

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 17.

BOSTON, MASS., 21 JANUARY, 1887.

THREE CENTS.

World's Tandem Record

—❧ FOR 24 HOURS ❧—

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

—❧ RIDDEN ON A ❧—

* MARLBORO' * TANDEM *

—❧ BY A ❧—

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

❧ Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. ❧

THE MARLBORO ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

It would seem to be fate. It is, however, a fact, that the riders of

The American Champion

have made the most phenomenal long-distance and road times of the season.

Here is another marvellous record by J. S. PRINCE, at Omaha, on a carefully surveyed indoor and ten-lap track, in 48 hours,

767 and 9-10 Miles !

A WORLD RECORD BY 27 MILES.

They all say the same thing, viz., "The easy running qualities of the G. & J. Bearings." Then there is the

10 Miles in 29 Min. 13-4 Sec.

20 " " 59 Min. 35 4-5 Sec.

50 " " 2 Hrs. 55 Min. 46 1-2 Sec.

100 " " 6 Hrs. 1 1-2 Min.

All of them world records, made by a Roadster on a country road. Facts of this sort talk.

By the way, gentlemen, if you want your machine overhauled or repaired, don't wait until the busy Spring, and then expect the work to be promptly done. Send your mount to us now, and have it ready for the first bit of good riding weather. It stands to reason that it will be more thoroughly done, and at a much more reasonable price. Since we have completed our new factory, we can devote a good deal more space to this branch of the business.

Respectfully submitted.

G. & J.

THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 21 JANUARY, 1887.

No. 17.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

75
CENTS
A
YEAR.

One Year, by mail, post-paid.....\$0.75
Six Months......50
Single Copies......03

Specimen Copies free.

Every bicycle dealer is agent for the CYCLE and authorized to receive subscriptions at regular rates. The paper can be found on sale at the following places:—

Boston, CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., cor. Washington and School Streets. Tremont House news stand. At every cycle warehouse.

Philadelphia, H. B. HART, 811 Arch Street.

ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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

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

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

WITH this issue the CYCLE ceases to exist. We have been elected to the very important office of Secretary-Editor of the League, and all our time must be given to its duties. We part with the CYCLE with many regrets. It has paid us well, and we have enjoyed our association with the little constituency that it has had. We have made arrangements to transfer our subscription list to another paper, and all unexpired subscriptions will be filled out. All those who have sent us money within a few weeks will have it returned to them, and many who have subscribed with us for personal reasons and cannot feel that a transfer of subscription will be just to them, shall receive satisfaction. We are now in a distant city, making ourselves acquainted with our new duties, and we hope within a few weeks to be able to be once more in Boston to arrange for the closing up of our business.

THE meeting of the Board of Officers in New York was very long, and there was a deal of talking, but many important precedents were established, and the results were good.

There was some inharmony caused by the warring of two factions over the Secretary-Editor's office, but we can believe that the better judgment of the members will prevail, and nothing will be done to destroy the peace of the organization.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

SOME one has said to me, "Why don't you publish your own record, with all the others that you are giving us?" I wish I might offer my friends as complete a statistical table as those which have been sent me, but alas, I cannot.

I STARTED out with the best intentions at the opening of the season, and determined to keep a record; but the machine that was ordered did not come to me, and I was forced to ride upon a very heavy wheel. The natural consequence was, that I did little riding until July, and I cannot show a score much over five hundred miles. This looks very small when compared with some of the figures that I have had the pleasure to publish; but if there was a proportionate amount of pleasure in the large scores to that in my modest little one, I can believe that the year 1886 has been one of great joy to the lady riders of the wheel.

ONE who was with us on the North Shore trip, sends a sketch of her riding. This lady rode on a Traveller tandem, and was the first to reach Magnolia.

Dear Daisie:—I am glad of the opportunity to write and tell you of some of our delightful little runs on the tandem. We did not begin to ride until the summer was half over, so between five and six hundred miles is all we can justly lay claim too.

We live in a cycling neighborhood, and many pleasant rides have we had in the evening; rides of from six to ten miles, our evenings riding with us. We ran races with the small boys, fast horses, in fact anything that came along. The first long ride we took was to Magnolia. We were to go with a delegation from our city, but for one reason and another we were the only ones who could make the trip. You are all familiar with the delightful ride, so I will say little about it,—in fact, I am rather ashamed, as we made part of the trip on Sunday. I hope none of my lady friends who ride do such things. We spent three pleasant days, averaging about thirty-two miles in four hours each day, so you see we are not speedy riders, although it was said we scorched, on our last trip to the North Shore, and yet we can boast of fast time, now I think of it. Who can beat this? I once heard of its nearly being done, but we

did it. A poor little squirrel tried to beat the time that can be made on a Traveller tandem, but unfortunately we met at right angles. We didn't stop to see the result, but as we rested on the rocks from our labors we heard Mr. Squirrel had gone to pastures green, where he can't be beaten by a tricycle.

We had a nice ride to Concord, but we won't boast of the time we made on that trip, but will rest on our past laurels. We were to be there at six o'clock to tea, or be laughed at. We would have reached there in time, but oh! the sand you do strike. It would be a lovely ride, if you could only avoid that two miles of sand. But I felt paid for the trip, for it was the first time I had ever visited there.

With the exception of a trip to Wellesley, which we took one lovely morning, these were the only long rides we enjoyed last summer, but we hope to do better another season.

The name the small boys we met on our numerous rides gave me, was

NANCY.

SOMERVILLE, 2 January, 1887.

ANOTHER lady, who was with us at Magnolia, and who rides one of the seats of a sociable, writes as follows:—

My Dear Daisie:—I do not know that I count, being only the other half of that much underrated machine, a Sociable, but I doubt if the L. A. W. has a more enthusiastic member. My interest in cycling dates from the days when the chief consul of the C. T. C. used to make us an occasional visit on his pioneer bicycle, and two years' wheeling on a machine of our own has only increased my ardor.

We began to ride in 1884, making about fifty miles. In June of 1885, we bought our machine, and when we took our first ride on it of about thirteen miles, were quite elated at our success. Before the year was ended, we made twenty miles in a day without undue fatigue. In September, we went over the route of the Boston Bicycle Club fifty-mile road race, taking it easily in one day. Our whole riding for the year was about six hundred and fifty miles.

In 1886, we began on the 12th of April. Our principal riding has been over the sand-papered roads of Brookline and the Newtons, with occasional trips to places like Sharon and Concord, where there is much sand, but no paper. We added to our record this year about eight hundred miles, and hope to do better in 1887.

I gladly add my tribute to the health-giving qualities of the tricycle, for both the other half and myself feel that we have never been so well as since we began to ride.

One other pleasure the Sociable has given us, and that is the enabling us to attend services at some of the pleasant Newton

churches, which otherwise would have been inaccessible. Our last ride for the season was on Thanksgiving Day, so you see we had eight months riding in 1886.

G. F. P.

In a previous article I referred facetiously to the Baronness of Lynn. The lady to whom this referred has sent me what I asked for. She was the only lady that succeeded in going the whole of the trip around Cape Ann on a single tricycle, and the party was unanimous in praise of her very creditable performance. Mrs. N. uses her wheel for business as well as pleasure, and saves herself many a long walk.

Dear Daisie:—I ride a two-track Columbia tricycle, and like it very much. This has been my first season on the wheel, and as I had no cyclometer, I can't give you any definite record. I think I have ridden about seven hundred miles. My largest ride was twenty-five miles in the day. I have greatly enjoyed my wheel, and have had but one fall. I took what they call a "header," but escaped without injury and was able to ride five miles to my home. My wheel has been indeed a good friend to me, for it has banished many a sick headache, and given me health and strength. The most satisfactory thing in my riding is, that I have not broken one piece in my wheel since I bought it. Next season I mean to have a cyclometer, and I will inform you in the fall just how far I have driven my wheel.

BARONNESS OF LYNN.

NEXT comes Maggie, who was also with us at Magnolia. What a North Shore flavor I have given to my column this week! Maggie would have gone with the party around the Cape, and there is little doubt that she would have finished, but her wheel came to grief, and she had to take the train for home.

Dear Daisie:—Thinking that your effort to secure records of the different ladies who use the tricycle will do much to interest others in the same sport, I send you my record for this year, my first season, as about 848 miles. My longest ride was thirty-seven miles, though I have made eight other trips of over twenty-five. The distances are correct, although not using the cyclometer, being over known roads, or with others who had cyclometers. I began riding about the first of May, using a Victor single, and later on rode a Royal Mail tandem with my sister, thirteen years old, who has ridden three hundred miles. Expect to do better next year; as I shall begin earlier and have the advantage of a season's experience.

MAGGIE KIRKWOOD.

Maplewood, Mass.

I HAVE to thank Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, of Stockport, N. Y., for a very interesting photo of themselves and their wheels. I am very glad to have it. My letter-file is not yet depleted, and there are more records to come.

DAISIE.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A CYCLIST.

BY HUGH CALLAN.

[This story received the special prize of £50, offered by *Tit Bits* for the best cycling story, and was published by that paper 4 Dec. last.]

It is not quite two years since first I mastered the art of cycling, yet in that short space more ups and downs (ah me! not always figuratively) have been mine than have fallen to the lot of most. My wheel and I have borne company in rugged places and in smooth, have visited nearly every part of Europe, have sailed over lengths of seas, climbed mountains, waded rivers, been in storms of rain and snow, been chilled by frost and scorched by sun, lost in forests and shaken by earthquakes. "Spills," precipitate headers earthwards, breakings of necks and bones, are the conventional concomitants of the sport. But the less one dreads such, the less he experiences them. Though I have had many narrow escapes from dangerous falls, only once did the danger come to much. It came about thus:—

In Austria they have a nasty habit of laying big ridges aslant the roads on steep slopes to serve for gutters. At the top of one fearful hill I hesitated whether to dismount or risk the descent. Every twenty yards was one of those confounded ridges. The road was crowded with people coming from a church at the foot. When at last I resolved to dismount it was too late—the speed was too great. Over the first ridge I bounded, inches clear of the ground, then on over others till the bound grew to half a foot. Half-way down two boys were driving up a string of cows, attached together by chains. My shouts and my bell only served to terrify the brutes and make them block the way. When I was only some feet from them they turned tail, and I screwed round to clear them. But the boys lashed them back up the hill, and only a rapid jerk of the handlebar the other way averted an awful fall. Just then came another ridge. The shock proved too strong; the brake shifted off the tire, and left me flying at twenty-five miles an hour down the hill. As I dashed over each ridge, it was first lie back with head nearly on backbone, then forward like lightning to hold on like grim death as I crashed down again from the bound. Each second I despaired of life. Still the steep and pace are increasing; now the last ridge is in view, and if I am not sharp enough all will be over with me. Full three feet (said eye-witnesses) rose wheel and I in air, and the crash when we met the ground shook every spoke and rib and bone. Not two yards from me at the turn stood some children, all unconscious of the terrible danger. Quicker than thought I jerked the right handle, and we flew towards the hedge. Then came a dive together into a deep ditch on the roadside; a solitary swim ten feet up into the bushes, and the mad steeplechase was over.

The bicycle backbone was fast on the front wheel, one spoke broken, one pedal bent. That was all. What a deliverance! An hour with a blacksmith, and all was right again; well, nearly right. Passing some mounted peasants I asked how far it was to Horn, and looking back for the answer, suddenly found myself among the stones on the ground. The knapsack had jammed in between backbone and wheel.

The peals of derisive laughter that greeted my ears reminded me of an exhibition I once made at a country house in Scotland. The lady persuaded me to show her and the household how a bicycle was mounted. Accordingly, they all gathered around in the courtyard. "First," I said, proceeding to mount by the step, "I shall show you the orthodox style." Just, however, as I slid into the saddle the wheel came on a hollow in the ground and over I went on my chest, with the wheel on the top of me. "Orthodox" is the name they know me by in that district.

True is the saying, "A haughty spirit before a fall." Let me illustrate it further.

In a wild upland part of Turkey, I came up one day with a troop of soldiers on foot and horse. To pass them I took to the moor, and, when opposite the centre of their line, called out, pointing to myself, "Ingleese," then raised my cap and shouted, "Viva la Turca," whereupon officers and men with one accord waved their hands and cheered me to the echo. And now I was well past the main body, at a place where the path runs along a slope above a river. Here, when my breast was swelling highest with the tide of emotion, a straggler, as much from ignorance as from wantonness, thrust his sword amongst the spokes, and, to his speechless dismay, beheld me rolling and sprawling down the bank.

So miraculous do my escapes appear that they tempt me to believe in a charmed life. Here are a few of them:

There is a well-known winding *brae* at the head of Loch Lomond, as one comes from Crienlarich. Down this, in my foolhardiness, I was wending my way, one summer evening at dusk, when suddenly, from some cause undiscovered, the wheel slipped sideways, and I only escaped precipitation into the roaring lynn far below by getting entangled in some whin-bushes that grew on the side of the cliff. Not so fortunate was my steed, for one pedal-pin had snapped at the crank. So for the thirty-five miles to Glasgow it was a case of slow, painful locomotion with one foot, changing the pedal as each foot grew weary, all through the night till the dawn.

Between Freiburg and Lausanne, in Switzerland, I had just climbed a steep of four miles, and was glad to mount again; but no sooner had I done so than I entered an ancient dilapidated village called Rue, and observed that the descent had already begun. Loth, however, to dismount, I kept on till the pace became ungovernable, and perforce I had to keep the saddle. So on we rushed, over huge cobble-stones, broken dishes, old pans, gutters, dung-heaps, while dogs and geese, and goats and children fled in terror from before us. With brake still on, still the steep was so frightful that the speed kept increasing, when, oh! horror! the street seemed to terminate in a ditch and a stone wall. I was just about to relax my hold and throw myself off, when I saw a narrow exit directly at right angles to the street. Even so, death still stared me in the face, for there was not room to turn. Summoning all my courage I rushed obliquely towards the wall; then, right on the edge of the ditch, pulled round the machine's head and shot down the hill—saved.

Another time, when descending the Jura

Mountains into France, with my legs over the handle-bar, an abrupt turn in the road brought me into a magnificent amphitheatre of perpendicular cliffs. There seemed no outlet to the road, but on the inner side rose a solid wall of rock, and on the outer, the cliffs went sheer down hundreds of feet to where cataracts roared and tumbled and splashed amid the broken masses. At length an opening appeared tunnelled out of the rock, but at right angles. An inch miscalculated would hurl me over the two feet of stones that served for an outer wall, down, down to a fearful death. With a cry of terror, I grasped the branches of an ash tree projecting from the inner side, and held on desperately for many minutes before my scared senses could be convinced that the danger was past.

North of Vesoul, in the east of France, I had had five miles of easy slope, with legs over handle, through glorious woods. On the left ran a torrent, on the right were heights. At one of those exasperating bends I came upon a group of children playing at "houses." To avoid them I had to drive into a crowd of geese in scores, which fled with hideous screams, but not fast enough to disclose in time a big stone in the middle of the road. I was on it before I knew, and, though I jerked aside and flung my weight backwards, I bounded over its side. Up-right again, I was barely in time to notice with affright that not a foot was between me and the precipitous side of the torrent. With desperate effort I half wrenched, half lifted, the wheel from its course, bringing away the miserable turf dyke—the only apology for a fence—and sped away—saved once more.

But the greatest troubles and dangers to a cyclist arise from the ignorance or carelessness of others.

Tired and hungry, one evening, after fifty miles of causeway in Holland, I was slowly moving up the town of Arnheim, paying no heed to the rabble of children about me. All at once I felt the hind wheel lifted up, and I was thrown heavily on my shoulder. Leaving the machine as it lay, with the speed of rage I darted after the big boy who had done the trick. Up close and down close, through barns and sheds and yards I chased him, till a locked door brought him to bay. Meantime a fearful hubbub arose behind, and, before I had taken my fill of pommelling the culprit, a motley crowd of jabbering, vociferating Dutchmen was upon me. Bakers with baskets, cobblers with hammers, grocers tying up their aprons, butchers brandishing their knives, women flourishing brooms and pokers, all had rushed to rescue the boy from "the mad foreigner."

Once, on the right bank of the Rhine, between Heidelberg and Strasburg, a lively scrimmage with horses befell me. The careless peasants had left their horses yoked in pairs to long cumbrous hay-carts, unattended by the roadside. There were two teams, one on each side, opposite each other; both faced the wrong way. Believing the beasts would show no more spirit than their continental brethren usually show, I ventured to risk the narrow passage between them. Fool! that passage was like to prove the gate of death. For, deeply absorbed in equine ruminations, they did not espy me till quite abreast; and so sudden was the

start they got that they wheeled right round in front of me, knocked me over against the other cart, and terrified the other horses. There I clung, with arms entwined among the forks of the cart and legs mixed up with the bicycle spokes, hauling it along, as the whole cavalcade swept along the road. Not till my voice reassured them that it was no unearthly visitant they had beheld did they cease their wild career, and give me time to view the sad havoc made among my spokes and on my clothes. Oftener it is not the cyclist, but the persons that show the ignorance or carelessness, who suffer.

As I was toiling up a long slope not far beyond Saint Loup in France, a team of fierce-looking bullocks approached, dragging a lumbering wagon, in which the driver was apparently asleep. They already showed symptoms of fear; so I hallooed to the fellow to look after them. Too late—he leaped out and ran to their heads, while I dismounted. They swerved right round, knocking him over like a ninepin, and bolted up the hill straight for a ladder jutting out from a cherry tree, up which a man, hidden in the foliage, was gathering cherries. Down rattled the ladder with the man and the load of cherries in a shower, and fell across the oxen's backs. He rolled off and the wheels passed over his legs, while the oxen dashed over an embankment, snorting and bellowing, and away over the fields. While I was bathing and rubbing the poor fellow's legs, a crowd ran up from the village, threatening me with violence; and not till I had effectually harangued them in French for half an hour on the rights and rules of the road did they let me depart.

The sun was beating pitilessly on me with noontide force in the great plain of Hungary close to the Danube shore, when I saw a peasant on the top of a laden wagon of wheat, drawn by two horses, coming along, as usual, on the wrong side. As he paid no heed to my shouts, I went to the right. So did the horses in their fright. Too late; he bawled out to them piteously, as he pulled on the reins, "Né, né!" The rickety concern toppled over and he descended double-quick from his fifteen-foot elevation, and all the sheaves upon him. When I cleared them away, he rose groaning and moaning, holding his arm. The cart was twisted out of shape, the ropes and reins broken. After spending an hour mending and loading the cart again, what was my disgust to hear the wretch demand pay for the grain spilled. Some bitter altercation followed, till he whined out, in broken German, "for pity's sake to give him a florin, for he was a poor man." After that, who could resist? A similiar upset occurred in the heart of Servia. A man was driving a cart half laden with cut grain on which he sat. While he gazed stupidly at me, and laughed deliriously, his horses shied and made off over ditch and field and back to the road again. The low telegraph wires caught him and the grain, and turned both off into the ditch together. It was now my turn to laugh.

Truly, a bicycle seen for the first time is a most potent instrument for rousing wonder and alarm both in beasts and men. One evening I was entering a township embedded in the heart of forests. A stampede of fifty horses which had been feeding on the common followed me up the long street; horses

to right of me, left of me, behind me, before me, close on every side, all snorting and plunging and tearing along, men and women, with whips and poles trying to stem the living torrent, and I in the thickest of the throng.

Swinging along a grand bit of road in Sclavonia, the sun glittering on the bright steel, I came up behind a big girl; she fled shrieking at the first sight of me. Her shrieks and her pace increased as I gained on her till she fell down in a faint. Once recovered, she told me she took me for an evil spirit encircled in fire. I was the first cyclist that crossed the Servian-Turkish frontier, and a lively time it gave me. The fellow at the frontier station sent me back on foot eight miles to the magistrates. It was dark when I returned, but I had to wait nearly an hour till the rascal finished eating. Then he pronounced my passport still not good; so off I bounced towards Turkey, determined to force a passage. But a guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets blocked the way. Every motion of mine they followed, and twice had their bayonets an inch from my breast. Trying to get back my machine all I got from them was, as they pointed back, a thundering "Marsch!" Next morning, when I left the town, armed with a private magisterial order, the folk were waiting in thousands, and cheered me off, amid cries of "Bravo, Ingleese!"

In every Turkish town I was requested—or, rather, commanded—to perform for the amusement of the inhabitants. But at one in particular where I was detained, all the great men of the neighborhood, Beys, Sheiks, Kamakans, Pashas, assembled in the barrack-yard, with the soldiers and townsfolk in thousands around them, and saw me go through the various evolutions of my craft.

Twice I was stopped on the mountains and searched for gold, but escaped by a trick. Pretending to show how the thing worked, I leaped into the saddle, and flew for life down the road. At a town, not far from which, quite recently, brigands have massacred a dozen people, the authorities arrested me on suspicion of complicity in brigandage—my poor wheel being taken for a readier vehicle to carry off the spoil! They placed me in the guard-house, and sent me off next day by train to Salonica.

It would be endless to tell of hardships endured from the elements or from difficult ground. Yet one or two may well be told.

On that memorable Monday, 8 Feb., 1886, when the snow-storm blocked the fastest trains and the sheep perished in hundreds on the hills, I rode from Ayr to Glasgow. The snow was inches deep on the road when I got beyond Kilmarnock. The northeast wind was driving right in my face in terrific blasts. Hands, feet, ears and face became so benumbed that they did not feel as a part of myself. The snow froze fast and encased me in a rigid prison of ice. At an inn they scraped me with knives before a roaring fire, and restored me with brandy. Little daunted, and bent on keeping an appointment in Glasgow, I faced once more the blinding, freezing storm. The way now led high up over moorland hills; the snow was wreathed feet deep at every turn, and had drifted high above the dykes and hedges. Often I dismounted to examine if I was still on the road, till at one spot, where the fields on one side

are lower than the road, I went quite out of my reckoning. While I was toiling with might and main to cut my way, suddenly the wheel sank out of sight, and I was flung headforemost and buried in the snow. Had not the previous extraordinary exertion kept heat in my body, that had been my last performance with or without the wheel.

I was crossing the Erzgebirge Mountains, in South Germany; above rose crags a thousand feet; darkness came on apace, and found me wandering in those awful woods. Thunder rolled among the hills, and lightning gleams, shooting across the sky, revealed the terrible magnificence of the place. By-and-bye the road broke into two paths. Up one I pushed till it became so steep, so narrow, and so deep with sand that I retreated to the other. Desperately I pushed up through the foot-deep sand, over stagnant pools, loose rocks and fallen timber, till again the road parted into three. Sick at heart, I threw myself down among the prickly shrubs, but, as my senses were leaving me, the cry of a wild animal struck my ear. Stories of wolves and belated travelers darted vividly through my brain. I lit a match and read half-past ten on my watch. What was that glitter far ahead? It was only the wire fence that divides two great empires. For many miles I labored on till ready to drop. But the sight of a rough wooden cross over a mound, and the thought that some poor victim of wolves lay buried there, inspired me with new strength to push on. At last a faint light glimmered down in a valley. It shone from a house in a village, but the people rejected me from the door; and only after begging admission through the whole straggling hamlet, did I find anyone bold enough to give shelter from the rain and the floods.

While making for the battle-ground of Marathon, in Greece, one terribly hot August day, I was sent a short cut across country. Beautiful beyond description was the path for some miles, but it lost itself in fields. For some miles I pushed my wheel over fields and brooks, through thickets and pathless wastes strewn with marble chips. Leaving a guard-house under Mount Pentelicus, where they treated me to wine and melon, I followed the best road—a mere sheep-track. At length it disappeared down steep sides, over fallen rocks and trees and briars, into a deep wooded glen. Here a clear, deep stream ran brawling over immense rocks; and over all, perforce, I picked my way, but not till I had slipped into a boiling lynn. No path was traceable on the other side. Up, up, again, over prickly bushes, mud and shingle, through pine forests, whose soil was slippery with the growth of centuries, down again to the river's edge, but still no path. Gorgeous plants and flowers, exhaling richest odors, gaudy-plumed birds, reptiles, and tortoises, for a time interested my attention. But after three hours wandering up and down, and the sun had left all but the tops of the thousand-feet cliffs that towered around, despair laid hold of me. Leaving the wheel, I climbed the cliffs, and saw, beyond the windings of the stream, the village of Marathon, nestling amid its cypresses far down the valley. After twenty minutes' search, I recovered the wheel; but so steep and shingly, and so dense with vegetation were

the banks, that further movement was impossible, so I tried to make a way up the cliff. The stones and the sand slid from under my feet, and the machine fell back upon me. One foot up, then a slip, a fall, a nasty bruise, until, utterly exhausted, the machine entangled in thorns, and a big rock overhanging, I despaired of ever extricating it from such a frightful place. But the thought of censure nerved me, so, shouldering the wheel, I climbed inch by inch, slowly and painfully, up that seventy degree gradient of rock and sand and thicket. The light of the brilliant stars showed me a field of grain in a valley. Thence a path led to a river. I was making a soft place on the bank to lie down for the night, when the braying of a donkey led me on. It came from a field beside a mill, and there they spread straw on the ground, and gave me a coverlet. A young Greek shared this primitive couch, and talked incessantly. The sense of rest and peace as I lay and smoked my pipe, watched the rising moon, and chatted with the Grecian, was ineffably sweet and deep.

Two days after the great earthquake shocks in Greece, when people thought all danger was over, I was leisurely wheeling along a smooth level street in Patras, on the Gulf of Corinth, when it seemed to me that the surface became all at once unaccountably lumpy. While I was looking about to discover the cause, the cries of the people, as they rushed out of the houses and wildly up the street to the open square, revealed to me the interesting fact that—what probably no one else has ever done—I had ridden a bicycle on an earthquake!

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE PEDAL MOUNT.

Editor Cycle: Unasked I come to you with a small article to give my views on the subject of the *Pedal Mount*, which, I can safely say, if you will publish, will benefit some of your many readers. I am prompted to do this from seeing an article in the last number of the *CYCLE* on this subject, in which the writer advances a method which, I think, is far from correct; in fact, from the many cautions given, is apt to deter the timid from even trying to learn, for who is there among those having the experience but dreads a header? I am, comparatively speaking, an old man, and nearly four years of service during the war has given me rheumatic joints, but, for all that, an ardent lover of cycling, and there are but few days in the year that I do not have a five-mile spin on the road. A tour to the Ohio meet in September last is one of the most pleasant recollections of my life,—so pleasant, indeed, that several of us are already laying our plans for the same route and meet this year. Four thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine miles in 1886 is not so bad for an old man, and to encourage road riding I have offered a fine medal to the rider covering the largest number of miles during 1887. Our best riders here, almost to a man, use the pedal mount, to learn which I would give the following rules, which, if carried out, it will be quickly learned, and no danger whatever of a header: First, select some short, smooth piece of road, slight down-grade

preferred. Next, while practising, if possible, remove the step entirely, to prevent injury from it. Second, position should be taken on left side of wheel, left hand on grip of handle-bar, right hand on handle-bar, about midway between head and end of bar. Left crank up and slightly forward of fork (position of pedal horizontal). Third, move forward by stepping off with left foot, a medium brisk step, twenty-seven to thirty inches. At a regular pace the next move of the left foot will bring it to the pedal, which is then, or should be, past the lower centre on its upward movement. Fourth, place left foot on pedal, both hands firm on handle-bar, as first described; bring up right foot with a slight spring to assist the upward movement of the pedal. Body erect at all times. With a little practice this movement will carry the rider to the saddle with hardly any effort on his part. Position of right hand should not be changed until after firmly seated in saddle. The entire mount, from inception to completion, is done in a space of thirteen feet, taking a 52-inch bicycle as a basis. In executing the mount the wheel should be but slightly inclined towards the rider, and no matter whether up hill, on a level, or a down-grade, there is no inclination of the wheel to tilt forward; therefore, no danger of a header if above directions are carried out. I hope you will give the above, or a synopsis, to your readers. It is a pretty mount, and can be learned by a novice just as easy as that by a step.

CHARLES J. SCHERER.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FROM THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

ALTHOUGH the long period of snow has effectually put a check to all wheeling the club men are by no means despondent, but have many plans in view to while away the season of inactivity.

THE Kings County Wheelmen propose holding a pool tournament at their headquarters on the 18th inst., open to club members only, but at which all interested are cordially invited to be present. Handsome cues are to be presented to the first and second best men, and a very enjoyable time is anticipated. Their annex committee has been hard at work, and the much-talked-of new location will, it is hoped, be definitely settled during the coming month. They will probably secure new quarters in the vicinity of Bedford and Fulton avenues, and will move their headquarters to the new location, using their present rooms as an annex. They have received a challenge from the Long Island wheelmen for a match at bowling between teams from the two clubs. An early date will be set for the match, and much fun is looked forward to in the event. Perhaps the greatest piece of news from their vicinity is that the great E. K. Austin, secretary-treasurer, etc., etc., and the hottest kind of a champion for light wheels, has given up his thirty-four-pound Rudge Light Roadster and adopted a Star as his mount for the coming season, which, light as it is of its kind, weighs forty-five pounds. Since the last New York and New Jersey Team Road Racing Association race the Kings

County Wheelmen have had the Star fever bad, but we never thought it possible that Austin would come down to the "coffee mill."

THE Brooklyn Bicycle Club has taken very kindly, we might say enthusiastically, to tobogganning and skating having organized clubs for the indulgence of each sport. They had a merry party at the slides on Saturday evening last, and propose getting up a rousing skating party on the coming Saturday. The wear the club uniform on all occasions of this kind, and find it both comfortable and serviceable. That apostle of skulls, cross-bones, and figures, their worthy club surgeon, Brush by name, has compiled an elaborate table of statistics of the club for the year 1886. A *resume* of the voluminous document shows that on 31 December they had a membership of sixty-five, classified as follows: Active, 55; associate, 5; veteran, 3, and honorary, 2. The maximum duration of membership was seven years and seven months; the minimum, one month. The total period of membership was one hundred and nine years and eight months, and the average duration one year and ten months.

In age, the maximum was thirty-four years, the minimum 18; sum total of all the ages, 1,469 years, and the average twenty-two and a half years.

In height, the maximum was six feet three inches, the minimum, five feet four inches; the sum total of all heights was three hundred and sixty-five feet four inches, and the average five feet eight inches.

As to weight, their heaviest man weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds, their lightest, one hundred and twenty-two pounds; their total weight was 9,244 pounds, and their average weight one hundred and forty-two pounds. In all of the above, sixty-five men reported.

Their mileage in 1886, with but forty-five men reporting, was: maximum, 8,086; minimum, 100. Total mileage of all reporting, 55,743 miles.

The number of wheels reported was 54, classified as follows: Expert, 24; Victor, 12; American Club, 5; Rudge Light Roadster, 3; Columbia Light Roadster, 3; British Challenge, 1; Yale, 1; Apollo, 1; Pilot, 1; Spalding, 1; unknown makes, 3. The largest wheel was 60 inches, and the smallest 48, the average being 53 inches.

The largest individual records were: A. B. Barkman, 8,086 miles; F. B. Hawkins, 4,751; Elmer Skinner, 4,000; Dr. Brush and E. Williams, each 3,000; W. Slocum, 2,556; A. S. Haviland, 2,500; Martin R. Winchell, and J. R. Nafis, each 2,000; F. B. Jones, 1,800; and H. J. Kellum and G. E. D. Todd, each 1,500. Besides these, Messrs. Bancroft, Meeteer, Adams, Wheeler, Cole, Spelman, and Wheeler, each scored 1000 miles or over.

The boys have well earned their title of being "toughs," and are proud of it, and while none of them aspire to racing, I think the majority will hold their own with most riders, when it comes to a matter of distance. Messrs. Barkman and Hawkins have each made over two hundred miles in twenty-four hours, on Long Island roads, and have also done a number of centuries. The other members of the club who have made cen-

turies during the past year are, Slocum, Meeteer, Adams, Wheeler, Skinner, Todd, Williams, and Jones. They are to have an entertainment at the club-house on the evening of the 19th at which the club medals won during the past year will be presented.

ANON.

CYCLETES.

"WHEELING."

AIR. — "Sailing."

AWAY, my boys, the roads are dry,
Our 'cycles mount, and say good-bye
To those who are to us most dear;
And then our course we'll gaily steer;
For who so gay as wheelists on their wheels,
When speeding past the forests and the fields?

Then here's to the wheelist,
And here's to his willing steed;
Which will serve him well, when in his greatest need.

CHORUS.

Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
Riding on so joyously, like ship that's spread her sails;
Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
And many a mile will covered be,
Through lovely glades and vales.

The wheelist's life's the one for me;
From care and troubles who so free;
He speeds, with swift revolving feet,
Past fields of golden waving wheat;
But though he roams o'er England's lovely shores,
He seeks fresh scenes, and foreign climes explores.

Then here's to the wheelist,
And here's to his willing steed,
Which will serve him well, when in his greatest need.

CHORUS.

Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
Riding on so joyously, like ship that's spread her sails;
Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
And many a mile will covered be,
Through lovely glades and vales.

Hurrah! my boys, the stormy wind,
Will help us leave our homes behind,
The busy towns we soon shall clear,
And sylvan scenes will then appear.
But ere we start a toast we'll give to all
Who ride the wheel, of great size or of small.
Then here's to the wheelist,
And here's to his willing steed,
Which will serve him well, when in his greatest need.

CHORUS.

Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
Riding on so joyously, like ship that's spread her sails;
Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
And many a mile will covered be,
Through lovely glades of vales.

THE Meet will be held 20 and 21 May next.

W. W. STALL and wife are in Washington.

THE Ramblers, of St. Louis, offered a gold medal to any one who should climb "Son of a Gun" hill during 1886. Fifteen men got up, and of these, eleven belonged to the Ramblers.

THE Fort Wayne Bicycle Club gave a very successful promenade concert 10 January inst.

ONE scorcher to his great rival — "Ah, good morning, Jones! have you heard about my last ride?" "I hope so!" was the cool rejoinder.

WHEELMAN on ordinary, following another on Kangaroo, casts an admiring glance on two pretty girls, and is "crushed" as follows: —

Girl. You must n't look round at us so!

Wheelman. Why, my dear?

Girl. Oh! you should keep your eyes in front; you're taking care of *that* (pointing to Kangaroo), are n't you?

WE are in receipt of the valuable *Clipper* anamlac, with its carefully compiled tables of statistics, records, etc. In the cycling tables the promateurs are classed as professionals, but they are designated by a special character.

WHY is a man approaching a candle like a man getting off a bi.? Because he's going to a *light*.

SPIDER wheels are not such modern inventions as some people think, for we find the immortal bard makes mention of them. "Waggon wheels made of long spiders' legs." "Romeo and Juliet," Act I, scene 4.

JONES was telling Robinson about a friend who was injured in an accident, caused by the bad road near Cleveland. "He ought to have got heavy damages from the road," said Robinson. "He did," replied Jones; "he got his nose smashed, forehead cut open, broke an arm, and sprained his ankle."

LOUISE ARMAINDO is lying very sick in Minneapolis, from a cold contracted after the late six-day race.

RALPH FRIEDBERG will go to Europe with the American team. He will do fancy riding and his celebrated "female-bicyclist" act, in which he has met with good success.

MR. CHARLES HOPKINS, of Wellington, has built for himself a tricycle house, which will accommodate a large number of machines. He will have room for his own wheels, and those of his friends who may call upon him. The structure forms an attractive feature of the estate, and attracts not a little attention from passers-by.

MACHINIST in repair shop to impatient wheelman, who has been waiting three weeks to have his handle-bar straightened, "Is it the bi. yer after! You can't have it this after —. Some other after —. Good after —!" (Bicyclist makes a note of the formula and repeats it, substituting the word "Cash" when the latter is demanded in payment of repairs.)

"A promateur walked round the Coventry track
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow,
And I said to him, 'Stranger, why dost look so black,
And why singing willow, tit willow?
Oh, why do you moan, and why sad seems your heart,
I pray you the reason to me you'll impart.'
He did but gaze at me, and then, with a start,
Went on singing tit willow, tit willow."

Now could I not make out why he suffered such pain,

And sang willow, tit willow, tit willow,

So once more I abjured him to kindly explain

The reason of willow, tit willow.

Then he turned and stopped still on his sorrowful way,

And sobbed, 'Well, the reason I cannot feel gay

Is, they've taken my amateur status away,

Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow."

— Sport and Play.



SAFE, PRACTICAL *and* FAST

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

NEW CATALOGUE READY.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.

Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

W. W. STALL - - - 509 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON
SOLE AGENT FOR EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

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.

— **SEND FOR CATALOGUE** —

W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, CHALLENGE, SAFETY AND IDEAL.

The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy; Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discoun to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

MURRAY'S, 100 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

of any kind, send stamp to

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,

for Large Illustrated Price-List of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange and Bought for Cash.

LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN
AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



AFTER some of his experiences in the Orient, wheelman Stevens must think it better to walk in Europe than to cycle in Cathay.—*Buffalo Express.*

MR. A. F. PECK, Jr., of the Massachusetts Club, had the honor on Saturday last of piloting the Chief Executive of the State down Corey Hill toboggan slide. The Governor enjoyed the fast ride immensely.

W. J. MORGAN informs us that he can make arrangements with the Anchor Line for a theatrical rate for any cyclists who contemplate visiting England or Europe this winter, providing they sail per steamer *Belgravia* 5 February. A letter or telegram to this office will reach him.

THE next dinner of the Massachusetts Division, L. A. W., will take place at the Quincy House, Saturday, 12 February, at 6 P. M.

THE next ladies' night of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club will take place 22 January. The committee in charge intend that it shall be the most enjoyable yet held, and a large turnout of members is expected.

MESSRS. JOHN P. LOVELL'S Sons have taken the New England Agency of the Springfield Bicycle.

By actual count 24,489 bicycles entered Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, last year, and it is estimated that 21,489 entered at the gates where records are not kept.

CLEVELAND RECORDS.

THE Sun Star Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, has a riding record for the year of 1886 of 1,359 miles. Captain Walter Collins furnishes the following report: Membership, 31 Dec., 1885, 21; 31 Dec., 1886, 36; number of runs, 32; number of miles run, 359; longest run, 72 miles; average run, 42½ miles; largest attendance, 19; average attendance, 9; most runs made, 27—by H. E. Chubb. Club tour: (third) R. W. Wright and H. E. Chubb, to Conneaut, O., and return, 150 miles, 30 and 31 May; A. R. Scott, H. E. Chubb, and William Taylor, Tiffin, O., and return 159 miles, 15 and 16 Aug.; H. E. Chubb, Joseph Hatch, William Taylor, 300 miles, in Canada, 10 and 17 Sept.

ICE CYCLING

YESTERDAY (Dec. 8th) afternoon a couple of Ramblers conceived the idea of taking a spin on their wheels over the smooth, frozen surface of the bay. To keep the rubber tire free from snow, that it might grip the ice, stiff brushes were fastened to the forks over the big wheel, which answered the purpose so far as keeping the wheel free from snow went. It was thought that this precaution would make a bike as safe as a fish house on wheels. The ice was smooth, the wind from the west, and the wheels free in their action. They walked home, however, and both wheels and riders are candidates for hospitals. To those who have not tried the sport, the following points may be of interest: Carry a feather bed on each side; never carry a bunch of keys in your hip pocket; there is not that elasticity in ice that philosophy gives it credit for; stars and fireworks guar-

anteed every time the wheel gets tired; there is no discount on the fun until the tide turns, then there is no discount on the tide. A bike is a thing of beauty and a joy for summer time, but don't monkey with it on ice. If you must spin over the frozen surface of the bay, charter a handcar or get a lease of one of the cosy street-cars, but never tackle your bike. It will protest if you do, and make a mop of you at the first opportunity.—*Bellville Intelligencer.*

THE CUNNINGHAM COMPANY.

THE annual meeting of the Stockholders of The Cunningham Company is to take place next month. Although the house which brought cycling to America is at present out of business, it must not therefore be supposed that it is out of existence as well. It still retains its legal hold on life; its charter is still operative, and quite likely it will one day again assume its former leading position among American Cycle manufacturers, and re-establish its "Harvard" and "Gale" machines in all their old-time reputation and favor.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

FOR the past three months the cycling and general sporting press of this country and England have been pretty well deluged by numerous articles and squibs regarding the first British and European tour of the American professional champions, and so persistent and shrewd an advertiser is W. J. Morgan, that at this time there is much curiosity and actual interest taken in the movements of W. M. Woodside and W. J. Morgan, who form the nucleus of the team who propose to invade the domains of her majesty Queen Vic. and her contemporary rulers. The date of sailing has been fixed for 5 February, and the steamer "*Belgravia*," Anchor Line, will be the boat selected to convey the party across. Several men have been named as the third party to compete, and the choice lay between amateur and professional talent. Owing to the disturbed aspect of the amateur question in England, the choice fell on an all-round professional rider, Ralph Friedberg, the well-known Western artist, who arrived here from Chicago, Wednesday, 18 January. From the echoes of welcome from the English press, we should judge that the trip will be one of profit as well as a racing success, and the team are chuck full of confidence in their ability to uphold the American flag successfully while abroad. The first stand will possibly be at or near London, and all the famous tracks in Great Britain may have an opportunity to judge the American product. The management of the team affairs will be in the hands of W. J. Morgan, who will undoubtedly keep up his end of the team while abroad. A farewell athletic exhibition of cycling, racing, trick, burlesque, and general athletics will be given at the Columbia Rink, Washington street, this city Saturday evening next, 22 January, when the team and other leading cycle lights will be present, and take part in the programme. We hope to see all cyclists turn out, and give the pros. a good send-off, as it will be the last appearance of the genial Woodside and Morgan in this country for some time.

MUTTERED WORDS.

May and Will rode down the hill
Upon a Humber tandem;
Will fell down and broke his crown—
Then muttered words at random.

It was a pleasant October forenoon. The sun shone out in all its splendor, chasing away the mists that had filled the crisp bracing air of the earlier morn, and leaving every leaf and bough tinged with many-hued dew drops, rendered gems of diamond-like purity by the rays of his majesty. Will Buckley sat in his father's law office in Hagerstown, meditating on the beauties of the weather, rather than upon the intricacies of the complicated legal problem that had fallen to his lot on that particular morning, and in spite of himself and his frequent attempts to recall his wandering thoughts to the dusty papers that lay piled up in picturesque heaps upon his desk, his mind would turn back to a face he had seen on the previous evening.

George Smyth and his brother had given a progressive euchre party to which Will had been invited, and at the tables he had played partner twice to May Manning, a young lady with whom he had had a slight acquaintance for some months past. During that time he had made several calls at her residence, with and without other gentlemen friends, but the peculiar charm of her manner and grace of her every action, to say nothing of the sweet tones of her gently modulated voice, had never struck him so forcibly before. He had made a bad blunder that had lost them a game, and both were forced to move down one table. Later ill luck dropped her to the foot, and the result was she bore off the "booby" prize. Others had laughed in gentle derision, and her pretty face had been shrouded in blushes. Will gallantly hastened to her side, and in his humblest tones, sought her pardon, and drew all the blame of her misfortune upon his own, as he called it, "thick" head. It had been the charm of the manner in which she excused him, and said that we all were liable to occasional blunders, which should not be set down to our thoughtlessness—rather to our bad luck, that had struck him so forcibly. At the same time she laid her hand upon his coat sleeve and turned a pair of gentle brown eyes up to him—eyes which certainly contained no malice, and equally certainly were not those of a coquette. If she had been a most accomplished flirt, she could not have smitten the heart of our hero more completely, for (whisper it gently, as he did not yet realize it himself) Will was in love!

However, he sat there, as I have said, and involuntarily he searched his mind for some means of enjoying this bright, beautiful day; and suddenly, like an inspiration, came the thought of taking *her* on a tandem ride. His work could wait; he felt that exercise would do him good; he would work the better for a little fresh air—a thousand and one excuses came readily enough to him, and he yielded. Ah, if he had not, how different might have been the after life of at least two young people, and this sketch would never have been written, and his true courage and chivalry never have found light in these columns.

A Humber tandem was procured about one o'clock, and May, nothing loath, was easily persuaded to take a little airing. She had

ridden before, though never with him; but very gracefully she sat upon the bright polished wheel, and many were the admiring eyes turned upon her as they rode along the streets.

On and on, out into the country they sped. The roads of blue limestone, crushed by the wagons and softened by rain, then baked by the sun into an almost concrete smoothness, slipped under their wheels, propelled by the strong limbs of our hero, until the cyclometer registered ten miles and a half, when the tandem was turned around and the homeward journey commenced. A by-road led through a dense wood, and alongside a pretty babbling brook, where the birds chirped in their innocence, the fishes played in the cool waters and disported their shining sides, and the soft rays of the sun peeped through between the dense foliage overhead and strewn the earth and water with tiny bright spots, not unlike those on the shy trout's sides; and Will was familiar with every turn and hill on this road. Accordingly, he proposed to return that way.

Two, three, four miles had been traversed, the prettiest spots were past, the sun was beginning to send his rays in oblique lines beneath the trees, seeking every corner that might be illuminated before he seated himself in the glorious, ruddy West, and there were but five more miles before home would be reached and the day's sport be over. Once or twice within the last half-hour Will had spoken, calling the attention of his fair companion to some special beauty of nature, or to the flight of a gay plumed bird; but she had chatted happily, incessantly enough. A team approached. The driver called out for Will to stop. True to his gentlemanly instincts, he did so. It was not for the horses, however, that he had been halted, for the mud-besmeared jehu in his politest language advised our hero to turn off at a little cross-road and seek the pike, rather than go on ahead, because a washed-away bridge would make it disagreeable riding, a quarter-mile further on.

Thanking him for his kindness, Will did as he was directed, and entered a but little used road, which the driver had said would lead him by a short cut to the main thoroughfare. This road, however, was unknown to Will, but appeared good enough. So the tandem sped merrily along between the towering trees which lined its course on either side. A hill was reached—a hill with a curve in the road. The road was such that the bottom of the incline could not be seen. Gently Will applied the brake, and the wheelsped on. The pitch steepened and the brake was applied with more force, the riders removing their feet from the pedals. Still steeper grew the hill, and still firmer was the brake applied to the now swiftly turning wheel, when—Snap! With a loud crack it parted, and Will realized that the machine was beyond his control. On, on, faster and faster sped the tandem.

Little heroine that she was, May uttered not a sound, nor even intimated that she was aware of what had happened. Will, for his part, judging from what the road had been, concluded nothing bad would happen, and the pitch of the hill was now, in fact, much less. The bottom could not be far off. So he remained quiet for her sake, and spoke not a word. On sped the machine, now,

however, a little slackening its frightful speed; and now a long straight stretch of road appears in front. Mentally, Will thanked Heaven for that, and if only the bridge at the bottom of the hill, which could be distinctly seen, were in good condition, no accident would befall the girl he loved, and who trusted so implicitly in him and his prowess.

But look! What is that? Across the road near the bridge lies a large log, placed there to signify that the bridge was impassable. With a gasp for breath, and a mental prayer to kind Heaven to strengthen him in this his hour of need of strength, Will glanced about him to see what could be done.

Every moment brought them nearer and nearer certain destruction—every revolution of the swiftly turning wheels lessened their chances of escaping with even their lives, and shortened the time for action. Will grew desperate, and nerving himself for a grand effort to save the life he now realized was so dear to him, he grasped the backbone of the machine, and swinging himself off back, hung on for dear life, while his bruised and bleeding body dragged and bumped over the sharp stones in the road-bed. The small wheel in front tilted down with its release of sustaining power, and Will's heavy weight acted as an anchor to the fast flying tandem. Despite the bruises and cuts, despite the dust, the pain, and even the now ready-flowing blood, our hero held on. Ten—twenty—thirty feet, and the machine's course was checked. Two or three mortal minutes of agony, and the deed was done! The tandem came to a stand not three yards from the log, and May Manning owed her life to the noble boy who now lay limp and insensible in the road.

May dismounted to see what could be done. She raised the head of her prostrate deliverer upon her lap, and seated herself in the road, without a thought for the dust and dirt, or for the ungracefulness of the attitude. At that moment a little girl trudging home from school with her books under her arm, came down the road singing,

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

May quickly summoned the child to her side, and sent her to the nearest house for assistance. Readily enough the little one responded to her appeal, and again May was left alone with her hero. She smoothed his curly brown locks, and with her delicate kerchief wiped the blood from his calm brow. Was he dead? No, her woman's instincts told her not. He had simply fainted. She was not one to give way in time of need, nor to fly into hysterics at the sight of blood; so she nursed his bruises as well as lay in her power and waited the coming of assistance.

Suppose he were injured! And it was all for her! How nobly he had saved her from harm, at the sacrifice of himself. Involuntarily, and prompted by the gratefulness with which her tender heart was overflowing, she stooped and pressed a kiss upon his quiet lips; and with that action came the consciousness that she loved him. Now, indeed, she must save him! Now was she doubly grateful, and did she truly appreciate his heroism. Now did she ply more softly

the handkerchief, and still more tenderly shift his head upon her knee to a softer spot—a position where she might study well that noble face, and seek for the first signs of returning consciousness. She kissed him again, this time blushing softly as she did so; and with that token of affection, he stirred uneasily and muttered almost inaudibly "She must be saved at any cost, for I love her!"

The blushes deepened, and her tender clasp tightened slightly, but otherwise there was no sign that she heard. Steadily she studied his face, and longed for the reopening of his eyes. At last he stirred again, breathed a heavy sigh, and revived. At his first glance he saw what had happened, but hypocrite that he was, he feigned to be unable to rise. Neither spoke. The silence was precious, and each read in the other's eyes the old, old story of love, and love returned.

"You have saved my life, and you are hurt," she said at last.

"I would die for you," he whispered, in reply.

"I would rather have you live," evasively, and averting her eyes which were filled with tears.

"Let me live for you, May, and for you alone!" he said.

For answer, she passed her hand over his brow, and sighed. He caught it in his strong grasp, and assuming an upright position, breathed words of burning, passionate love in her not unwilling ear. He, to whom she owed so much,—he, who had caught her from death, as it were; he sued for her love, and it was his already. What was there for her but to yield? And yield she did at last, with the grace that characterized all her actions.

When the sturdy farmer came in sight with his little girl running along in front and pointing out the way, our friends were repairing their damages to wheel and person, and with a little assistance were soon on their way again, now merry enough in spite of the torn clothes and bruised body of our hero.

There is little to add. This sketch must, of course, end as all such stories always do, or I would fall in favor with my readers; so I will draw the curtain over the young folks, and leave to the imagination of the reader the tender nothings that were said, the responsive glances, and the soft hand-pressures indulged in—things to others silly indeed, but to the parties concerned the sweetest of the sweet.

Will and May are now man and wife, with two little ones growing up to lives of usefulness in their respective branches, and of pleasure astride their wheels. Will, junior, already has his "felocipe" and little May has learned to lisp a few of the cycling words, such as "bithyle," "tanem," and the like. When last heard from, the mischief-loving father was teaching his youngest hopeful to say "proamateur" and "professional,"—words touching upon a question let it be hoped may be settled and settled peaceably, long before she comprehends their significance, and the troubles that have grown out of their misuse and misapplication.

N. L. COLLAMER.

ST. LOUIS AND THE LEAGUE MEET.

YESTERDAY was a lively day among the wheelmen. The board of officers and joint committees of the city clubs met the visiting delegation at the Union Depot at 10 a. m., and escorted it to the Lindell Hotel, where informal conversation took place for some time, when the party resolved itself into an executive meeting for arranging details of the League meet.

There were present from abroad: Burley B. Ayres, Ned Oliver and C. R. Griffith, Chicago; Chief Consul Irwin of Indiana; Dr. C. C. Johnson, Detroit, Mich.; G. Slaughter, Moline, Ill.; J. A. Gleason, Tipton, Ind.; H. E. Rouse, Peoria, Ill.; T. W. Overall, Kansas City, and J. W. Neill, Mine LaMotte. The St. Louis representatives in the meeting were: Chief Consul Rogers, Secretary-Treasurer Lewis and Representatives George C. Oeters of the Missouri Division Board of Officers; Capt. W. M. Brewster, D. A. Cook, J. E. Smith of the Missouri Club, and A. K. Stewart and L. S. C. Ladish of the Ramblers.

After some discussion the usual three-day feature of the League meet was abandoned, and it was decided to have but two days. This decision was come to because it was thought it would be difficult get many here as early as Thursday. The two days selected were Friday and Saturday, 20 and 21 May, which have already been recommended by the *Post-Despatch* as a suitable date. There was a disposition manifested by the American Wheelmen representatives to get the best day of the meet for their road race. Their proposition was to have a three-days' meet, beginning Thursday, with Saturday given over to a jaunt to Clarksville, to see the 50-mile road race. But the meeting didn't take kindly to any such scheme, and resolved to have strictly League affairs take up the two days, the meet to come to an end with Saturday, and anything after that to be run as a private scheme. The programme, as finally made out, was as follows: Friday, 20 May, the National Board of Officers will meet at 9 a. m., and the general League at 11 a. m. After dinner the League will take an excursion down the Mississippi River to Montezano Springs, visiting the Vulcan Iron-works, Indian Cave and other points of interest. The immense steamer, Chas. P. Chouteau, which has carried 13,000 bales of cotton on one trip, will be chartered for the occasion, and will afford plenty of room for the merry cyclers. After supper at the springs the return trip will be made. On the way home dancing will be indulged in on the spacious floors of the steamer.

On Saturday, the annual League parade, with hundreds of wheelmen in line, will take place at 10 a. m., the line of march ending in Forest Park, where the dinner will be served. At 3 p. m. will be races, and in the evening the grand banquet at the Lindell, which is expected to be one of the largest banquets ever held in the West. Toasts will there be responded to by the Mayor, members of the City Council, and other municipal dignitaries. This will end the League meet proper, but an excursion will then be run to Clarksville the next day to take in the American Wheelman's 50-mile road race, which will come off Monday. Religious services will be attended by the cyclers at Clarksville Sunday morning, and

in the afternoon, a quiet ride will be taken around the Belt road.

Burley Ayres of Chicago says the programme as arranged promises to be the most entertaining the League of American Wheelmen has ever held. He is sure that fully 100 cyclists will come down from Chicago, and he vouches for that city's hearty support of St. Louis in making the meet a success. The subject of a parade excited no debate, and it was determined to make it a big feature.

THE APPLICATION REJECTED.

Saturday the *Post-Despatch* stated the Ramblers' application for membership in the Missouri Club. Yesterday the Executive Committee of the Missouri Club replied that the application could not be favorably received, as a provision of the charter prevented their admission as a club. The committee, however, expressed their sincere regret, and acknowledged the honor conferred upon them by the application. This reply was read in the Ramblers' Club-room, and Al Stewart was accused of misleading the club. He indignantly denied it, and hot words, nearly resulting in blows, were exchanged. Mr. Stewart flatly told the club that the American Wheelman had published what it knew was false, and, though bulldozed by one or two, stood by his assertion. A special meeting of the club will be held to-night. It was originally projected to disband before the Missouri Club could be heard from, but that object being lost, the aim of the meeting is not clear.—*Post-Despatch*.

RECENT cycling patents: Nat. Brown, Emporia, Kan., swing bicycle; W. S. Evans, Clyde, Ohio, bulletin board; Wm. C. Hall, Sycamore, Ill., laying concrete; A. P. Merrill, Fall River, Mass., wheel for velocipedes.

THE CLUB.

THOMASTON.—Semi-annual election by Thomaston Cycle Club, 3 Jan., 1887: G. I. Tuttle, president; T. F. Sheridan, vice-president; H. H. Teames, secretary-treasurer; A. B. Schneider, captain.

CHICAGO.—Officers elected by Chicago Club, 11 Jan., 1887: R. Philip Gormully, president; John C. Ellis, vice-president; Fred. A. Ingalls, captain; Richard J. Schmitt, secretary-treasurer; Samuel B. Wright, quartermaster.

THE Columbia Bicycle Club has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, O. W. Clifford; vice-president, H. A. Hall; secretary, W. A. Block; treasurer, C. F. Kurtz; captain, Frederick I. Goulon; first lieutenant, Ray Randell; second lieutenant, Will Swift; bugler, George L. Shepardson; executive committee, John Plattner and F. E. Bell.

AT the semi-annual meeting of the Bosobel Bicycle Club of Lynn the following officers were elected: President, Robert J. Heron; vice-president, Philip McCarty; secretary, William L. Lewis; treasurer, Henry Forsythe; captain, Edward Trusdale; first lieutenant, George A. Leison; second lieutenant, Joseph Rowley; color-bearer, Thomas Stevens; bugler, E. A. Packard; club committee, Thomas Stevens, S. Steel P. McCarty.

THE Lynn Base Ball Club of 1887 will play on the grounds of the Lynn Cycle Track Association, which will be put into the best possible shape for its purposes.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE SHOE.

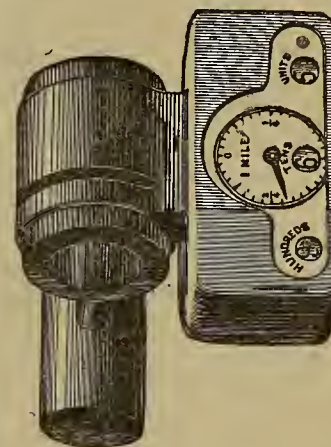
The Perfect Shoe for Cycling.

Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

STRICKLAND & PIERCE,

156 and 156½ Summer Street,

BOSTON.



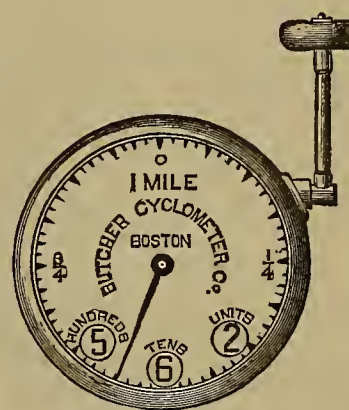
Our 1886 Pattern

[Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price,

Five Dollars.

PATENTS

Secured on reasonable terms. Work reliable. Papers carefully and legally drawn. Special attention given to inventions pertaining to cycling by an experienced wheelman and League member. Write for particulars.

GOLAMER Patent Attorney



From Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico,
From Eastport to the Golden Gate,



The Majority of Wheelmen Ride Columbias.



THESE ARE OUR WITNESSES.



Nine years of hard service upon every grade of American road has not worn out a COLUMBIA.



The world's story of the road and path is a recapitulation of victories by riders of COLUMBIAS.



The wise wheelman rides a COLUMBIA. The unwise is getting wisdom and a COLUMBIA.



POPE MFG. CO.

79 Franklin Street, Corner of Arch Street, BOSTON.

12 Warren Street, NEW YORK.

— BRANCH HOUSES —

291 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.