right turn at the guideboard marked "eighteen miles to Portsmouth," which road leads to the large Rocky Hill meeting-house, where a guide-board is marked "Hampton, nine miles," which road ends at Methodist Church in Seabrook. From thence the regular travel road can be followed to Portsmouth. On the return trip the right-hand guide post at the fork of the roads at the Methodist church in Seabrook, marked "Amesbury Village, 3½ miles," should be followed, instead of the left one, "Newburyport, 4½ miles." At the open space, about two miles beyond, is a guide-board inscribed "Newburyport, 2 miles," meaning the boundary line, not the city. This road leads to Rocky Hill meeting-house, where the straight road, instead of turning to the left, leads to horse-car tracks north of Chain Bridge. This route is only about a mile longer than the direct road, and with the exception of one sharp hill, the road is excellent, and free from sand. The trip of sixty-five miles from Boston to Portsmouth, can be easily made in a day by any fair rider, and the rider has made it without a dismount for any hill or sand.

I would also notify tourists proposing to continue the run east of Portsmouth to

Portland that the car wheel is preferable to his own, unless he is accustomed to pushing his bicycle through three to ten inches of loose sand. For at least six miles the forest roads in Wells and Kennebeck are sandpapered, but the paper is from five inches to a mile under the loose sand, and there is so side track or turf. The road from Biddeford to Portland is very good, and the side trip from Saco to Old Orchard Beach and return is excellent. The officers of the Portsmouth Club have recently been over the route, and if any one wishes to undertake the trip, or any other in this vicinity, full details will be cheerfully furnished by the Portsmouth L. A. W. consul, C. A. Davis, or by C. A. HAZLETT, Director L. A. W. PORTSMOUTH, N. H., 20 August, 1881.

CORRESPONDENCE

The "Star" Machine.

Editor Bi. World: — Having noticed a request from "E. J. T." in your issue of the 5th, for information in regard to the "Star" bicycle from some one who has ridden one I thought I would reply, as I bought the first "Star" shipped by the manufacturers. Having ridden the old-style crank machines and found them very good and serviceable, I had some prejudice against this machine before I bought one; but I resolved to run the risk anyway, and can candidly say I am glad I did, as the machine has proved itself, so far, to be first-class. I was a little afraid of it when I got it out of the crate and looked at it, but soon overcame my fright. I mounted the first few times from a box, as I did not like the looks of the step at the side, and had no difficulty in riding it the third time I got on. This greatly encouraged me, so I tried mounting from the step. This I found much harder than the riding, and it bothered me for several days to mount easily every time; but I think I must have been constitutionally awkward, which occasioned this trouble, for I soon got the hang of it, and found that I could mount easier and quicker than on the old crank machines. Since then I have had no trouble at all with the machine, except that as Mr. Reid, of the Rochester Club, says, I think the handle bars are a little too short; but that is a matter easily remedied. I have found the "Star" to be the best machine made for our city roads, which are macadamized and have some loose stones in them, as you have no fears of "headers" when riding the "Star." I pay no attention to stones or sticks in the road when riding. As yet, I have had no good opportunity to test the speed of the machines, but feel confident that it will run as fast, if not faster than the crank machines. The saving in power is considerable, as there is no lost motion in the "Star," as the levers come back to place at once after each downward stroke of the legs. In conclusion, I can only say that I feel certain that no bicycler will think he has squandered his money if he gets a "Star"; for if they all prove as

good as mine, they cannot be beat. I forgot to mention that my machine is a 51-inch, half-nickelled and is as fine a machine as I ever saw. I would like to hear more from "Ixion," and other riders of the "Star," in regard to their experiences.

SYLVAN.
MOLINE, ILL., 18 August, 1881.

The American Star.

Editor Bicycling World: — I notice, in your issue of 5 August, "E. J. T." wants to hear from riders of the "Star" bicycle. I have been riding a 51-inch some time, and must say, in my opinion, it is far ahead of the crank machine, and I like it much better. I can mount easier and quicker, though at first I thought it could not be mounted, but I soon got the hang of it. I find I can go up steeper hills and take much longer rides with less fatigue and danger.

E. F. BURNS.

BROCKPORT, N. Y., 15 August, 1881.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

THE SAN FRANCISCO BI. CLUB. — The regular monthly meeting of the club was held at the Windsor House, on Thursday, 11 August. The treasurer reported the finances in a very satisfactory condition. The captain reported a meet on 24 July, with a very fair attendance, and a most enjoyable time to all participants. Mr. Chas. L. Barrett, having discontinued riding the fickle steed, tendered his resignation. A communication was received from the State Board of Agriculture, stating that a gold and silver medal would be offered for a bicycle race during the coming State Fair, provided five entries be received. The matter was referred to the captain and secretary to ascertain how many members would go to Sacramento for that purpose, and to notify the State Board. The proprietors of the Oakland race track having signified their willingness to lay a five-lap bicycle track on their grounds, provided they receive sufficient encouragement from the riders of the silent steed, the members decided to open a subscription list among themselves, to assist in the good work, should it be deemed advisable by the proprietors of the race track, to lay such track. The color of the uniform pants was changed from gray to brown.

GEO. J. HOBE, Sec.

THE OAKLAND (CAL.) BI. CLUB held the first annual meeting, 6 August, 1881. The following officers were re-elected: G. H. Strong, captain; W. H. Lowden, lieutenant; C. L. Goddard, secretary. A vote of thanks was given to the retiring officers, and the hope expressed that the incoming ones would do as well. The club is in a flourishing condition; was organized 5 August, 1881, with eleven members. During the year many new members have been added; one has been lost by death, and a few have retired. The present number is thirty-six, using eighteen "Harvards," six "Columbias,"

three "Duplex Excelsiors," two "Clubs," one "Hallamshire," one "Premier," one "Acme," and one "Facile." The sizes are as follows: 56-inch, five; 54-inch, twelve; 52-inch, seven; 50-inch, four; 48-inch, four; and 42-inch, two. Fifteen machines are full-nickelled, two half-nickelled, nine all bright, and eight painted. The suit consists of a blue cap, coat, knee-breeches, and stockings or black leggings. The captain, lieutenant, and secretary serve also as president, vice-president, and treasurer, thus avoiding too great a drain on the intellectual and moral force of the club. The captain is the pioneer wheelman of the city, and a very enthusiastic leader. The heaviest man is trying a "What-is-it," in shape of a 42-inch "Facile," probably fearing that some of the earthquakes of this country might be laid to him if he should fall from a higher machine. The next heaviest man glides on a "shadow." Probably he will next be trying a moonbeam; though, as he is still a bachelor, we hope it won't be that of a honey-moon.

The roads of Oakland are level and well macadamized, and those to several towns a few miles away are in the same fine condition. Of course "watering places" are numerous along the way, but the proprietors were at first generally astonished by a call for "fresh milk," though now they always know what to set out when they see a drove of calves approaching. The club room is at 1067 Broadway, where a meeting is held the first Saturday of each month, or as often as necessary. Informal runs are taken every Saturday evening. An "M. D." has just been elected to membership, and will doubtless be made club surgeon, and taken on all trips to attend to general repairs. If any Eastern wheelmen happen in Oakland, the club will gladly receive them and escort them around the "garden of the Gods."

OAKLAND.

THE FRANKFORD BI. CLUB. — *Editor Bicycling World:* — Although rather late in the season, the riders in this section have eventually organized the Frankford Bicycle Club. It has been a long and somewhat tedious task for a few enthusiasts to stir up interest enough among the Frankford bicyclers to come together as a bicycle club. Our object is to make it a truly bicycle as well as a social club. At the first meeting for organization, 11 August, the following officers and members joined hands as the Frankford Bicycle Club: Joseph Dyson, president; W. J. Owrid, vice-president; John Crankshaw, secretary and treasurer; Daniel Lees, captain; Chas. M. Miller, sub-captain; H. Q. Mills, S. Smith, E. Hamilton, W. Lunn, John Ward, John Bannister, S. Ford, R. B. Swanson. Our "club room," which is the largest part of a club, is not yet secured; but a committee having been appointed to ferret out desirable localities for such a purpose have already several in view, among which is a room adjoining a fine 16-lap rink, which, if decided upon, will be utilized for winter

riding. Next spring we have hopes of turning out in full force among the foremost clubs of Philadelphia and vicinity, and have no doubt you will hear from us then.

SUB.

FRANKFORD, PHILADELPHIA, PA., 13 August, 1881.

L. A. W.

Amateur bicyclers everywhere are cordially invited to join the League of American Wheelmen.

Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs when the entire active membership joins. Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to *Dilwyn Wistar, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to *Kingman N. Putnam, 54 Wall Street, New York City.* Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.

Applicants should notice names as published in the *BICYCLING WORLD*, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made.

Bicyclers generally are requested to notice the names also, and inform the corresponding secretary (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies.

Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the league by inviting desirable bicyclers to join.

Circulars, etc., regarding the league will be sent to any address on application to the corresponding secretary.

The rules of the league are given in full in the *BICYCLING WORLD* of 2 October, and may be obtained by sending 10c. to the office of the *WORLD*. It is very important that every member should be familiar with these rules, and they will not be published in book form at present, as the organization is not yet perfected.

Badges are to be obtained by any member on his forwarding his full name and address and membership number to the Treasurer, with a deposit of \$2.00 for solid silver, or \$1.00 for nickel-plated badge.

APPLICATIONS.

Editor of the Bicycling World: — The following names have been proposed for membership in the League of American Wheelmen, and are sent you for publication, as required by the Constitution.

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,
Corresponding Secretary, L. A. W.

UNATTACHED.—Orlando H. Burleigh, 9 Main street, Natick, Mass.; Louis A. Gareta, Louisville, Ky.; H. A. Burnham, Jr., box 218, Gloucester, Mass.; Geo. S. Smith, box 1072, Worcester, Mass.; Frank Mayo, Jr., Canton, Bradford County, Pa.; Harry B. George, 181 Devonshire street, Boston, Mass.; Asa B. Dolph, New London, Hudson County, Ohio; J. W. O'Harrow, Albion, N. Y.; Wm. Burroughs, St. Foye Road, Quebec, Canada.

STONEHAM BI. CLUB.—Additional: Frank H. Messer, Stoneham, Mass.

CORRECTION.—Under Missouri Bicycle Club, in the *WORLD*, of 5 August, Thomas Mier should be Thomas Meier,

Fred Beckers should be Fred A. Beckers, Geo. Oeters should be Geo. C. Oeters.

RACES

7 September. Baltimore County Agricultural Society's Annual Fair, at Timonium, Md., Northern Central Railway. Bicycle races.

6 September. Worcester, New England Fair, bicycle races.

5 October. Brockton, Brockton Bicycle Club races.

20 September. Sacramento, Agricultural State Fair, bicycle races.

22 September. Franklin, Pa., Venango County Agricultural Society's second annual fair, bicycle parade, and tournament.

1 and 2 September. Gouverneur, N. Y., annual fair of the Gouverneur Agricultural and Mechanical Society, bicycle races.

21 September. New Jersey State Fair. Bicycle races at 3 p. m., at Waverly, N. J., Wednesday, 21 September, 1881.

September. Marlboro' (Mass.) Farmers and Mechanics' Association Fair, bicycle tournament.

September. Joint meeting of the New York Athletic and Manhattan Athletic Clubs. Three-mile bicycle race, scratch; entrance fee fifty cents. Entries close 7 September. To secretary of games, P. O. Box 3101, New York City.

15 September. Entries close for two-mile bicycle race at the grounds of the New York Athletic Club (championship games), 24 September, at 10 a. m. and 1.10 p. m. Fee \$2, to Secretary National Association of Amateur Athletics, P. O. Box 3478, New York.

24, 26 September. Philadelphia, Pa., handicap run, amateur bicycle steeple-chase, two miles, and amateur one-mile bicycle race.

30 and 31 August and 1 September. Morris County Agricultural Society, Morristown, N. J. Amateur bicycle races.

7 September. Bicycle races at the Aquidneck Agricultural Society's Fair (if stormy, the following day), beginning at 2 p. m. The first race for amateurs, mile heats, best three in five, the winner to receive a prize valued at \$25; the second man to receive a prize valued at \$10, provided there are four or more competitors. The second race will be a half-mile dash for amateurs, the winner to receive a prize valued at \$15. All entries are free, and can be made to Fred. W. Greene, 72½ Thames street, Newport, R. I.

10 September. North Attleboro', Mass. The First Annual Meet and Races of the Columbia Bicycle Club will be held Saturday, 10 September, 1881. Headquarters during the meet, Wamsutta House, North Attleboro', Mass. The Meet will be at North Attleboro', Mass., on Saturday, 10 September, at 11 a. m. Dinner will be served at the Wamsutta House, at 12 m. The line will be formed on Washington street, at one o'clock, headed by the North Attleboro' Cornet Band, twenty-four pieces, and parade through the principal streets to the Fair Grounds. Prizes aggregating \$165 in value. The races will commence at two o'clock sharp, and open with a club drill. Prize diplomas. One-mile race—first prize, gold medal, valued at \$20; second prize, gold medal, valued at \$15; third prize, silver medal, valued at \$10. One hundred yards, slow race—prize, a nickel-plated hub lantern. Two-mile race—first prize, gold medal, valued at \$30; second prize, gold medal, valued at \$15; third prize, silver medal, valued at \$10. Fancy riding—prize, choice of any article valued at \$10. Five-mile race, single dash—prize, gold medal, valued at \$40. The one and two mile races, best two in three heats. All races will be governed by the rules of the L. A. W. All entries should be made to E. C. Stanley, secretary of Columbia Bicycle Club, on or before one o'clock, on the day of the races; no entrance fee. The races will be held on the Fair Grounds of the Attleboro' Farmers' and Mechanics' Association, and run on the fastest half-mile track in New England. Ample accommodations may be found at the Wamsutta Hotel, North Attleboro', and at the Park Street Hotel, Attleboro', for those desiring to stay over. Special rates have been secured for visiting wheelmen. The entire control of the meet, parade, and races is in the hands of the Columbia Bicycle Club, whose members will use every endeavor to make the day a successful one. E. C. Stanley, secretary. Post-Office address, Attleboro' Falls.

13 September. Hingham (Mass.) Agricultural Fair. Bicycle races at 3 p. m. Amateur: One mile, gold and silver medals, \$25 and \$10. Half-mile, best two in three, gold and silver medals, \$20 and \$10, and bronze medal. Professional: Two miles, \$50 and \$25. Slow race for medal. Club parade and drill, not less than two clubs of at least nine men each allowed to compete; prize, silk banner, valued at \$15. League rules to govern races. Entries free. Admission to fair grounds, thirty-five cents each. Early entries desired; right to reject any is reserved. Address Ebed L. Ripley, president, 99 Summer street, Boston.

Editor Bicycling World: — I send you a few notes on the Brockport tournament

held on 16 August. A very interesting event was the great race between Miss Elsa Von Blumen and her bicycle against the well-known trotting horse, Gray Eagle, the horse to trot one mile while she rode three quarters. The appearance of the little lady in her tasty costume upon the track was greeted with tremendous applause by the crowd. Even thus early in the season she has succeeded in making a great reputation as a lady rider, and the general opinion was that she would beat the horse. That they were right is shown by her winning two straight heats by several lengths. Time, 3.13 and 3.15.

In the amateur bicycle race, J. B. Barross, of Attica, N. Y., W. E. Booth, of Geneseo, and W. R. Barnum, B. H. Punnett, C. A. Smith, and T. Hovey, of the Rochester Bicycle Club, contested; the prizes being two gold badges. The race was one mile, best two in three. J. B. Barross, of Attica, N. Y., took first prize, and C. A. Smith, Rochester Bicycle Club, second prize in the race for speed; time, 3.16 and 3.17. R. A. Punnett, Rochester Bicycle Club, took first prize, and J. A. Niven, Rochester Bicycle Club, took second prize in fancy riding; and R. A. Punnett, Rochester Bicycle Club, took first prize, and W. J. Curtis, Rochester Bicycle Club, took second prize in the slow race. You will see that the Rochester Bicycle Club carried off five of the six prizes. This is not bad.

W. H. LEARNED.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., 19 August, 1881.

JOHN KEEN v. F. DE CIVRY.—A meeting between these men naturally created some little excitement amongst the crowds who favored the Crystal Palace with their presence on Bank Holiday, and as six o'clock drew near, some thousands flocked to the vicinity of the track to witness a twenty-mile race between the above-named men. Keen conceded a minute start to his opponent, although the foreigner did not ask for it. Contrary to general expectations, Keen failed to get near the Frenchman, and before completing half distance had to retire, having lost some ground; De Civry completing the distance alone in very good time. The foreigner covered six hundred yards in his allowed time, going at a rare pace. Keen dashed off in his well-known manner, but when the leader completed his first mile (time, 3m. 4s.), Keen had not gained a yard. De Civry rode the two miles in 6m. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., the Frenchman from then going on at a very steady pace, gaining ground on his opponent, and when five miles had been ridden the respective times were, De Civry 15m. 45s.; Keen 16m. 5s. Rain, which had fallen from the start, now came down in torrents, and the competitors were covered with the black cinder. De Civry riding in very good form, still kept on gaining ground at each lap, and completed his tenth mile fifty yards behind Jack Keen, two laps ahead, in 31m. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. (not bad for rain and mud). Keen then

dismounted with cramp and left De Civry, to complete the distance. The Frenchman took it easy and finished the twenty miles in 1h. 6m. 1s., having ridden eighteen miles two hundred and fifty-five yards in the hour. Mr. G. P. Coleman, the official timekeeper of the B. U., took the time. De Civry rode a 57-inch, by Clements et Cie., of Paris. A ten-mile race has been arranged to take place between the same riders, from scratch, on the same track. — *Cyclist*, 10 August.

FRANCE. — On the 15th of July an interesting road race was held at Tours in France. Among the contestants were Chas. Terront, the young Frenchman who visited this country nearly two years ago, and his brother Jules; a bicycler of much renown in France named De Civry; and Esperon, of whom we have heard in connection with long bicycle trips in France and Italy. *Le Sport Velocipedique* on the 6th inst. describes the race as follows: The start was made from the Place du Cirque at ten minutes past five in the morning. Unfortunately several accidents occurred during the race. When several miles from the place of starting, Charles Terront took such a serious fall that he was injured in the face, in the right arm, and in the groin. Notwithstanding, this he remounted and reached the Court House Square covered with blood; then he was carried away to an apothecary's. During the race M. De Civry passed his handkerchief to Terront to sponge up the blood. Unfortunately, too, De Civry, who was much fatigued, upon reaching Amboise, felt a dizziness coming over him; he stopped at once, and was aided by a man who was fishing on the banks of the Loire, and given some cordial. The resolute racer then threw himself, all dressed, into the river, and after an immersion of several seconds he started again, the last in the race. When he reached Tours they had to lift him from his machine. As for M. Esperon, he kept the lead to the finish; unluckily he struck against a stone and broke one of the handles of his bicycle. Soup and refreshments were held in readiness along the route by order of the bicycle club, but each one of the contestants was in such haste and so desirous of winning the victory that no one took advantage of these preparations. Here is the result of the race (so far as the first three are concerned), in which the distance, about seventy-five miles, was accomplished in between five and six hours: —

First, Esperon reached Tours at 10.22 A. M.; second, De Civry reached Tours at 10.41 A. M.; third, Chas. Terront reached Tours at 10.54 A. M.

In the evening, at half past eight, Mr. Belle, the honorable deputy, member of the bicycle club of Tours and chairman of the board of judges of the races, offered a "punch" to the participants and the members of the cl.b. The charming residence of Mr. Belle presented a fairy-like appearance. The lawn,

covered with a tent, was transformed into a huge reception room. The garden was lighted with Chinese and Venetian lanterns, suspended from the branches of the trees and concealed in the flower beds and bushes.

NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

[We invite readers and correspondents to contribute questions, notes, suggestions, etc., to this department.]

Mr. Editor: — It is with great pleasure that we out here in California have always embraced the opportunity of keeping ourselves informed about all wheeling matters through your welcome columns; and presuming that the numerous subscribers of the *BICYCLING WORLD* elsewhere do the same, *the proper substance for lubrication* is submitted to their worthy consideration in the following: —

To all ball and cone bearings (though for cones there must be a space as the pedal cones) the application of vaseline, with a very small quantity of finely ground graphite, once a year will be quite sufficient when the bearings are thoroughly cleaned beforehand, and properly protected with packing from dust and grit, when filled.

The mistake made by all who have used graphite is by having it at all times mixed with the oil, so that it eventually fills up the bearings entirely, causing the oil to run promiscuously over the machine and leaving a sediment like so much mud. Why not have your wheel nice and clean always? Merely because the oil will run, no matter how much packing is used; but by using vaseline that difficulty is entirely overcome. "572."

SAN FRANCISCO, 11 August, 1881.

Mr. FRANCIS CRAGIN, of Chicago, Ill., writes that he intends coming from that city to Boston on the bicycle, and he would like to ascertain all possible information in regard to the roads from those who have wheeled over it or any portion of it; and if any of our correspondents can help him, we shall be glad to publish such information as they can give him. Perhaps Mr. Gale Sherman's account of his journey from Lima, O., recently published in the *New York Wheel*, would post him on a large part of the route.

HEADQUARTERS PHILA. B. C., No. 60 N. 13th St. — **Editor Bicycling World:** — A touring party, members of the Philadelphia Club, propose riding from Harper's Ferry via the Valley Road to Staunton, Va., — perhaps further, — and would gladly receive any information concerning the roads, etc.

CHAS. H. HUDDERS.

Editor Bicycling World: — Will some one kindly inform me as to the best material, color, and cut for a touring and general riding suit? Club uniforms, as a rule, are poorly adapted for either. Also, what are the lantern holders made to be used with a cyclometer, and how are they attached to the machine?

PEDAL PUSHER.

Editor Bicycling World: — Can any of your readers give me information as to best route from Philadelphia to Delaware Water Gap, thence to Orange, N. J., either direct or via Port Jervis? Also, where is Waverly, N. J. (races 21 September), and how does one get there?

C. WHYTE, L. A. W., B. T. C., etc.
P. O. Box 835, Baltimore.

Editor Bicycling World: — In response to the question by "Darkness," in No. 13, I will state that after experimenting with all kinds of oil, regardless of expense, Chinese Nut Oil answers the purpose in every particular, except that its odor is not as fragrant as the Oil of Roses.

HENRY C. FINKLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, 13 August, 1881.

ASSAULTING A BICYCLER. — Last week Mr. S. T. Parker, of Wakefield, Mass., was wheeling down the Spot Pond road, in Stoneham, and when at the lower end, near the ice-houses, he met a young fellow walking on the same side of the road, the right; and there being no sidewalk, Mr. Parker clearly had the right of way, and kept closely to the edge. The fellow advanced with the evident determination of not turning out, but did turn out, however, just in time to escape a collision; and as the bicycle passed him he turned quickly, and putting his hands to Mr. Parker's back, gave him a shove forward, throwing him head first from the machine over on to the rail of a fence, cutting a gash in his breast and

otherwise severely bruising him. Mr. Parker immediately obtained the fellow's name (Edward Ames), and those of several witnesses to the affair, and had him arrested and charged with felonious assault, and he was locked up until Saturday, when the parties were brought into court in Malden, before Judge Pettingill. The judge, however, declined to hear the case, because he was prejudiced against bicycles, and set it down for Monday, when they again appeared, Associate Justice Bancroft on the bench. The testimony was so clearly against the defendant that the judge promptly convicted him, and imposed a fine of \$7.00 and costs, from which he appealed, and the case will consequently come before a jury.

Editor Bicycling World: — I send a list of the present officers and members of the Framingham Bicycle Club: H. B. Day, president; W. D. Wilmot, secretary and treasurer; H. W. Bean, captain; C. A. Brown, sub-captain; J. J. Valentine, N. A. Hudson, W. A. Norton, Geo. S. Hatch, C. T. Aldrich, A. Stetson, J. C. Felch, F. C. Manson, C. F. Mills, H. Weeks, H. C. Rice, H. T. Fales, F. H. Fales, H. J. Metcalf, T. L. Woods, Orre Davis. The first thirteen are members of the L. A. W., and most of the others will soon join. We do not have as many regular runs as some clubs, but most any time you can find several coming to or from "Bicycle Corner," as the place around the consul's headquarters at the Framingham Centre drug store is called. Out of a population of about 6,000, twenty-two residents have purchased and ride bicycles, and all but seven have joined the club.

W. D. WILMOT,
Sec. Framingham Bi. Club.

FRAMINGHAM, 15 August, 1881.

THAT lively English "three-wheeler," the *Jricycling Journal*, discourses, 10 August, in this wise: The Pope Manufacturing Company at once suggests the college of cardinals; but as their Eminences are not known to be supporters of cycling, an explanation is necessary. The company alluded to is one controlled by Col. Albert Pope, one of America's most notable wheelmen. His portrait and biographical sketch appear in the *BICYCLING WORLD* of 22 July. Col. Pope is at present in England, and one day last week visited the Coventry Machinists' Depot on Holborn viaduct. The subject of these notes is worthy of more attention than he is just now receiving from us; for he has done more than any other American to make cycling a wide-spread means of recreation in America. In conclusion, we may say that though Col. Pope is a broad-shouldered man, his weight is hardly up to that of Dr. Joseph Pope of London.

IT may interest some of our cycling brethren to know that sweet oil well thinned down with turpentine forms an excellent lighting medium. — *Cyclist*.

Abroad.

(From our Bicycling Correspondent.)

Editor Bicycling World:—Here I am.

Reached here about a week ago in good shape.

Had some gay old adventures on the route, though.

You see, first, when I got ashore at Liverpool, and had landed my wheel, and was about to mount, a sort of sergeant of police with his posse stopped me.

Each man carried a bucket of water, and the whole crowd surrounded me while the sergeant cautiously approached and examined my bicycle as if half afraid of it. I thought this rather queer, because I knew the wheels must be a common enough sight there; but it seems he'd got his eye on Pope's cyclometer and took it for a Fenian infernal machine, and I had all I could do for an hour trying to convince him it was n't. However, I got away at last, and found such excellent roads that in a few minutes I saw the chimneys and spires of London looming through the fog. (It's the correct thing, you know, for correspondents to find London enveloped in fog.)

I immediately wheeled up to Windsor Palace, and to my delight, saw the Queen practising with her tricycle, and accompanied by the princesses and some other girls. I gracefully removed my helmet and bent one knee on the saddle, which skilful and highly appropriate manœuvre instantly won Victoria's heart.

She courtesied, and all the young ladies followed suit.

When I had resumed my natural and dignified American attitude, the Queen, pausing in the midst of a graceful tricyclic evolution, remarked graciously:—

"Mr. Count, I presume?"

"The same, madame. Have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Coburg?"

Meantime I had dismounted and leaned my machine against a lamp-post, as she responded:—

"Why, of course I am; and I'm showing the girls a few fancy turns on the trike that I've just learned. What do you think of this, now?"

She deftly pinned up her overskirt, and grasping a closed sun umbrella, gave a light spring and landed standing in the seat of her "Salvo."

This was so skilfully done that the machine scarcely vibrated under the pressure.

She then poised herself on her left foot and with another graceful movement placed her left on the driving-wheel, and with a rapid manipulation caused the machine to revolve as on a pivot around the balance-wheel, gradually increasing the motion until it spun too swiftly for her foot to follow it, which, withdrawing, she poised on the other with inexpressible grace, at the same time spreading the umbrella; which position she maintained until the tricycle came to a standstill, amid tumultuous applause from me and the young ladies.

I congratulated her, of course.

She then dismounted, and handing me a roll of paper, courteously ended the interview by requesting me to call again.

When I reached my hotel and opened the Queen's paper, I found it contained the following:—

YOUNG JON A. THAN.

Oh, young Jon A. Than has come over the seas;
Throughout all broad Britain his bike took the cheese;
And save his bicycle his carriage would none,
But sped through the land on that courser alone.
Oh, so graceful and skilful there ne'er was wheelman,
On race-track or highway, like young Jon A. Than.

He tripped not at rut, nor e'er stumbled at stone;
He sped o'er the greensward where path there was none;
Yet ere he dismounted at Guy de Smyth's door,
The guests were assembled, a hundred or more;
And the bridegroom, half drunk, had just tossed off a can
Of beer to the sweetheart of young Jon A. Than.

He tightened his waist-belt and hitched up his pants,
To face all her "sisters and cousins and aunts."
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his gun
(For at sight of the "cycler" the other chap run),
"Or come you to kick up a row here, young man,
Or to see Polly married? Speak out, Jon A. Than!"

"I sparked Poll, but you on my suit clapped a stopper;
Love leaps like a wheel-mount, but falls like a cropper!
And I am but come, with my lost damsel,
To take one cup of coffee and bid her farewell:
There are handsomer maidens in Britain, o d man,
Would jump at the chance to wed young Jon A. Than."

She poured out the coffee; he tipped her a wink,
And seizing the cup, quickly quaffed off the drink.
She looked down to blush, but she looked up to smile,
With her eye flashed a glance of sweet feminine guile.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could han:
"Just one waltz for old by-gones," said young Jon A. Than.

So shapely his calves and so lovely her face,
There never a floor such a couple did grace;
While the mother did sputter, the father did swear,
And the bridegroom crouched trembling upon the back stair,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "A properer man
For the husband of Polly were young Jon A. Than."

A digital squeeze, and a flea in her ear,
As they reached the front door,—her tricycle stood near;
So light on the cushion the lady he set,
So lightly himself on his pigskin did get:
"She is won! we are gone! let 'em catch us that can;
They'll be smart wheels that do it," said young Jon A. Than.

There was mounting 'mid Johns of the Smyth 'Cycle Club.—The side mount, the still mount, the pedal, the hub; There was racing and chasing and croppers galore, But lost Polly de Smyth did they never see more. Oh, so graceful and gallant there ne'er was wheelman, On race-track or highway, like young Jon A. Than!

Bicycling yours,
LONDON, 26 August, 1881. NOAH COUNT.

CHICHESTER AND DISTRICT BI. CLUB.—The fifth annual race meeting of this club took place on Thursday, 21 July, in the Priory Park. The grass track was in splendid condition, but given everything in favor of the champion, Lacy Hillier, we think some exception must be taken to his time for the final heat of the mile handicap, which was returned as 2 minutes 51 seconds, the fastest on record for grass. A five-mile invitation scratch race was also included in the programme, and produced a good struggle between Crute and Hiller. Space will not permit us to print a return of the club races, of which suffice it to say, that N. Clayton won the three-mile scratch race for the club championship, after a dead heat with G. H. Fogden, and Messrs. Stevens and Fogden won the two and five mile handicaps respectively.

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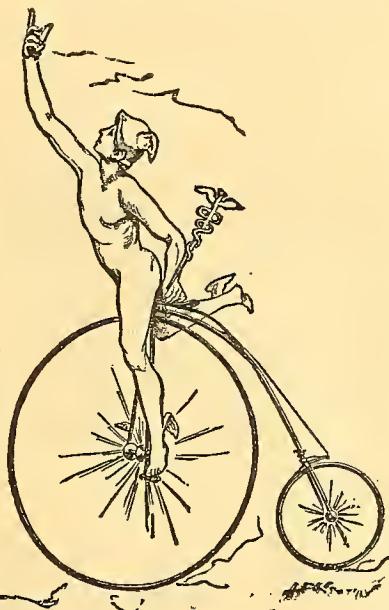
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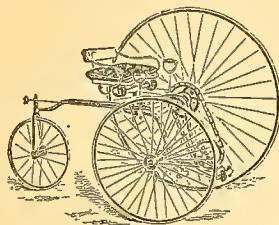
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