

THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

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CHARLES E. PRATT, } Editors.
LOUIS HARRISON, }

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CURRENTE CALAMO

MR REED is not in.

THE fighting editor is.

JUVENIS says that the sketches are venomous.

JACK EASY takes it comfortably. He consoles himself that he is not the worst looking of the lot. "Who is?"

OUR DISCONSOLATE ASSOCIATE EDITOR, overcome with grief that so much venom was directed against the Bossachusetts shade-the-back-of-your-neck helmet, sought consolation in a trip to Washington.

LONDON W. has been as brisk as a bee since he discovered upon the issue of the Midwinter Number that he is not the subject of a sketch. He fully anticipated being brought out, or rather shadowed forth as Sarah Bernhardt.

THIS is not the happy part of the New Year for riders of the wheel, but it is coming, and will undoubtedly be the more welcome when it does come.

AT the Bossachusetts headquarters last Saturday evening Mr. E. C. Hodges, secretary of the house committee, sold at auction the choice of lockers, and succeeded in disposing of them all at handsome premiums. The rental per locker was fixed at \$2.50 a year, but the bidding for choice of position was very active, and the premiums amounted to considerably more than the total rent. The house committee netted from the proceeds of the sale and from rentals some \$50, after deducting entire cost of the lockers. This sum will be added to the house-furnishing fund, and may help considerably to make the club-rooms attractive. Thanks are due to the enterprising committee, to the liberal members from both clubs, and to the eloquent auctioneer.

CHARLES TERRONT, the professional champion of France, who visited this country a year ago with the English team, has been conscripted into the French army.

CYCLIST comes out in handsome Xmas array, and illustrated with a number of comic sketches. The poetry and romance of bicycling occupy a prominent place, and there is even a musical contribution to add to the variety of the material.

It is a significant fact that an undue proportion of this paper's support comes from a class of people not interested in bicycling. If bicyclers desire to have one well-conducted paper, devoted to their interests, they should, until there is a more general interest in wheel matters, give it their support, and endeavor to extend its influence.

IN France the B. U. is completely organized. The number of clubs is increasing rapidly, and the Gallic enthusiasm manifests itself in amateur racing and the most cordial kind of hospitality towards English and American riders of the wheel. Tricycling there, as everywhere else, is becoming an important branch of wheel sport, and is being taken up by the ladies.

THE Christmas Annual, "Icycles," issued by H. Etherington, London, is unusually valuable and entertaining. It gives a very complete and satisfactory list of clubs, with many interesting particulars, including sketches of club badges and descriptions of uniforms. There are some valuable statistics of club racing, amateur records for 1880, a list of the racing performances of Mr. H. L. Cor-tis, and a lot of bright stories and poems.

OUR next number will contain a continuation of the valuable article on the "Comparative Study of the Bicycle," and a blood-curdling story by "Ixion." Mr. Chandler's account of the English tour will be continued in issues following, and many other interesting communications are promised.

THE NECESSITY OF KEEPING POSTED. — A well-dressed young man entered a Madrid shop a few days ago, and after walking uneasily about for a time, asked, "Have you any watches with india-rubber cases?" The astonished shopkeeper

answered in the negative. The youth shambled up and down the floor again, and said, "You have n't any rattle-boxes with diamond handles, I suppose?" "No, sir," said the s. k. "How young does a child begin to use a velocipede?" asked the youth. "It depends a good deal on the kid," was the answer; "some begin young, some don't." "Would you sell me a two-wheeled one and change it for a three-wheeled one if it is a girl?" "Could n't do it," came the curt reponse. The youth went out, and the shopkeeper reposes in the lowest dungeon of the castle. It was the king of Spain. — *De-troit Free Press.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS INTENDED TO REACH THE EDITOR'S ATTENTION SHOULD HEREAFTER BE ADDRESSED TO LOUIS HARRISON, EDITOR BICYCLING WORLD. BUSINESS LETTERS TO E. C. HODGES & Co.

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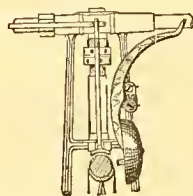
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THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 21 JANUARY, 1881.

THE ANNUAL LEAGUE MEET will be held this year on Monday, 30 May. The location has not yet been determined, and it is to be hoped that the directors will reserve their decision on this important point until the matter has been subjected to full and free discussion. In this issue, a contributor opens the question by giving some excellent reasons why the meet should be held in New York City; and as he is a Bostonian, his views are in a measure disinterested. It is desirable that there should be a very large attendance upon this occasion; and in order to bring it about, a place should be chosen that is accessible to the largest number of League members, and that is not so situated as to discourage the attendance of New England wheelmen, as they count more than half of the total number in this country. In the following twenty-three prominent clubs,—the Boston, Massachusetts, Crescent, Harvard, Chauncy, Providence, Hermes, Worcester, Haverhill, New Haven, Waltham, Salem, Hartford, Norwich, Amherst, Yale, Brockton, Newport, Middlesex, Marlboro', Roxbury, Lynn, and Fitchburg,—there are probably over six hundred members; while outside of these, and of the smaller clubs, there are probably fifteen hundred riders of the

wheel, many of whom would like to attend the meet. As in New England all roads lead to Boston, these wheelmen would doubtless prefer to have the meet in the "Hub"; but a desire not to inconvenience the bicyclers of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Western States has restrained them from pushing their claims. Among the places mentioned as desirable are Washington, with its miles of asphalt streets; Philadelphia, with its pleasant suburban driveways; New York, which is readily accessible to the greatest number; and Saratoga, which, to the views of an enthusiast, combines these advantages.

The greatest objection to New York is, that the use of Central Park is forbidden to bicyclers. It is certainly a sad travesty upon the boasted freedom of our public pleasure resorts, that this park is made an exclusive affair for the benefit only of such persons as the Park Commissioners shall designate. If bicycle riders had proven themselves offensive to the general public by disorderly behavior, there would be a shadow of reason in the conduct of the commissioners; but the fact that they have not makes it seem unjust to exclude them, and the fact that they have not even been given a trial makes the injustice all the more conspicuous.

If the prevailing sentiment is in favor of New York for the League meet, it is to be hoped that the wheelmen of that city will endeavor to procure the freedom of Central Park for that especial occasion, and it is to be hoped that the presence of so large a body of gentlemen devoted to the "wheel" will help to remove all discriminations against them.

We will be pleased to receive further communications on the subject.

JUSTIFIABLE FLIRTING.

A STORY. BY MADELINE.

(Concluded.)

I CANNOT say that I felt very kindly towards Mr. Athanasius Grenadine upon the occasion of his first call after I had received Carrie's letter. But he did not perceive it. His genteel indifference to whatever I felt was augmented by a strange abstraction which had come over him and seemed to paralyze every sense of perception. He was so *aîstrait* that he forgot to be talkative, and thus actually gave me several chances to speak. For a while I improved these opportunities, but in the intervals of my conversation he said "yes" with such a reckless disregard to its application, and smiled in such a sickly way in the wrong places, that I knew he was not listening.

(Copyright.)

Once when his inattention became very pronounced, I gently expressed my indignation at his discourtesy by getting up and going across the room to a window, where my back was turned to him. I knew that his eyes followed me, and felt that he would also, as soon as he realized that I was in existence. Gradually he became conscious that something was the matter, and after coming over and seating himself near me, he said, apologetically: "I am not at all myself this afternoon."

I felt like asking, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" but, fearing that he would say, "Your father's son-in-law," I restrained myself. He gazed at me for some time with that calm stupidity called by modern romance writers, "thoughtfulness," while I felt as though I was sitting for a photograph, and had braced up into the requisite pose fifteen minutes ahead of time. At last he said:—

"Miss Madeline,"—awful pause,—
"can you keep a secret?"

I felt like replying, "For heaven's sake, yes; hurry up," but curbing my curiosity, I answered, modestly:—

"Try me."

"I think you can," he said, slowly, "but I am not sure that I ought to tell it to you."

This of course made me feel very patient. I said, mildly:—

"That is just as you think best."

He drew a deep sigh, and then began:—

"Some time ago I became engaged to a young lady. It is the old, old story, but it was new to me. I had lost some very dear friends, and to turn my mind from the loneliness and gloom such close contact with death aroused, I sought diversion in travelling. I wandered from place to place without much relief until in the White Mountains I met a party of friends, many of whom had been entertained at my father's house. They were very kind, and presented me to many of their friends who were sojourning in the place for the summer. Among these was a young lady. She was very lovely, of a winning temper, and had so many companionable traits that I at once selected her for a congenial friend.

"We danced together, we rode together, and our match-making married friends, seeing in us an opportunity not to be neglected, you know, managed to keep us together most of the time. I grew to like her, and she grew to more than like me. When I first discovered that she—ah—that she—ah—er—um—ah—"

"Go on, Mr. Grenadine, I understand you perfectly," I said, encouragingly.

"When I first discovered *this*, I reproached myself for having been so devoted to her; but upon serious thought it occurred to me that it would n't be a bad plan, after all, for me to get married. I had been leading an idle, aimless life, and perhaps it was just what was needed to make me have some object in living. Both my friends and my own observation told me that she was a lovely girl and eminently suited to make some man a charming wife, and, in brief, I believed

that she would contribute a new happiness to my existence, and inspire me with more serious and determined purpose. Thinking that my sentiments towards her contained all that was requisite under the circumstances, and feeling assured that they were reciprocated, I proposed and became engaged."

He stopped for a moment and leaned his head wearily upon his hands, as if overcome with regret. I said quietly:—

"I presume it has never occurred to you that your motives in doing this were rather selfish."

"Yes," he replied frankly, "I have realized it, but I did not until after I became engaged, and then it only added to the bitter regret I felt. A selfish purpose did animate my conduct, but, when I look back calmly and take into consideration the circumstances that brought us together, I am inclined to think that there was an element of fate in it also; very few men can determine unassisted by the opinions of others, whether they are more prone to follow the dictates of calm reason, or of unguided impulse; and yet, very few will admit that they are any other than creatures of calm consideration upon all important topics. I had never regarded myself as either impulsive or thoughtless, but now, when I think of how ill-considered was my conduct towards this girl, I lose confidence in myself. Two days after our engagement we had a quarrel, and this not only came near precipitating that which was inevitable, a separation, but also aroused in me a full appreciation of my situation. We mended the quarrel quickly, but something dawned upon me then that finally became a realization. *I did not love her.* I knew it before we had been engaged two weeks, but was at loss how to act. I had led this young lady to think that I would marry her. I had let her friends know of the engagement, and they, as well as she, were making preparations for its consummation in the autumn. There was nothing left for me to do but to keep it honorably. I should not take my own feelings into account at all, but should marry her, rather than subject her to any mortification by breaking the engagement. This would be very chivalrous, and perhaps be regarded as eminently honorable, but the question *would* arise in my mind, whether it would be less painful to her, after marriage than before, to find out that I do not love her. After some weeks of faltering and hesitation, I concluded to try the effect of absence from her society, and accordingly came to Boston bearing a letter to you, her best friend. In a moment of almost desperation I wrote her a letter, breaking the engagement, and, at the same time, putting myself in such an odious light, that she would not in the least regret it."

He paused for a moment and gazed at me expectantly, as if he looked for some comment, but I made none, and he continued:—

"I have confided in you because I believe you are fitted to judge—as you are probably acquainted with her side of

the story—whether I did right in breaking the engagement."

"You are very kind, I am sure," I said gratefully. "But, Mr. Grenadine, I do not feel entitled to pronounce judgment upon any one's conduct."

"I know that you have an opinion, Miss Madeline, and you are probably too kind-hearted to state it, but I would esteem it a great favor if you would tell me what you think. It is of more importance than you, perhaps, imagine."

Of course I could not understand why he should be so anxious to receive my approval or censure, but I gently expressed my disapprobation by saying that he made a serious mistake in becoming engaged to a girl without knowing whether or not he loved her, and, as he acknowledged the error, we disposed of the subject very amicably.

He saw that he had made an impression on me, that he had invested himself with a beautifully sentimental interest, had put me on the footing of an intimate, confidential friend, and had aroused my pity,—that blood relation of love; and he was therefore pleased. He went away with the complacent, self-satisfied look of one who has, to use an expressive Americanism, "done himself proud."

His visits soon became quite systematic, and I have no doubt that he took pride in arranging them so as not to excite any notice; but I knew that they were quite as systematically gossiped about by my watchful friends and relatives. He had fits of abstraction even when others were present, and would watch me fixedly as if I were on exhibition; or would become so absent-minded as to make him the object of facetious comment from my irreverent brother Jack. I sometimes feared that he would conclude that the latter's humor was a little too broad for charitable toleration, but instead of that he succeeded in bringing the irreverent youth around by expressing a friendly interest in his efforts to become a bicyclist.

Papa invited Mr. Grenadine to tea once or twice, and upon one occasion entertained him for an hour with some excellent advice on speculating, which he never dreamed of following himself. My girl friends came over to be introduced, and although they received his mechanical efforts to do the agreeable very graciously, they, with a delicate consideration for my feelings, carefully refrained from making themselves too attractive. Married ladies dropped in and grappled with the question of my future prospects, but I carefully misunderstood them and diverted them from the subject in such an innocent, childish way, that they left without any testimony on either side. The middle-aged married gentlemen were, as they always are, the most odious. Most of these men are little gods in their own households, and, because their families make a practice of laughing at anything they say that is intended for a joke, they become convinced that they are very funny; and because one poor woman

has become resigned to their vulgarity, they labor under the delusion that the whole female sex is bound to accept them as they are, that they are entitled to privileges forbidden to the more courteous unmarried gentlemen. They would come up with their habitual simper or chuckle and whisper behind their hands something smart concerning Mr. Grenadine.

Thus through various agencies it became apparent to me that Mr. G. had selected me for his next victim.

He called one evening with a cheerful but very determined look on his face. He was extremely cheerful at first, and when I pinned a little button-hole bouquet upon his coat lappel, he sung a song,—

"He wore a penny flower on his coat,
La-de-da,"

which, he said, he had heard at the opera; but after a while his cheerfulness faded and he did not seem to have a vestige of determination left.

It was a beautiful night. The harvest moon shone brightly, like some great electric light, hung high in the heavens, outlining distinctly everything it shone upon, and making the shades doubly dark by contrast. The gentle breeze that fanned our faces was touched with a mingled fragrance of wild flowers and cigar-smoke, and laden with the rich luxuriant perfume from the Back Bay.

One by one the stars peeped out, and one by one the members of my family folded their camp-chairs and silently stole away, leaving me alone with Mr. Grenadine, upon a romantic little portico. Jack was the last to leave us, and he did so with a lingering regret. Before he went into the house he stopped, gazed tenderly at the moon, and said:—

"I beg pardon, but I should like to speak to you, just a moment, Madeline." I arose and went to him with that sweet, gentle obedience we sisters always assume towards our brothers before company. He looked at me impressively, and then whispered:—

"Brace up, Madeline. I see it in his eagle eye; he means business; he—" Here I indignantly left him, and Jack went off grumbling about the ingratitude of womankind.

The situation was very romantic, and Mr. Grenadine, overcome by his feelings and the exquisite beauty of the time, quoted,—

"Thou wert calm, even as an infant calm,
Thou gentle evening!"

but as this sentiment only suggested his inexperience with infants, I did not applaud. We sat in blissful silence for some time, and then, by way of a change, Mr. Grenadine proposed—that we take a short walk. I readily assented, and soon we were slowly sauntering along the gravel paths, underneath the tall elms that lined the street. I said very little, and Mr. Grenadine said nothing.

It was a lovely time for an idle stroll, but unfortunately I had on some very high-heeled slippers, and was soon brought

to a painful realization of the incompatibility of French heels and sentiment. I gently suggested that we turn back, as my mother might be anxious, and accordingly we started homeward before Mr. Grenadine could summon courage enough to speak. At last he said, very nervously:—

"Miss Madeline."

"Yes."

"Which—ah—ahem—is the engagement finger?"

"This," I answered calmly, holding my hand up in the moonlight, and gazing at its proportions with a critical air.

"Will you," he asked falteringly, "will you—"

I did n't think I would, but thought it best not to tell him so soon.

"Will you—" he exclaimed desperately—"will you wear a ring upon it from me?"

"Oh, no," I said innocently, "I never wear any but my own rings."

"I am in earnest, Miss Madeline. I—"

"Please to don't, Mr. Grenadine," I interrupted, taking my hand away from his arm. "I will spare you, if you will not me. *Whatever* you intended saying, do not say it to-night. Here we are at the gate. I am very sorry, but I shall have to bid you good night. I hope you will pardon me if I seem rude."

"May I not write to you?" he said, as soon as he could catch his breath.

"Yes. Good night."

I held out my hand, and thus we parted.

In the morning, a note came, so impassioned and so dreadfully nonsensical that I cannot summon courage to give it. He declared that if I refused him he would die. He said that all that kept him from ruining himself with dissipation was his regard for me, and went on in this style through six pages octavo. I replied with the following neat little mis-sive:—

"DEAR MR. GRENADINE,—I grieve to say that you have been mistaken in me, and I in you. I dare say you will differ with me, but as I understand it, the best society of to-day does not regard a flirtation like ours as anything very serious. Flirting is, in fact, the proper thing to do, and that is why I did it. It is quite customary, and, if you are not used to it, this will be a good thing, as it will help you to get used to it, you know. Hoping that you will soon learn to appreciate the fun of the thing, I remain your friend,
MADELINE."

WHERE SHALL THE LEAGUE MEET?

WHERE the League shall hold its next meeting is a question of great importance and of wide-spread interest. It is one which the directors, in deciding, should endeavor to please the greatest number: there will be "growlers," wherever it is held.

It is very necessary, at the present stage of bicycling in this country, that

any meet which is to attract general public attention should be in every way favorable to bicycling, and show a strength which cannot fail to excite public respect.

In order to obtain the desired ends for which the League was formed, it will be especially desirable, this year, to hold the meeting in some central place, easy of access and available to the greatest number. No doubt, at some time, the meeting will have to be held in the West or South, but at present the main consideration is to obtain as many riders as possible.

While I, individually, should prefer to have the meet in Boston, still, for the general good and benefit of bicycling, I think New York is the best place, provided we can obtain the freedom of the Park for the parade, which, with a large number of wheelmen, will form a very important feature of the proceedings. One of the strongest reasons to my mind for holding the meeting there is, the people of New York and Brooklyn are not very favorably impressed with bicycling, and impose certain restrictions upon riders in those cities. If the League, by the favorable impression it is bound to make, could attain for bicycling the support of the New-Yorkers, it could well be satisfied with its year's work.

All will admit that more riders will attend a meeting in New York than any other city in the Union, except, perhaps, Boston. This fact alone ought to be sufficient to induce every director, who really has the welfare of the sport at heart, to vote for New York. There are numerous other reasons why New York should be selected, but these are sufficient for the present. I should like to hear other members of the League express their opinions on this matter, as it is one of vital importance.

LONDON W.

NEW YORK NEWS AND NONSENSE.

The frozen ruts the roads encumber,
His riding breeks are hanging high,
A coat of grease is on his Humber,
But there is consolation by:
He reads his first Midwinter Number
And sips his steaming rock and rye.

WHY are Boston bicyclers talkative? Because they cannot keep Mumm at their headquarters. Hoo-ray! got off a conundrum, and didn't give the answer first.

CAPTAIN MUNROE, of the New York Club, and Captain Johnson, of the Essex Club, took a spin over the beautiful snow on New-Year's day. Captain Munroe found the ankle he sprained some time ago entirely recovered, and fit for any amount of wheel-work.

TICKET No. 9, Mr. C. J. Howard, won the bicycle raffia by Mr. Wright last Thursday evening. He invested \$2.00 for his chance, and got a 50-in. F. N. Special Columbia, a gong, lamp, and stand. After the drawing it cost him a fiver to "keep Mumm."

THE Mercury Club held a meeting last Monday evening and elected officers for

the present year. Mr. Wm. M. Wright was re-elected captain, and Mr. Pierre Noël president. Mr. Olmstead was appointed secretary and treasurer, and two new directors were elected.

Thro' snow and ice dear G. doth prance, sirs,
His feet beshod to meet the dancers;
With slippers on I hug the heaters,
And fix my feet to dance the metres.

His feet would grace a dancing master,
Mine do disgrace a poetaster;
Which shows we each resemble t' other,
For I 'm an ass, and he 's—my brother.

HE was an Englishman; his name was Gould, and he gave us the following: Chas. Cooper made a mile at Notting-ham, Eng., in 2 min. 4 sec., on a Carver machine; and Bradley Keen, brother of John Keen, made a mile on the Mullenau Grounds, Wolverhampton, Eng., in 2 min. 27 sec. Boston papers please copy.

WE have been asked to forward this letter:—*Editor Bicycling World*: DEAR SIR:—I wish to lodge a complaint against your New York agent. I and several friends have been in the habit of calling early on the mornings the *WORLD* arrives, and after reading the paper through have placed it carefully back on the desk, where a pile of them has always been kept. Of late your agent has seen fit to keep them in a drawer, where we cannot see them without first paying ten cents. Is this fair?

A CONSTANT READER.

Certainly not. If the New York agent is playing a drawer game with the *WORLD*, he is restricting the rights of the free press, one of the greatest institutions of this country; besides, what is the use of our staying away from church Sunday mornings to write a column, if the agent will not allow it to be read?

YESTERDAY we received this printed call:—

NOTICE.

DEAR SIR:—You are earnestly requested to attend a gathering of wheelmen, to take place at 791 Fifth avenue, Saturday evening, 15 January, 1881, at 8.30, and to there express any opinion you may have regarding the advisability of appointing a committee to wait on the Park Commissioners, or of adopting any other method for procuring permission for bicyclers to enjoy the privileges of the city parks.

It is to the interest of every bicyclist that this meeting should be largely attended, in order to have as many views advanced on this subject as possible; you are, therefore, asked to notify your brother wheelmen of the event, and to be present early in the evening.

GUSTAVE ALPHONSO.—Your poem is called "Gander poetry," because derived from the Greek root, "Mother Goose."

He had entered a bicycle match,
And was mounting his wheel at the scratch,
When a dog caught the slack
Of his breeches, alack!
And he now goes about with a patch.

KNICK O'BOCKER.

9 JANUARY, 1881.



A BICYCLE TOUR OF ENGLAND.*

BY ALFRED D. CHANDLER.

II.

I AM no longer one of those who suppose that on a bicycle tour the uppermost thought must be to accomplish the greatest possible distance each day, that the average may run up into the fifties or eighties, and the total be large. This delusion seizes upon almost every rider of spirit at first; but it will be found that more comfort, enjoyment, and knowledge are had if distance is made a secondary consideration, unless one cares only to fly through a country without time for observation or reflection, in which case he will be apt to have but a very stupid passage.

Portsmouth is the point of departure for the Isle of Wight. But there is so much of interest to be seen in and around Portsmouth itself, especially of a naval and military kind, that one can afford a day or two less for the Isle of Wight to study the sterner subjects war and self-defence have developed in this, the chief naval arsenal and the most perfect fortress in Great Britain.

The weather holding fair, and J. not having come down from London, I engaged a sailor to row me out to H. M. S. "Victory," one hundred and five years old (on which Nelson fell in action seventy-five years ago), and to other objects of interest in the harbor. It was at the time when England was touched by the murder of young Louis Napoleon. The huge steam transport for troops, which brought back Captain Cary from the Cape, had just arrived in Portsmouth. Cary's part in the affair with the Zulus and the death of young Louis were the common talk. Of all the remarks I heard on this, that of the bluff old sailor impressed me the most, when, regretting the death of Louis, he said: "But better that one mother's son should die than a thousand." For had the French Prince Imperial lived, the sailor feared that he would have caused another of the sickening wars which Europe periodically endures. I could not but contrast the aversion this old British tar had for war, with the zeal shown by the young Prussian soldiers I had, a fortnight before, seen eagerly crowding up with their sweethearts to the great battle paintings in the National Gallery in Berlin.

In the *BICYCLING WORLD* of 12 November, 1880, is an interesting account of a trip to the Isle of Wight by "London W." His party landed at Cowes and made a thirty-five mile run by Newport, Carisbrooke Castle, Blackgang, Ventnor, Shanklin, and Ryde. Our trip was quite different, for we left our bicycles at Portsmouth, crossed to Ryde by steamer, and took seats on top of the four-in-hand there for Sandown, the coach stopping a quarter of an hour or more on the way to let passengers walk about at points of in-

terest. At Sandown we left the coach and went on foot along the cliffs by Sandown Bay to Shanklin, where we lunched in a cosy little coffee-room, and then walked down into Shanklin Chine, across the fields, and so on by the rugged path of the Under-cliff into Bonchurch and Ventnor, where we climbed a hill several hundred feet high just by the station and enjoyed the rare scene around and below. The weather was exceptionally fine. The route we took was impassable for bicycles, and one has hardly seen the Isle of Wight unless he has taken this walk. I regret that we could not have seen more of the Under-cliff toward the west, but we found it prudent to go from Ventnor by rail to Newport, where we passed the night at the Bugle, first walking out a mile to Carisbrooke Castle, where J. was busily engaged till dark in sketching, while I climbed in great delight all over the old walls; indeed, soon after breakfast the next morning we went again to the castle, after which we saw what is left of the fine Roman villa near by, with its tessellated floors, which is older than Carisbrooke, and in its way, perhaps, a subject for as much reflection.

Those parts of the Isle of Wight which form its distinctive features are to be explored on foot. Some portions of the interior, to be sure, afford fair riding on a bicycle; but it is the south and southeast shores that give the isle its character, and to enjoy these in freedom one should be on foot.

Returning to Portsmouth we spent another night at the George, a heavy rain-storm having set in. If any suppose that life at English hotels or even inns is uniformly satisfactory, they mistake. As with English roads, so with the public-houses: now they are excellent, now the very reverse. The "best" hotels, commercial houses, and inns we often found deficient; and many that travellers seldom hear of were at times superior. In Portsmouth, for instance, a city with more than 100,000 people, the "best" hotel was said to be the George. Now at the George we had rooms which were fair, but the service in the coffee-room was slow to an exasperating degree. I at first thought that the waiter—there was but one for the entire room—deemed bicycle riders unworthy the usual attention, and for the experiment I doubled the customary fees; but finding that useless, then took the fellow to task, when in a most respectful and apologetic way he explained that the duties of the coffee-room were quite beyond the power of a single waiter, and that difficulties in the kitchen made it impossible for him to serve us more promptly.

In the evening there occurred what is common in Portsmouth, a hubbub of fifes and drums, with soldiers thronging the main street, some with a single sweetheart, many with two such hanging on their arms. I went to the front door to look on, and an English traveller in middle life stood watching with me. Suddenly he broke into a tirade upon Eng-

lish hotels, declaiming against the service at the George and elsewhere. He said the English people did not know what a good hotel was; that he had enjoyed what he considered the luxury of hotel life in Saratoga and other American cities, and he gave vent to a good English growl on what is the fact, that in many matters England is very far behind the times. I was at first surprised, then revealed my nationality, and sympathized with him.

And so it was; we were often much annoyed at our inability to have a meal at the desired time, even when ordered long in advance; and I have more than once arisen very early to repeat an order given the night before for breakfast, to make sure of having it on time, and even then been disappointed, not by a few moments only, but by half an hour and more. When one wishes to take a particular train this is vexatious. On the other hand, promptness, attention, and comfort were the marked characteristics of many of the public-houses we stopped at through England.

Leaving the south coast we now commenced our run to the north, through the very heart of the country; we scarce ever knew where we were to pass the night, or what was in store for us the next day; it was a succession of entertaining novelties through some of the finest parts of the Kingdom. The first of England's great cathedrals on our route was at Canterbury; the second was at Salisbury, where we arrived at about one o'clock in the afternoon, lunching at the Red Lion. All our spare time at Salisbury was devoted to its unique cathedral, which is Early English of the purest type. The spire is the highest in the land, being four hundred feet, or nearly twice the height of Bunker Hill monument. Charles Sumner, who saw more of England and English society than any of his countrymen, wrote in 1838: "My happiest moments in this island have been when I saw Salisbury and Durham cathedrals. Much happiness have I enjoyed in the various distinguished and interesting society in which I have been permitted to mingle; but greater than all this was that which I felt when I first gazed upon the glorious buildings I have mentioned. . . . It was with a thrill of pleasure that I looked from the spire of Salisbury," etc. Here J. added to his increasing stock of photographs; indeed, from time to time, we had either to send or take up to our rooms in London the accumulations of successive purchases in the way of photographs, guide-books, and the like, and sometimes our travelling bags and pockets were stuffed to their utmost capacity.

From Salisbury we ran that afternoon out to Amesbury, and then two miles west, passing Vespasian's Camp, to Stonehenge, "with its mysterious monuments, Druidical or whatever they may be." There is something incongruous in riding up to those rude and ancient stone

* Made in 1879, by the president, Alfred D. Chandler, and captain, John C. Sharp, Jr., of the Suffolk Bicycle Club, of Boston, Mass.

ruins on a modern bicycle. We heard the plausible explanations given by the old man in attendance, paid for them as usual, (for at such places, who in England opens his mouth or moves a step for you without expecting his tip?) and then, with a last look at the cathedral spire eight miles south, we hurried back to Amesbury and turned north for the watershed of the Thames. Our run was up the pretty valley of the Avon. There are at least three rivers called Avon in England: this one flowed into the English Channel; we came to a second farther north at Stratford. The ride that afternoon was very pleasant. We noticed how soon some English roads are dry after a hard rain. On we went, with charming glimpses of the little river and the villages dotting its course, till at nightfall we came suddenly into Pewsey, and sprang off at the Phoenix for rest.

If the Swan at Charing had its special merits, the Phoenix at Pewsey had greater. Here was a good lady with her daughters, who speedily arranged everything for our comfort, and neither J. nor I can soon forget that hot omelet with which we finally satisfied our appetites. As for my chamber, it was complete, and seemed to me the finest of the kind I had occupied in England; the china especially attracting my attention. In the morning we were kindly pressed to stay, and but for lack of time, we might have spent a charming day in and around that little Wiltshire town. But we had a long tour before us, and off we flew to the east, by a circuitous route, riding right through a flock of sheep on the way, and coming out on the great Bath road at a point near Froxfield, just above Hungerford.

This Bath road is the famous racing road for bicycles, the run from Bath to London being a hundred miles (107 1/4 to Hyde Park Corner); and the great one-hundred-mile straightaway races have been over this route, the fastest time for the entire distance being Mr. Appleyard's, June 10, 1878, in 7 hours, 18 minutes, and 55 seconds, or nearly 14 miles an hour for the entire time, including stops. Three months later, Sept. 12, 1878, Mr. W. S. Britten rode to Bath and back over this road, doing 212 miles in 23 hours 54 minutes.

From Hungerford we rolled along to Newbury, in Berkshire, where we lunched at the Chequers. I replenished my oil-can at a druggist's here; the charge was a penny, but the man scowled so as I held up the little tin, that I asked what was the matter, when he answered that he was constantly called on to fill bicycle oil-cans, and he never could tell when they were full. From Newbury to Reading is seventeen miles, and we bowled along the fine road, covering the distance in an hour and twenty minutes, J. arriving in advance, for he could easily out-ride me. It was a fine run; heavy rain-clouds chased us nearly all the way, but we outstripped them. Men, women, and children were seen hard at work gathering in the crops. The season of 1879

was a very severe one for farmers. We flew through Theale at a racing speed; and altogether, our run of forty-two miles from Pewsey was very enjoyable. The day, however, was by no means gone: we stopped an hour or more in Reading; I plunged into the Thames at the bathing-house there, but got out at once, for the water was too chilly for me, though it was August. The constant rains and cold weather kept the temperature of fresh-water streams very low that summer. While crossing the track at the station, there was a shout of warning, and we were told to "look sharp," for the Irish mail was coming; just then we heard a whistle, and a moment later the Irish mail train tore through the Reading station and rushed on to London at a tremendous speed, the engineer crouching on his cabless engine.

One feature of the day's ride showed how sensibly drivers of horses accept the innovation of bicycles in England. A short distance out from Newbury a vehicle was seen rapidly approaching us, and as we drew near, the driver raised his whip. A glance showed a young horse in the shafts; he very naturally shied as we passed, when down came the whip on the horse and the driver remarked that he would "break him in to bicycles." So on the day before, as we were riding out to Stonehenge, we met a lady driving in a phaeton, who, upon seeing us, got out to hold her horse. We immediately dismounted at a safe distance, and on coming nearer, the lady deemed it necessary to excuse herself for driving such a horse, rather than accept any apology from us.

It was during our run through either Wiltshire or Berkshire that we noticed public water troughs and drinking cups, with notices warning the public not to injure them, under heavy penalties! This warning, it seems, was necessary to prevent the powerful liquor sellers from destroying whatever might interfere with their interests; so deep a root has the use and abuse of liquor taken in England. Farther north, in Derbyshire, we again saw a few such wayside water supplies for drinking, but no warning was attached. In London such fountains and troughs are now very common, their introduction being such a novelty, that I have read the precise number of human beings and animals that quench their thirst at these places; the count being kept and published to prove to the British public, as I suppose, the utility of such benefactions.

We had now been out eleven days, and found it necessary to go to London for letters, money, maps, and other things, intending to return to Reading the next day and resume our trip. We had already seen the most interesting portion of the country between Reading and London, on a four-in-hand. So, leaving my bicycle in charge of a porter at the Reading station, we telegraphed to our landlady in Duke street, and went by the next train to London, forty miles distant, J. taking his bicycle with him to be exchanged for a

more serviceable one. We arrived in time for dinner.

If one does not care to ride his bicycle through the streets of London, it can easily be carried in a hansom by standing it between the dasher and your seat; it just fits in. The driver does not object; it does not interfere with him, for he is overhead. Sometimes bicycles are carried on the tops of cabs.

The first portion of our intended tour was now over. We had traversed the counties of Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire, and explored the more interesting parts of the Isle of Wight. Our route had been to many of the best known watering-places, in full view of miles of England's southern coast, was over hills and plains and valleys in the interior, had revealed to us a varied succession of country and city life, of hotels and of inns, both good and indifferent, had enabled us to examine two of England's greatest cathedrals, Canterbury and Salisbury, at least three castles, Dover, Arundel, and Carisbrooke, a Roman villa, and the most celebrated Druidical ruins in the kingdom.

But what, to me at least, proved of more significance, was the health and superior physical strength I acquired. A stay of forty-eight hours longer in America would probably have found me down with a fever. After the voyage, and after my return to London from the Continent, whither I had been on business, I was far from strong; but the effect of this tour in the open air, accompanied as it was by rational exercise, was to bring health and strength, with a disposition to renew the trip through very different but equally interesting counties in the centre and north of England. For this our preparations were quickly made, but the account of our further experience must be deferred to another number.

(To be continued.)

20,000 COPIES.

THE following figures may be of interest to our readers and advertisers, showing how the edition of our Midwinter number was absorbed:—

To subscribers, exchange list, general press, bicycle agents, and archery dealers	9,312
News companies	4,200
Complimentary copies to members of the League of American Wheelmen	985
Secretaries of English bicycle clubs, English manufacturers and agents	1,160
On orders from agents in the United States	1,240
Miscellaneous, including specimen copies, and sales from office to date	1,950

Total

18,847
This leaves us but a trifle over one thousand copies on hand, with every prospect of the entire edition being exhausted in a short time.

THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 21 JANUARY, 1881.

PROBABILITIES FOR 1881.—Not in our luxurious sanctum, on the Archery side of our home corridor, with files of the ARCHERY FIELD and its esteemed contemporaries, and divers books of reference at hand, a time lock on the door and a polite guard to ward off interruptions; not under the inspiration of the editorial cap and upholstery and staring pigeon-holes, but in the writing-room of a prominent Washington hotel, where the inside air is heated with politics, and the outside is resonant with sleigh-bells, we take up the editorial pen and imagine the presence of our winter-blockaded readers. In the matter of archery, it is pre-eminently a time for contemplation. Action is for the most part suspended. The snow-feathered shafts of Boreas sweep the targets, from Michigan to Florida. There is little prospect of immediate change, and not much solace to be derived from reading the spring pages of Vennor's Almanac, on the cool cover of which that astute tamperer with weather prophecies appears in ulster and moccasins, with his low toboggan as sole emblem of sport.

We have no sympathy with Vennor. We shall not even review his alleged almanac. We could undoubtedly write a

more pleasing one ourselves: but we shall only indulge in a desultory forecast of a few leading "indications" to which the circumstances permit us to refer.

During February and a part of March, Boreas and Æolus will compete at the longer ranges, the latter finally winning by a brilliant score. From the middle of March to the middle of April, and perhaps longer, look out for frequent advertisements of "Fine Archery Goods," and illustrated price-lists. Most of these will be wides, but a few (especially those in the ARCHERY FIELD) will draw the gold. The prevailing winds, during this period, will be from New York and Chicago. Light importations may be expected from London and Edinburgh. St. Leonard rounds may be looked for on the Pacific Coast, and the "American System" fogs will set in from that quarter.

Following the last-named period will be a lively succession of American and Columbia rounds in the East. Scores will be low; and as May advances it will be a good time to plant Single Yorks, especially in the West. This month will be characterized by the formation of Archery Clubs, the blossoming of costumes and outfits, and frequent subscriptions to the ARCHERY FIELD. In June, the hits and scores will become abundant, with a constant rise in the figures; the stocks of weapons among the dealers are likely to be low in quantity, and good articles high in price. The tributaries to the Chieftan's Badge fund will begin to swell. Look out for challenges, team shoots, and club matches.

In July, the period of Tournaments will set in, the heaviest of which will be that of the National Archery Association, followed later by the Eastern and the Pacific, and accompanied by excellent exhibitions of the various State organizations. There will be, during this month and August and September, the most unmistakable symptoms of chronic archery; and the contagion, as well as the more mature effects of its prevalence, will exceed anything ever before witnessed in this country. This will be apparent at Brooklyn especially; while individual instances of large accomplishment will not be rare, and the reports of the Private Practice Club for September and October will show increased activity over those of last year.

As Vennor would say, we reserve the right to modify these predictions, and be more particular as to details, as later

advices are received and calculations made; provided, always, that our announcements are made before the events take place. "If any amongst you have the spirit of prophecy, let him prophesy."

TARGET VALUATIONS.

1 TO 9, OR 1 TO 5?

SOMETHING over a year ago, we asked the question, Do the numerals 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 represent the proper proportional value of the several portions of a target? I thought they did not, and offered the suggestion that the values 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 would be more equitable, and give to the scores with a large number of hits and small values, a higher rank than they received by the 1 to 9 values, and a rank to which they were justly entitled.

The discussion of the question and the experience of another year have, I think, confirmed that opinion and proved the injustice of the 1 to 9 valuation.

This statement is substantiated by the action of the N. A. A. in voting to adopt the English method of revaluing scores by points, which is a concession to the scores of many hits and small values. Any archer may test the accuracy of this assertion by the comparison of any two York round scores, the relative position of which would be changed by a revaluation by points, and they will also find that as a rule changes in position are only made between scores where the difference in hits is more in number in favor of the lower score, than the difference in values is in favor of the higher score. For instance, we find that the position of the two York round scores 52-206, and 59-201 are changed by points, and these scores have the relative conditions stated.

Further evidence of the error of the 1 to 9 values has been given by the proofs which have been submitted previously, showing that the several portions of the target should be valued in proportion to their distance from the centre, and not by area.

Now, I first propose to consider if the revaluation by points rectifies the error which has been found in the present valuations. In the majority of instances where but two archers are shooting in a match, we think it will; but the advent of another archer or archers in the same match may completely overthrow the result arrived at by points between the first two scores. That this was the consequence of such a system in the first instance of which we have record of its use (the first competition for the Champion Gold Medal in England, and won by Mr. Ford under those conditions) I think can be shown.

Of this mixed condition of results by points, I propose to give several illustrations, the first of which I copy from a contemporary journal, with the comments thereon by one of the archers.

	T'l. P's.									
Swartwout,	23-111	20-110	20-110	21-103	84-434	3				
Hammond,	16-68	21-85	24-110	23-137	84-400	2½				
Hall,	17-87	21-105	22-102	20-98	80-392	0				
Kyle,	22-124	21-107	19-77	19-81	81-389	1				
Street,	17-83	18-96	22-118	16-82	73-379	1				
Dr. Weston,	24-92	24-104	21-79	23-97	92-377	4½				

"The above score, made by the Highland Park Archers, has one rather remarkable feature in it. It not unfrequently happens that the archer making the highest score makes a less number of hits than the second or third man; but it probably very rarely happens, as in the above case, that the sixth and lowest score is accompanied by the largest number of hits. This case well illustrates the different results sometimes obtained in scoring by gross scores alone, and in scoring by points, the method now adopted by the National Association in shooting for the champion medals.

"If we give two points for best gross score and two for greatest number of hits, and consider each 24 arrows by itself, giving one point for score and one for hits, we shall have 12 points, and divided among the archers as follows (see points).

"In scoring by points, can we more accurately determine the relative skill of the shooters as shown in a given match? It will be noticed that two changes have been made in the different arrangements: Dr. Weston goes from last to first place, and Mr. Hall from third to last. Is this fair? Points say so. In scoring by points, as a rule, the archer making the greatest score would be the winner. But we see this would not always be the case."

The writer of the above might have gone on to say that had this been a championship match, under the rules of the National Association, Dr. Weston would have won the championship; while a comparison of his score with that of Mr. Swartwout gives each six points, and the tie on points would be in favor of Mr. Swartwout, as it should, for it is found that while Mr. Swartwout has eight hits less, he has fifty-seven greater value, the result being in accordance to the rule before alluded to; and we think there would be little gratification to Dr. Weston to win under such conditions, or consolation to Mr. Swartwout to lose by such a complication of results in estimating the relative value of scores. For these reasons we are constrained to answer no to the questions.

In the Double York scores made at the Buffalo meeting of the N. A. A., the following are found:—

50-180	34-152	34-144=118-476	Points 3
47-185	43-157	38-130=128-472	" 3
30-94	49-205	36-160=115-459	" 2
31-123	42-144	39-185=112-452	" 2

By points No. 1 is found to be the winning score, while a comparison of Nos. 1 and 2 gives No. 1 only four points to six for No. 2, showing that No. 2 is the better score; but No. 1, with the assistance of Nos. 3 and 4, beats No. 2.

The same result is shown by the following scores from the Wellesley meeting of the E. A. A.:—

23-86	30-102	37-169=90-357	Points 4 1-2
36-116	30-110	34-130=100-356	" 4 1-2
25-79	25-111	26-100=76-296	" 1

The following York Round scores, from my score book, show a curious mixture of relative positions, when compared by points:—

12-42	17-83	17-75=46-200	New value 128
22-92	15-49	14-56=51-197	" " 124
15-49	20-86	15-53=50-183	" " 119

Had Nos. 1 and 2 shot alone, No. 1 would have beaten by 2 points. Had Nos. 2 and 3 shot, No. 2 would have beaten by 4 points; but had only Nos. 1 and 3 shot, No. 3 would have beaten by 2 points. That is to say, No. 1 beats No. 2, and No. 2 beats No. 3, yet No. 3 beats No. 1. Who will tell by such a schedule which of the three is really the best score? The score by new values we will refer to later.

Still another example we have from the following scores made in the recent Thanksgiving match, of 96 arrows at 60 yards, giving a total of 12 points, the same as in the first instance cited.

Walworth . . .	86-486	Points 3
Sidway . . .	87-455	" 1
Lone Archer . . .	87-483	" 1
Allen . . .	92-478	" 3
Williams . . .	91-473	" 1 1-2
M. Thompson . . .	88-442	" 1-2
Loftus . . .	91-411	" 2

A tie thus occurs between Walworth and Allen, by reason of the accompanying scores giving first place to Mr. Walworth; but a comparison of their scores irrespective of others gives Allen 8 1-2 points, and Walworth 3 1-2 points.

To refer now to the first instance to which we alluded, when Mr. Ford first won the champion medal,—the scores are given as follows:—

Mr. P. Moore . . .	173-747	Points 4
" H. A. Ford . . .	177-703	" 5
" Atwood . . .	-	" 1

Now, we think it fair to presume that the one point gained by Mr. Atwood was at the expense of Mr. Moore, thus changing the medal from Mr. Moore to Mr. Ford by the good shooting of Mr. Atwood at some one distance; for it may be seen that Mr. Ford has but four more hits than Mr. Moore, and the score for four golds even could not make up the forty-four in value which were needed to make his score equal that of Mr. Moore.

By these examples we think it is shown that the decision of superiority between two scores may depend wholly upon another and smaller score made by a third party. That is to say, of two given scores, either one may be the winner, decided not by their individual merit, but by some other score or scores, as the case may be; and we do not see how any system, with such results, can be accepted as right or just.

What is needed is, we think, a simple schedule of values for the several colors that shall at once be just and equitable; then we shall have a simple computation that will give a comparative result between any given scores, and such a result as will not be altered by any number of other scores.

We think it has been previously demonstrated that the values of the several portions of a target should be based upon string measurement; that is, in proportion to their distance from the centre. This proportion is exactly represented by the values, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, or by 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, or any other such proportion. We take the 1 to 5 as the most simple

and convenient. The accuracy of these values has been proved by their comparison with very many scores computed by measurement.

To further substantiate these (1 to 5) values, we now propose to show that as between given scores, the same end is accomplished by their simple computation,—that is, designated by the 1 to 9 values revalued by points, without the latter's complicated figuring or complications when compared with accompanying scores.

We have taken the fifty-eight single York rounds made at the Wellesley meeting of the E. A. A. compared each one with all of the others by points, also figured them all by the 1 to 5 values. We find twenty-four instances in which, by points, the rank of two scores are changed. There are also five cases of ties in points. Of these twenty-nine instances, twenty-five have the same result by the 1 to 5 valuation. The four which are not changed by the 1 to 5 values are the following:—

47-200	Points 4	48-164	Points 3 1-2
54-188	" 6	52-153	" 6 1-2
34-116	" 4	22-84	" 4 1-2
36-112	" 6	27-79	" 5 1-2

In all of these cases it will be seen that the excess of hits in the lower score does not exceed the excess of values in the higher score, while in the twenty-five instances where the change in rank is made by the 1 to 5 values, the opposite is almost invariably the case, as illustrated by the rule for these changes which we gave at the first part of this article.

There is also one change made by the 1 to 5 values not sanctioned by points, viz., 30-104=5 1-2 points, 33-103=4 1-2 points, but this change is sustained by the above rule. To apply this rule to the scores from the Buffalo meeting, we find the rule sustained when applied to the first two scores, and the same result relative to the first two scores from the Wellesley meeting. Apply it to Mr. Ford's score, and it sustains our position that Mr. Ford's was not the best score of the two.

Referring now to our own York Round scores, it will be seen that as between Nos. 1 and 2, the new values give the same rank as the points; also the same between Nos. 2 and 3; but points put No. 3 ahead of No. 1, which is not allowed by the new values or by the stated rule. It is thus shown that the 1 to 5 gives each their proper value, which is not changed by comparison with the other scores.

There is a further objection to the system of points: We should have a system of comparing scores that can be used both in private practice and championship matches, but the impossibility of applying the point system to such scores as those of the Private Practice Club is plainly evident.

From these conditions we derive the following conclusions:—

That there is an error in the 1 to 9 values.

That a worse result even may be obtained from the attempt to correct it by the system of points.

That the 1 to 5 values are in proper proportion.

That the 1 to 5 values give the result by one simple computation, designed by the system of points in conjunction with the 1 to 9 values.

That the rank so derived is not changed by the comparison of one or many other scores therewith.

That chance in deciding between scores would thereby be obviated.

Such being the case, is the change not worth making? We think it is. If not, why not?

The greatest objection that has been advanced seems to be the prospective difficulty of comparing scores that may be made with those that have been recorded by the 1 to 9 values.

This supposed difficulty is nearly all imaginary.

It has been stated that a person would be obliged to go all through their score and add 1, 2, 3, or 4, as the case might be, to the value of each hit. But why do that, when all that is necessary is simply to take the summary of hits for the whole score in each color and compute them by the old values? Even this will not be necessary, except in instances where an exact comparison is desired, for archers will soon know the relative proportion of the old to the new values.

Were this difficulty all it has been depicted, or amounting to an impossibility almost, I cannot believe it would be better to always continue in the error of such a method as the English rather than be at the trouble that there may be in changing.

ANDREW S. BROWNELL.

25 DECEMBER, 1880.

NEW-YEAR ARCHERY.

Editor Archery Field:—Our "New Year" opened with a warm, pleasant day, the first for nearly a month; and a number of the archers, to improve the opportunity, put in a Double York round with the new American schedule of values and the following scores (a few extra rounds have been shot since and follow the Double York):—

	100 yds.	80 yds.	60 yds.	T'tl.	G. T'tl.
F. C. Havens....	19-41	24-66	21-62	64-169	
	25-55	28-66	21-60	74-181	138-350
	21-46	27-71	20-56	68-173	
	22-66	30-73	20-58	72-197	
A. S. Brownell....	21-49	30-78	18-47	69-174	
	15-35	30-75	19-54	64-164	133-338
I. P. Allen.....	17-41	17-38	17-35	51-114	
	28-63	21-55	19-49	68-170	119-284
J. O. Cadman....	21-56	18-45	21-56	60-157	
	7-14	19-47	15-51	44-112	104-269
	13-26	14-32	14-41	41-99	
	6-9	15-40	12-31	33-80	
A. W. Havens...	9-21	13-30	16-36	38-87	
	8-11	16-39	17-42	41-92	79-179
	13-30	20-55	12-28	45-113	
	11-19	15-40	13-32	39-91	
	8-14	14-37	15-43	37-94	
G. W. Kinney...	10-28	8-11	9-25	17-64	
J. F. Stirling....	6-13	7-16	1-5	14-34	

Christmas score, 96 arrows, at 60 yards.

I. P. Allen....	22-128	22-126	24-124	24-150	92-528
T. J. Loftus...	24-118	23-115	22-110	24-152	93-495
O. M. Button...	24-130	22-116	23-123	23-123	92-492
F. C. Havens...	21-103	22-124	23-133	23-123	89-483
A. S. Brownell...	19-87	21-87	20-110	20-98	80-382

Several of the archers here were quite amused at a portion of Mr. Thompson's

report of the Thanksgiving match in the last issue of the ARCHERY FIELD (24 December), received here. After his comparison by points, by which he shows himself beaten by some five archers having smaller scores, he says, "Of course such a system of points would not be a good one."

If Mr. Thompson thinks so, why will he not drop the point system, and following the example of the Pacific Coast Archers, adopt the 1 to 5 values?

We think that California has some of the oldest archers of the country, for both Mr. Stirling and Mr. Kinney were taught to use the bow and arrow at the old English College in Kenyon, Ohio, during the years 1833 to 1835.

A. N. DREW.

OAKLAND, 4 January, 1881.

CHRISTMAS MATCH.

ON 25 December, 1880, the second match between Mr. Frank C. Havens and Mr. Will H. Thompson was shot, the round being 96 arrows, at 60 yards. As in the first match, several other archers in California joined in the shooting, and some excellent scoring was made. The four Californians, Allen, Loftus, Button, and Havens, secured a total of 1998 points, being an average of 499½ points each, or a general average of 125 points to each 24 arrows. It is doubtful if any other state can furnish a team of four archers capable of equalling this performance. Mr. Allen's score of 150 points, and that of 152 by Mr. Loftus, are extremely fine records. It is surprising how many archers are scoring from 120 to 160 points, with 24 arrows, at this range. It would be easy to select a team of ten gentlemen in the United States who could average near 500 points, at this round of 96 arrows, at 60 yards, on any fair day. No such team could be found in all the world beside. If our archers can succeed in subduing the longer ranges, proportionately, we need not fear an international contest. The following are the scores recorded in this match:—

Will H. Thompson,	23-137	23-149	24-154	24-136=94-576
I. P. Allen,	22-128	22-126	24-124	24-150=92-528
T. J. Loftus,	24-118	23-115	22-110	24-152=93-495
O. M. Button,	24-130	22-116	23-123	23-123=92-492
F. C. Havens,	21-103	22-124	23-133	23-123=89-483
A. S. Brownell,	19-87	21-87	20-110	20-98=80-382

WILL H. THOMPSON.

BROKEN ARROWS.

Editor Archery Field:—I must thank you for your kind invitation to me to contribute my suggestions on the subject of mending broken arrows. I have no desire to constitute myself an authority on this subject, nor should I have made bold to mention the matter to you, but for the fact that of my many friends and acquaintances interested in archery, no one of them has ventured to repair a broken

arrow. Whether Mr. Ford, or Mr. Thompson, or some other high authority has, in some way, tended to establish the idea that a broken arrow is virtually lost, or not, I am unprepared to say. I only know of the universal misgiving which seems ready to pronounce the *requiescat in pace* over each unfortunate shaft. Many, without doubt, will gladly resurrect all such as have been so untimely doomed, if we can establish a simple way of mending, within the reach of ordinary genius. It is obvious that a single arrow cannot be spliced without very much shortening it. But suppose we take two arrows.

One has been broken near the feather end, the other nearer the pile. We will splice the feather end of first arrow to its opposite in the other. In order to do this, we first place the parts, allowing them to overlap, by the side of a sound arrow, to secure the proper length; cut off the ends, allowing about four inches on each for length of splice. Place them again beside the sound arrow, as before, and mark on each part the distance to which the other overlaps. With a small, well-set smoothing plane, bevel from this mark to the end. Treat the other part in like manner. Place the parts together, and, while holding them with thumb and finger, look along the shaft to see if they come perfectly into line; if they do not, take off another shaving from either part, favoring whichever end of the bevel will remedy the defect. In gluing the parts together, see that they are perfectly fitted, and bind the splice with soft cotton string, wound continuously and firmly around the whole length of the joint. This arrow must be straight, for the binding of string, bearing equally upon each of the parts, must bring them into line. It will be of its original weight, and in all respects, for practical use, as good as new.

WM. MCC. RANSOM.

NAVY YARD, BOSTON, 3 January, 1881.

DRIFT AND WAG

CHRISTMAS was an austere day for archery; but Mr. D. V. R. Manley and Mr. B. A. Hayes attempted the American round at Toledo, and only numb fingers compelled them to abandon it after a few arrows.

THAT poem of "The Archery Tournament," in our midwinter number, was copied from the scrap-book of Mr. F. C. Havens, the Pacific archer.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM of scoring is what the *Olympian* calls the new style on the Pacific coast. Our esteemed contemporary thinks that the system will be eventually adopted throughout the country. "We have crossed the river and burned the bridge behind us. We don't know how to swim, either; so there's no getting back again."

A CUT of the L. A. W. badge which has been promised for some time will appear in our next issue.

L. A. W

Amateur bicyclers everywhere are cordially invited to join the League of American Wheelmen.

Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs when the entire active membership joins. Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to Hugh L. Willoughby, treasurer, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Albert S. Parsons, Cor. Sec. L. A. W., Cambridgeport, Mass. Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.

Applicants should notice names as published in the BICYCLING WORLD, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made.

Bicyclers generally are requested to notice the names also, and inform the corresponding secretary (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies.

Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the league by inviting desirable bicyclers to join.

Circulars, etc., regarding the league will be sent to any address on application to the corresponding secretary.

The rules of the league are given in full in the BICYCLING WORLD of 2 October, and may be obtained by sending 10c. to the office of the WORLD. It is very important that every member should be familiar with these rules, and they will not be published in book form at present, as the organization is not yet perfected.

Badges are to be obtained by any member on his forwarding his full name and address and membership number to the treasurer, with a deposit of \$2.00 for solid silver, or \$1.00 for nickel-plated badge.

APPLICATIONS.

Editor of the Bicycling World:—The following names have been proposed for membership in the League of American Wheelmen, and are sent you for publication, as required by the Constitution.

ALBERT S. PARSONS,

Cor. Sec. L. A. W.

PHILADELPHIA BI. C.—W. R. Tucker, 414 S. Delaware avenue; A. R. McIlvaine, S. W. cor. 15th and Hamilton streets; H. W. Lippincott, 306 Stock Exchange place; Edw. B. Fox, 924 Front street; Erving L. Miller, 134 S. Front street; D. Kelley, 720 Filbert street.

ACTIVE MEMBERS BUCKEYE BI. C. (all of Columbus, O.): W. Henry Miller, Washington avenue; Godfrey W. Rhodes, 197 East State street; Harry B. Hutchinson, 727 North High street; John P. Williams, South High street; Will B. Waggoner, 47 Parsons avenue.

ADDITIONAL.—*Massachusetts Bi. C.:* H. A. Baker, 97 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.; Adams D. Claflin, Newtonville, Mass.; Geo. Pope, Wellington street, Boston, Mass.; King Upton, Peabody, Mass.; H. W. Williams, 258 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; Chas. Wills, Boston, Mass.; L. M. Dorr, 334 Harvard street, Cambridge, Mass.; Wm. V. Burt, Boston, Mass.; Henry A. Wheeler, 61 Sacramento street, Cambridge, Mass.;

James Notman, 99 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.; Henry S. Harris, 707 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.; Wm. Weightman Walker, 301 W. A. street, Williamsport, Pa.

MEMBERSHIP ROXBURY BI. C. (all of Roxbury except the last named): R. W. Davenport, 190 Dudley street, captain; Andrew Phemister, 147 Mt. Pleasant avenue, sub-captain; J. B. Heard, 29 Bainbridge street, secretary and treasurer; Chas. E. Lord, 13 Greenville street; Chas. H. Currier, 190 Warren street; J. A. R. Underwood, Dorchester, Mass.

MR. PARSONS EXPLAINS.

Editor Bicycling World:—It is a commendable pride, I think, which leads us to boast of an early conversion to bicycling, so I beg to say one word as to the error in my article as published in the WORLD of 31 December, 1881, especially as your note of last week does not better it much in saying that "Mr. Parsons misrepresents himself"! I should be sorry to have it thought that I had so cultivated my legs at the expense of my brains that I could n't remember how long I had been a bicyclist.

The article was written more than a year ago, as a sort of "tract" on practical bicycling, but was finally given to you and published as written a year before, thus shortening "my record" by one year. I am happy to say that my practical use of the bicycle, and my belief in it, increase every year, and "I could n't do without it."

One word more, "now I am up" as to yourselves.

Do you know how you are improving? It seems to me that the BICYCLING WORLD is making itself indispensable to every wheelman. If there is one to whom these articles on "A Comparative Study of the Bicycle," by "H.," are not alone worth the price of a year's subscription, he must be already thoroughly "posted." I want to publicly thank you and "H." for the instruction and suggestion his articles contain.

President Bates's practical suggestions, too, seem as good as his humorous letters, and both are delightful.

I hope that the wheelmen of America will encourage you to keep the WORLD up to its present standard.

A. S. PARSONS.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

THE HAVERHILL BI. CLUB has elected the following officers: President, S. Frank Woodman; secretary and treasurer, J. Fred. Adams, box 81, Haverhill; captain, Charles H. Goodwin; sub-captain, A. Tenny White.

AT LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, Easton, Pa., eight riders of the wheel have organized a club, named from the college, and have elected the following officers: captain, E. D. Wetmore; secretary, W. S. Harlan; guide, Charles P. More; bugler, H. D. Maxwell. They have adopted a uniform

of gray shirts, dark gray corduroy knee pants, and blue stockings.

THE NUTMEG BI. CLUB, of Hartford, will, for the year 1881, wear gray knickerbockers, blue shirts and stocking and polo cap. A race for the club championship will be held in May, on the Charter Oak Park trotting course.

THE BROOKLYN BI. CLUB held their January business meeting on Tuesday, the 4th inst., at their headquarters, 77 Clinton street. Mr. Harry Wreaks, of 135 Amity street, Brooklyn, was elected to active membership, and letters of resignation were received from Messrs. H. H. Koop, Jr., and James Burke, and accepted. Mr. Maxwell Wrigley's resignation as a member of the executive committee was tendered and accepted, and Mr. M. H. G. Cortis elected to fill his place.

THE WALTHAM BI. CLUB has elected the following officers: President, William Shakespeare; secretary, H. B. Colby, whose address is box 1316, Waltham, Mass.; treasurer, C. E. Richards; captain, C. W. Sewall; lieutenants, LeRoy S. Staples and C. C. Hardy. The directors are W. W. Stall, M. L. Childs, and F. E. Draper.

PEORIA, ILL., is ripe for a club. The number of wheelmen is small, but if we may judge from a letter received from Mr. H. G. Rouse, the number of prospective riders is quite large. There were some "New-Year's calls on wheels" made, in which the wheelmen seem to have met with less adventure, but more success than did the famous six of the Detroit club.

ECHOES FROM A BICYCLE BELL.

ECHO 1.—FATHER.

THERE's a bicycle bell! Hurrah! holla!
Is that you, friend Jones? Oh, indeed. I'll go.
Just wait half a minute. Wife, you'll not mind
If this one Xmas I leave you behind?
I know it's right selfish; but you don't know
What sacrifice 't is such fun to forego.
Why, mounted aloft on my nickel steed,
I'm a boy again. I feel not the need
Of wings, to be borne into upper air;
I fly like a bird o'er the earth so fair
Dinner? Oh, yes, I'll be back sure at one,
And after that, darling, we'll have our fun;
We'll carry our skates, and the boys shall go,
And how to use them we'll merrily show.

ECHO 2.—MOTHER.

That bicycle bell! I'm selfish, I ween,
But I hate the sound of the word "machine."
Before that wheel, with its noiseless whirl,
Came into the house, I was gay as a girl.
Charlie had no thought of pleasure unshared,
We all were so happy; and we were spared
At breakfast and dinner,—aye, ev'ry meal,—
Most copious extracts from *World* or *Wheel*.
Last night, when I drew the curtains tight,
And stirred up the coals all glowing and bright,
And thought, as of old, how gay it would be
To plan with dear Charlie our Xmas tree,
He glanced from his writing: "Excuse me,
my dear,
This goes to the *World* for the opening year."

ECHO 3. — BOYS.

Mamma, dear mamma, it is Xmas' day,
 Why can't we go to the pond to play?
 The ice is fine, and our skates are new,
 And papa has promised to take us, too.
 We can't be cold, for the wind does n't blow,
 And *this* day is just made for boys, you know.
 Oh, dear! don't say so: papa gone away
 With his friend, Mr. Jones, for a run, to-day?
 And Xmas day! Why, mamma, that's too
 bad;
 I thought to-day was to make children glad.
 Why is it, mamma, that we never go
 As we used, with papa, to ride or to row,
 Or gather wild flowers, we love so well?
 Would he rather go with his bicycle bell?

ECHO 4. — BRIDGET.

Just look, how late! It bates all, I declare:
 Past three by the clock, and that brown goose
 there

Has been so long baking itself away,
 There 'll be no juice in it this blissid day.
 And missus, she ordered the dinner soon,
 That meself could get out the afternoon.
 The praties are spiled—the squash—dear
 me,

Whatever 's the matter, I fail to see.
 Indade, in tin years I have lived within,
 In the masher was niver fault or sin.
 Oh, he was the man to make the house glad;
 But faith, I believe that he is gone mad,
 Since iver came in here that horrid bell.
 Whenever he 'll come no mortal can tell.

Ting-a-ling! There 's papa! Hurrah! hollo!
 Such a *glorious* run! How we did go!
 There 's nothing like it! I wish, wifey dear,
 You 'd hurry up dinner. Friend Jones out
 here,
 And Smith and Brown I 've invited to dine.
 I suppose it is ready. I hope it is *fine*,
 For Smith 's quite an epicure. Late, you say?
 Who? No,—it can't be,—forgive me, do,
 pray.

Why, really, dear wife, the time flew so fast
 I fully believed scarce an hour had passed.

The dinner is served. Bridget rattles and
 bangs;
 Mamma looks disturbed, but smiles o'er her
 pangs;
 And two little boys, with skates laid away,
 Wonder much how papa is happy to-day.

IS-A-BELL.

CONE BEARINGS.

Editor Bicycling World:—I wish to
 say a few words in defence of the much-
 maligned cone-bearing machine.

The article in your last number, on the
 "Comparative Study of the Bicycle," would
 give a reader who did not know much
 about cone-bearing machines the impres-
 sion that they run exceedingly hard. Per-
 haps they are not so desirable as ball bear-
 ings, or finely fitted parallel, but they are
 not so bad as he represents: for instance,
 I know one rider who has used an Amer-
 ican cone-bearing machine for two years
 and over, and I have never seen any rider
 mount a hill that he was not able to ride.
 I have accompanied him on nearly all
 the long excursions which have started
 from Boston during the last three years,
 and neither he nor I have been left be-
 hind. I myself have used two cone-
 bearing machines, one English and one
 American, and always have considered it
 an excellent bearing; to be sure, great

care has been taken of it, being frequently
 well oiled and the wear taken up when
 necessary. I also know of another in-
 stance where the cone-bearing machines
 have proved themselves equal to any other
 bearing.

Last September a large party of bicy-
 clers started out for a two-days' run; they
 rode about one hundred miles, and on the
 last twenty-five miles of the ride the pace
 was made very fast.

Four riders who took the lead out-
 stripped all of the others several times,
 and waited for them to come up. These
 four riders were mounted, one on a par-
 allel and three on cone-bearing machines;
 all the others rode ball-bearing bicycles,
 with one or two exceptions, and as all
 experts say, more depends on the rider
 than on the bearing, and if the rider is
 strong and plucky, he will get in ahead,
 whether he rides a parallel or a cone
 bearing.

In relation to the cone pedals I will
 say that on both the Excelsior and my
 cone-bearing machine, the outside of the
 pedals were made dust-proof by brass
 dust caps, and any cone-bearing machine
 could be rendered dust-proof by winding
 about the shaft a piece of wicking or
 chamois skin; this would render the pedals
 absolutely dust-proof: and it is certainly
 very easy to adjust and take up the wear
 of the bearing. I have been a careful
 reader of many of the articles in your
 paper in relation to the construction of
 bicycles, and I must say that I think
 some of the writers are too particular
 about many of the small details.

From the wear my cone-bearing ma-
 chine has had, and the good condition it
 is in to-day, I consider it as good as any
 made. I have ridden a great deal upon
 the road, and taken many long-distance
 rides, but the longest I ever took was on
 a cone-bearing machine, and I was not
 greatly fatigued. B. R.

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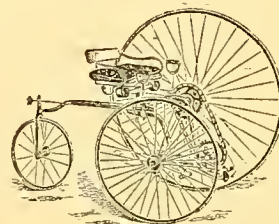
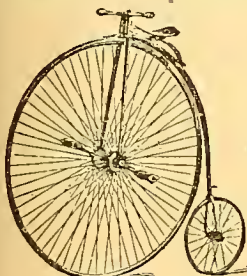
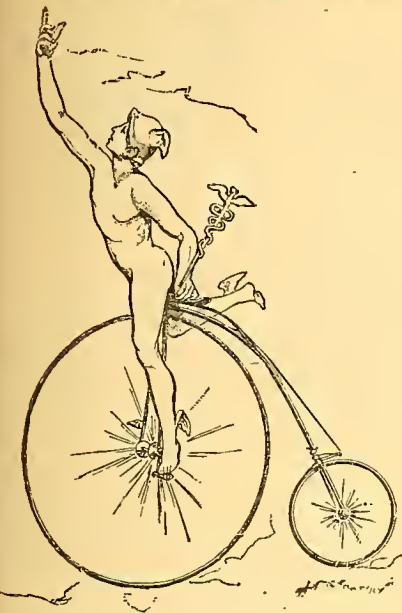
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