

# THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

Vol. III.—No. 10.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1886.

Price 5 Cents.

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AND STEEL AS WELL.

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They hold more Records than any other American Wheel.

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A FAVORITE ON ACCOUNT OF ITS PERFECT FITTINGS, RIGIDITY, TRUE-RUNNING QUALITIES, AND STRENGTH FOR ROAD USE.

From the great favor with which it has been received since its introduction to America, and the constantly increasing demand which in itself best attests its popularity and worth (where one has been shown or adopted by a Club other orders quickly followed), the worth of this strong Light Roadster,

PERFECTLY MADE IN EVERY DETAIL,

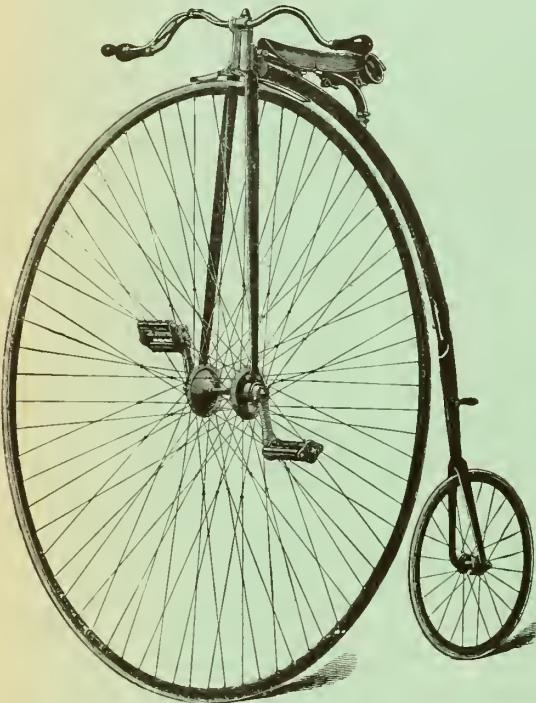
Has been quickly recognized and appreciated. That the ROYAL MAIL has met the demand and requirements, we refer to the high testimonials received wherever shown and used, and the splendid work it has done in the long tours and contests the past several years. In the Canadian, Big Four, and other cross-country tours, ROYAL MAILS were in large proportions and evoked each year the commendation of the parties for their strength and easy-running qualities; and as a practical proof of their opinion (and we lay stress on this since these cross-country trips well try the qualities of bicycles and should be held as a higher test than racing) we received a number of orders for ROYAL MAILS from the members of these parties on their return.

### DESCRIPTION OF ROYAL MAIL LIGHT ROADSTER.

SEVENTY-TWO TANGENT SPOKES, tied as well as brazed at intersection by the ROYAL MAIL Works system of tying, adding great strength and rigidity to the wheel. GENUINE WARWICK HOLLOW RIM,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, believed to be the strongest rim made. ANDREWS HEAD, with long center. HOLLOW FORKS, stout, and with round edges, unlike the thin sharp edge of many light machines. HOLLOW COW-HORN HANDLE-BARS. DETACHABLE CRANKS. BOWN'S AEOLUS BALL BEARINGS, which we recommend as the best, as they are easily adjusted and do not tighten up nor wedge after long runs. STEEL HUBS, 5-inch, narrow tread. BEST MOULDED RED RUBBER TIRE, very full. NEW PATTERN CLOSE-FITTING NOISELESS BRAKE, very strong. OVAL BACKBONE, much handsomer and stiffer than round shape. HARWOOD'S DETACHABLE or FIXED SAFETY STEP. LONG-DISTANCE SADDLE. FINE ENAMEL FINISH, WITH ALL BRIGHT PARTS NICKELED.

5056 Miles in 1885 on a ROYAL MAIL, winning the Lakin Prize.

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Gentlemen—After a careful examination of the different makes at the late meetings, I consider the ROYAL MAIL superior to any other in the market. Please forward at once these orders intrusted to my selection by friends, for the best wheel I found, and send me a 54-inch for myself, and also a Racer.  
*Yours truly,*  
**FRED RUSS COOK.**



*From the New York Cyclist and Athlete.*

"One of our staff rides a ROYAL MAIL and expresses the following opinion of it: 'As a first-class light roadster it has no superior; it is wonderfully rigid, and I feel no hesitancy in putting it to as hard usage as the heaviest roadster in the market.'"

*From the Bicycling World.*

"The ROYAL MAILS have proved thoroughly reliable, and we doubt if the repairers see them as often as some others."

*From a Letter from an Ohio Bicycling Firm.*

"We shall sell the ROYAL MAIL in 1886, as not a cent was spent for repairs on those we sold in 1885."

# ROYAL MAIL

IN RACING AND RECORDS

## ◁ A SERIES OF SUCCESSES. ▷

*As is well known and a matter of record, ROYAL MAIIS have won in the past few years a large share of the most important events throughout the country, and obtained the FASTEST RECORDS,—not in private trials under peculiarly favorable conditions, with pace-makers and no competitors allowed, but on all kinds of tracks, East and West, and in road races, in actual competition with other makes and riders in open contests.*

In 1884, the ROYAL MAIL won the TWO FASTEST WORLD RECORDS, by different riders, in actual competition. NO OTHER WHEEL IN THE WORLD has accomplished this nor has such to its credit to-day!

Also won the FASTEST 100-MILE ROAD RECORD, and many other important competitions of that year.

In 1885, the ROYAL MAIL won New Victories at the Principal Meets.

At HARTFORD, Burnham, on a ROYAL MAIL, won more Races in competition with the English riders than any other American.

At TROY, EVERY OPEN RACE won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At WEEDSPORT, N. Y., Eight Firsts won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At PITTSFIELD, Four out of Seven Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At SCRANTON, PA., Five Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At GREENFIELD, GA., Southern 5-mile Championship won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At SPRINGFIELD, O., Three Firsts and Two Seconds won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At ATTLEBORO, in September, Two Firsts and One Second won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At DANVERS, September 19, 1-mile County Championship Race and 3-mile Race

won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At BROOKLYN, September 15, New York State Tricycle Championship won on

the ROYAL MAIL.

At LEWISTON, ME., September 25, \$500 Championship Cup won on the ROYAL

MAIL.

At KINGS COUNTY MEET, BROOKLYN, 3-mile Race won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At WOODSTOCK, CANADA, July 1, 1-mile and 5-mile Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At BUFFALO, July 3, 2-mile Race won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At HOLYOKE, July 4, ½-mile Race won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At BOSTON, July 4, 2-mile Race won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At MEMPHIS, in May, Eight out of Twelve Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At SPRINGFIELD, Hunter won the 1-mile and 5-mile Races on the ROYAL MAIL.

At NEW HAVEN, the Pope Cup was won, for the second time, on the ROYAL MAIL.

At BALTIMORE, Crist won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At BROOKLYN, Haven won 3-mile Handicap Race on the ROYAL MAIL.

At BOSTON TOURNAMENT, 13 out of 21 Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At SPRINGFIELD, the 10-mile L. A. W. Championship Race, the 3-mile Record Race, and the 2-mile American Amateur Record Race, won on the ROYAL MAIL.

In ENGLAND, in Two Years, ROYAL MAIIS won over 125 Races!

We mention the above to show that the ROYAL MAIL is as fast as any, and because so much prominence is made in advertisements of the records of a few fast salaried riders in order to influence purchasers of wheels, whereas such should not have sole weight. Better look to the qualities of a wheel,—its staunchness, fittings, proportions, improvements, and fitness for road work. In these points we claim

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We have this day awarded our CYCLOMETER PRIZE to C. M. GOODNOW of Westfield, he having made the greatest number of miles (5056) on one wheel using our Cyclometer in 1885.

J. A. LAKIN & CO.

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Gentlemen—I have used a number of different makes of bicycles, but the past season have ridden the ROYAL MAIL Light Roadster, and I consider it the most satisfactory of any I have used and I recommend it to any one wishing a first-class machine. My wheel is in as perfect condition as when purchased. I have ridden it over 5000 miles the past season, winning the LAKIN GOLD CYCLOMETER PRIZE. Wishing you much success with these excellent wheels,

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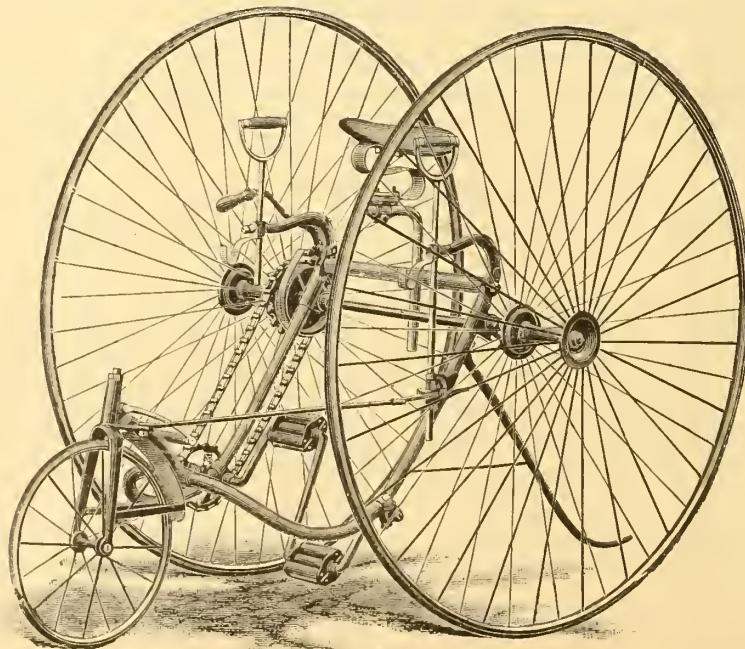
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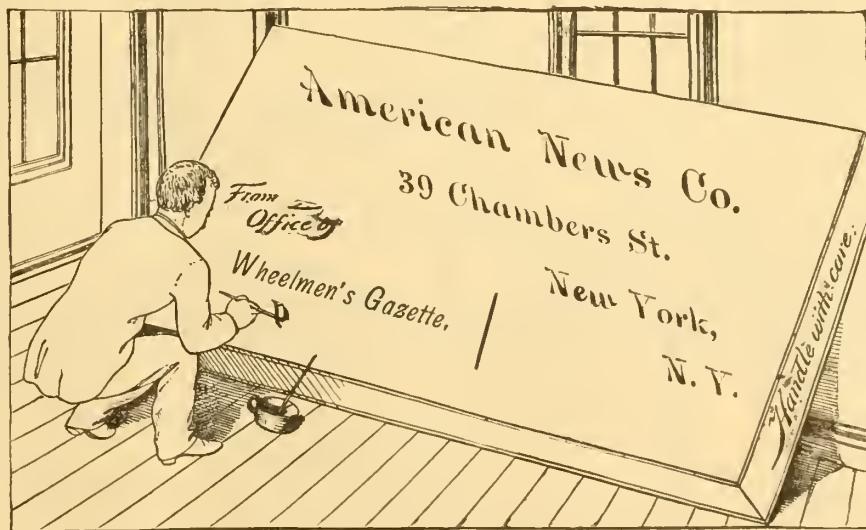
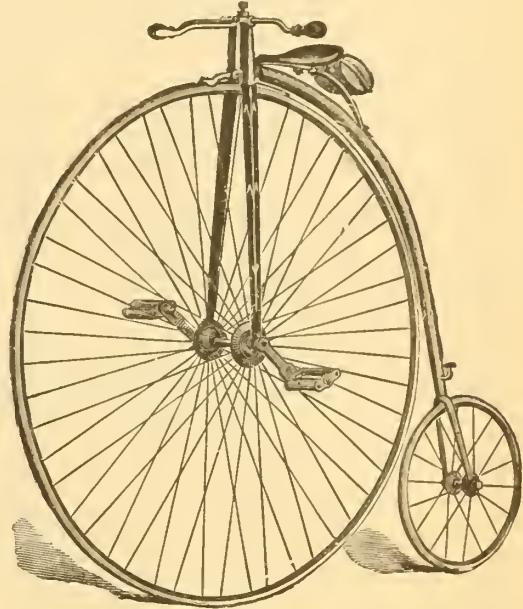
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JOHN S. PRINCE says: "It is the best wheel I ever  
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SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 10.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	50 cents.
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HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.  
CHAS. A. FISK, - - - - - Treasurer.

Communications must be in not later than the 20th of each month, to secure publication for the following month.

Address all Communications to THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to CHAS. A. FISK, Treasurer.

The trade supplied by the American News Co., New York.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

## SPRINGFIELD'S ALL RIGHT.

TOURNAMENT TIMES SUSTAINED.—THE SUPERIORITY OF AMERICAN TIMING ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE ENGLISH PRESS.

Like gold, whose transit through fire only makes it the purer and brighter, the Springfield tournament times have passed successfully through the crucible of the English press and are acknowledged standard times, and stand as the only perfectly correct set of cycling records. The doubting of the tournament times by the Coventry papers led us to investigate the timing of the English meetings, the result of which we published in the December GAZETTE. The conclusion was so inevitable that the English cycling papers acknowledge that our methods of timing are superior to theirs and that the timing of the English races was not absolutely correct. The latter fact we regret, for previous to our investigation we had every reason to suppose them to be perfectly timed and to admit of not a shadow of doubt. But facts are stubborn things.

The *Athletic News*, of Birmingham, Eng., devotes nearly a page weekly to cycling under the caption "Cycle Jottings," which is edited by one of the most able, impartial, and unbiased critics on the other side. The writer fears no one, and does not stick to an assertion when once made, but on the contrary is willing the next week to contradict a previous statement if shown to be in the wrong. In the issue of the *News* for January 5, speaking of the GAZETTE article, the writer says:—

The editor launches forth with a fusillade against the English times generally, especially those for long distances (from 50 miles to 100). After lauding American timers at the expense of their English *confreres*, he adduces as a proof of the inaccuracy of the English returns the fact that so many are given "to the second dead," and not to a fractional part thereof. He goes on to argue that, as there are four divisions between each second, it is a matter of impossibility that the spider hand of the watch used should have been exactly over the same point at the end of each mile. Now, Mr. Ducker, this is all very well, but I should really like to see how one of your vaunted American timers would be able to give accurately the fractions of a second on a running watch. It is almost impossible to do so. Our timekeepers, I admit, are not infallible, but I don't fancy they would care to "dot in" the fractions just to make their show look better. I hold that it is almost a matter of impossibility to give a return correct to one-fifth of a

second unless the watch is stopped. Such is the gist of the feeble attack made by Mr. Ducker on English timers.

If the above statement only appeared in one paper we should have overlooked it altogether, for we stated that all of our times were taken on split seconds watches, but another says:—

The fact is that our records for a distance were made on one watch, and any sensible person will allow that to attempt to time to fractions of a second on a running watch would be outside the pale of reason. I have no wish to defend anything simply because it is English, and this will be borne out further on in this letter, but when a paper, to wit, THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, commences comparing our records, I rather think I will have a hand in to show the energetic Springfielder that he has made a mistake.

Well! well! Here are two editors, one of whom poses as a timer in England, who do not even know what a split seconds watch is, and yet they undertake to criticise our timing. Verily we should like to see competent men undertake to show us how to time hereafter. We pause, wait, and wonder what next. Yes, we are dumfounded at the seeming ignorance. But the next mail brings us a very frank confession in the *Athletic News*, of January 12, whose editor is not afraid to own up, which he does as follows:—

Whilst writing of the Springfield times last week I fell into an error. I was unaware of the real powers of a "split seconds" watch, which will enable a timer using one to take as many intermediate times in a race as may be required. I can now understand why the Americans make such a fuss about our omitting fractions of a second from long distance times. I may add that I sought information on the subject from several first-class watchmakers, as well as one or two of our recognized timekeepers, but none were able to give me the desired particulars. I have Mr. E. R. Shipton to thank for putting me right. The reason "split seconds" watches are not used in England is the great expense, as it is impossible to get one that is anything like reliable for very much under three figures.

It will be seen by the above that the writer consulted a couple of "recognized timers" who could not tell what a split seconds watch was. Such timers cannot time a Springfield race meeting. We want, and will have, reliable timers, with only the best of watches. Mr. O. N. Whipple's watch used during the tournament was valued at \$800, while the second and third men held watches worth nearly \$500 each. Can our English friends wonder at the attitude assumed by those who have witnessed the timing of the Springfield meeting? To cap the whole Mr. Whipple has on the stand a chronometer which is used to set the watches by; so that the variation of one second or less in one hour could be easily detected.

Before leaving the subject of timing we wish to say that the GAZETTE had no idea of attacking the English times or defending Springfield times until it was goaded into doing so by the Coventry papers, and having accomplished our purpose we will drop the matter, shake hands with our Coventry friends and assure them that should they favor us with their presence the coming fall a hearty welcome awaits them, and we feel confident that upon their return home among the most ardent supporters of Springfield tournament times for 1886 will be the *Bicycling News* and the *Cyclist*.

## FLYING START.

Rather an old chestnut—not even a last year's one—is the question of allowing a flying start in bicycle racing, which is now being agitated in some of the Western newspapers. The arguments advanced are nothing new, and only furnish the editors something to write about in this the "winter of our discontent." To say that a flying start is necessary in order to compare the speed of a horse with that of a man on a bicycle is nonsense—to wheelmen at least. Cycling is a sport in itself. It is capable of holding its head far above all other sports, and in a few years will lead all. It does not need to cater to or follow in the wake of any other sport. It has arrived at a point where it can stand alone, for already where the cycle is thoroughly introduced,—as at Springfield,—horse racing is of secondary consideration. Even the old and famous Springfield horse shows which have been held for twenty-four years, awaken but little public interest when compared with bicycle racing. This sudden popularity of cycling has doubtless been due to its freedom from jockeying and the high plane to which it has been kept. Therefore let us be very chary of introducing methods which will allow the slightest chance for any objectionable elements to creep in and mar it.

Some people claim that if a flying start is allowed the riders will not start off together, and that there will be too much jockeying. While others maintain that is all nonsense, as the rider's wheel, unlike a horse, is always under his control, and any attempt at delay can be easily detected and punished. This is all very well, but there will always remain the strife to gain a little advantage at the start; the pole man will, if the others get a little lead, hang back, thus causing the tedious starting that has been so objectionable a feature of horse racing. With a standing start this is impossible, and we believe that it has been one of the greatest safeguards of our sport, therefore, let us not discard it, or take one step backward, but, wheelmen, let us each and all strive to advance cycle racing to the first place among our national pastimes.

## THE L. A. W. MEETING.

The next annual meeting of the L. A. W. will be held at Boston, May 27, 28, 29, and now gives promise of being the greatest meeting in the history of cycling. Already several ladies have expressed a wish to participate in the parade, and we would earnestly request all members whose wives or lady friends ride tricycles, to induce them to join us. We want more lady riders, and to that end let us show our lady friends that we welcome them, and that for cycle riding to become popular among the fair sex only rests with themselves. We know of no better time for them to make a beginning than at the League meeting next May.

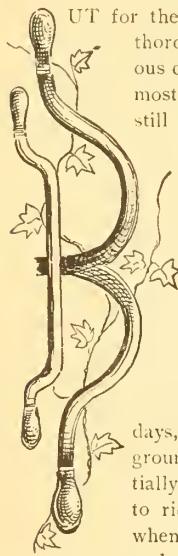
## FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.

UT for the indoor social life which is so thoroughly organized by our numerous clubs, cycling here would be almost a dead letter, as this winter still maintains its reputation as the worst for riding purposes that we have experienced for many years. In this wretched climate, we cannot rely from one day to another on the state of the weather, even our own meteorological office reports frequently being all at sea as regards their predictions for a few hours to come only. During the past eight days, a cake of snow has lain on the ground, alternately frozen and partially thawing; making it impossible to ride at all except last Sunday, when the roughness was something to be remembered. I was able to get out into the open air on my wheels every day last year; but this year takes a rise out of the hardiest and most enthusiastic of wheelmen. Consequently, British cycling during the past month has consisted solely of a few short rides on Christmas morning; fewer on Boxing day; and fewer still on odd days now and then.

Club dances and club smoking concerts, with occasional club dinners, continue to revive the *esprit de corps* between our wheelmen; and I cannot help wondering at reading so little, in the American papers, of such entertainments being organized by transatlantic clubs. They cost little to manage, and afford enjoyment to friends and neighbors as well as to the clubmen themselves.

Early this year, a definite sign is apparent of an improved state of affairs in our sport this season, it being already tacitly agreed upon, by some leading spirits in both the National Cyclists Union and the Amateur Athletic Association, to terminate the long-standing dispute between the two bodies by a return to the former reciprocal arrangement. This is a great triumph for the N. C. U., all that it has been fighting for being granted by the Athletic Association; and it in no way detracts from the victory that in arranging the terms for peace the Union agrees to cancel all the remaining suspensions upon cyclists who have become suspended owing to the dispute. It is a concession made in the interests of sport, and on the principle that although it is grand to have a giant's strength it is tyrannous to use it like a giant. There appears no doubt as to the terms thus tentatively agreed upon being accepted by the ruling boards of both bodies in council assembled this month; and an intense feeling of relief at the prospect is predominant in cycling as well as athletic circles.

Considerable amusement is being created by a gentleman named Hogg, resident in a north of England town, who is vigorously riding his pet hobby with the object of abolishing altogether the distinction between amateur and professional cyclists. By dint of prolific penmanship, and the reassertion of admitted facts in reference to the abuses of amateurism, Mr. Hogg endeavors to prove that universal professionalism is the only panacea for the evils; and although it is pointed out that if the N. C. U. were to declare the amateur distinction abolished *some* people would remain amateurs and start a new amateur associa-



tion, this enthusiastic reformer cannot be brought to look at the matter in its matter-of-fact light, but is agitating his cause with great vigor.

Meantime, three distinct committees are in existence whose aim is to discover and formulate some method of stamping out the system of subsidizing amateur racing cyclists, two committees being voluntarily formed by a few London clubs, and the third committee being a special one appointed by the council of the Union to report upon the subject.

The annual exhibitions of the Speedwell and Stanley clubs are in the near future, the Speedwell this year coming before the Stanley, for the first time on record. As usual, the Speedwell Club will have the entire control of its exhibition, at Bingley Hall, Birmingham; but the Stanley fixture, under the management of a joint committee formed by six members of the S. C. C. and six representatives of the Trade, will take place at the Westminster Aquarium, London. At both of these exhibitions, I am given to understand, the Pope Manufacturing Company intends to display three of the Columbia bicycles, which will doubtless create great interest, showing British and foreign visitors what America can do.

Yet another change has just taken place in the arrangements of two of our leading cycling papers, *Bicycling News* and *Wheeling*, to wit: I have always endeavored to write strictly impartially regarding periodicals contemporary to such as I am connected with, and in the present instance this same impartiality impels me to say that I believe the change to be greatly to the advantage of *Wheeling*, in a literary sense, and consequently to the advantage of its proprietor in a business point of view, and of its readers. Harry Etherington retires altogether from the editorship of the paper, devoting his attention entirely to its business affairs; and in his place W. McCandlish and F. Percy Low are the joint editors. This change, while it displays the sound judgment of the proprietor as to what will pay him best, very practically confirms what I—and other members of the Coventry Ring—have always said regarding the literary control of *Wheeling* in the past; and now that the editorial staffs of the rival papers are such good friends, we may expect a cessation of the aggravating system of mutual recrimination which has been such a blot upon the cycling press, and at the same time the competition which is now so much keener will lead to all-round improvements being made, much to the advantage of the ordinary or penny-paying reader. McCandlish and Low are smart writers and educated men; and being on their mettle to improve *Wheeling*, *Wheeling must improve*;—indeed, it has improved, this week, already.

The annual crop of riding records has been harvested, and a few 1885 totals have been published in our journals. Up to the present, A. J. Wilson leads off with 7,021 miles, on 365 riding days; C. W. Brown comes next, with 6,454 miles, on 284 riding days; and Lawrence Fletcher, of Liverpool, is third, with 6,027 miles. As a club, the Anfield B. C., of Liverpool, stands pre-eminent, eight of its members scoring over three thousand miles each, the individual totals being 6,027, 5,270, 5,030, 4,500, 4,385, 3,543, 3,535, and 3,500. This club has a muster of more than 200 members, twelve of whom rode upwards of 200 miles in 24 hours during 1885. The Anfield B. C. is, on this showing, the champion club for road-riding.

A great many makers have already introduced

their new patterns for this year, which they usually reserve for a first appearance at the Stanley show. Cripps style tricycles, both single and tandem, are the prevailing fashion amongst the novelties; and several safety bicycles of the Rover type are expected to be on the market, the original Rover itself being remodeled on improved lines.

The Records Committee of the N. C. U. seem to have made a slip in reference to accepting Goldner's record for 50 miles on the road. It transpires that the watches of the two timekeepers—one at the start, the other at fifty miles—were not compared, the only guarantee that they were running synchronously being that they were both set (at different times) by the same railway-station clock; and somebody accuses the Records Committee of overlooking this technical defect. The whole question rests upon the reliability of the railway clock, which may or may not have had seconds hand, and may or may not have been set right between the two periods at which the watches were set to run with it. In the absence of any specific information, there seems no valid reason to suppose that the committee did not duly investigate and weigh the circumstances before deciding in favor of the record.

The Alexandra Park track, London, is again to be the scene of an international cycling tournament, this coming summer; and the management intend sparing no effort to secure the attendance of some of the best American and Continental riders. The track is a good gravel one, three laps to the mile, with a "hill" to ride up and down; but the records made on it prove it to be a fast track, and I know from experience that it is a very fair one for racing between man and man. The dates of this meeting are not finally determined as yet, but will be so fixed if possible as to enable visiting cyclists to take in a round of sport during the week; and most probably one or other of the N. C. U. championship meetings will be held about the same time.

More interest is admittedly felt in the progress of Thomas Stevens, the further he gets on his journey around the world; and we hear no more of the silly remarks about his "going round the world with a bicycle among his luggage." Judging by the facility with which he has overcome the difficulties in the East, as far as Teheran, I shall not be surprised to read that after all he finds the Chinese not at all so ferociously barbarian as they have been represented.

Sundry inane and senseless observations continue to be made afoot my use of the *nom de plume* of "Waverley"; the amiable critics who find fault with that signature being apparently under the impression that I adopted it because I am ashamed of what I write, or do not wish it to be known that I am connected with such a paper as the *GAZETTE* (!) Henceforward, then, with the editor's approval, I intend to silence such absurdities, and give my captious critics a chance to devote their entire energies to their own business, by using the usual *nom de plume* under which I have written in American and British journals for ten years; and trust that the monthly digest of British cycling will be as kindly received, in America, as hitherto, now that it is known that "Waverley" is identical with

"FAED."

LONDON, January 13, 1886.

Robert Cripps, the English racer, contemplates permanent removal to this country.

## JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



AN the ice-fettered hands of the  
trinity waters  
Hold back from the East what  
the West has to give?  
Can the snow-shrouded land lend  
no aid to awaken  
The sympathies cyclers would  
wish to see live?

How many of us will experience throughout the coming year a duplication of the pleasure and profit which we derived last year from our connection with cycling? Let us hope that the vast majority of us will realize to the fullest extent all the prospective pleasure which we think lies ahead, bound up in that mysterious and complex piece of mechanism which the nineteenth century terms a bicycle. Let us hope that 1886 will be an advance in every way on 1885. Of course it would be eminently foolish to expect that with unbroken ranks the cycling fraternity over our country should face once more the inexorable front of old "Father Time." It has often appeared to the writer that the "horrid front" of war has its complement in what might be termed the "horrid front" of time, and the balance of favor should, if any distinction be made, be given to the keeping of old Mars instead of to the cold and bony hand of the respected *pater* whom only a few of us profess to love. You may break the proverbial "horrid front" of war and after your toil and struggling find some consolation and recompense in wearing the laurels of victory, but with "old Time" it is a different thing; he always shows his front, and you have to knuckle under at last; you cannot circumvent him, you cannot defeat him, and when you have failed to defeat him you are denied the privilege of a retreat, you are bound to go under, you cannot give the old gentleman leg bail in any fashion. It has always been a wonder to me why cyclers who unlawfully appropriate machines, and bank cashiers who will insist upon paying a visit across the border, do not think more of this fact; it might be a preventive in some of their cases to their laying themselves open to the disapprobation of their fellows.

Well, I was saying that it would be unwise in us to expect that we should with unbroken ranks face this year of 1886. The extra sized black lines which occasionally appear in our League *Bulletin* offer a suggestive answer to the question as to why we should be unwise in so expecting. But while we deplore the vacancies in our cycling ranks, attributable to the care and attention of our friend, "old Time," vacancies for instance of the nature of that caused by the death of Cola Stone, it is some gratification to note that the old truism, that there is no single man whom the world cannot spare, holds good with our national cycling organization and with our pastime of cycling generally as well as with the world as a whole. Talking the other day with our respected secretary-editor, he assured me that the League was growing, growing at a rapid rate, as the long lists of applications and renewals published weekly in the *Bulletin* tended to show. I asked him if the coveted number—the very modest number, considering the great body of riders whom we have to draw from—of ten thousand members was in a fair way of being attained, and I was answered with a very emphatic yes. I do not know whether his own energy causes the secre-

tary-editor to overestimate the activity and push of his fellow members, as well as that of present non-members of the League, but he appeared to confidently expect that within the course of another year the mystic number of the League of American Wheelmen, a number the attainment of which seemed to become a matter of probability as well as of possibility after the meet at Washington in 1884, is almost to a certainty on the road to realization. When the membership of the L. A. W. reaches ten thousand, it offers some very good grounds for asking why should it not go further and draw in a very large percentage indeed of the rapidly increasing army of cyclers who through the same league should be joining hands all over the country. If I remember rightly THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE expressed a wish during the course of last year, to see twenty thousand members in the League; well, after our ten thousand is reached, we may adopt twenty thousand as our standard, and cut out as far as numbers are concerned, and we will say as far as glory is concerned too, the relics of the Grand Army of the Republic, which will, by the time our dream is realized, be in existence. The Pennsylvania division is already up and stirring. Its officers have mailed to all its members renewal blanks, application blanks, and blank sheets of the "Pennsylvania and New Jersey Road Book," together with a letter from the chief consul and one from Mr. Henry S. Wood of the "Road Book," which letters set forth what members ought to do. And there is hardly any doubt but that this active interest in the welfare of the division evidenced by the heads will be appreciated by and call out an answering spirit from the ranks. Men will fill in a renewal form more quickly for, and send their dues with more alacrity to, an organization to which they belong which shows decided signs of activity and life, than they will to one which does not appear to possess enough of interest to call out work from the officers who profess to wish to work for it. The Pennsylvania division has been very fortunate from its inception in running across good officers, not the least valuable of whom hold office at present. With the exception of officials, cyclers round Philadelphia are having for us a most exceptionally lazy time as far as active cycling is concerned; less riding has been done through this year, or more properly speaking through this winter, than through any late one that I can remember. Skates are in fashion now and have been for some time past, notably since the great and, from all accounts for North America, almost universal blizzard of two weeks ago. I know of one Pennsylvania Club member, who, though the night of said blizzard was an excessively cold one, rode his machine to a poker party at a friend's house, and while there got literally snowed under, and, not caring to remain all night himself, left his machine in the charge of his host, where it has remained ever since. There has been some talk during a while past, of the amalgamation of two of our largest city clubs. Why they should wish to join hands I do not exactly know. Of course the primary idea is mutual benefit, and of course as in everything else of the sort the experiment must be made, the plan must be tried, before either success or failure can be attained. After the amalgamation, if it ever takes place, I dare say there is a long vista of golden days which shall see the rearing in Philadelphia of a luxurious club-house, etc., etc. This city ought to have a cycling club owning its own

premises, and having under its control, accommodations and conveniences of the kind which make some of the cycling club-houses in Boston, New York, Baltimore, and Washington, quite important factors in social as well as cycling circles. One fact, a source of satisfaction among cyclers in Philadelphia, is pleasant to record, and that is that Mr. H. B. Hart has made arrangements by which he can carry on his riding school in West Philadelphia, right on the verge of our well-known Fairmount Park. He had expressed a determination some time since to give it up, owing to the lack of interest in it and the want of support by the public, but now I believe, to the eminent satisfaction of cyclers in the city, he has determined to keep open a school which has perhaps done more for cycling in Philadelphia than the cyclers of the Quaker City take time to think about.

The latest item of intelligence which is going the rounds appears to be the rumor of some sort of headquarters in Philadelphia for the Division, where League members whether they belong to cycling clubs or not can always find a welcome, and where they can obtain information and attention whenever they require such. The idea is a good one, the scheme would undoubtedly work well and other divisions outside that of Pennsylvania would perhaps find it to their interest to follow suit. Especially handy would such a center point be in the case of provincial members who might be visiting the city. It would offer good opportunities for the making of appointments to meet friends, for the receipt of letters, for, as I said before, the acquirement of cycling information, as well as for many other things of moment or of interest to cyclers. If the rumor be true, and should such an idea take shape, we will hope that success may shine upon it, and upon many like undertakings, for it is such work that is going to build up bicycling in America, and cause the sport to attain here a prominence which will one of these days cause those who follow it to demand for it the proud distinction of being recognized as the National sport. With these rather sanguine remarks I will "stop short," not however, I hope, as some of your readers may hope, "never to go again." O no! that is hardly an expectation of yours.

CITRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 23, 1886.

## News Notes.

The Star will be heard from the coming season.

*Le Véloceman* appears in January greatly enlarged and improved.

The Canadian Wheelmen's Association is to issue a new hand-book.

The Philadelphia *Cycling Record* ceases publication about the middle of February.

C. A. Fisk, ex-treasurer of the Springfield Bicycle Club, is now one of Springfield's city fathers.

The Ramblers, of St. Louis, are holding a series of races every Saturday afternoon, at the Exposition building.

It is rumored that Messrs. Spalding, the Western cycling firm, are going to establish an agency in Philadelphia.

Weber on his Star would astonish our English brethren. By all means let him visit England the coming spring.

Philadelphia wheelmen point with pride to Chris Wheeler's new book, "Rhymes of the

Road and River," as a record in cycling literature to be proud of.

It has been observed by many that the winter numbers of the GAZETTE contain much interesting reading matter.

The doubting of Springfield times by the *Bicycling News* was a boomerang of the worst kind. It killed the thrower.

To our many purchasers of "Wheeling Annual" we would say that the delay was caused in the custom house at New York.

The *Bicycling World* is publishing a series of articles (illustrated) on the "queer conceits of inventors" as relates to bicycling.

It is said that "The Great S—" is a great success, and the *Bicycling World* announces the supply as exhausted in this country.

Those who know best say that the Star wheel has in store for us this season greater surprises than Kluge's mile at Springfield last fall.

Messrs. Crist and Higham have been granted the sole agency for Washington and vicinity of the Quadrant tricycle and Rover Safety.

Still they come! What? Why every week two or more Massachusetts bicycle clubs vote to join the League, and who blames them?

A sample bale of cotton to every new subscriber to the *Bicycle South*. Now is your chance to go into the cotton business on a small scale.

The proper length of cranks is the subject of much discussion in the cycling press. For our part the most of them seem to be about 5 ft. 6 in.

"Wheeling Annual" has sold nearly three to one of "The Great S—." Pretty good for *Wheeling*. Springfield had a hand in it, gentlemen.

With the coming of spring, we are promised a new crop of cycling papers, and then the poor manufacturer is to be mulcted of his hard-earned dollars.

During the late wintry weather in Philadelphia, a tandem cleaned out most unmercifully the fastest skaters figuring on the frozen surface of the Schuylkill river.

Wanted: A live correspondent in Chicago, Cleveland, New York, St. Louis, Buffalo, and New Orleans. Address SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

There are many kinds of stars, and various ways of seeing them, but it is said that the best way to enjoy them is to own and ride a Star (bicycle) over this earthly planet.

By the looks of the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, Massachusetts is going ahead on applications and renewals. A prediction: Before May 1, Massachusetts will lead all State divisions.

Another record. THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE has scored a world's record as being the only wheel paper that did not reduce its number of pages during the winter season.

Mr. Geo. D. Gideon has opened new and extensive sales rooms for cycling goods, in a splendid location underneath the shadow of the great marble walls of Philadelphia's new public buildings.

The members of the Chicago Bicycle Track Association have responded to the call of the treasurer, and paid up the \$1,500 of debt, so that there will be no incumbrances to begin the new season with.

The egotism of the *Cyclist* and *Athlete* is past belief; to read its editorials nowadays one gets the

impression that the *Athlete* is the only paper that gathers news. Wonder if the *C. and A.* reads the *American Wheelman*?

The Overman Wheel Company has just received a very flattering testimonial letter from Prince David Kawanakoa, of the Sandwich Islands, in favor of the bicycle. He rides a Victor, and writes to express his approval of it.

Englishmen find America a delightful place to spend their vacations, and already a large delegation of the leading lights have expressed their intention to pay the United States a visit next fall, from about September 1st to October 1st.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Who knows but that before the next century dawns it will be recognized that the inventor of the bicycle has done more to revolutionize the religious, moral and social ideas of mankind than all the philosophers of our time?"

The Overman Wheel Company, of Chicopee and Boston, who bought of George T. Warwick of this city, not long ago, the right to make for the United States the well-known Warwick hollow tires, have large orders now on hand from the West and South.

Would it not prove a big paying advertisement to our American manufacturers to send a racing man or two to England for the coming May meetings, *viz.*, the Crystal Palace and North Shields tournament? Let us send, say, Weber and his Star, Rowe on a Columbia, and Hendee on a Victor.

What's to hinder our American riders going over to England, and meeting their victors on their own soil, and then beating them, ahem! if we can? There is nothing like pluck, and our men would be sure of a hearty reception. Our fancy riders have set the example, now let our fliers follow. We cannot after our meetings are over see how our prizes look, perhaps we might have the chance of viewing English pots; at any rate, let us try, for "nothing venture nothing gain."

"Apropos of THE SPRINGFIELD GAZETTE, I should much like to know how it is that, while bestowing almost lavish adulation on Mr. Etherington on one hand, the editor allows him to be 'slated' in another by his British correspondent, who is generally supposed to be a member of the 'Coventry Ring.' It seems funny, to say the least of it." —*Athletic News*. Not in the least; the GAZETTE is an independent paper and its correspondents are allowed to express their opinions without any additions or subtractions on our part.

The *Bicycling World*, in its review of the year, says: "Nothing in the history of the *Bulletin* the past year leads us to depart from our original idea, that a monthly organ is all that the League can afford to give its members." There was a time when we thought a monthly organ was all that was needed, but we have seen an ably conducted weekly and shall be loath to part with it, and cannot agree with Editor Bassett when he says: "For this we have always contended, but we think the League has gone too far," *i. e.* in establishing the *Bulletin*.

The steady-goers are the successful advertisers. They build up great businesses by keeping themselves before the public summer and winter, and whether it rains or shines, or is a feast day or a fast day.—*Spirit of the Times*. In bicycling this is more than true as regards winter advertisers. We can name a firm who spent more money in

advertising in the winter of '84 and '85 than in the summer months of '85, and reaped a handsome reward for its forethought. It is then wheelmen are looking for new mounts and have plenty of time to read advertisements.

J. R. Hogg, of the North Shields (Eng.) Bicycle Club, is publishing a series of articles in the *Cyclist* on the vigilance committee and the makers' amateur question. Mr. Hogg handles the subject in a masterly manner, and shows the utter folly of attempting to extinguish the makers' amateurs, and truthfully says, "none of the leading clubs will sustain this crusade against the M. A.'s." Mr. Hogg's idea is, to give cash prizes in all events, or popularize professional racing. Something must be done, and that is, elevate professionalism; we have got to come to it sooner or later, both at home and abroad, the sooner the better for all concerned.

The article in the January *Outing* by Charles E. Pratt, urging that the League of American Wheelmen, now that their organization and treasury will allow, give more attention to championing the rights of wheelmen before the law, meets with strong favor from the bicycling press and will doubtless be discussed at the annual meeting in May, with many preliminary discussions. Abbot Bassett, editor of the *Bicycling World*, suggests the advisability of a permanent committee of three, preferably lawyers, in each State, to investigate and act on all petitions for aid sent them. A vigorous policy in this regard may make the future of the League brilliant.

It is now well known in England that the whole of the doubting of Springfield times is due wholly to Mr. Hillier, every member of the *Bicycling News* staff has denied ever doubting them. The *Cyclist* was led into it while Mr. Sturmey was absent on his vacation. Racing men cannot be found who ever doubted them, and it has the appearance of jealousy on the part of Mr. Hillier (as *Wheeling* suggested last October), at the loss of his racing records, for it is a well established fact that Mr. Hillier is opposed to everything American, weather, records, trade interests or what not, and it is further asserted that he is the touring clubs' representative for the United States, but never attends a meeting or takes the least interest in it, and all because "it's American, you know."

The Manchester *Athletic News* contains weekly nearly a page of "cycle jottings." They are well written, and, unlike other English wheel news, are bright, crisp and interesting to those on this side. The writer speaks well for America, and in the issue of December 29, says: "The result of the various races that were held at Springfield and Hartford shows plainly that when it comes to riders there is some 'little grit' left in England yet, as, save in two instances, our countrymen carried off everything before them. How long we are going to maintain this superiority I should not like to say. The Yankees have a more favorable climate and far better tracks. Hence their opportunities are superior to our own. One thing is certain—until a vast improvement is made in our tracks we shall never win the records back again."

The "clerical tour" for '86 is set down for the month of August, and is located in the State of New York. Starting at New York city, the wheel will be ridden to Tarrytown, thence by boat to Fishkill, thence wheeling to Poughkeepsie,

Rhinebeck, Claverack, Lebanon Springs (including a visit to the Shaker settlement), Albany, Mechanicville, Saratoga, Amsterdam, Canajoharie, Sharon Springs, Cherry Valley, Cooperstown, Cobleskill, Howe's Cave, and return to Cobleskill, where the tour proper will end. The tour will take ten or twelve days, and will make a riding distance of about 300 miles. At the end of the tour little companies will be made up for a run to the Catskills, and also to Binghamton, or elsewhere. The projector of the tour, Rev. Sylvanus Stall, rode over the entire route in the summer of 1884, and will arrange the programme so as to take in all the points of interest. The party will be limited to twenty-five clergymen.

Mr. J. R. Hogg writes us that the "great Anglo-American tournament" is progressing nicely; we also print a communication in another column in which Mr. Hogg presents the claims of the North Shields Bicycle Club to our American racing men, and from private information we can assure them a hearty welcome. Manager F. Cathcart, of the Alexandra Park Athletic Grounds, also writes us that a great international tournament will be held on his grounds May 21 and 22, and sends a cordial invitation to our wheelmen to be present. Our English friends promise us a series of brilliant events if a team of Americans will pay them a visit. We have been assured that North Shields, the Alexandra Park Grounds, London, Birmingham, Newcastle, and Bristol would all give meetings in close connection with each other, so that our men could leave here about May 15, and arrive home July 1, and then have time to train for the Springfield meeting. Our English brethren could also come home with them, and thus an era of good fellowship would be at once established between the two countries. As an experiment let us send Hendee, Rowe, Kluge, Weber, Knapp, and Crist. What say you, gentlemen? We can guarantee you a fine time, and you can gain experience that will enable you to cover yourselves with glory and medals the coming fall.

#### STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

The Solitary Club has ridden all but six days up to January 22.

The club officers will stake everything on 44-inch Special Faciles.

The Solitary Club is keeping up its reputation as winter road-riders, and have only one rival in this section, Bert. Skelding, of Riverside, who is a "tolerable close second" on his Victor.

What strikes us "comma-eally" in the columns of one of England's crack wheel papers, is the lavish use of commas, all through the paper, as for instance, "98, Fleet Street, London."

Few at this day will dispute that the cycle is a very important factor in matters pertaining to pleasure, business, and health, and it is more patent each returning spring that it is no "craze."

The club kid, after smoking more than the regulation number of cheap cigarettes, has his attention called to the motto on the wall of the smoking-room, "There is no place like home." He pretends not to see it.

Our pleasantest memories of the past year's cycling jaunts are connected with quiet tours, in which the scorch fiend did not participate, and each rider seemed bent on reaching only the goal we set out to—enjoyment.

Being a native of Ohio, Willhelm's readable notes

are of interest to us, as a part of the good things dished up monthly in THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, without which paper the Solitary Club would at once disband.

After we put on a cradle spring of the right "stone," several wheelmen of about our "heft," on mounting it, shouted for joy, saying "how easy the spring is!" They were used to the stiff-as-a-rail pattern, and came over to our side.

On expressing our satisfaction with the League Bulletin at its size and price and saying we would like it larger and pay more for it, Editor Aaron said that it "would grow with advertisements." From that we infer that with a liberal diet of live ads., a paper would never die't all!

It should be distinctly understood that the Stamford Wheel Club is wide awake in every sense pertaining to cycling, and is to be heard from at an early day. Some of the members threaten to get Stars, but as the majority are on Experts, many we know of will make no change.

Color Bearer Nell, our assistant postmaster, has been trying to entice the steady-going president of the Solitary Club into joining him in a sixty-five mile run, which includes White Plains, Tarrytown, Yonkers, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, etc., for "the very first fair day and wheeling."

The coming great League meet is the leading topic here at times, and one sensible thing about it is having it late in May, on account of the roads in this northern latitude. The vice-president of the Brunswick has about decided to join the Solitary Club in wheeling "all the way there." He is extremely devoted to cycling.

The bugler is evidently going out of the livery business, as he has discharged his stable boys, repaired and painted his rolling stock, and offers it for sale. From the knee-sprung-and-spavined condition of several of his animals that had been ridden by scorcher, we conclude that any one else is welcome to succeed the bugler in the said business.

In the matter of cranks, as we could not well get longer ones, we "flew in the face of advice to the contrary," and bought a wheel two inches less than the prescribed article, and while our fellow-kickers were tip-toeing up inclines under high pressure, we could put the hollow of the feet to the pedals and drive *so much easier* that—well, trying is believing.

The past season has convinced our leading wheelmen that it is well to ride under-sized wheels in preference to those of the sizes affected in the early days of cycling, and that in most cases the comfort and lasting pleasure gained by using the former largely overbalances the doubtful pleasure of spurring past a fellow wheelman on an occasional short stretch of smooth road.

#### WE WANT TO KNOW, AMONG OTHER THINGS:

Why makers of high-grade cycles do not furnish springs regulated to the weight of purchasers, and not sell a 140-pound man a spring stiff enough for a 225 pounder, and who rides as comfortably as he might on a cast-iron one.

Why these wonderful saddles of a certain kind are so made as to preclude the possibility of safe coasting—that very desirable feature of cycling.

Why in cyclonia they do not make ordinary l. d. saddles of a leather that is of a shade or two softer material than flint.

Why on earth they do not make oil cans that will not either leak or work loose, so that a tool bag is made to smell like a whole machine shop.

Why they do not make cranks of varying lengths to suit riders and the kind of roads to be traversed; for in hilly sections one needs longer cranks and a smaller wheel, if he would ride comfortably, excel in hill climbing, and is willing to leave racing and scorching to those who subordinate legitimate cycling (beg pardon!) to "horse-race business."

We put these possibly fault-finding questions after due deliberation, expecting to be called peculiar, at the least; but wish to state that we have been there and seen service.

"STAMSON."

#### Correspondence.

##### SPRINGFIELD TIMES.

FROM OVER THE WATER.

*Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

In an article entitled "Don'd guy it avay,"\*—whatever that may mean—a correspondent in your issue for December, 1885, refers to a "C. A. Nairn" and George Lacy Hillier, as persons declining to believe what are known through cyceldom as the "Springfield times"; and, at the end of his article, your correspondent indulges in some terribly severe sarcasm anent this said "Mr. C. A. Nairn," and "Mr. George Lacy Hillier." As there is no C. A. Nairn known in cycling circles in England, I presume you refer to the C. W. Nairn who also receives notice in your December issue on page 136a. If this be so, I, as the latter individual, desire, by your leave, to say a few words in reply to your anonymous correspondent who has chosen the strange title above referred to for his article.

I have no fear of a paper warfare, and did I doubt, or had I ever doubted, the Springfield or any other times, and were I editor of a paper in which I could state my opinion I should not hesitate to do so. But, sir, I have never doubted the Springfield times, in thought, word, or deed.

(1) In thought, because, although I know of course that there has been a controversy on the subject, I give you my word of honor as a man, that I have never read or written one line on the subject.

(2) In word, because as I do not even know what the times in dispute are, I cannot, even verbally, have doubted them; nor have I done so.

(3) In deed, because not being the editor of the *Cyclist*, nor directing its policy, but simply its representative in London, my only contributions to it are the columns known as "Notes of the Week," "What the Clubs are doing," and the London racing and festivity columns, in none of which has any vital allusion to Springfield times been made.

Pray do not misunderstand my object in writing this letter. I am loyal to the *Cyclist* and know that its policy is always that which is honestly believed to be right; and had your correspondent's remarks been confined to the *Cyclist*, or even to "the editors of the *Cyclist*," I should not have broken silence. When, however, I am singled out by name and charged with something which I not only never did but am absolutely ignorant of as regards its details, it is time to speak.

I trust, sir, that, with that courtesy which I am

\*The article referred to was copied from the *American Wheelman*.

informed is characteristic of every American gentleman, you will give me space in your columns for this letter. I don't know if I have been mentioned in THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE before, as, although our publisher has since informed me that he gets a copy at 98 Fleet Street, your December number was the first that I personally had ever seen, my journalistic work being entirely done at home, where alone arrives from America the *Bicycling World*. Trusting I may some day have the pleasure of making your acquaintance personally, I am fraternally yours,

C. W. NAIRN.

CYCLING ON THE SABBATH.

*Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

Why is it that so many wheelmen seem to care hardly at all for the Sabbath day? In almost every cycling paper we pick up there is likely to be an account of a long "run" taken on Sunday. Some wheelmen, because they have not the time during the week, seem to feel justified in the habit of taking runs on the sacred day. I, for one, think that a large number who thus transgress, if they would stop to reflect *whose* time they are using for sport, might call a halt in this practice. Has any one the *right* to set aside what he learns from Scripture to be "the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," for his own recreation? It is *God's* time, then, that the man is spending in this way. It certainly must be wrong for us to occupy our Maker's day in this manner, for He says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It seems to me that it would be better for us to give up our favorite "steed" altogether, than to spend Sunday in touring. The next time our companions try to persuade us to take a "run" on the Sabbath, wouldn't it be manlier for us to refuse? I know how hard it is to say "no" under such circumstances, but when the needful "no" has once been said, how much happier we feel. Don't go "just once more," but say a conclusive No at *first*, because the oftener we go "just once more" the harder it will be next time to refuse. Let us *always* stand up for the right, no matter what the circumstances may be. Yours truly,

"DASH."

*Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

December GAZETTE just at hand, and as bright and newsy as ever, if not more so. I see you print quite a number of notices of our far-famed and health-inviting city, which is fully appreciated. You state we furnish the greatest number of subscribers to the GAZETTE; that I don't doubt is true, as although we do live in a "wild western country," yet we are lovers of good literature (no flowers, please). We have a real live club liar in our club (but I would not like to say what office he really holds in the club), and he has been vindicating his right to that title under the *nom de plume* of "Coaster" by killing off our best men in beastly rhyme. His items are published in a weekly paper called the *California Athlete*; they not only serve to keep the interest from flagging but spur a good many of the boys to answer them, and explain mysterious doings. Of late, however, he has been pretty effectually subdued by a "black prince" called "Hill Climber," whose literary proclivities have enabled him to overcome his less fortunate adversary.

I notice in the "24-hour record" paragraph in your December issue you observe that Cook's 207½ mile record was not generally accepted!! What's

the matter? was not my letter explanatory enough on the subject, or was your "printer drunk"? It is not now of much consequence whether it was accepted or not, but if any one wishes black and white proof, we have it. Next time we break the record (and we are going to have the 24-hour record of America held by the Pacific Coast), we will have sworn affidavits forwarded the L. A. W. How will that do?

By the way, that was a very able article that President Bates wrote, objecting to the method of making records, and expresses my thoughts on the subject exactly.

Our track question is beginning to look just a little bit brighter, though it is very faint. The committee bring in the stereotyped report, "report progress and ask further time." I am in hopes that it will be built before "Karl Kron's" book is published, that is, I think we will get it about the latter part of the year. \* \* \*

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 1, 1886.

*Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

I see by the various comments and brief notices in our cycling papers that Canary is enlightening English wheelmen as to the possibilities of the bicycle, and I can well imagine that his marvelous feats are a complete revelation to the thousands who crowd to his exhibitions. And it must be a source of increasing wonderment to them to be told that he is not alone, by any means, in fancy riding over here. Although Canary is undoubtedly the premier as regards trick riding, yet there are a number of others who are very good seconds, one of whom, Robinson, was here October 20, with the Mason Combination, which exhibited at the Metropolitan Rink. They had a number of very good specialties in the way of fancy skating and so on, but Robinson was the star. After doing a number of single tricks with the wheel, he came out with a lad belonging to the troupe, and their joint performance was excellent, especially the standstill act. Robinson literally walked all over the wheel, with the youngster on his shoulders. He finally rode the large wheel of his bicycle, which he had detached, and wound up with an ordinary carriage wheel, which he rode with his feet on the hubs, propelling it by means of the tire with his hands.

I was informed by men who had seen Robinson before that he cut his programme greatly, owing to the poor attendance. The rink craze is on the wane here. Of our two rinks the Metropolitan is closed as a regular rink, and I doubt whether the Keystone is doing more than paying expenses. This is but another illustration of the regular ebb and flow in which popular amusements circle.

Question among our riders here was how a machine ever could upset, after seeing Robinson's wonderful control of it; but theory and trick riding are one thing, and practice and actual wheeling another; and there are few of us who cannot through sad experience testify to the cranky nature of the "beast." Yet let me not malign it. Few are better able to bear witness to its docility, when properly managed, than the writer. During many a hundred miles of riding (including learning) he has taken but one header, and that occurred while coasting an unknown hill, which shelved sharply on a sudden and was found covered with loose rocks. In the effort to get the feet down, the brake was gripped too forcibly, with the inevitable result.

I indulge myself in the conceit that this is a better record than the average wheelman can brag of.

Even the vaunted Star, "safe from headers or other dangerous falls," cannot show as clean a score. Two of the worst headers I ever witnessed were taken from Star wheels. In one case the small front wheel turned sharply crosswise and the large wheel came up in a hurry, throwing the rider forward and downward over a ten-foot embankment with fearful violence. The truth of the matter is that whether a man rides Star, crank, Facile, or the small, geared-up safety, he has to exercise ordinary care and discretion if he would avoid accidents. If you take a cart and let it get away with you on a steep hill, something is going to happen; and it won't be the fault of the cart either. There is of course no doubt but that some bicycles are safer than others. The English wheels, for instance, with their slight rake, are much more "cranky" than our two leading American makes, the Columbia and Victor. Speaking of safety in bicycles, how does the Crescent, now being advertised in the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, strike you?

There was another article in a late *Bulletin*, which made me wonder why the writer did not take the trouble to keep posted on the latest makes, in which he might have found an answer to his query. It is headed "Why?" ; and its author desires to know why, if strong wheels weighing thirty-five pounds can be built by use of hollow rims, bars, etc., and tangent spokes, a much stronger one, weighing say forty-five pounds, could not be built by embodying these improvements. Won't somebody please send him an Overman Wheel Co.'s catalogue?

Snow twelve inches deep on a level, with drifts three feet and more in some places. We ought not to complain, though. We were able to ride up to New Year's day. In fact my wheel ran some forty miles on Christmas. Don't expect to do it every season.

"CYCLE."

READING, PA., Jan. 18, 1886.

*Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

If you will permit it, I should like, as a non-racing wheelman, to offer a mild protest against the consumption of so much space in the various cycling periodicals to track events, while so little is given to road riding. Of the vast number of cyclers in the United States comparatively few are given to racing, or are ambitious to enter the list of competitors for "records." It is precisely as in the case of owners of horse flesh; not one per cent. of them possess racing stock, or take any part in the sport other than perhaps to risk their money and lose it. A majority of wheelmen are such for pleasure, recreation, and exercise; they are interested in knowing of good roads and what may be done thereon by good riders for their own pleasure or satisfaction. They would like to know the possibilities of the wheel as a practical roadster rather than as a machine for breaking records on a cinder track. Again, the use of tricycles is becoming more general, and riders of the latter will in the near future—as I believe—outnumber the two-wheelers, and they who prefer the more comfortable and safer method would like to see some fair proportion of space allotted to events in their line. I venture these suggestions in good faith, believing that many like myself would appreciate reliable information as to their favorite recreation, upon the points named, as well as upon improvements in machines contemplated or accomplished. Give a show to

THE TRICYCLE.

New York, Jan. 18, 1886.

## A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY CHRIS WHEELER.

## CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

After the Squire left the room Jessie looked at Robert and commenced to smile.

"What are you going to do, Bob?" she asked.

"I am going to remain here until you tell me to go," he replied.

"I shall not send you away just yet, it is so nice for old friends to be together once more," Jessie said archly. "But now, Bob, I wish to say something, and I must say it quickly. I have every trust and confidence in you. I am as free to like you as much as ever I was during old times, and now that must satisfy you, for here comes our friend Ralph."

A step outside and a drawing back of the curtain and Ralph Shackford entered the room. On seeing Robert he appeared somewhat disconcerted, but if he felt to any extent aggrieved at finding a visitor ahead of him, he quickly covered his disappointment with a show of carelessness which suited well his outward appearing.

"Well, Jessie, how are you?" he began. "But this is a surprise to me, your father did not tell me that I should find anybody here but yourself. How are you, Bob? Glad to see you again. I ought not to have intruded, Jessie, but your father must have come in to see you."

"He did quite right to insist on your making yourself useful, Ralph," said Jessie, "and you have not intruded, I assure you. We were just wishing for some storm-stayed traveler to turn up to claim our hospitality, were we not, Bob?"

"I do not know that I was extremely eager that such should be the case," said Robert, rather confusedly. "I was very much interested in what you were saying and hardly wished for a roomful of company as much as you did; but Ralph is not company, so we are very well fixed yet."

"Well, now I may say, too, that I was very much interested in what you were saying," said Jessie, looking at Robert, "and it is a pity that you finished up before Ralph came in. Now, Ralph, what have you got to say that will be interesting? How came you to be out such a night as this?"

"O it is just my luck to do strange things," said Ralph, looking from Jessie to Robert Small, and then back again from Robert to Jessie.

"I was thinking that every one would remain indoors to-night," said Jessie, "and yet fortune has kindly sent me two visitors."

"Yes; I dare say it does look odd for a fellow to choose a night like this for visiting," said Ralph. "I thought the wind would blow the trap over as we came round the corner by the Harris workshops, and Julia did not like being taken out of the stable in the least."

"You should have tried your bicycle to-night, Ralph," said Jessie.

"No, thank you," said Ralph, shrugging his shoulders. "I have about given up bicycle riding."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Jessie. "Robert here has not, you see he is in costume."

"So I see," said Ralph, "and therefore think that it is a much stranger thing for him to be out to-night than it is for myself."

"Perhaps it is, but strange or not strange," said Jessie, "I am glad for my own sake that you both happened to do odd things to-night, though I am sorry for yourselves; just listen how the wind howls outside."

"Well, now, I judge that I spoiled an interesting conversation, interloping in this fashion," said Ralph.

"O no, indeed you did not," said Jessie quickly, while Robert strove to look supremely happy in corroboration of a statement which he had every reason to hope was decidedly untrue.

"That is so," said Ralph. "I was forgetting you said that Bob here had finished up his contribution of interesting matter and that you were doing the honors. May I suggest that you go right on with your story or whatever it was and let me have a chance to be interested, too?"

"I think I had about finished up, too," said Jessie.

"Well, I declare, I think this is a conspiracy," said Ralph. "You tell me of what I have missed, both of you do, and then you refuse to do anything for me. I'll just wager that you have not so much to boast of after all. Bob here, I have no doubt, said, 'It's a wild night, Jessie;' and then Jessie said, 'Your are right. Bob, do you think it is going to be a fine day to-morrow?' and then Bob says, 'I don't know;' and then Jessie says, 'Well, if it does rain to-morrow the day will be a tip-top one for ducks.' That was the exact tenor of your interesting conversation, was it not, now? Tell the truth, Bob."

"Ralph Shackford, if you cannot talk sensibly I shall send you back to father's safe keeping," said Jessie, indignantly.

"O now do not do that," said Ralph, laughing, "I have paid my respects to that portion of the house. I shall be very discreet, therefore, you may depend upon me, so go on and tell me the news."

"I think that you should supply the news, Ralph, you are the latest comer and should have whatever is new. What have you got?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," said Ralph, "though, forgive me, I was forgetting I have something to tell you, but it will keep until some other time; it is only a message and would not be of interest to Bob. How goes the world with you, Bob, anyhow? I have not seen much of you since your coming home from college. You pulled through all right, did you?"

"Yes, fairly well; I have very little reason to complain," replied Robert.

"I do not think you have, Bob," said Jessie, "you should not talk so lightly of success."

"Certainly you should not talk lightly of success, Bob," said Ralph, "especially if you have been as lucky as I understand you to have been."

"It is just as foolish to think lightly of success as it is to think lightly of failure," said Jessie. "Bob has first honors in mathematics, Ralph, I suppose you know that?"

"O yes, that is an old story," said Ralph. "How do you find the Illston people, Bob? much changed? I note a great many changes myself, and I am not an exceptionally observant sort of fellow."

"Yes, I note a great many changes," said Robert, slowly; "many of them I am rather pleased with, with others I am of course not quite as pleased as perhaps I ought to be."

"It is hard to please everybody, in fact it is impossible to do so," said Ralph philosophically, "so I have given up trying to do so, and for the future I shall only try and please just whom I please. That is a wise determination, Jessie, is it not?"

"Yes, it is a very wise one, though not a very

new or a remarkably bright one," replied Jessie; "but now, I declare, we are getting back to the old subject; Bob and myself were talking over old times when you came in, Ralph, and I think that we exhausted the subject, Bob, did we not?"

"I hope not," said Ralph, "it is the very thing I should like to talk about,—old times, and this is just the sort of night for a retrospective chat."

"O but I have had enough of old times for to-night," said Jessie, "so, Ralph, please start something new. What is the matter with you? You are not quite yourself to-night."

"I am sorry for that," said Ralph. "I know I am feeling exactly like myself, and I should be sorry just at this moment to be any one else."

"You said that you had something to tell me, Ralph," said Jessie. "Is it anything important?"

"Important?" repeated Ralph, in rather an absent manner, "no, not so very important some people would declare but that it could wait."

"O then it is a sort of secret," said Jessie. "Well, if that is the case and you find it a very hard one to keep why Bob shall pay a visit to the 'den'."

"Thank you, Jessie," said the worthy referred to, "thank you very much for your thoughtfulness for me. I will not however be so hypocritical as to say that what pleases you pleases me."

"May be I shall compel you to say so, Bob; in fact I think I shall make it my business to see that you do say so and in earnest, too," said Jessie.

"Only it would be extremely wrong for me to do so," said Robert Small, his eyes twinkling while he spoke. "I would repeat a portion of the Litany which I am familiar with."

"You had better not do anything of the sort, sir," said Jessie, holding up her finger; "and now to show you that I can have my way once in a while, do you go straight to father and give him the names in good sound English for those trees which he was asking you about."

"That's true, Jessie," said Robert rising. "I was forgetting all about that matter of the trees, I had better see your father this evening about it, so here goes."

"Yes, you find it easy to forget things sometimes, do you not, Bob?" said Jessie, "some things, you know."

Robert Small paused on his way to the door and looked back at his companion as if puzzled as to what exactly to understand from her words.

"I do forget some things occasionally," he said, "but not often do I forget anything that interests me."

"O then I see that assisting an old friend to read Latin does not interest you, Bob; well then, as that old friend is a near relative of mine I shall have to feel aggrieved," said Jessie. "We will dismiss you, Bob, so that I may get intrusted with a tremendous secret."

Robert crossed the room to the door, rather reluctantly it must be confessed, evidently not caring much to visit the salubrious neighborhood of the "den."

"Now, Bob, see that you get back here as soon as possible; the moment father has done with you come right back," said Jessie.

"I certainly shall," said Robert, "the 'Gardener's Almanac' and 'Farmer's Gazetteer' have few attractions for me, I can assure you."

"Very well, if they have no charms for you, Ralph and myself will be vain enough to suppose that we have, so do not be long," said Jessie.

Robert left the room and after he had gone



A PROPHETIC VISION.

A view through the Cycling Horoscope, for 1886, discloses the above as the ending of the Springfield tournament September next.

there was a momentary silence after which Jessie asked :

" Well, Ralph, what is your message and from whom do you bring it ? "

" I shall answer that latter portion of your question first, Jessie," replied Ralph; " the message is from myself."

" From yourself," repeated Jessie, " well that sounds strange."

" I am my own messenger," went on Ralph, speaking in a rather hurried manner, " in fact it could hardly be otherwise."

" It must be a very weighty message indeed, if such is the case," said Jessie. " You could not find a messenger round your establishment to save you a journey on such a night as this? Well, I feel surprised and I may add curious."

" I could not find any one who could deliver the message, Jessie," said Ralph, " and as for this night, I chose it for my visit just because it was the kind of one that it is, because I thought that there would be small chance of my being interrupted when waiting on you."

" I declare I am getting the least bit curious to know what all this is about; I never knew you to indulge in the mysterious before. You are a splendid hand, Ralph, at the art of raising one's curiosity. Where have you been studying?"

" Round the neighborhood of Illston principally," replied Ralph, " and I am glad to find that I am a splendid hand at anything, and I am glad that you have told me so. I wish the governor would think so and tell me so."

" O he will one of these days," said Jessie. " He is partial to you anyhow, you know, Ralph."

" Yes, I dare say he is, and I am much obliged to him for being so," said Ralph; " but he does not appear to have a very high opinion of my intellectual attainments."

" How so?" said Jessie.

" O it's a notion he has, and I dare say he is about right in having it," said Ralph, " that I shall never amount to much as a scholar."

" How do you know he holds any such opinion of you as that?" said Jessie. " Has he been lecturing the poor boy to-day?"

" He must have such an idea," said Ralph, " or he would not have told me, as he did this afternoon, that I had better give up college and settle down to the common-place existence of a gentleman farmer."

" That was extremely good advice, Ralph, and you ought to profit by it," said Jessie.

" I intend to profit by it, at least I intend to try and profit by it, Jessie, and that intention has had a great deal to do in the matter of my being here to-night."

Jessie looked at Ralph in some surprise when he said this, but the expression of wonder in her face deepened when he went on to say:

" And, Jessie, you can have a chief hand in determining me to act as the old gentleman desires."

" I can have a chief hand," said Jessie; " well, Ralph, you surprise me more and more. I did not know that I had, or would have, such influence with yourself or with any one else. If I can do anything now or at any other time to help you I shall do it. What is it you wish me to do, Ralph?"

" Well, to be brief, Jessie, and to crowd a great deal into a nutshell, will you marry me?"

Ralph Shackford had risen as he spoke and stood with his arms folded, looking down at the girl, who had suddenly started from her reclining posi-

tion, and was sitting up quite straight and still looking at him. Evidently if not taken completely by surprise, she was somewhat confused at the directness of the question, as well as at the suddenness with which it had been put. So she sat looking at the tall figure standing before her, gazing in a half-nonplussed, half-satisfied way for several seconds. She did not drop her eyes, but looked straight in Ralph's face, and then leaning back in her chair and drawing a long breath, while a half-smile crept over her face, she said, still keeping her eyes fixed on Ralph's face:

" Ralph Shackford, what is the matter with you? I was right. I see you are not yourself to-night; what is the matter with you? Are you in earnest?"

" I'm just as much in earnest as if I was pleading to get off going to my own funeral. Jessie, I like you, or rather I love you, and I can tell you so without getting down on my knees. There you have the whole story now, except the fact that your father is perfectly willing that I should make you my wife, though my father, I am free to confess, is just of the opposite way of thinking."

" Then you have seen father about this matter," said Jessie quickly, " this matter which you are so much in earnest about?"

" Yes, I have, and he is favorably disposed towards my ease."

" You say that he is perfectly willing that I should become your wife, Ralph?" said Jessie.

" Yes, Jessie, perfectly willing," said Ralph, placing a chair and sitting down beside her, and taking one of her hands in his.

Jessie drew her hand back quickly, saying:

" And, Ralph Shackford, did you not consider that there was some one else who should be consulted in a matter of this kind before my father? some one who ought to have more interest in it than he should have?"

" What! Jessie, I did not know! Is it possible! I never imagined that you were anything but free. Are you not free? Are you bound to any one?"

" I did not say that I was, and you misunderstand me altogether, Ralph. Did you never imagine that the party most interested in this matter after yourself would most naturally be myself?"

" Yes, most assuredly that ought to be the case, Jessie," said Ralph; " but you see—"

" Pardon me for interrupting you, Ralph," said Jessie, " but such being the case, do you not think that your first object should have been to discover if I was perfectly willing, when it would have been time enough to have consulted my father?"

" Jessie, you surprise me," said Ralph. " You are as cold to me as if I were an absolute stranger. Certainly you are one of the chief parties interested; but I thought that I was doing the sensible thing; the thing, in fact, in seeing your father about this matter first of all."

" Then you never made a greater mistake, Mr. Shackford, and I sincerely hope that you will never make one like it again."

" A mistake, Jessie? What do you mean? It is you who speak in riddles now," said Ralph. " It is my turn to ask you if you are speaking in earnest."

" And it is my turn to say that I am speaking as much in earnest as if I was pleading to get off from my own—well, my own wedding ceremony with somebody I know; but, to return to what I was saying, I wish you to know, Ralph, that I am a little bit my own mistress, and I shall always

expect to remain so, to a certain extent, whether I continue plain Miss Thompson or not."

" And what do you say yourself then, Jessie?" said Ralph. " Now that I do ask you, I do not want to be trifled with, and I say again that having your father's consent to make you so, and having the means to support you as I ought, will you be my wife?"

" And I say," said Jessie, " that as I have never given a thought to a matter of this kind in relation to yourself, Ralph, I cannot give you an answer such as you should have at this present moment. Since you have seen fit to consult my father so far, suppose you step in and see him again. Tell him what I have said, and see what he will say."

" But Robert Small is with him, Jessie; how can I see him? And then you have hardly said anything to me."

" I dare say Robert has got through with what he had to do by this time," said Jessie, " and you can send him in here. It is not fair anyhow to make poor Bob a convenience in this fashion."

" But, Jessie, I should like to have something definite to say to your father."

" I will say nothing more, Ralph," said Jessie, " nothing more at present. If I did say anything more it might put out of your head the remarks which I have just made as to my being slightly my own mistress. Now you can go, and if you so wish you can bring back a command from father."

Ralph Shackford looked as confused and disturbed as most men do when they get hold of a woman who proves to be more difficult to understand than are the generality of her sex, and heaven knows the generality are hard enough to understand. Ralph Shackford may be pardoned if such was the substance of his thoughts at this precise moment when he was preparing to leave the presence of the woman to whom he had professedly lost his heart. He may be pardoned in thinking thus under such circumstances. Wiser heads and greater hearts than his had been puzzled, and worse than puzzled by similar things often and often before. He was but going through an every-day experience of some portion of our existing humanity, and fortunately for himself, or unfortunately for himself, and for the imaginative reader of this story, as such imaginative reader will no doubt say, he was of a decidedly unsentimental temperament. His pleasures and enjoyments, to be such, had to be many and varied, his disappointments and troubles might be many also, but they also must needs be varied, and the presence of one for any length of time without its giving place to another was phenomenal. Individuals of his type of character hardly experience what we might term the fundamental play of those passions which make up life. The pleasures of one joy give place to those of another before they become wearying to a nature that is not formed to experience great depths of feeling; the shadow of one sorrow passes away before the substance or the fancied substance of another.

Ralph Shackford felt very much out of place,

and was about to make his condition worse by saying something, when a step in the passage-way announced the coming of some person who would most likely put an end to what was a very curious *t te-à-tête*.

Jessie waved her hand towards the door, and Ralph raised one side of the curtain to go out just as the other was pushed aside and Robert Small entered the room.

"You see, I have not been away so long after all, Jessie," he said, on entering. "Going away, Ralph, so soon?" he continued.

"No; I was going to hunt you up, Bob, and I believe I shall go on to Mr. Thompson's room anyhow. I shall be back shortly and say good night, Jessie."

"Do not forget to do so," she called after him.

(To be continued.)

#### PROPOSED ANGLO-AMERICAN TOURNAMENT IN NORTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.

From notices which have already appeared in your columns your readers may know that the members of the North Shields Bicycle Club are very desirous of having a great international tournament after the Springfield style, on our new track in the incoming season. It is said that in some of the old cookery books there is a receipt for cooking a hare, which commences by saying, "first catch the hare"; and I take it that we might well say in attempting to hold a great race meeting, "first get your riders." In inducing men to cross from America to England to compete in our tournament there will doubtless be many difficulties; but we think the desire to see a return visit on the part of the celebrities of the wheel in the United States ought to be a mutual one. On our side there cannot be a shadow of doubt about it, as we feel confident that every cyclist and the British public would be delighted to welcome to the shores of old England the men who have done so well on the path themselves and who made our countrymen make such remarkable times to come in first in their races. In America, it seems to us, there should be a very lively desire to meet our men and beat them on their own ground. It will hardly be disputed that the great majority of the prizes in the recent races were secured by our team, and surely Americans are not the men to sit still under defeats. It should, we think, be a point of national honor to send us over the best men to do battle with our riders. Then, again, we think it is but fair that the public in England should have an opportunity of witnessing the grand struggles which can only be seen when the best men of the two great nations compete. The riders who crossed over from England last year had "ways and means" provided them which we need not now specify, but which would not, we take it, be open to American cyclists for obvious reasons. But surely there are other sources from which the needful might be forthcoming. Our club, for instance, with a subscription not half what the American clubs charge their members, was enabled, with the consent of the Union, to pay part of Mr. R. H. English's expenses, and why not some of the large American clubs do the same for their best men? Of one thing we are assured, that any man who could hold his own might have a right good time of it here. There would be all the national championships of the N. C. U. open to him. North Shields is situated within eight miles of four of the best tracks in the country, where race meetings are constantly held, so that the opportunities would certainly not be wanting if the men were found to embrace them. Our chief races are at the end of June and the beginning of July, and a very cordial welcome awaits one and all who may venture to pay us a visit.

J. R. HOGG,

Hon. Treasurer North Shields Bicycle Club.

NORTH SHIELDS, ENGL., Jan. 9, 1886.

#### Items of Interest.

Philip Fontaine, of the New York Citizens' Club, has a record of 3,400 miles for 1885, all ridden in the evening or on Sunday. Elliott Mason follows with an even 3,200.

A. J. Foote, of Warnampool, is the champion bicycler of Australia. He holds the 100-mile record of that country at 9h. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ m., and that for the longest ride without dismounting—75 miles in 6h. 24m. He recently made a road trip of 170 miles in two days.

The record of three pairs of riders of the Orange (N. J.) Wanderers' Club is worth publishing:—

	Bicycles.	Tricycles.	Tandems.	Total.
	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
L. H. Johnson,	2,245	210	1,930	4,385
Mrs. Johnson,		210	1,776	1,986
H. C. Douglas,			2,454	2,454
Mrs. Douglas,			2,276	2,276
L. H. Porter,	1,312		1,348	2,660
Mrs. Porter,		439	1,255	1,694
Total,	3,557	859	11,039	15,455

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson covered together 6,371 miles; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, 4,730; Mr. and Mrs. Porter, 4,354. The three ladies aggregated 5,956 miles, an average of 1,985 miles each, and if it had not been Mrs. Porter's first season the average would have been much higher. Mrs. Douglas has a record far above that of the ordinary road rider.

M. de Civry has recently sent the following letter to the *France Chevaline*:—

"To the Chief Editor of the *France Chevaline*, Paris:

"SIR,—Knowing that the *France Chevaline* is the official organ of 'trotting' in France, I beg you to insert the following defiance in it:—I bet £80 against every French trotter on the distance of 7,260 meters ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles)—that is to say, two turns of the road round the *hippodrome* of Longchamps—on condition that the horse will let me take a start of 200 meters ( $\frac{1}{8}$ th of mile).

"That defiance concerns principally the 'trotting' amateurs who were last Sunday at Bordeaux, where I have had the honor of winning the two international bicycle and tricycle races. These gentlemen thought they were allowed to scoff at the cycling sport, therefore I wish to raise cycling's flag very high.

"I am, sir, yours truly,

"F. DE CIVRY, Champion of France."

Last spring Jeweler Lakin, manufacturer of the Standard cyclometer, offered a gold cyclometer to the amateur bicycle rider covering the greatest distance during the season, using the Standard made by him. Though this offer included the whole country, the prize is likely to go to Bank Clerk Goodnow, of Westfield, Mass., who has a registered and sworn record of 5,056 miles. This was made before and after banking hours, and all but 56 of it within a period of six months, out of which was taken three weeks, owing to the breaking of his machine. All the summer and fall Goodnow was up at sunrise, and rode even into the night when moonlight permitted. Other local riders have covered over 3,000 miles, and the highest record received from outside parties but little exceeds that, so that Goodnow will undoubtedly be awarded the prize on the 15th of this month, and justly claim the title of long-distance amateur rider.

A. J. Wilson, of the North London Bicycle Club, gives his road riding record for 1885, in

which he rode every day in the year, and is able to substantiate by reliable witnesses:—

1885.	Riding days.	Miles ridden.	Rough average.	Longest ride.	Weather.
January,	31	390	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	29	Wet and windy.
February,	28	448	16	66	Very wet.
March,	31	847	27	79	Fair.
April,	30	832	28	82	Fair.
May,	31	1,164	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	107	Fair.
June,	30	436	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	128	Very dry.
July,	31	482	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	47	Very dry.
August,	31	495	16	42	Wet and windy.
September,	30	597	20	58	Wet and windy.
October,	31	645	21	49	Very wet, muddy, and foggy.
November,	30	291	10	33	
December,	31	394	13	35	
Totals,	365	7,021	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	128	

Riding every day without exception. Machines ridden: Quadrant tricycle, 4,510 miles; tandem tricycles, 1,030; Rover safety bicycle, 1,079; various machines, 402.

#### A JERSEYMAN'S ROAD RECORD.

As a specimen of the careful work which some of the veterans have contributed to Karl Kron's book, we present the following from advance sheets of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (p. 509). The table represents 20,027 miles wheeled, within 66 months (one month only with no riding), by J. Warren Smith, Captain of the Orange Wanderers, who says: "I began riding in Jan., '80, but I make no account in the table of my first 6 months, when I had no cyclometer. I have used only the very best procurable, testing each one on a carefully-measured track, and discarding it if not found correct.

1880.	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.
Jan.,		101 1-2	12 1-4	10 1-2	139 1-4
Feb.,	12 3-4	107	4 1-2	115	22 1-2
Mar.,	65 1-4	456 3-4	143 1-2	177 1-2	210 1-2
Apr.,	134 1-2	528 3-4	164 3-4	601	250 1-2
May,	375 1-2	471 3-4	284 1-4	711 1-2	462
June,	523 1-4	456 1-2	369 3-4	901 1-4	503 1-2
July,	87	626 3-4	527 1-2	338	714
Aug.,	115 3-4	548 1-4	401 1-2	305	655 1-2
Sept.,	73	409 1-2	400 3-4	187	572 3-4
Oct.,	87	444 1-2	230 1-4	196 1-2	603 1-4
Nov.,	66 1-2	365	284	352 1-2	517 1-2
Dec.,	50 1-2	235 1-2	66 3-4	197 3-4	351 3-4
Total,	479 1-2	3700 3-4	4032 3-4	2556 1-4	5931 1-2
					3326 1-2

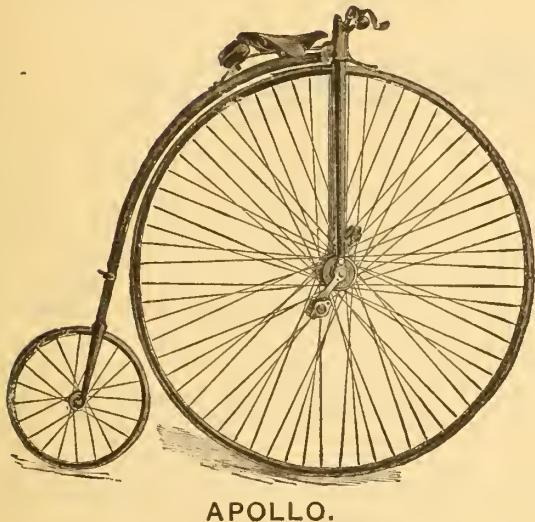
#### Among the Clubs.

##### THE SPIRIT TALKS.

The following are the minutes of a meeting of a bicycle club of this city, at one time very active but now extinct:—

"The president, before opening the meeting, made a few remarks, which I managed to get down verbatim as follows: 'Gentlemen, before formally opening the meeting for business this evening, I desire to say that we have in our midst the representative of one of the oldest Eastern clubs in these United States, and that on this occasion we will throw off a little of that solemn dignity which has hitherto permeated our meetings, and show the worthy gentleman that whatever we do, it is always with that one great, grand object in view—the promulgation of the advancement of the wheel—' (here our highly esteemed president was interrupted with such vociferous cheering that he seemed quite disconcerted; in fact, he seemed much surprised at the result of his first elocutionary attempt. When the noise had somewhat subsided he continued.) 'Of course the advancement of the wheel is only one of the objects of the formation of this organization, as I con-

# SINGER'S CYCLES!



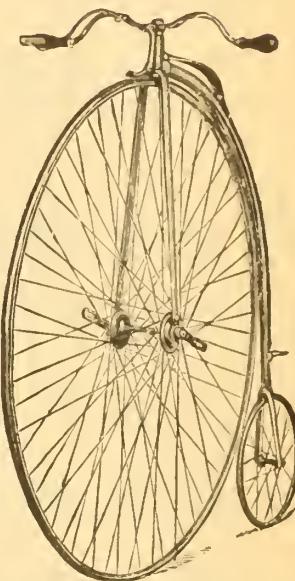
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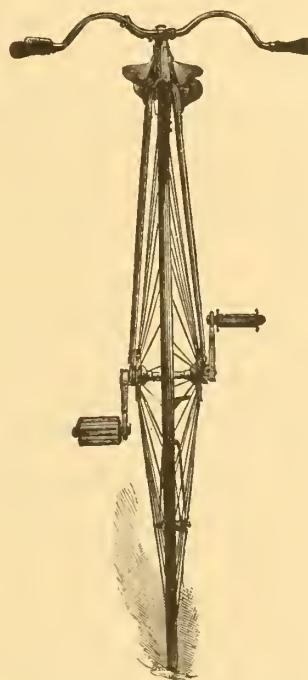


APOLLO.

TRICYCLES ▷

\*  
△ TANDEMS ▷

\*  
△ SOCIABLES



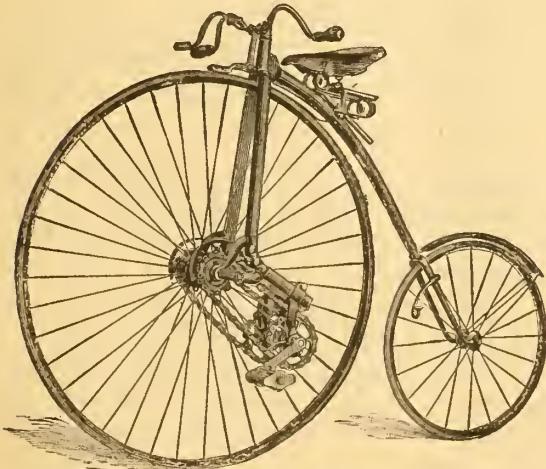
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1885 Pattern.

## A FULL ROADSTER.

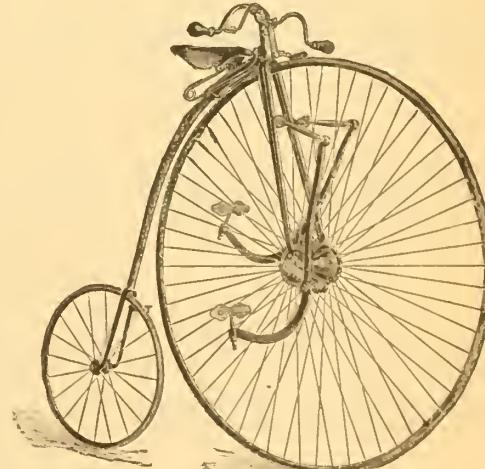
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**IT IS A FACT** That the RUDGE CYCLES are made in Coventry, England.

**IT IS A FACT** That RUDGE & CO. are the Largest Manufacturers of Cycles in the World.

**IT IS A FACT** That RUDGE & CO. will always be at the front, no matter what happens.

**IT IS A FACT** That the record of the RUDGE, on the hill, on the path, and on the road, bears evidence to its success in the past.

**IT IS A FACT** That RUDGE & CO., and their American Agents, STODDARD, LOVERING & CO., will be even more successful in the future.

**IT IS A FACT** That STODDARD, LOVERING & CO. fear no opposition, and do not depend on the success of one or two specially good riders, but call attention to the performances of the MAJORITY of riders on the road and path.

**IT IS A FACT** That STODDARD, LOVERING & CO. intend placing the best and largest line of Bicycles, Tricycles, and Safeties on the American market early in the Spring, which will be hard to approach.

**IT IS A FACT** That the RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER has been ridden 257 miles in one day; the RUDGE RACER holds the ONE-MILE WORLD'S RECORD OF 2.31 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; the RUDGE SAFETY holds the One-Mile World's Record of 2.43, and the 24-hour Record of 198 miles; and the RUDGE TRICYCLE Record of 2.49 has never been beaten.

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**IT IS A FACT** That you will make a mistake if you buy a Bicycle, Tricycle, Tandem, or Safety before sending for STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.'S Catalogue.

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## COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER.

FITTED WITH

Seamless Hollow Felloes, Hollow Cow - Horn Handle - Bar,  
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Ball - Pedals.

SIZE.	FINISH "E" OR "D."	FINISH "A" OR "C."	SIZE.	FINISH "K."	FINISH "H" OR "I."
46-inch,	\$120.00	\$130.00	47-inch,	\$130.00	\$140.00
48-inch,	122.50	132.50	49-inch,	132.50	142.50
50-inch,	125.00	135.00	51-inch,	135.00	145.00
52-inch,	127.50	137.50	53-inch,	137.50	147.50
54-inch,	130.00	140.00	55-inch,	140.00	150.00
56-inch,	132.50	142.50	57-inch,	142.50	152.50
58-inch,	135.00	145.00	59-inch,	145.00	155.00
60-inch,	137.50	147.50			

Fitted with Columbia Double-Grip Parallel Pedals, \$5.00 less.

## STANDARD COLUMBIA.

With Ball-Bearings to Front Wheel.

SIZE.	FINISH "G."	FINISH "F."	FINISH "B."	SIZE.	FINISH "G."	FINISH "F."	FINISH "B."
42-inch,	\$75.00	\$85.00	\$90.00	52-inch,	\$92.50	\$102.50	\$107.50
44-inch,	77.50	87.50	92.50	54-inch,	95.00	105.00	110.00
46-inch,	80.00	90.00	95.00	56-inch,	97.50	107.50	112.50
48-inch,	87.50	97.50	102.50	58-inch,	100.00	110.00	115.00
50-inch,	90.00	100.00	105.00	60-inch,	102.50	112.50	117.50

With Parallel Bearings to Front Wheel, \$5.00 less.

FINISH: A—Every part nickelated; B—Felloes painted, balance nickelated; C—Felloes and spokes enameled, balance nickelated; D—Perch, forks, felloes, and spokes enameled, balance nickelated; E—Perch, forks, and felloes enameled, balance nickelated; F—Perch, forks, steering-head, felloes, and spokes enameled, balance nickelated; G—Perch, forks, and felloes painted, balance polished; H—Felloes enameled, balance nickelated; I—Wheels enameled, balance nickelated; K—Perch, forks, and wheels enameled, balance nickelated.

## COLUMBIA TRICYCLES.

Columbia Two-Track Tricycle, \$160.00; With Ball Pedals, \$165.00.

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1885-86.

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OF WHEELMEN OF THE YEAR.

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“WHEELING ANNUAL” will contain finely executed lithographed Portraits of the following Celebrities:—

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- ATKINSON, G.** The leading time-keeper of Great Britain; editor of *Sporting Life*.
- BURNHAM, E. P.** The Bostonian who defeated English at Hartford.
- CANARY, DAN.** The American fancy and trick rider; champion of the world.
- CHAMBERS, R.** A Speedwell B. C. flier, so successful at Springfield in 1884 and 1885.
- COLEMAN, G. P.** The N. C. U. official time-keeper and handicapper.
- CRIPPS, R.** The speedy tricyclist; winner of the 5-mile tricycle championship.
- DUCKER, H. E.** President of the Springfield Bicycle Club; editor of *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*.
- ENGLEHEART, A. P.** The demon Safety wheelman; holder of all Safety records.
- ENGLISH, R. H.** The 25- and 50-mile bicycle champion, and the 20-miles-in-the-hour hero.
- ETHERINGTON, HARRY.** Editor and proprietor of *Wheeling*; one of the earliest riders.
- FOX, C. J.** Editor of *The Cycling Times*; one of the oldest riders in England.
- FURNIVALL, P.** The best all-round path rider of 1885; the most popular of the visiting English contingent.
- GASKELL, H. W.** An “old-timer,” well known on both sides of the pond.
- GATEHOUSE, G.** The 25-mile tricycle champion; the best-looking, most popular, and truest amateur in England.
- HALE, E.** The fastest 100-mile road rider in the world.
- HENDEE, G. M.** America’s favorite; the daisy of all daisies.
- HILLIER, G. L.** Winner of all championships in 1881; the man who will not credit the Springfield records.
- HOWELL, R.** “Dainty Dick,” the fastest rider of the world; the 2.31 $\frac{2}{3}$  miler.
- ILLSTON, W. A.** The “demon boy”; for his age, perhaps the fastest in the world.
- JAMES, R.** The well-known and popular professional bicyclist.
- LARRETTE, C. H.** An all-round authority on sport; time-keeper, etc., *Bell's Life, Athletic News*, etc.
- MARRIOTT, T. R.** The most able road tricyclist in the world; holder of the Land’s End record.
- McWILLIAM, W.** Late joint editor of *Wheeling*; an old rider; the originator of the Keen fund.
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COMPLETE TABLES OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RECORDS, compiled by Harry Etherington:  
CHRONOLOGY OF WHEELING IN 1885: RÉSUMÉS OF THE PASTIME FROM ALL PARTS, Etc.,  
Etc., Etc.; the whole in the most elegant Wrapper ever produced in connection with the sport, by an American artist.

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LONDON, ENG. HARRY ETHERINGTON, “WHEELING” OFFICES, 152 FLEET ST., E.C.

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A N O T H E R “WHEELING” R E C O R D !

sider the social benefits to be derived therefrom of far greater importance; however, we will stick to the former principle this evening.'

"After some more cheering the president called the meeting to order, and regular business commenced by the secretary calling the roll, finding three members present, one absent. The secretary then read the minutes of the previous meeting. Exception was taken to the clause referring to the banquet to be tendered Mr. Pixley; but the president ruled that the clause was correct as read, *viz.*, 'that the recent club runs had left the treasury in too poor a financial condition.'

"Minutes were then approved as read.

"The committees all reported progress, and asked for further time; granted.

"Then the captain handed in his report, which I have copied and will read for the benefit of our honored guest.

"S. F., Nov. —, 1883.

"To the Pres. and Members of —— Bi Club:

"GENTS,—We met at the corner of Kearny and Sutter streets promptly at 5 A. M., for our proposed run to San Jose, only four members being present. After considerable discussion we finally agreed to go *via* Oakland, and managed to catch the 8 o'clock boat. After getting as far as San Leandro and scoring seven headers, I was persuaded by our "club liar" to take the train, which we did, and arrived at San Jose at 12.30. Two of the machines having been disabled, Messrs. K. and H. were obliged to return home by the 1.30 P. M. train, the club not standing the expense, as they did not finish the run. The rest of us dined at the N. Y. Exchange, the San Jose Club generously standing the expense, as our treasurer had returned on the train. Mr. L. ate too much ice cream, and said he'd rather lounge around San Jose than go on a little run to Alum Rock, which five of the San Jose Bicycle Club proposed, so we started off without him, presenting a splendid array of shining steeds. The people all along the road cheered us, being apparently amazed at my new dazzling uniform. We had to walk most of the hill to Alum Rock; the San Jose boys, however, rode—they are "terrors"—but then they live there. They were very much disgusted at our walking, and went on without us. When I arrived at the top of the hill I commanded a halt and treated our club to soda. We decided it to be very dangerous and the height of folly to attempt to follow those San Jose boys down that steep grade, so I immediately (after half an hour's rest) ordered a return to San Jose, where we arrived at 7.30 P. M. The San Jose boys passed us on their way back and cast very heavy stage glances at us. We were joined by L. at San Jose, and came home on the train, arriving here at 10.30 P. M., having enjoyed ourselves hugely. The next run will be to Monterey on the 8th prox.; take the 7.50 train at Fourth street, club standing all expenses."

(Signed) "J. ——, Captain."

"The report was received amid the cheers of the club, even our Eastern friend jumped to his feet (upsetting the secretary's ink) and waved his cap, shouting that he'd go down to San Jose and show those San Jose boys some Eastern muscle.

"When the president once more secured quiet, after a little discussion and persuasion on the part of Messrs. K. and H., a motion was successfully carried that a vote of thanks be tendered the San Jose Club; a motion that the club pay the expense of repairing the captain's bike (which was

buckled and had one pedal gone, besides a bent handle) met with a like favorable result. A motion to adjourn was lost.

"Mr. G.'s application for membership then came up, but finding that he rode a second-hand machine he was barred out, much to the surprise of our worthy president. Mr. K. made some obscure remark, which was not distinctly understood, when Mr. B. jumped up and called the gentleman to order. On being asked by the president to state his point of order, he replied: 'The worthy gentleman from far flat should rise when he intends to intrude on the sacred silence of the chair.'

"The president ruled Mr. B.'s point as well taken, and fined the gentleman from the asphaltum province 50 cents.

"The treasurer's report being in order, that gentleman handed in the following report, which, as it might give our Eastern brother some hints, I will read:—

"President and Members:—

"GENTS,—I have on my books, received at last meeting from dues, fines, initiation fees, etc., 45 cents, which, however, I am unable to account for. Disbursements: Belt for our captain, 75 cents; expenses for club banquet, 65 cents; drinks on last run, \$4.35; purchase of cloth for club suits of newly elected members and prospective ones, \$1.35; and a dollar we paid the park officers to admit us. Total, \$7.90—call it \$8. On hand at last meeting, \$8.20, leaving a balance on hand of say 20 cents; but where the treasury or the 20 cents is, I am unable to say.

(Signed) "S. K., Treasurer."

"The treasurer made a motion, as he called it, a sort of supplementary to his report, as follows:—

"Moved, That we have our red stockings dyed either purple or a striped brown and red—the latter preferred, as it would look quite stunning." The motion was promptly seconded and carried amid the applause of the club.

"Mr. B. then moved that the treasurer's bond be increased from \$3,000 to \$5,000 in order to secure ourselves against any depredations that that officer might make, and also suggested that he be made accountable for the funds in his charge. Mr. B., without stopping to hear a second to his motion, continued: 'I also move, Mr. President, that we adjourn to the corner grocery and regale ourselves and our Eastern friend with some Cal. "Boca," seeing there are just sufficient funds in the treasury to treat the crowd. I don't see, Mr. President, the use of keeping an overflowing treasury, besides.'

"Here he was cut short by the president, who was beginning to get sleepy, and who declared the former motion out of order; the latter, however, was carried promptly, and the meeting adjourned *sine die.*"

EX-SECRETARY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 6, 1886.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB held its January meeting on the 6th inst. There was a large attendance of members. After the various reports had been accepted, six new members were admitted to the club. Secretary Hodgkins reported that a restaurant had been established in the club-house during the past month, and told of the great success which had attended it. A *table d'hôte* dinner is served every evening at six o'clock, and at other times meals are served *à la carte*. J. S. Dean discussed at some length the proposition of holding an

annual dinner. In his opinion, it was better to hold a reception at the club-house than a regular dinner at some hotel. It was proposed to have a grand reception at the club-house with a banquet, which should partake somewhat of the annual dinner. Messrs. Harrison, Robinson, Fourdrinier, and others spoke strongly in favor of the motion, which was passed unanimously. The matter was left in the hands of the club committee, with instructions to hold the reception on the evening of the first Saturday in February. Regarding the club joining the League, it was voted to ratify the action of the club three months since, and Mr. Dean gave notice of a proposed amendment to the by-laws requiring every active member of the club to join the League.

THE LYNN CYCLE CLUB has secured a fine lot for its track on the corner of Western avenue and New Chatham street. It contains 12 acres and is well sheltered from the wind by surrounding houses and hills. It is proposed to have the half-mile track ready by April 1. It will be inclosed by a high fence and provided with an immense grand-stand. The track is not intended for any other purposes than cycling.

THE MILWAUKEE BICYCLE CLUB now numbers 24 members and is in a flourishing condition. By the way, its New Year's card was the most unique of cycling club cards which has come to this office.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB has had three presidents in seven years. Col. A. A. Pope was the first president, Mr. A. S. Parsons in 1880, 1881, 1882; Mr. Henry W. Williams in 1883, 1884, 1885.

#### CLUB ELECTIONS.

AVONDALE BICYCLE CLUB (Cincinnati, O.)—President, Chas. A. Stevens; secretary, C. Tudor Estabrook; treasurer, Samuel A. Hale; captain, Thos. L. Wayne; first lieutenant, Morris J. Bebb; bugler, Robert A. Magill.

BAY CITY WHEELMEN (San Francisco, Cal.)—President, Dr. Thos. L. Hill; vice-president, R. M. Welch; secretary, S. F. Booth, Jr.; treasurer, F. E. Johnston; captain, F. R. Cook; first lieutenant, D. O'Callaghan; second lieutenant, R. A. Smyth; first bugler, R. Little; second bugler, C. C. Moore.

BOSTON (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, E. C. Hodges; secretary, E. W. Hodgkins; treasurer, F. A. Nelson; captain, R. J. Tombs; first lieutenant, J. S. Dean; second lieutenant, E. G. Whitney; active representative club committee, Lowell T. Field; associates, J. R. Chadwick, W. N. Goodnow, W. W. Keith, Dr. H. H. Gage.

BRISTOL COUNTY WHEELMEN (Warren, R. I.)—President, Charles S. Davol; captain, A. B. Staples; treasurer, Charles W. Green; guide, M. W. Turner; bugler, A. W. Barrus.

JACKSON (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, B. A. Webster; secretary and treasurer, Jay Moore.

KANSAS CITY (Mo.) WHEELMEN—President, John E. McKee; secretary, Nelson T. Haynes; treasurer, Robert Alderson; captain, G. L. Henderson; first lieutenant, N. T. Haynes; second lieutenant, Harry G. Stuart; third lieutenant, Henry Ashcroft; bugler, Thomas Ellis, Jr.; color bearer, F. T. Austin.

KNOCKABOUT WHEEL CLUB (South Gardner, Mass.)—President, J. Myron Moore; secretary and treasurer, W. H. Putnam; captain, A. E.

Knowlton; first lieutenant, Geo. H. Holt; bugler, W. H. Putnam; color sergeant, C. S. Holt.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) WHEEL CLUB—President, J. D. Macauley; secretary and treasurer, Harry Esterle; captain, C. F. Johnson.

MILWAUKEE (Wis.) WHEELMEN—President, W. L. Simonds; vice-president, Chas. Wood; secretary and treasurer, H. P. Andrae; captain, Fred. J. Schrader; first lieutenant, W. C. Wegner; second lieutenant and bugler, Leo Dorsch.

PENN CITY WHEELMEN (Philadelphia, Pa.)—President, C. D. Williams; vice-president, H. B. Worrell; secretary-treasurer, T. E. Cookman; captain, B. B. Craycroft; first lieutenant, Geo De Silver Getz; second lieutenant, F. Hazard Lipincott; house committee, Messrs. Worrell, Godwin, Eastlack, Lyman, and Johnson.

SPRINGFIELD (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Henry E. Ducker; vice-president, W. H. Selvey; secretary, Sanford Lawton; treasurer, W. C. Marsh; directors, Henry E. Ducker, Sanford Lawton, F. E. Ripley, W. H. Selvey, W. C. Marsh; captain, A. O. McGarrett; first lieutenant, E. F. Leonard; second lieutenant, F. A. Eldred; bugler, A. H. R. Foss; color bearer, C. H. Miller; surgeon, Dr. H. E. Rice.

SUFFOLK WHEEL CLUB (South Boston, Mass.)—Captain, W. E. Webber; lieutenant, J. F. Chadnock; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Collins; club committee, W. E. Webber, J. F. Chadnock, C. S. Willis, and H. A. Thayer.

WAKEFIELD (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, E. N. Heath; vice-president, J. C. Clark; secretary, E. A. Wilkins; treasurer, S. O. Richardson, Jr.; captain, E. D. Albee; first lieutenant, W. J. Hall; second lieutenant, F. C. Patch; club committee, president, secretary, treasurer, C. A. Nott, and W. E. Eaton.

YALE BICYCLE CLUB (New Haven, Ct.)—President, C. P. D. Townsend, '86; secretary and treasurer, C. Adams, '87; captain, J. S. Kulp, '87; lieutenant, D. D. Bidwell, '86; bugler, E. M. Youmans, '88.

## The Trade.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen for the month ending Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1886, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Duffy & Brashears, patent law offices, No. 607 7th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 333,128, December 29, 1885, Thomas B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill., bicycle.

No. 333,162, December 29, 1885, Jerome L. Ritter, Lovettsville, Pa., vehicle wheel.

No. 333,268, December 29, 1885, Caspar Weber, Chicago, Illinois, velocipede.

No. 333,402, December 29, 1885, James Fishwick, Mason, Ohio, vehicle wheel.

No. 333,531, January 5, 1886, John H. Marlin, New Haven, Ct., clutch for tricycles.

No. 333,588, January 5, 1886, Charles H. Behlin, Cincinnati, Ohio, vehicle spring.

No. 333,759, January 5, 1886, Frederick L. Kirkbride, Wyandotte, Kan., assignor of one half to W. C. Duvall, of Kansas City, Mo., vehicle wheel.

No. 333,936, January 5, 1886, Charles E. Durryea, St. Louis, Mo., bicycle.

No. 334,032, January 12, 1886, Harvey A. Moyer, Syracuse, New York, spring vehicle.

No. 334,164, January 12, 1886, Charles M. Clarke, Pittsburgh, Pa., bicycle seat.

No. 334,301, January 12, 1886, Harlow C. Stahl, and John C. Rosebaugh, Fremont, Ohio, assignor to the Fremont Cultivator Company, of same place, vehicle wheel.

No. 334,322, January 12, 1886, Thomas B. Williams, Orange, Mass., ice tire for vehicle wheels.

No. 334,325, January 12, 1886, L. Yost, Chicago, Mass., bicycle.

The following is a list of new cycle patents, taken out in Great Britain, and specially compiled for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by Messrs. Hughes, Eli & Hughes, patent agents and proprietors of the Central Bicycle and Tricycle sale rooms, of 76 Chancery Lane, London, Eng., of whom all information may be obtained.

No. 15,369, Alfred Easthope, of Wolverhampton for the manufacture of bicycles, tricycles, or any other velocipedes.

No. 15,394, Felix Wood, of London, for an improved steering gear for velocipedes.

No. 15,426, Morris Woodhead and Paul Au gois, of Nottingham, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 15,451, Charles Andrew Edward Talbot Palmer, of London, for improvements in wheels for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes and for other purposes.

No. 15,453, Walter Phillips, of London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

No. 15,474, La Société Les fils de Pengeot frères, of France, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 15,491, John Cheshire, of Birmingham, for assisting the driving power of tricycles, bicycles, or any similar machines.

No. 15,522, Edmund Drew, of London, for an improved gearing for driving velocipedes.

No. 15,568, Ewald Bruencker, of London, for an invention of a new or improved apparatus for producing a rotatory motion by treading without cranks.

No. 15,651, John Harrington, of London, for an invention of improvements in standards or 'L' pillars for supporting the seats or saddles of velocipedes.

No. 15,680, Wolf Defries, of London, for an improvement in lamps.

No. 15,681, Benjamin Kelsey, of Birmingham, for improvements in the production or formation of the heads and forks of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 15,715, Francis Goold Morony Stoney and George Turton, of London, for improvements in driving-gear for tricycles and other vehicles or machines.

No. 15,763, John Harrington, of London, for an invention of improvements in velocipedes.

No. 15,818, Walter John Lloyd and William Priest, of London, for improvements in the driving mechanism of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 15,823, William Henry Bates and Hugh Faulkner, of London, for an improvement in the india-rubber tires for velocipede wheels.

No. 15,994, John Braithwaite, of London, for new or improved variable speed gear for velocipedes and the like.

No. 16,017, Henry Morley and Charles Riley Morley, of London, for improvements in velocipedes to be driven by direct action on the axle of a driving wheel, and convertible into a bicycle from a tricycle.

No. 23, Herbert James Paussey and Charles Thomas Crowden, of Clapham, for a combined spring and automatic steering fork for velocipedes.

No. 28, James Robson, of London, for an im-

proved construction or arrangement of folding tricycle or velocipede.

No. 37, Gabriel Purdy Betts Hoyt, of London, for an invention of improvements in cyclometers.

No. 135, James Alfred Lamplugh, of Birmingham, for improvements in luggage carriers for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 171, Arthur Sydney Bowley, of London, for an improved velocipede.

No. 191, John Utber Burt, of London, for an improvement in tires for wheels of carriages and other vehicles.

No. 193, William Paget Hoblyn, of London, for improvements in wheels for velocipedes and other vehicles running on common roads, railways, or tramways, also applicable to belt pulleys.

No. 196, Joseph De Buigne, of London, for improvements in bicycles.

No. 242, Thomas G. Crump, Jr., and Samuel E. Waldegrave, of London, for improvements in convertible tandem or single velocipedes.

No. 263, William Maher, of Dublin, for combined spring and saddle for bicycles and tricycles.

No. 271, Charles E. G. Simons, of Wales, for improvements in the driving-gear of bicycles, tricycles, and other machines.

On and after January 1, 1886, the style of the firm of Lloyd Bros. will be Quadrant Tricycle Company, there being no other change than that of the name.

The Overman Wheel Company have leased the two new stores 182 and 188 Columbus avenue, and expect to occupy them about Feb. 15. The very rapid increase in their business has made this step absolutely necessary. They promise to have the new model '86 Victor bicycle on exhibition by this time.

## Miscellaneous.

### A LONG RIDE.

THE "POST-DISPATCH" BICYCLIST'S LONG DISTANCE SUMMER JOURNEY. OVER 3,000 MILES TRAVELED ON GRANITE STREETS—THE PIONEER RECORD IN DAILY JOURNALISM—INTERESTING DATA OF THE SEASON'S TRAVEL.

[The reporter on the *Post-Dispatch* published at St. Louis has used the bicycle in his daily rounds and thus gives his experience with the hope of benefiting his brethren of the quill. We clip his narrative from the *Dispatch* of Dec. 25.]

When Pleasure joins hands with Work and with her gladsome step lightens the heavy feet of Toil, some record should be made of it and some account given to the end that the results of such a happy union may come within the knowledge of all the members of the human family, for all humanity is interested in such an alliance. A reporter of the *Post-Dispatch*, having had a part in bringing about such a peculiar wedding, possesses a number of facts of more or less interest.

It was in the fall of 1884 that a reporter of the *Post-Dispatch* had occasion to press a bicycle into service, the sole object then being to save time in reaching outlying portions of the city, and scarcely any thought being given to the utility of the machine as a means of travel around the down-town districts. Such a convenient conveyance, however, did it prove to be that it was with regret that the fall of snow, which put an end to cycling, was witnessed by the rider. But, with the advent of the spring of 1885, it was not long before the bicycle was brought out for another test, which has come to be a long and trying one, but which has

resulted triumphantly for the wheel. The writer will not soon forget how on the 23d day of last April the late Cola E. Stone rolled a 54-inch Expert Columbia out of his store, examined it carefully and then let it go with the remark that he guessed it would stand anything, starting the machine out on a journey that has seldom been equaled for the strain put upon a wheel and the requirements demanded of it. Since that day till December 1, just past, 222 days have elapsed, on 191 of which the faithful wheel has stood at the office door, saddled and bridled, ready at a moment's notice for active duty. In that time it came to be used unsparingly, and so soon established itself as a necessity that it is no exaggeration to say that for over six months its rider's feet knew better the motion of pedaling than the more natural but the slower and more laborious one of walking. It was soon found, after the pedal and vault mounts had been learned, that the bicycle was perfectly practicable for use in the short rides of half a dozen blocks or so in the business portion of the city, and in covering such short distances it has been chiefly employed during the summer. It is a tribute to the excellence of St. Louis streets that the delicate framework of such a fragile piece of machinery has stood the wear and tear of so many days' use, and it ought to silence forever the objection that the bicycle was made only for pleasure-riding in the country or on smooth boulevards. The streets of St. Louis are paved with square granite blocks, but, although the system has been well extended through the commercial parts of the city, it would be dallying with the truth to say that the surface is not rough, and, at first, unpleasant to the cyclist. But experience has shown that one soon becomes accustomed to the slight jolting, and feels so much at home on the granite that the only cause left for complaint is its tendency to resolve itself into a skating rink as soon as it is sprinkled, and to let a rider down sideways very unceremoniously sometimes. This is one reason why feelings of such perfect love and esteem exist between wheelmen and sprinkling cart men, and explains in a great measure why cyclers have been seen to stand in the street with muddy hands and clothes, oblivious to the public gaze, and hold a conversation of some minutes with mud makers.

#### RECORD OF THE RIDE.

In the 191 days' ride no long runs were taken except the Arcadia trip, 92 miles, and rides to Manchester and Ballwin, 40 miles, the latter, though, sometimes being made several times a week. The average distance per day as established by cyclometer measurement as nearly as could be ascertained, was a trifle over 24½ miles, which, for the whole number of days, makes the total distance covered in the 27 weeks about 4,679 miles. Consideration should be given to the fact that of this distance fully two-thirds were traversed on the granite streets, more or less wet and treacherous. A few other people in the world may have ridden further in that length of time, but it is doubtful if more ground has been gone over in threading crowded streets, turning sharp corners, crossing slippery car tracks, and getting out of the entanglements which nearly every day of city riding makes startlingly new and numerous. Another very common error has, it is hoped, been dissipated, for after the following record of rainy days nobody should ever come to believe that rain cuts any figure in interfering with a season's riding. Out of the 221 days there were just 21 on

which rain prevented the use of the wheel, and in some months it was used every day of the thirty as these data show: Rainy days in May interfering with riding, 4; in June, none; in July, none; in August, 2; in September, 5; in October, 5; in November, 5.

#### NUMBER OF COLLISIONS.

To some of the law makers of the city who wanted to legislate against the wheel, and to a few misguided wheelmen who seconded their efforts, it will be instructive, even if not entertaining, to observe that these hundreds of miles on the city's streets have been traversed without bell or lamp on the bicycle, and yet the collisions—and harmless to all concerned they were—with pedestrians were but three, and they occurred in daylight, while the collisions with vehicles were but two, no damage being done them either. The mischief done by horses being frightened amounted to nothing, not even a piece of harness having been broken so far as learned, and the metropolitan steeds have been put through a gratuitous course of instruction and training that will result in immense advantage to their owners.

#### WHAT THE DISTANCE MEANS.

Probably it will be difficult for some to grasp the distance traveled, and to such it may prove a help to know that if the ride were made in a straightaway course from Washington, D. C., the rider would be 400 miles beyond St. Petersburg, Russia; 200 beyond Tripoli, on the north coast of Africa, and 100 beyond the Sandwich Islands. In passing over so much of God's footstool in the three seasons of the year it would be superfluous to say that the rider has found his tired and tireless steed a thing for use and a convenience forever; that it took out of six months' work the monotony of tramping about the streets; that it saved nearly an hour in each day; that it reduced car and carriage expenses to a mere nothing; that it has made him familiar with the streets and surrounding country; that it has afforded an excuse for wearing the delightfully neat knickerbockers, or that it has been a quarantine against bodily and mental ills, or that the pioneer cycling effort in daily journalism has been a success. All these things are taken for granted by wheelmen, and ought to be by any outsider who has made a note of any cyclist before and after taking.

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#### ANENT THE BERMUDA TOUR.

The readers of this paper have doubtless noticed the advertisement of the above tour and the items in regard to the same that have appeared from time to time. It may not be so generally known why Bermuda possesses such special attractions for wheelmen, or why I am desirous of inducing a large party of wheelmen, and their friends who are not wheelmen, both ladies and gentlemen, to accompany me on a tour to those islands. Let me briefly outline the general features of Bermuda as they appear to me:—

Seven hundred miles out in the Atlantic ocean inside of a coral reef lie three large islands connected by bridges that practically make them one. These islands taken together are in the shape of the letter J, and their total length is about twenty-seven miles. In the curve of the J are numberless smaller islands clothed with the cedar trees peculiar to the country. About the center of the three islands, at the end of the curve, is the city of Hamilton, while at one end of the islands is the old town of St. Georges, and at the other end is

the naval station of the British North Atlantic squadron. Here is the largest dry dock in the world, and inside the great forts are immense quantities of powder and ball, and stores of coal for the use of Her Majesty's war vessels. Between these three points is a beautiful country, devoted to the cultivation of the onion and potato for the New York market, while bananas are largely raised for home consumption. Hard coral roads run from one end of the islands to the other, while intersecting cross-roads occur at frequent intervals, making in all over one hundred miles of good riding for the bicyclist. But the chief charm of these roads is the beautiful scenery through which they take one. They "curve and wind hither and thither in the delightfulest way, unfolding pretty surprises at every turn: pillow masses of oleander that seem to float out from behind distant projections like the pink cloud-banks of sunset; sudden plunges among cottages and gardens, life and activity, followed by as sudden plunges into the somber twilight and stillness of the woods; flitting visions of white fortresses and beacon towers, pictured against the sky on remote hill-tops; glimpses of shining green sea, caught for a moment through open head-lands, then lost again; more woods and solitude; and by and by another turn lays bare, without warning, the full sweep of the inland ocean, enriched with its bars of soft color, and graced with its wandering sails. Take any road you please, you may depend upon it, you will not stay in it half a mile. Your road is everything that a road ought to be: it is bordered with trees, and with strange plants and flowers; it is shady and pleasant, or sunny and still pleasant; it carries you by the prettiest and peacefullest and most homelike of homes, and through stretches of forest that lie in a deep hush sometimes, and sometimes are alive with the music of birds; it curves always, which is a continual promise, whereas straight roads reveal everything at a glance and kill interest. There is enough of variety. Sometimes you are in the level open, with marshes thick-grown with flag-lances that are ten feet high on the one hand, and potato and onion orchards on the other; next, you are on a hill-top, with the ocean and the islands spread around you; presently the road winds through a deep cut, shut in by perpendicular walls, thirty or forty feet high; and by and by your way is along the sea-edge, and you may look down a fathom or two through the transparent waters and watch the diamond-like flash and play of the light upon the rocks and sands on the bottom until you are tired of it,—if you are so constituted as to be able to get tired of it."

This is what Mark Twain says of Bermuda roads, and they certainly could not be described with more truth and accuracy. Bermuda is really a mammoth park. It was one of the earliest settled portions of North America, and has been cultivated for centuries. Its climate is probably one of the most equable in the world. The thermometer seldom rises above seventy-eight degrees or falls below sixty. All kinds of tropical vegetation flourish in the open air. On our arrival there next March the air will be full of the odor of flowers. Great beds of Easter lilies will be in full bloom, geraniums will be growing wild by the roadside, masses of morning glories will cover the embankment in front of the Hamilton Hotel, and the running jasmine and roses of every variety will fill the air with perfume.

So much for the physical and floral features of

Bermuda. These, however, are but a few of the attractions to one coming from the United States. The first thing that strikes one upon landing is the multitude of negroes. They constitute more than one-half of the resident population, and are the most civil and intelligent race of black people to be found anywhere. Then we remark that every house is made of stone; that they look as though built ages ago, and were good for ages to come. Nearly every house has double verandas, delightful lounging places on a moonlight night. There are no sidewalks, the roads being hard, dry and smooth, there is no need of them. At every turn the red coat of the British soldier is seen, for a full regiment is always stationed here. The regimental band plays in the public park every Saturday, and the troops are put through the drill once a week. Their presence lends an air of life and animation to the place that would be greatly missed.

The town of St. Georges is probably as quaint and interesting as any city in the new world. It is over two hundred years old, its streets are very narrow, and its houses, built of the prevailing limestone, look as though they had grown out of the ground many years ago. It is thoroughly oriental in appearance and a striking contrast to our quickly built cities. Nothing, indeed, is like unto what we are accustomed except the Hamilton Hotel. This is the largest and finest building on the islands. It is situated on an elevation in the center of the city of Hamilton, is surrounded by carefully laid out grounds, and commands a wide and beautiful view out over the city and harbor. It is furnished with every convenience and luxury to be found in a first-class modern hotel and its cuisine is unexcelled, although its larder is supplied principally from the New York market. It is in charge of an experienced American landlord. Everything that one can wish is to be found in the shops on Front street, and wearing apparel is much cheaper than in the States. A fine tailor will make you a suit in the latest style, at thirty-five per cent. off from New York prices.

One year ago a party of twelve cyclers, of which I was one, went to Bermuda, and for a space of nearly three weeks enjoyed all that I have endeavored to outline above. We rode every day to some one of the many points of interest; we shopped in the shops; we watched the soldiers drill; we strolled through the park to the music of the band; we climbed the tall light-house and gazed down upon a scene of wonderful beauty. We purchased great bunches of bananas for a mere song and kept them "on tap" for all who came. In the evening we touched the light guitar, and twanged the festive banjo. We were elected temporary members of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, and participated in a race (that is, one of us did), and would have come in ahead if the mast hadn't gone by the board, just on the point of victory. We enjoyed the hospitality of Bermuda homes, where music and dancing passed the time away. We glided a-wheel under the stately cabbage palms, through the limestone cliffs, along the shore, and by many a scene beautiful as a fairy dream. All this we did at a time of year when the thermometer registered fifteen degrees below zero at home. We read our letters announcing this fact, and congratulated ourselves that we were stealing so much from winter. The time came for us to go, and we returned home, but none of the party will soon forget the trip, and will often gaze upon the pictures taken there with the pleasantest of recollections.

Is it odd that I should care to go again, or be desirous to be accompanied by a party of kindred spirits? We cannot all go to Europe, but a good many of us can afford the Bermuda tour, that will occupy but three weeks, and cost less than one hundred dollars. "I know of no other way in which the expenditure of so little time and money can give so genuine a taste of a foreign atmosphere, or so good a view of the contrasts which English colonial life and habits present to our own," writes Karl Kron, who denominates Bermuda the wheelman's paradise.

The Quebec Steamship Company, over whose line we travel, are naturally interested in the coming tour, as they profit financially thereby, and have accordingly inserted the advertisements of the same in the wheel papers—and not I, as would naturally be supposed.

We start the 2d of March, and already a pleasant party is assured. But we want as large a party as possible. We shall be well taken care of at the Hamilton Hotel, and our friends who do not ride the wheel will find carriage hire reasonable, and can accompany us everywhere.

Pleasant walks are in all directions, and our evenings at the hotel can be made seasons of rare enjoyment. It is needless for me to reiterate that the company of ladies is especially to be desired. Now is a chance for the married cycleman to get even with his wife by sharing with her the delights of a winter bicycle tour to the Bermuda islands. I am ready and willing to answer any and all questions in regard to this trip, and to make all necessary arrangements for the pleasure I expect to derive from it, but I would esteem it a favor if intending tourists would let me know at as early a date as possible that I may have time to secure good state-rooms for all. Confident that every one who joins me on this trip will return pleased with his or her experience, I again cry, "Let's go to Bermuda,"

"That like some grand Nereid queen,  
    Arrayed in palms and gorgeous flowers,  
Appears an isle of beauty seen  
    Enthroned on coral reefs and bowers."

Yours truly,

FRANK A. ELWELL.

PORTLAND, ME.

#### A PEACE OFFERING.

BY T. W. E.

Suggested by poem by "Fifty-three" in December GAZETTE and reply by "Nellie" in January number.

While reading the tilt twixt the brave and the fair,  
A longing came o'er me their "word war" to share;  
Not to make matters worse, but peacemaker be,  
And a *union* form satisfactorily.

Wouldst differ with roses that blessings exhale?  
Or smite summer wind with wintery gale?  
It would be (would it not?) act of cruelty—  
So surrender the conflict, brave "Fifty-three."

Wouldst try split a rock with a word for a wedge?  
Or imprison a fire with powder-mad hedge?  
"Twould avail not, or availing, I foresee  
You sound your own (k) "Nell" if you doom "Fifty-three."

Love finds that its course often runs far from smooth,  
Until it avoids every wrangling groove;  
Then, like a good bicycle on even track,  
It gives us no "headers" on which to look back.

There's a way to settle this little dispute,  
And the tree dissension cut close to the root:  
Form a partnership for a life unity—  
Of the "wedding cake" send a small piece to me.

And now I will bid each a kindly good "bi":  
Suggestions of mine hope you'll faithfully "tri":  
May a million blessings in your life store be  
When "one" means "Nellie" and as well "Fifty-three."

#### AUTUMN NOTES A-WHEEL.

Pleasant things are inscribed upon Nature's charming pages as we ride and muse to-day, and so given up are we to day-dreams and the delights of cycling combined, that we do not note the half we see. The peculiar attractions of the first fall month are abroad in the fields, and the rider by them as well as the walker in them is entranced, according to the degree in which he is susceptible to them.

Bushes and noxious weeds have been cut and lie withering along stone walls, and the clean meadows and pastures are pleasing to look upon. Great hay stacks about the farm-yards tell of a bountiful crop in that line this year, and broad acres of brown and yellow wheat and rye stubble are evidence of full garners, and that the toilers have been paid for their summer's work.

The first of the "sere and yellow leaves" are falling, caused no doubt by the dry weather of August, for the masses of foliage are yet green, but of more ripened, sober tones than were those of May or June.

Just over the wall from this stony pasture, mapped out with cow-paths and shaded with tall hickory trees, is a field of white buckwheat, for it is in blossom, to the joy of the bees so busily working in it.

A chime of bells, not without its charm, homely as it is, comes to our ears, and soon we climb high enough to see the herd, grazing down the hillside, where ripening elderberries blacken the bushes along a neglected wall, for this is on another farm, where "spick and span clean" is not the word or rule, for Nature has her own way; the gates and bars are broken down, and picturesque dilapidation reigns supreme.

Near one of the numerous woodchuck burrows we find stakes where the boys have been trapping poor Mr. Chuck, and here is an old bar-way that evidently leads to Nowhere, for over in that field is the densest tangle of briars, rocks and underbrush; surely the field could not be tillable, yet here are the bars, and there are vague tracings of wagon tracks that may have been made in the long ago; it's a desolate wilderness presided over by birds and rabbits.

The everywhere present apple orchards promise an abundant crop. How some of the oldest trees are bowed down with their fruit, and weight of years! Rugged and knotty are their trunks, and moss covers their limbs that have so long held their own against sunshine and storms. Four of the old veterans stand in a row as if some day they had guarded the habitation of man, but we see no trace of the old house, except a slight hollow in the thick turf, where a cellar might have been. Just beyond, along a crooked path, stands a magnificent old elm, that seems looking down benignly upon its lesser fellows, and out upon this New England landscape that the stroller so delights in.

Here, also, are wide-spreading oak and chestnut trees, about the pastures and by the roadsides, which are welcome objects on hot summer days; so also must be the clear cold water from the spring that comes rippling through a hole in the wall that skirts a hill, and whose music can be heard some distance. Down across the fields it zig-zags, until in the low lands it minglest with a larger stream. How quiet it is further along up this woodsy highway, so crooked and rocky; you hear a wagon long before you see it, and the chirp of a bird or rustle of a squirrel in a tree top is all

that breaks the silence. None of the rattle and annoyance of town life reaches such serene retreats as this, and we heartily enjoy the run this way.

There a rill tumbles over the rocks by the way, there are deep, dark pools under and between great black rocks, whose sides are fringed with long green moss. In places great rocks jut out over the road among young trees and vines, and seem threatening to fall upon and extinguish any noisy or misbehaved intruder upon these peaceful haunts.

But night is coming on, and we are up and wheeling away homeward, and have pretty, fleeting pictures of the Sound and Long Island, and a bird's-eye view of Stamford nestled among the hills, as from the top of one of them we shake off these musings, and go in again among men.

"STAMSON."

#### AN ADVENTURE.

BY T. W. E.

Not in a Western forest,  
Near to the wild beast's lair;  
Not on the ocean's billows,  
With sailors fortune share;  
Not in an Arctic clime,  
Or torrid burning heat—  
But in New England city  
Adventure I repeat.

I had ridden long and far  
On my sturdy wheel that day,  
As my cyclometer showed  
And my lagging pulses' play.  
Glad was I that home was near,  
And was seeking that retreat,  
When a sudden whim led me  
In a barber's off the street.

No one waiting, I was "next,"  
Told him that I wished a shave;  
Noticed, while he strapped the steel,  
Face was very stern and grave;  
Thought perhaps his "help" tarried  
Longer than their hour at tea,  
Which he liked not—would exchange—  
But was there alone with me.

With this thought my eyelids close—  
Oh, the comfort of the chair!  
Weary ones find rest granted  
Here as oft as place elsewhere;  
But my comfort ended soon  
In a struggle to get free,  
For on rousing from a doze,  
Bound to chair, what do I see?—

Stands the barber by my side,  
Looking as might Satan's twin:  
Bloodshot eyes—teeth set hard—  
Madness, murder, looks akin.  
Glist'ning blade is held aloft,  
Scarce more sharp than his fierce stare—  
"So shall perish all my foes!"  
(Now he speaks), "to this I swear!"

Though my form securely tied,  
Eye and thought were still left free;  
Round the room a glance is thrown,  
Seeking hope of liberty;  
Doors and shutters are tight closed,  
Locked or fastened I am sure,  
But I feel I must escape,  
Or death at his hands endure!

How I struggle! How he laughs!  
Struggle till I gasp for breath!  
But it loosens not my bonds,  
Hateful as serpentine wreath.  
Oh, if some one would but come—  
"Help!" I shout. "Silence," he said;  
"Alarm give, thou diest at once—  
I would gen'rous be instead."

"Haste, if prayers you have to say;  
Not much longer can I wait."  
Just then steps are heard outside,  
And in lock a key's quick grate;

He hears, too, and nearer springs  
His dire work to make complete;  
But his hold is torn from me,  
And my bonds lie at my feet.

In the shock of the rescue  
(Or vigorously dealt shake)  
And "Will you have 'sea foam,' sir?"  
I from dream of terror wake;  
Smiling barber, room is full,  
Horror all have taken flight;  
"Spoil your nap?" "No!" I answer,  
As I gladly say "Good-night!"

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 25, 1886.

#### A WINTER WHEEL 'NEATH SUMMER SKIES.

In sunny lands, o'er coral strands, we wheel dull March away;  
"Tis here the longer we remain the more we like to stay.

Seven hundred miles from the city of New York, on the other side of the great Gulf Stream, lies a little country that offers to the wheelmen of America attractions possessed by no other spot within three times that distance, at a time of year when no wheeling can be indulged in at home and at an expense easily within the reach of hundreds of cyclers. Here is a beautiful land where perpetual summer reigns, and whose coral shores are washed by waters of cerulean hue. Here roses bloom in the open air throughout the year, and the fragrant Easter lily sends forth its perfume on the balmy breeze. Here may be seen the lofty palm, and other trees peculiar to a tropic clime. The coral roads are as hard as asphalt and as numerous as could be desired; they wind in and out along the shore, then through deep cuttings in the limestone cliffs or between hedges of oleanders in full bloom, curving constantly and ever presenting new scenes to delight the eye. In the center of this delectable land and facing a beautiful harbor is a little city built entirely of limestone and claiming to be "the whitest city in the world"; and in the center of this city rises the palatial Hamilton Hotel—it is easy to guess that I am speaking of Bermuda.

It is with the pleasures of a brief sojourn in Bermuda—one year ago, in company with other riders of the wheel—fresh in mind, that I now urge all who would like a winter wheel 'neath summer skies, to join me in another trip to the Summer Isles.

We shall leave New York, Tuesday, March 2, reaching Bermuda early the following Friday. Here it is proposed to remain thirteen days, stopping at the Hotel Hamilton, a house equal in every respect to our finest summer hotels, and delightfully situated in the midst of spacious grounds. We arrive back in New York March 21.

The steamer "Trinidad" of the Quebec S. S. Co.'s line, which takes us from New York to Bermuda, is a new and elegantly equipped iron vessel of 2,000 tons; her officers are gentlemen who make it a duty to look after the welfare and pleasure of passengers. Our wheels will be carefully handled, and a precedent has been established by our party of last winter that will avoid all custome-house annoyances at either end of the route.

Stopping as we shall at one place, from which we can make daily runs to the many points of interest, this tour affords a most excellent opportunity to invite our non-cycling friends, ladies or gentlemen, to accompany us. Carriage hire is reasonable, and they can easily go with us on all our excursions. In the evening on moonlight walks or rows—for the moon will shine while we are there—their company will add greatly to our pleasure.

All who enjoy yachting will find excellent opportunities to indulge in this sport; one day will be devoted to a cruise among the islands of Hamilton Harbor.

This is also a tour where the old saying, "the more the merrier," will hold true. With no changes to make from New York to Bermuda, and stopping at one hotel when there, all the worry and confusion usually incidental to the movements of large parties will be avoided. One hundred would about fill the steamer. Even should this number not be reached, other tourists are likely to fill the state-rooms when the 2d of March arrives, and for this reason I hope all who contemplate going will notify me at *the earliest possible moment*, that state-rooms may be secured in season; also state how long you will remain on the island, that state-rooms for the return passage may be spoken for.

The cost of the entire trip of twenty days, reckoning from New York, will be but ninety dollars. This includes passage on the steamer, with state-room and meals, two weeks' board at the Hotel Hamilton, and fees for sight-seeing. Persons having but a short time at their disposal can return on the first homeward-bound steamer, spending three days on the islands. This trip would cost sixty dollars; but we strongly advise all to remain over at least one steamer. Those who wish to remain longer at small cost can find accommodations at one of the many boarding-houses scattered over the island.

It will afford me pleasure to answer all communications in regard to this tour. I can safely promise a most delightful time to all who participate, and trust that many will be induced to visit these sun-lit isles of the sea, and wheel away our most disagreeable month among the roses and over the coral roads of this wheelmen's paradise.

Yours truly,

FRANK A. ELWELL,  
41 Exchange street, Portland, Me.

#### AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

A friend, who is prominent among Philadelphia cyclers, remarked to us: Philadelphia is proverbially a slow town (though what she does, she generally does well), hence cycle racing has never been highly successful there—it is too fast, you know! But it might be that if a series of slow races were gotten up, there would be numerous entrants and a good attendance.—*Cycling Record*.

The athleticism of these times is not always conducive to the smooth running of the house hold. "I must hurry home," said Mrs. De Peyster to Mrs. De Joghns the other morning. "Reginald has been riding his bicycle again." "Indeed, and did he break his record?" "Oh, no, but he broke his other leg. He has only one whole limb now, and that is the middle finger of his left hand."—*Hartford Post*.

The Seaside Bicycle Club, of Norfolk, Va., intends to visit Boston during the coming League meet. The president of the club has sent a circular to all wheelmen in the State, inviting them to join with his club, and thus form a big party. It is proposed to start Monday evening, May 24, and take the steamer for Providence, R. I., reaching there Wednesday morning. That afternoon they will wheel to Marshfield, spending the night there, and the next morning cycle to Boston. Those who wish may return by the steamer

which leaves Providence on Saturday; but it is thought that the majority of the wheelmen will prefer to remain a few days longer about the Hub. On their return it is proposed to organize a Virginia state division of the L. A. W.—*Boston Globe*.

The *Outing* magazine is hereafter to be published in New York. Rumors to this effect have been circulated for some time past, but it was not until last week that the matter was finally settled. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, an ex-editorial writer on the staff of the New York *Herald*, is to be editor, and he is to have associated with him Theodore Roosevelt, Cleve Dodge, and several other gentlemen of ability. The January number will be issued in Boston, but the February issue will come from New York. A new company has been organized, and its New York offices will be at 140 Nassau street. Mr. Schumacher has been elected secretary and treasurer. Mr. Dodge, the present editor, will be connected editorially with the magazine. Mr. Aborn will probably retain his connection, and represent the company's interests in Boston. Colonel Pope still retains an interest in the magazine.—*Boston Globe*.

The Weed Sewing Machine Company, of Hartford, have just completed the machine on which William A. Rowe, the best amateur bicycle rider of the world, is to race next season. It is a Columbia 55-inch full tangent wheel, and weighs but  $22\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, and seems lighter, being easily held out in one hand. The peculiar feature of the wheel, aside from its extreme lightness, is the way the spokes are set and braced. Each spoke runs at a tangent to the hub, and thus the strain of the pedal is transferred from the top to the rear of the wheel. Each spoke crosses three others, and at each crossing is bound and soldered, so that in effect the machine has a hub a foot or more in diameter. Rowe's fine work at Hampden Park last fall is not yet forgotten in this city, and he expects to do even better the coming season. He intends to down the Englishmen if there is any possible chance to do so, and his host of friends wish him all success in whatever he undertakes.—*Springfield Union*.

#### LUXURY IN KNEE-BREECHES.

Were I to make the simple statement that I am starting into Asia with a pair of knee-breeches that are worth fourteen English pounds (about \$68) and offer no farther explanation, I should, in all probability, be accused of a high order of prevarication; nevertheless, such is the fact, for among other subterfuges to outwit possible brigands and kindred citizens, I have made cloth-covered buttons out of Turkish larias (eighteen shillings English), and sewed them on in place of ordinary buttons. Pantaloons buttons at \$54 a dozen are a luxury that my wildest dreams never soared to in America, and I am afraid that many a thrifty New Englander will condemn me for extravagance; but the "splendor" of the Orient demands it; and the extreme handiness of being able to cut off a button, and with it buy provisions enough to load down a mule would be all the better appreciated if one had just been released from the hands of the Philistines with nothing but his clothes—and buttons—and on bicycle; with these things left to him, one could afford to regard the whole matter as a joke, expensive perhaps, but nevertheless a joke compared with what might have been.—*Thomas Stevens in Outing* for February.

#### A TRIP TO BARBADOES.

BY CHARLES A. BRADY.

The morning in January on which the brig "Victoria" was being towed out of New York harbor was of the kind calculated to inspire joy in the hearts of persons tropic-bound. A fierce northwest wind, ice-laden, swept boisterously along as if determined to overcome the mildness of the sunny south.

However, the gale bore us rapidly southward, and into milder air.

During the first ten days storms raged about us, and not until the latitude of southern Florida was reached did they cease.

Then the clouds vanished, the boisterous wind subsided, giving place to a gentle breeze, and the sea became placid.

We were now in the tropics under a blazing sun, whose rising and setting were attended with glorious beauty.

Seventeen days after our departure we dropped anchor in Carlisle Bay, the harbor of the island, on which is Bridgetown, the seaport and metropolis.

No sooner had I landed than I was besieged by a number of negroes anxious to serve me in any way whereby they might earn a few cents. Some begged persistently, a habit for which they have achieved a national reputation.

Proceeding through the narrow, winding streets, I was struck with the odd appearance of the houses, most of which are but two stories high, adjoin each other, and are built of the white coral, a porous stone, of which the island is formed. Such a rectangular, unornamented style of building is devoid of beauty in the eyes of one accustomed to the varied and beautiful architecture we behold in our country. I say unornamented. But they are not absolutely deficient, as many have small copings, and all have balconies, or, as termed by the natives, "galleries." These are usually composed of wood, with blinds at close intervals, admitting of being well aired.

Inside, the houses present an appearance very different from ours. The rooms are large with high ceiling, are uncarpeted, and the furniture is of antique pattern.

The negroes, who form nine-tenths of the population of 200,000, live generally in small huts, or cabins, containing but one or two rooms, in which seven or eight or more of these wretched beings shut themselves to sleep.

The island lies in latitude 12 degrees north and longitude 59 degrees west, and is the most easterly of the West Indies. It is the residence of the Governor-General of the British Windward Islands, which comprise Barbadoes, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Grenada.

The area of the island is 166 square miles, or 106,240 acres, of which, says Chambers's Encyclopedia, "the unprecedented proportion of 100,000 are under cultivation." The land is entirely devoted to raising sugar-cane; there being 450 sugar estates, making, in the aggregate, 50,000 to 60,000 tons annually, most of which is sent to the United States.

Negroes perform the labor, and at very small wages. For working in a cane field many earn but 24 cents a day, and a boy can be had for six-pence (12 cents).

Some of the men subsist by fishing, and the women by vending fish, fruit, vegetables, and supplies, generally.

As the island is a colony of England the cur-

rency is sterling. But goods are sold and calculations made in dollars and cents, the shilling being valued at 24 cents.

The white people are industrious, loyal, and well educated.

There are free schools and several well-endowed seminaries; the principal of which is Codrington College, founded in 1665 by Christopher Codrington, receiving a revenue of £3,000 a year.

Changes of weather from hot to cold are unknown, the temperature remaining between 76 degrees and 86 degrees the year round. This feature makes it invaluable as a winter-resort, although as such it receives but little patronage from Americans, probably owing to their ignorance of the island and its congenial climate, or because of the time (two weeks) consumed in making the passage by steamer, which stops at a number of the islands on the way. A few sailing-vessels have accomplished the distance in eight days, showing an average record of over 200 miles per day. But this is a rare occurrence, the average for sailors being about eighteen days.

Most of the people, black and white, attend the Church of England, which, with the exception of the Moravian and Wesleyan, is the only denomination having places of worship. The Wesleyans, although comparatively few in numbers, are active and growing.

Admonitions to charity (or love) were profusely sprinkled throughout the sermons I heard, and very appropriately, too, for gossip is the order of the day there.

Riding and driving are engaged in to a great extent, most of the horses and carriages being of American importation. Bicycles and tricycles flit past quite frequently, many persons using them in going to and from business. I had my hardy steed of 56-inch caliber along with me, and I confess the roads shame ours in width and quality. They are macadamized with the coral stone which readily packs into a hard, smooth bed, of such a dazzling whiteness as to render colored or smoked glasses a necessity during the day.

One mode of transportation yet remains to be mentioned: the steam-railway. Its length, twenty-five miles, is traversed daily by a couple of trains in the alarming time of one hour and forty-five minutes. The distance by the high-road between starting point and terminus is but eleven miles, and can be covered in an hour and a half with a good horse.

Unfortunately, Barbadoes is deficient in scenery. Trees are few, having been hewn down that the king of the island (sugar) might the better hold dominion.

Hurricanes have been the scourge of the island. In 1780 some 4,000 persons lost their lives during a most terrible one, and property to the value of £1,000,000 was destroyed; while in the last violent one, occurring in 1831, 1,500 persons perished, and property to the value of £1,600,000 was ruined.

On the first of April, after a most pleasant stay of two months, I embarked on the barque "Atlantic" for New York via Antigua. Thirty-six hours sufficed to put us in the harbor of Antigua, at the head of which is the chief town, St. Johns. This island is the residence of the Governor-in-chief of the British Leeward Islands, and is notable for possessing the finest cathedral in the West Indies.

The people seem to be plain, honest, hospitable, and less inclined toward social form and ceremony

than are their Barbadian neighbors. They number but 30,000, most of whom are negroes.

Sugar is cultivated to some extent, but commercial life seems to be on the wane with them. This is probably due to scarcity of labor. Attempts have been made to import some of the surplus negroes from Barbadoes, but they were unsuccessful, as the Barbadian is so deeply patriotic that he will rather risk starving at home than leave for another place. A few years ago, a few dozen Chinamen were brought there to form the nucleus of a colony, but that scheme also failed.

On the 14th of April, having our cargo of sugar safely stowed, we again set sail, bound for New York, direct. During the following days we glided past numerous beautiful islands, some of which were crowned with mountains of immense height. Toward evening we sailed slowly by the little island of Sombrero, the last land our eyes rested on until, nineteen days after our departure, we neared the harbor of New York.

As we passed up the bay and familiar objects met my gaze, their beauty enhanced by the contrast of the monotonous view of the previous days, my heart filled with increased love and pride for our great and glorious country, and I could exclaim with the poet the oft-repeated but undying words,

"There is no place like home."

#### A PICTURE OF THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS.

The following description of this picturesque country, where now resound the echoes of grim-visaged war, is from Thomas Stevens's account of his bicycle journey through Servia, in his tour around the world, in *Outing* for December:—

"We gradually approach the Balkan mountains that tower well up towards cloud-land immediately overhead. The morning being warm and muggy, and indicating rain, the long steep trundle, kilometer after kilometer, up the Balkan slopes, is anything but child's play, albeit the scenery is most lovely, one prospect especially reminding me of a view in the Big Horn mountains of northern Wyoming Territory. On the lower slopes we come to a *mchana*, where, besides plenty of shade-trees, we find springs of most delightfully cool water gushing out of crevices in the rocks, and will be short enough at the best. The Balkans are clothed with green foliage to the topmost crags, wild pear trees being no inconspicuous feature; charming little valleys wind about between the mountain spurs, and last night's downpour has imparted a freshness to the whole scene that perhaps it would not be one's good fortune to see every day, even were he here. This region of intermingled vales and forest-clad mountains might be the natural home of brigandage, and those ferocious-looking specimens of humanity with things like long guns in hand, running with scrambling haste down the mountain-side towards our road ahead, look like veritable brigands heading us off with a view to capturing us. But they are peacefully disposed goat-herds, who, alpenstocks in hand, are endeavoring to see 'what in the world those queer-looking things are, coming up the road.' Their tuneful noise, as they are playing on some kind of an instrument, greets our ears from a dozen mountain slopes round about us, as we put our shoulders to the wheel, and gradually approach the summit. Tortoises are occasionally surprised basking in the sunbeams in the middle of the road; when molested they hiss quite

audibly in protest, but if passed peacefully by they are seen shuttling off into the bushes, as though thankful to escape. Unhappy oxen are toiling patiently upwards, literally inch by inch, dragging heavy, creaking wagons, loaded with miscellaneous importations, prominent amongst which I notice square cans of American petroleum. Men on horseback are encountered, the long guns of the Orient slung at their backs, and knife and pistols in sash, looking altogether ferocious. Not only are these people perfectly harmless, but I verily think it would take a good deal of aggravation to make them even think of fighting. The fellow whose horse we frightened down a rocky embankment, at the imminent risk of breaking the neck of both horse and rider, had gun, knife, and pistols; yet, though he probably thinks us emissaries of the Evil One, he is in no sense a dangerous character, his weapons being merely gewgaws to adorn his person. Finally the summit of this range is gained, and the long grateful descent into the valley of the Nissava river begins. The surface during this descent, though averaging very good, is not always of the smoothest; several dismounts are found to be necessary, and many places ridden over require a quick hand and ready eye to pass. The Servians have made a capital point in fixing their new boundary line south of this mountain range.

"Mountaineers are said to be 'always freemen'; one can with equal truthfulness add that the costumes of mountaineers' wives and daughters are always more picturesque than those of their sisters in the valleys. In these Balkan mountains their costumes are a truly wonderful blending of colors, to say nothing of fantastic patterns, apparently a medley of ideas borrowed from Occident and Orient. One woman we just passed is wearing the loose, flowing pantaloons of the Orient, of a bright yellow color, with a tight-fitting jacket of equally bright blue; around her waist is folded many times a red and blue striped waistband, whilst both head and feet are bare. This is no holiday attire, it is plainly the ordinary every-day costume."

#### THE MAKERS' AMATEUR.

Looking at the question from an Irish standpoint, and considering it solely in relation to racing in this country, it is simple enough. In Ireland the disease is at present unknown. Doubtless, many good riders have obtained their machines at a reduction, and, in a few cases, even for little or nothing; but we can safely assert that no rider in this country ever accepted his expenses, or payment of any kind, from a maker, and so little is such a thing even thought of, that those riders who do obtain their machines at a reduction do not even endeavor to keep it a secret, but frankly let it be known, without a thought crossing their or any one else's mind that thereby there is any danger of a slur being cast on their amateur status. We are confident that there are few men of note in England, even of those who cry out most against the makers' amateur, who do not receive, say 30 per cent. off the price of their cycles. In Ireland, when this is done, it is done openly; in England it is generally done secretly, on account of the danger of being classed among the black sheep, and therein lies the difference, which shows clearly the different condition which the cyclists of the two countries are in. To the pure all things are pure, and here we never gaze with suspicion and distrust on the rider who in-

forms us he has received a discount of 25 per cent. on his cycle, though, should it be even hinted that a man had received his expenses, it is more than probable that he would be called upon by our governing body for an explanation, and be dealt with in the most summary manner should such be unsatisfactory. We see every likelihood that this state of affairs will continue long in this country. The Irish Cyclists' Association, though young, is vigorous, and has shown this season, and previously, that it is not afraid to suspend a man for roping or other misdemeanors on slight evidence, even when there was danger of an action, and we firmly believe that should suspicion attach to any rider, the association would not hesitate to act on circumstantial evidence, and, without fear of the consequence, and with true Hibernian impetuosity, suspend that man. Should the evil arise, a few such examples would stamp it out, but as long as the present state of affairs continues, we fail to see that the fact of riders occasionally receiving a discount off the price of their mounts is of any consequence, or is likely in any way to sap the moral character of our racing cyclists.—*The Irish Cyclist and Athlete.*

#### THE BICYCLE AND A TURKISH MOB.

The following account of the first appearance of the bicycle in Adrianople, from the narrative of Thomas Stevens's "Journey Round the World" in *Outing* for January, will be enjoyed even by those who do not ride the wheel:—

"At 11 o'clock I decide to make a start, I and the bicycle being the focus of attraction for a most undignified mob as I trundle through the muddy streets towards the suburbs. Arriving at a street where it is possible to mount and ride for a short distance, I do this in the vain hope of satisfying the curiosity of the crowd and being permitted to leave the city in comparative peace and privacy; but the hope proves a vain one, for only the respectable portion of the crowd disperses, leaving me, solitary and alone, amongst a howling mob of the rag, tag and bobtail of Adrianople, who follow noisily along, vociferously yelling for me to 'bin! bin!' (mount, mount) and 'chu! chu!' (ride, ride) along the really unruly streets. This is the worst crowd I have encountered on the entire journey across two continents, and, arriving at a street where the prospect ahead looks comparatively promising, I mount and wheel forward with a view of out-distancing them if possible; but a ride of over a hundred yards without dismounting would be an exceptional performance in Adrianople after a rain, and I soon find that I have made a mistake in attempting it, for as I mount the mob grows fairly wild and riotous with excitement, flinging their red fezes at the wheels, rushing up behind and giving the bicycle smart pushes forward in their eagerness to see it go faster, and more than one stone comes bounding along the street, wantonly flung by some young savage unable to contain himself. I quickly decide upon allaying the excitement by dismounting and trundling until the mob gets tired of following, whatever the distance. This movement scarcely meets with the approval of the unruly crowd, however, and several come forward and exhibit ten-pata pieces as an inducement for me to ride again, whilst overgrown gamins swarm around me, and straddling the middle and index fingers of their right hands over their left to illustrate and emphasize their meaning, they clamorously cry: 'Bin! bin! chu! chu! monsieur! chu!'

*chu!*" as well as much other persuasive talk, which, if one could understand, would probably be found to mean in substance, that although it is the time-honored custom and privilege of Adrianople mobs to fling stones and similar compliments at such unbelievers from the outer world as come among them in a conspicuous manner, they will considerately forego their privileges this time if I will only "bin! bin!" and "chu! chu!"

#### LATEST FROM TEHERAN.

[We are permitted to print the following extracts from a letter to Karl Kron, written by Thomas Stevens at the capital city of Persia, Dec. 26, 1885.]

You have my thanks for letter of Nov. 16, accompanied by SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, and L. A. W. Bulletin,—all of which reached me on Christmas eve, my birthday. By the same mail with your own came an equally friendly and encouraging letter from "Faed," of Powerscroft House, London. He says that some of the English cycling papers affected to sneer at *Outing's* enterprise as impossible and absurd; but he likewise poured the oil of his facile pen over the troubled waters of their unbelief, and adds: "They are now seeing by what you have already achieved, that they were on the wrong track." Well! well! When I finally bob up serenely somewhere on the Chinese coast, and a few stubborn doubters have investigated and convinced themselves that accomplished facts are not to be denied, you will see these apparent detractors acknowledging manfully their mistake, and lauding the enterprising spirit of *Outing* to the skies. For the benefit of such unfortunates whose natural spirit of uncharitableness forbids them to believe in what you call "my good faith, in making a continuous straightaway journey," I would wish it to be known that upon my return I intend stating precisely how the journey was accomplished from start to finish, and then request *Outing* to offer a handsome reward to anybody able to prove that a single mile of the tour has not been traversed in "good faith." So they might as well start in and make inquiries at once, along the route already traversed.

"Faed" has just forwarded my maps of India, Burmah, and China. It is impossible to give you my precise route eastward from Teheran to the Pacific, in advance; but take your map of Asia and trace a line through Meshed, Herat, Kandahar, Quetta, Delhi, and Lucknow, to Calcutta, and you will probably be about right thus far. From Calcutta I shall strike up through Burmah to the Chinese frontier, and endeavor to make my way through the interior to either Canton or Shanghai; should the Chinese authorities resolutely refuse to let me penetrate the interior, however, I shall have to swerve off through the Shan States, and reach a port somewhere on the coast of Cochin China or Tonquin. I have little doubt, however, but that I shall be able to get through China, at least as far as Canton. For a finisher to the tour, I shall take a little spin through Japan; and this, I anticipate, will be a charming bit of experience—perchance, in company with some mild-eyed Japanese wheelmen—a most appropriate ending to my tour. I shall start from Teheran as soon as spring fairly begins.

I am pleased to hear that your immortal list of subscribers to "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" is progressing satisfactorily, and knowing your ambition to obtain supporters from the uttermost corners of the earth, I have skirmished around and obtained one for you here in Teheran. The copy is to be placed in the library of the Indo-

European telegraph staff here. There is only one difficulty about the matter, and that is: how to remit the price of the book. The only way known at this end for remitting small amounts is to place silver kerans (pronounced *kron*), the currency of the country, in a letter. The chief objections to this are firstly, that Persian coins are N. G. in America; and secondly, they would be pretty sure not to reach the Persian frontier. Unless you can fathom the difficulty, the only plan is to authorize your subscriber to pay the amount to me, and then put it down on the slate till I dine with you yet again, upon my arrival in New York.

#### THE WHEEL.

##### PRESIDENT WILLIAMS AND HIS ACHIEVEMENTS THIS AND PREVIOUS SEASONS.

President Henry W. Williams, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club of this city, affords an excellent example of what benefit can be gained from the wheel. He is an enthusiastic lover of the wheel for the good that it has done him, for it has brought him from chronic illness to good health. It was entirely by accident, he stated to the writer, that he took to wheeling. His physician recommended horseback riding, but he did not find this congenial. While at work in his office one day, a lawyer came in to see him, dressed in cyclist's uniform. The latter stated that he had been to Lexington on his wheel for breakfast. "What," said he, "did you ride from Boston to Lexington on a bicycle?" "Yes," was the answer, and, as a result, Mr. Williams went to a riding school and took his first lesson. In 1881 he joined the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and has been connected with it ever since, this being his third season as president. His riding is simply done for health, not to roll up a record. He rides to and from his residence, and passes his vacations on the wheel. Too much cannot be said of what he has done for his club, the active membership of which is the largest of any club in the country. Mr. Williams has kept the records of his work. The figures are as follows: 1880, 607 miles; 1881, 3,060; 1882, 3,559; 1883, 3,453; 1884, 2,450; 1885, 2,449. Of these distances, there were ridden on a tricycle in 1883, 601 miles; 1884, 317; 1885, 359—a total of 1,277. Leaving out 1880, which was not a complete year, the average per year is 2,994½ miles. The following compilation will be found interesting:—

Year.	Days ridden.	Average per day.	Days of 40 miles or more.	Greatest monthly distance.	Greatest daily distance.
1881	183	16 13-18	14	456	61
1882	183	19 4-9	19	553	118
1883	206	16 3-4	12	477	64
1884	145	16 3-10	10	515	67
1885	156	15 2-3	13	439 1-2	53

The 118 miles in one day, made in 1882, was the longest day's run that had been made up to that time, and was considered a great achievement. It was made in company with Messrs. Griffith, Phillrick, and Wilmot, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club.—*Boston Herald*.

#### WHEELS OF (MIS)FORTUNE.

We have often before expressed our opinion that there would probably be fewer broken bones and sprains and other injuries due to accidents of locomotion, if the world would universally take to cycles (bi-, tri-, or uni-, translating the latter by "wheelbarrow"), than there are now with the useful but precarious horse. The latter cannot be dispensed with, but he is one of the most peril-

ous utilities in the world, and burdens our claim books heavily; and the keeping of a good stiff policy in The Travelers ought always to be coterminous with his use. The railroad is also responsible for a destruction which is a good deal better appreciated, because apt to show itself by wholesale massacres every now and then. Sometimes both join forces, as in two remarkable cases recently, of an exactly opposite nature as regards the horse. In the first, the horse balked while crossing the track, insuring death in spite of time for a safe passage. The other occurred October 1, in New Britain, Ct. A boy of 18 was taking his two sisters of 15 and 13 to school in their father's omnibus; at the New York and New England crossing he lost control of the horses, and they rushed upon the track in front of a passenger train approaching. The vehicle was reduced to kindling wood, one horse killed, the younger girl was picked up dead, and both the others died shortly after being taken home.

However, we set out to talk about bicycle wheels rather than car wheels or wagon wheels. The bicycle may be forced to do mischief by the incompetence or recklessness of its rider (a large percentage of its accidents is due to the latter), by unforeseen defects or of obstructions in the roadway, or by flaws in its material; but it cannot be made to shy or run away, it never balks, jumps, kicks, or bites, it doesn't mind railroad trains, fluttering leaves or paper, piles of bricks by the roadside, sots lying in the gutter, runaway horses, or other bicycles, and in short it has no nerves. Still its rider gets himself into a scrape now and then; and he is sometimes injured without fault of his own, we are ashamed to say, by the unprincipled spite so many drivers feel to the machine, which leads them to grossly illegal acts, often breaking the wheels, and now and then their owners. We give below a portion of the claims paid by The Travelers to bicycle riders within two or three years:—

R. F. Way, Hartford, Ct., clerk,	\$114 28
W. T. Redfield, Hartford, Ct., clerk,	30 00
S. E. Greene, Worcester, Mass., clerk,	20 00
L. L. Atwood, Pittsfield, Mass., apothecary,	20 00
C. S. Fisk, Springfield, Mass., clerk,	18 75
W. M. W. Spring, Fitchburg, Mass., book-keeper,	30 00
Ed. E. Wood, Jr., Northampton, Mass., clerk,	15 00
John Bolt, Holyoke, Mass., book-keeper,	60 00
J. L. Pinder, Lowell, Mass., merchant,	100 00
J. G. Burch, Jr., Albany, N. Y., book-keeper,	45 00
C. E. Wendell, Albany, N. Y., piano dealer,	10 00
E. H. Shaffer, Albany, N. Y., grocery clerk,	15 00
F. B. Gallagher, Buffalo, N. Y., clerk,	10 00
W. H. Hecox, Binghamton, N. Y., book-keeper,	25 00
L. H. Porter, East Orange, N. J., clerk,	14 28
W. W. Palen, Boston, Mass., leather broker,	10 71
A. G. Drummer, Hamburg, N. Y., station agent,	14 28
A. G. Coleman, Canandaigua, N. Y., dentist,	25 00
F. C. Prindle, Hornellsville, N. Y., book-keeper,	20 00
L. G. Aliis, Greene, N. Y., druggist,	18 57
W. L. Farquharson, Salamanca, N. Y., merchant,	58 92
O. E. Dewey, Mansfield, Pa., clerk,	78 21
W. F. Staley, Pittston, Pa., jeweler,	45 00
F. H. Michaels, Lock Haven, Pa., civil engineer,	24 28
Fred. M. Spencer, Honesdale, Pa., drug clerk,	22 86
John C. Hughes, Pittston, Pa., clerk,	15 00
H. M. Hayden, New Milford, Pa., clerk,	20 00
C. L. Weeks, Cleveland, Ohio, travelling merchant,	89 28
E. E. Baldwin, Canton, Ohio, law student,	19 28
Edgar H. Scott, Rockford, Ill., commercial traveler,	57 14
A. R. Adams, Joliet, Ill., lumber merchant,	35 71
M. H. Kern, Menominee, Mich., county clerk,	10 00
G. E. Tarbell, Marathon, N. Y., insurance agent,	8 57
A. A. Simpson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., shipping clerk,	20 00
J. M. Foss, Saco, Me., stationary engineer,	10 00
Charles H. Potter, Cleveland, Ohio, banker,	235 71
Charles M. Cox, Salem, Oregon, jeweler,	17 14

—Travelers' Record.

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We have opened a department of sale and exchange for the convenience of our readers, in which their wants may be made known at a trifling expense. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to exchange or sell his machine, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The charge will be one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order. Initials and abbreviations count as words.

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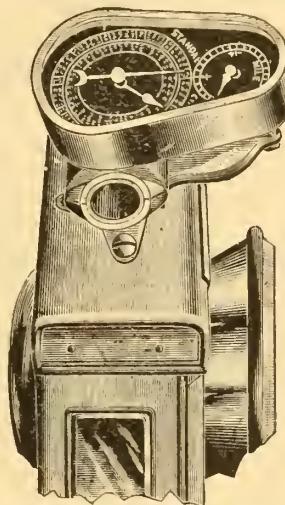
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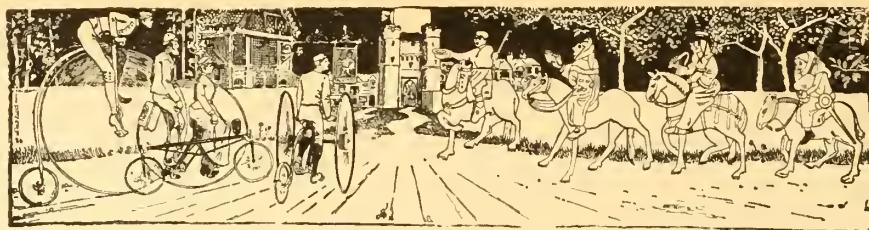
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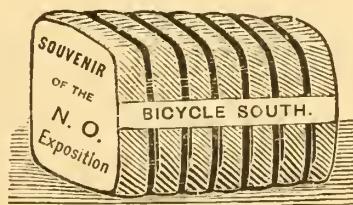
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To Join the L. A. W., procure application blanks from the Secretary-Editor of the official gazette (if you do not know his address, send the request through the nearest bicycle agent), and send your name on this blank, indorsed by the proper persons (as the blank sets forth), together with 50 cents application fee and one dollar for the annual dues, to the said Secretary-Editor. Your name will then be published in the official gazette, a copy of which you will thereafter receive free. Any errors in that list should be reported to him at once. After two weeks, if no objections are raised, you will be admitted to membership, and as soon as possible thereafter you will receive your membership ticket.

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To ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen, the L. A. W. was founded in May, 1880 —about three years after the *renaissance* of bicycling in this country began to make itself felt, and when the conflict with prejudice, both general and official, was felt all across the land. The number of wheelmen on the highways and claiming admission to the parks had become large enough to compel public attention. The public had learned something about bicycling, and, like the boy at school, learned the bad faster than the good; but it had not yet comprehended the relations of the wheel to other vehicles, or of those in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness upon the new mount with those in the same pursuit on other mounts. Nor indeed had the average wheelmen, scattered singly or in small clubs, always in little minorities, hopeful and delighted but uncertain and hesitant in their new experiences, really grasped those relations much better. In Massachusetts alone the contest for equal or at least equitable rights had been substantially gained.

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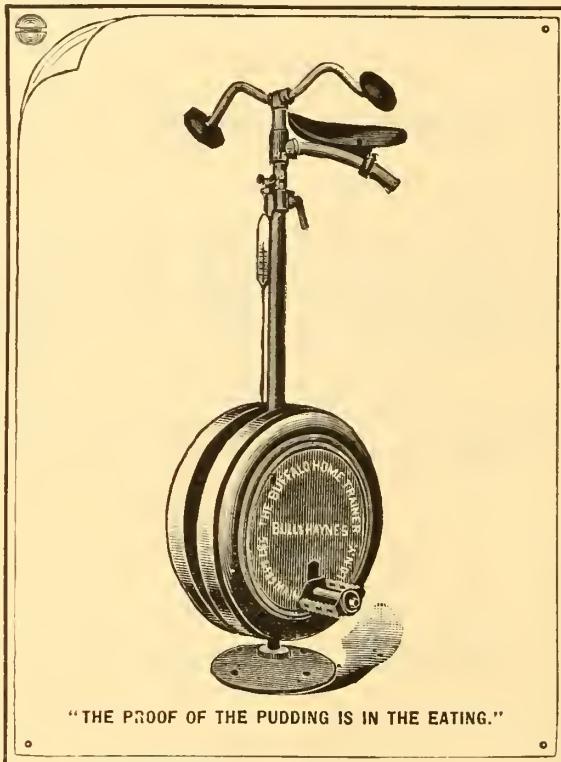
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