Vol. XI.—No. 6.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1886.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 266.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

On dit that Frank White is after a team for next year.

It is said that Louis B. Hamilton, will positively appear on a "Star" next year.

"Mlle. Armaindo swears by the Club tamden," says a contemporary. We regret that the Mlle. uses strong language.

The Missouri Club of St. Louis, have engaged a boxing master to keep their blood in circulation during the winter months.

The report of the Secretary-Treasurer of the N. Y. State Division, shows a membership of 1.707, and a balance on hand of \$1.214 85

The Diplomatic Corps of the League has been increased by the appointment of Mr. J. Pennell, who rejoices in the title of Foreign Marshall of the Touring Department.

A contemporary admits that it owes Lacy Hillier ten pounds of maple sugar. We can only hope that it will soon liquidate its indebtness, as L. H. is sadly in need of a sweetener.

Wood and James have gone to Australia. It seems that Australia is in fancy to the Englishman, what America is to the Irishman, a land o'erflowing with milk and honey and money.

Wheeling says that Mr. Fourdriner of the Bicycling World, is reputed the best-looking journalist of all the American cycling pressmen. Don't be vain, "Foudry," for this is but faint praise.

The five mile road race run Oct. 23d. under the auspices of the Crescent Wheelmen, at New Orleans, La., was won by C. T. Mitchell in 17m. 45s.; R. G. Betts a close second, S. H. Plough, third.

The list of League Championships appears in the last issue of the Bulletin. Up to the present time, with few exceptions, these contests have been and were district chamionships, and it is farcical to keep up the

We should like to get just one peep into Mr. Ducker's private letter cabinet. It is said that therein reposes enough criminating letters, the publishing of which would cause every prominent wheelmen on both sides of the pond to shake in their shoes.

At the last meeting of the N. C. U. an

by a large majority, who sheepishly vote which ever way the Secretary of the N. C. U. directs them. Twelve votes were recorded in favor of abolition.

Arthur Cunningham, the first importer of bicycles, fell from his machine while riding in Brighton, Oct. 22d, and was fatally injured. He died Oct. 27th, at Hotel Hunnewell, Newton, Mass., from his injuries. The deceased was a resident of Boston, but had been staying temporarily at Hotel Hunnewell with his wife. He was, until within two years, in the bicycle business.

The touring department of the L. A. W. will shortly issue a route book, Burley B. Avers and his assistants have been hard at work upon it for some time past, and it is likely to prove a work of great value to touring wheelmen. It will be divided into four sections, as the touring department divides the country, and will contain full reports of all the best routes, with carefully arranged

So VERY AFFECTIONATE.—We greatly regretted to see the energetic Ernest R. Shipton looking so pale and wan as he did last Thursday, and we should strongly recommend him, medicinally of course, to try a good brand of old port during the winter season. The effect of such a stimulant on a teetotaler is marvellous as compared with its recuperative effects on a seasoned imdidn't understand them, and I must say biber of alcohol.—The Cyclist.

A few weeks since, THE OWL referred to the Manhattan Club as a "band of Juveniles." The Secretary-Treasurer of the Club has called upon us, and assured us that the average age of the club's members is nineteen, and that they are anxious to be considered anything but boys. There are nine of them, and they think that it is time enough for THE OWL to hoot, when they have disgraced the name of the old Manhattan Club.

It was suggested that during the recent twenty-four hours' tamden ride at Lynn, variegated chromos, each one different from the other, be placed on Mlle. Armaindo's back at every mile, so that Morgan might relieve the monotony of the ride. We all know the interesting "bits" which chromo artists always illustrate, but they would be better than a twenty-four hours' view of a foot of green gingham, or whatever material Armaindo's jersey was made of.

FURNIVALL'S RECORD.—The reason why Furnivall's and Gatehouse's mile bicycle and effort was made to abolish the amateur definition. The motion was supported by prominent pressmen, but they were defeated It seems that W. W. Alexander, an official know any better: Verax in Bi. World.

timekeeper of the N.C. U. was compelled to run some 730 yards yards around the field to catch the fractional times. The watch was also unreliable, even the dealer in the machines on which the records were made admitting this immediatly after the record trials. It is unfortunate that Furnivall did not get his name on the record slate, as a climax to his brilliant campaign this year.

OH, THE IDIOCY OF IT !- At a late meeting of the N. C. U., Executive W. McCandlish made a most telling point, referring to the suspensions. He said that the N. C. U. held their championship meetings in all parts of the country, in order to reap a big gate. While the racing men were compelled to pay their own railway fares, and risked suspension by having them paid for them, yet the Executive had their fares paid out of the proceeds of the meet. Mr. McCandlish also wanted to know how many people went to see the crack racing men, and how many went to gaze at the officials with their rosettes. Both of these sentiments were received with applause.

I have noticed with a good deal of surprise the remarks Mr. Egan has been making about me both in the World and the Chicago Sporting Journal, and have hitherto that I am still in the dark. As I remember the matter, when the gentleman began to furnish the readers of the cycling press with a renewal of his witty and epigrammatic sayings over his old wheel nom de plume of the "OwL," I commented on the fact as complimentarily as I know how to, and had no idea of offending him; and the next issue of the journal brought the remark from him that "I bluffed him, as I always had by my superior nerve." Last week I see he took pains to apologize, because I remarked that he was a Bohemian, though it did not occur to me at the time that it was a particular disgrace to be numbered among that class which, as journalists, as artists, and as thinkers, have always contained the brightest minds that history tells us about in their respective professions. My memory of Mr. Egan is dotted with many right royal good times, as well as with many kindnesses, and I had no idea of saying anything that he could take umbrage at. If I was going to describe him again, I should say he was a Bohemian because he is a bachelor, a hail fellow well met, and gets about all the good things there are out of life, and is smart, and if by so doing I offend him, it is because I don't

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.

H H WORLD'S RECORDS. H H

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 straightaway and surveyed road, under A. C. U. Rules, and not on a carefully selected ten mile stretch. The following are the times:

	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	66		- 10	28	52
200	66		15	13	30
300	44	(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,

CHICAGO.



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F. P. PRIAL. - - - - EDITOR.

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Century and The Wheel -	-	-	5.00
Harper's Weekly and The Wheel	-	-	5.00

Below we publish a letter received from Mr. Shriver, Secretary of the New York Bicycle Club, who, in connection with Mr. O. L. Moses, Secretary of the Ixion Club, is doing yeoman's work to open the Park in all parts and at all times. The action of those men who have offered to help the New York and Ixion Clubs in their work, is worthy of commendation, and we hope that the publication of the letter will spur on industrial effort. Every mickle makes a muckle, so every endorsement of the petition now in the hands of the Park Commissioners cannot fail to help influence their action.

THOSE PARK PRIVILEGES.

Editor of The Wheel:—Following up the petition which the Ixion and the New York Clubs presented for the opening of Central Park, a card has been sent to all members of the L. A. W. in New York City reading as follows:

TO THE BOARD OF PARK COMMISSIONERS:

I cordially indorse the petition which has been presented to you for the opening of Central Park to wheelmen and respectfully urge that you take prompt and favorable action thereon.

This was done because it was impossible to get the petition before everyone by personal solicitation, and the result has been very interesting. The cards were accompanied by a request to send them direct to the Park Board, so that no other answer was really required; but the following gentlemen not only signed the cards and wrote back to express their hearty approval in the movement, but in several instances, asked for additional lots of cards on which to get signatures of non-cycling friends: Messrs. S. V. Hoffman, Monroe Le Vino, J. S. Connelly, Willard P. Smith, Malcolm H. Butler, F. M. Demarest, E. B. Burch; and there has been time for only one return mail as yet.

EDWARD J. SHRIVER.

THE IXION CLUB'S CONCERT.

The Metropolitan cycling social season was inaugurated last Friday night by the Ixion Club, who gave a private club concert on that evening. The club-house was lighted from roof to cellar, and the always handsome rooms had been rendered more charming than usual by the addition of artistic bits of bric-a-brac here and there.

At nine o'clock, at which hour the concert was commenced, between thirty and forty people were present, about half of whom were ladies. A few daring spirits ventured to appear in full evening dress, and the presence of a gleaming expanse of shirt-front here and there among the sombre colored dresses of the ladies, lent *eclat* to the affair. During intermission refreshments were served.

As for the concert, it was as enjoyable as the Ixion Club's concerts usually are, the programme, which we give below, being gone through with in good style. Some disappointment was caused by the absence of the tenor, but in place of his selection, a pleasing recitation of "Nothing to Wear," was given impromptu by one of the young ladies of the audience.

PROGRAMME:

	PART I.	
MARCH,	" The Minute Men,"	Catlin
OVERTURE,	"Le Roi des Diamants,"	' Lavallee
CAVATINA,	"Il Bravo,"	Mercadante
	MR. AVILES.	
WALTZ,	"Nick o' the Woods,"	Wiegand
PATROL,	"Comique."	Hindley
	PART II.	
SELECTION,	"Erminie,"	Jakobowisky
RECITATION,	"Nothing to Wear."	
BALLAD		Selected.
	MR. HATCH.	
Polka,	" Dearest One,"	Ziehrer
GAVOTTE,	"Forget-me-not,"	Giese
GALOP,	" Hoop-la!"	Strauss

ACROSS THE CONTINENT ON WHEELS.

Mr. Geo. B. Thayer, of Hartford, Conn., arrived in Baltimore October 22, after a trip of 4,224 miles on a bicycle. He gives these details of his trip:—"I left my home in Vernon, Conn., on the 18th of last April. From Hartford I went up the Hudson to Albany, thence to Buffalo and Cleveland, and down to Columbus. Leaving Columbus I rode to Indianapolis, Chicago, across the Mississippi to Rock Island, Omaha, Denver, along the Union Pacific tracks to Salt Lake City, from which place I took a train to Sacramento and wheeled into the Yosemite valley. After a stay of five weeks in California I took the steamer to Portland and then to Yellowstone Park, where I remained eight days, and back again to Salt Lake City, over the Denver and Rio Grande road. I went to Denver and then rode south to Kansas City and St. Louis, where I took a train for Louisville and Frankfort. I used my machine from Frankfort to Cincinnati and Marietta, through West Virginia to Cumberland and Harper's Ferry, where I concluded to take a train for Baltimore, being in a hurry to get home. I have covered over 9,700 miles going and coming, of which 4, 224 miles were made on my bicycle. I kept my baggage in an old army knapsack which was fastened to my back. My bicycle gave me no trouble to speak of. It is a 46-inch

machine, and is as good to-day as ever. Three times I fell; once in Salt Lake City, where I ran my face several inches into the sand. It did not hurt me. I suffered considerably from thirst while crossing the lava beds on my way to Shoshone Falls, a distance of twenty-seven miles. Water could be gotten nowhere, and without it a temperance bicyclist is badly off, indeed, as the dust creates a thirst. There was but little rainy weather in the West. The most interesting part of my trip occured while in the Yellowstone region. Those geysers out there are the biggest things I ever saw. I spent eight days exploring and watching the spouts. While in the Yosemite valley I rode through one of the famous sequoia trees. It had been burnt down to within forty feet of the ground a couple of years before, which completely rotted the trunk. I rode through the tree for a distance of 200 feet. It was dark inside and I had to feel my way. The bottom of the trunk was soft, but did not interfere much with my riding. Many of the trees are thirty feet in diameter, 300 feet high and are supposed to be over 4,000 years old. The greatest distance made in a day was seventy-six miles; I seldom made less than sixty. Of course, much depends on the roads. I did the best on the National pike in Ohio. In crossing the plains I followed the old emigrant trail, which was in fairly good condition.'

Mr. Thayer's entire trip cost him only \$275. He wore a corduroy bicycle suit. To save time he returned to Connecticut by

rail.

THE WHITE HOUSE TRICYCLE.

The other day a well known dealer in tricycles was seen to enter the White House grounds with one of his machines, says a Washington correspondent. Soon after he came out, alone. The tricycle had been left behind. During the pleasant evenings of last week persons who had occasion to go past the White House grounds, between the treasury and state departments, declare they heard gay laughter and talking, and go so far as to say they noticed a lady learning to ride a tricycle. This is a very fashionable sport in this city. A great number of ladies delight in riding up and down the smooth asphalt streets on the easy going machines. They are seen at all hours of the day. Consequently a young lady on a tricycle is nothing unusual here, but it has caused comment from people who have occasion to go past the White House grounds. Many are wondering if it can be Mrs. Cleveland who is practising on a tricycle. Certainly it is not the President, because the tricycle taken to the White House had a saddle arranged for a lady, and it is not likely the President would care to ride a machine "lady fashion." Those who bear these strange tales say the gates of the White House grounds are locked, and the tricycle lessons go on uninterrupted. It is also said that the lady who manipulates the pedals has become quite an expert, although at first she had some difficulty in making the machine go.—Exchange.

We again desire to call the attention of subscribers to the fact that if The Wheel comes to them in a wrapper the address on which is written instead of printed, it is an indication that their subscriptions have expired, and renewals will be in order.

Publishers THE WHEEL.



According to Prof. Proctor "the sun is 1,200,000 times larger than the Earth." What a real nice time a solar Stevens would have.

Dr. N. M. Beckwith tells me that the "teeth decay for the want of employment." I know a man uptown who owns a bull-dog with a head the size of a bushel basket, who according to this theory, will have teeth as long as cyclists exist, as he never fails to use them on wheelmen whenever they are in his vicinity.

A father who believes in cycling, but objects to racing, on the score of danger, writes me as to "how can he prevent his boy from becoming fast," thinking thereby to keep him from getting the racing fever. This is an easy one. Let his boy join the district telegraph corps. Who ever heard of a fast messenger boy?

I was in receipt of an elegantly engraved invitation to join the Mt. Vernon Bicycle Club, at their sixth annual banquet at Mansion House, Yonkers, on Thursday, Oct. 28. I could not get there, but the monogram on their invitation just expresses my position, M.V. B. C.—"My very best congratulations" on the success of the affair.

Messrs. Barclay and Britton, of the Ixion's have returned from a trip awheel from here to Washington. With no other guide than a road book, they found no trouble in finding their way there. It is such practical tests as these that demonstrate the real value of such a convenience as a road book.

There is an illusion at one of our city theatres known as the "Vanishing Lady." The performer is seated in a chair in full view of the audience, and covered for an instant with a piece of silk, which being removed finds the chair vacant. It is believed that the A. C. U. practiced some such experiment as this to so successfully vanish from sight.

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit, in which case, some of our city club men in their abreviated riding costumes, are possessors of all the soul in the brevity line that the law allows. With a pair of black racing tights and a club coat and cap for a riding costume, they look like a geometrical definition of a straight line, or a cross between a straddle-bug and a ballet dancer. It is no wonder that when they meet one of those idiotic brutes that might be the offspring of a union between a clothes-horse and a night-mare, that the poor brute tries to evince his horror at their lack of taste, by trying to jump through his collar, or some other equally brilliant act of equine wisdom. Nothing, so much as the foregoing riding costumes is so convincing to me of what a slight transition it is from duds to dudes.

Mr. Smart Aleck was reading alone from The Wheel an article signed "L. G. B.," which went on to narrate the writer's experience in five years bicycling, in the course of which article it was demonstrated that it had cost Mr. L. G. B. just \$865 for his fun. Some one asked whose initials the signer's were, when Mr. Schwalbach said they stood for "Lucky By Gosh" that it hadn't cost him more money.

A new safety, the "Ivel," has appeared, and already owns records. The manufacturer of the wheel, evidently thought he had a "get there levi" in this wheel, but for poetic and perhaps pecuniary reasons, he preferred to reverse the writing of the name Levi and give to it the more euphonius one of "Ivel."

W. C. Herring will probably run for the State Assembly next year, believing that the only way to settle the question of getting good roads, is to battle at the fountain head of the present poor ones.

It sounds somewhat personal to read in large head lines of "Rowe's Great Feat," in a recent account of his record for the hour.

"Those who live by the sword shall perish by it," says the bible, and some more modern authority informs us that the "pen is mightier than the sword." Nice position this, for a scribbler. Those who live by the pen must as a sequence meet with a worse death than the sword wielders, since the pen is mightier. Could any death be worse? Life by the pen is bad enough but death in the pot! Horrible!!

A new wrinkle for you. When touring and desiring to put on a swell appearance by wearing a linen shirt in the evenings, don't carry a multum full of shirts, Oh no! Hie yourself to some dry goods store and buy one of those ladies' collars that have a shirt front about the size of your hand attached, put this on, button up your coat, there you are.

Almost the entire population of New York is congratulating itself upon having at last set up in our harbor a moden wonder in Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." There certainly is no place it's needed more than here. Perhaps she may enlighten some of our Park Commissioners to an extent that they will bestow liberty—not the statue, but of riding—upon the cyclists. But I think not. It is only claimed that Bartholdi's masterpiece is a wonder, and if anything like common sense adjusted should come from the commissioners, that would be a miracle, and the age of such is past.

those idiotic brutes that might be the off-spring of a union between a clothes-horse and a night-mare, that the poor brute tries to evince his horror at their lack of taste, by trying to jump through his collar, or some other equally brilliant act of equine wisdom. Nothing, so much as the foregoing riding costumes is so convincing to me of what a slight transition it is from duds to dudes.

There is a sweet maiden (?) who writes for an English cycling paper and who signs her gush "Violet Lorne." She was highly indignant when calling for the envelope that contained the magnificent reward paid by that journal for her literary efforts to find it marked "For Lorne." She says she isn't. Could have got married long ago, and all that sort of thing.

When *U Felloes* form yourselves into a hollow square around a couple of balls make rim-arks about Boston being the hub, you make my head tire-d. It's enough to brake a pedal-ers backbone. I have spoke. Ting, ting.

Frank N. White, of Spalding's who is widely and well known in cycling circles, has just returned from a business trip to Canada. At first sight, this fact does not seem worthy of mention, but when the reader stops to think of the number of prominent men who have lately gone to Canada, on business, and not returned, full credit should be given to any prominent business man who goes there and returns without a requisition, and as Mr. White is the only case 1 personally know of, I propose to give him the credit.

It was raining hard Saturday, a state of weather equally as bad almost every day last week, when I returned wet and disgusted from an expedition to the Battery, where I had gone with about twenty thousand other fools to see the illumination of the Statue of Liberty, which did not take place. I had barely resumed my wonted perch in the club when the door bell was agitated, and I was told that the agitator of it desired an interview with "THE OWL," upon going into the reception room to meet my visitor, I was confronted by a young gentleman, who, upon introducing himself, produced a copy of THE Wheel from an inner pocket, and opened the campaign by inquiring "do I look like a juvenile?" Now to be truthful, and that's my strong point, the gentleman had no perceptible likeness to what my imagination despicts Methusulah was, when he celebrated his last birth-day. I did not, however, want to pass any hasty opinion on what the gentleman seemed to consider a vital point, so carefully scanning his face, I descovered, by close inspection, a moustache, whose greatest feature was not the space upon his upper lip it occupied, but the much greater one that it yet left unadorned. In consequence of all this, I felt safe in dodging the conundrum, and replying oracularly, that I did not think my interrogator had voted more than seven times prior to that evening. He admitted the impeachment, and even going further and saying that he had not yet dropped that piece of paper into a glass box, which places one forever past his boyhood days, and stamps him henceforth as an American citizen, and a man. After these preliminaries, I found the learned young gentleman had not called upon me solely to discover what my opinions were in regard to his juvenility as he evidently had decided ones of his own on that subject before he came. He informed me that he was a member of the New Manhattan Bicycle Club, and as such, felt agrieved at my speaking of them in my notes last week as a "band of juveniles, etc., etc." I am always willing to offer the amende honorable to anyone I have wrongfully accused or abused in this column. I had no intention of being personal in the notes refered to, and if I have injured this young gentleman by classing him as a juvenile, I regret it as much as he does, and that is saying a great deal, for I never saw a greater case of regret than was expressed on his face. I would commend this gentlemen for choice reading, a celebrated speech of Patrick Henry's beginning: "The atrocious crime of being a young man I seek neither to palliate nor deny, etc., etc." THE OWL.

A BICYCLE, A TRICYCLE.

A bicycle, A tricycle. A woman and a man; A glance or two, Of words a few— And so the tale began.

sweet duet, Where voices met, In merry cycling song;
A little chat,
Which followed that, As they two wheeled along.

A summer night, When stars were bright. And moonbeams went astray; A whispered word, An answer heard Like music far away.

Now cards and cake, And vows which make Two persons one for life; A honeymoon Which ends too soon For husband or for wife.

A tricycle, A bicycle, A woman and a man; Who, side by side. Forever ride, A part of "Nature's plan."

-ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON, in Outing.

BUGGINS' FIRST TRICYCLE RIDE.

We have a smart young man amongst us who rejoices in the unaristrocratic cognomen of Buggins. The other day Buggins took it into his head that he would have a trip on a tricycle. As he never had done anything in the cycling line before, his friends suggested that a few preliminary trials might be necessary. Buggins eyed them with lofty contempt, "Ride a tricycle! Bah! nothing was easier orsafer to any man with the average complement of brains, and "—he added what was apparently an after-thought—"legs." Buggins thereupon hied him to a local cycling repository, hired a machine, mounted and sailed in or rather out. His course so far as watched by the aforementioned friends appeared to be one long continuation of the letter S; but by-and-by a turn of the road hid him from view, and his admirers for the present knew him no more. It would be tedious to follow our newly-fledged cyclist through all his pregrinations, suffice it to say that some four hours afterwards he was discovered about ten miles from his town by some student friends who were driving towards the same in a trap. The tricycle chain and a crank had broken, and Buggins was eyeing the wreck with much the same expression as Hamlet assumes when soliloquising over the skull of Yorick. His friends decided that it would never do to leave him in this plight; a general dismount was therefore made and a council of war was held. It was found impossible for Buggins to get into the trap, it being already overloaded, and then there was the tricycle. They were on the horns of a dilemma. It was a moment which called for all the resources of a master mind, but the immortal Buggins proved equal to it. At a grocer's shop a short distance along the road, he purchased about twenty yards of strong cord known as plough rein, and at once proceeded to put his "idea" into execution. One end was attached to the damaged tri., the other secured to the damaged tri., the other secured to the covered with sticking-plaster, as with a into the wee sma' hours.

end of the trap. The occupants of the latter got seated, and Buggins mounted his "steely steed." A start was effected. The horse, a spirited animal, never felt the extra haulage and kept up a good pace, although ascending a long incline. The trap heroes, who were slightly elevated, kept up a running fire of chaff, but Buggins sat calmly through it all, at times complacently complimenting himself upon his inventive resources. All went "merry as a marriage bell" until the procession reached the top of the gradinet; from thence there was a steep descent of upwards of a mile. As soon as Buggins began to descend, he found the tri., showed a decided tendency to haul in the slack, and that he was gaining ground on Buggins grew uncomfortable. the trap. One of the students seeing how the case stood shouted to him to apply the break, Buggins did so. It was the first time he had ever manipulated that piece of machinism, and he did it effectually. The tug he experienced when the slack of that rope tautened considerably astonished him and cracked up all his nerve. Away went Buggins and away went Buggins' hat and (not wig, but) head. The impetus the tri. had received sent it up level with the trap. The sporting instincts of the madcaps in the same were thoroughly aroused. The rear occupants at once espoused the cause of Buggins, while the driver and forward party backed the horse. "Two to one on Buggins!" "Go it old Buggy!" "Good old scorcher!" "Let her run!" were amongst encouraging epithets used by his backers, whilst the other party cheered on their quadruped by, "Gee up!" "Get on old horse!" "Whoop!" "Huroo," etc. Down the hill they came like a thunderbolt. Buggins was in immortal terror, drops of sweat stood on his noble forehead. The speed was now terrific, and it required the remainder of his scattered wits to keep the tri., clear of the trap. In vain he kept yelling to the "trappists" to draw up; they were too engrossed in the race to heed him. The excitement was now intense. The tri. and Buggins were level with the horse, and his backers were standing up in the trap yelling out heavier odds that he would win. The other party were busy inciting the horse to further exertions. The road took a sudden turn a short distance ahead. Buggins saw it and pulled himself together to get round it. Unfortunately for him, at the critical moment he twisted the steering gear too far. There was a sudden crash, and the next instant there emerged from beneath the trap a mixture of steel and humanity which was dragged about thirty yards before a halt could be effected. This was an unlooked for catastrophe, and more than the young madcaps had bargained for. They hastened up to the mixed-up heap with feelings of consternation. The stream of bad language which greeted them on drawing near proved a great solace to their terror, assuring them, as it did, that their victim had at least life and wind yet left him. After half an hour's hard work, the unfortunate Buggins was separated from the remains of the tri., and tenderly deposited in the trap. As much of the machine as could be gathered together was placed beside him, and a start made for the town, where the party arrived without further mishap. The last we saw of

mask, intently perusing an account headed, "To repairs on Tricycle." Buggins now says cycling as a pastime is injurious.-WEE FLOWRET, in Wheeling.

BICYCLING NEWS.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—While out on a tour one day, two wheelmen, whom we shall call John and William, came across a pelucid stream—deuced, they called it—the only path over which was a narrow plank. Now, John was a good swimmer, and he trundled his wheel across in safety, for the man who can swim never falls in; it's always the other fellow. The other fellow on this occasion was William, and not wishing to disprove an accepted law, he lost his head and toppled into the water. A cry rents the air: "Help John, I'm drowning, Oh, Heaven!" Quick as a thunderbolt from Jove, or the passage of a modern telegraph messenger, John throws down his wheel and pulls out his Waterbury. To smash it into smitherens on the handlebar is but the work of an instant, and unfurling the mainspring, he manages to cast it over William's head, just as he is sinking for the third time. steady pull of four minutes, and William is once more on terra firma. He had barely escaped a Waterburial. Of course the watch never recovered, and the main-spring now does duty as a clothes' line in Jacks' rear yard.

When Mr. W. McCandlish, at the recen-N. C. U. meeting, announced the secret suspension act as "un-English," Mr. Geo. Lacy Hillier, champion all distances bicycle and tricycle for 1881, calmly rose and said that is was eighteen months ago since they had first heard that clap-trap about "un-English." Mr. Hillier was greeted with hisses, in which it is said some of his own crew joined.

Messrs. James and Wood have written letters to the Cyclist, in which they complain of shabby treatment from the Springfield Club. The burden of Wood's comt plaint is that he was fined \$20 for loafing, while James was fined \$10. They conclude their letter by "trusting that this will be a warning to any other English riders who may think of visiting America." According to the A. C. U. rules, we believe the referee is empowered to prevent loafing tactics by fining, and besides that, the Springfield club has a perfect right to make such reasonable rules for the conduct of its race meet, as it may see fit. It is not a hard-ship to compel a man of Wood's ability to ride a mile race for a valuable prize under three minutes, which was the standard fixed at Springfield. We hope the Cyclist will print this side of the story, as it is hard enough on the Springfield club to have lost money on their tournament, without being misrepresented.

The Owl club of Chicago, gave an enjoyable hop at the Lakeside Rink on Oct. 22d. The cycling programme included fancy riding by Prince Wells, and Ralph Friedberg, a one mile safety race won by Placee in 3.32 and the presentation of the Pope Cup to N. H. Van Sicklen, by Mr. Garden of the Pope M'f'g. Co. A promenade concert and hop concluded the entertainment, the floor

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Kings County Wheelmen have ninty-three members.

H. A. Smith & Co, of Newark, announce a sale of second-hand machines in our advertising columns.

Gloves! Gloves!—In our advertising pages. Ira Perego announces a special sale of cheap gloves.

If you want the best of the kind get the "Z & S" Hose Supporter of Howard A. Smith & Co., Newark, N. J.

"Star" riders should have Carter's Foot Rest and coast at ease, Howard A. Smith & Co., Newark, N. J., sell them.

The Kings County Wheelmen will give a minstrel show at Knickerbocker Hall, on December 9th. Professional and club talent will furnish the fun.

The Citizens' Club held an enjoyable run on Election Day. A party of twenty-seven left the club house about ten o'clock, and wheeled to Yonkers, where dinner was taken.

F. F. Ives, of Meriden, Conn., wires us that S. G. Whittaker, of Chicago, refuses to accept his challenge to a fifty or 100 miles, or a twenty-four hours road race on the Cranfordsville road.

The Inter-Club road race.—The second Inter-Club road championship race, which was decided at Irvington, Milburn on Election Day, was won by the Kings County wheelmen, with sixty-six points; Ilderan B. C. second, forty points. H. J. Hall, Jr., finished first and E. M. Valentine, second. A detailed report will be given next week.

INDIAN SUMMER.—After a week of darkness and drizzle, the long expected Indian summer made its appearance last Monday. On Election Day the weather and the face of nature were marvelously perfect, and a ride along the smooth surburban road in the warm sunlight of the afternoon, and the return home in the soft moonlight of the early evening, will go into the log-book as an experience long to be remembered.

Commencing on Monday, Nov. 8th Minneapolis will suffer from a six-day eight hours per day sweepstakes professional bicycle race. Among the talent who will probably compete are: Mille: Louise Armaindo, Champion Lady Athlete of the globe; W. M. Woodside, Champion of America; W. J. Morgan, Champion Island of St. Helena and other out of the way places; F. M. Hardwick, Champion Cow-boy rider of Kansas City; Fred T. M. ill, Champion of the Sierra Nevadas; Ch. Frazier, the "Star" Champion; Ralph Frazier, the pion of Germany; John Brooks, Champion of Nomansland; J. W. Shaller, Champion of the Northwest, and Albert Schock, the Restaurant Champion.

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A maiden fair, with raven hair, And flashing jet black eyes, Upon a porch, in rustic chair, Her needle defily plies; When she hears "Ah! there," float thro' the air, And she looks up in surprise.

She sees a youth with sunburned nose, His cip in sunburned hands-As he knickerbockers wears she knows A 'cyclist 'fore her stands-And she waits, a-blushing like a rose, The gentleman's command.

"I'm dry and hungry, Miss," he said, "And crave of milk a measure, While I am drinking it, bring bread, And doughnuts, at your leisure.' She whispered, bowing low her head, "I'll do so sir, with pleasure."

Upon that self same day there passed A tramp, both lame and old, His feet were bare and sore and gashed, His blood was thin and cold. He hesitated, stopped and asked For bread, nor was he bold.

The maiden yelled, "Move on you shirk, I have no bread for you, Why don't you earn your bread by work As honest people do?" She gave her head a haughty jerk, And vanished from his view.

By which you very plainly see, If you would "sponge" a meal, You must both young and "cheeky" be; And to do it up genteel, Must knickerbockers wear at knee, And push ye giddy wheel.

W. S. RUSSELL.

THE LATEST FROM STEVENS.

CALCUTTA, Sept. 14, 1886.

Editor of Outing:

I take pleasure in announcing my safe arrival in Calcutta, after a very trying journey through India. My tour has been accomplished in the season when all Europeans who can possibly escape from business, are up in the hill stations, and where exposure and much exertion is considered highly indiscreet. I have, however, escaped with only one slight attack of fever, which laid me up for a couple of days at Benares. is worthy of mention, only as being the first occasion on the entire journey that I have had anything approaching a day's illness, or even a day's indisposition. Altogether, it is regarded as remarkable, by the English in compelled, by reason of the severe training Calcutta, that I have traversed 1,400 miles the club is undergoing, to refrain from singof Indian roads, on a bicycle at this season of the year, and escaped with one slight attack of fever. The weather has been very trying and fever-inducing. All through lower Bengal, the clouds were hovering near the tree-tops; when it wasn't pouring rain it was drizzling, and the roads were shallow streams.

What with the profuse perspiration, the rain and the excessively humid atmosphere, question. I passed through districts where and room for his vehicle on the roadway the natives were dying at a fearful rate, with were emphatically stated, and the land-

natives have no stamina; like a sheep, when they get fairly down they seldom recover. My own immunity from serious illness, I credit to daily exercise. It must be this; because from sheer necessity, I have daily drank indifferent water, slept in damp clothes, and committed various other indiscretions, inseparable from a bicycle tour through India in August and September.

Notwithstanding these discomforts and drawbacks, there has been all through a genuine element of pleasure and satisfaction, in the splendidly metalled roads, smooth for the most part as an asphalt pavement, as well as in the many interesting objects, and equally interesting people, so different from any other country. From Lahore to Sasseraw, a distance of about one thousand miles, the road may be truthfully described as the finest in the grid. It is perfectly level, metalled with K akah, which makes a smooth of the way it. gexaggeration to call it an avenue. Through the Bengal hills, it is less level, and is many led with rock; the drenching monsoon rails, have washed away the earth, and left the surface rough and trying on a wheel.

My stay in Calcutta will be but three or four days, as I manxious to push on for China and avoid the possibility of being overtaking by wintry weather in the interior of that country. I intend if possible to get through the China and Japan tours, and return home by Christmas or New Years.

THOMAS STEVENS. 1 79

THE MOUNT VERNON WHEELMEN DINE.

At the Mansion House, Yonkers, on the 28th October, the Mount Vernon Bicycle Club gave their sixth annual dinner. Although the weather was extremely disagreeable, quite a party of invited guests were present, including Capt. Smith of the Citizens' Bicycle Club, Capt. Luscomb of the Long Island Wheelmen, Lieut. Bridgman and Messrs. Valentine and Weber of the King's County Wheelmen, and representatives from the Yonkers and Morrisania clubs.

Mr. Fauquier, whose cultured and genial presence enlivens any assembly, presided at the table and was toastmaster. After dis-cussing, an elaborate and well-served dinner, cigars and "Mumm's Extra Dry" made their appearance, and under their stimulating influence, speechmaking commenced. Capt. Smith responded for the "Cits" with one of his excellent Ethiopian character sketches. Capt. Luscomb answered for the L. I. W., and Lieut Bridgman for the K. C. W. Mr. Weber of this club, who is the possessor of a low but beautifully modulated voice, was Capt. Davis of the Mount Vernons promised not to sell his wheel, and Mr. Fauquier agreed not to take any disfiguring headers in the future.

The wholesouled landlord of the Mansion House was duly toasted, and his bashfulness getting the better of his desire to speak, Mr. Luscomb was appointed his proxy to respond. Thereupon the wheelmen's opinion of the "10ad hog" and his performances, a dry thread of clothing was entirely out of and the rights of wheelmen to even justice

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN GINGER. a peculiar malignant type of fever. But the lord indicated in unmistakable terms that those were his sentiments. "The L. A. W. may its strength double in the next two was the next to ast, and it was received years,' with enthusiasm and cheered with vigor.

The affair was admirably arranged and conducted, and showed that an experienced and efficient hand was at the helm. Thorough harmony and satisfaction prevailed, and as the guests departed, a remark was heard that "the Mount Vernon boys knew how to do things up brown." It was regretted on all sides that annual dinners come but once a

We have heard a good deal of late about the unhappiness of "Morris" who did the Springfield Tournament for the Spirit of the Times. In his report he stated that he had overheard Wood say that he had been given a sum of money by the Pope Manufacturing Co. \$1,500 we think it was—to allow Rowe to win the international race. Wood contradicted the statement, and Morris afterwards apologized and said that he had reported a rumor as a fact. But the point we wish to make, is that all the cycling press-men are now laughing at "Morris" and chaffing him for the usually masterly manner in which the Spirit sat upon him. Now "Morris" is a young man attached to one of the Springfield papers, and this was his first important newspaper work. It is not surprising that "Morris" should have printed what every cycling pressmen at Springfield had thoroughly discussed, but did not dare to publish. The fact of the matter is, that after the race, the cycling know-alls began to discuss the pros and cons of its genuineness. The editor of one of our contemportold us that a certain prominent Englishman, who figured at the Eastern tournaments this year, had told him that he had been offered \$500 to fix Wood, and that he indignantly declined the office of go-between. Now "Morris" was en rapport with this same editor, and he was probably told the same thing, which he told in different language; in fact every pressman on the grounds probably heard that story. It appeared to us that it was simply a desire on the part of this prominent Englishman-admitting that he did make the statement credited to him by the cycling editor referred to above—to obtain a little mysterious notoriety. On the day of the race Rowe could have given Wood a bit of a handicap and have won and it was carrying coals to Pennsylvania, or water to Niagara, to subsidize Wood. All this simply to prove that Morris is not so had as painted; his only fault in the matter being a superfluity of gullihility,



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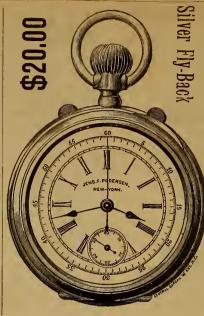
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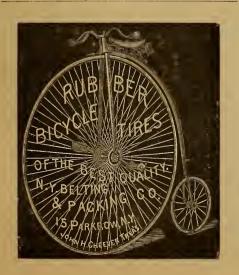
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