

THE WHEEL

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WHEEL GOSSIP.

The New York Club members swear "By JIMINIS."

The Boston Club talks of repeating their cycle show of last year.

The Connecticut Club has refitted its rooms at an expense of \$500.

Next Saturday night will be "Ladies' Night" at the Massachusetts Club House.

At the Minneapolis six-day contest, W. J. Morgan rode the first 100 miles in 6 hrs. 12 m. $4\frac{1}{4}$ s.; which is record.

"It is rumored that *The Wheel* will relinquish cycling as subject matter and become a "funny" paper." *Am. Wheelman*.

It is at last settled that Kennedy-Childe will permanently reside in this country, as he has become connected with the Pope Mfg. Co.

The Victor team, with W. C. Overman as manager, are at Crawfordville, Ind. seeing what may be accomplished in the way of road record trials.

The six-day, eight-hour-per-day bicycle race recently held at Minneapolis, was won by W. J. Morgan, distance covered 740 miles; Schock, 730.

Great Britain is said to have 315,000 cyclists. By actual count we have seen the foregoing item in thirty-five papers, of low and high degree. We feel relieved now that we have passed it along.

A contemporary says that Henry George rode a velocipede when a youth. This is why he knows so much about the land question. He has been there.

The Massachusetts Club, whose members are of an athletic turn, will give an athletic entertainment during the winter, of which boxing will be a prominent feature.

It is said that a syndicate of funeral directors has been formed to purchase *The American Wheelmen*, which they will make the official organ of the trade.

"Who is that young man, Hortense?" "He's a masher, Charles." Horrified; "A mawsher, my dear, who is he trying to mawsh?" "Why, himself, he rides a bicycle."

Several times have we read in reports of English races that "Gatehouse struggled gamely to the finish, suffering from cramps or other ailment," and had to be lifted from his machine. Foolish Gatehouse, pursuing the phantom "pluck" at great risk.

The English papers call Rowe's performances "simply magnificent." There is but one exception to the general opinion, the *Bicycling News*, which keeps austere quiet.

The *American Wheelman* nominates Chas. G. Huntington for the League Presidency, for 1887-8. It's an abnormal day when the cycling scribe can't fish up something to talk about.

On dit that the *Am. Wheelman* is shortly to change its title: The following three are under consideration: "The Undertakers' Gazette," "The Ressurrectionist," "The Cadaver."

The Ixion's election day club road-race attracted but two entries, P. M. Harris and A. Y. Pringle. Harris won by twenty minute, in 1h. 20m. The distance was fifty miles.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Press Club, Mr. A. Kennedy-Childe pirouetted off with the bun, as the prize orator of the evening. The "silver tongued" Childe does wheelmen proud.

When the swallows homeward fly, and the budlets ope again, Hendee and Rowe will twitter. "To ride or not to ride? that's the question. Whether 'tis better to be a pro or earn your daily bread by honest labor, etc."

The Harlem wheelmen, as will be seen by a letter in another column, intend to make as much of the off season as possible. They announce a "Stag Party" open to all, in which the competitors will start from scratch.

The New York correspondent of the *Bicycling World* has been "poking up" the Harlem Wheelmen and the Citizens Club. Probably he has struck the right chord, as both clubs are out with prospectuses of entertainments.

"Van Sicklen has at last won and carried off the Pope Cup." *Exchange*. There is nothing remarkable in the mere winning of this cup, but that Van Sicklen should have carried it off after having won it is an intensely novel and astonishing affair.

The *American Wheelman* announces that commencing with the December number, it will publish a series of cycling stories "that for vividness of description, adventurous flavor and general interest will surpass anything hitherto published. The old fakes: "Five Miles in Four minutes Down a Mountain's Forehead;" "A Race with a Telegraph Messenger;" "Saved by a Hair's Breadth;" "Chased by a Tiger;" "A Ride through Cannibalville;" all these will probably be resurrected again.

Several days since, Mr. F. F. Ives posted off to Indiana in hot haste, on record breaking intent. Mr. Ives has not since been heard of. Has Mr. Ives been lost in the wilds of Indiana? Any further information of Mr. Ives will be thankfully received at this office.

The Citizens' Club, after a six months' hibernation, will hold a ladies' reception on Nov. 22d. On that evening the club-house will be thrown open to the ladies. The programme will include musical selections by talented members and friends of members, with refreshments after the concert.

Thomas Stevens will arrive home by Christmas or New Year's day. He should be given a public reception, because he has done cycling an incalculable benefit. The daily press printed columns of news about Stevens, and opened the subject up to the public.

The *American Wheelman* hauls the wheelmen of New York City over the coals for their masterly inactivity, in the matter of securing their rights. It truly says that New York is the League's stronghold, and yet they have not the enterprize to cast the gauntlet of open defiance at the commissioners' feet.

He is deep in the mire—A correspondent writes a contemporary as follows: "See here now, I want to know: a promateur makes a record, it is accepted by the A. C. U. The L. A. W. does not recognize the the class known as promateur, but does recognize the A. C. U. The N. C. U. will have nothing to do with the A. C. U. or its nasty promateurs. Now what are you going to do about it, eh? What becomes of the records? Are the records accepted by anybody except the A. C. U.?"

The Nonantum Cycling Club of Newtonville is to give six sociables in Cycle Hall, Nov. 17, Dec. 1, 16, 31, Jan. 12, 26. A mock trial is also to be held. The trial will consist of a suit by a member of the club against the City of Newton for damages sustained while riding his bicycle, by a collision with one of the city's tip carts, in the evening, while the horse was drinking at the watering trough in Newtonville Square. Plaintiff will allege that bicyclers should have a monopoly of the square, and that the city has no right to allow teams to be watered after 6 o'clock P. M. "Eminent" counsel will appear for both sides and the judge and jury will be composed of "eminent" citizens.—*Boston Herald*.

RECORD BREAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

Without a pacemaker and on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road at Crawfordsville, Indiana, Stillman G. Whittaker started at 5 A. M., September 24th, for the 50 and 100-mile records, under A. C. U. rules. He did the 50 in 2 hours, 55 minutes and 46 1-2 seconds, beating Geo. Weber's American record by over nine minutes, and Golding's English record by over eleven minutes. He finished the 100 in 6 hours, 43 min. and 59 seconds, knocking McCurdy's record over an hour.

His mount was a 51-inch American Champion, constructed solely for road riding. **WITTAKER SAYS IT'S THE BEARINGS.**

✠ ✠ **WORLD'S RECORDS.** ✠ ✠

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

❧ **THE AMERICAN CHAMPION** ❧

to-day holds every world's record on the road above 25 miles to 300 miles; the latter enormous mileage being done within the hour by **STILLMAN G. WITTAKER**, at Crawfordsville, Ind., October 18th and 19th. The run was made on a straight-away and surveyed road, under A. C. U. Rules, and not on a carefully selected ten mile stretch. The following are the times:

		HOURS.	MINS.	SECONDS.
50 Miles	(about 4 minutes behind his previous world's record),	2	59	50 2-5
100 "	(25 minutes ahead of the world's record, and over a minute better than Ives' Springfield track record),	6	1	15
150 "	- - - - -	10	28	52
200 "	- - - - -	15	13	30
300 "	(about 24 minutes better than the best world's track record),	23	46	16 3-5

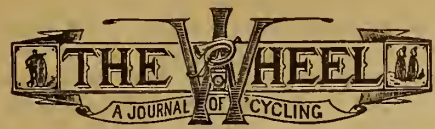
The latter magnificent record is about *FORTY-ONE MILES* better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by **MUNGER**, about 19 miles better than **HOLLINGSWORTH's** performance, and 13 miles better than **MCCURDY's**, neither of which two are accepted records, however.

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

GORMULLY & JEFFERY,

Manufacturers of American Cycles.

CHICAGO.



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It is reported that the A. C. U. will refuse to accept the last records made by Rowe, because he failed to give the required seven days' notice that he had intended to try for the records. "It will be a pity," says the Boston Globe, "if some way cannot be found of getting around this rule." It is just this anxiety to get around rules that causes foreigners to smile at American records. Rowe's records will go on the slate, sanctioned by popular belief, and it makes little difference whether the A. C. U., the L. A. W., or any other alphabetical organization refuses to accept them. It were better for the Globe to advocate the abolishment of the "seven days' notice" rule, than waste its time in vain regrets. A record breaker must take advantage of every opportunity that the weather affords, and it is as absurd to require him to notify a legislative body of his record-breaking intentions, as it is to expect the elements to notify him of their future arrangements.

The death of Fred Archer from typhoid, strengthens our conviction that long seasons of severe training leave a man peculiarly open to attacks of fevers. The great jockey died of this disease, as did George Weber, and though we cannot recall names, we are certain that several champions in the different departments of athletics have also succumbed to this malignant fever. A man should not keep keyed up to concert pitch too long at a stretch, but should only be fit as a fiddle just at the time when he expects to make his monumental effort.

Boston is just now the record city. It has provided us with the heaviest "slugger," the "fastest" yacht, the "greatest" scandal, the "deepest" blackmail case; and to all these it may add the most atrocious punster.

Contrary to our general policy, we are going to toot our horn just a "leetle" toot. We ascend to articulate that none of our cycling contemporaries are so widely, so fully, and so frequently quoted as is THE WHEEL. It is not alone paragraphs and skits, but editorials and other articles. Of course, this wholesale quotation proves an obvious fact. And notwithstanding the opinion of a far-western contemporary, we are not going to run a "funny" paper. We do not strive to be "funny," nor do we desire to be so considered; but the day has gone by when a brief chronicle, such as "The Aminadab Bicycle Club held an enjoyable run last Wednesday afternoon," will make the reader's hair stand on end. Cycling facts must be presented in an attractive manner; this we have striven to do. Besides, there is a certain humor in the vaporings of amateur cycling journalists which cannot fail to produce a smile if seen through the proper medium. In our list of exchanges for October 27th, the following papers quoted from THE WHEEL, and this is merely a sample week. *Wheeling*, 6 times; *Cycling Times*, 4 times; *Bicycling World*, once; *Bulletin*, twice; *St. Louis Critic*, 3 times. Says *Wheeling*:

"We were rather free last week with our quotations from an American contemporary, *The Wheel*, but the "pars" were so good that we were tempted to reproduce. Our scissoring is on a small scale at all times. It is a bad sign of a paper when it prints, as a contemporary did last week, column after column of second-hand matter."

THE BICYCLE FOR PASTORS.

Economy of time and strength is of so much importance to a pastor, that any one does a favor who suggests a labor or time-saving expedient.

The type-writer is undoubtedly a good aid in the study, but it has a rival for out-door work in the bicycle. It is no exaggeration for me to say, that I do my pastoral work in a congregation of over 200 families, by the aid of this handy vehicle, with less than half the physical labor and less than one-quarter the waste of time required of me as a pedestrian.

There is an entire satisfaction with my use of the wheel on the part of my people, evinced by their words of encouragement and other tokens.

No doubt there are hundreds of pastors who recognize the advantages of the wheel, but are deterred from its use by the fear that they cannot learn to ride without great risk, or that they will present an unministerial appearance. The tricycle takes up too much room on sidewalks, costs too much, is useless on most country roads, and looks like a sick man's wheel-chair. It will never be popular for general use. Most bicycles are so high as to cause the riders to appear rather more suggestive of an acrobat than is consistent with dignity or safety. But all bicycles are not tall. The last year has brought out a class of so-called "Safety" machines, which are comparatively free from liability to pitch forward, are easy to learn, easy to mount,

easy to step down from, and not inconsistent with ministerial dignity. There are two classes of these machines operated respectively by levers connecting with the cranks and by an endless chain. The prices are about the same as for other first-class wheels, ranging from \$90 to \$140. It is always possible to get one at second-hand, practically as good as new, for from \$75 to \$100. The writer rides a lever-movement wheel, 44 inches in diameter, known as the Facile. He has no fault to find with it. The Columbia Safety is a good wheel of the chain style. Either can be learned in less than a week, the dealers' catalogues say "in half a day," and might be safely guaranteed to give satisfaction to any reasonable person.

For a pastor, inclined to make the experiment, it would be a good plan to join the "League of American Wheelmen" as the first step, by which he would not only be giving his moral support to this society, which has thus far defended the use of the bicycle from the corruptions of the race-track, but he would put himself in a position to receive all necessary information and assistance.

A. C. WHEATON.
In the *Homiletic Review*.

BOSCobel BICYCLE CLUB'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The second entertainment and dance of the Boscobel Bicycle Club, of Lynn, Mass., took place at the coliseum last Friday evening, and was attended by a large number of people, notwithstanding the stormy weather. The first feature was the invisible wire and tight-rope walking by Professor Charles Alden, and he performed his part in a creditable manner which won for him merited applause.

The obstacle race was the next event and was contested by Messrs. Packer, Stevens and Lloyd, the prizes being gold and silver medals. The distance was one mile, and the first prize was won by Packer and the second by Lloyd.

Edward C. Stickney, champion heavy-weight lifter, was next introduced and gave a fine exhibition of strength, handling the heavy dumb-bells in a very graceful manner. He also placed a 200-pound bell at arm's length over his head.

A selection by Perkins' bass quartette followed Mr. Stickney's exhibition, and the music rendered was excellent. Professor Edward McLaughlin followed in his contortion acts and many of his moves were wonderful. He closed by doing some high kicking.

The most amusing event of the evening was the sack race, for cash prizes, between Frank Annis, Frank Kimball, Fred Butterick and Joseph Ousia. The distance was two laps, and Kimball managed to capture the first prize and Butterick second.

The closing event was a three-mile challenge race between John McManus, of Lynn, on skates, and Walter Lloyd, captain of the Peabody Bicycle Club, on an American safety bicycle. The skater was given three laps handicap, and 44 laps were covered during the contest. McManus fell several times and Lloyd took a header. The latter won the race by one lap. The grand march took place shortly after ten o'clock. Perkins' orchestra furnished the music, and it was a late hour when the last dance was executed.

THE PRIZE TOUR.

BY W. METHVEN BROWNLEE.

I was seeking for a new sensation. Business engagements had made cricket a thing of the past so far as playing was concerned, and a burst of tournament lawn-tennis producing general weariness and staleness; how to recruit and still keep in form was the problem. Wife and family suggested seaside and a mental course of something light and airy—"Zimmerman on Solitude," or "Huckleberry Finn." Doctor, an enthusiastic cyclist, recommended tricycle exercise, which sounded manlier, and stirred the memories of country lanes, green fields and murmuring streams, to be followed by hearty appetite and sweet rest. No man less hen-pecked than I, but wisdom pure and serene, born of many encounters, decided to purchase without consulting my better half.

A telegram to Marriott & Cooper, and a Genuine "Humber" was at my disposal in three days, then a careful and loving inspection by self and children, slightly damped by a Clara Vere de Vere expression of wife, and an unloving opinion as to results. Mild remonstrance and an offer to increase insurance did not clear the atmosphere. Women were ever so! Got the new sensation before the first ride was over. Matters went quietly and smoothly for five or six miles, then pride and conceit stepped in and had a fall—over the handlebar, anywhere, but in soft, restful places. Thought it was an earthquake. Began to pick up after the second day; then followed a series of ten and twenty miles spins, varied by another spill—through the spokes this time—the result of a faint attempt at fancy riding. The doctor proposed a short tour, Tintern Abbey and the Forest of Dean.

Bristol, on the 29th day of July, at 12 o'clock noon, saw us strapping our luggage to the backbone of our machines, a small but useful oilskin parcel, 12 in. by 6 in. containing sleeping-shirt, toothbrush, and a flask of whiskey. The day was about as hot as they make them, and by the time we had been shot down Cotham Brow, toiled through Bishopston up to Horfield Barracks, we felt that a nice comfortable time was in store for us. A steady pace of eight miles an hour over the Common, and a faint breeze from the Cotswold Hills on our right, with trees and green fields everywhere around, made things pleasanter. By the time we reached Filton and shot the hill, life seemed really worth living. Then a sharp turn to the left, and we began to understand what country lanes and vibration meant. Two miles of riding and pushing through stones and dust tried our placidity sadly, and when we struck the Henbury Road at Holly House we were unpleasantly warm, and convinced of our blunder in not going by Westbury and Henbury; but then the doctor—he knew all about it. Roads slightly better till we reached Pilning Station, then another jolting experience, and glad we were to get to the New Passage, a little over twelve miles riding. Pushing our machines along the wooden pier brought us to the ferry steamer, and five minutes later we were comfortably seated in the cabin, "Good morning, Mary—two bottles of pale ale, biscuit and cheese, and a winning smile for weary pilgrims." The refreshments were served as quickly as pretty female hands can only serve. Then came the

bright smile, and "How did you know my name was Mary?" "Dreamt it; besides all pretty girls are Marys." Sunshine everywhere just then, and under the influence of the refreshments and Mary's warblings, the rough jolting roads of the last hour were fast becoming a memory. Fifteen minutes of it, and, with a pathetic farewell, we mount the steps to the upper deck, humming—

"Pretty Mary had a corn upon her little toe,
And everywhere that Mary went that corn
was sure to go."

The train with its passengers was not due for ten minutes, so the doctor lit up, while I stripped my jacket, turned the sleeves inside out, and held them and the body against the funnel of the steamer to dry the perspiration induced by the hot sun and rough riding. Why is it that some can keep cool at the beginning of a ride while others stream? Here at last come the passengers, and after a short delay to ship luggage, we start for the "Monmouth" side. A clear day, bright blue sky, and balmy breeze, make it positive enjoyment to dream and drink everything in. Speech seems out of place here. Portskewett Pier, our destination, looks within stone-throw. Chepstow is nestling among the trees, and the Windcliff, bathed with light, beckoning to inspect its beauties. The Severn is looking its best, soft murmurings from the Bristol Channel, sparkling, dancing light, music and sunshine everywhere; and yet a glad peacefulness, with an undertone of sadness.

We climb the steep steps of the Pier, reach the platform, mount our machines, and spin over the smooth planking, push open the gate, walk past the hotel, cross the bridge, and reach the open country again. How trying the sun is and how very warm we feel! "Any objection to riding without a jacket, Doctor?" "None, professionally, but many on the score of propriety." "All right, you look after the proprieties. I am going in for the artistic and comfortable," and soon the perspiring garment is twisted round the backbone, followed by an immediate sense of relief and coolness.

Mounting quickly, and soliciting an opinion as to the *tout ensemble*, was told to get over the hedge and sit peaceably in the middle of the field. "Would serve the purpose first rate, or do for a battered Aunt Sally. Just keep fifty yards behind, will you?" The Doctor hadn't the force of will to follow the dictates of common sense, and allowed jealousy, pure and unadulterated, to mar the harmony and beauty of the situation. We bowl along at a good pace, with high hedges on either side, past Ifton Hall and St. Pierre Park, then strike the main road, Caldecot on our left, shoot down hill to Poolmerick, and after a push of three or four hundred yards, ride carefully down the steep hill into Chepstow. Stopping for five minutes to put on jacket before facing civilization again, we receive a hearty greeting from the landlady of the C. T. C. hotel, who ushers us into the private parlor, and submits a sample of "home-brewed, which we find very acceptable.

Fifteen minutes' chat, and we get a fair idea of her opinion of things in general, and of her hopes and fears about her relations in particular. We ride under the old gateway, content ourselves with a look at the castle on our right, then stop at "Piercefield Park" to admire the many spots of romantic beauty—its leafy groves, lovely greensward,

and fine old trees. On we go, and at last reach the gate that leads to the Windcliff, where we halt, fascinated by the wealth of beauty around us. The Wye, many hundred feet beneath, winding in the form of a horseshoe, now hidden by the thick overhanging foliage, then darting out like a streak of silver. In the distance the Severn, with Thornbury, Berkley, and the Gloucestershire hills. The scent of the heather, wild thyme and gorse is exhilarating, and we inhale and feel that this old world is a beautiful place after all, and that in some mysterious and silent way nature is whispering her secrets, and making us purer and brighter beings. We turn reluctantly and make for Tintern, winding in and out; the Wye now concealing, now displaying, its beauties at the foot of the overhanging rocks and woods on the opposite side. We meet a carriage of ladies, who seem amused at the jacketless, brigand-looking cyclist—the prettiest smiled—and then a sudden turn, and we get our first view of the Abbey, standing in bold relief against the side of the mountain; then a rush, and we stop in a rather undignified manner in front of the Beaufort Arms, the lawn sprinkled with ladies and gentlemen, who stare.

The Doctor has disappeared, declining to own me, and only a bob-tailed cooley seems to appreciate the picturesque tourist. The four hours' ride has given us an appetite worthy of the gods, and oblivious of everything and everybody we do the fastest bit of work of the day. We stroll out to inspect the Abbey, full of reverence and moral appreciation; an ancient maiden of sixty, with a storm-beaten, antiquated face, and a wondrous story in every line of it, opened the door to our knock, demanded payment, and shook every bit of reverence out of us. No good trying after that face; it was the Ancient Mariner over again, and all the poetry about knight, abbot and lady vanished and left but the ruin and a green spot to rest and drowse. Perhaps the visit suffered by comparison with one made years ago under different circumstances. Then it was "love's young dream," and my companion widely different to a heavy-bearded Scotch doctor of medicine, great on "scientific whist," but with little of poetry and music in his soul. The halo of romance and poetry was gone, and only the bare walls remained with cool shadows on a hot summer day. Perhaps the lunch had been too much for us, or was it the wealth of beauty we had just glided through had left never a spot for the Abbey? As we get older, perhaps we get more critical, and less impressionable to nature and her moods. We felt it was an opportunity missed, and prepared to leave quietly, sadly. "Good-bye, grandma, and have you never a fair daughter to relieve you?" The old soul was more anxious to sell photos of the ruin than gossip. One of herself might have tempted us.

"She is standing somewhere,
She shall I honor,
She that I wait for—
My Queen, my Queen."

After oiling and testing machines we make for Tintern Parva. A gradual ascent for a mile or so, and a welcome breeze sweeping over the hill. Down again and cross the Wye at the railway station, our destination Monmouth. The setting sun was bringing out the tints on both sides of the Wye, and

the afternoon bringing coolness; unfortunately, the roads had crumbled with the great heat of the previous week, and our next six miles was through two inches of dust and stone, taking all the heart and pleasure out of us.

We indulged in prose, poetry, and strong philosophy to soften the weary way, and were glad, body and soul, when we reached Monmouth in the cool of the evening. Half an hour's stroll, and we took the tram to Symond's Yat.

Near to the station stands Davis's Temperance Boarding House, a neat, white-looking cottage, with coffee room, private room, and fine bedrooms; verandah in front to accommodate machine, and affording delightful lounge to smoke and chat. Supper was promised in half an hour, so we strolled into the woods, disturbing a tom-cat on the war-path. The sun was sinking fast when we sat down to the lamb and gooseberry pie, and we were not sorry he was leaving to scorch elsewhere. For the first time we experienced plenty, cleanliness and attention in a temperance house, and said so. Soon the dusk came, and we settled in the verandah to muse and dream. The river running at our feet, a boat skimming past with youth and beauty, and a sweet voice singing; the tinkle of a sheep-bell from the other side, and many-toned voices crossing the ferry; a burst of song from the woods; then a stillness and quietness that was almost pain. The poetry of it we but dimly understood, nor did we seek to; enough that we felt it was all around us striking and playing upon chords that had been silent for years. It seemed a fitting finish to a long and happy day, and we mounted to our rooms with a cheerful good-night to our landlady.—*Bicycling News*.

[To be continued.]

ANOTHER RECORD FOR WHITTAKER

HE RIDES 20 MILES IN THE HOUR
ON THE ROAD.

Wednesday, November 3d, was the day set by Stillman G. Whittaker to try conclusions with the 50 mile road record. Since his performance on October 18th and 19th, of riding 300 miles in 24 hours, both stretches—and previously described in *Bulletin*—have been undergoing repair in the shape of having new gravel placed on them. It was found necessary to make the finish at the five mile stake and the start at the 25 mile point, on the Potato Creek Road. He rode to the starting point in a carriage, in company with Messrs. Insley, Bishop, Nicholson and Smith, the three first named on wheels. Three Waltham chronographs, furnished by Rost & Otto, jewelers of this place, and carefully set together by them, were used at the timing—one at start and two at finish. He was given the word at precisely 2 o'clock. At the finish were gathered quite a large crowd, the largest part having driven from the city, while every farmer who came along wondered what could bring such a crowd to such a peculiar spot on the road, ascertained what was going on, drove to the side of the road, and joined the anxious gathering.

The start from the city had been rather early, and they arrived quite a while before the cyclist was expected. The time was passed pleasantly, however, in jumping

matches, etc., by many, while others were canvassing the matter of "Whit," being able to break the record. If he could have heard what was said of him, I doubt if he would have finished the ride. None thought he would have been able to accomplish it, especially the wheelmen. The trouble was that the wind was very high, and a great part of the distance must be traveled with it squarely against him. As the hands of the watches were getting uncomfortably close to the hour of three, every one showed by his nervousness that while he did not believe Whit, would "get there," he wished him to awfully. When Charley Rost said, "Well, gentlemen, he must be here in four and a half minutes if he rides twenty miles in an hour to-day, every one gathered round him. Mr. Rost was one of the timers, and had kept a close watch on his chronograph. The tension was relieved in another minute by the boys who had gone around the turn and up the road a distance to notify the crowd of his approach and to keep the track clear. They rode like mad to the turn, but before their yells of encouragement and rejoicing could be heard, a little black something with "yaller" spots on it shot up over the hill; this every one knew to be Whit. He made the turn at a dangerous pace, and came down the incline at a tremendous gait, the wind being squarely in his teeth. A short incline only is left. He pounds it out with set teeth and an expression on his face which is old "determination" itself; crosses the tap in 59.35 4-5; with the woods and hills sighing with the shouts of the crowd. But the boy was "done up;" he was taken from his wheel, carried to the stake, where a bed had been prepared, on which he was laid. He soon felt better, and was put in a carriage and driven home, well satisfied with his work.

The officials were:—Referee, W. H. Pontius; timers, Mort. Insley, Charles Rost, W. S. Brown; judges, Captain Lamb, Dade Code, W. B. Ramey; scorers, Mort. Keegan, W. K. Wallace, Fred. Somerville; starter, Tom Nicholson; checkers, H. C. Bishop, J. A. Lee.—*Punch* in the *Bulletin*.

In the last issue of the *Bulletin*, our esteemed fellow scribe, the editor thereof, presents a table of the aggregate number of words contained in the various cycle papers of the week previous, in which the *Bulletin* leads all the rest. The Secretary Ed. seems to think that his startling disclosures will raise "something of an unpleasant odor in the sanctums of his rival contemporaries." We doubt if the expected odor will materialize. The *Bulletin* is but a circular at best and is not run as a bona-fide newspaper. It feeds on the League's treasury, and it makes little difference whether money is made or lost. At this time of the year the proprietors of the other cycling papers, which are run to make money, try to retrench, and at the first opportunity, the *Bulletin* picks them up and dissects them. Then again mere words amount to but little. When there was news, we kept on scoring "beats" all the year, while the antiquity of the *Bulletin's* matter was notorious. Now when there is nothing to chronicle, it is much better to drop a couple of thousand words or so, than to fire them in meaningless and torturing combinations at the heads of your readers.

SONG OF THE "——"

When first I performed on the track,
I was simple and guileless, but clever—
But now I have blossomed a crack,
All connection with greenness I sever.
I wouldn't go herding with pro's,
And so part with my amateur status—
The dove will not fly with the crows,
Although stupid's have tried hard to mate us.

I'm richer by far than of yore,
And inquisitive folks want a reason,
And ask how the dickens I store
Such a rare lot of pelf in the season?
But mind your own business, say I,
And let other people's be sliding;
Pooh-pooh—likewise yah!—to your cry
That it's got out of tips for my riding.

I laugh at myself in the days
When I rode a rib-shaking old jigger,
And thought such a heap of the praise
That was piled on my power and vigor.
My cycle at present can vie
With the best that has ever been mounted—
What care I if doubters imply
That the chips have not to be counted!

'Tis jealousy, bless you, that makes
All the talk about coin and its getters;
The gentleman amateur wakes
To the fact that he's lapped by his betters.
And still I can laugh in my sleeve,
While the G. A. is inky and rages,
And says that he's led to believe
That I patronise makers for—wages.

I don't profess manner and style—
In fact, I confess I ain't toney;
But look at my spin for a mile,
When I'm backed by a white-hatted croney!
I can't abide parsley or pot,,
But a fistfull substantial's my notion—
The Amateur Question's all rot,
For I am one in spite of commotion!

—F. F. S. in *Bicycling News*.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

November 16th, 1886.

Editor of THE WHEEL:—I notice that TITNAM in his letter to the *Bi. World* says that the Harlem Wheelmen are dead, like the Citizens, but that we may suddenly step out again and give our friends an entertainment of some sort. He was right; he knew not how correctly he spoke when he said that. Harlem does awake again. This time to invite all the cycling clubs in the vicinity of New York to a Stag Party at their rooms, 104 W. 124th Street, Saturday, November 26th, at 8.30 P.M. Let all the boys come and spend a pleasant evening with us. They also intend to have a reception in the early or middle part of December, at the West End Hall, 125th Street and 7th Ave., so that the cyclers and their friends can have an enjoyable dance, and, as the K. C. W.'s put it, "a good feed." In closing, allow me to say that the Harlem Wheelmen consider themselves very fortunate in being one of the clubs that made money at their race meetings. They did not make much, but as it was their first attempt they feel satisfied. Our friends must not forget the date. Harlem Wheelmen's Stag Party, November 26th, at 8.30 P.M.

F. L. B.

A PRINCE IN THE WILDERNESS.

The result of the Fall tournaments must have convinced John Prince that he was "out of the swim" with the men who now compose the rank and file of professional bicycling. Everybody ran away from him, and forgetful of Prince's previous reputation and achievements, some people were assinine enough to hiss the ex-Champion. At Roseville, he seemed to have accepted the sad fact that he had seen his best days, if his forlorn countenance was an expression of his inmost feelings. Shortly after the tournaments ended we heard Prince had withdrawn to the comparative seclusion of Omaha, Neb., where he will sell bicycles. But it is as hard for a healthy and normal duck to keep from the water as it is for our ex-champion to stop racing. A few weeks ago Jack defeated "Restaurant" Schock in a fifty mile race, and the deft which we print below is conclusive proof that Jack's opinion of his own powers bicycular is as colossal as in his palmiest days.

DEAR SIR: I see by your late issue that the riders in the present forty-eight hour race in your city say that the reason I did not enter was because I was afraid of Morgan and Higham. Now I wish to say that I am not afraid of either of those gentlemen, or any one else living; but it was impossible for me to be present because I could not leave business. When I wrote to Mr. Wa lace that I was sure to start I had just come to Omaha, and thought I would have no trouble in getting away for your race, but after I opened up my school I saw it was impossible. I will be there for the next race. I am sorry, indeed that I could not come, for I should have enjoyed proving to my many Minneapolis friends that I can still hold the championship of the world. I am ready to make a match with any man in the world for any amount of money to ride the same kind of a race now going on. Mr. Higham and Mr. Morgan are preferred, or will join a sweep-

stake race, each man depositing \$100, and the winner to take the sweepstake money and fifty per cent. of receipts, if more than three riders. If only three, the winner to take sixty-five to seventy per cent. of the receipts; the race to take place within five weeks or a month from date, on any track that is mutually agreed upon. Hoping this will give satisfaction, I remain,

JOHN S. PRINCE,
Champion of the World.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 12.

Mr. A. B. Barkman is rapidly pushing the N. Y. State road book to completion.

We are pleased to note the victory at Minneapolis, of that curious combination of good nature, shrewdness, energy, blarney and trickery, known as the "Senator."

In the latest *Bulletin*, A PENCIL takes our OWL to task for being too free with his opinions. As the bird will not have an opportunity to reply through these columns, this week, as his copy is received too late for insertion, we desire to say for him, that he will not deny the charge. The Owl's strong-hold is not only the possession of opinions, but a fearless expression of the same. He is entirely unhampered by that necessity for axe-grinding which prevents most of us from calling men and things by their proper names, and bellicose journalists should not fail to note the sign which is stamped upon all his work: "Stand from under," which is an intimation that something a little worse than a hod elevator or a pile driver is liable to fall on him at any moment. Mr. Pencil is about as free as anyone with his opinions—note his remarks on the L. A. W. presidency, which appeared in the *Bulletin* a few weeks ago—and in his day he was one of the spiciest of commentators.

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BICYCLING NEWS.

The C. T. C.'s membership now numbers 22,285.

The title of the Pennell's latest book is as long as Jo's own locks.

The Columbia Calendar for 1887 will be out about December 1st.

The Massachusetts Club inaugurated its Saturday night entertainments on the 13th.

The New Jersey Wheelmen had a progressive euchre party and a "smoker" at their rooms last night.

President Beckwith has appointed Burley B. Ayers as Chief Consul of Illinois to fill the vacancy caused by J. O. Blake's resignation.

The friends of W. McCandlish, the editor of *Wheeling*, who has but recently been married, have presented him with a check for a good round sum.

The Pope Manufacturing Co. have leased the entire building at the corner of Franklin and Arch Streets, Boston, whither they will move on January 1st.

Rover Safety stock is booming just now. This is just the machine for night riding, or for use at this time of the year, when the days are getting short.

A. L. Atkins received a handsome ulster from his fellow clerks, at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Co., previous to his departure for California.

Our cream-laid, three-ply contemporary, the *Cycling Times*, lifts an editorial on "knee-breeches" without a credit, which is decidedly English, you know.

The Stanley Cycle Show for 1887, at which all the good things of the year are introduced to the public, will be held at the Royal Aquarium from January 27th to February 5th.

A contemporary tells us that "Kaufman has been secured by the Glasgow Theatrical Co." We are glad that Kaufmann has been secured. We did not know the man was dangerous.

We are always sorry for the advertising man who is in a frantic haste to get the name of "every bicycle rider in the U. S." We know from experience just what proportion of his wants he will get.

A sample of the product of Bassett's pun factory:—"Taking a morning roll" is what a friend of ours calls a morning run. We notice that if he doesn't take a rub down when he returns that he is a little coughy.

S. G. Whittaker will probably have another shy at the twenty-four hour bicycle road record before the cold weather sets in. Next time the attempt will not be made at Crawfordsville, but at some place further West.

"Headers are very numerous near the entrance to the Chestnut Hill Reservoir." *Exchange*. This is what *Patèr Familias* reads in the paper, and thinking that "Headers" are some wild tribe encamped near the entrance, he orders the children kept at home. Miss Arrowroot reads the same paragraph, and immediately sets out to examine this new species of plant, which is said to grow in such profusion near the Reservoir.

On the evening of October 29th, the London Bicycle Club gave a farewell dinner to Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, the one-time famous university racing man, who is about to leave for China, where he will labor to convert the heathen.

The glow of a golden Autumn
Has faded to ashen-gray;
The sheaves of a plenteous harvest
Are gathered and stored away;
The song of the reaper is ended,
The meadows are cold and chill,
While a haze, as of Indian Summer,
Hangs over the vale and hill.

DAISY in *The Cycle*

The editor of *The Vermont Bicycle* is laboring in the throes of a dilemma. *The Bicycle*, you know, has six subscribers in Massachusetts, thirteen in Pennsylvania, seven in New York, and four in Vermont. And now the editor thinks of dropping the "Vermont" from the title of his paper, so that it will be broader and more representative.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Item* now leads its sister journals with the greatest space given to cycling news. "Chris. Wheeler," we understand, has entire control of this department, and we venture to predict that he will make it a very profitable feature of that paper's Sunday issue. Already his unique way of re-dressing the news of the week is attracting favorable comment, and the *Item* is receiving a large share of attention from local wheelmen.—*Bulletin*.

H. H. Griffin has severed his connection with the *Bicycling News*. Mr. Griffin was forced out by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the Coventry editor of the "Anglo-maniac Journal." We are informed by one in the know, that much of the anti-American policy is due to this gentleman in Coventry. We should be glad to learn that the Yankee-phobian splutterings which have recently defaced the *Bi. News* did not emanate from Mr. Hillier. We are also told that the aforesaid Harmsworth will try to force out the great Hillier himself, so that he may have full editorial sway.

Some few weeks since, we had occasion to be amused over the amateurish journalistic overflow of the editor of the *Vermont Bicycle*. But the "down—East" scrivener excepts to our making capital out of his misinformation, and in the November issue of the *Bicycle* he sits down on us real adamantine. Here is a sample of his gall and vinegar. Note the ?s. "The new editor of the *Wheel* is very smart? in fact the ablest editor in all the whole field of cycloedom? This is not a paid puff." Yet he pours balm over our wounded feelings by saying that we are working hard to popularize knee-breeches, in which effort he wishes us all success. In return for these little kindnesses, we have this week credited his November vapors as *Exchange*. We hope he will appreciate our delicacy.

THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR ROAD RECORD.—Regarding the record made by McCurdy, President Ducker says it has been accepted by the eastern board of the A. C. U., whose decision is final unless a protest should be lodged against such decision. He can see no reason why a protest should be made. The record-breaker appeared to comply with all the rules and regulations. In his opinion, therefore, McCurdy's record will stand. As

regards Whittaker's record the matter is not so clear. It has been accepted by the central board, but, in accepting it, it found an informality in the lack of proper pace-makers. A protest having been lodged, based on this informality, the matter will have to go before the board of review, whose decision will be final. As this board consists of something like a dozen men, scattered in different parts of the United States, and as they cannot be gathered together for a meeting, their opinions will have to be secured by letter. This will take several weeks before all have been heard from, and consequently Whittaker and his friends will have to remain in the meantime on the anxious seat. In President Ducker's opinion the road record made by Whittaker will not stand upon the board of revisers. If one of the most important rules, that of proper pace-making, has been violated, he can see no reason why the record should stand. That the rules and regulations governing the A. C. U. must be abided by in such attempts at record-breaking will be fully illustrated President Ducker thinks when this matter is brought before the board, Whittaker's will serve as a test case.—*Globe*.

How to Make Money.

No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co., will start you. Either sex; all ages. Those whose commence at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for your selves.

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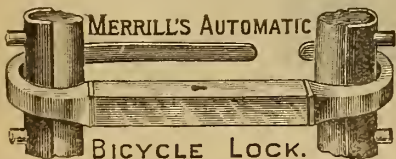
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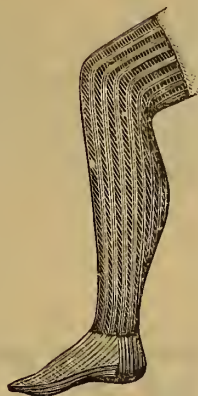
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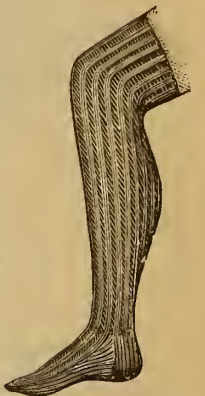
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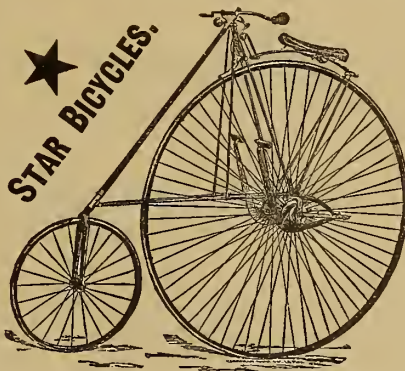
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