

# The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 4.

BOSTON, MASS., 22 OCTOBER, 1886.

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ABBOT BASSETT . . . . . EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

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THE A. C. U. seems to command little respect from the racing men. When it was organized, a charge was brought against the L. A. W. to the effect that its rules were tyrannous and altogether illogical, and that they were made by men who were not interested in racing. And yet the racing interests of America were fostered under these rules as they never were before nor have been since the attempt was made to take away jurisdiction over racing from the League. It was claimed for the A. C. U. that it was made up of men interested in racing, who knew just what the racing men wanted, and who would make good and efficient laws to regulate the sport. It was claimed that the racing men knew more about such things than "a lot of dudes and cranks."

THE A. C. U. has gone through its first season, and what has it done? It has taken the League rules almost entire, and where it has departed from them it has made a mistake. It undertook to regulate road racing, and the League, disclaiming all jurisdiction over this branch of sport, offered it an opportunity to show what it could do. The result has been that its rules have been ignored by those who have tried for records, and under the guise of "private trials" we have seen a condition of things that reflects little credit upon the authorities of road racing.

THEY have tried to regulate record-breaking on the path, and again they find their rules ignored. The record-breakers at Springfield are making their records and certifying them just as they did last year under the direction of the Chairman of the Racing Board, L. A. W.

THE Springfield *Union* says: As the L. A. W. does not recognize records made against time, and as the A. C. U. will not accept them without a seven days' notice, the records now being made on the park will probably receive no formal recognition by either of these organizations. Manager Atkins, however, says that the signatures of the officials and the publication of the records in the newspapers will be all the recognition that he desires. He takes especial care in the timing of these events, and the three watches used in timing Rowe's last two rides had a total value of \$1,075. One of the watches was that won by Rowe in the world's championship race at the recent tournament. Public announcement is always made previous to Rowe's attempts, and accordingly there are always plenty of witnesses. Then great care is taken in the selection of timers, and, as has before been stated, Messrs. Whipple and Robinson are the official timekeepers of the Springfield Club. Just before the race a certificate, with blanks for the signatures of the officials, is handed to the scorer, and as each mile is finished he records the official time as given to him by the timekeepers. When the event is finished the officials certify that, "to the best of their knowledge and belief," what is claimed in the certificate has been duly accomplished, and Manager Atkins then has a written testimonial, bearing the individual signature of each official that a specified record has been made. If necessary, the officials are willing to take oath to the authenticity of their signatures."

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 success of the ladies' run to the North Shore was even greater this year than the last. Twenty-four riders, half of whom were ladies, made the run to Magnolia the first day, and nearly all of these made the tour of the Cape the second day. The weather was perfect and pleasure had no bounds. Our correspondent "Daisie" will tell the story of the run, and we will leave to her the

task of presenting its many features in their true light.

SECRETARY AARON wants the reporters at race meetings placed in front of the judges' stand. He says:—

"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."

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.

"Now that Bassett has gone into the manufacture of tricycles, we shall next hear of him subsidizing amateurs to boom his new wheel."—*World*.

The premises are all wrong. Bassett has not gone into the manufacture of tricycles, and if he did, he would not make a racing wheel. He is, however, watching with interest the development of a new tricycle, and he has taken many wheelmen to see it, not one of whom was a racing man. The result of his observation has been, that if



the company had machines on the market, they could sell hundreds of them to road riders, for the machine commends itself to this class on sight, and it does not have to be boomed with racing records.

#### FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

FROM a feminine point of view, there is but one verdict to be rendered in the case of the annual tour of the ladies to the North Shore in this the year of Our Lord 1886, and the year of the League of American Wheelmen, 6. Eminently successful and altogether pleasurable. The verdict is unanimous, and we all set our hands and seals to this finding.

It was a League tour. So the Marshal told us, and so it goes on record. It is the first formal League tour in which ladies have been engaged, and it adds a very brilliant page to the record which the wheelmen's association proudly boasts.

THIS North Shore run is an institution whose seeds were planted and nourished by a lady until now it has become deeply rooted and shows a flourishing growth. Last year Miss Minna Caroline Smith was the Marshal, and she was ably seconded by her Lieutenant, Charles Richards Dodge. This year the Lieutenant becomes Marshal, and manages the affair with an able hand.

THE start was from Copley Square at 9.30 A. M., on Thursday, 14 Oct., and the first stage of the journey brought the company to Malden Square, where the North-of-Boston contingent was met. There was some delay at this place, owing to a variety of circumstances of no great importance to the world at large, but seriously annoying to some of the party.

THE rendezvous at Malden was at the Converse Library, and many of the party took advantage of the delay and inspected this beautiful building with its treasures of art and literature. It is a beautiful structure, and its picture gallery is well worth a visit from any cyclist who may find himself in its vicinity.

It was very near to noon when the signal to start was given and these ladies and gentlemen turned their wheels in the direction of Kettle Cove.

Charles Richards Dodge, Magnolia, and Miss Susie Hall, Somerville, tandem.

W. W. Stall and wife, Allston, tandem.

Chas. Hopkins and wife, Wellington, tandem.

J. Rush Green and wife, Somerville, tandem.

W. I. Emerson and Miss Lida Wilde, Somerville, tandem.

Messrs. Brown and Spear, Newton Centre, tandem.

Wm. H. Hollis and Miss Hollis, Chelsea, tandem.

Abbot Bassett and wife, Chelsea, Sociable.

Mr. Gage and Miss Penniman, Longwood, Sociable.

F. P. Myers and wife, West Roxbury, Star bicycle and single tricycle.

E. F. Endicott and wife, Chelsea, single tricycles.

Miss Kirkwood, Maplewood, tricycle.

Gideon Haynes, South Boston, tricycle.

A. S. Parsons and son, Lexington, tricycle.

Chas. E. Bassett, Chelsea, tricycle.

Wm. E. Gilman, Chelsea, and L. F. Stevens, Jr., Somerville, bicycles.

At Lynn we were joined by Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Durgin, Mr. Merrill, and Mr. Webber, and at Salem, our old friends Mr. and Mrs. George W. Smith and wife, of Merrimac, were taken up.

How shall I tell the story of our ride? My pen is powerless to tell the beauty of the autumnal foliage, or the effects upon the spirits of the party of the bracing October atmosphere. Our route lay through Salem street to the Newburyport turnpike, to Salem street again, through Saugus to Lynn and the Boscobel.

THERE were twenty-eight at dinner in the dining-hall of the Boscobel, and a very merry company it was. There was some complaint at the service, but it was based on the inability of the waiters to bring food to the table as fast as it could be made away with by the hungry party. Those who cater for cyclers should have many to serve and should stint not the viands. Would not that be a good thing to put on the certificates issued to landlords by the League?

AT the Boscobel the one-day riders turned back, but the number of tourists was not diminished, for the Lynn contingent gave us in numbers just what we lost. On we sped, past the common at Lynn, through Essex street to Upper Swampscott, to Salem and the Essex House. Once again we were obliged to say "Good-by" to friends, for several of the Lynn ladies went no farther than the Essex House.

AND now we are off in earnest. Those who were with us for the one day only had now left us, and the real business of the tour was before us. On through Salem, over Beverly bridge, where we caught a view of the Mayflower in her winter quarters, to Beverly, Beverly Farms, past Pride's Crossing, to Manchester-by-the-Sea, to Willow Cottage at Magnolia.

WE had a grand reception and we appreciated it, for we had ridden from Manchester in darkness that defied the most owl-like vision, and many had failed to bring lanterns. When one cannot see the road, nor what is about him, the joy of cycling can only be compared to the exhilarating influences of sawing wood.

WILLOW COTTAGE was trimmed with lanterns and illuminated in our honor. Outside, the cottage itself, the Annex, and the Postscript were brilliant under the fire of a hundred lanterns, while inside, the walls were hung with great festoons of autumn leaves, which shot forth the fire-glow of the autumnal forest in rivalry with the artificial illuminators. At the head of the parlor was a League badge woven in leaves and flowers.

OUR landlady, Mrs. Foster, received us with open arms, metaphorically speaking. She made us her honored guests, and served the outward and the inward man with every regard for his comfort and pleasure. Good home-cooking and plenty of it warmed the hearts of the wheelmen toward the landlady and the landlady's daughter. This is an itinerary:—

	Miles.	Total.
Copley Square to Malden Square.....	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	
To Cliftondale.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Lynn.....	3	18 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Salem.....	6	24 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Manchester.....	9	33 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Magnolia.....	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	37 $\frac{1}{2}$

IN the evening we danced to the seductive music of a piano and violin. The ladies had ridden many miles, but they had lost neither strength nor courage. Even the fat gentlemen capered about and shook what had not ceased to be a very light fantastic toe. Those people danced who never danced before, and those who always dance e'en danced the more. Waltz, polka, quadrille, followed each other, and as a farewell number, and at the especial request of "Our Gideon," the Sicilian Circle was enthusiastically tripped out.

THE dance closed the record of the day. I doubt not this saltatorial pleasure fatigued many more than the ride. "Good-night" was said, and the party wooed the embraces of the drowsy god.

THIS is the story of the first day's run divested of all but the solid facts. To tell the whole story, to give the various incidents that occurred, would take more space than I have at command. These will come later, and I promise that they will be worth the reading if I can but bring my feeble pen to do them even scant justice.

I WANT to put on record the noble achievements of "Our Gideon." Without Gideon we should have had less pleasure to boast of. He was the one man called upon in every emergency, and he always proved equal to the occasion. When the party were ready to start from Copley Square, he was sent away on an errand and told to catch up with the party. He performed this task, started on after the tourists, and arrived in Malden fully half an hour before they did, having missed them on the way. One lady did not find her tricycle at Malden, where it was expected to be delivered by express. Her husband went in search of it, and by the courtesy of "Our Gideon" the lady was furnished a mount, while he mounted her husband's Star bicycle. Later, one lady had trouble with her machine, and Gideon, who had then surrendered his Star to its rightful owner, took her wheel and allowed her to ride one that gave her less trouble. Once more Gideon had to come to the rescue. A saddle-spring on one of the tandems gave way and the machine was considered unridable, but our hero proved superior to such a calamity as this, and rode the wheel to Magnolia, standing on the pedals. These are but a few of the many services rendered by "Our Gideon," and the ladies all voted that no tour of the kind would be complete without him.



ONE enthusiastic gentleman lost his tandem partner at Lynn, but was not to be deterred by such a little thing as this, and so rode the double alone to Magnolia, nineteen miles. He received some help through town centres, where he picked up an occasional stray boy and mounted him behind.

DID you ever see darkness that you could cut with a knife? I have very often heard of such a thing, and I believe the history of Egypt gives us a very striking example of the absence of light. We had it. I am sure of this, because one man tried to cut it, and he found that his knife would go through it with ease. One man was known to have gone down on his knees to feel of the road to see if any stones were protruding.

SEVERAL of the ladies left children at home in charge of nurses, and they entertained no little anxiety regarding them. Now I want to suggest that next year a large wagon shall be taken along, and into this shall be stowed all the babies with their nurses. This will make things very lively, and be quite novel.

OF the trip around Cape Ann and the run to Newburyport I shall tell in another paper.  
DAISIE.

#### UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

BY J. PARKE STREET.

Ziz-z-z-z-z! incessantly chanted the grasshoppers in the tall grass and raspberries that skirted the low wall. The morning sun had struck them from over the brow of the towering mountain, and sent sparkles along the ground glittering with myriads of dewdrops. And the light fell upon us two who sat there in a flood of yellow glory, as though to gild all the world in which we lived in recognition of our own joy and gladness. How came we there, did you ask? Shall I tell them, Helen? And Helen hides her face upon my shoulder and her blushes at the same time, answering only, "If you wish."

Well, a bicycle did it. Yonder machine of nickel-plate. It was before the days of enamel, which has changed a club run into a bearse race, and it shone in the sunlight radiant as a star, matching my uniform of snowy flannel.

I love a morning wheel, before the world of men's astir; and if there is one thing more delightful than another, it is to start off at about four o'clock upon a June morning, when the birds are at their matins and the dew is on the grass. Now I am not going to criminate myself. Our first meeting *was* accidental; and as to the others—well, I am not in the confessional as to that point, either. But assume that a straying bicyclist was out thus matutinally at the earliest dawn, when he should have considered that a recent illness was not entirely laid away in the bureau of the past, and after a spin of several hours, through avenues where the air was laden with the heavy perfume of seringas, finds that he is faint, and miles from home; that he has not been to breakfast, and ultimately plunges dizzily against a wall, which checks his wheel, but allows himself to go flying over it with a sense-extinguishing thud. Assume all that, and add the item that when he comes to his senses again, it is to find a pair of blue eyes look-

ing anxiously into his own, and a tremulous little voice asking pathetically, "Are you dead?"

The wheelman was not dead. He was very much alive, but he was also very near-sighted, and his glasses lay in fragments in the grass. He was also faint still, and top-heavy, with a tendency to wobble when he tried to sit up, so he didn't try, but calmly laid his head down in the lady's lap as though it was an every-day affair for it to be there, and as calmly was dropping off into a first-class swoon when a strong whiff of smelling-salts from a tiny vinaigrette brought him back to earth and earthy thoughts in a hurry. Then he did make an effort to get upon his feet. Somehow, somewhere, he seemed to have either been in a similar situation once before, or else had read of its occurring to some one else, a fact that restored his equanimity more rapidly than the facts would warrant.

"I believe that I had a fall, did I not?" he asked rather vaguely. "Pardon me; I was a little faint," and rising with a steady hand upon her shoulder, the wheelman aforesaid leaned against the wall in a limp fashion, his head nodding like a sunflower.

"And you are faint still," was the prompt reply, in a sympathetic tone that had a singularly vivifying effect upon the patient. "I'm so sorry. Don't you think that you could get down to the house, with a little assistance? Perhaps I had better go for help."

"No, no! Don't do that. I shall be all right soon; if—if you would lend me your shoulder I—might—walk it." Then with a futile attempt to lift his hat, which only resulted in knocking it off, he added as courteously as was possible under the circumstances, "I am a Harvard student; my name is George Merrill."

"And I am Helen Moses," she answered simply, with the unconsciousness of a true lady. "Give me your hand, please;" and she picked up the hat and settled it upon his head with a little pat. "There! now come."

Thus he was led unresistingly away, with a frightful temptation to tell his guide that he had heard of her before; that she had been quoted in various circles as one of the sweetest girls, etc., until the height of lip freedom had been reached in an absurd little crumb of verse about her, which would obtrude itself before his dancing vision,—

"'Twas not for naught that Moses' mother  
Thought 't was better to be naughty,  
And in Egypt raised a pother  
For Pharaoh, proud and haughty;  
Now, like him, the writer poses  
What shall he do with this Moses?"

Only, as it was, 't was the Moses that had to do with him, and no easy task she found it.

It did seem to her that if there were a stone in the field, that young man was bound to strike his foot against it as he shuffled along; and he was so very unsteady, at last, in sheer despair at ever getting him to the farmhouse in any other way, she put her round arm firmly around his waist.

This was a novel sensation to that wheelman. Would he fall in your estimation if he confessed that he might have walked down without the slightest assistance, and have carried the lady to boot? If he should add that he found the situation so remarkably satisfactory that he would be willing to take a dozen similar dismounts for a like reward? Perhaps he had better make no such

confession; it would be safer. But you can just put yourself in his place, and see what you would do under the circumstances. They alter cases greatly.

In fact, that field never seemed so wide to Helen in her life, nor so inconveniently cramped and narrow to the Harvard man. But, wide or narrow, it was passed at last, and the sun, as he turned his fiery face around the corner of the house, saw another face glowing with rich color as the owner held a glass of wine to the lips of a brown-eyed man who sat back against a pillar of the vine-clad porch,—wine that was neither old nor costly, being made of elderberries, and never used save in cases like the present.

There was quite an audience superintending the process. The maker of the wine, an elderly lady, broad and pleasant-looking; a small boy of uncertain age, whose voice was changing; a fuzzy-haired girl of seventeen, with a pug dog; and the family cat, which last individual distinguished herself by deliberately walking up to the pug and administering a box on the ear that roused his mistress to instant wrath, and elicited a yelp from the object of her solicitude, proof, according to Mark Twain, that she was advertising for affections.

That particular instance of medical practice has been quoted by the dear old lady, in confirmation of the efficacy of elderberry wine in cases of accident from that day to this. She never knew so rapid a recovery, and was startled at the hearty laugh with which the patient joined the cachinnation over the discomfiture of the pug. But she laid it all to the wine, bless her heart! and never suspected that it was more due to the first whisperings of awakening love than to her philter. But when she heard the cause of my fainting spell, she was shocked.

"What, clear from Foxton without any breakfast? Why, that is twenty miles away! You must come right in, sir, and breakfast with us. Helen, where are the berries?"

"Dear me! I forgot all about them."

So that was how she was afled so early, was it? And Mrs. Brown had the dimmest of ideas in regard to the amount of territory which a bicycle can cover in an hour or two. And that, in turn, reminded me that I had left my wheel just where it had run against the wall, and must see instantly whether it was damaged, in spite of their protestations that they would send for it. I donned my extra pair of spectacles, and started off at a run,—another proof of the value of elderberry wine; and to my great relief found my treasure quite unharmed; mounted, and went careering down the grade and through the lane, legs over handles, to their great admiration, and then—ah! but that was a delightful breakfast. I seem to see them now, sitting around the table in the end of a long hall, with a glass door opening at my elbow out into a yard shadowed by noble trees, the bright flashes of wit across the table keeping the air tremulous with laughter." The conversation turned upon hobbies, and Miss Moses admitted that archery was hers, with a sigh that I could easily guess the cause of,—there was n't a bow within twenty miles. The other lady turned up her nose slightly, but was quenched by Mrs. Brown, who slyly remarked that "Miss Williamson's hobby is a bow, too: only she spelled it differently."



Now this was lucky indeed, for I happened to be an archer myself. Furthermore, I was the possessor of two very fair bows of Spanish yew which were not too heavy for a lady; and a hint or so met with rapturous satisfaction. So when I finally mounted my bicycle and rolled homeward, I found myself pledged to bring all my armory to Sunday Hollow, within two days at the farthest.

I call myself a wheelman; but of all feats of pedaling that I have heard of, commend me to this one of mine for perplexity and care-taking. Imagine, if you can, a lonely bicyclist with a pair of bows and quivers slung to his back, and under them, with the lower end resting on the backbone of the machine, a four-foot archery target slung to the rider's shoulders like a huge Zuni shield. Consider what an irresistible temptation the affair must have been to every small boy upon the route, and the necessity for careful driving in order to keep an easy balance regardless of the venomous hiss of a brickbat past your ear, or the dull thud that shakes you with emotion as another plumps into target from behind, and you will grant that to do twenty miles under such circumstances over hill and dale without a dismount is "something," as Hans Andersen would say. But it was a long three hours to me. Once under the trees upon the knoll, however, and I forgot it all. Miss Moses was a finished archer; she did not try to draw her arrow with the thumb and finger; she did not try to do it by the muscles of the wrist; she did not drop her elbow half a dozen inches out of line from a tight-dress inability to raise it higher. She took her stand squarely as a brick, with her left side toward the target. Her bow arm went up with the regularity of an engine, and the right arm followed its rise and drew the arrow back, the elbow crossing the line of the shoulders with the steadiness of a piston; and as the arrow-head rose to its place between her eyes and the centre of the target, that very instant the feather touched her chin and "Tsang!"

A twinkling streak of light flew with a slight upward curve down the glade, and like an echo came back the soft, musical "Thut!" that marked a hit.

It was beautiful. The light falling through the leaves in bars and masses; the attitude of the archer bringing out all her grace of form, the flush of triumph the gleam in her eye of conscious superiority in her favorite amusement, and the half-doubting look as she scanned my own rather slender form as though wondering whether I could equal her, remains photographed upon my memory to this day, and made me vow to sacrifice nightly to Apollo—in other words, frequent the gymnasium—when back in the precincts of Harvard.

I have stood upon the bank of a stream and transfixed a musk-rat swimming thirty yards away in the dusk of evening before he could dive under; I have struck a speckled woodpecker from an apple-tree at forty-five; but my first shot at that target under the greenwood tree resulted in an ignominious miss, while at her next shot Miss Moses pierced the golden disk that marked the centre. I threw up my hat with a cheer.

"First gold for Miss Moses. I had no idea that you were such a Diana."

"Oh I have practised—some, and I

like it. It gives me a pleasure that I can hardly define, to draw the string and feel to my very finger-tips that when I hit, it is all of my own doing. I do so regret that this is the age of powder; think what a different thing it must be to know that you have only to hold an ugly piece of iron straight, in order to kill some one, when once it was the one who could send the arrow by his own might best, who was known throughout his country. I could almost forgive all the wrong-doing of feudal times, if we but might have archery back."

"It is better as it is; and the arrow-head has more lives to answer for in the world's history than the bullet. I think one reason for the great mortality is the exceeding liveliness of the ancient targets, for most archers find game easier to hit than the measured rings. I always did."

She shivered a little. "You men are forever killing something; and now, it is one of my ideals."

But she did not say which one it might be, and I turned my attention to the target, plumping arrows cheek-by-jowl with hers. It was particularly pleasant on that plateau, and we had but to turn away from the target to look out across a valley, and up the rugged ravines of a towering mountain. As we looked, a shower swept out past the southern shoulder, and a gray sheet of driving rain went swaying across the undulations of the greater plain beyond, enveloped a little village there, and blotted it from sight. Then the rain dashed onward, and the storm went flashing over the crest of the distant range, as the sun came out and shot a dazzling gleam from wet roof and spire alike.

That afternoon was a beginning, and not a small one. I was struck with the many advantages of that particular knoll to a student of the picturesque, the beautiful, and the scientific. I dabbled a little with my sketch-book, now and then; not that I was an artist by any means, but a little technical knowledge of outline, and an acquaintance with the fact that a lot of figure-of-threes, when grouped, would look remotely like a maple or an alder clump, and a series of inverted "v's" as vaguely suggest a fir forest thatching a distant mountain, has enabled me at times to jot down memoranda that have assisted my memory very materially; and I had special reasons for desiring to fix the views from that knoll in my mind. Thus it happened that I made the journey thither rather often, considering.

At last, late one afternoon, I brought my telescope over, and stayed until after tea, that I might give Miss Moses a view of the half-grown moon; and the experiment was eminently successful. It had reached the stage when it looks like the half of a cannon ball dipped in plaster, bobbed in spots and scaled in others, and the whole family were out while I held the glass and descanted upon astronomy. So successful was it that I made the trip again when the moon was in the peeled-orange stage, and amused Helen, greatly as I pointed out the end of the core and the markings of the segments. We even walked up toward the knoll a little way, "that we might see it better"; and the moon shone still and steadily upon man and maiden. There was a hushed feeling in the air, an expectancy of the coming of some presence undefined. The sand rustled

crisply beneath our tread, and it seemed to me that our very heart-beats must be audible; a silence fell upon us both, and as we turned and slowly wandered homeward we did not speak. But there was a place ahead where we must pass through shadow.

As we drew near it, an indescribable quiver ran through me down to my very finger-tips, like an electric shock. I ground my teeth and struggled to keep cool, but still those nerves kept up their quivering.

The gloom of the shadow received us; and then—came that eternal boy of the uncertain voice, and the dream was over. It was late, and I must up and away like Leander of old, only he had not twenty miles to traverse. But did Leander ever thrill so at the mere pressure of a hand given in company at parting? Did he ever know the happiness of that answering thrill?

I looked back as I reached the turn, and saw my girl wave her white handkerchief from beneath the shadow of the porch in farewell,—herself a gleam of white against the darkness; and with an odd throbbing, and an exultation of spirit that made my wheel leap forward as by springs of steel, I rode away homeward through the night.

It was in the small hours when I reached my room, but I was too happy by far to mind fatigue,—what lover ever does? Still, nature demands her *quid pro quo* for every expenditure of strength, and it was late in the day when I next saw the light, and quite four in the afternoon ere I found myself once more in the saddle speeding away toward Sunday Hollow. The birds were singing in the lanes right merrily, but there was not one more blithe and joyous heart among them all than that of a certain solitary wheelman; and that in the face of a gray day, with a mist veiling the sunlight.

Why should there be? I had no need to keep an anxious eye aloft lest some gray-winged hawk come skimming down from the ash-colored crest of a blasted pine, and carry me off for dinner.

I had in mind but a single thought,—the picture of a girl in white, with a white handkerchief, against the dark shadow of a portico.

Then I went back and thought it all over,—what she had said, how she had looked at me, how she had seemingly been in no haste to reclaim her hand when she gave it to me at parting. If only that iniquitous small boy had been out of the way! and if only, too, we could preserve our happiest days in their own sweetness, and bring them forth from our storehouse in sadder hours, unspoiled by time.

I was passing the knoll, had already passed it, when a boyish voice hailed me in tones that unmistakably meant business.

"Hullo, I say—Mister!"

I turned around and rode back slowly.

"Be you goin' up to see Helen? She's gone."

"Ah, has she? Where?"

I imagined that she might have had an invitation to ride.

"Gone home!"

"Satan! what for? when? when does she return?" and I came down from my saddle like a mass of lead.

"Dunno; she had a telergram or somethin' and packed up her trunks right off. Dad took her over to Hillsbro' 'bout an hour



ago; she ain't comin' back. I ruther thought you'd like to know."

"Did—do you know whether she left any message for me?" I asked, catching at straws to check my fall from paradise.

"Not's I knows of;" and then I did not stop to hear any more. Hillsboro' was five miles or more away, and a terminus station on the H. & B. Railroad. She meant to take the 8.30 express, and it was now 8 o'clock. Now was the time for that wheel of mine to prove its worth.

With a run I rose into the saddle, caught my pedals and started down the level stretch of road, stowing it under my little wheel at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and dusk at that, with the deadly sinking of heart strangled by the fiercer spirt of wrath against fate, and a determination to win in spite of it. Win! I would get to that station before the train left though a legion of devils barred the way.

The road was winding, a country road among the mountains, through dense woods that cast the blackest of shadow; and there was no moon that night. A stone might be fatal, but what cared I? Ravines crossed the road at intervals, sometimes spanned by bridges at the bottom, and the road ran down one side and up the other, so that when I plunged through them the strata of cold air at the bottom struck my face with clammy grasp, and sent a shudder through me; and here and there a wild bird high up on the mountain-side, where the sun's rays had last gilded the tree tops, shrilled a weird and ringing melody of tangled notes, that echoed through the forest; and then silence emphasized the loneliness. I nearly ran over a hare that was limping noiselessly along the brown road, itself a little brown thing that started up like a ghost and vanished on the instant; and once I overtook a countryman who was plodding along, and had it been otherwise with me I could have laughed at the side-jump that he made as he heard in his ear the sudden whirring rush of the night air booming through the gleaming wires, and followed my flight with staring eyes as I whistled like a woodcock round the bend. There came a sharp rise, but I was up it, seemingly lifted up in air, and speeding along the level ere I knew it. Another rise, and longer; I had struck the grade, and as I came to a halt, I leaped to the ground, snatching a moment's grace to light my hub-lamp; and then up and on, with my hand behind the saddle, pushing, pushing, every step a heart-beat, till my feet seemed shod with lead, and the hill grew longer upward in the darkness.

I reached the summit of the divide at last, and snatched out my watch: twenty minutes gone! But far away I could see the twinkle of the village lights among the trees, and the bright spark, like a star of the first magnitude, which showed that the engine was still at the round-house. Legs over handles now, and hang the risk!

Down the long incline I started with set teeth, and a grasp like iron on my handle-bar.

Up from the flying spokes beneath me a low, tremulous hum began to rise, the pitch increasing as the speed grew greater, sounding clearly above the steady rasp of the brake upon the tire. The dim outlines of the trees flew past so quickly that I did not

notice them; my eyes were fixed upon the road, and my heart throbbing with a mad desire to go faster. I heard the whistle of the locomotive, and it acted like a spur upon a mettled horse. The æolian melody from the whirling wires leaped upward three degrees in tone. I never laid finger on the brake again till I struck the station steps as the engine was backing up. I had done it! I had caught the train.

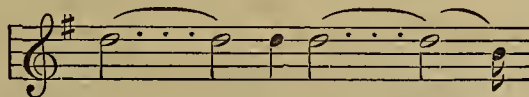
A glance showed a huge pile of trunks around the baggage car, and hastily lifting up my tricycle, I ran along the platform with it to the rear car, which seemed empty, and rolled my wheel into it unhesitatingly, trusting to luck to pacify the conductor when he came around for tickets, and sank into a seat breathless with emotion as much as fatigue, with head and heart throbbing in unison. I was alone in the car. The brakeman placed a red lantern on the platform of the car ahead, but I did not even see him. My hands were pressed to my eyes and temples as I struggled to regain my self-command.

There came a whistle, short and imperative, and a bell began to ring. How easily the train had started! I felt no jar, yet we must be already in motion, and I uncovered my eyes and peered through the front window. *There was no train there!*

I sprang to the door at a single bound; twenty rods away up the track the red light on the rear car winked derisively at me in the darkness! Then it vanished around the curve, and I stood upon the platform of the deserted car, alone.

Oh! the bitterness, the horror, of that wasted opportunity.

I heard the long melodious rumble as the cars swept up the curve along the river. I heard the echo from the mountain on the other bank. I heard as in a dream the song of the flying train as it left the valley and hurtled through the narrow mountain notch,



and then I sank down upon the step in utter despair. Folly! Perhaps. Youth is headstrong, eager, passionate. I was young then, remember. I can look back now, but even now I do not laugh at it. When you next see a man under the same cloud, remember that there have been those who have lost reason, aye, who have died under the crushing weight, and be respectful if nothing more. How long I stood there grasping the rail and staring with fixed eyes into distance I do not know. It was dark; no one noticed me; and it grew darker still. The crowd thinned out and went their several ways, and the station was deserted save by a few brakemen. One of them did come up and speak to me, but got no answer, and he turned away. I did not heed him—did not even know that he was there. Life was out there in the darkness, and the low rumble of the vanished train was its requiem. At last I mechanically rolled my wheel out of the car, and in a turn dashed away into the night, and those watching me saw the light of my lamp speeding away up the winding road, growing smaller and smaller until it was but a far-off spark. Then it vanished for them, and I rode onward through the lonely night all alone.

It was not that she was gone. Had there been but a word for me, it would not have been so hard. Then it flashed upon me that perhaps there was one, nay, there must be one, waiting for me at Sunday Hollow, which the boy had not known of, and a spring came into my feet that sent me whirling up the road in spite of grade. Such trifles, light as air, make up our impulses and drive us on. One moment night itself was not black enough to paint my loneliness, and then out of the darkness came the glimmer of a ray of hope. The same wild bird that had thrilled his sad notes earlier again sent them faintly far up the mountain side, where it was still light from the rays reflected from the clouds;



and all the mournfulness had gone out of it. It bade me take heart as if in so many words.

How I escaped a fall that night I do not know; but certainly no more reckless rider ever shot that coast than I, when at last I reached the downward grade, and for the second time that evening it was 'ware all, legs over handles, as I went whirling toward the valley with an unreasoning hope bubbling in my heart. I reached the knoll, where I had a view of the farmhouse. Early though it was the lights were out, and the house a black spot beneath the trees.

The lights were out! Then it would be of no use to go there, and I looked wistfully across the fields and toward the familiar knoll. Something white caught my eye under the great tree, and in an instant I was over the wall; but it was only a scrap of paper, part of an envelope, with Helen's name written upon it, as I discovered by the light of a match. Yet it was something that had belonged to her, and in some way it rather comforted me. There is, too, a presence in a forest in the night that keeps one company. The restless rustle of the leaves as the light wind sighs through them, the low rattle of small branches, the grating creak of larger limbs when the breeze freshens, the silence of the lulls, all are the voices of the dryads of old, returning to earth from their lurking-places in ancient myths.

I was weary and depressed. The long pull up that endless hill had worn me out, and stretching myself under the tree, I lay with my forehead upon my arm at rest, and with the voice of the forest in my ear I fell fast asleep. The belated moon long after looked down upon me through a rift of cloud, and I did not awaken.

Morning comes late upon that knoll as far as the sun is concerned; the great mountain across the road shuts it off; even the wood-sprites awaken later than in other places; thus when a gray squirrel came running at a canter over the grass in search of the seed-cakes which he had mysteriously found of late like manna in that particular spot, he was startled to find a new log, which yet was



not a log, although it had nearly all of the appearance of one, and loggy habits. He sat up on end straightway, scrutinized it, loped a little nearer, cocked his head to one side, travelled around the object and took an observation from that point of view, and stumbled on a cake. The cake had not been there a moment before, and as he scuttled away with it a dress rustled over the wall, and if the woodeny individual had but known it, a very material dryad was looking down at him with round eyes of surprise and consternation. The moss was glittering with dew, and his garments looked heavy with dampness. His hair clung to his temples, and, seen in sleep, the face was pallid. The mask of expression was off for once, and it looked old, lined with a settled sadness. The hand across the breast held a bit of paper, and as the dryad watched it rise and fall with the slow breathing, she saw that it was the fragment of envelope that bore her name, and a great flush leaped into her face and spread like a sunset over cheek and neck.

"Mr. Merrill, — George!"

Something, some occult magnetism had been working for several moments, and with that first word I was broad awake and alert, although my eyes were closed; but the "George" brought me upon my feet in a flush.

"Helen, they told me you were gone." I was holding her hands now, and all my soul was flashing from my eyes.

She dropped her own, looked up shyly, and then down again, and laughed, — a little laugh full of joyousness, too rich for words. And then, ah!

"Love may come and love may go, but the heart can ne'er forget  
The burning bliss of the stolen kiss when lovers' lips first met."

And Cupid, sly thief, went roaming away in search of other jewels, for we had found the hearts just lost each in the other's keeping.

But among my treasures are three telegrams, in a frame of antique, dark, and polished oak, and the first says:—

"Please come home by the next train; we need you."

And the second:—

"Give me three days; it is of the utmost importance."

While the third says:—

"Of course; no hurry; but what is it all about?"

#### PHILADELPHIA CLUBHOUSE.

At the corner of Twenty-sixth and Perot streets, conveniently near to the excellent roads to Fairmount Park, stands a handsome new clubhouse, erected the past summer by the Philadelphia Bicycle Club. The structure, which is of brick trimmed with brown sandstone, has a frontage of twenty-six feet on Twenty-sixth street and a depth of eighty feet. It has three stories and a basement, the latter being so connected with the pavement that wheelmen may enter it without dismounting. The basement is furnished with racks in which to store idle wheels.

There is a large front room on the first floor, which is well lighted by a large, arched front window, from which a beautiful view of the park may be obtained. This apart-

ment will be used for a billiard and club room. In its rear is a dressing-room for the use of lady guests. There is also a large dressing-room on the second floor, equipped with closets for the use of the members. The janitor's apartments and a lavatory are also on this floor. The entire third floor will be used as a gymnasium, which will be supplied with all modern apparatus for developing muscle, and maintaining it during the months when wheeling is impracticable. The only thing which seems to be lacking about the club's handsome quarters is a hospital.

The interior walls of the building have a hard sand-tinted finish and the woodwork is stained white pine. The building will be ready for occupancy about the middle of the present month. The entire cost of the building, lot, and furniture is about \$17,000. — *Times*.

THE Columbia bicycle prize cup has been won by N. H. Van Sicklen, he having won the cup three times, as follows: Minneapolis, 22 Oct., 1885, time, for the twenty miles, 1.8.25; Chicago, 17 Oct., 1885, 1.9.00; Indianapolis, 9 Oct., 1886, 1.4.00. The other races for the cup were won as follows: Cleveland, 19 Aug., 1884, A. C. Bates, 1.26.27½; Philadelphia, 13 Sept., 1884, E. Kohler, 1.23.19; Boston, 26 Sept., 1884, D. E. Hunter, 1.20.58; New Haven, 6 June, 1885, D. E. Hunter, 1.14.5; New Haven, 11 June, 1886, A. B. Rich, 1.10.50.

It is a good general principle not to trust the man who "never took a header in his life" with your machine.—*Prov. Journal*.

# SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.

I want to say right here that my 54-Apollo is the finest little wheel I ever saw.  
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.



## APOLLO



Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.

To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."  
Yours, etc.,  
FRED. BRIGHAM.

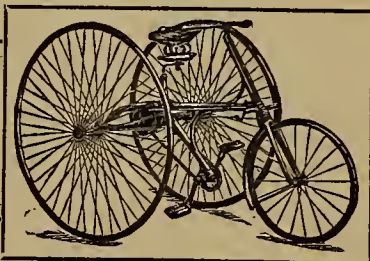
## 20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

**Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.**

*If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.*

*If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.*

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

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**W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 61 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.**



## CYCLETS.

## LAYS OF THE TRACK.

## YE HANDICAPPER.

MYSTERIOUS man! If all they say is true,  
Of fearsome spells and frequent midnight flits,  
Of bubbling pots of ultra-Irish stew,  
You well might give us starts — and almost fits.  
But 'tis a wicked goblet-chaser's tale  
Who could n't get "pitched in" a prize to snatch —  
A big black cat, indeed! — (It would not fail  
To urge its views of Universal Scratch.)

He is mysterious, beyond a doubt,  
And often startles ordinary men,  
Who wonder at the tricks he ferrets out —  
The cunning lapses both of leg and pen  
How does he know should Northern Jones improve —  
Or Southern Smith put on a little pace?  
Who tells him Eastern Robinson can move —  
That Western Brown a shorter mark can face?

He has a brain of extra size and weight,  
That deals with hazy problem in a crack,  
With wit and principle commensurate,  
To gently guide the erring beings back,  
Who oft desire to overshoot the line,  
And from a paltry greed, or vain conceit,  
Essay a "quiet bilk," or cut it fine,  
When truth should guide and sterling pluck complete.

Firm as a rock, and calm amid the storm,  
He carries out whatever his design —  
Wet towels bind his brow, for racing form  
Is not by any means a "form divine,"  
To study till you know it to a T —  
It takes no end of tallow, gas, or oil,  
And bulky bottles filled, as they must be,  
With — soothing tonics for the midnight toil.

Should we not pity one whom cruel fate  
Selects to shoulder such a pile of woe —  
Who bears the brunt while others take the "gate" —  
Who makes success while Johnnies "boss the show"?  
We should, and do, and treat with proper scorn  
The little minds, enraged at fair defeat,  
Who rave and threaten, supplicate and fawn,  
For miles — not yards — because they're badly beat.

Virtue's its own reward — in copybook —  
And what a blessing that it should be so!  
But try it when you bait a worldly hook,  
To land a human Jack — alas! no go:  
But handicappers are a virtuous race —  
Not only they, but all their kith and kin;  
Rich cycling gems, preserved in honor's case,  
(Now, Mr. G—n, won't you "chuck me in"?)

— F. F. S., in *News*.

THE ladies' run was a great success.

FROM the shadow of Trinity to the open sea at Kettle Cove.

No one suggested calling it "The Dodge Club," though that would have been a good name.

THE run around the Cape was made by a very large number. It was a ride of fifteen miles, and nearly all uphill. Some of the hills led downward, but the great majority pointed to the sky.

THE bold North Shore, backed by the golden forests, furnishes scenery worth going miles to see.

IT was the first League tour to which ladies have been invited, and we think we can say that no other tour has been more successful.

IMPORTANT testimony might be taken from the hotel proprietors. We think they would unite in saying that the men behave themselves when the ladies are around.

THE majority of the party were in good humor for dancing in the evening, after the ride of over thirty miles.

STALL was on hand with his camera, and took a number of views. He says he got a view of the party pushing their wheels up a hill. We would like to see it.

ILLINOIS is entitled to nine representatives, and they have been appointed.

THE Pope Cup has found a home. It will live in Chicago in future, and Van Sicklen will be its guardian angel. Its disappearance saves us from a good many twenty-mile races.

JACK PRINCE is going to sell bicycles for Gormully and Jeffery at Omaha. He wants to sell the champion bicycle, if he can't ride it.

ROWE and Hendee say that this is their last season on the track.

THERE is no truth in the report that Rowe will work for the Pope Manufacturing Company during the winter.

ROWE did not receive a money prize for beating Fred Wood. He got a medal as a souvenir, and a gold watch.

THE Springfield Club made \$400 on the minstrel show, and came out even on the tournament.

THE N. A. A. A. has refused to reinstate J. H. Sherman, of Lynn, and G. L. Lyon, of the same place. Several years ago they lost their status in athletic contests. They can no longer be regarded as amateur wheelmen.

GASKELL says if he is going to run into a fence he would like to pick it.

BURNHAM and Crocker seem to have cast their fortunes with the Victor team. They were formerly with the winning team, though it did not claim the title of Victor.

WOODSIDE's challenge to any one in America not having been accepted, he can justly claim the championship of this country. Now let him go abroad and bring home a few world's championships.

ELDRED, of the Springfield Club, went from Springfield to Holyoke in 37 m. 10 s. last week. He will probably come to Boston shortly and attempt to take the twenty and twenty-five mile records.

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES has been getting points regarding road books in New York and Philadelphia. He has been pumping the Philadelphia authorities, and Barkman and Bidwell.

WE have received a photo of the American team which will visit England. It comprises Woodside, Frazier, and Morgan. They are to return the visits England has made to us. We hope they will return with many scalps in their belts.

THE N. C. U. lost money on its championship meetings this year, instead of netting a handsome profit, as they have in previous years.

G. P. MILLS, of England, rode an Ivel Safety, 2 Oct., 50 miles on the road in 2h. 47m. 35 $\frac{3}{4}$  sec., beating record.

THE Springfield *Union* is publishing a series of articles, giving good roads and rides about that city.

THE Surrey Machinists' Co. has put on the market a new direct steering Crippler type tricycle, with large front wheel, and bicycle handles. The frame is neat, and simplicity itself. The large front wheel, and thick rubbers, used by the company should render it eminently easy over rough roads. The driving wheels are 34 inches, with inch tires; the front wheel 28 inches, with 7-8 inch tires; and the price £25.

THE latest novelty is the melocipede. It is derived from two Greek words, *melo*, music, and *pes*, a foot. A melocipede is, therefore, a musical bicycle, so constructed that the rider, without any extra exertion beyond that necessary to propel his machine, can pedal out sonatas, waltzes, marches, and, in fact, any music which may suit his fancy as he wheels along. — *Evening Mail*.

THE Columbia team will probably remain at Springfield another month.

HARTFORD made money on its tournament, after all. It was a small balance, but it was there all the same. It will not build a clubhouse, but it will keep the boys' hands out of their pockets.

LATE cycling patents furnished by N. J. Collamer, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.: David Black, Toledo, O., velocipede; L. S. Copper, Cleveland, O., saddle spring for bicycles; Wm. E. Crandall, N. Y., velocipede; C. E. Duryea, Webster Groves, Mo., bicycle.

THE Philadelphia Bicycle Club called a run for the Oranges last Saturday, and six members responded. They were met at Elizabeth by four members of the Orange Wanderers, who escorted them to the League hotel in Orange. In the evening they visited the Wanderers' rooms, and refreshments were served. Sunday was occupied with pleasant runs over the famous Orange macadam, the Philadelphia men returning by train from Newark on Sunday evening.

ENGLISH papers explain Fred Wood's defeat by saying that he was out of form. Well, perhaps he was. They are making capital out of the fact that he offered to race any man in America for £50, and it was not accepted. This is a very little thing to crow over. The American rider that beat Fred Wood does not race for money.

THE Chelsea Cycle Club will hold its first road race on Saturday. The start will be made from a point on Everett avenue, near the Eastern crossing, and the course measures just twelve miles. It will be a handicap, and the scorers will allow the slower men a start.

S. J. MILLS, of Bristol, Ct., and William Harding, of the Hartford Wheel Club, recently did a "century" run, over ordinary country roads, in eight hours, 55 minutes. The course was from Hartford to New Britain and return, thence to Holyoke and return, and then on to Wethersfield on a circuit that brought them back to the rooms of the Hartford Wheel Club, with 100 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles to their credit. — *Union*.

MANAGER ATKINS writes us anent the run made by Rowe when he put twenty-one miles into the hour: "Hendee's pacemaking was the prettiest I ever saw. It didn't vary all the eleven miles he ran. If I could get two more men like him, Rowe would do twenty-two miles in the hour."



# CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FALL TOURNAMENTS.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

*Size, 6 x 8 and 8 x 10, Maroon Mount, with Bevelled Gilt Edges.*

We will mail any one of the following Photographs, post-paid, on receipt of price. We have the pictures in full length, in bust, and with machine.

## SINGLES.

WM. A. ROWE.....12 Views.	H. W. GASKELL.....1 View.	CHAS. FRAZIER.....3 Views.
GEO. M. HENDEE.....5 "	W. M. WOODSIDE.....1 "	ROBT. JAMES.....2 "
E. P. BURNHAM.....4 "	J. S. PRINCE.....2 Views.	P. S. BROWN.....2 "
C. P. ADAMS.....4 "	T. W. ECK.....2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH.....2 "
W. A. RHODES.....3 "	W. E. CRIST.....2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES.....3 "	H. G. CROCKER.....2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE.....1 View.	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
A. B. RICH.....3 Views.	R. A. NEILSON.....	D. E. HUNTER.....
FRED FOSTER.....3 "	FRED WOOD.....2 "	

## GROUPS.

HENDEE, ROWE, and BURNHAM.  
COLUMBIA TEAM, MANAGER and TRAINERS.  
OFFICIALS AT SPRINGFIELD.  
GROUP CONTAINING RICH, RHODES, WILLIAMS,  
GASKELL, FOSTER, and NEILSON.

VICTOR TEAM.  
OFFICIALS AT LYNN.  
START OF HENDEE and ROWE RACE.  
STARTS AT LYNN.

## VIEWS.

SPRINGFIELD TRACK.  
POPE TENT AT SPRINGFIELD; Interior and Exterior.  
LYNN TRACK.

OVERMAN TENT AT SPRINGFIELD.  
COLUMBIA TRAINING QUARTERS AT LYNN and  
SPRINGFIELD.

## WM. A. ROWE.

We have pictures of Wm. A. Rowe in Citizen's Dress and in Racing Costume. These are full length, bust or three quarter size, at fifty cents each. We have a large panel picture, half length, 7 x 14, suitable for Club Rooms. Price, \$2.00.

ANY OF THE ABOVE, UNMOUNTED, FORTY CENTS.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

THE CYCLE,

22 School Street - - - - Boston, Mass.



MANAGER ATKINS believes in system, and accordingly Rowe is systematically trained, and system governs his riding. Take, for instance, yesterday's ride as an illustration. The work laid out for Rowe was the breaking of the three-mile record of 8.01½ held by Rhodes. Now, did Rowe go at it in a haphazard, get-there-if-you-can way? Not at all. It had been arranged that he should ride by a schedule of 2.40 for each mile, which would take him just inside the record. By way of explanation, it may be stated that in making up these schedules enough leeway is always allowed to make it practically sure that the times mapped out will be accomplished, as usually the results are much under the schedules. Yesterday Rowe was three and four seconds under the schedule. When he ran for the hour record, the time was figured for each lap, and with the aid of the timers, Atkins was enabled to tell at a glance whether Rowe was running behind or ahead. In view of what he accomplished that day it is evident that he did not get very much behind. It will thus be seen that system has considerable to do with the breaking of records, and when it is combined with Rowe's wonderful powers, the records must of necessity go. It may also be added that the pace-making is equally systematized. — *Union*.

MANAGER ATKINS provides the best timekeepers also. He has been using the regular tournament timekeepers, and they have had the best of watches. The aggregate value of the watches used in timing Rowe was \$1,200. When Ives was timed for a hundred miles, the aggregate value of the watches was \$60, and they went all wrong very soon. We can't believe that the Ives record will be accepted.

WILSON and Alden, the fancy riders, sail for England, on the Grecian Monarch, 23 Oct. They will give exhibitions of double riding on the Star while abroad.

H. M. RAMSAY, of Montreal, has been showing a fast pace on a Premier Safety. He won two races at the sports of the Montreal Club at St. Hyacinth, 8 Oct.

A. T. LANE, of Montreal, writes: "I got pulled off my bicycle last Thursday by a big St. Bernard dog, and have been carrying my leg in a sling ever since. This is my sixth day, and the doctor says it will be some days before I can return to business."

Mr. J. DEVEY is making a new bicycle which he calls the "Sir William." It is an attempt to make a small bicycle without the chains and gearing of the Kangaroo. It is fitted with the patent adjustable and detachable handle-bars, which can be raised or lowered to suit rider, or taken out altogether. By this arrangement a machine four inches lower than the ordinary bicycle may be ridden.

THE Treasury Department has decided that a bicycle purchased and used in Canada by a resident of this country is entitled to free entry as "personal effects." — *Evening Star*.

THE new Exposition building, built last spring, at Minneapolis, Minn., has been engaged for bicycle races and legitimate athletic sports for the coming winter, by W. M. Woodside, W. J. Morgan, and George P. Coleman, a wealthy contractor of Minneapolis. So says an exchange. We thought they were going to England.

#### PARAFFINE.

IF you oil a piece of steel with paraffine and put it aside, the paraffine soon evaporates and the steel at once becomes coated with rust, whereas a similar piece placed near it, but not paraffined, will be free, or almost free, from rust.

Paraffine, however, is a splendid material for cleaning off thickened oil, such as occurs in bearings which have not been cleaned for some time. Also, it is much easier to clean a rusty piece of steel if it is rubbed over with paraffine two or three hours beforehand; but in both these cases the paraffine must be thoroughly removed afterwards, or it will evaporate, and the steel get in a worse state of rust than it was before. The best way to get rid of the paraffine is to rub over the steel plenty of ordinary lubricating oil, which mixes with it and renders it harmless.

Now as to bearings. It is an excellent plan to run paraffine through and so remove all clogging masses of old oil, *provided you wash the paraffine well out afterwards with sperm or other lubricating oil*. Thus, I should use the paraffine before starting for a run, putting the machine upside down, oiling well with paraffine, and revolving the wheels some 400 or 500 times, filling up as the oil runs out (the latter, of course, should be wiped off as it appears). Then do the same with lubricating oil, and then go for a good ride, oiling plentifully on the way.

However, unless the bearings worked very stiff, and I had not time to clean them, I should prefer to do without the paraffine.

As to cleaning bearings, the best thing is to take them to pieces and wipe each bit carefully with rag, finishing up with clean bits; then put together and lubricate. This is really very little trouble with most bearings when one understands how they act, and I don't think any one should have a machine without knowing how to "get inside" the bearings.

As to lubricating oil, I find the best thing (perhaps the cycle oils one buys are better, but they run expensive) is a mixture of fifteen parts sperm and one of paraffine. The latter is so diluted that it cannot cause rust by evaporating, and it helps to keep the bearings free from thick oil. — *Cor. C. T. C. Gazette*.

#### 294 1-2 MILES IN A DAY!

AT midnight on Monday last, 4 Oct., Mr. G. P. Mills, of the Anfield Bicycle Club, left Biggleswade in order to attempt to break the 24-hour bicycle record. Favored by fine weather he kept at his task all day, and eventually achieved the remarkable world's record of 294½ miles, the previous record having been made by Hollingsworth, an American, who rode backwards and forwards over 13 miles of road, and covered 281 miles. The first 100 miles took seven hours and a half, and at noon Mills had reached Kingsley, and had covered therefore 150 miles in 12 hours. For the first part of the journey the fogginess of the atmosphere hindered him somewhat, and he collided with a horse, but did not, fortunately, sustain any damage. That well-known enthusiast, Mr. A. J. Hills, timed, and sent us the following telegram: "Another marvellous performance — record! Mills, of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Liverpool (of Land's End to John-

o'-Groat's fame), rode, on Tuesday last, 294½ miles in 24 hours, on the North Road. Principal places passed, — Biggleswade, Hitchin, Peterborough, Wisbech, Cambridge, and Bedford. He is really a marvel and a road demon, finishing as fresh and strong as when started. The machine ridden was one of Dan Albone's 'Ivel' rear-driving safety bicycles." — *News*.

THE many friends of Arthur L. Atkins, head salesman of the Pope Manufacturing Company, and manager of the Columbia team, will regret to learn that he is suffering from somewhat severe illness, which may necessitate his inability to attend to business for some considerable time. The Pope Manufacturing Company has generously granted him an extended vacation.

#### THE PATH.

LYNN, 19 Oct. — Record breaking meeting. C. H. Frazier in an attempt to beat Safety record of 2.40½, taking records for three-quarter mile and one mile. Half mile, 1.19½; three-quarter mile, 1.59½; one mile, 2.38½.

Wm. M. Woodside ran ten miles as follows: One mile, 2.49½; two miles, 5.44½; three miles, 8.39; four miles, 11.33½; five miles, 14.31½; six miles, 17.29½; seven miles, 20.28½; eight miles, 23.27½; nine miles, 26.23½; ten miles, 29.15½.

The judges in the above races were Messrs. Warren Waite, Howard Crowell, and E. L. Storey. Messrs. F. W. Homan and C. O. Roberts were the timers, and Mr. C. H. Annis was the scorer.

At 4.18 o'clock Mr. W. J. Morgan, with Miss Louisa Armaindo, started to make the 24-hour tandem tricycle record for lady and gentlemen. Messrs. E. L. Storey and C. H. Annis were the scorers.

BOSTON, 16 Oct. — Road races under the auspices of the Massachusetts Club.

*Thirty-mile Open Bicycle*, — W. S. Doane (1), 1.59.38½; W. K. Corey (2), 2.15.26½; A. R. Sampson (3), 2.17.18½.

E. Sanger crossed the line second, but it was found that he had cut a mile out of his course in Brookline and as soon as he made the discovery, he rode another mile and returned before the third man crossed the scratch. The judges decided that his time could not be taken, and he was ruled out of the race.

*Twelve and One-Half-mile Club Tricycle*, — W. K. Lewis (1), 56.13½; J. T. Williams (2), 56.18½; E. B. Pillsbury, 1.12.3½; G. Haynes, Jr., might have had third place, but he refused to cross the line.

*Thirteen and One-Half-mile Club Bicycle*, — R. G. Beazley (1), 53.15½; J. C. Robinson (2), 57.27½; C. D. Cobb (3), 1.1.44½.

WAKEFIELD, 16 Oct. — Road races under the auspices of the Wakefield Club.

*Ten-mile Road Race*, — F. C. Patch (1), 43.15; Hugh Emerson (2), 43.30; C. E. Nott (3), 43.47.

ATTLEBORO, 16 Oct. — Races under auspices of the Columbia Club.

*Half-mile Open*, — C. W. Ware (1), 1.39; F. W. Brigham (2), 1.39½.



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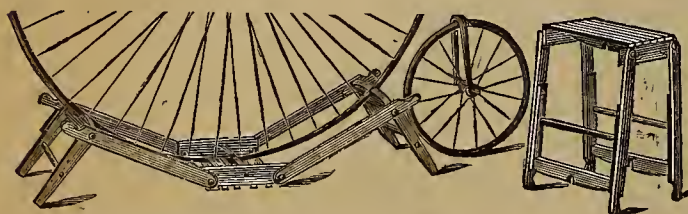
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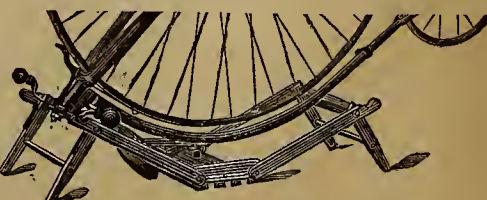


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*One-mile Novice*, — H. A. Hall (1), 3.41; W. E. Clark, Jr. (2), 3.48.

*Two-mile Amateur*, — D. C. Pierce (1), 7.24 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; D. E. Hunter (2), 7.26 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*Half-mile, Hands Off*, — F. E. Brigham (1), 1.50 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; C. W. Ware (2), 2.04 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*One-mile Open*, — P. J. Berlo (1), 3.35; Ed. Severence (2), 3.39 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*One-mile Open*, — F. P. Brigham (1), 3.22 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; C. W. Ware, 3.23.

*One-mile Boys under 16*, — Ed. Severence (1), 4.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; W. E. Clark, Jr. (2); H. D. Merritt (3). This race was protested on account of doubt of Severence's age.

*One-mile Club*, — F. I. Gorton (1), 3.32 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; J. E. Doran (2), 3.33.

*Two-mile Open*, — F. G. Gibbs (1), 7.16 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; D. C. Pierce (2), 7.19.

The team race between North Attleboro and Brockton was won by the Brockton team.

INDIANAPOLIS, 15 and 16 Oct. — Races under the auspices of the Indianapolis Club.

*One-mile Novice*, — T. B. Nicholson (1), 3.13; A. W. Allen (2).

*Half-mile Amateur*, — First heat: K. A. Pardee (1), 1.26 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; S. P. Hollingsworth (2). Second heat: N. H. Van Sicklen (1), 1.27; L. M. Wainwright (2).

*One-mile Amateur Handicap*, — A. J. Lee, 150 yards (1), 2.41 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; A. W. Allen, 110 yards (2).

*Five-mile Inter-State Championship*, — Van Sicklen (1), 15.39; Pardee (2).

*One-mile Amateur*, — Hollingsworth (1), 3.02; Pardee (2).

*One-mile 3.30 Class*, — G. M. West (1), 3.05; A. B. Taylor (2).

*One-mile Championship of Indiana*, — L. M. Wainwright (1), 3.11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; A. W. Allen (2).

*One-fifth-mile Roadsters*, — West (1), 34; Nicholson (2).

The principal event of the second day's racing was the twenty-mile race for the Pope cup. There were but two entries, Van Sicklen and Hollingsworth. Van Sicklen won by a lap in 1.4.30.

SPRINGFIELD, 13 Oct. — W. A. Rowe against time. Pacemakers, Adams, Haradon, and Hendee. Following is the time made:—

	M.	S.
First mile.....	2	37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Second mile.....	5	14
Third mile.....	8	02 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fourth mile.....	10	45
Fifth mile.....	13	27 $\frac{3}{8}$

These were the officers: Referee, Howard P. Merrill; judges, E. M. Wilkins, J. W. Drown, and W. H. Jordan; timers, C. E. Whipple, G. E. Robinson, and C. T. Shean; scorer, H. P. Merrill; starter, A. L. Atkins. Weather permitting, Rowe will attempt to break the one and three mile, and perhaps other records, to-morrow afternoon.

SPRINGFIELD, 14 Oct. — W. A. Rowe against time. Pacemakers, Hendee, Adams, and Haradon. The time was as follows: One mile, 2.35 $\frac{3}{8}$ ; two miles, 5.11; three miles, 7.48 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The officials were: Referee and scorer, Howard P. Merrill; judge, Jason Rogers, of the New York *Mercury*; timers, C. E. Whipple, G. E. Robinson, C. T. Shean; starter, A. L. Atkins.

LYNN, 16 Oct. — Races under the auspices of the Lynn Cycle Association.

*Two-mile Amateur Handicap*, — D. E. Hunter, scratch (1), 6.21; F. M. Barnett, 150 yards (2).

Chas. H. Frazier attempted to lower the Star bicycle record of 2.41, with Woodside, Eck, and Morgan as pacemakers. His time was 2.45 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

W. J. Morgan and Mlle. Louise Armaindo succeeded in breaking the five-mile tandem record made by Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Smith, of England, of 20.38. A Marlboro Club tandem was used, and the five miles were covered in 18.28 $\frac{3}{8}$ .

*Three-mile Amateur Handicap*, — D. E. Hunter (1), 9.30 $\frac{3}{8}$ .

*One mile Professional Bicycle Handicap*, — C. H. Frazier, 150 yards (1), 15.25 $\frac{3}{8}$ .

ST. HYACINTH, CANADA. — Races under the auspices of the Montreal Club.

*One-mile Handicap*, — W. G. Ross, scratch (1), 3.10; J. H. Robertson, scratch (2); F. W. S. Crispo, 13s. (3).

*Three-mile Handicap*, — H. M. Ramsay, 25s. (1), 1c.52; F. W. S. Crispo, 30s. (2).

*Five-mile Handicap*, H. M. Ramsay, 35s. (1), 18; F. W. S. Crispo, 50s. (2).

JACKSON, MISS., 14 October. — Race under auspices of the Mississippi State Drill Association.

*One-mile*, — W. Hemmingway (1), Paul Barnett (2), T. A. Iler (3), 3.52.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., 18 October. — S. G. Whittaker has been making more records at this place. He started out this morning over the fifty-mile course to break the hundred-mile record, and also the twenty-four hour record. He made the following times: 50 miles, 2.59.50 $\frac{3}{8}$ ; 100 miles, 6.01.15; 150 miles, 10.28.52; 200 miles, 13.00.30.

WHITTAKER'S one-hundred-mile time is far ahead of any road record ever made, and beats Ives' track record of 6.03.45 $\frac{3}{8}$ . The English track record is 5.50.05 $\frac{3}{8}$ .

WILLIAM A. RHODES started Monday on Hampden Park to break the twenty-mile bicycle record, and the wind was raw and strong, and after standing it for three miles, he gave up the attempt. His first mile was in 2.42, second 2.49, and third, 3m.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

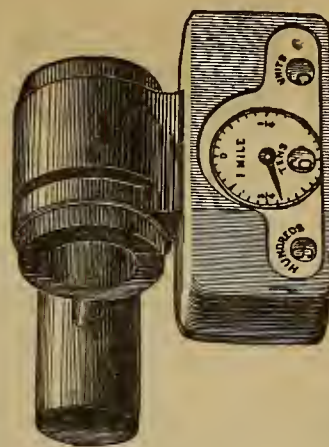
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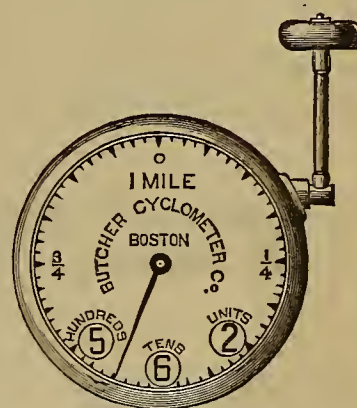
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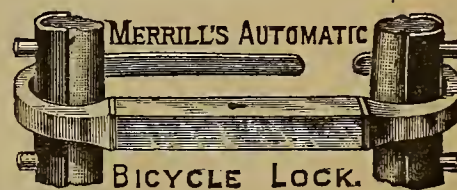
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