

THE WHEELMER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1886.

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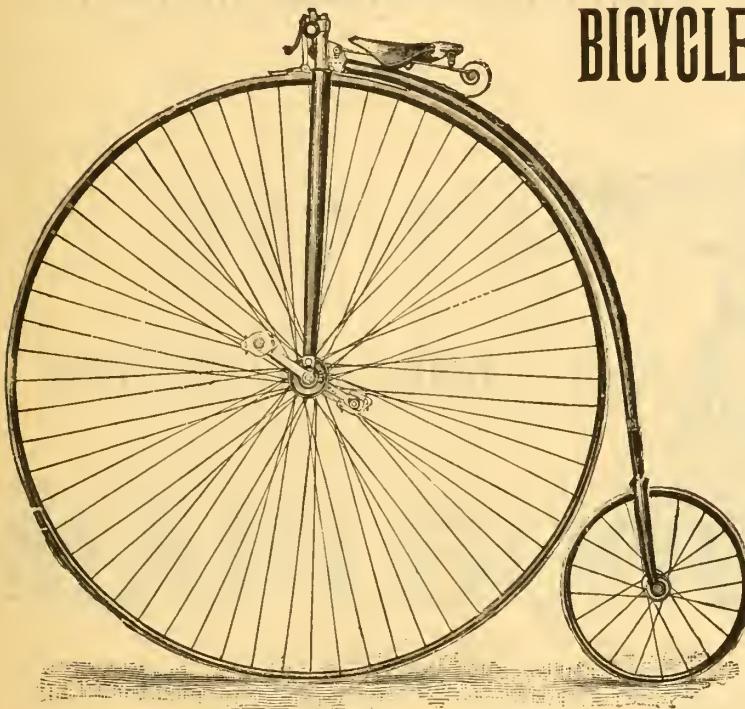
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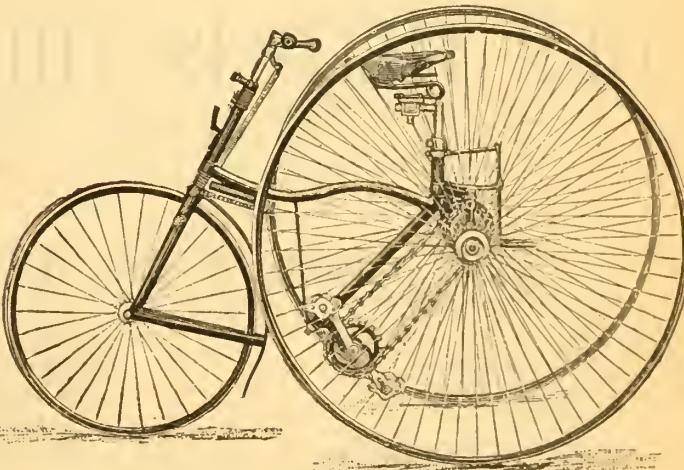
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THE L. A. W. BULLETIN. THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.



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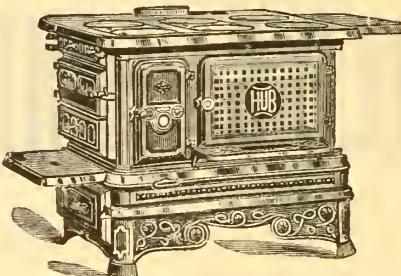
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No odors come into the room, less fuel is required, and tough meats are made tender. Bread baked with the Wire Gauze Door does not mold, and pies and cakes keep fresh for a long time.

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TESTIMONIALS.

MARLETTE, MICH., November 27, 1885.
Mr. A. NEWTON: Dear Sir—I received the four cockerels (Plymouth Rock, Light Brahma, Brown and White Leghorn) all O.K. I have been in the poultry business for several years, and I must own up these are the best I ever owned.
Yours truly, W. B. MCGILL.

NEWARK, N. J., July 2, 1886.
Mr. A. NEWTON: Dear Sir—I received this morning the five Light Brahma chicks. I am delighted with the manner in which you shipped them. I have received stock from many poultrymen, but your shipping coops and careful manner of shipping far exceed any breeder with whom I have ever dealt.
Yours fraternally, H. F. ALLING,
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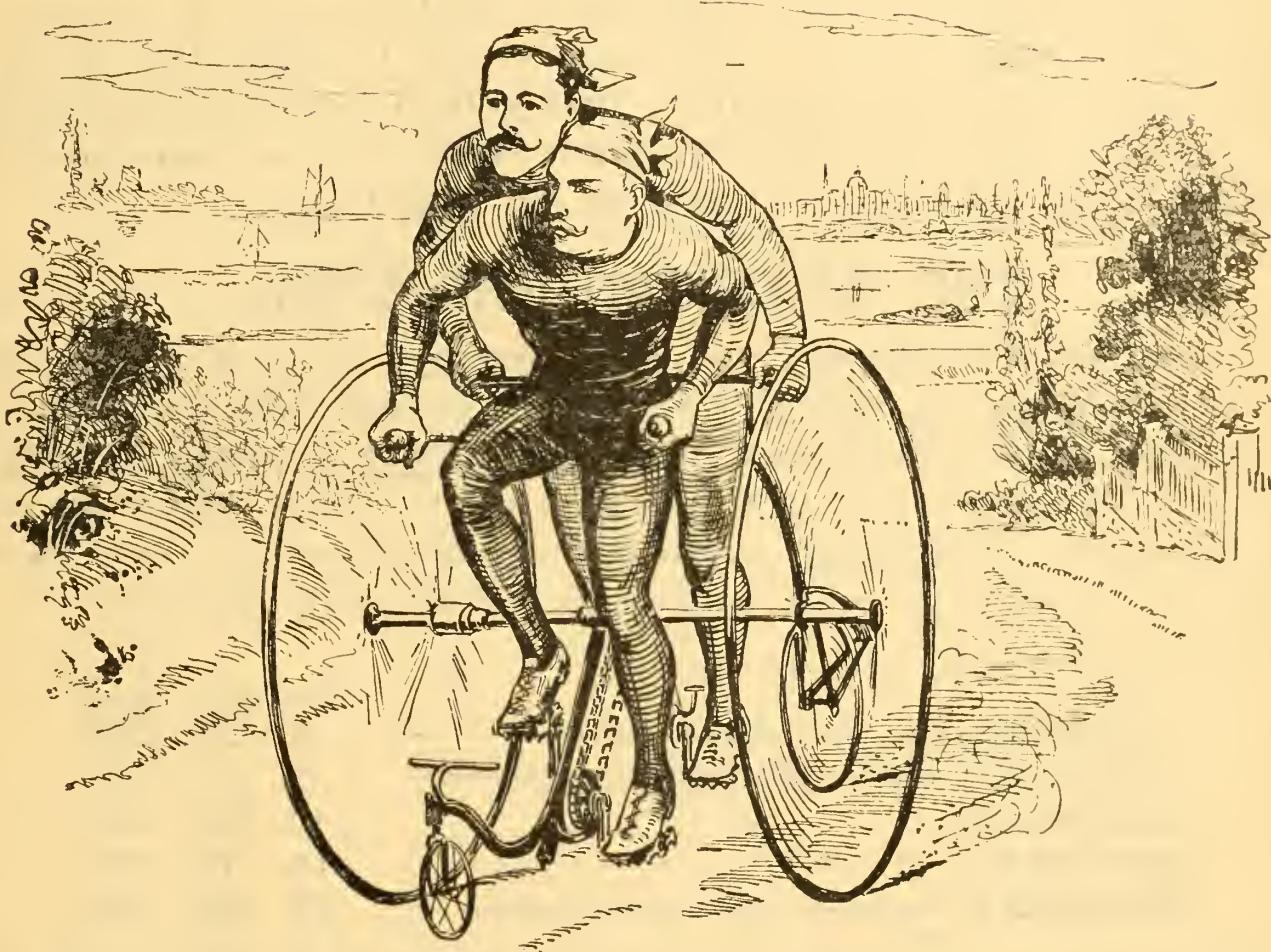
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Now, GENTLEMEN, we fail to see why records made on a 22-pound racing wheel, and on a track with an exceedingly smooth racing surface,—we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a roadster (a differently-constructed machine), even though the latter be made by the same company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be significant.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

Holds to-day Every World's Record on the Road above 25 miles to 300 miles. The latter enormous mileage was done within the 24 hours by STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER, at Crawfordsville, Ind., October 18 and 19. The run was made on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, under A.C.U. rules, and not on a carefully-selected 10-mile stretch.

Following are the times:—

		HOURS. MINUTES. SECONDS.
50 MILES,	(About 4 minutes behind his previous World's Record.)	2 59 50$\frac{2}{5}$
100 MILES,	(25 minutes ahead of the World's Record, and over a minute better than Ives' Springfield Track Record.)	6 1 15
150 MILES,		10 28 52
200 MILES,		15 13 30
300 MILES,	(About 24 minutes better than the best World's Track Record.)	23 46 16$\frac{3}{5}$

The latter magnificent record is about 41 miles better than the hitherto accepted A.C.U. record by MUNGER, about 19 miles better than HOLLINSWORTH'S performance, and 13 miles better than McCURDY'S,—neither of which latter two are accepted records, however.

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Manufacturers of the AMERICAN CYCLES.

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—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1886.

NO. 8.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Terms of Subscription.

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Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	25 cents.
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HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

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

Address all Communications to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to same.

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

DOWN THEY GO.

Since our last issue, old Father Time has had to suffer at the hands of cycle riders, and great and wonderful strides have been taken. America, with American riders, on American wheels, has given old Mother England an object lesson on how to develop speed upon the cycle, either on the track or on the road. It is a little surprising that twenty-two miles in the hour should have been accomplished in America before twenty-one miles is reached in England, and that 305 miles is made on the road in America before the 300 mark is reached in England; also, that the first record in the thirties and the first in the charmed circle of the twenties can both be claimed for America.

October 13—W. A. Rowe rode at Springfield, five miles against time as follows:

1 mile,	*2.37 1-5	4 miles,	*10.45
2 miles,	*5.14	5 miles,	*13.27 2-5
3 miles,	*8.02 1-5		

October 14—W. A. Rowe, at Springfield:

1 mile,	*2.35 2-5	3 miles,	*7.48 4-5
2 miles,	*5.11		

October 16—W. J. Morgan and Mlle. Louise Armaindo rode on a tandem at Lynn:

5 miles, *18.28 3-5

October 18—S. G. Whittaker, at Crawfordsville, Ind., on the road, rode:

25 miles,	*1.28.10	175 miles,	*12.59.20
50 miles,	*2.59.50 2-5	200 miles,	*15.13.30
75 miles,	*4.36	225 miles,	*17.18.06
100 miles,	*6.01.15	250 miles,	*19.20.50
125 miles,	*8.23.35	275 miles,	*21.37.27
150 miles,	*10.28.52	300 miles,	*23.46.16 3-5

October 22—W. A. Rowe, at Springfield, rode:

1-4 mile,	37 2-5	3-4 mile,	*1.50 3-5
1-2 mile,	1.14 2-5	1 mile,	*2.29 4-5

October 23—W. J. Morgan and Mlle. Louise Armaindo, at Lynn, rode on a tandem:

1 mile,	3.00	4 miles,	*12.39 2-5
2 miles,	6.10	5 miles,	*15.47 2-5
3 miles,	9.30		

October 25—W. A. Rowe, at Springfield, succeeded in placing twenty-two miles within the hour to his credit.

1 mile,	2.36	12 miles,	*35.35
2 miles,	5.12 3-5	13 miles,	*35.18 2-5
3 miles,	7.54 3-5	14 miles,	*38.01 2-5
4 miles,	*10.41 2-5	15 miles,	*41.41 2-5
5 miles,	*13.23 1-5	16 miles,	*43.26 4-5
6 miles,	*16.12 3-5	17 miles,	*46.14 4-5
7 miles,	*18.59	18 miles,	*48.58
8 miles,	*21.41 2-5	19 miles,	*51.40 1-5
9 miles,	*24.26 4-5	20 miles,	*54.25 2-5
10 miles,	*27.07 1-5	21 miles,	*57.07 3-5
11 miles,	*29.51 3-5	22 miles,	*59.46
*22 miles 150 yards in the hour.			

October 23—W. J. Morgan and T. W. Eck, at Lynn, Mass., gave us a professional tandem record, there being none previous to this run.

1 mile,	3.16	11 miles,	36.10
2 miles,	6.20 1-5	12 miles,	39.24 3-5
3 miles,	9.41 2-5	13 miles,	42.49
4 miles,	12.54	14 miles,	46.09 1-5
5 miles,	16.16 2-5	15 miles,	49.30 2-5
6 miles,	19.30 1-5	16 miles,	52.52 4-5
7 miles,	22.51	17 miles,	56.17
8 miles,	26.06 1-5	18 miles,	59.33
9 miles,	29.30 2-5	19 miles,	1.02.54
10 miles,	32.51	20 miles,	1.06.12 2-5

November 5 and 6—Alfred A. McCurdy, at Boston, Mass., on the road, against time, rode over the Boston Bicycle Club's course:

20 miles,	1.10.17	200 miles,	*14.35
25 miles,	1.27	250 miles,	*18.58
50 miles,	3.04	300 miles,	*23.38
100 miles,	6.28.25	302 3-16 miles,	*23.48.50
150 miles,	*10.24.30	304 3-8 miles (305)	*23.57.42

October 19—W. J. Morgan and Mlle. Louise Armaindo, at Lynn, Mass., established a tandem record for

250 miles in		24 hours,	
Actual riding time,		18.48.42	

Same day, T. W. Eck gave American tricycle records for twenty-five miles, the times above three miles being American professional records, none having existed before:

1 mile,	3.13	14 miles,	*48.35 4-5
2 miles,	6.30 1-5	15 miles,	*52.16
3 miles,	9.41 1-5	16 miles,	*55.49 3-5
4 miles,	*12.54 4-5	17 miles,	*59.21 2-5
5 miles,	*16.17 1-5	18 miles,	*1.03.04 2-5
6 miles,	*19.45 1-5	19 miles,	*1.06.36 4-5
7 miles,	*23.07 2-5	20 miles,	*1.10.25 2-5
8 miles,	*26.34 3-5	21 miles,	*1.14.04
9 miles,	*30.07 3-5	22 miles,	*1.17.48 4-5
10 miles,	*33.48 2-5	23 miles,	*1.21.31 4-5
11 miles,	*37.30 4-5	24 miles,	*1.25.03 3-5
12 miles,	*41.14 2-5	25 miles,	*1.28.26 1-5
13 miles,	*44.46		

Thus closes the record breaking for 1886. Old Father Time can now hold his own till the fall season of 1887.

Messrs. Fred Wood and Robert James have written home to England, complaining bitterly of the treatment received by them from the Springfield Bicycle Club, and saying that they will never again visit Springfield, also advising others to give us a wide berth. The trouble with Messrs. Wood and James arose from the fact of their having been fined \$20 and \$10 respectively, for loafing at the Springfield tournament, and they claim that they had had no notice of any such rules. The fines were imposed by the referee, according to the rules of the A. C. U. and not of the club, as they assert. The statement that Wood did not know of any such rules is all bosh, as the men were duly notified upon the track, and Wood was fined upon different days, so there was no excuse the second time.

The real state of the case was that Mr. James lost his temper in discussing the matter with Treasurer Marsh, and many things were said which, under other circumstances, would not have been thought of, and before Messrs. Wood and James had cooled off they penned their letter home complaining of shabby treatment, which we have not the slightest doubt they have thought better of ere this.

The *Cycling World* has a few words to say relative to some of the alleged record breaking which was not done according to the rules of the A. C. U., and also pleads for the abolition of the "seven days' notice." This to our mind is the one redeeming feature of the rides against time. A man who rides against time does in nine cases out of ten try to outdo a man who may have made the record under adverse circumstances or in a hotly contested race, therefore he should be willing to name a time and place when the attempt will be made; for it is only fair that he should take some chances. We do not believe it right for a man to live next door to the track and try every day till a perfect opportunity is presented, as regards weather, track, and the form of the man himself.

The World says:

Weather and condition of surface are things that cannot be relied on as a certainty seven days ahead, to say nothing of the form of the would-be record breakers.

That is as it should be, and is what the racing man has to contend with at a race meeting and that without trained pace makers. *The World* further says:

Usually these attempts have to be made on the fly, so to speak, when the man and all the conditions are favorable. Take, for instance, the records that have been made this fall. Nearly every one, if not every one, can be verified to the satisfaction of any man, and yet, if the rule is enforced, this cannot be allowed by the A. C. U. The absurdity of this is peculiarly prominent when we look at the Springfield records lately made immediately under the eye of the A. C. U. itself.

In the above cases the seven days' notice could have easily been given, and in some cases was. The A. C. U. cannot stop men running if they choose, this is a free country; and as the records have never been accepted by any cycling authority it remains to be seen whether another season will not give us different results in the matter of breaking records. The A. C. U. officials requested the teams when here to live up to the requirements, and they did in every respect except one, that of giving the required seven days' notice. The A. C. U. cannot make men give notice, but it can refuse to accept records unless all conditions are complied with.

Two things were expected of the A. C. U.: the regulation of road-racing, and the regulation of record-breaking in trials against time. What have they done? Nothing. The claim made for the *Union*, that it knew what was wanted by the racing men, and would furnish it, has not been made good.—*The Cycle*.

No one knows better than the editor of the *Cycle* that the A. C. U. has accomplished just what the editor says has not been done. Take the 300-mile ride of Whittaker, and A. A. McCurdy's 305 miles under A. C. U. rules, and over a 50-mile course, and what does that mean? To make the 305 miles cost for officials, timer, checker, and pace makers upwards of \$500—and for what? Just to have a record made under the most stringent of rules. Would it not have been easier and cheaper for Mr. McCurdy to have ignored the

rules? Again, we find the Overman Wheel Company sending their team out to Crawfordsville and going to an immense expense—for what? To obtain a road record that shall be beyond dispute. The talk of the A. C. U. being dead is untrue. Its power is being felt and recognized, and for an organization less than a year old, it has a record of which it may be proud. Now let it be progressive and abolish the amateur definition, establish a rigid class system, and devote its energies to the promotion of cycle racing.

THE AMATEUR QUESTION.

THE PRACTICABILITY OF THE ABOLITION.

[By J. R. Hogg, of North Shields, England.]

Between the two questions, is the abolition just? and is the abolition practicable? there is a very great and important difference. We do not shirk the conclusion, that unless we can prove an affirmative to each, our case for the abolition of the distinction is weak. We take it that a proposal, if practicable, should not have much support if it could be found unjust; and on the other hand, a proposal which was unquestionably just but impracticable, would soon be consigned to the limbo of sentimental and unworkable theories. We trust we do no violence to the moral sense of our readers when we consider, in the first place, the practicability of the abolition.

Now, one of the chief objections to our proposal was enunciated, we believe, last season, in an article we remember reading, by Mr. J. S. Whatton, and was to this effect: "If you abolish the distinction you do not get rid of the genuine amateur; he would still remain and would refuse to professionalize himself. Suppose only two or three, or even one, remained, he would be entitled to regard himself as 'amateur cycling,' and to form another amateur association." This view has been given utterance to over and over again by other gentlemen, and only recently we have been asked by a well-known and highly-respected amateur, "How are you going to coerce me?" Supposing every rider in the kingdom goes in for the abolition. Well, now, if a man's amateurism merely consists in a strict adherence to an antiquated regulation of the National Cyclists' Union, if his only claim to the title rests upon his rigid determination to compete only for a particular character of prizes, and to outlaw all who accept of a different class from himself, our proposal holds out to him no hope, and it would undoubtedly shatter his position. He might safely stand by himself, and would, no doubt, lead a happy existence in the consciousness of his own importance. But if he be a true amateur in the only correct rendering of the word, that is, *one who competes for honor*, then his position would be immensely improved by the acceptance of our proposal. If he wins a championship race now, he has the honor of beating the best men of a class and being the best rider of a class; but if he wins a championship under our proposal, he beats the best riders in existence, and is entitled to consider himself the best rider in the world. Let the men who talk of our resolution being impracticable take a practical view of the terms they use. Upon whose authority are we to take it that an amateur is one who only competes for a certain kind of prize? And, indeed, in what lexicon do we find that amateurism bears any relation at all to the prizes offered? If we are to have amateurs let them be amateurs in spirit as well as in the letter. By all means let us

have the men who race only for honor remaining in the ranks, but as soon as they begin to dictate of what character the reward has to be for winning a race, then their real claim to the term amateur grows shady indeed. By what method can you contend or prove that Fred Wood thinks nothing of honor in beating the Americans because his prize was given him in dollars? But supposing we have a number of competitors who regard themselves as the "remnant in all Israel," because their prizes have been paid them in different coin from somebody else's, why should a great *national* institution take cognizance of them alone? We take it that the Union has no more right to recognize men who say, "We will ride only for clocks and butter coolers," than it has to recognize a class who might say, "We will compete only for certificates or tall hats." You say a great principle underlies it, and we say so there does, and we want you to regard it as a great principle and not as a musty theory. The principle is *race for honor*. You have a grand field for opportunities of doing so when the abolition is an accomplished fact, much better than when a barrier is supposed to divide the two classes. Men talk and write about honor as though it were a commodity which could be made and unmade by the laws of the Union. Depend upon it, if the principle of honor be implanted in the breast of the competitor, it will not take to itself wings because of any edict we may pass; and we take it that if that quality be found wanting the Union executive can never manufacture it. We repeat, the real, the genuine amateur, would not and could not be extinguished, but would, even with the abolition of the distinction, still exercise his healthy influence on cycling competitions. But it may be said the riders themselves would refuse to mix with the "rag-tag and bob-tail professional gang." Is, then, their objection on moral grounds or is it on account of social standing? If on moral considerations, we can only state it as our experience that we have known greater blackguards calling themselves amateurs than we ever knew as professionals. If it be on account of social position, the professional element need not be high in the social scale to stand alongside of the poverty stricken rank and file of the amateur classes. When ninety out of every hundred are either too hard up or too dishonest to pay their entrance fees, it is a grim joke to refuse to associate with any class of riders on account of their poverty. The fact is, no such consideration ought to be tolerated for a moment. When a man mounts his bicycle in a race, we want to know him as an honest sportsman, nothing more, nothing less. But, says the querist, we want to know him as a man of character and as a gentleman. Very well. Will you show us how accepting a prize in silver coin instead of silver cups will militate against this desideratum? Fix your ideal of a cyclist as high as you please, and yet he would be able to flourish and grow without the distinction. But we must confess that to attain this ideal the process is a little curious. On Tyneside, for instance, the elevating of the ideal cyclist has had this effect: it has struck out of the ranks only one man, and that man one of the most straightforward and honest riders that ever sat on a machine, and it has left untouched a score of men, at least, who by every moral rule and by every principle of honor and of true sport were never fit to be on the same track with R. H. English. You say, but we could not get hold of

the score, and we could get hold of the one. Just so, and that very inability to touch great numbers and to strike only at the few, is the measure of the condemnation of the policy you are pursuing. Has it not been pointed out all along that it is a useless and hopeless struggle? The members of the Council who voted in such compact majorities the other night doubtless thought the purity of the sport was going to be secured because of the score of suspensions which have taken place. Why, one per cent. of the men who are spurious amateurs are not interfered with. You have put out the men whom a few months ago you decorated with Union medals, and the only effects not produced are those you sought to bring about.

It will be exceedingly interesting to observe how much improved will be the state of amateurism when the genuine triers are sent about their business, and it will also be interesting to note how quickly the makers will fill up the gaps. It will be curious to notice the kind of "genuine article" which is to be left to uphold the noble standard of amateurism, and to see how the crowds will rush to next year's championships to see the "salt of the earth" compete. It is a little unfortunate that a resolution to *compel* thousands of the genuine ones to pay their honest debts had to be passed by the Council, but he is a poor member of the Union if he cannot swallow a bushel of inconsistencies in defense of the great principle that a gold sovereign is immoral and a gold medal moral.

"Tis a glorious work, deny it who can,
The work of a Cyclists' Union man.

—*Wheeling.*

SENSE vs. NONSENSE.

The *Cycle* says: "Wheeling in England and the *World* in America have started on a campaign against the amateur law. They have undertaken a hopeless task. The drift of public opinion is setting toward, rather than away from, this law." If *Cycle's* editor will examine our April number, he will find that the *American Wheelman*, in an article headed "Does Labor Dishonor?" denounced the amateur law as rotten and superfluous. Since then we have had no cause to change our opinion.

Originated when the "gentleman" was contaminated by association with the trader, the rule still lives among two nations of traders; its original idea a thing of the past; its usefulness, if it ever had any, gone; a monument of conservatism and the delight of cads. It is, and consequently must be right. No one knows better than the editor of the *Cycle* that this rule is a farce. It does not separate the man who races for gain from the man who races for honor, as its friends claim. Who among the amateurs would spend time and money racing, were a laurel wreath the prize? Try a tournament with ribbons for prizes, and see what success you will have.

Again, why are the ninety and nine who do not race to be bound by a rule affecting only the few who do? Truly, there is sense in that! Because a man has at some period in the course of his life violated this iron-clad law, he is barred from club life, from the protection of the League, from the use of our hotels and our advantages. He is an outcast and a pariah. Bah! Down with a law which involves such absurdities! Down with a rule so foreign to freedom! Give us good, sound, common sense, and the liberty as sportsmen which we enjoy as citizens.—*American Wheelman*.

FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.



THIS time last month, when I should have been writing to you, I was touring in Ireland, and therefore unable to say anything about British cycling. Ireland, is, certainly, part of the British Isles, but it is geographically and cyclo-politically separated from England, Wales, and Scotland. The National Cyclists' Union has no foothold on Erin's soil, but matters cycular are ruled by the Irish Cyclists' Association in Dublin, on a plan analogous to that of the N. C. U., the rules, constitution, and policy of the N. C. U. being, in fact, the pattern upon which the I. C. A. bases its doings. A cordial understanding exists between the two bodies, and so long as the I. C. A. continues to manage cycling in Ireland with the ability which it at present displays there will not be any occasion for the N. C. U. attempting to put an end to Hibernian home-rule in wheel matters.

The tour upon which I was engaged was a monster tour organized *en amore* by R. J. McCredy, the Irish champion and twenty-five miles tricycle champion of England. A party of about thirty riders, accompanied for portions of the way by numerous others, went from Dublin to Killarney, and back by another route, visiting some of the loveliest of Ireland's many beautiful spots, and enjoying a right royal time of it for just a fortnight. The tour is destined to become an annual one, the four riders from London who joined the Irishmen being particularly gratified by the outing.

Coming back to England, I found that the wheel world here had been rolling on in its accustomed groove. Racing has gradually given place to autumn touring, and now the 24 hours craze is in full swing with its accustomed autumnal severity.

The last of the path championships has been run, and any *résumé* of results would now be as ancient history. On the whole, the results show that Furnivall is our best man for speed, and Fenlon for distance, this year. Gatehouse was not ripe at the dates of the championships, but since his defeat in the 25 miles tricycle race—which he is said to have felt very keenly—he has been doing a lot of strict training, and accomplished the really wonderful feat of riding twenty miles under an hour on a tricycle, proving himself undoubtedly the best man on the path on a three-wheeler. His list of records from two miles onward is a very satisfactory one, and will have the effect of saving us from a horde of puny little record-breaking feats on the part of mediocrities who could have beaten the very poor “bests” which occupied the record-table anterior to Gatehouse's marvelous 20-mile ride.

Furnivall, also, has at last made a record to be proud of. In an English magazine I chaffed this young man, some months ago, with being a mere winner-of-races, and somewhat severely reprehended his waiting tactics. *Wheeling* took up a similar cry, and other papers followed suit. As a result, Furnivall put himself into a trainer's hands, and went against the watch on a path that suited him, with the result of riding a mile in two and a half minutes. I have not heard whether this record has been passed by the N. C. U., but, whether or no, I hope that Furnivall will repeat—and even surpass—his feat at some more public meeting, so as to place the matter beyond the pale of adverse criticism. The way in which he has been victorious against his rivals in races showed

us that he ought to beat the times made by those rivals; and now that he has started to do so we expect even greater things from the man who is regarded as the fastest cyclist the world has ever seen—barring H. L. Cortis, who, all are agreed, would have beaten even modern records had he ridden modern machines on modern tracks.

London wheelmen are much disturbed regarding the increasing frequency of assaults upon cyclists, the police being apparently powerless to keep order in the outlying suburbs. It is a frequent thing for solitary riders, or small parties, to be upset or attacked by “roughs,” usually under cover of darkness; and not only do the police usually make themselves conspicuously absent, but in some cases the officers practically side with the “hoodlums,” as you would call them. Last week your correspondent had an unpleasant encounter with some choice specimens of the genus “rough,” one of whom—a tinker—after battering the rider's face, produced an ugly looking knife, and upon the cyclist exhibiting a revolver to deter further violence he was overpowered by the gang, and but for the interference for some men who happened along there might have been a vacancy on your staff. In the result, the local police-inspector, being friendly to the ringleader, refused to take the charge of assault, but locked up the cyclist (until his friends came to bail him out), on a charge of presenting a loaded revolver! When before the court, the case was dismissed, and a cross-summons was granted against the rough; but such is the state of terrorism inspired in the district by the police incapacity that the case has been allowed to drop, the independent witnesses being afraid to come forward to give evidence. Several of our daily papers have commented upon the matter, and the cyclists in the district are in communication with the chief of the police, so that it is hoped a stop may be put to the scandal.

America is credited with being the immediate cause of our N. C. U. Executive bestirring itself to make another attempt at grappling the makers' amateur difficulty. Engleheart, Oxborrow, and Hale are permanently suspended (unless they clear themselves within a reasonable time) on suspicion of being employed to ride cycles; and other men are expected to be named very soon. Two others have been suspended for non-payment of entry fees for races. In these cases, as was the case in the spring, no public announcement of the names has been made by the Union, but the officials have sent “privileged” letters to various parties “in their capacities as members of the Union” so as to guard themselves against actions for libel,—a weak-kneed policy which meets with general condemnation.

The North Road Club's series of open road races has come to a somewhat unsatisfactory conclusion, no very good performances having been accomplished in either the 100-mile or the 24-hour race. Good men started in each case, several coming down from Liverpool, and the road-champion of Ireland competing; but the elements were all against fast riding, a burning hot day and sandy roads spoiling the times in the 100 miles, and wet and intensely dark nights reducing the mileage and conducing to the dangers of the 24 hours. In the former case, E. Hale, on a geared-up safety bicycle, was first, Adams and Asbury, on a tandem tricycle, second, and S. Lee was first of the single tricyclists. In the 24 hours, G. P. Mills covered 227 miles on an ordinary bicycle; T.

Waterhouse, 225; Huntsman, 217; C. W. Brown, on a safety, 216; and E. P. Moorhouse with J. W. Day, on a tandem tricycle, 207 miles; the longest distance ridden by a single tricyclist being 190 miles, by T. R. Marriott.

LONDON, Sept. 10, 1886.

LATER.

With the Kildare and Surrey meetings, our racing season closed in the middle of September, and with the falling leaves of autumn the year is rapidly dying. Furnivall has left his mark as the fastest rider of modern times on the path, and is universally regarded as second only to Cortis. On the road, G. P. Mills has demonstrated his claim to the title of the best road rider ever known. These two men, therefore, Furnivall and Mills, may be regarded as the cycling heroes of the year.

The topics of the time are chiefly the suspension by the Union of many riders, and the rejection by the Records Committee of sundry claims to path records. Quite a formidable list of names was formally presented to the Council of the Union, at its quarterly meeting last night, comprising not only men who had been suspended on suspicion of infringing the amateur laws but also a number of suspensions for competing at irregular meetings, for non-payment of entry fees, and for furnishing false or misleading information on entry forms. The Executive maintains its policy of secrecy as far as regards the non-publication of names (except to members of the Union) but seems to be acting more determinedly than ever with respect to men whose conduct on the path is not all that it should be; and ere long we hope to see a few of the most notorious ropers, pistol-cheaters, and foul riders tackled by our hitherto supine Executive.

The decision of the Records Committee, not to accept the claims put forth by Messrs. Furnivall and Gatehouse to the mile bicycle and tricycle records respectively, will come as a surprise, perhaps, but should result in increased confidence being placed in the Committee. That Furnivall's record of 2:30 for the mile should be declared unproven seems almost a national misfortune; but it appears that the watch used by Mr. Alexander, the Birmingham gentleman who timed Furnivall and Gatehouse, was a very inferior instrument, in fact, a ridiculously rotten affair with no accuracy whatever, and the Union consequently had no resource but to refuse to credit the time given. I notice that some journals have stated that Mr. Alexander was a N. C. U. official timekeeper; this was wrong; he is the official handicapper for the Midlands, but not an official timekeeper. The revelations as to his watch have disgusted London racing men, who have sarcastically proposed to organize a subscription for the purpose of presenting him with a new Waterbury watch!

Our road records are attracting the most attention, nowadays. Path record-breaking has become such a monotonous matter of seconds and fifths, that it is refreshing to hear of road riders playing havoc with times and distances which would last year have been voted impossible. Alf Fletcher's 251 miles in the day on a single tricycle has not been touched, yet; but G. P. Mills has ridden a bicycle 294½ miles in 24 hours, as well as beating the 50 miles bicycle record in the fast time of 2 hours 47 minutes and 36 seconds. Both these records were made on an Ivel safety bicycle of the Rover pattern, geared up to 64; his many bicycle record rides having convinced Mills that the pedal action of his 54-inch ordinary bicycle

was too quick for short records (*sic*). The same rider, with A. J. Wilson on a tandem tricycle, rode 50 miles in 2 hours 46 minutes 3 seconds.

I see in the *Bicycling World* that somebody has been asserting that the Ripley Road Club holds most of the road records. This statement contains about as much truth as an empty pot contains beer, the truth being that at the time that paragraph was published only three road records were held by two members of the Ripley Road Club; and at the present moment the only claim to a record (which, by the way has not yet been passed, as the distance is not guaranteed correct) from any member of the R. R. C. is that for 50 miles on a single tricycle by S. Lee; with this solitary exception, every road record is now held by members of the North Road Cycling Club, namely, Messrs. Mills, Wilson, Fletcher, and Hale. The road-record breaking season is not yet over, however, and by this time next month I expect to be able to send you a complete list of the road records passed by the Union.

The growing prevalence of attacks upon cyclists by roughs (or "hoodlums" as you would term them) around the outskirts of London, has led to a petition for increased police protection in certain specified districts being very extensively signed and presented to the Chief Commissioner of police; in addition to which the habitual night-riding cyclist very frequently carries a pocket revolver for frightening purposes; and the "noble art of self-defense" is receiving increased attention this autumn, a well supported club for instruction being started in connection with the North Road C. C.

The popularity of road races (despite their technical illegality) was demonstrated very decisively at the Union council meeting last evening, whereat one eccentric member of the Executive essayed to move a resolution condemnatory of road racing; but so strong was the opposition from the provincial local centers that it was announced at a very early period in the debate that the proxy votes would completely throw out the motion; so it was withdrawn, much to the gratification of the bulk of riders present. The prevailing opinion is that so long as these road races are carefully organized so as not to pass through any crowded towns, their technical illegality can very well be winked at by the Union, as it already is in practice by the police.

The financial loss at the Springfield tournament is equaled by the deficit of £150 in the Union's championship accounts; and, in fact, the monetary aspect of racing seems to have been very unfavorable all round, this year. The Racing Cyclists' Club, of London, has lost a considerable sum of money over its three meetings, and the Alexandra Park track proprietor tells me that this has been a very bad year for him, the International tournament profits having been swallowed up by losses on other occasions. Next year, things will probably improve; the amateur question will be more settled, and with straightforward riding on the part of the competitors, the discouragement of the betting element, and the enforcement of your American system of fining competitors for "loafing," the popularity and pecuniary success of path races will very probably return. Whether or not this desirable state of things comes about, the road riding, club touring, and individual rambling features of cycling will undoubtedly continue to flourish, as they are flourishing with unabated vigor now.

FAED.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



YCLERS like myself, who enjoy more the beauties of a country road than they do the exciting certainties or uncertainties of the race track, have now with them the season of their greatest pleasure. All round us here, the varied tints that Nature throws over her forest children at this season of the year are becoming more and more apparent. But this state of things will be short-lived. November, after the first week or so, cannot be trusted, and gradually the wheels of Philadelphia riders will cease to revolve, and they will disappear into the various snuggeries that our riders here love to consign them to, during the season of broken weather. We have but few enthusiasts who take the opportunity that every pleasant pet day during winter time presents, for a spin just to keep in practice. Once the majority of our wheels go into winter quarters they remain there, until the "flowers that bloom in the spring," you know, tempt the cyclers that blossom in spring to show their heads in a beautiful row. Perhaps it is the same want of enterprise, or whatever you like to call it, that keeps our cyclers in this city from doing anything during the off season to hold the army of "wheel" devotees intact. We have no entertainments or social events of any moment during winter to keep alive the interest in the sport which in the breasts of some of our doughty riders languishes and finally dies away, by the time that blooming and riding time comes round again. I hear whisperings, however, which lead me to believe that there will be a break this year in the regular programme, and, since the essay in the matter of a race meeting has proved successful, that some of our cycling lights will find their hearts emboldened to try something further, and see if fun and ducats cannot be induced to come to the surface of our wheel society during the winter of '86 and '87.

But I have just referred to the success of the race meeting lately held here, and which I mentioned as being in prospect in my last letter to the GAZETTE. Well, then, it came, went, and conquered, and Crist, that fast Washington fellow, came here to it, and saw it, and something else, too, and conquered somebody, too. And Wilhelm, the "Star" pacer from Reading, he came and saw something he wanted in the shape of prizes, and he conquered, too, and appeared to be well satisfied with the track that he had heard so much about as being likely to unfit him to go starring any more. The race meeting given under the auspices of the Association for the Advancement of Cycling, was a genuine success. All the fuss over the unfitness of the track for racing came to nothing; no one was hurt through any fault of the track, and, as the event proved, some very respectable time could be made on it by those who knew how to ride. As an instance of the fitness of the track, I may mention the fact that Crist arrived late; he missed a train, which caused him to lose some of the first races, but arriving late he got on his machine, came to the scratch, won his races, and made the respectable time—for a track that did not pretend to be anything extraordinary,—of 2.53. After the races he said that the track was the best five-lap one that he ever raced on. Wilhelm, the Reading man, was

here, too, and declared that he drove his machine round the much abused turns, just as hard as he could, and did not find himself the least bit scaredy. Wilhelm is a plucky rider, and was the only man who had a show with Crist. The success of the meeting may be attributed to the fact that its promoters did not strive, after the fashion hitherto followed in Philadelphia, to make it a bad imitation of the meetings held at the great racing centers like Springfield, or Hartford, or Lynn. They recognized what their forerunners in the arranging of our meets here always failed to recognize, that a meeting with local men, and local events for its main interests, is the description of race meet most certain of success in Philadelphia. And indeed this style of a cycling race meeting is more certain of success anywhere, and the fact is becoming slowly recognized. It is right and proper that a number of large meetings should be held during the season, but they should, if possible, be held year after year at some stated point, or at points where, though the locality might change, the interest attached to the special meeting would follow it and bring the support necessary to insure success. Take the Derby or the Oaks, in England, those mammoth horse-racing meetings, the charm of old associations and steady interest hangs round them, and makes them invariably successful. The cycling world could very well learn a lesson in this direction. If a few meetings, say like those of Springfield, Hartford, Lynn, or Roseville, could be made annual features of the cycling year, and if all the energy and support necessary to make them representative affairs could be thrown into them that is expended by cyclers at large on abortive race meetings why then we should be making a step in advance which would be worth something. And while doing this the local race meeting need not be lost sight of either, only the disposition to expend time, money, and energy in the endeavor to make it something extraordinary, need not figure in relation to it to the extent that it has uselessly figured up to the present. It has taken four years for us Philadelphians to learn that a local meet with local racers attended by the people of the locality, who "go to see the boys race" and to have a good time generally, is the proper kind of a race meeting to have fun out of, and to make a little money at. The Association found itself a neat little sum in pocket after the late meeting, and now in virtue of the success achieved it contemplates giving several meetings of a like nature next year, which doubtless it can do to its own good, and the good of cycling generally. One feature of the meeting was the club-race idea. All the local clubs had their championship race, and the contests called out a great deal of interest, especially when Harold Lewis, of the Philadelphia Club, walked off with his club's championship, and when Theodore Schaeffer snatched the Pennsylvania Club's championship from Louis Hill by about six inches. The Camden Bicycle Club gave a race meeting last week which was also a success. Wilhelm, of Reading, Pa., and J. Powell, Jr., of Smithville, N. J., were the leading lights, and divided up the honors between them. Powell is a good Star rider, and is rather too strong for the Reading fast man on a long race. The track was in bad condition, however, and no fast time was made, nothing like the time which the Association meeting chalked up, and yet the track which the Association chose, got the greatest jawing ever heard of prior to the races.

Now that things turned out so well, another race meeting is arranged for at the same place on Thanksgiving day. The Philadelphia Bicycle Club's new house is nearly completed. It stands close to Fairmount Park and is a really comfortable and serviceable cyclers' abode. The basement possesses every facility for the storage of machines, while the other three stories of the building are fitted up with all the necessities which gentlemen of the well known fastidious tastes of our "old Philadelphias" require. A gymnasium is a feature of the structure, where—as one of the fresh boys of two years would say if he were writing this—"Ye sons of Philadelphia could practice up to go out on the road and ride a bit." Good feeling and co-operation is manifest at present among our city cycling organizations. This was very apparent at our late race meeting, and such a state of affairs should be kept up. The Association for the Advancement of Cycling can put in an oar here, and while getting up different things for the purpose of achieving its aims, it can link with itself in the good work and with each other, the cycling fraternities in this proverbial fraternal city. Much talk of course is going the rounds in reference to the performances on East in the racing line, which have indeed been astonishing. Nobody dares however say that the limit has been reached yet, beyond which nothing further can be done. Many a time up to the present people have imagined that certain feats could not be excelled, yet we know how a Henderie, a Rowe, or a Whittaker comes along to upset all calculations as to the stability of "great records."

One of the most enjoyable events of the season past was the closing run and supper of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, held on Friday evening, Oct. 23. Forty-six of "Pennsy's" members participated in the event, and out they rolled, the major portion of them on their wheels to Wayne, on the Lancaster pike, of pleasant memories and present delights. The night was fine, the road good; cycling companionship never appeared more enjoyable. Hills were easy where conversation and good fellowship abounded, and there was not a man sitting at the great table in the Bellevue at Wayne on that night, who was not glad that he happened to be a cyclo. This run was the largest club run ever held by any Philadelphia cycling club, and in these days when club runs are not over much in favor, Captain Roberts may feel well satisfied at turning out such a respectable number of members. The "secretary-editor" was of course present; he could not well have begged off. His club most likely would have sent and hauled him out to Wayne irrespective of all recognized laws in this country of freedom of thought and action, if he had dared to stay away from his old club's gala night. The great trouble with "Pennsy" always was that her first president, after he got in with L. A. W. matters, had too much temptation to forget his first love, and while always being a lot of loyal League fellows "Pennsy's" men of course like to look after "the club." And they do, too. Soon no doubt we will have to send on to the GAZETTE full description of another new club-house that is to go up in the Quaker city; said house to be built by the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club. It is a settled thing now. The ground is bought and in all probability the building will soon be commenced. So cycling goes on, and on, and, like the brook that a celebrated singer of

the present day descants on, it will no doubt "go on forever."

CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26, 1886.

P. S.—I do not think that in the communication to which I send this as a postscript, I trod on anybody's toes in reference to a matter on which I had expressed my sentiments in my October letter to the GAZETTE. I thought that the "five-lap track" fuss was over, until to-day's *L. A. W. Bulletin* hauled into light the sentiments of an unknown. I do not know who the fellow is who forgot to insert the only word that would have made his rhyme complete, in one sense of the word, and who also neglected purposely, perhaps, to sign his name to the same. It is a good thing to let people know who you are when you undertake to size up another fellow who may be a better man than yourself. Acting on my own ruling, then, if the "great unknown" takes any exception to what is after all not a very hard criticism on what we will allow is his very readable work, he will not have much difficulty in locating either the identity or the whereabouts of Chris.

I.

A rhymed O such a dear little rhyme,
Which no doubt he just thought was so pretty
That no bard could e'er match it though he gave all his time
To producing another as witty.
But the writer fell short of his coveted mark,
And there died in a snarl what was meant for a bark;
'Twas no fair and square thrust, but a stab in the dark,
Was this sweet but most mud-mortared ditty.

II.

Now this rhymed he rhymed on a subject that he
Considered so pretty, so pretty,
That he thought that to leave it alone would just be
Such a pity, great pity, great pity.
So he tuned up his pipe with a slight show of art
And launched what he thought was a Vulcan forged dart,
But strange he forgot, though he thought the thing smart,
To sign his great name to the ditty.

III.

'Tis a coward who thinks what his lips fear to say,
And you cannot deny it, deny it;
Who pokes at the fire that put out yesterday
Mediocrity cannot leave quiet.
And I don't think that if it were you or 'twere I
Who wanted to give to a good man the lie,
That we would be so cool as this rhymed so sly,
And I dare any man to deny it.

C.

A further P. S.—Two days later.

I.

Since writing you last it has come to my ears
That the victim of Titwillow's verses,—
I call the unknown by that name which appears
To fit in with the style he rehearses,—
Well, since writing you last, I really have heard
That the victim is acting the least bit absurd,
Making little "Don Cæsar" an unpleasant word
That an amity spirit reverses.

II.

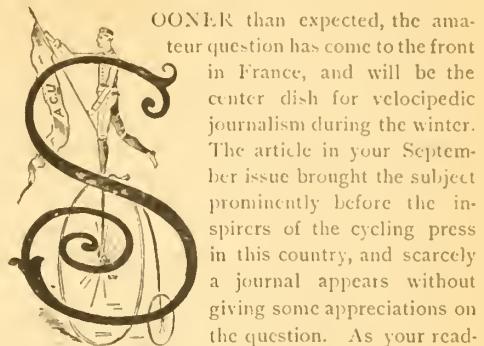
Some birds as you know sing a very sweet song
And to hear them is pleasure, real pleasure,
And even when sometimes they get a note wrong,
Of suffrage we give them a measure;
But when in the face of the gentlest restraint
Or correction, that might emanate from a sain,
They persist in profaning good taste with their plaint,
They fall short of being counted a treasure.

III.

Now suppose a sweet sparrow got singing a song,
Supposing, supposing, supposing,
And somebody whispered quite rightly "that's wrong,"
Still supposing, supposing, supposing,
And this sparrow persisted in singing his fill
Of notes out of tune, would you not think a "pill"
He might make of himself if he tried with a will,
Still supposing, supposing, supposing?

CHRIS.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.



ONER than expected, the amateur question has come to the front in France, and will be the center dish for velocipedic journalism during the winter. The article in your September issue brought the subject prominently before the inspirers of the cycling press in this country, and scarcely a journal appears without giving some appreciations on the question. As your readers know, the amateurs in France are under the thumb, as it were, of what under English regulations would be regarded as strictly professional bodies, although it should be mentioned that the professional status of many club-men is based upon the fact that they have ridden against a man, who has ridden against another man who has finished perhaps a quarter of a mile behind Duncan, or some other well known professional in a couple of miles race. There is one club in Paris which claims to be an amateur organization, but I doubt whether a single racing member would be regarded as an amateur by the N. C. U., so deeply has the third and fourth generation clause of the regulations of that body undermined everything in the shape of amateurism. It is of no use locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen, and the sudden attack of acute amateurism from which this club suffered, at the beginning of this year, came too late if they were anxious to retain the exaggerated standard set up by English theorists. They then passed a resolution by which members bound themselves to ride only at meetings approved by the committee, who it goes without saying were thus made the guardians of the amateur status of the club. But before this took place every member, or every racing member, stood in need of the dispensation of the N. C. U., if I understand their regulations rightly, and, of course, arguing on the assumption that the riders were within the reach of that organization. Taking the case of the last year's champion, an Englishman, who might at any time take it into his head to race while on his holiday trip in England, his performances would show perhaps only a series of club races under the rules of the most amateur of French clubs, yet come to look at the record of perhaps his most insignificant opponent and it would be found that this rider had at some time in his career an idea that he could thrash some well known professional, and despite his finishing nowhere, he carried professionalism into his own club. So difficult was the observance of the constitution founded on N. C. U. ideas that a very flexible unwritten law was adopted under which the members of the *soi-disant* amateur club do not feel themselves outraged in knowing that their present champion can be seen any day (when not training) in the workshops of a Paris cycle maker. The amateur definition French cyclists are seeking will have to be a very wide one or there will be much need of purging and whitewashing present riders. The amateur question will be under discussion at the next meeting of the Southwest Federation of Cycling clubs, and I am inclined to think they will recommend an amateur status embracing all those riders who are not actually employed in the cycling manufacture, exhibition and trick riding. Makers' amateurs, and those who have their

training or traveling expenses paid, would thus find themselves in the sacred precincts of French amateurdom.

The military velocipede won big opinions at the autumn maneuvers, and the Minister of War addressing the riders who had taken part in the operations stated that a troop of cyclists attached to the headquarters staff in war time ought to render effective service. The *Petit Journal* says this new cavalry eat not, neither do they tire, and being silent and rapid in their movements are thoroughly fitted for duties with outpost contingents.

A new cycling publication has reached me from Bordeaux. It is a pity to throw cold water on a new enterprise, but if future numbers don't show a marked improvement on the first, cyclists may safely leave their interests to the care of the present Bordeaux paper.

M. A. De Baroncelli has been appointed chief consul for France of the C. T. C.; if any American riders have occasion to look him up while in France they will be delighted with the attention he gives to any one requiring road information.

Paris racing has included one or two championship meetings in addition to those mentioned in our last month's issue. The Sport Vélocipédique Parisien held their meeting at Charenton, where a surprise turned up in the defeat of M. Sourbadère, in the senior championship; the race over a course of 8,900 mètres falling to M. Lepeigneux, in 18m. 41s.; M. U. Castillon pulled off the junior championship in 19m. 40s. over the same course, while a half distance tricycle race was won by Sourbadère, with the title of champion. On the 3d of October the C. C. P. ran off their third long-distance championship over a road course of 100 kilomètres (about 62½ miles), but subsequent measurement showed that the promoters were nearly three miles out in their reckoning, an unfortunate mistake, Mr. F. De Civry having obtained permission to ride a tricycle in the race for the purpose of establishing the 100-kilomètre tricycle record. The affair was so miserable a procession that it is lucky it was ridden on the high road. M. Cammarstedt won the championship of the C. C. P. from his competitors, in 4h. 33m., being followed home by M. Duboc in 4h. 46m., and M. Verchère in 4h. 48m. 50s., the rest of the starters making winning posts for themselves at various points of the journey and struggling back to dine at Chaton at different times during the afternoon. By the way, De Civry on a Marlboro' Club tricycle sailed away ahead of the bicyclists, who proved such sorry pace makers that the ex-champion got his three-wheeler home a quarter of an hour before the club champion was in sight on his "bik," the full time of 4h. 18m. 3s. beating tricycle record by 34 minutes. The error in the measurement of the course has prevented Mr. De Civry from asking the Union to accept his performance as a record for the distance.

A very good piece of road work was done the other day by a French rider who did just over 29½ miles on a Starley & Sutton's "Rover" in 1h. 37m., and pocketed a few louis from those who bet against his doing the distance under 1h. 40m.

M. De Beukelaer trained in Paris early this season with De Civry, and has won the championship of Belgium, but there must be something wrong in the time given, for 27m. 34½s. is ridiculous for a 6½-mile race.

Yesterday's congress of delegates from the clubs associated with the Union of France was not a large gathering in point of numbers; in a

few days we shall know whether wisdom reigned in the counsels of the few, as there were one or two good subjects on the agenda paper.

To-day the long-distance championship of France was run off at Longchamps, the distance of 100 kilomètres being completed by 27 turns round the Hippodrome and about a mile and a half additional. Attached to the race was the title, a bronze objet d'art, given by the Minister of War; a gold pin set with brilliants, given by Baron Séguier and 250 francs in cash; 150 francs formed the second prize, 100 francs the third, while extra prizes in kind were awarded. Twenty-three entries were received, but H. O. Duncan, the 10,000-mètres champion of France, and Lanlan, a crack Southern man, were among the absentees. For 24 hours prior to the race a severe storm raged over the north of France, but the riders having in some cases traveled over 500 miles to take part in the race, it was determined to bring it off in any weather. Fortunately the rain stopped an hour before the start, but the track was very sloppy indeed, and of course heavy, which, with the great guns it was blowing for some time after the start, made it anything but easy work going up one side of the course. Amongst the sixteen starters were F. De Civry, ex-champion of France; Charles Terront, a former long-distance champion; J. Dubois, the holder; P. Médinger, the champion of the S. V. Metropolitan; Cammarstedt, champion of the C. C. P.; Lepeigneux, champion of the S. V. Parisien; Wick, of Bordeaux, and one or two men of local celebrity. The heavy going soon gave the weak men what for, and at the close of ten miles the field was considerably thinned. De Civry appeared trained to perfection and fit for anything, and Dubois looked a lot better than he felt, for on his dismounting it was evident that he had had enough of it. So soon was De Civry's superiority apparent that the interest settled on the fight Terront and Wick made for the closing twenty-five miles for third place. They clung closely to each other, and it will be seen from the following result that they were not very far apart in the finish:—

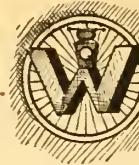
1. De Civry, Paris,	Time, 4h. 3m. 0 3-5s.
2. Dubois, Paris,	" 4h. 11m. 52 3-5s.
3. Terront, Bayonne,	" 4h. 19m. 29 2-5s.
4. Wick, Bordeaux,	" 4h. 19m. 29 4-5s.
5. Cammarstedt, Paris,	" 4h. 22m. 50s.
6. Pagis, Paris,	" 4h. 35m. 18s.

MM. Couliboruf, of Tours, Collet, of Paris, and Girand, of Paris, were the only others who finished.

Rev. J. H. Watson, a prominent clergyman of Hartford, Ct., is a very enthusiastic tricyclist. After having ridden his Columbia two-track for some time he was asked to write something about cycling, and he rapidly penned the following unique article:—

"B'S FOR CLERICAL BONNETS.—Brethren beloved! Bicycles befit busy, biblical brain-workers; bring bounding, blooming buoyancy; banish biliousness; baffle bronchitis; build bones, biceps, brain; brew bright blood; blow balmy breezes before befogged brains; broaden bigotry; bid burdens begone; benefit bank-accounts; besmir besetting business; brighten barren, bewildering byways. Benevolent bishops believe bicycles beneficial. Brother bipeds! buy bicycles before becoming bulky, bald-headed, broken-winded. Be bold! By brief battle bravely bestride best-bearing beast."—*Boston Globe.*

GARDEN CITY NOTES.



E are all of us more or less interested in the hare and hounds' chase that is to come off on Thanksgiving day, under the auspices of the Chicago Club. The run will be to Pullman, and the start has been set at 10.15 A. M., so the checkers and any so desiring may take the Illinois Central and see the finishes. Kluge and Crennan have been selected as hares for the Chicagoos. Bowbeer and Davis will serve in the same capacity for the Illinois Cyclers, and Harmon and Winship for the Owls. The pack will comprise as many members of the various clubs as wish to take part in the chase. Individual donations will be depended upon for the medals, I am told.

The rumor that Van Sicklen would again be seen on the path is entirely without foundation, I reckon, at least I put it to him straight to-day and he denied it *in toto*. He admitted, however, that he would like to have a dash at the road records, and thinks he will see what he can do in this line sometime during the next six months, probably at Crawfordsville in the spring, when the G. & J. course will be in fine condition. Van has always come plumb up to the expected mark, considering his training opportunities, and I shall be glad if he can arrange his business affairs so he can satisfy himself in this particular.

I don't believe that Whittaker's records will be touched this year. It will soon begin to blow pretty hard out in this section of the country, and if any of the Eastern fliers propose to try our Western roads, I would advise them to get at them before the Indian summer is gone. I received a note from Jack Rogers to-day saying that the A. C. U. had accepted all of Whit's records, and if the Columbia, Victor, Rudge, etc., as the *World* puts it, propose to make an attempt at them they will have to pedal quickly, or the roads will not be in condition. Whittaker is now in Crawfordsville and will run for the 20-mile straightaway road record in a day or two. Nov. 1 he made the run in practice in one hour, one minute, and ten seconds, and yesterday he got 20 seconds under the hour. He wants to do it in about 59 minutes, and he will, see if he don't. He has used the same machine, a 51-inch American Champion, for both training and record breaking. The machine has cyclometered over 2,500 miles at the speed he rides, and beyond a badly cut front tire, is all right. He will not race Ives unless the latter comes somewhere near his time on the road, but will accommodate Percy Stone on account of local rivalry.

The Illinois Cyclers are on the move. They have rented a commodious store on Ogden avenue and Adams street, with an entrance on the avenue for individuals and on Adams street for riders accompanied by wheels. They are hustling nowadays for the wherewithal to furnish the new club rooms, and are raffling a silk quilt for that purpose, and tickets actually sold so far foot up to something like \$150, which added to the funds in the treasury render an exit from this dilemma assured. The regular monthly meeting which occurs next Tuesday evening will be held in the new club room.

Chas. E. Gates, who has been making a run from Western New York to Minneapolis and representing *Recreation* the while, passed through this city homeward bound, the other day.

I am somewhat surprised at the attitude the promateur question has taken among your Eastern contemporaries. If their opinions are worth any consideration at all, it would seem that this type of racer must before a great while cease to exist. I have many times said and I always will say that I am sorry that the experiment has turned out a failure, because it will simply lose us any opportunity whatever of cultivating fast men. The promateur forced into the professional ranks and classed absolutely as such, will retire, and why should he not? What has he to look forward to in that capacity? A living, perhaps, if he is in luck and great luck too, but no more, while his reputation as long as the amateur rule is in vogue will suffer, and as a sensitive man he will dress in citizens' clothes forever and aye, rather than allow the blush of shame to touch his cheek. I believe that a wrong view generally has been taken of this situation, but one against so many is bound to be crushed by the throng, and I am in a mood to wait the outcome of events, and shall look to the future to demonstrate the justice and honesty of the cause.

A rule which allows a well-bred, blue-blooded lover of the turf to be socially considered among the first gentlemen of the land, while he openly rides a horse, for a purse; a rule which will allow a gentleman like Commodore Center, of New York, to steer his yacht to victory for a money consideration, and still be a member of the Citizens Club, as he is, that is the kind of a rule we want, and I say bah to that idiotic conglomeration of nonsense, called in this country the N. A. A. A. amateur rule.

"VERAX."

CHICAGO, Nov. 3, 1886.

A MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION.

A mathematical calculation has shown that if the muscles of a racing man were relatively as strong as those of a flea he could do a mile in one minute.—*Wheelmen's Gazette*.

Pshaw! that's no comparison at all. Now, if the Springfield flea had the jawbone of the Cincinnati mosquito, and should fall upon the neck of the racing man, he, the party of the second part, would fly.—*American Sportsman*.

Or, if the Springfield flea with the Cincinnati jawbone had the sting of the Lynn Bee, the American Wheelman would not be safe on his Wheel until the awful creature had been driven from this *Bicycling World* by some brave Cyclist and Athlete mounted on his Cycle, who would dispatch him by putting a Bullet-in him.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

The brethren are getting away from the original proposition. If the muscles of the racing man were relatively as strong as those of a flea he would spin so fast that a Sportsman couldn't possibly put a Bullet-in him, and there would be nothing but a blue streak to *GAZETTE*.

We sincerely hope some kind English soul will conduct Mr. Hillier—the champion of all distances for 1881, we mean—to a padded cell and there gently break to him the story of Rhodes's hour ride. There is no telling what effect the announcement will have on a person suffering from Mr. Hillier's disease, and it is best that every precaution be taken, as the patient is liable to harm himself. We are curious to know in what manner and in what direction, Mr. Hillier's paroxysms will manifest themselves.—*The Wheel*.

ODDS AND ENDS.



ELL, the season is about at an end; a long and interesting one it has been. The sport, in some respects, has assumed a different phase, caused by the natural evolution of things. The windy semi-winter month of November has set in, with the beastly weather so prevalent at this season of the year.

The scorcher are busily engaged in ascertaining the true value of their pots, disposing thereof as soon as the obliging uncle comes to terms, and ruminating on their chances for next season; whether to respectfully retire and thus be saved from the inglorious defeats likely to be received at the instigation of the younger and faster blood constantly developing, with a necessary scarcity of funds, or to again appear on the track, trusting for a continuance of that luck heretofore attending. A man's announcing that he is about to retire from racing, necessitated by business interests, or any other reason, just at a time when new lights are springing up like mushrooms all over the country, ready and willing to battle hard with the war-stained veterans for ducats or a name, is apt to have a bad effect on the retirer's reputation, and various rumors, reflecting on his courage and racing qualifications, are immediately created and industriously circulated, till every one is aware that the gentleman will not appear on the track hereafter, merely because he is afraid to meet some speedy fliers developing in some far-away nook. It is a fact that many of our leading racing men would have deserted the cinder many months ago, were they not afraid to face the public sentiment. Public commendation is most necessary to the development and success of an ambitious racing man, and with its loss goes much of his spirit and speed. Here, in the metropolis, we are not blessed with a superabundance of scorcher, but those we have are locally well fitted to represent us on the path. Rowes and Hendees are as scarce here as anywhere, but good, sound, young material we have in great quantity, and were our respected official handicapper to watch the speeders that daily pedal on the drives, his frame would quiver with feeling.

The clubs are preparing for the season of gayety, commencing annually on the first of November. Bottles of ginger and other medicinal liquids are arriving in huge lots, but it is almost possible that the supply will be inadequate to the demand, as the cyclers of this town are fond—quite fond—of temperance and other drinks. Last winter a great amount of the stock on hand disappeared so rapidly that the suspicions of the treasurers were aroused, but their inquiries as to the whereabouts of the same elicited no information. Only one suggestion was hazarded by a member, a young man innocently telling the powers that the rats must have made off with the stuff. Any one who can shed the least ray of light on the mysterious occurrence, will be rewarded with an order for an L. A. W. suit, guaranteed to arrive in six months, on communicating with the proper parties. Winter will, of course, put an end to racing until the thawing-out in the spring, but as far as road riding is concerned, why, bless you, there are dozens of wagers now up, that certain riders will increase the number of miles registered on their cyclometers by ten daily, not

in the strict privacy of an apartment, by revolving the wheel with the hand, but by actual road riding. A cycler wrapped up in a great coat, seal-skin cap, gloves, etc., is said to present a most imposing appearance. In connection with winter riding, while in conversation with the club perverter the other evening, he asked if I had ever heard the story of Jim Slote's disappearance last winter. I had not, and he then related as follows: "Well, Jim Slote was a good fellow, even though you didn't know him. It was a February night, and Jim, in company with myself and a few others, was spending the night at the club. The wind was howling outside, and the snow falling at a blinding rate. All were warming up at the stove, and thanking goodness that they were not out in the storm. But little conversation was in progress, and Jim particularly seemed to be in deep meditation. At last he spoke. 'Say, boys, will some of you take a five-mile ride up the Boulevard with me, just to say we did it, you know?' 'Good gracious, no!' shouted the crowd in unison, and then followed numerous instances of persons freezing to death, in order to dissuade him from taking the mad ride, but they had no effect on Jimmy Slote, and in five minutes he was ready to start on the fatal trip alone. Good-byes were said, copious tears shed and then bottled in memory of James Slote, deceased, and then he started off. As soon as we were comfortable inside, just to assuage our grief, we opened up the remaining bottles. 'But what became of Jim?' you say. Well, when he reached the corner he concluded to turn back, and returned just as we emptied the last bottle. He was so angry that the fellows had not saved him a trifle, that he gathered up his effects, immediately got out, and has not been seen since. That's how he disappeared. See?"

It is exceeding strange that in a city with so large a cycle population as New York, such a comparative few enjoy the pleasures of club life. A close estimate of the number of wheelmen that flourish and enthuse in this city is fifteen hundred, yet the membership of all the clubs combined does not aggregate over two hundred and fifty men. I hear that many refrain from joining merely on account of the size of the dues and assessments, but were the amounts reduced the running expenses of the different clubs would hardly be met. The Ixion Bicycle Club, for instance, has an initiation fee of ten dollars; yearly dues, twenty-five dollars. Several smaller clubs are distributed throughout the city, whose reputation for sociability is of the best, and whose rates are proportionately less than the club's quoted. Unless one has the disposition of a Karl Kron, a run in company with several others is productive of more genuine enjoyment than a solitary trip with no companion, unless the wheel. Cyclers are certainly shown more respect when traveling in a body than singly. He who has once tasted the joys of wheeling as a club member, would not desert to join the ranks of the unattached for many times the dues. An evening at the club during the winter season serves to keep thoughts of wheel in mind, and offers the opportunity for the planning of numberless pleasant trips, that under other circumstances would never have taken place. Certainly a daily paper of the circulation and standing of the New York *World* would not have given publicity to the sport from a wheelman's point of view, were there no attractive club-houses to illustrate and interest its readers. A forcible illustration of the power of num-

bers was offered a short time ago in the St. Louis illuminated lantern parade, of which *Harper's Weekly* had a full page drawing and complete description. A consummation devoutly to be wished is that the unattached riders of succeeding generations will do more in assisting to advance cycling interests, of which the club-men are now laying the foundation, than are the unattached of this forward age.

The members of the Bible class were asked last Sabbath what B. C. signified. Only one young man had any idea on the matter, and he thought it was merely an abbreviation of "before cycling."

Those possessed of a smattering of law continue to quote Blackstone, orate on the constitution, and evoke the aid of the spirit of Solomon, all caused by the dreadful trio of park commissioners, who are so prejudiced against the fraternity that they refuse, absolutely refuse, to throw open the park, including the menagerie, to wheelmen, on being petitioned so to do. To hear the quibble that is generally in progress on this much hackneyed question, would lead a common-sensed person to believe that cyclers are a body of prospective lawyers. But as far as action goes, a calm, quiet stillness pervades the air. Singularly enough, there are many always ready to discourse the grievance, but none with the spirit or inclination to propose a more aggressive policy than the one at present pursued. In the opinion of the commissioners, wheelmen must be kept in their proper places, be taught to send up praise for the privileges now enjoyed, and regard the horseman as they would an Italian nobleman—a superior being.

Editor Ducker, in the last issue of the *Gazette*, declares for the promateur, and opines that the class has come to stay till far in the future, or till some better plan is suggested than his own. The opinion is certainly erroneous. The tide has turned in favor of the old condition of things—two classes, the rigidly pure, unassailable, necessarily wealthy amateur, and the out-and-out professional. The feeling entertained for the class in question by the promateurs and manufacturers themselves was given publicity when Rowe and Hendee, the leading lights, withdrew to recruit the professional ranks. The only prominent promateurs left in the field are the members of Overman's team—Ives, Stone, and Rhodes. Now that the Pope riders have set the example, these men will certainly follow, as by competing professionally they would have as much chance to put new records to the credit of the machine they are hired to ride, as by remaining in their present condition, and would also have the opportunity of contesting with, and winning laurels from, other fast men, which opportunity they will not have as promateurs, for certain it is that the managers of next year's tournaments, profiting by the dull thud with which this season's promateur racing fell flat, will have their programmes consist wholly of professional and amateur events. It has been known since the conclusion of the first race meeting, who the superior promateur was, as also second, third, and so on through the entire list. The racing has been interesting only because of the fast time generally made; the result of each race could be foretold with accuracy before the start, and every contest flavored of hippodrome. Our track associations are not working for glory, but for hard, cold cash; they realize the fact that promateur racing was unsuccessful in every sense, principally in failing to interest the public. Next year will

see a totally different state of things. Every man on the path will pose either as an innocent, self-supporting amateur, or a brazen, money-making professional.

An evil that prevailed at all the large tournaments, and which should by all means be suppressed in the future, was the betting fever, ruling to a more marked extent than during any other year. Although all was done on the quiet, many shekels were reaped in by different parties. In some cases the methods for drawing the coin from the pockets of the horny-handed, artless ruralist, were thoroughly systematized. One of the plans was operated about as follows: Gentleman of great experience approaches pleased rural visitor, and in the course of conversation predicts the winner of some event; generally Rowe in a promateur contest. Rowe wins as usual, and the gentleman's reputation as a judge is established in the mind of the rural visitor. He sees the gentleman again shortly and this time the latter selects a most improbable winner in a race of another class; he relates stories of his prowess, and is thoroughly enthusiastic over his chances of winning the race; then gentleman number two arrives, and on learning from gentleman number one that he favors the improbable man, offers to bet that the latter doesn't win, and puts his money on the field. But the first gentleman seems thoroughly satisfied with his choice, and advises the ruralist to also put up his money on the improbable man. It is unnecessary to state that both gentlemen are closely related in a business sense. This is but one of the plans operated and they all succeeded nobly.

"CRAYON."

KO-KO'S RULING.

The State of Pennsylvania just at present seems to be the field for fights among League members. Well, according to the following communication to the *Bulletin*, Mr. George D. Gideon does not rest easy under the League guillotine. We reprint it in full, as a trifle interesting:

"Editor L. A. W. *Bulletin*:-

"In the last issue of the *Bulletin* your Majesty has graciously considered it desirable to comment somewhat severely upon the letter of warning to out-of-town cyclers, and the stand taken by the writer, from which he is happy to acknowledge "he is too proud to recede." The "active promoters" of the A. A. C. races, to whom I have had the honor to be indebted for my past position as Chairman, the which, you will doubtless recall, I at first positively refused to accept and only finally accepted conditionally at your own urgent solicitation, cannot, in my opinion, be trusted to judge of either a safe track or the interests of the racing division, if the track selected for these races may be considered a sample of their views in that line. Your Majesty has admitted that your experience of race tracks has been confined to the view from the judges' stand. The present Chief Consul would be excellent as the judge of a hill-climbing match, and not one of either the Committee or the Board of Directors has ever (as far as I am aware) mounted a racing bicycle in earnest in his life. How, then, can they judge of what is right and fair to racers? Against them every racing man in this city who has an opinion of his own to which he can hold for 24 consecutive hours has expressed either an utter condemnation of the track or a much qualified opinion that if certain things were done the track "might

do" for bicycles, while even the Committee themselves state that the track is unsafe for tricycles. "Might do" tracks are very well for racing men to decide for themselves upon, but it does not seem to me fair for any body of men, knowing nothing of racing themselves, to ask riders to compete in races on a "might do" track, risking their necks for a chance of filling the depleted treasury of any association.

"Your Lordship displays unusual brilliancy when, fairer argument failing, you descend to my personal racing affairs—almost as brilliant as decapitating an official for stating his honest views. I fail to see what any race or races I may have ridden in halls or rinks, or on poor or good tracks, may have to do with the question of an association inviting riders to compete on an inferior track; however, my fastest mile record to which you refer was made on a track on which the turns were imperceptible to the rider, and the time made (2.48) would have been exceedingly unsafe on the track to which your mistaken reference is made, in proof of which kindly refer to the reports of the August meeting at Millville, where out of 21 entries, seven riders fell, and fell hard, too, as I know from experience, although the fastest mile of that day was made in 2.51½. Moreover, even if the sharpest corner at Millville is as sharp (which, having ridden on both, I am inclined to doubt) as on the West Philadelphia track the grade at Millville rises to the sharp turn, instead of a sharp descent to it, as on the other, which has also three turns which are sharp, instead of one, as at Millville.

"Is this, then, a track on which any honest, fair-play loving cycler of Philadelphia could invite competitors from other cities to race with him? What a reputation he would get up for himself as a trickster if he did. I had far rather believe, your Majesty, that the rest of the Board are as ignorant in the matter as yourself than to think that they would knowingly do this, but it does seem as if the necessity of raising a few mighty dollars had turned their heads.

"Should the races be brought to a successful termination without serious accident no one will be better satisfied than myself, but my experience teaches me that such a happy result can only be through a combination of great good luck, skill, and careful riding, and the possible money to be made out of it does not seem to me to be worth the risk. Enough of my friends have expressed their confidence in the correctness of my position to make me careless of other opinion, and I, therefore, make my little three bows, accepting, with thanks, the decapitation. Very truly,

"GEORGE D. GIDEON,
"Ex-(thank goodness) Chair'n State Racing Board."

Whenever My Lord Lacy Hillier omits to abuse American wheelmen and wheeling, the *Bicycle News* lacks flavor. Probably it is for the sake of supplying this seasoning that Hacy Lillier doubts American records, derides American riders, reflects on American amateurdom, and makes charges of deception as to the value of American prizes. Fortunately for the good name and fair fame of the cycling fraternity, Lilly Hacier is alone in his work. He will continue butting his head against the wall in solitude, and encourage himself in his occupation by imagining he is breaking it down. But the wall will stand long after Hilly Lacier's head will have ceased to do service as a battering ram.—*Bicycle South*.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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PREMIUM LIST.

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Foreign Subscribers,	- - - - -	4 shillings.

HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

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

Address all Communications to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to same.

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

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

Premium List.

Useful and Valuable Goods Given Away to Those who Secure Subscribers to The Wheelmen's Gazette, 50 cents a year.

Any one can Raise a Club and Secure a Premium by Complying with the Advertised Terms.

The Offers made in this List hold good until October, 1887.

We present herewith our annual revised list of Premium Offers to the readers of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. It contains many new and desirable articles in addition to most of those offered the past year. All previous offers are now withdrawn.

SHOW THE PAPER TO YOUR FRIENDS.

If you like THE GAZETTE, and wish to see its influence in cycling matters extended, speak a good word for the paper; show it to your friends, and form a club. Our club-raisers say it is no effort at all to get subscribers; wheelmen are quick to appreciate its merits, and subscribe at sight. We don't ask you to work for nothing, but pay you well in the useful premiums offered. A former experience in getting subscribers is not necessary; some of our largest clubs have been sent by those who have made their first trial with THE GAZETTE.

TERMS.

The terms of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE are 50 cents per year, or 25 cents for six months, for single subscriptions. All papers stopped at expiration unless renewed. New or old subscribers count the same in a premium account. It is not necessary that all subscribers should begin at the same time or get mail from the same post-office. Unless otherwise ordered, all subscriptions will begin with the next issue after they are received. They can begin at any time desired.

PREMIUMS SOLD.

Any of the premiums in this list will be sold at the price stated with each; and in nearly every case the price will be found the same as at the average store. We buy all our goods direct from the manufacturers, and save purchasers one or two profits. Any article not found up to our description can be returned and exchanged for something else, or the money will be refunded.

TO SEND MONEY BY MAIL.

Small amounts—50 cents, \$1, and \$2—can be sent by mail with very little risk, not one letter in a hundred being lost if properly sealed and directed. We do not hold ourselves responsible when money is sent in this way, however; it is at the risk of the sender. Amounts less than \$1 can be sent in United States postage-stamps, 2-cent denomination preferred.

Be sure to give your full name, post-office, and state in every letter. Address all orders and letters to

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

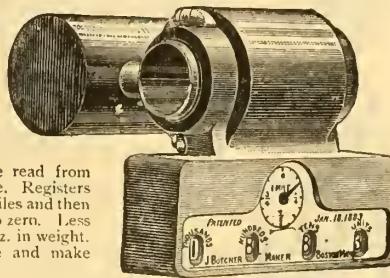
THE KIRKPATRICK SADDLE.



This saddle aims at the health and comfort of the rider. It has springs at both ends, and is self-adjusting in width, the long cut allowing it to yield to the shape of the rider and removing pressure from the perineum. Give make of machine.

Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers, or 12 subscribers and \$3.

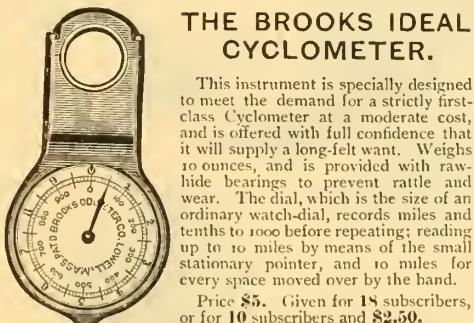
BUTCHER CYCLOMETER.



Can be read from the saddle. Registers to 1000 miles and then returns to zero. Less than 20 oz. in weight. Give size and make of wheel.

Price \$10. Given for 40 subscribers, or 20 subscribers and \$5.

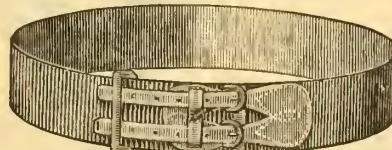
THE BROOKS IDEAL CYCLOMETER.



This instrument is specially designed to meet the demand for a strictly first-class Cycloometer at a moderate cost, and is offered with full confidence that it will supply a long-felt want. Weighs 10 ounces, and is provided with raw-hide bearings to prevent rattle and wear. The dial, which is the size of an ordinary watch-dial, records miles and tenths to 1000 before repeating; reading up to 10 miles by means of the small stationary pointer, and 10 miles for every space moved over by the hand.

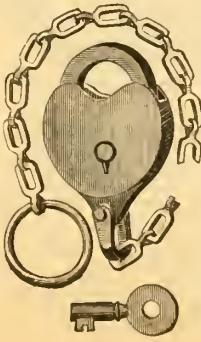
Price \$5. Given for 18 subscribers, or for 10 subscribers and \$2.50.

BICYCLIST'S BELT.



Made from fine worsted or cotton webbing, with extra fine trimming. Sizes from 27 to 32 inches.

Price 50c. Given for 2 subscribers.



BICYCLE LOCK.

Spring shackle, self-locking, strong, and very durable; with 12 inches of chain. Nickel-plated and finished.

Price 75c. Given for 3 subscribers.

STANDARD CYCLOMETER.

One of the best cycloometers in the market. With each instrument the manufacturers furnish a certificate of accuracy. The action is positive and continuous; the dial can be read from the saddle; it can be used with or without a hub lamp. A lamp attachment is sent with each cycloometer. In ordering, give size and make of wheel, size of axle, and length of axle between the hub shoulders inside.

Price \$10. Given for 35 subscribers, or 20 subscribers and \$3.50.

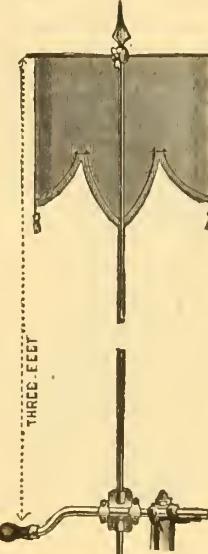


COW-HORN HANDLE-BARS.



The handsomest, strongest, and best bars in the market. Complete, with brake-lever and bracket, all nicely nickelized.

Price \$4.50. Given for 18 subscribers, or 10 subscribers and \$2.



FLAG-STAFF.

Arranged so that the flag can be put at any angle to the staff. Used by the principal bicycle clubs of the United States. For a meet, parade, or drill, it makes a very pleasing effect in the line.

Price—Flag-staff with clamp to fit any handle-bar, nickel-plated, \$1. Given for 16 subscribers.

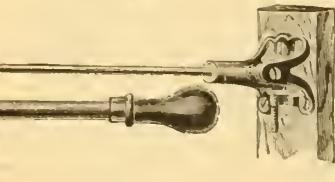
Silk flag, with appropriate lettering on both sides, in any color of silk, with gold or silk fringe, \$8. Given for 32 subscribers, or 16 subscribers and \$4.



CHALLENGE WALL-BRACKET.

This device will hold one bicycle only, and must be fastened to a wall or post. It holds a bicycle of any size very securely at any angle to the support, and drops out of the way when not in use, as shown in the side cut.

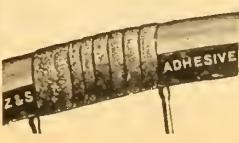
Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.



ADHESIVE TIRE TAPE.

The greatest convenience for traveling wheelmen. Can be applied in an instant, is convenient to carry, always ready, and does not need heat to make it hold.

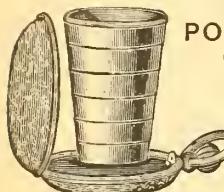
Price 25c per roll. Given for 2 subscribers.



RHYMES OF ROAD AND RIVER.

A charming book of poems, by Chris Wheeler; 154pp., 4to., printed on heavy plate paper; bound in full cloth, stamped in ink and gold, with gilt edges. A charming book for presentation to your friends, or for Christmas.

Price \$2. Given for 6 subscribers, or 3 subscribers and \$1.

**POCKET DRINKING-CUP.**

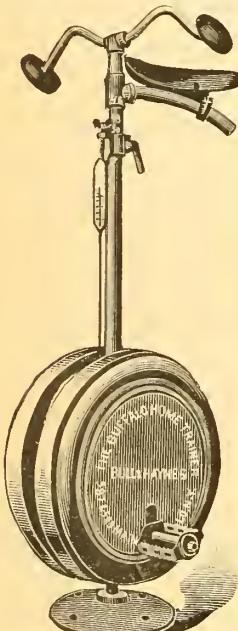
Folds together and goes in a handsome nickelized watch-case. Weighs only 1 ounce.

Price 50c. Given for 2 subscribers.

Z. & S.**HOSE SUPPORTERS.**

These excel all others for comfort and ease. The supporters pass over the shoulders and down each leg, as shown in the cut. They can be worn under the flannel shirt, are easily adjusted, and have no bands to chafe or stop circulation.

Price 65c. per pair. Given for 2 subscribers.

**BUFFALO HOME TRAINER.**

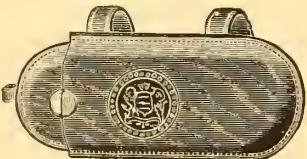
This machine affords an invaluable means of exercise, its systematic use promoting the health and strength of the entire system, by increasing respiration, quickening circulation, and developing the voluntary muscles. It is an indispensable adjunct to gymnasiums, and forms a very attractive feature in bicycle club rooms, affording members opportunities for training, time races, etc. It is also exactly suited for home use. The scale for regulating the degree of resistance to be overcome, and the alarm cyclometer for measuring the amount of work done at any given resistance, admit of graded exercise, capable of modification to suit the strength of every user, without danger of over-exertion. For the use of racing men it is indispensable, affording the same exercise as the bicycle, and enabling them to pursue a regular and systematic course of training during all seasons and all weathers. As a means of practicing quick pedaling and spurting it is unequalled.

Price \$30. Given for 100 subscribers, or 50 subscribers and \$15, or 30 subscribers and \$20.

TELESCOPIC TOOL-BAG.

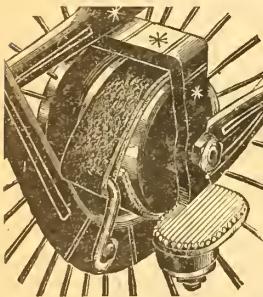
Made of superior leather, and finished with strong brass clasps.

Price \$1.50. — Given for 6 subscribers.

**Z. & S. STAR STEP.**

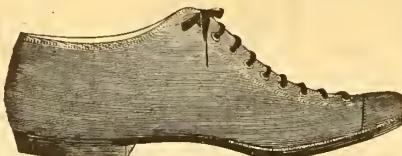
Will fit any Star; is an absolute necessity to every Star rider; gives a broad, firm foothold; enables the learner to readily master the mount. Weighs only 5 ounces. With this step the Star can be mounted in the dark with no danger of slipping. Try one and be convinced.

Price \$1. Given for 4 subscribers.

**THE BICYCLING WORLD.**

One of the leading cycling journals in the United States. Weekly.

Price \$1 per year. Given for 4 subscribers.

THE KELLOGG BICYCLE SHOE.

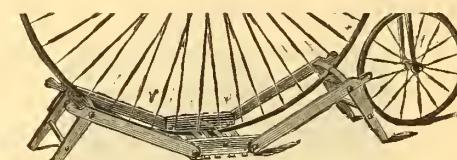
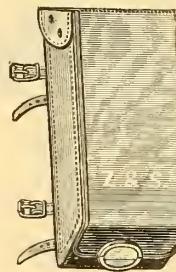
Made of kangaroo or dongola, as may be required, hand-sewed, and possessing merits superior to any other Bicycle Shoe made.

Price \$4 per pair. Given for 16 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$2.

Z. & S. TOOL-BAG.

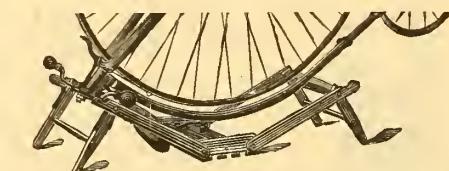
This tool-bag, improved last season, was the first of its kind on the market. It has merit. Most articles that are imitated have. The price has been reduced, the bag made narrower, with more space inside, and the quality, strength, and finish have been improved.

Price by mail, \$1.60. Given for 6 subscribers.

**BICYCLE STAND AND CAMP STOOL.**

Can be used as a stand, converted into a stool, used for cleaning, or folded into small space; adjustable to any size bicycle. Weight ½ pounds.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.

**THE STAR ADVOCATE.**

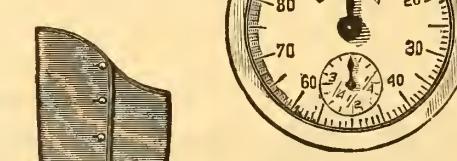
An 8-page monthly devoted to the interests of the Star wheel.

Price 50c. per year. Given for 2 subscribers.

EXCELSIOR CYCLOMETER.

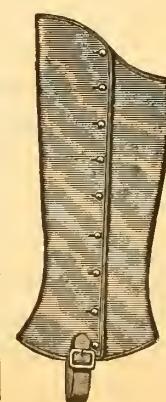
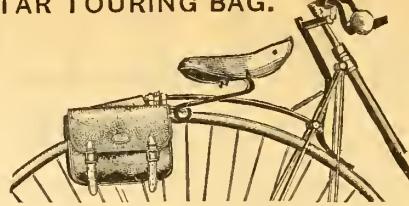
Always to be relied upon. Registers the fractions, and up to and including 100 miles. Is easily read, and not liable to get out of order.

Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers, or 12 subscribers and \$3.

**BICYCLE LEGGINS.**

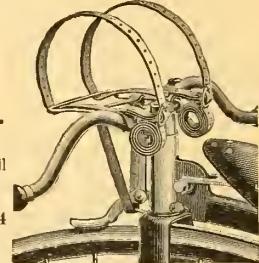
Button fastening. Made of the best dark brown canvas, muslin-lined; 17 inches high, inside measure; men's sizes 6 to 10, boys 1 to 6. The use of leggins for cycle wear is rapidly increasing, especially for business men who often wish to ride when it is not convenient to change their ordinary clothing.

Price \$1.50. Given for 5 subscribers.

**STAR TOURING BAG.**

Handy and useful to carry books, papers, writing materials, lunch, etc., when using the wheel for business, or for holding all clothing and tools necessary for an extended tour.

Price, No. 1, canvas, 9x9x3 inches, \$4; given for 12 subscribers. No. 2, leather, 9x6x3 inches, \$5; given for 16 subscribers. No. 3, leather, 9x9x3 inches, \$6; given for 20 subscribers.

LAMSON'S LUGGAGE CARRIER.

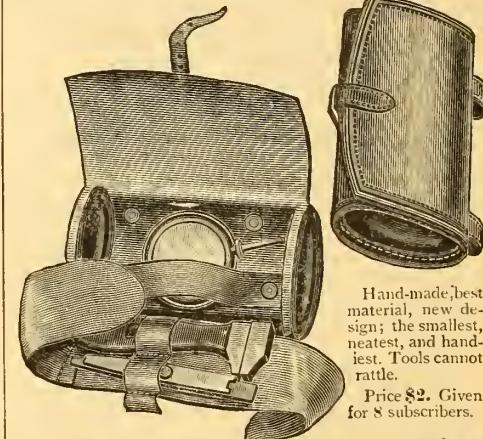
The most useful of all attachments for bicycles.

Price \$1. Given for 4 subscribers.

THE WHEEL

A weekly journal of cycling. Illustrations and descriptions of new wheels, etc., made a prominent feature.

Price \$2 per year. Given for 8 subscribers.

BUFFALO TOOL-BAG.

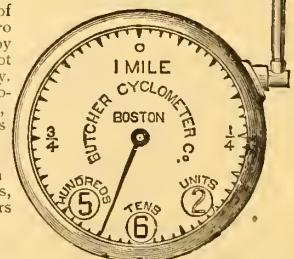
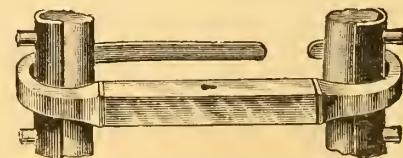
Hand-made, best material, new design; the smallest, neatest, and handiest. Tools cannot rattle.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers.

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER.

Fastened to one of the spokes by two screws. Operated by a positive action, not dependent on gravity. Nickel-plated, absolutely water-proof, noiseless, and weighs only 2 ounces.

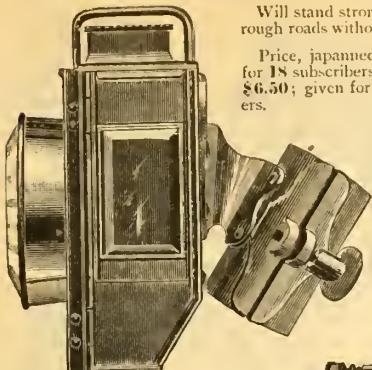
Price \$5. Given for 20 subscribers, or 10 subscribers and \$2.50.

**AUTOMATIC BICYCLE LOCK.**

For locking bicycles. New, novel, and elegant. Applied instantly, neat, compact, and cheap. Weight 2½ ounces; length 4 inches.

Price \$1; given for 4 subscribers. Nickel-plated, \$1.25; given for 5 subscribers.

THE STAR LAMP.



Will stand strong winds and rough roads without flickering.

Price, japanned, \$5; given for 18 subscribers. Nickeled, \$6.50; given for 22 subscribers.

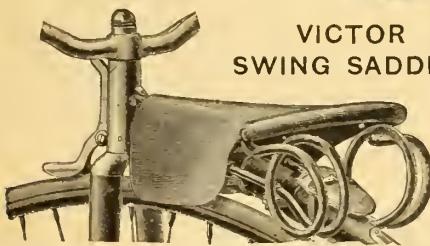
THE ECLIPSE LAMP.

Noiseless, and warranted inextinguishable, being evenly balanced with Sheffield steel springs. New and improved spring bolt and catch, so as to be easily fixed in any machine. Side and back lights. Fitted with all the latest improvements. All parts riveted.

Price \$4.50. Given for 16 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$2.



VICTOR SWING SADDLE.



The leather seat of this saddle, being easily put on and off, can be taken off at every stop, thus keeping the seat dry, and also effectually locking the machine, as it cannot be ridden without the saddle. Its construction admits of any desired tension, leaving little to be desired in a saddle.

Price \$6. Given for 21 subscribers, or 12 subscribers and \$3.

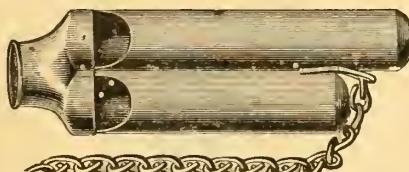
IDEAL HANDLES.

Ebonite, with large ball-shaped ends.



Price \$1.50 a pair. Given for 4 subscribers.

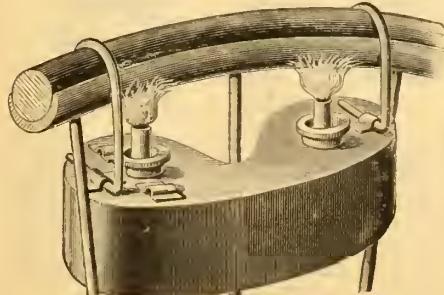
DUPLEX WHISTLE.



Made of brass, nickel-plated; consists of two barrels of different lengths, producing a discordant sound which can be heard a long distance. With chain.

Price 60c. Given for 2 subscribers.

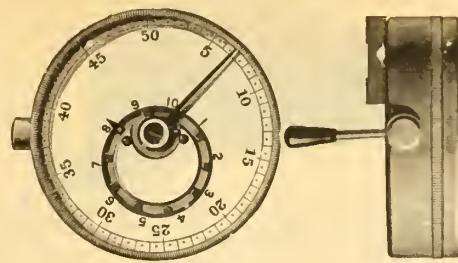
PERFECTION HEATER.



For cementing rubber tire; a practical and useful article for every wheelman; saves time, money, and accidents.

Price \$1. Given for 4 subscribers.

GOULD SPOKE CYCLOMETER.



Fastened to either side of the machine upon the inside of one of the spokes. Nickel-plated, $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, weighs only 2 ounces, and is practically dust- and water-proof. State size of machine and kind of spokes it is to fit.

Price \$4. Given for 16 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$2.

THE GEM LAMP.

The cheapest hub lamp in the market, fitted with all the latest improvements; grooved and riveted, and guaranteed not to come apart with the fiercest heat; 4-inch wind-up burner, to turn from outside of lamp; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch glass, side and back lights; finished in full nickel.

Price \$3. Given for 12 subscribers, or 6 subscribers and \$1.



MINIATURE HANDLE-BARS.



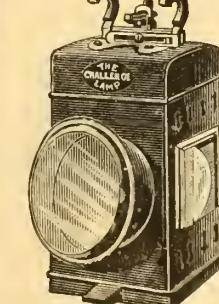
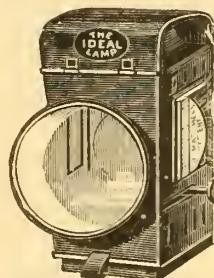
Something new. Every wheelman should have one of these little handle-bars for watch-chain or pin. Tapered bars, with ebonite handles, either straight, dropped, or cow-horn, as may be preferred.

Price, nickeled \$1.25, heavy rolled gold \$2. Nickeled given for 5 subscribers; rolled gold given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.

IDEAL LAMP.

Will fit all sizes of bicycles, from 30-inch upwards. Also adapted for tricycles. Nickeled.

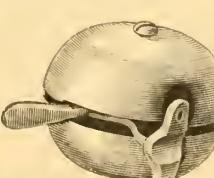
Price \$3. Given for 12 subscribers.



CHALLENGE LAMP.

Fits any size bicycle over 30-inch. Nickeled.

Price \$3.75. Given for 15 subscribers.



SUPERB BELL.

Full nickel, superior finish; has a continuous chiming sound; highly recommended.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers.



Completely provides for holding the bicycle either side up. It is easy to clean one's machine when inverted on an Acme stand. Every rider should own one.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.

NEW McDONNELL CYCLOMETER.

The small figures around the dial represent hundredths of miles; the hand makes a complete revolution of the dial for each mile traveled, and the figures to which the hand at any time points show the fraction of a mile traveled. Radical changes have been made this season, and we offer the instrument in its improved form.

Price \$5 by mail. Given for 20 subscribers.



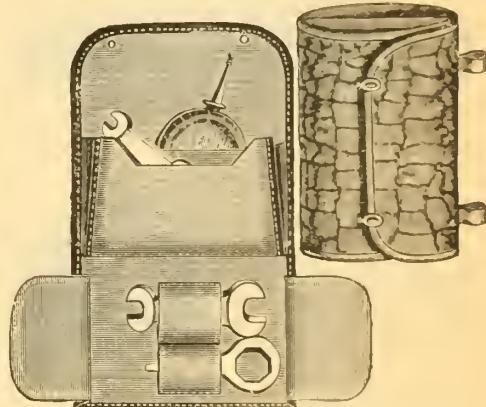
SOLID COMFORT SADDLE.



The superiority of this saddle consists in the use of a coiled supporting spring placed behind the seat, secured by a link to the metal leather support; the leather is very close to the backbone, but sufficiently removed to avoid contact, although considerable vertical movement of the spring is obtained.

Price \$3.50. Given for 15 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$1.75.

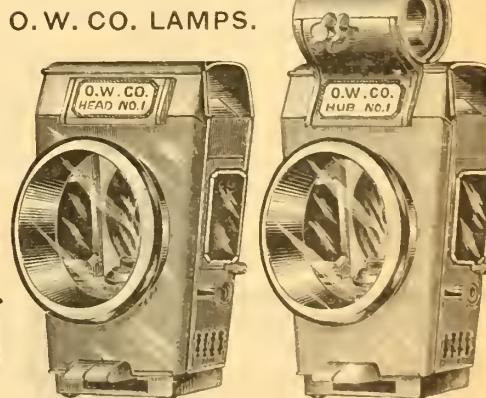
CHALLENGE TOOL-BAG.



Made of fine leather, finished in red morocco color, alligator pattern, bound edges, and lined inside; has two fastenings, and is conveniently arranged for holding and removing of tools, as shown above.

Price \$1.50. Given for 6 subscribers.

O. W. CO. LAMPS.



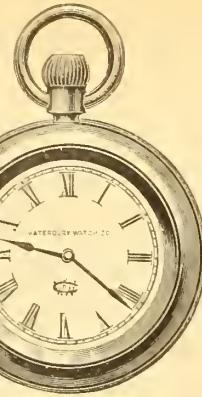
These lamps have very deep reflectors; they show a white light abeam, green light to starboard, red light to port, and two red lights astern. They are made a'most wholly with rivets, and the hub lamps have metal bearings to go on the axle, thus doing away with the screw fenders.

Prices—Head Lamp, enameled, \$4.50, given for 18 subscribers; nickeled, \$6, given for 21 subscribers; Hub Lamp, enameled, \$5, given for 20 subscribers; nickeled, \$7, given for 28 subscribers.

WATERBURY WATCH.

Just what every wheelman should have; a good reliable time-keeper, not easily broken, and cheap to repair; in fact, no other watch should be carried on a wheel. Inexpensive to lose, not easily broken by headers, thieves will not molest, and taken all together it is a valuable addition to the wheelman's outfit.

Price \$4. Given for 16 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$2.

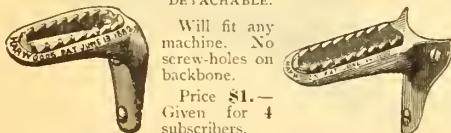


88heeling.

The leading wheel paper of Great Britain. Conducted by Harry Etherington. Weekly.

Price \$2 per year. Given for 5 subscribers.

THE HARWOOD SAFETY STEP. DETACHABLE.



Will fit any machine. No screw-holes on backbone.

Price \$1.— Given for 4 subscribers.

L. A. W. UNIFORMS.

Suits furnished for 50 subscribers, or 25 subscribers and \$7.50. Coats for 35 subscribers. Pants for 24 subscribers.

CALL WHISTLE.



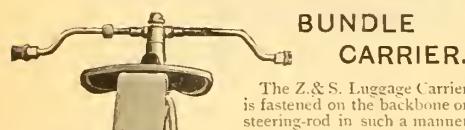
A good whistle; furnished with ring for attaching to the watch-chain.

Price 35c. Given for 2 subscribers.

CHIMING BELL.

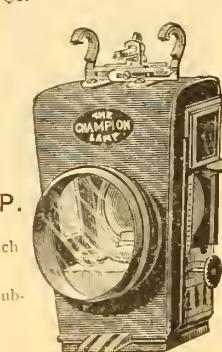
Nickel double bells and fastenings; $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter; does not rattle; sounds two distinct musical notes. This bell has been entirely remodeled.

Price \$1.50. Given for 6 subscribers.



BUNDLE CARRIER.

The Z & S. Luggage Carrier is fastened on the backbone or steering-rod in such a manner as not to interfere in mounting; also adapted to tricycles. Give size of backbone and make of machine.



CHAMPION LAMP.

Fits any size over 50-inch Nickel.

Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers.

THE BICYCLE SOUTH.

Published monthly at New Orleans, La. Miniature bale of cotton given to new subscribers.

Price 50c. per year. Given for 2 subscribers.

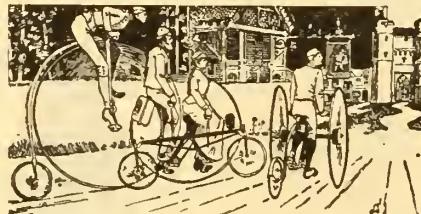
BOSTON CLUB CAP.



This cap was introduced by the Boston Club, and has become very popular. The visor projecting down shields the eyes from the sun. Color dark navy blue.

Price \$1.75. Given for 6 subscribers.

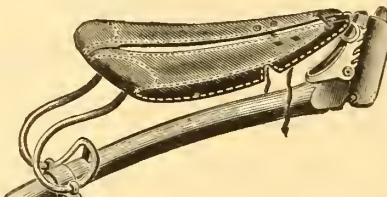
A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.



Ridden, written, and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 1 vol., square 8vo.

Price 50c. Given for 2 subscribers.

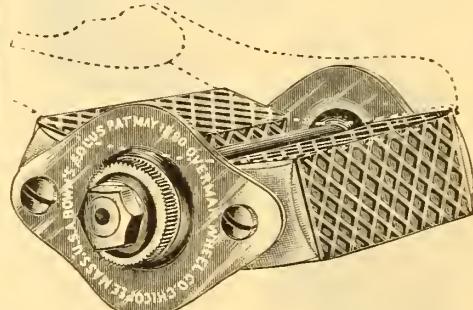
THE LILLIBRIDGE SADDLE.



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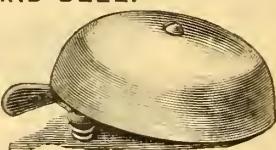
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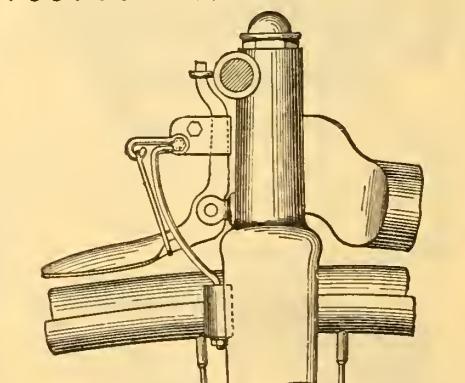
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THE SADIRON GHOSTS.

[Written for the GAZETTE by PRESIDENT BATES.]

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

This arrest caused much indignation in the hotel and village. Several leading citizens at once tendered bail, among them the landlord of the hotel. The principal lawyer of the village called at the hotel within an hour, and volunteered his services to defend the accused. Having heard the particulars of the accusation, and Innocente's statement, he assured her that he had no doubt of making her innocence appear.

He was a worthy gentleman, but his motives were not wholly disinterested generosity. First in his thoughts was the fact that his daughter was taking music lessons of Miss Baudry, and it would not sound well to have the story circulate that he had been employing a woman of ill reputation in his family. Second, his daughter had already become warmly attached to Innocente, and insisted, as soon as she heard of the arrest, upon her father's defending her teacher, indignantly asserting that the charge was one of the malicious plots of that detestable Barfell. Third, Mr. Barfell gave all his business to another lawyer, who was as full of unscrupulous legal tricks as Barfell was of malice. Barfell's lawyer had more than once given 'Squire Peckham an unfair fall in the courts by means of sharp practice, and the 'Squire naturally longed for revenge.

The examination of the accused was fixed for Monday, the fourth day after the arrest. This gave time for preparation, which 'Squire Peckham diligently improved. It also gave time for the formation and expression of public opinion. Either Innocente had many more friends than she had supposed, or else Mr. Barfell had many more enemies than he had counted upon; for, notwithstanding the cunning with which he had made an apparently strong case, the general sentiment, and particularly that of all the best people of the village, was warmly in favor of the accused and bitterly against the accuser. He was roundly denounced, while dozens of people put themselves out to call upon her, with assurances of sympathy and support.

Upon being arrested, Innocente was, for a few moments, almost overwhelmed with astonishment, indignation, and consternation. But her spirit rose courageously to meet the emergency. Her first act, after obtaining bail, was to mail the letter of her father, with a brief note of her own, to the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron. Then she had a long conversation with her lawyer, which so impressed that gentleman that, either from that cause or with a view to keeping his client out of the reach of the opposite side, he insisted that she should remove at once to his house, and stay there until after the examination. She did so, and was cordially received and entertained. Pending the examination, she went about her usual business; only, by 'Squire Peckham's order, refusing to make any remark about herself or "the case."

Naturally these were days and nights of sore trouble. While she was greatly pleased and encouraged by the sympathy and respect tendered her on every hand, she looked forward to the ordeal of appearing before the magistrate with the dismay natural to a young girl. Whatever might be the outcome, there was the dreadful publicity of it. To be brought into court as an accused person—accused of a crime—seemed to her the

lowest depth of humiliation and insult. Then such a dreadful accusation! There are charges which defile, even if they are false; and this was of that nature. It seemed to cloud her whole future life, and set her apart as a wretched woman who had, at least, been accused and arrested, and subjected to a public examination, as a thief. There were many hours of anguish, during which she would gladly have annihilated herself, were such a thing possible. But there is no annihilation for such a case. Death does not extinguish the memory of the public. Besides, death would be believed to be a confession. She had no thought of suicide, or of flight, or evasion; but simply a longing for the impossibility of effacing herself and her memory, so that it would be as though such a person had never lived or suffered.

Many times, with strange persistence, her thoughts wandered to the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron. What would he think when he got her note? What would he do? It did not seem possible that he could aid her in any way; and yet she felt a strong impression that, if he should come to her rescue, all would turn out well. It was no matter how or why. Once or twice she was struck with the singularity, and possibly the impropriety, of her interest in and reliance upon one so utterly unknown; but it was a feeling which she could neither account for reasonably, nor resist.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

This being a "revival season," the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron preached every day once or twice. On Thursday he preached but once—in the evening. His mind was a good deal exercised concerning his strange vision of Wednesday evening. The more he thought of it the stranger it seemed. And, what was more strange, he could not shake off its impression. That strange face and form kept obtruding itself upon his memory. He fancied that something must be ailing his mind, since he was the subject of a delusion, and since he could not control his thoughts to keep them from dwelling upon his delusion.

On Saturday morning he arose apparently a well man. He carefully noted his appetite, it was excellent; his pulse was strong; his head felt clear; his spirits were bright; his skin and eyes showed healthy colors. Still that puzzling delusion would intrude itself. He fancied that he could almost see the image of the phantasmal woman either as she coasted down the hill on her tricycle, or as she stood, all breezy and alive, in the open door of the church, in the rushing air, gazing at him.

Saturday afternoon he walked, musing upon his delusion, to the post-office. The mail stage had just passed, and there was a large envelope directed to him in a strange hand—he thought a lady's hand. He sat down in the store, which was also the post-office, and tore open the envelope. It contained an unsealed note; also a sealed letter and a legal document. He read the unsealed note first. It was in the same handwriting as that on the outer envelope. It ran thus:—

MILLFALL, ONTARIO, October 22, 1885.

Monsieur,—I send you (inclosed) a letter from my dead father to yours; also my father's will. I am in great trouble and peril, or I should not venture to address you. I do not know if I am right or wrong in sending you these papers, or in venturing to address you. I came to Millfall,

found your father dead, and knew not whether I ought to acquaint you with my disappointment. If I erred, I suffer a sad punishment. But, now that I am in sore trouble and peril, I appeal to you in the name of my dead father and yours, not knowing where else to turn. If you can come to my help at once, you may do me the greatest service. If you cannot then the good God only can aid me. If you come, you must be here by Monday morning. I rely upon your generosity with a strange but strong confidence.

INNOCENTE BAUDRY.

To the Rev. PYROMANDER SADIRO, Scotteu, Ontario.

This note gave the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron no clue to the writer's trouble. But it moved him strangely. While he read, the form and the sad appealing face of his vision rose in his imagination, and seemed to urge its appeal. He took up the other papers, hoping for a solution of the mystery. The first was a letter addressed to "Petronius Sadiron, Millfall, Ontario," in a strange hand. As he took it in his hand and read the address, tears stood in his eyes, it brought so vividly before him the name and memory of his father. This letter did not inform him as to the trouble in which his aid was invoked; but it told him who Innocente Baudry was, and what claim she had upon him. The letter seemed to him a message between two graves. In it the soul of his father's friend talked with the soul of his father. It recalled to his memory a picture of the gay and apparently prosperous French gentleman, as he had once seen him in Montreal, in his boyhood. The daughter he had never seen. The will gave him no further information; but it impressed him as another link in the chain which bound him to this unknown woman of his vision—for he was now sure that it was she that he had twice seen as a spirit.

The Rev. Pyromander Sadiron went home, dressed himself in his bicycle suit, packed a bicycle satchel and strapped it to his machine, put into his wallet all the money he had in the house, wrote two or three short notes, informing the leading church members that he was suddenly called to Millfall on urgent business, and would write from there as to when he could return, made the same statement to the family, mounted his wheel and rode away. He could not wait for the stage, which would not pass that way until Monday morning.

All the rest of that day, and until late at night, the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron rode steadily forward on his wheel. He stopped at a village about fifty miles from Millfall, where he slept until late on Sunday morning. Then he mounted again and rode on into Millfall. He was a preacher; but this Sunday ride was a work of necessity and charity, so much so that he could not, in duty and conscience, delay on account of appearances. Part of the road on this day was poor, making his progress slow. Hence he did not reach Millfall until late on Sunday evening. He went directly to the house of a friend. Late as it was, before he slept his friend had told him the whole story of Innocente, as it was known in the village.

In the morning he had an interview with 'Squire Peckham, from whom he learned all additional particulars, and to whom he imparted some information over which the lawyer consulted with him for a long time. Innocente was out when he called, having gone to give her morning lessons early, in order to be ready for the examination at

10 o'clock, being resolved that, if this should prove to be her last day's work, it should neither be neglected nor ill done. And this resolute demeanor added to the popular feeling in her favor.

CHAPTER V.—THE ALIBI.

The room in which the examination was held was crowded with people. Innocente entered attended by several of the leading ladies of the village. She was greeted by a subdued murmur of sympathy. Owen Barfell was received in general by a cold silence, broken by a few open hisses. The magistrate, a kindly and courteous old gentleman, rose from his chair to receive Innocente, and handed her to her proper seat with the formal gallantry of an old English gentleman. This action, notwithstanding it was one to which no one could take exception, nevertheless said to all present, as plainly as words could have done, that his sympathies were with the accused, since he manifested for her the respect due to an undoubted lady.

While this scene was being enacted, Mr. Barfell's lawyer put on an expression of grave sympathy, as if to say how painful it was to him and his client to bring such an accusation against a lady. Indeed, in opening the examination, Sharp said exactly this; but added that, painful as it was, they were moved by a compelling sense of public duty. He perceived, and had impressed upon Mr. Barfell, that they had an exceedingly unpopular job on hand; hence both of them exerted their cunning to carry it through. Mr. Barfell bowed as respectfully as he could to Innocente when she appeared, and took the witness stand, when called, with a well simulated air of reluctance. He swore that, on Wednesday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, Innocente Baudry had called at his office; that, after a few minutes' talk she left; that he immediately discovered that his wallet, containing nearly one hundred dollars, was missing from his desk where it had lain during their talk; that he had suspected her because no other person had called; and he had obtained a search-warrant to have a constable search her room in the hotel.

Cross-Examination.—“Did Miss Baudry call upon you by appointment?”

‘Squire Peckham put this question carelessly. It was intended to entrap Barfell, by giving his malice a chance to swear the worst motive for Innocente's alleged visit to him in his office. Mr. Sharp started at the question, and objected to it as irrelevant. This not because Barfell would fall into the trap. Their cue was to treat Innocente with profound respect, in all except the charge of theft, and upon this line they had previously agreed. But the question revealed to him that ‘Squire Peckham felt sure of his defense. The question was allowed by the magistrate on the ground that the motive of the visit would throw light upon the probability of the truth of the accusation, and was, therefore, relevant.)

“No; the call was accidental. I saw her passing, and invited her in to speak with her upon a matter of business.”

“What was that business?”

“To tell her where to get a pupil.”

“Name that pupil.”

“Miss Ann Burton. Mrs. Burton requested me to tell Miss Baudry that her daughter would take music lessons.”

This was true; but Barfell had delivered the message in the hotel on Wednesday morning.

“What were the relations between you and the accused—friendly or unfriendly?”

“Friendly, on my part, I had the sincerest respect for her. I would”—hesitating—“have asked her to become my wife, but for this affair.”

At this artful stroke there was a stir in the crowd.

“Have your feelings changed from friendliness?”

“No; not wholly. I have been shocked and hurt; but, if she were proved innocent, I should still regard her with the highest esteem.”

“Provided she received your advances?”

(Barfell could not quite restrain his malice at this question.)

“She treated me like a dog! I wasn't fit to be the dirt under her feet!”

“And so you plotted revenge?”

“No,—recovering himself,—“I still hoped, a little.”

The witness then described the wallet and some of the money.

“At what hour was this call?”

“Between five and six o'clock—nearer six.”

“Was it dark?”

“Not quite. It was dusk.”

“Had the sun set?”

“Yes.”

“Was it light enough to distinguish a person across the street?”

“I think not. A person could be seen, but not easily distinguished.”

“How, then, did you know Miss Baudry to stop her as she passed?”

“She was riding her tricycle.”

After sundry other questions, the constable was called. He had served the search-warrant. Jeanette Ricot, the hotel chambermaid, unlocked the room. Jeanette found the wallet under a corner of the carpet in the room, after they had searched for some time. Jeanette could not have put it there while he was present; he had watched her closely. (Wallet produced and identified with its contents.)

Jeanette Ricot sworn. She kept the room keys. No other person could get into any of the rooms in the absence of their occupants. She corroborated the constable's statement. (Cross-examination reserved.)

Barney Tierney called. As soon as Barney appeared, the proceedings took a humorous turn. The witness held up both hands when sworn, kissed the book and cross with great unction, and answered to the oath that he would tell the truth and the whole truth: “You bet I will, and don't you forget it.” (Laughter.) Witness was the hotel hostler. “Saw Miss Innocente—may the saints keep her!—go out with her tricycle. Helped her take out the machine. She started at precisely twenty minutes before five o'clock. I looked at the big clock in the bar and twiggled the time, by the token that it was time to start the team for the depot.”

At this testimony both Mr. Sharp and Owen Barfell started in astonishment and confusion. Mr. Sharp recovered himself, and tried to make the witness alter his testimony.

“Twenty minutes before five o'clock—is that what you mean to say?”

“It is, sor.”

“Not twenty minutes before six o'clock?”

“Nary time. It was twenty minutes before five, sor.”

“Have you not told many persons that it was twenty minutes before six?”

“I have, sor.”

“So you told Mr. Barfell?”

“I did, sor.”

“What do you mean, then, by swearing that it was twenty minutes before five?”

“Why, sor, I mean that I lied to Mr. Barfell, sor.” (Laughter.)

“And you lied to me, and to everybody?”

“That's just what I did, sor.” (More laughter.)

“Why did you lie?” (Mr. Sharp did not mean to ask this question—it slipped from him in his astonishment.)

“Well, sor, as soon as that sneak” (indicating Barfell by a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder) “axed me a question about the young leddy—God bless her purty face!—I suspected he was after mischief, so I just put my spoke into his wheel. I lied to him, sor.” (More laughter.) “An' then I lied to everybody, sor, to keep him in the traces long enough for 'Squire Peckham to drive him into the stable.” (Roars of laughter in which the magistrate joined.) “I wasn't under no oath to him or to you, Mr. Sharp, bad 'cess to the pair o' you!” (Mr. Sharp tried in vain to check the voluble Irishman.) “An', by the same token, when Miss Innocence rode off, I watched her go. She didn't go on the street toward Barfell's office at all, sor; she rode straight out on the Conlee road; and I watched her till she went out of sight, half a mile away, sor. Will ye smoke that, you rapsallion?” (turning to Barfell.) (Great laughter.)

Nothing could shake Barney's testimony; and he was dismissed with a threat of prosecution by Mr. Sharp for perjury, to which he replied by scornfully snapping his fingers, and bidding the lawyer: “Go to the devil an' shake yourself, Mr. Sharp!”

Here was an unexpected breakdown in the case. If Barney's testimony was believed, then Innocente could not have been in or anywhere near Millfall at dusk, unless she had returned from the country. It could be proved that she arrived in Coignleigh about half past six o'clock. Barfell had nicely calculated the speed at which the distance could be ridden, and had ascertained that she had not been seen upon the road. Still, as the case now stood, it was Barney's oath against Barfell's. Unless the defense could find some witness who had seen Innocente upon the road at the time when the alleged theft occurred, the case against her was still strong.

The defense proved the time of the arrival in Coignleigh, and also the good reputation of the accused. At this point in the proceedings a tall gentleman, for whom everybody made way with respectful greetings, entered the room, in company with a farmer. The gentleman pushed forward to the bar. Both lawyers rose to salute him, and the magistrate shook hands with him warmly. He pushed on to Innocente's chair, with his hand extended. It needed but a glance for them to know each other. He was the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron. Innocente gave him both her hands, with tears welling up in her large, soft eyes, and a faint blush coloring her cheek, while he whispered:

“I am here and in time to help you. Be patient a few minutes longer, and you shall be free.”

Then he whispered to ‘Squire Peckham, who nodded emphatically several times, and called in a confident voice:

“The Rev. Pyromander Sadiron will please take the stand.”

Mr. Sadiron was sworn, and asked:

"Are you acquainted with Miss Baudry?"

"I never saw her before I entered this room but on one day."

"What day and where was that?"

"I first saw her last week Wednesday evening, at about twenty minutes before six o'clock. She was then coasting down the long hill near Coignleigh. She was going toward Coignleigh. It was just at dusk; the sun had been down about half an hour, but it was not quite dark. I saw her so distinctly, and so near, that I should know her again anywhere; I could not be mistaken."

He then described her dress minutely, agreeing in every particular with the Coignleigh witnesses, but giving particulars which had escaped them until they were now reminded of them.

"Take the witness, Mr. Sharp," said 'Squire Peckham, in a tone of triumph.

Mr. Sharp took the witness with a very give-it-up expression. It never occurred to him as possible that a preacher so well known for the strictest truth as Mr. Sadiron could swear that he saw Innocente on the hill near Coignleigh unless the witness was himself there. Therefore his questions were mostly to ascertain if Mr. Sadiron was sure as to time, place, and person. Mr. Sadiron was sure. The cross-examination only clinched his testimony, and made the alibi perfect. As an expert wheelman he swore that no person could possibly have ridden a tricycle from Mr. Barfell's office and reached the Coignleigh hill at the time he saw Innocente, unless he or she had started from Millfall before sunset, in broad daylight.

When Barney Tierney testified, Owen Barfell had edged himself to the door of the courtroom. He was now found to be missing, when called for re-examination.

John Dunlap, the farmer, who had come in with Mr. Sadiron, called. This man was a prying, curious, scandal-loving character; but a witness whose word was unimpeachable. He testified that, on Wednesday, about dusk, he saw a woman approach Barfell's office. "She acted so sly that I hid and watched her. She went in, and was there about fifteen minutes. When she came out Barfell came with her. They both looked carefully all around. I heard Barfell say to her: 'Now, Jeanette, don't make any mistake in this business. Be sure and hide the wallet in Miss Baudry's room as soon as you get back to the hotel; and mind nobody sees you. I shall be there with a constable in about an hour. The money shall all be yours if we put this thing through without any mistake.' I followed the woman back to the hotel, and saw her plainly as she went into the lighted hall. She was Jeanette Ricot, the hotel chambermaid."

Jeanette Ricot recalled. She was very much frightened, and answered the first stern question, "Why did you put that wallet in Miss Baudry's room?" by sobbing violently and declaring that, "I never should have done it, sir, indeed I shouldn't, only Mr. Barfell ordered me to. He said he would get me discharged if I didn't, and he would give me the money if I did. I should have told all about it if you had asked me before. It wasn't my doings, sir, at all."

And so the case ended. Owen Barfell was not seen in the village until several months later, after the affair had blown over so far as to make him safe from a criminal prosecution, Innocente having left the country.

EPILOGUE.

The ghosts vanish. The supernatural disappears. In the life of a human being there are but four miracles—birth, marriage, parentage, death—and these are natural. The greatest, and sweetest, and most miraculous of these is love and marriage. Of marriage the inferior animals furnish some examples; of love they furnish hints. But nowhere else in nature is exhibited the wondrous miracle of human love and marriage at all like that which is experienced by a pure man and a pure woman.

There was a time when the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron would have been one of the firmest to denounce a tale that the least particle of miraculous or supernatural intervention could have been exerted by that Providence in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning, and before whom all the children of men are as one, the least and the greatest standing upon the same level of privilege and favor since the days of the holy men of old were ended, for no higher apparent purpose than that an ordinary young man might become acquainted with, fall in love with, and marry, an unknown and distant young woman. He could have grieved with the judicious, if not laughed with the skeptics, at the statement that a special miracle was performed in these modern days, in order to enable a Sadiron to marry a Baudry. But the sneer and the doubt have both died. By whatever process or psychological influence the learned may explain the mystery, he accepts the fact that he and his wife were mysteriously brought together, seeing each other in the spirit before they were acquainted in the flesh. Too humbly modest to ascribe this to a special personal favor of God, he charges it to that miracle of love which is the universal heritage of mankind in such varying degrees as men and women possess capacity to receive. He and his wife love each other sincerely, wholly, devotedly. They are really one. Who shall say that the processes by which two souls created for each other seek out their mates, and know each other when they meet, and blend together, are not miraculous, even when the circumstances are commonplace? Who shall limit their power to discover and assimilate when there are obstacles to be overcome? The heart of a man goeth out to the one woman, and that of the woman to the one man, by mysterious ways. Those whom God hath joined together neither man nor circumstance can keep asunder. Thrust together by the friendship of the dead; drawn together by the crimes and passions of the living; impelled toward each other by both love and hate, and born for each other, it would have been a violation of the laws of Providence and nature if they had failed to meet and join.

But when a minister has seen visions, has journeyed publicly on Sunday, and has sworn in a public court that he saw a person at a certain time, when it is afterward known that he was a hundred miles away at that time, it is policy to remove to another "field of usefulness." The Rev. Pyromander Sadiron might have remained in Scotton, or in Millfall, in either of which place the faithful would have stood by him, believing fully his explanation of the facts; but his usefulness would be impaired among the cyclers and sinners. Hence he is now the most popular preacher whose sermons are heard by the Detroit Bicycle Club. Hence his wife is the most charming, the most universally admired and loved, and

the best of our wheelwomen. Did I say that she is charming?—her quality is rarer and higher than that—in spirit and deed, in all her gracious ways and words, she is more than charming—she is Innocente.

[THE END.]

A CLOSE CALL.

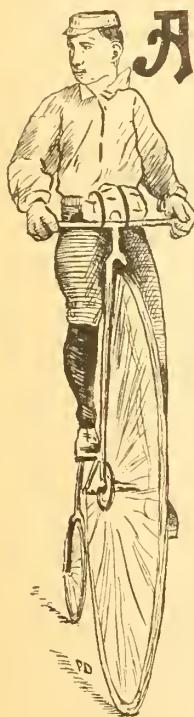
[In Karl Kron's concluding chapter elsewhere alluded to as detailing the three years' history of his book, there appears this account of the circumstances which came very near causing the volume to be left everlasting unfinished:]

Finally, I recall and record my own narrow escape from destruction, June 22, '86, while riding from Flemington to Somerville, N. J., 16 miles, before breakfast. It was about nine o'clock, while on a railroad crossing, one-mile from S., that I brought my bicycle nearly to a standstill, in order to inform the driver of a wagon on my right that a part of the mowing-machine which he was dragging had fallen into the road, a short distance behind. At the same time, an omnibus was crossing the track, in the opposite direction, on my left; and the rattle of this, and of the mower, prevented my having the slightest warning of the fact that a third team was advancing in my rear. A spirited horse, attached to a light buggy, being rendered somewhat restive by the rattle of the mower, and by a boy's sudden leap from the same,—the driver of the horse took the reckless chance of trying to pass between me and the omnibus. He would have done this by a hair's breadth, if my course had continued straight, but the variation implied in "slowing up" brought my left pedal in range of his buggy; and my first hint of its presence was a crash which flung me forward right under his horse's heels. As I struck the ground, there was a confused sensation that the forward hoofs of the beast were in the air above and must hit hard when they came down; but, almost miraculously, I was not struck by them at all, nor by the buggy. Though covered with dust, I was not seriously hurt,—neither was the bicycle, which I drove home to New York, 36 miles further, before nightfall. The leather-covered palm of my left hand took the brunt of the fall, and was sore for a week or two, but my arm was not made lame. My head was not injured at all, though it might well have struck the iron rail, with fatal result. Altogether, it was the "closest call" that ever came to me,—not even excepting that earlier call offered by the mules of the tow-path; and it suggested the inquiry as to my wisdom in violating my vow of December, '84 ("not to ride the bicycle again until my book was done"), after 16 months' adherence to it had rendered me doubtful of my ability to survive another summer without an occasional resort to the wheel. Inaction has its peculiar dangers as well as action. We can vary our choice of perils, but we can never escape the perilous conditions of our mortal environment. "We stand on a mountain-pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses, now and then, of paths which may be deceptive. If we stand still, we shall be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road, we shall be dashed in pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right one. What must we do?"

Wilson and Alder, the fancy riders, sailed for England, where they will give exhibitions of double-riding while abroad.

FROM THE HUB TO HOOSIERDOM.

NUMBER 4.



T Cleveland I spend the most of the morning inquiring the best route to Ft. Wayne. The wheelman who kindly gave me directions said that none of the roads were very good, but that he would start me out on the best one, as far as Elyria.

I afterwards wrote him that if any other wheelman ever arrived at Cleveland, with an inordinate desire to reach Ft. Wayne, to tell him to either take a train or else save time by going one hundred and fifty miles out of his way, *via* Columbus and Indianapolis.

You wonder why? Read on!

I mount my wheel in the "square" at Cleveland, go south over the viaduct out Detroit street towards Rocky River. The road out offers the wheelman the choice of three kinds of riding, but it

is a sort of "Hobson's choice," after all.

There is an old corduroy road to the left, with the boards all warped and an occasional one missing; alongside, a road composed of pure sand, with, perhaps, a small per cent. of adulteration in the shape of clay. Then there is a foot path, high up, with frequent drain ditches running across it. It is useless to try the first two, so I take the side path and run my chances with the cross ditches.

It rained hard the night before, but the day promises to be hot enough to dry the ground by noon. I stop a milkman a short ways out of town and get a pint of milk of him. Then, as I am about to mount, I ask if this is the right road to Rocky River.

"Well," said he, "you're a lively fellow, I must say; been livin' here in Cleveland all yer life, I suppose, and ownin' a bicycle and never been to Rocky river. What's that? Ain't never been to Cleveland before? Well, where yer ridin' from, anyhow?"

"Boston."

"Boston? Lemme see; about what county is that in?"

"O, it's a small place back east a little way," I returned, with well-meaning but misspent sarcasm. "It's a suburb of Lynn. Were you ever in Lynn?"

At Elyria I take dinner and start out for Norwalk. The day is intolerably hot and the roads bad. That afternoon I put in probably six miles of walking—where the roads are so sandy as to make riding impossible. There are frequent cherry groves along the road, the trees are filled with large, ripe fruit, and I stop often and eat all I can swallow; sometimes after asking the owner's consent and sometimes without going through that formality. Milk was something else of which I consumed large quantities during my travels. It was something that could be obtained at nearly every farm house, and for which the women folks would never think of taking money; so it made a very cheap as well as nourishing lunch.

Cherries and milk, when taken in large quantities into the ordinary stomach of civilized man, are apt to cause a little disturbance, to say the least. The effect on me was unnoticeable.

That is why I say the bicycle is a health-promoter of the highest grade.

At East Norwalk I strike a fine piece of macadamized road into Norwalk, a distance of about five miles; by all odds the best riding of the day. Here I stop all night. The next day's riding brings me to Fremont by nightfall. The roads have been very sandy, and from all the information I can get, they are no better ahead.

Hoping for the best, I strike out in the early morning in the direction of Freeport. I pass ex-President Hayes's residence, and am picking my way along the plank sidewalk that runs out of town, when I am stopped by an old granger who wants to know where I am from and where I am going.

Right here it might be well to note a striking difference between the eastern and western character. Down east, if you want any information, you ask for it. No one would think to volunteer giving it. They would consider it an unpardonable invasion of your private affairs. Out west it is different. One is not supposed to have any private affairs. A farmer meeting a cyclist on the road will stop and inquire where he is going, just as naturally as he would pass the time of day with a neighbor; and then, without waiting to be asked, he will offer information in lavish abundance. If he doesn't know anything about the routes and roads of the neighborhood, he will guess at it. He feels that he would be lacking in hospitality if he failed to give you some advice.

It seems homelike and natural to be accosted thus, so I dismount and tell him that I am traveling from Cleveland to Ft. Wayne, feeling sure that some information will be forthcoming.

"Cleveland to Ft. Wayne! Well, I wish I had a dollar for every time I've done it. Why, stranger, I could just take any one of them half dozen roads between them places an' travel over 'em blindfolded. It's kinder lucky you met me, for when you get me on the roads of Henry county or Wood or Defiance, I'm just like an old lake pilot." Then he opened wide the sluice-gates of his memory and poured out enough road information to bewilder any one. After he had finished I was completely so.

One little morsel of advice in regard to a certain pike I tried hard to remember, because it was encouraging. "After you pass the little school-house," he said, "red brick, at the next crossing, you'll find that the sand road still keeps on, but you turn off by Tobe Grimes's farm; you turn off to your right, or maybe it's to your left; but any way, you turn off. Then you keep on a little ways, only you have to keep angling off to your right two or three times, but you foller the sand and you'll be all right. You keep on, quite a bit, an' finally you come to Pete Thomas's farm. Well, when you get there you turn off towards Pike's mill (the road is still mighty bad), only you

don't go quite to it. You turn off about two miles this side of it, and then right ahead of you is the Greensburg pike, the finest piece of road in Northern Ohio."

When he was finished I was so turned around and bewildered that I could not have taken a compass and told which way was north.

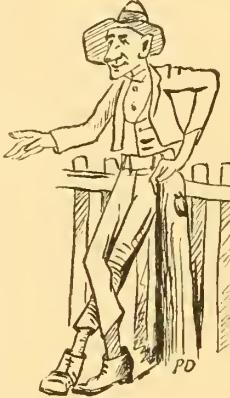
All I knew was that somewhere, far ahead of me, separated by wastes of trackless sand, was the finest road in this part of the State, the glorious, far-famed Greensburg pike.

So I pedaled ahead, and whenever I struck sand and had to get off and walk, which was pretty often, I consoled myself with the thought that there was a good road somewhere ahead.

I went on this way, walking occasionally, for may be two hours, then suddenly the sand left off and a hard, rutty road filled with loose broken stones took its place. This was a little bit worse than the sand, for a fall on to a heaping pile of flint-like rocks might be dangerous. So I picked my way cautiously along, dismounting about every hundred yards to avoid an extra big stone pile, and longing for the Greensburg pike. The next farm wagon that passed I called out and asked, "How far to the Greensburg pike?"

The wagon kept on, the driver slid around in his seat, made a speaking trumpet of his hand and yelled back, "Yer on it n-o-w."

And this is what I had been struggling forward to all morning. Great Heavens!



Presently the road runs through a salt marsh, a lot of condemned land, which, if it is good for anything, no one has ever discovered what that thing is. The body of the road here is a soggy black sand, but it is packed rather hard, and so barely ridable. For two hours I ride through that swamp, an occasional marsh bird being the only living thing in sight. No other signs of animal life were there. Then I hear a noise ahead—a sound of voices giving orders in a rather hurried and peremptory manner—and as I wheel nearer I come upon a gang of workmen lifting a derailed engine on to its track.

So I consoled myself over the frequent headers I had taken in the last few hours. If the swamp lands were so bad that even the railroad tracks washed away and twenty thousand pound engines took occasional headers, why should I object to a few insignificant tumbles? I didn't have to have a gang of twenty-odd Irishmen pick me up every time I fell.

The edge of the swamp is reached at last, and by industriously picking side paths, I wheel my way into Freeport.

After dinner the landlord gets down his atlas of Ohio, and turning to a large plat of Henry county, gives me seven different routes to Napoleon. He traveled over all seven of them in the next half-hour, and as his large, grimy index finger wandered from Freeport to Napoleon and then back again, he dwelt largely on the attractions of each particular route.

But I didn't get as far that day as we figured it out on the map. Reaching Weston about five o'clock, although the coolest part of the day is yet before me, I decided to stop.

It is only a small town, but in the number of loafers that congregated around the bicycle on my arrival, she could not be outdone by many a larger place. Here again I was posted on numerous different roads.

Every one who had been five miles out of town in any direction felt himself competent to give

full directions as to my future course. They were by no means reticent with their advice, either.

That night it rained. When I opened my window and looked out early in the morning, the sun was just rising and the road looked wet. I also noticed that the first relay of loafers had already assembled and more were coming.

By the time I had eaten breakfast and overhauled my machine, the whole town had collected to see me off. Bets ran about even as to whether or not I could ride through the mud and sand.

The road ran straight away for perhaps half a mile, then it turned. I rode to the turn. Then I dismounted and walked. Walking just then was a good deal easier than riding, but I didn't propose to let that crowd of gawking grangers see me walk out of town—not if I twisted a pedal off.

After that I got along rather slowly, walking most of the time. Once, when I attempted to ride on a particularly inviting side path, I run into the boughs of an overhanging tree, while my bicycle rolls off and leaves me hanging there, *a la Absalom*.

A while afterwards, as I was pushing my wheel along through the sand, a benevolent old farmer came along with an empty wagon and took me in. Then he gave the reins to his small boy and climbed over the seat to examine the machine. He went all over it; jerked all the spokes, pinched the tire, asked me whether the backbone was wood or iron, then, as he finished his inspection, looked up and said, "Patented, I reckon?"

I told him there were probably thirty-five or forty patents embodied in the machine. He gave an astonished, "Wall!" and crawled back on the seat.

We stopped at the next farm house, and as the boy opened the gate, the farmer's better-half, spying something strange in the wagon, came out and greeted him with, "Reuben, Reuben, don't tell me you've gone and been putting your money into another of them patent rights?"

Reuben rose up in the wagon and waved his hand reassuringly. "Don't you worry, mother; that er machine ain't fer sale, nor the patent, neither." Then in a lower voice, "I turned sorry about it, too. Wouldn't mind ownin' a county right."

Fortunately the road took a steep descent right here, so I was enabled to mount and ride, much to the delight of the whole family, who had now assembled to see me off. When well out of sight I again dismount and walk through the sand.

The sight of the bicycle breaks up a game of ball in front of a school-house at a cross-roads, and small boys to the number of fifteen or more gather around. I ask one of the boys to hold the wheel while I get a drink. Instantly seven of the boys dart forward and each grabs hold on the bicycle, as though it were some fiery, untamed steed struggling for freedom.

"Boys," said I, turning away to hide a broad grin, "boys, don't let her break away from you, on any account."

At the earnest entreaties of the small boys I mount and ride, or rather try to ride, for two hundred yards or so.

Farm houses grow scarcer along the road, but I pass more school-houses to-day than on any other two days' travel. At most of them the school adjourns bodily to see the bicycle pass; and then, if at no other time during the day, to keep up the reputation of the bicycling fraternity at large, I ride as long as possible.

About three o'clock I arrive at Napoleon, hot and hungry. The sun has baked the sand and mud which accumulated on my wheel early in the morning, till it is as hard as a brick. After a good meal I go down to the railroad station and with the aid of two small boys put in an hour cleaning up my Columbia.

While engaged in this work of necessity I notice an individual with the prominent marks of the genus *tramp*, who has been taking observations of me and my wheel from various standpoints for the last half hour. As I put on a few finishing touches he crawls down off the fence, his last roosting place, and shuffling over the road, holds out his grimy hand, while a broad smile lights up his hairy face.

"Well, who'd ever a thought of seein' an old Indianapolis friend in this out-of-the-way place?" he chuckled. "Don't remember me, eh? Well, now, that's too good! Knew you soon as I set my eyes on you. Yer from Indianapolis, an' a printer, an' yer name's Darrow. See there! Didn't I tell you I knew you? And to think you'd a forgotten me! Don't you remember old Robinson, that used to set out of the brevier, next the stove?"

Then he straightened himself up, grinned a complacent grin, and spit squarely on the particular pedal I had just been cleaning.

Yes, I remembered him, and also a small composing-stick and numerous rules that left about the same time he did. I also remembered another prominent trait of Robinson's, and not wanting to be bothered with him any longer, I handed him a dime, saying, "Here, go off and get drunk as quick as you can, and when you're sober enough to leave town, go in the opposite way from Indianapolis."

He smiled contemptuously at the idea of his getting drunk on a dime, and then vanished into a neighboring bar.

Next morning I leave Napoleon for Defiance, and from there reach Ft. Wayne by nightfall, just as a drenching rain is setting in.

The roads are not particularly good, but are so much better than those I have been used to for several days past, that I am satisfied. They are all built up from the surrounding grade, and unless passing vehicles are obliging enough to turn out, the cycler has to dismount before passing.

It was on such a road as this that I overtake a load of hay, and am surprised at the coolness with which the granger who is driving complies

with my request to give me a piece of the road. In fact, he doesn't comply at all, but drives on without even looking around, though I call out loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile. Of

course I could dismount, and by running ahead a little ways, start on again. But, thought I, what's the use? The driver will surely turn out if I halloo at him long enough. So I ride behind that load of hay at a snail's pace for fully a mile, carrying on a one-sided conversation as to the rights and privileges of bicycles on the highways.

I finally gave him up as an inconvertible subject and dismounted and ran ahead for a start. When I stop soon at the next store on the road, I

ask concerning the selfish old driver who paid so little attention to my demands for a share of the road.

"Do you mean the feller drivin' that team just comin' over the hill thar?" asked some one from outside.

"Yes," I said, as I stepped to the door and identified my unsociable acquaintance in the distance.

"Why, that's old man Wamsley. He's so deaf, I guess it's upwards of twenty years since he's heerd a clap of thunder."

All I could say was to echo the last word—"Thunder!"

Ft. Wayne has, perhaps, more wheelmen than any other city in Indiana. While there are excellent roads running from the city in all directions, there is an unridable stretch on nearly all of them, about ten miles from town, which rather cuts off the Ft. Wayne cycler from the rest of the State, and so they form a community of their own, and a wide awake cycling center it is, too. I was fully repaid for my visit there, although I had to walk about five miles both on approaching and leaving the city.

And this was the last walking I indulged in till I reached home. At several stages of my trip, it may be remembered that pedestrianism rather monopolized the time that should have been spent in cycling; but now that I was on the good hard gravel pikes of Indiana, I knew I would have to walk no more.

From Roanoke to Huntington was the first ten miles out of the thousand or more I had been over that I rode without a dismount. And I am not in the habit of dismounting at every stone on the road, either.



At Roanoke I join a party of wheelmen who are going to "take in" a show at Huntington, and after the fun is over they light their lamps and are off for home. As their lights go twinkling down the road out of town I am almost inclined to go back with them and run the ten miles over again next day, so good is the road.

In the morning every wheelman in town is on hand to accompany me out of town. Some riders, being without wheels of their own, even go so far as to borrow others. When we are about to start, some one asks, "Where's Riggs?"

Who or what Riggs was I had no idea, but it was unanimously decided that we couldn't go without him, and several started to hunt him up. They soon returned with a comical-looking party mounted on a sorry-looking bicycle.

I soon discovered that Riggs had not been brought out to show off his speed or ability as a



road rider, but simply to make fun for the rest of the company. He began work by springing on us a few decayed bicycle witticisms from last week's *Cycle*, and all went merry as a chestnut bell.

How soon, alas! was all this hilarity to be hushed, for at the next hill poor Riggs met the inevitable fate that sooner or later is meted out to all poor punsters.

It was a very steep descent, but the surface was so smooth that no one hesitated to coast it. But Riggs, as he passed us at the top, said something about "Pedal your own canoe," and went down

feet on. About one-third the way down he began to turn pale, then he slipped his pedals, and after that it was a wild scramble between him and the bicycle as to which would reach the bottom first. He clung fast to the handles, and it is well he did so, for I think I am safe in

saying that he swung out straight behind during part of the transit. He finally wound up by running into a clump of bushes by the roadside and came out, after all, more scared than hurt.

Then the whole party turned mournfully homeward. Riggs apparently had no pun to fit the occasion.

From Lagro to Wabash the road runs alongside of an old unused canal that was originally intended to connect with the Erie, but was never completed. To ride for an hour along a canal without meeting canal boatmen or mules, is much like seeing "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

At Peru I received from home the intelligence that Hollinsworth had started that morning to break the twenty-four-hour road record, on the National Road east of Indianapolis. Every one knows how well he rode that day. The Indianapolis boys all knew he would knock the record when he started out that bright June morning over one of the finest roads in Indiana. When I say one of the finest roads in Indiana, that means one of the finest roads in the country.

Then, as I sit in the lonely hotel that night, how I wish I had started from Cleveland south through central Ohio, and then, besides saving myself all the sand roads I had just been over, I would also have been on hand to help celebrate the making of a new world's twenty-four-hour record.

After leaving Peru I feel that I am home again, for although I have never been over the roads before, I meet old wheelmen acquaintances all along.

When I am looking over the bill of fare for dinner that day, at Kokomo, and figuring out the most soul-satisfying repast that would come within the range of my now almost depleted pocket-book, a tall, mournful citizen slips quietly up and takes a seat opposite mine. He eyed me very closely for a few moments and then remarked, "They tell me out there," pointing with his thumb in the direction of the office, "they tell me that you came from Boston on that velocipede?"

"Yes."

"And that you've allowed to go to Indianapolis?"

"Yes, that's where"—but he interrupted with—"Don't you do it,—don't you think of doin' it!" "Why not?" I asked. "That's where I"—

"Yes, I know," he broke in again, "that's where you want to go, but you don't understand the situation. You think just because you've had an easy time of it all along that you can keep on in the same way, but you can't. You're in Indiana now. Civilization is behind you. Just three mile out of town is the Nigger-head swamp. Hosses sink to their bellies in mud in the dry season. You can't pull through that. Then right beyond that is a stretch of sand what they call the great Hoosier desert. If you was to get lost in there you'd be gone. They ain't a drop of water for miles an' miles. Then there's the cowboys and Injuns to look out for all the time. Oh, you'd better turn back! hit's better."

"But," I interrupted, "Indianapolis is where"—

He paid no attention but kept on: "Just outside of the city the sand leaves off and the land jist rares right up on end. They have to have histing apparatus on top of the hills so that they can pull the teams up with a windlass. You don't allow to climb sich hills, do you? You'd better throw up your bet and go back to Boston."

He paused to catch his breath, and for the first time I gained the floor; said I: "The situation is something like this: I have to go to Indianapolis, not from any sense of foolish pride or to win any wager, but because I live there,—by the way, when did all this sudden change take place in Indiana? This week or last?"

He waited neither to answer me nor the waiter's glib inquiry of "souperfish," but darted for the door. I was quick enough to join him at the threshold, and as he passed out I thrust into his hand a small card I had picked up in some clubhouse the day before. On it was this inscription: "I am somewhat of a liar myself."

There is something in front of the hotel at Noblesville that attracted my attention on the night of my arrival. It was a white sign-board with black characters on it. On close inspection I remembered I had seen something like it before in the *L. A. W. Bulletin*. Then I decided that this must be one of the League sign-boards, and standing, as it did, directly in front of a hotel, it necessarily meant that place was the League headquarters.

Here I had been riding from the very heart and center of the League, over dangerous roads and unsafe grades, stopping at League hotels and hotels that didn't know the League from Adam, and yet I had to come as far as Indiana to see the first L. A. W. sign-board. I may have missed some, I'll admit, and yet I am ordinarily observant.

But Indiana needn't flatter herself in this regard, for I venture to say that this is the only one in the State. I am thinking of having it put in a glass case to add interest to our club room.

And now, my trip awheel is almost over, for the next morning the boys from Indianapolis run up to Noblesville, and by dark we are home again.

But before I leave my readers, who, if they have followed my rambling letters thus far, must needs deserve something for their patience, I will throw out a few hints as to what, in the writer's opinion, constitutes and goes to make up a pleasurable bicycle tour.

In the first place, a person wants to start out with his mind made up to take things as he finds them. A bicycle traveler necessarily meets with many discomforts and inconveniences that travelers by other means never find. These, if unavoidable, he must take as a matter of course, for

growling and fretting only make them worse. What is more disagreeable than to travel this way with a "kicker"?

Then, he ought not to set out to ride so far a day and then tire himself out in trying to do it. That takes off much of the pleasure of the trip. Don't try to mix racing with touring.

Granted, then, that our tourist starts out determined to look on the best side of every situation in which he finds himself, and further, to take things easy while on the road, the next thing he wants to do to make his trip a pleasurable success is to keep his eyes open, observe what is going on around him, and enter into the spirit of the occasion wherever he may happen to be.

There were two questions that were put to me time and again during my trip: "Don't you get awfully lonesome? I should think you would." And the other was just like it, only "tired" was substituted for "lonesome."

To the first I can truthfully answer "no." The ever-varying classes and conditions of people I met, the ever-changing landscapes to attract the eye, made loneliness impossible.

And then I was a part of all this—a part of every landscape and one of every community I passed. There is where the bicyclist has the advantage over the railroad traveler. He sits immovable in the car window and sees a cold, distant panorama unrolled before him, then rushes into the depot lunch-room, bolts his meal and lounges back to his seat in the cars.

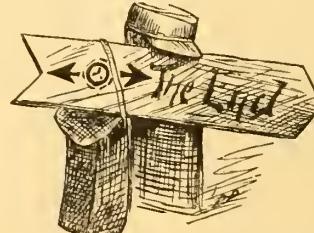
Besides, in picking out a traveling companion for a long bicycle trip, you want to be careful, and in more ways than one, at that. I, for one, will run the risk of being lonesome rather than being bored.

In answer to the question whether or not I didn't get very tired, I will answer, "Yes, I sometimes did." But it was a good, healthful tiredness, and as different as night is from day to the tiredness that comes from *ennui*. That's laziness.

So, if our traveler starts in on a bicycle trip and fancies that he will go through without getting tired, I am afraid he will be disappointed, unless, perchance, he is a trained athlete.

But this kind of tiredness never does a person any harm. It takes no stretch of the imagination to hear each particular cell of each particular muscle waking up and calling to its neighbor, "Hello! what's this? I thought I was dead, I haven't been used for so long. Now that we have a chance, let's go ahead and grow strong."

That's what bicycle touring does for a man. Try it.



P. C. DARROW.

A rich Norwegian lawyer left all his money to use in buying bicycles for the Christiania school children. He evidently believed in having the rising generation make a strong generation. It is suggested that some American might do the same thing with more profit to the human race than in putting his money into so many so-called philanthropic movements.—*Boston Herald*.



News Notes.

America

For records.

American riders

On Hampden Park.

Dan Canary is in Berlin.

The Australia *Cycling News* is dead.

We miss the Rudge records this season.

The Columbia team has adjourned *sine die*.

It actually improves the bicycle record to have it broken.

The Philadelphia Bicycle Club is increasing in membership.

The Ixion Club of New York is out \$300 by its race meeting.

O give us a rest is what the Rudge wheel is doing on records.

Philadelphia is to have another race meeting on Thanksgiving day.

Forty-six members turned out on the Penna Bicycle Club's last club run.

Chief Consul John Wells, of Pennsylvania, is very well liked by his division.

The cycling trinity—American wheels, American riders, and American tracks.

The press of the Quaker City is commencing to take an interest in things cycling.

Over 75 wheelmen in this country have a record of a mile in three minutes or under.

Jack Prince has decided to settle down in Omaha, Neb., as an agent for Gormully & Jeffery.

The American Champion holds the mile one-wheel record made by Barber, at Rochester, in 3.51.

W. B. Everett is home again once more among his friends, having returned from his European trip.

W. S. Maltby, who is in Austrália with Fred S. Rollinson, is astonishing the natives with his fancy riding.

Richmond Park, London, has been thrown open to wheelmen, after having been closed to them for twelve years.

A Chinese bicycle rider is astonishing England with trick riding, including a performance on an inclined wire.

We are indebted to the *Canton Roller* for the cut of the L. A. W. meet at Canton, published in our last issue.Whittaker's 50-mile road record of 2h. 55m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. has been beaten in England by G. P. Mills, in 2h. 47m. 35 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.The *Vermont Bicycle* for October comes out in a new dress, having adopted the form of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

That American riders on American wheels should make world's records on American tracks is not to be wondered at.

The sun never sets on the field occupied by the Travelers Insurance Co., of Hartford, to whose worth many cyclers can testify.

Manager Atkins yet remains "under the weather," and there is a possibility that he may go to Florida to recuperate his health.

W. M. Woodside is now the champion of America, Prince having forfeited his title, in refusing to accept Woodside's challenge.

Frank X. Mudd, of Montgomery, Ala., one of the most enthusiastic of Southern wheelmen, has transferred his abode to Oswego, N. Y.

The Coventry Machinists' Co.'s works, Coventry, were selected by the British Association for inspection during the recent conference.

Prince Wells, the well-known fancy bicycle rider, has recently purchased an American Champion, and will use it in his future exhibitions.

Two hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours, on a Marlboro' Tandem, by W. J. Morgan and Miss Louise Armaindo, at Lynn, Oct. 19.

During the past London racing season Furnivall won eighteen first and four second prizes. J. E. Fenlon won fifteen firsts, ten seconds, and six thirds.

After a month's trial of our Marlboro' Club tandem, we are fully convinced that, with good roads, the days of the bicycle for pleasure riding are numbered.

Mr. George D. Gideon has gone out of the cycling business. He has turned over all interest in the firm of Gideon & Co., to his former partner, Mr. Kirk Brown.

The Association for the Advancement of Cycling in the city of Penn collects cobble-stones and holds them up for the edification of the population at large.

The point made by Gormully & Jeffery that racing records show the excellence of racing wheels only, and cannot in justice be applied to roadsters, is well taken.

The Champion's record of 300 miles on a straightaway course of 50 miles is certainly a poser, and is a mark for the other makes of roadsters to work upon.

The Marlboro' Tandem is one of the best running wheels, as ye editor and wife can testify. Although a light wheel, it carries its load (336 lbs.) with ease and safety, both up hill and down.

Why do League members pay Browning, King & Co., \$15 for League suits which can be had of Punnett, of Rochester, for \$12. Punnett probably has no commission to pay, hence the decline in price.

W. S. Maltby's address the coming month is G. T. office, Bombay, India. Mr. Maltby expects to meet Thomas Stevens in India, as Maltby is traveling around the world in opposite direction to that of Thomas Stevens.

The Philadelphia Bicycle Club's new club-house is an established fact. The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club's new club-house will soon be one, too. The wheel-room of the latter will contain space for over 200 machines.

Those watch chain handle-bars are just too cute for anything. Send \$2.00 to Flintham & Frampton, Topeka, Kan., and secure one by return mail, or, better still, send six new subscribers or renewals to the GAZETTE and secure one free.

Mr. A. T. Lane, of Montreal, well known to riders in this vicinity, who attended the last Springfield races, has been obliged to carry his leg in a sling as a result of the interference by a St. Bernard dog with him while on his wheel.

"My cycling log book" is the title of one of the handiest of all books designed for the use of cyclers. Every wheelman should secure one for the new year, and now is the time. The book is one of Papa Weston's best efforts in behalf of cycling.

The *Pacific Wheelman* is one of the latest cycle publications. Published at San Francisco monthly; is the size and make up of the GAZETTE, and sells for 50 cents a year. Let every wheelman subscribe, and thus help to sustain a paper on the Pacific coast.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE—more important to the cyclist than his little round cap and long stockings. Correspondence from all quarters on the wheel subject, poems, stories, pictures, compose its interesting and instructive pages.—*National Republican*.

The American Champion now holds every world's road-record up to 100 miles within the 24 hours. S. G. Whittaker, who has recently been attaining such startling results on this wheel, and who had never before experimented on a roadster, lays it to the bearings.

The World Travel Co., of New York, issues one of the best of monthlies, devoted entirely to the interest of traveling, and should be in the hands of all wheelmen, whether traveling by rail, water, or on the wheel. Many points of interest occur monthly whose advantage should be accepted by all who travel.

New York and New Jersey Team Road Racing Association held its second semi-annual 25-mile road race, November 2, on a five-mile smooth but hilly stretch, between Irvington and Millburn, N. J. Teams of four men each—Kings County Wheelmen, 63 points; Ilderen B. C., 45 points; Harlem Wheelmen, 0; Elizabeth (N. J.) Wheelmen, 0; Brooklyn B. C., 0.

Edward A. Shields, chief consul, Louisiana, who paid Springfield a visit this fall, propounds the following question in the *Bicycle South*: "In viewing the fine track at Springfield, the question naturally arose in my mind: Why cannot we stimulate among our wheelmen enterprise enough to build such a course?" We should be pleased to record the fact of the building of at least a half dozen tracks in the South, each one equal, if not superior, to Springfield.

H. D. Corey, of Boston, U. S., called on us on Monday. He reached Southampton last Friday, and will stay some weeks in England making arrangements for the construction of Stoddard, Loveling & Co.'s 1887 machines. He says he expects the A. C. U. will about end its existence with the year.—*The Cyclist*. We can hardly credit the above relative to the A. C. U., to Corey. Although Corey was not in accord with the A. C. U. in its fullest terms, he always believed the A. C. U. had its mission.

C. H. Larrette, speaking of the abolition of the amateur definition, in the *Athletic News*, says with a good deal of force that "the change, however, must come, but it must not be yet. The minds of the multitude are not sufficiently educated for such a radical reform, and the mere mention of it would cause some of our athletic friends to faint with dismay. What we must do is to wait a little longer, as to force on what is rapidly becoming a popular demand I fear would at present only end in failure."

Poultney Bigelow, editor of *Outing*, says that "serious harm has been done to the reputation of Thomas Stevens as well as to the staff of *Outing*, by the report that a firm of bicycle manufacturers controls either the one or the other, and begs to assure their readers that *Outing* is controlled completely and exclusively by its editorial staff, and

that our special correspondent, Thomas Stevens, is under no obligations to ride any particular make of wheel—he may come home on a Star or Humber for aught we care."

That the Lynn boys were obliged to assess \$50 upon each member owing to the failure of the tournament, occasioned much surprise, as no one supposed that the loss would be so severe. The Lynn Association fulfilled its promises to the letter, and deserves the greatest credit. Its record was wonderful for a body that gave its first tournament. Some means ought to be devised to give the club a good send-off this winter, and all the clubs in this vicinity ought to take hold.—*Boston Herald*. We second the motion, and would suggest a grand carnival at the G. A. R. Coliseum, Lynn, at an early date.

The three prizes awarded at Roseville, N. J., October 16th, for the one mile championship of the Elizabeth Wheelmen have been on exhibition in Oliver & Drake's window. First prize, won by W. H. Caldwell, represents Mercury as a brass statuary, with wings upon his ankles and at his ears—it is about three feet high and weighs thirty pounds. Second prize, won by W. J. Barrows—a handsomely engraved brass bell, with chain attached. Third prize, won by L. B. Bennett—an engraved brass spear head, mounted on a handle, in imitation of mahogany, with a thermometer fastened on it. The races were run with high winds prevailing.

The Beauty cycle saddle is built on the approved principle of suspension and spring. The saddle yields comfortably away from the person in all necessary directions to make the easiest possible seat. Its motion is rocking or cradle, and is made of coiled wire of any size. Adjusting rod and brace form front riveting plate, extending to back rivet plate through pocket in same, and secured by nuts on either side of pocket. Leather used is special, and of the best. The whole appearance is neat and attractive, as well as effective. Any ordinary jar is fully compensated, and its vibration absorbed by perfect spring and suspension. Made by the Humphreys Spring Company, Irwin, Pa.

Some society young men in Chicago have become tired of wearing pantaloons, and they have started a movement in favor of knee breeches of the old knickerbocker style. A club has been formed among them based on the agreement that when it shall have fifty members they shall take hold of this great question of dress reform in earnest. Thus far only sixteen of the young society lights of Chicago have entered the organization, but as soon as the fifty that are required have been recruited by the leaders, they are to appear in public all at once in their knickerbockers, and thus set the fashion for the timid and conservative young men who have not the courage to exhibit their calves. Heaven help the crooked-legged! There is no way for them to win admiration save by staying on a bicycle, and that is awkward.

"Say, Mr. Editor, there's another thing that is bothering us out here. To be sure, it is now arranged so our chief consul can give us an order on Browning, King & Co., and we can get a League suit without the delay caused by getting permission from headquarters. But after we have the suit we find that it does not wear like it used, and a few days' exposure leaves it a dingy, though pronounced, maroon in color. This would suggest that B. K. & Co. were serving us just as the

cigarette makers do—a tip-top article until one gets in the habit of using it. The price of the League suit seems small, but, as a matter of fact, any manufacturer of clothing will tell you that there is a very decent margin in the L. A. W. suit, and they can afford to supply us with the honest fruit of the loom. I think there is food for reflection in this, and I trust it will be noticed by the powers that be." VERAX in *Sporting Journal*, Punnett, the tailor, furnishes the League uniform at a saving of \$4.00 on each suit.

It would add much to the comfort of the newspaper fraternity, and also to their ability to correctly report a race meeting, if the newspaper stand were placed at the finish a little below the level of the judges' stand, and directly in front thereof. With the newspaper men sitting at about the level of the heads of the contestants when they are mounted on their machines, and the judges' stand of its usual height, it would be possible for the judges to survey the whole track without the reporters being in their way, and at the same time for the person whose duty it was to see that the newspapers were provided with all details of timing and other matters of interest to them, to go directly from the judges' stand to the reporters' box without having to cross the track.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*. Our experience has been that the newspaper men have the very best opportunities for seeing a race, and if a change is made at all, we would like to see the judges' stand on the outer side of the track. As it is now, the officials in the stand have to turn about and about to follow the riders going around the track, and we have often suffered dizziness from this. It would be impossible for a reporter to see the back stretch if he were in front of the judges' stand; and if he were in the stand, he could not sit down and follow the men with his eyes. It is important that the officials should be easily reached by the reporters, and it would be a good move to send them over to the reporters. It would be a mistake to make the reporters cross the track. Secretary Aaron had a good view of the races at Hartford, but he stood up and waltzed around with the officials in the stand. If there had been twenty men waltzing, the results would have been unsatisfactory.—*The Cycle*. We fully agree with the *Cycle* and know from experience that under the present arrangements the reporters have all of the advantage. As an official, we should like to see the judges' stand placed on the outside of the track.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

Many an October evening run home have we had when it was so dark that the road was but a vague mystery, a grayish blur, which in tree bordered sections vanished altogether, and we steered steadfastly through the dark tunnel for the slightly lighted opening far ahead, for the promised land beyond, where the foliage gave way. Our good old lamp would have been welcomed at such times, but it had been left behind, as the road with its dim uncertainty was, finally, and we arrived safely at home.

It's up-hill work to get our town officers to consent to have a trial section of macadam laid here this fall, which a contractor offers to do at his own expense, nearly, he having established a stone-crushing plant, and is ready for orders. Some fossils, may be, have become so used to wading about in our cobble-gemmed mud-holes, alias streets, that they think nothing of it, and do nothing toward a better state of affairs.

We have agitated the subject a little in local papers, and as evidence that it is a popular one, and time something was done about it, when some one in a speech in a recent town meeting mentioned street improvement, he was instantly "drowned with applause." Too much cannot be done, nor too promptly, by League members, one and all, toward better roads throughout the country.

Since rainy weather came on we again feel about as lonesome on the road as "the church-fair oyster," for the Faciles are the only wheels out.

It's dispiriting to read already of wheels laid up till spring, when we ride daily, the same as usual, on trips to and from business, and not on your Orange or Boston roads either, where nothing short of deep snow should prevent riding. Ours are common roads and side paths until we reach town, where we take to the aforesaid "gemmed" streets.

The Secretary of the Solitary Club thinks it will be no canard to call the fast man of the Scorch Club "Go-liah," as he can'tard-ly believe some of his records!

For the first time recently, we had the pleasure of riding beside a pretty young lady, who with her brother was pushing a B. H. Tandem along one of our best Sound beach roads. There is an unmistakable charm added to an outing on wheels when the occasion is graced by a lady; our poor roads prevent the use of three-wheelers to any great extent yet, and will until we have macadam, —when, O, when!

An October scorch to Danbury showed us some of the hilliest and sandiest roads that lay out door. The country all stands up edgewise, and the young mountains crowd one another. Between Ridgefield and Danbury are two hills so steep that we saw a young man and presumably his best girl alight from their carriage and walk up, and down the other side. We coasted it safely on the Facile, and longed for more,—more down grades, but we had enough ups for one half day, and broke a rule of the Solitary Club in returning by train. We used up five hours in doing the 28 miles, stopping for a lunch and fruit at several points *en route*. They may have "Hillier" rides in England, but this one is enough for us.

A few choice spirits here—not in bottles—will tour to Tarrytown during the fair weather we usually have for a portion of November, and some other local runs are intended as a kind of farewell to the scenes of the season's wheeling.

Among those who are usually accredited with "arriving at his destination" will be

"STAMSON."

THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

The Brooklyn Bicycle Club has moved from its old quarters on State street to its new, elegant, and commodious club-house on St. Felix street, near Flatbush avenue. The dimensions of the house are 25x60, and it is three stories in height. It is the only club in this city which has a whole complete house to itself. At this time it has sixty-five members and applications are coming in steadily. If it keeps on increasing its membership, as it is doing at present, it will soon outrival the Kings County Wheelmen.

In the two-mile race at the Nassau Athletic Club's games, Bates with 200 yards finished first, with W. J. Savoye (scratch) second. The handicapping was very poor, and although Savoye tried

hard, Bates beat him by quite some distance, in 7.00 $\frac{2}{3}$. As there was only one prize, Savoye received nothing for excellent efforts.

Harry Hall, of the K. C. W., does not seem to get the great speed out of his Star, which was expected of him in the earlier part of the season. Although he attended all the large tournaments, he succeeded only in carrying off a couple of consolation prizes. He has seen his racing days, and should have rested on his laurels, instead of competing with men against whom he stands no chance whatever.

On September 26 the members of the Ilderan Bicycle Club held a run to Bath, L. I., where they were photographed. The club has now 45 members, and thinks of considerably enlarging its present quarters in the spring. A piano has recently been added to its parlor and several social evenings are proposed for the winter.

A. B. Rich, of the K. C. W., has evidently done enough racing this season. At Roseville he was defeated in almost every race, and also at the Ixion's tournament held at this track. His brother, Seton H. Rich, is doing first rate, and it is thought he will attain just as great a speed as A. B. did during this season.

In the beginning of the month, F. B. Hawkins, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, made a 24-hour record of 202 miles. He could have covered 220 miles had not the crank of his machine broken off, and the last nine miles he walked in order to make as much as possible under the circumstances. On the 12th and 13th of October, A. B. Barkman, president of the same club, started out to beat this record, and succeeded in doing 205 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, which gives him the record for the club and also for Brooklyn. Hawkins intends to try again, and if he strikes a good day will very likely succeed in beating it.

The Bedford Cycling Club has quite a fast man in the shape of C. F. Pray. He has plenty of speed and should try some of the handicap races next season. At the September race meeting of the K. C. W., he won the novice race in 3.08 $\frac{2}{3}$ after a splendid spurt with Weber, whom everybody thought a sure winner.

We are pleased to see that the *Wheel* has secured the services of a Brooklyn correspondent. It is amusing to note how he struggles to obtain news, for in his first column he deliberately copies three paragraphs which appeared in the *GAZETTE* two months previous. He will also doubtless copy this paragraph.

In the 25-mile road-race of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, over the Irvington-Millburn course, Richardson finished first, in 1h. and 39m., with Bradley second, and Greenman third. The time is record for the course, beating Valentine's time in the great road-race of spring by the three minutes. The first four men will constitute the club's team this fall in the road-race of the N. Y. & N. J. T. R. R. A.

The K. C. W.'s team was badly beaten at Roseville by the Hudson County Wheelmen. Two of the H. C. W. men on Stars defeated Rich, the crack racer of the K. C. W.

G. E. Todd is the coming man of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club. He has shown good form in several race meetings this season, and will doubtless gain quite a reputation on the track next season. In racing the B. B. C. has not a very high position, but in road-riding it will outdo any club in the city.

The Ilderan Bicycle Club has a little boy com-

monly known as "The Kid," who usually manages to obtain admission to our race meetings on a press-ticket. He strides around the reporters' stand with a haughty air, interrupting the other scribes by his foolish remarks. Such reporters should be forcibly ejected and placed amongst the audience, where they belong.

There is great dissatisfaction among the Long Island Wheelmen, between the younger and older sections. At one time there was a rumor afloat that they were going to disband. This is however emphatically denied by their officers, and they try to make things appear as if everything was working smoothly. But even some of the L. I. W. themselves have said that the younger members intended to withdraw from the club and build a house of their own further down town. It is certainly evident that some dissatisfaction has arisen, and we should not be surprised to see a split before long.

In the one-mile bicycle race for novices, held in connection with the fall games of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, Adams, of the Brooklyn B. C., finished first, with Norman second. Farnsworth, of the Ilderan B. C., was a sure winner, and had he not been fouled by Norman he would certainly have won the race. Upon claiming a foul, the judges said they were not looking at the time and therefore could not allow it. They were certainly not A. C. U. judges. The time for the race was 3.28 $\frac{2}{3}$.

At the last meeting of the Independent Wheelmen on October 1st, it was resolved to disband and join the Ilderan B. C. With the exception of two members the club joined in a body. The Prospect B. C. also intends to join soon, and if it does, it will make the I. B. C. the finest club in the city.

J. W. S.

Correspondence.

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Thanksgiving must be celebrated this year for other reasons than the completion of "X. M. Miles on a Bi." though I hope to have all the manuscript of it made then, except the indexes,—for "only a chapter and a half remain to be written." The 172 pages which are to stand last have now all been electrotyped, and the plates of first 554 pages were finished in February. Between them is a gap of 74 pages, whereof the printers have half well-in-hand, and I am to supply the other half. If I really read the final proofs of the index on the day I am 40 years old, —which day is the 24th of December,—I shall "chortle in my joy."

"This Book of Mine, and the Next" is the title of a chapter (33 pp. of 30,000 words) which I spent the whole of September in putting together, in order to explain the history of the scheme in such a way as to persuade my 3,000 "copartners"—or the survivors of them—that they cannot really expect to enjoy life until after they have forced a sale of 30,000 books for me. I have printed 500 copies of a special pamphlet, containing this chapter, with "preface," "trade directory," and other pages which increase the total to 40; and I shall be glad to mail copies of it at the rate of 20 cents each.

When I say that this single chapter contains one tenth the number of words comprised in the two ponderous volumes of "Gen. Grant's Mem-

oirs" (1,232 octavo pages, 300,000 words, price, \$7), some idea may be had of the enormous labor implied in building up more than 300,000 words into the complete book, and of the great risk I run in putting upon it so low a price as \$1.50.

My "dollar subscribers" may therefore feel sure that no "dun" from me will ever disturb them. I fully release all from any obligation in the case. If they send me the specified sum, within a month or two after publication day, I shall send them the book,—because I have agreed to, and because I think they will help secure new purchasers,—but I have no wish to send it to any unwilling patron.

Meanwhile, I shall be glad to give receipts for subscriptions paid to me in advance at my present residence, and to file the labels for such payers on my earliest mailing-lists. Changes of address should also be sent to me here until December 31. The names of agents in 108 towns, to whom bundles of subscribers' books will be sent by express, for distribution to those who choose to pay for them, may be found in June *GAZETTE*.

KARL KRON.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Nov. 4, 1886.

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The following circular has been sent out to fair managers by the Pope Manufacturing Company, and is worthy of imitation by others:—

"Dear Sir,—In the direct interest of your coming fair, and in the indirect benefit to ourselves, permit us to offer the following suggestion, viz.: Incorporate in your fair entertainment programme one or more bicycle races.

"At this day it is unnecessary for any one to enlarge upon the popularity of cycling, nor upon the enthusiastic greeting always given to this sport upon the racing track.

"The intense excitement caused by a bicycle race is unparalleled in the catalogue of contests, and when suitably announced as a part of the entertainment of a fair, or other out-of-doors event, larger gate receipts must be the direct result.

"The expense of managing a bicycle race is reduced to the cost of a few moderately valuable prizes; the average cyclist, unlike the average owner of a trotting horse, races for honor rather than for money or valuable prizes; consequently an inexpensive acknowledgment of his victory is sufficient.

"Any track sufficiently good for trotting is more or less suitable for bicycling, and can be rapidly, easily, and inexpensively improved, if advisable to do so.

"It is generally a matter of a few days only to obtain a goodly number of entries from among the local or neighboring town wheelmen.

"It is a notable fact that in Hampden Park, the scene of the Springfield, Mass., bicycle races, it was absolutely necessary, for the bicycle races, to more than double the size of the grand stand, which was amply large enough for any trotting event ever held within the park.

"Fancy trick bicycle riders can be engaged at moderate rates, to furnish an exhibition particularly attractive to the general public. We will with pleasure furnish you with a list of these riders, and other data about them, and any information desired about cycling and cycle races, upon your request.

"Very respectfully yours,

"THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO."

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

As offering a solution of the present difficulties of the amateur question, I beg to submit the following proposition, viz.:

That the parts of the present definition of an amateur which prohibit his competing with a professional be stricken out, and the rest of the definition be retained.

When I first conceived the above idea, I contemplated writing a somewhat lengthy argument, in which I intended to show that the part of the definition which I propose to strike out is but a survival of the old theory of amateurism, as exemplified by the "Mechanic and Artisan" clause in the English amateur definition of some years ago, which would doubtless, had it not been timely abolished, have mollycoddled the amateur from the face of the earth. I also intended discussing all the objections to the adoption of my plan which might occur to me, and pointing out the advantages to be gained by it. I am probably not the best person to object to my own proposition, therefore I shall await the objections of others, which, if based upon reason and brought to my notice, I shall endeavor to answer. Therefore, the only thing remaining for me to do is to point out the advantages to be gained, which I shall endeavor to do as briefly as possible, restricting myself to the most obvious and important.

1. Public interest in cycle races will be much greater. This is obvious, as it has been proven that the more classes we separate riders into the less interesting the racing; ergo, for racing to attain its greatest popularity we must do away with all sub-division. This will enable the promoters of race meets to give more races and better prizes, an advantage to the amateur, the professional, the makers, and the public.

2. This proposition does not abolish the amateur (no proposition can) but places him in the same position as the amateur in cricket, foot-ball, lacrosse, base-ball, and various other sports where the amateur question does not continually thrust itself forward as a destroyer of harmony, personal liberty, and good sport. The amateur, under the revised definition, gets the credit which he deserves for being an amateur, which is all he wants.

I think, in this connection, it would be well if the custom prevalent in English reports of cricket matches of prefixing "Mr." before the names of amateurs and omitting the same before that of professionals, were adopted in programmes and reports of cycle races.

3. This would also do away with the temptation which now besets makers' amateurs to set sail under false colors and will, I think, induce them to throw off the mask and become openly what they really are, professionals, as they would gain nothing by dissembling, except a little credit from those who did not know them and would probably lose a good deal of lucre, and to a professional at heart the former would be valueless as compared with the latter.

4. As for there being any degradation in competing with a professional, the idea is absurd. There may be some degradation in being a professional bicycle rider, but I fail to see where he occupies a position to be looked upon more askance than that of any other entertainer of the public. The position, it is true, does not call for very high intellectual abilities, and many of our professionals are not at the top of the social scale,

but I opine that they will average quite as high a social test as the majority of our so-called amateurs. No man need treat a competitor in a bicycle race as a companion and an associate unless he chooses, and I think we will find that other things will weigh besides speed on a bicycle when a man makes such a choice. The truest and purest amateur, I think, is the man who is always willing to throw aside all social prejudice when he enters a race, and accept a defeat, if necessary, gracefully, even from his own valet. If he wishes special advantages accorded to him on account of his wealth or family, beyond what these give him anyway, then he is not an amateur, but a hog. Under this definition clubs may still give events "open to amateurs only," and those ultra-exclusives who cannot debase themselves by riding against a "common pwofessional fellow, you knaw," may still have the opportunity afforded them of disporting their manly forms before their lady friends.

I will add that in the case of an amateur competing where money prizes were offered, he should, under penalty of losing his status, be required to show to the satisfaction of the L. A. W. racing board, or the N. C. U. executive :

1. That he communicated his intention of competing as an amateur to the proper authority before the race. The proper authority would be, I presume, in the case of the L. A. W., the chairman of the racing board ; and in the case of the N. C. U., the secretary of the same.

2. That he did not receive the money offered as a prize, and that he did not receive a trophy of greater value than might be fixed as the limit of value for amateur prizes.

I will now close by saying that I intend sending a copy of this letter to every cycling paper known to me in this country and England, and requesting that you, whether you find space to publish it or not, will at least express your approval or disapproval of the proposition propounded, and if the latter, the reasons for the same.

Yours fraternally,

W. C. HERRING,

Ixion B. C., L. A. W., and C. T. C.

NEW YORK, November 13, 1886.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

The wheelmen of the coast are still as active and energetic as ever, there having been quite a number of club runs, banquets, etc., following one another in such quick succession as to make the cyclo's life a merry one.

The crowning event of the season was the "Bay City" hop last evening, which upwards of 150 couples attended. These dances are always looked forward to with a great deal of delight, and this, the fifth, was an especially pleasant one. Everything went off quite smoothly, and every one had a good time. The Bay Citys presented a most imposing spectacle in their new uniforms, cadet gray, which is acknowledged by all to be the neatest uniform on the coast. The chief consul of the League (California division) looked exceedingly handsome in his new rig; all the ladies wanted to dance with him.

It is proposed to break the twenty-five-mile road record of America on Thanksgiving day, if we can get on the good side of Wiggins, to grant us a nice day. Up to date we haven't had much rain, but we can't trust to weather now. However, you will recollect on February 22d we broke the existing fifty mile record by a few minutes

(though we were not aware of it at the time), so don't smile at the above assertion.

The Oakland Wheelmen have reorganized and are going to build up a good, large club. They have an almost unlimited supply of unattached riders to draw from, and no doubt will make a good showing shortly. They intend to assume the management of the road race, inviting or rather challenging the various clubs to compete. The course will probably be an 8½ stretch near Oakland. The Bay Citys will put in Elwell, undoubtedly, and get some of their fliers to coach him along, and if the record don't go it will be a caution.

Since the "Cyclery" has been established near the park, dozens of new riders may be seen trying to ride, and it has had the effect also of bringing the tandems pretty prominently before the public.

The California Division now boasts of a lady member in its ranks, and one who is expected to become an active rider.

Star riding has lately taken quite a hold among the boys. A number of prominent riders are talking about getting Stars.

Yours truly,

S. F. BOOTH, JR.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27, 1886.

RACE MEETINGS.

WYOMING (PA.) WHEELMEN.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1886.

Date of Meeting, September 21, 1886. Track, fair. Laps to a mile, two. Weather, fine. Wind, very little.

OFFICERS.—Referee, Geo. A. Jessup of Scranton, Pa.; Judges, Fred Hand of Scranton, Pa., T. L. Newell of Kingston, Pa., J. G. Carpenter of Wilkesbarre, Pa., E. R. Morgan of Kingston, Pa., Geo. Weiss of Alden, Pa.; Timer, L. L. Evans of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Starter, Geo. F. Richmond of Wyoming, Pa.; Clerk of Course, Dr. C. P. Knapp of Wyoming, Pa.; Secretary, Geo. F. Richmond of Wyoming, Pa.; Attendance, 2,000.

One-mile Novice.

P. R. Tracy, Wyoming, Pa.,	Time, 3.47
A. G. Brandt, Scranton, Pa.,	" 3.50

Two-Mile Club Handicap (one from any Club).

J. R. Schlager, Scranton, and C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y., tie race,	Time, 6.11
J. E. Colket, Williamsport, Pa.,	" 6.20

One-Mile Ride and Run.

J. B. Nallin, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 4.48 1-2
J. E. Colket, Williamsport, Pa.,	" 4.53

One-Mile Tandem Tricycle.

J. R. Schlager and A. Monies, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 3.48
C. Levison and S. A. Wheeler, Wilkesbarre, team,	" 3.51

One-Mile Dash.

J. R. Schlager, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 3.07
Ed Siebecker, Scranton, Pa.,	" 3.20

One-Half Mile Hands Off.

J. B. Nallin, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 1.49
P. Tracy, Wyoming, Pa.,	" 1.51

Three-Mile Handicap.

C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y., scratch,	Time, 9.36 1-2
P. J. Duckelow, Rochester, N. Y., 150,	" 9.41

One-Half Mile Boys' Race.

Geo. Sharps, Wyoming, Pa.,	Time, 2.07 1-2
W. T. Hutchins, Wyoming, Pa.,	" 2.08

One-Mile Consolation.

Ed Siebecker, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 3.48
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The 3-mile handicap which was a tie between Mr. Schlager and Titchener was afterwards decided by tossing up for the prize, won by Titchener.

All wheelmen were given their dinner free of charge by Wyoming ladies at club rooms; the parade had 194 wheels in line, the largest yet held in the State.

VERMONT WHEEL CLUB (Brattleboro, Vt.)—President, O. A. Marshall; vice-president, F. I. Shaw; secretary and treasurer, Leslie Scott; Captain, F. T. Reid; lieutenant, C. R. Crosby; color bearer, W. E. Gordon; club committee, S. W. Kirkland, O. R. Leonard, F. H. Houghton.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Sale and Exchange.

This department is 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 new-comer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel; here are offered the desired facilities. The charge will be one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order. Initials and abbreviations count as words.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT in the method of riding is to have tact at all times. Some "lose their head" just when they need it most. Exchange all weaknesses for the bodily and mental power that is given by CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES, 56 W. 25th St., NEW YORK. Druggists, or by mail, \$1.

BICYCLES.—Fair prices and spot cash paid for desirable 2d-hand wheels. BUTMAN & CO., 89 Court St., BOSTON.

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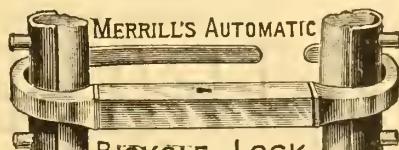
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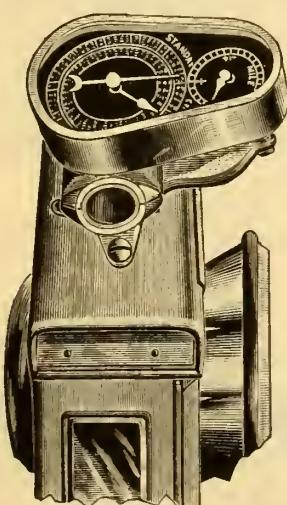
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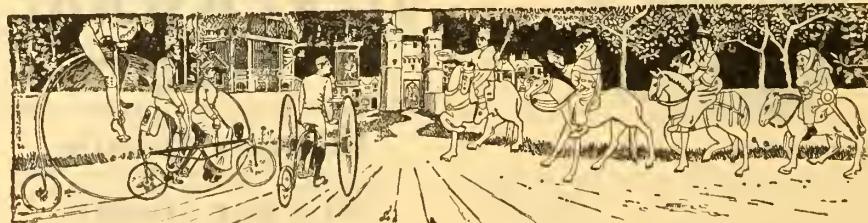
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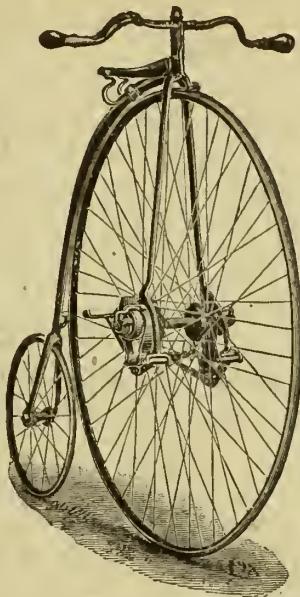
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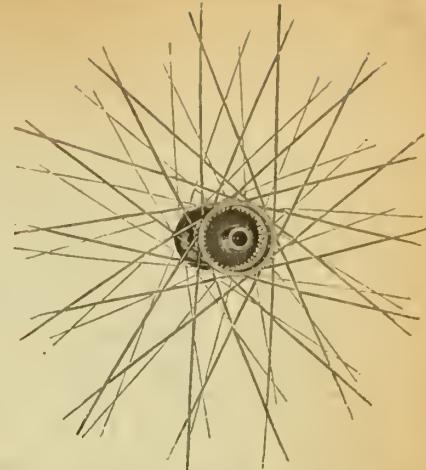
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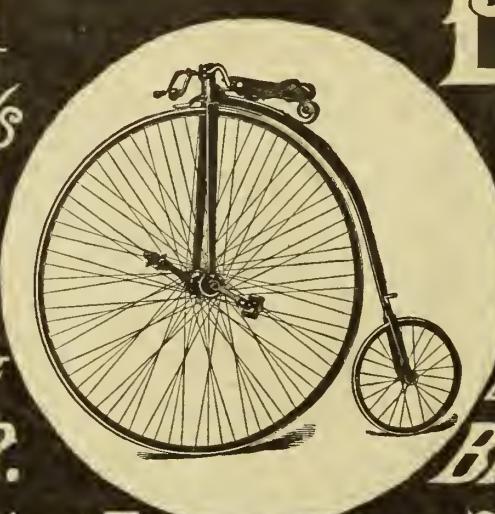
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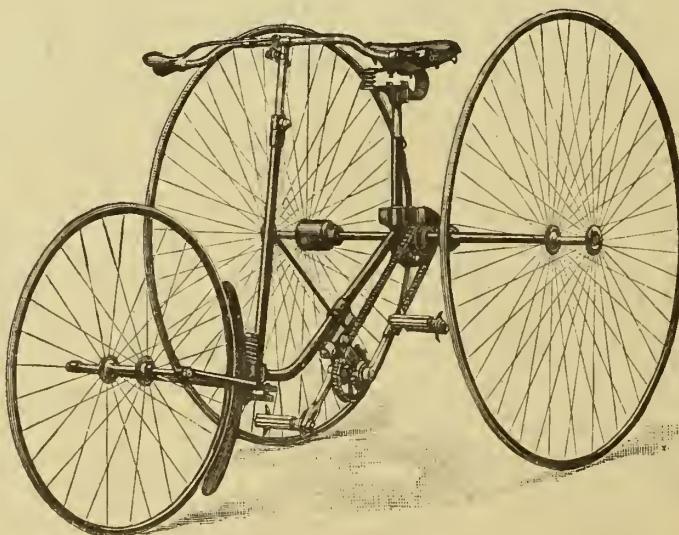
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