

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

PRINTED BY SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

Vol. III.—No. 5.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1885.

Price 5 Cents

* READ BACK PAGE.

CLUMSY AND CHEAP WORK WILL NOT MAKE
FAST BICYCLES.

THE SPEED SHOWN BY MACHINERY IS A TEST
OF THE CHARACTER OF THE WORK.

THE FASTEST TIME EVER MADE IN THE
WORLD FOR ONE-QUARTER, ONE-HALF, AND
THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE WAS DONE ON
VICTOR BICYCLES.

MORE THAN TWO-THIRDS OF THE UNITED
STATES TRICYCLE RACES HAVE BEEN WON ON
VICTOR TRICYCLES.

IF YOU WANT A WELL-BUILT WHEEL, BUY
A VICTOR. THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST TIRES
STAY IN AND WHEELS NEVER BUCKLE
OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY, BOSTON

* READ BACK PAGE.

Entered May 1, 1884.
Accepted January 20, 1884.

FOURTH ANNUAL
BICYCLE * TOURNAMENT!
OF THE
SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

\$5,000.00



IN PRIZES!

HAMPDEN PARK,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER 8, 9, AND 10, 1885.

LIST OF RACES.

FIRST DAY—Tuesday, September 8.

- 1. One-mile Professional Bicycle Handicap Race.
- 2. One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race; Champion of the United States.
- 3. One-mile Amateur Tricycle Race.
- 4. One-mile Amateur Tricycle Tandem Race.
- 5. One-mile Professional Safety Bicycle Race; wheels not over 40 inches.
- 6. One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Open.
- 7. One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, 3.10 Class.
- 8. Three-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Open.
- 9. Five-mile Professional Bicycle Record Race.
- 10. One-mile Amateur Bicycle Record Race.

SECOND DAY—Wednesday, September 9.

- 1. One-mile Amateur Tricycle Race; Open.
- 2. One-mile Professional Safety Bicycle Race; wheels not over 40 inches.
- 3. One-mile Amateur Tricycle Record Race.
- 4. Three-mile Amateur Tricycle Tandem Race.
- 5. One-mile Amateur Tricycle Race, 1.10 Class.
- 6. Ten-mile Amateur Tricycle Race, Open.
- 7. Five-mile Amateur Tricycle Pace.
- 8. One-mile Amateur Tricycle Tandem Pace.
- 9. Five-mile Amateur Tricycle Race, 16.00 Class.
- 10. Three-mile Amateur Tricycle Handicap Race.

THIRD DAY—Thursday, September 10.

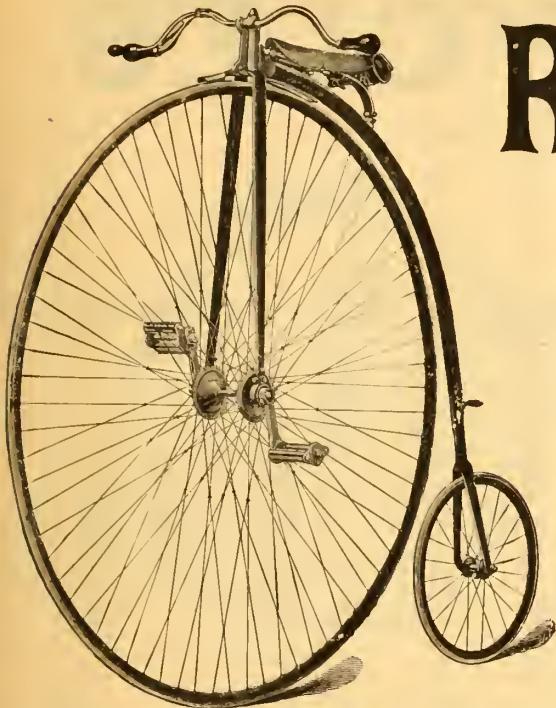
- 1. One-mile Professional Safety Bicycle Race; wheels not over 40 inches.
- 2. Two-mile Amateur Bicycle Record Race.
- 3. Five-mile Amateur Tandem Tricycle Race.
- 4. Three-mile Professional Bicycle Race, Open.
- 5. One-mile Amateur Safety Bicycle Race; wheels not over 40 inches.
- 6. Three-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, 9.10 Class.
- 7. Three-mile Amateur Tricycle Record Race.
- 8. One-mile Amateur Bicycle Handicap Race.
- 9. Five-mile Professional Bicycle Handicap Race.
- 10. One-mile Amateur Bicycle Consolation Race.

ENTRANCE FEES.

AVERAGE—All $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and 1-mile events, \$1 each event; one-mile events, \$2 each event; one-mile and 5-mile events, \$3 each event; 10-mile events, \$5 each event. **PROFESSIONALS**—and
and 3-mile events, \$1 each event; 5-mile events, \$5 each event; 10-mile events, \$10 each event. All races must have at least three men to start, or the number of prizes will be reduced.

Entries Close September 2, 1885.

A RIGID, SUPERBLY-BUILT LIGHT ROADSTER.
Genuine Warwick Hollow Rim. Stout Forks.
Tied Tangent Spokes.



MESSRS. WILLIAM READ & SONS:— FEBRUARY 4, 1885.
Gentlemen—I cheerfully give my opinion of the ROYAL MAIL, which I rode in all my races last year and won the world's record, 2.39. I think it the finest made, strongest, and stiffest machine I ever rode. I have ridden nearly all makes, but find the ROYAL MAIL the best I ever crossed as yet.

Yours respectfully, JOHN S. PRINCE,
Champion of America, and 1-mile Champion of the World.

I have ridden nearly all the prominent wheels, and unhesitatingly decide in favor of the ROYAL MAIL.

E. P. BURNHAM.

I consider the ROYAL MAIL far superior to all others.

S. G. WHITTAKER.

I consider the ROYAL MAIL the best bicycle I have ever ridden.

GEO. E. CAIN.

The ROYAL MAIL is my favorite.

D. E. HUNTER.

I consider the ROYAL MAIL, by all odds, the steadiest machine I have ever ridden.

C. F. HAVEN.

The ROYAL MAIL is the stiffest and easiest running machine I have ever ridden.

WM. E. CRIST.

NO OTHER WHEEL IN THE WORLD

HOLDS TWO AS FAST RECORDS AS THE

ROYAL MAIL!

ALSO WON THE 100-MILE ROAD RECORD, AND MANY OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1884.

LOOK AT THE RECORD SO FAR THIS YEAR!

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

At Springfield, Hunter won the One-Mile and Five-Mile Races on the ROYAL MAIL.

At New Haven, the Pope Cup won by Hunter, for the second time, on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Baltimore, Crist won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Brooklyn, Haven won Three-Mile Handicap Race on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Woodstock, Canada, July 1, One-Mile and Five-Mile Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Buffalo, July 3, Two-Mile Race won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Holyoke, July 4, Half-Mile Race won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Boston, July 4, Two-Mile Race won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Springfield, Ohio, July 15, Three First and Two Second Prizes won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Greenfield, Georgia, July 20, Southern Five-Mile Championship won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Scranton, Pa., July 23, Five Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.

At Pittsfield, August 13, Four out of Seven Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.

SURELY EXAMINE A ROYAL MAIL!

Kangaroo Safety Bicycle!

A PERFECT SUCCESS, ^{and} IN GREAT DEMAND. ANY ONE CAN RIDE IT. HEADERS IMPOSSIBLE. RECORDS COMPLETELY OBLITERATED.

"The principal feature of the gathering was the riding of Engleheart, who, on a KANGAROO, WON EVERY EVENT for which he entered, including his own Club Championship, in brilliant fashion." — *Sportsman*, July 2, 1885, of the late Crystal Palace meet.

1 Mile, 2m. 45s. 2 Miles, 6m. 2½s. 3 Miles, 9m. 22s. 10 Miles, 32m. 39s. 100 Miles, 7h. 11m. 10s.

A SAFE BICYCLE FOR OLD OR YOUNG.

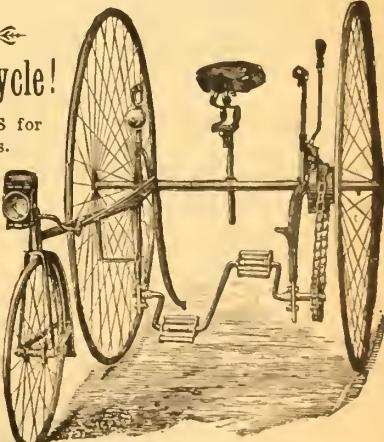


ROYAL MAIL Also the Winning Tricycle!

Having WON THE RECORDS for 1, ½, 2, 1, 3, 4, and 5 miles.

We recommend the Two-Track as the easiest-running. The front wheel being on one side, the rough horse-path and stones and obstacles are easily passed over in country roads. Easy of access, especially for ladies, and very popular. Send stamp for drawings.

Also TANDEM TRICYCLE just out. The Best Yet!



WILLIAM READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., BOSTON,

AGENTS FOR THE

ROYAL MAIL BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES, AND SAFETY KANGAROO—THE THREE WINNING CYCLES OF 1884.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

18 Patterns

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR
AMERICAN RIDERS.

SINGER'S
"Apollo" Bicycle.

STRONG, LIGHT
ROADSTER, ENTIRELY NEW.

SINGER'S
"British Challenge."

THE FINEST ROADSTER KNOWN.
IMPORTANT
IMPROVEMENTS FOR 1885.

SINGER'S
"Challenge" Racer.

THE MOST SPLENDID RACER
MADE.
56-INCH COMPLETE, 22 LBS.

Singer's "Challenge."

A FIRST CLASS ROADSTER
AT A VERY LOW PRICE.
\$105.00.

SINGER'S
"Tandem" Tricycles.

CENTRAL GEARED & CONVERTIBLE.
TELESCOPIC.

SINGER'S
"Sociable" Tricycles.

* IMPORTANT NOTICE. *

Illustrated Catalogue

GRATIS, AND POST FREE



Coventry, Eng.,
March, 1885.

SINGER & CO. have found it

necessary to entirely withdraw their Agency
from Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering &c., and
have pleasure in announcing that they
have appointed

Messrs. W. B. EVERETT & CO.

6 & 8 BERKELEY STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

Dole Agents for the United States, from
whom full particulars of all their latest
patterns may be obtained.

SINGER'S

"Xtraordinary."

"THE KING OF SAFETIES."

REVISED FOR 1885.

SINGER'S

"Challenge Safety."

A REALLY SAFE GEARED-UP
BICYCLE.

READ OPINIONS OF THE ENGLISH
CYCLING PRESS.

SINGER'S

"Speedycycle."

A STRONG GEARED-UP BICYCLE
OF VERY BEST QUALITY
AND STYLE.

SINGER'S

"Apollo" Tricycles.

SIDE GEARED.

CENTRAL GEARED.

TWO-TRACK.

TELESCOPIC.

SINGER'S

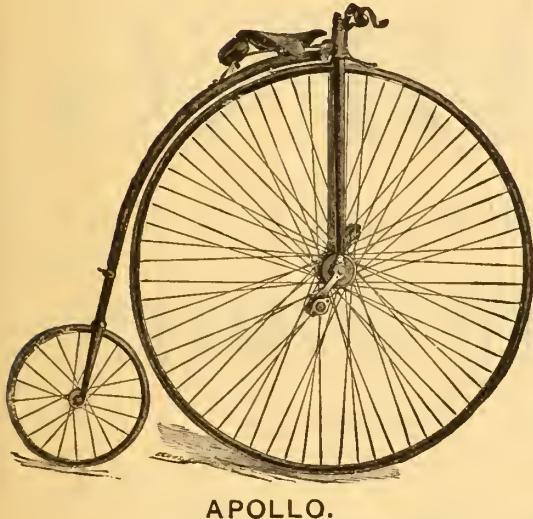
"Traveller" Tricycle.

A VERY FAST MACHINE.

* BEFORE PURCHASING *

INSPECT OUR THIS YEAR'S PATTERNS.

SINGER'S CYCLES!



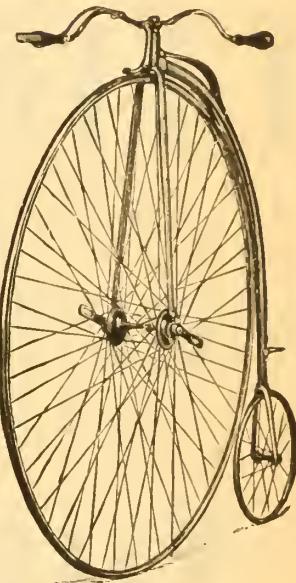
APOLLO.

THE —— ▷ A POLLO ▷

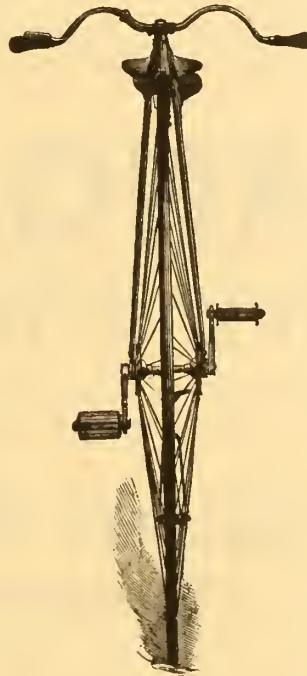
A Light Roadster of the Highest Grade.

GRACEFUL LINES. GREAT RIGIDITY.

Weight of 50 inch, 35 pounds

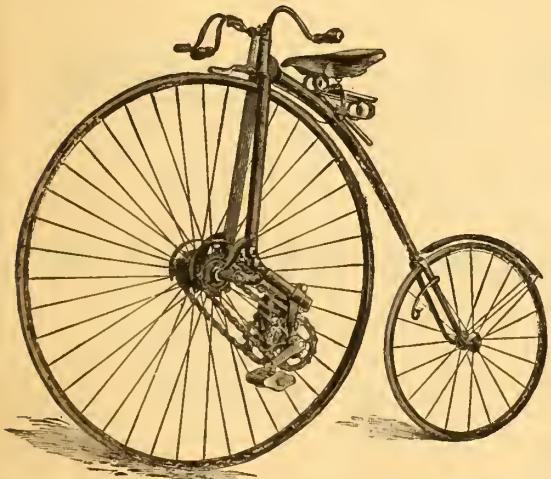


APOLLO.



BRITISH CHALLENGE.

1885 Pattern.



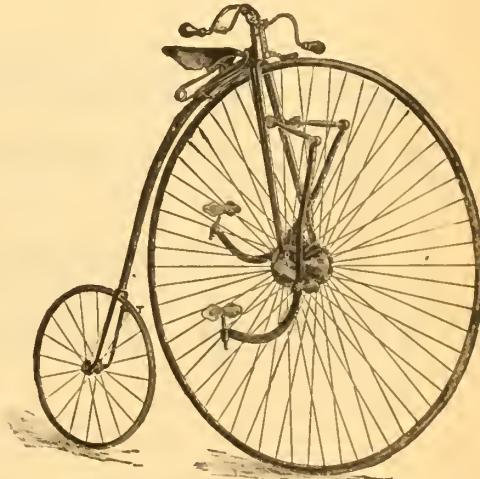
CHALLENGE SAFETY.

Best Geared Machine.

A FULL ROADSTER.

BALLS ALL AROUND.

Weight of 50 inch
44 pounds



'XTRAORDINARY CHALLENGE.

King of Safeties.

W. B. EVERETT & CO.

Sole United States Agents,

NOS. 6 AND 8 BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON.

→ CAN'T BE BEAT! ←

THE SPALDING

HIGHEST QUALITY

ROADSTER, LIGHT ROADSTER, AND RACER.

THE KANGAROO,

BEST SAFETY BICYCLE.

JOHN S. PRINCE made One Mile on a SPALDING BICYCLE in 2 minutes $35\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

F. S. BUCKINGHAM made One Mile on a KANGAROO BICYCLE in 2 minutes $45\frac{2}{3}$ seconds.

Send for 16-page Catalogue, giving detailed descriptions and illustrations, before buying a wheel.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

108 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CLEARANCE SALE.

On receipt of the amounts set opposite, we will ship **ON APPROVAL**, by freight or express **ANY SIZE** of the following **perfectly new Bicycles**, guaranteeing them to be **staunch, strong, easy running, and free from imperfections**. Upon examination, should the machine not be approved and accepted, it may be returned to us, freight prepaid, and we will refund the full amount paid, by return mail.

THE PRICES NAMED ARE MUCH LESS THAN COST, BUT WE ARE CLOSING OUT OUR ENTIRE STOCK TO CHANGE BUSINESS.

AMERICAN ROADSTER.

Hollow forks, all weldless steel tube, dropped handle bar, Andrews Ball Bearings to both wheels, tool bag and tools.

\$70 00....	Finish—all bright and burnished. Former price of 52-inch.....	\$102 50
75 00....	Wheels, backbone, and forks enameled plain black. Former price of 52-inch.....	112 50
80 00....	Wheels enameled, balance nickel plated. Former price of 52-inch.....	117 50

Sizes in Stock:—46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56 inch.

AMERICAN SANSPAREIL ROADSTER—(1885 Pattern).

Balls to both wheels, hollow fluted forks, elliptical backbone, Andrews head, dropped or straight bars, tool bag and tools.

\$85 00....	Backbone, forks and rims enameled, balance nickeled. Former price of 52-inch.....	\$130 00
95 00....	Full nickeled, rims enameled. Former price of 52-inch.....	140 00

Sizes in Stock:—50, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 and 60 inch.

SANSPAREIL LIGHT ROADSTER.

Warwick hollow felloes, tangent spokes, fluted forks and elliptical backbone, single ball bearings to both wheels, tool bag and tools. Weight of 50-inch, thirty-four pounds. Guaranteed to be the strongest and stiffest light roadster on the market.

\$85 00....	Finish—nickled bright parts, balance enameled. Former price of 52-inch.....	\$132 50
95 00....	Finish—enameled wheels, balance full nickled. Former price of 52-inch.....	144 50

Sizes in Stock:—48, 50, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 and 60.

THE AMERICAN CLUB.

Fluted forks, balls to both wheels, Hancock tires, etc. This is the genuine American Club, with rubber suspension spring and hollow rims.

\$105 00....	Nickled bright parts, balance enameled. Former price of 52-inch.....	\$147 50
115 00....	Full nickled, rims enameled. Former price of 52-inch.....	157 50

Sizes in Stock:—48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inch.

THE SPECIAL SANSPAREIL.

Rudge ball bearings, Andrews detachable hollow handle-bar, hollow forks, and elliptical backbone, direct spokes, etc., tool bag and tools.

\$100 00....	Backbone, forks and rims enameled, balance nickled. Former price of 52-inch.....	\$132 50
110 00....	Full nickled, felloes enameled. Former price of 52-inch.....	145 00

Sizes in Stock:—50, 52, 54, 56 inch.

The above Machines are the Greatest Bargains ever Offered !

Purchasers are not buying a “Pig in a Bag,” as they have the privilege of examination, and the option of acceptance or rejection. We require cash with order simply as a guarantee of good faith. Positively no notice taken of orders unless accompanied by full amount of cash, or \$10.00, with instructions to ship by express C. O. D. for balance. Shall be pleased to give full particulars of any machine, upon application.

S. T. CLARK & CO.

2 AND 4 HANOVER STREET, = - - - BALTIMORE.

WERE YOU SPEAKING OF RECORDS ?

If you mean Path Records, the FACILE has nothing to say, and it will not be run in the Springfield or other Races, for it is made and designed for the road, not for the track or the hall, and it does not compete for the favor of the one man in a hundred who goes in for racing.

If you mean Road Records, take notice that the FACILE, notwithstanding any and all prejudice about its being "slow," is really a FAST Machine, and IT HOLDS TO-DAY, AGAINST THE WORLD (NEW WORLD AND OLD), EVERY ROAD RECORD BUT ONE!

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE 71.

ESSEX BICYCLE WORKS, REPAIRS! * REPAIRS!

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Charges Low. Send for Circular. No. 69 ROSEVILLE AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J.

MASSASOIT HOUSE,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

M. & E. S. CHAPIN, Proprietors.

Near the Union Depot.

SPECIAL !

We have a few NEW AMERICAN CLUBS of the Fluted Fork (front and rear) and Rubber Suspension Spring Pattern. These Bicycles are as good as those described in the Catalogue of the COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY, and the same in every respect, except as above. We will sell these, ANY SIZE, enameled, bright parts nickelized, at \$100; full nickelized except rims, \$110. To be had only of

GARVEY'S BICYCLE SHOP, Broadway, Cor. 59th Street, New York.

GYCLERS, ATTENTION !

VERY USEFUL ACCESSORIES AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

On receipt of the prices set opposite we will ship any of the following new goods. If not approved they may be returned, and the money will be refunded.

\$0.35....List Price \$0.60 ...Nickelized Spoke Grip.	\$2.50....List Price \$4.00....Long-Distance Saddle, L. & B., imported.
.35.... .65....Double-Tone Whistle, like Calliope.	3.00.... 4.50....Eclipse Long-Distance Saddle, L. & B., imported.
1.50.... 2.50....Racing Saddle, L. & B., imported.	3.00.... 6.00....Pair Nickelized Plain Pedals, Corrugated Rubber.
1.50.... 2.00 to 2.50...."Don" or Handy Tool Bag; Harrison's Single Chimes; pair Rubber Handles; extra long, heavy, shaped knee Navy Hose.	3.00.... 6.00....Nickelized or Enamelled Cradle Spring, all weights.
2.00.... 3.50....Suspension Saddle, L. & B., imported.	5.00.... 7.50....No. 1 Nickelized "King of the Road" Hub Lamp, J. Lucas & Sons.
2.00.... 4.00....White or Navy Seamless Jersey.	6.00.... 9.00....No. 2 Nickelized "King of the Road" Hub Lamp, J. Lucas & Sons.

Those who try an order and are pleased are requested to tell their cycling friends.

S. T. CLARK & CO., 2nd & 4 Hanover Street, Baltimore, Md.

\$1000 EXTRA IN PRIZES!

THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

WILL OFFER THE FOLLOWING

EXTRA LIST OF PRIZES

IN ADDITION TO THOSE ALREADY ANNOUNCED.

A VALUABLE GOLD MEDAL to the Amateur or Professional holding the World's Record. Presented by "Wheeling" of London.

A VICTOR BICYCLE to the maker of the Amateur World's Record of One Mile. Presented by the Overman Wheel Company.

A VICTOR TRICYCLE to the maker of the Amateur World's Tricycle Record of One Mile. Presented by the Overman Wheel Company.

A GOLD-PLATED BUGLE to the Club whose Racing Member comes the Greatest Distance. Presented by W. C. Taylor, Springfield.

\$100 IN CASH to the winner of the One-Mile Professional Bicycle Race, if he breaks the existing record.

A HANDSOME FRENCH CLOCK to the Amateur breaking the existing Three-Mile Record. Presented by M. D. Fletcher, Springfield.

A COLUMBIA BICYCLE to the Professional making the Ten-Mile Record on a Columbia Wheel. Presented by the Pope Manufacturing Company.

A COLUMBIA BICYCLE to the Amateur making the Ten-Mile Record on a Columbia Wheel. Presented by the Pope Manufacturing Company.

A COLUMBIA TRICYCLE to the Amateur making the Five-Mile Tricycle Record on a Columbia Tricycle. Presented by the Pope Manufacturing Company.

Remember that speed only wins the above Prizes, and that the Springfield Track is where the contest will take place.

The Track has been newly greased and is now faster than ever. Only lightning is expected to excel the wheel in the coming Tournament. The men are here, and the speed will surely be attained. Come and witness the event of a lifetime.

N. B.—The above Prizes are for the Records held at the close of the meeting.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

S. T. CLARK & CO.
2 and 4 Hanover St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Sell the following Bicycles:

AMERICAN CLUB.
AMERICAN SANSPAREIL.
SANSPAREIL LIGHT ROADSTER.
AMERICAN ROADSTER.

SPECIAL MENTION.

The Dealers whose cards appear below are THOROUGHLY RELIABLE, and we recommend them as worthy the patronage of our readers.

SINGER'S CYCLES:

Apollo, British Challenge, Singer's Challenge, and Challenge Safety Bicycles; Apollo Two-Track, Central-Geared, Loop-Frame, Sociable, and Singer's Tandem Tricycles.

W. B. EVERETT & CO.
6 and 8 Berkeley St., BOSTON, MASS.

THE COLUMBIA.

THE EXPERT COLUMBIA BICYCLE:

FOURTH SEASON. This machine has been ridden by every size and weight of rider, on all kinds of roads, in every State in the Union, under all supposable conditions.

THE COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER:

FIRST SEASON. A genuine light-weight Bicycle; 51-inch, ready to ride, weighs 36 pounds.

THE STANDARD COLUMBIA BICYCLE:

EIGHTH SEASON. The "old reliable" steed is presented upon its merits and popularity already acquired.

THE COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE:

FIRST SEASON. Needs no mud-guard; can be passed through an ordinary door-way; gear-wheels can be changed without machine work.

THE COLUMBIA THREE-TRACK TRICYCLE:

THIRD SEASON. A thoroughly reliable and practical roadster.

THE POPE MFG. CO.

597 Washington Street, - BOSTON, MASS.

OUTING.

The Best of Out-Door Magazines.

Price, 25 cents a copy; \$3 a year.

THE WHEELMAN COMP'Y,
BOSTON, MASS.

ZACHARIAS & SMITH,
NEWARK, N. J.
BICYCLES
and
TRICYCLES
OF ALL
THE LEADING MAKES.

L. A. W. BADGES.

For gold badges of the official design, send to the sole authorized maker,

C. H. LAMSON,
PORTLAND, ME.

THE VICTOR BICYCLE.

This is what the following well-known cyclers say of it: —

GEORGE M. HENDEE: "I ride the VICTOR because I think it is the fastest Bicycle made."

L. H. JOHNSON: "I never mounted its equal; it is simply perfect."

HENRY E. DUCKER: "The wheel is all that was promised, and even more."

FRED RUSS COOK: "As a roadster it has not its equal."

GEORGE D. GIDEON: "It is the best-finished piece of machinery I ever saw."

E. C. HODGES: "I have no use for any better Bicycle."

Send for Catalog.

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,
No. 179 Tremont Street, - BOSTON, MASS.

Cigarette Smokers
WILL FIND THE
RICHMOND
STRAIGHT CUT
BRAND
Far superior to all others.

THE WESTERN TOY CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE OTTO
Bicycles and Tricycles.

EASTERN BRANCH at 47
Murray Street, New York;
R. L. Coleman, Manager.

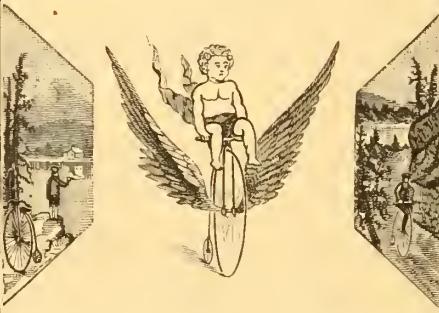
STANDARD
CYCLOMETER.
Simplest and best instru-
ment ever invented.
J. A. LAKIN & CO.
WESTFIELD, MASS.

THE
PERFECT HYGIENIC
SADDLE.

The only perfectly hygi-
enic Saddle made. Thor-
oughly tested last season.

T. J. KIRKPATRICK,
SPRINGFIELD, - OHIO.

TOURNAMENT OF THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB



September 8, 9, and 10, 1885
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

Before you buy a wheel
of any kind, send stamp to
A. W. GUMP,
DAYTON, O.

For large illustrated
price-list of new and sec-
ond-hand machines.

THE AMERICAN STAR BICYCLE.

A practical roadster, safe from headers or other dan-
gerous falls. The workmanship and entire practicability
of each and every machine are fully guaranteed.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.
SMITHVILLE, (Burlington Co.) NEW JERSEY.

THE NEW WHEEL. THE SPALDING. HIGHEST QUALITY.

Roadster, Light Roadster, and Racer. All built to
win. Send for Catalogue giving detailed illustrations
and descriptions before you buy a wheel.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS
108 Madison St., CHICAGO, NEW YORK.

THE FACILE.

Safe, swift, easy. Can
be learned in an hour.
Proved by six years' in-
creasing use.

W. G. WILCOX,
NEW YORK.

LAMSON'S PRACTICAL CYCLOMETER

Will soon be on the mar-
ket. Orders taken and
filled in rotation.

C. H. LAMSON,
PORTLAND, ME.

THE RUDGE.

RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.
AMERICAN RUDGE.

RUDGE RACER.

RUDGE SAFETY.

RUDGE DOUBLE-DRIVER TRICYCLE.
COVENTRY ROTARY TANDEM.

RUDGE'S RACING ROTARY.

During the last three years we have found that our
wheels have given perfect satisfaction, and with a view
to still further increasing their popularity we have vis-
ited the manufacturers in England and have had our
machines built with all the latest improvements and
changes to meet the requirements of our roads. We
confidently believe we now offer the finest line of wheels
on the American market.

STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.
SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS,
Nos. 152 to 15B Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Send stamp to
S. T. CLARK & CO.

BALTIMORE, MD.

For catalogue and full
particulars of their

SLAUGHTER SALE.

CHARLES J. SCHERER,
MEMPHIS, TENN.

Represents Stoddard,
Lovering & Co., the Over-
man Wheel Company, and
the Western Toy Company
for the sale of Bicycles and
Tricycles.

Coventry, Eng.,
March, 1885.

SINGER & CO. have found
it necessary to entirely withdraw
their Agency from Stoddard, Lovering & Co.,
and have pl-asure in an-
nouncing that they have
appointed W. B. Everett &
Co., 6 and 8 Berkeley street,
Boston, Mass., their sole
agents for the United States.

BULL & BOWEN,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo Duplex Whistle.
Buffalo Tool Bag.

Dealers in Bicycles and
Tricycles; makers of sun-
dries; repairing a specialty.

THE ROYAL MAIL.

A rigid, superbly-built light roadster. The great
demand attests its popularity. We offer it as the highest
quality wheel brought to the States. Examine one,
or send stamp for circular with many testimonials from
leading American wheelmen.

JOHN S. PRINCE, who rode a mile in 2.39 on a ROYAL
MAIL at Springfield last September, says: "It is the
best wheel I ever crossed."

Weight, 36 pounds; 72 tangent spokes; genuine
Warwick hollow rim; hollow forks; detachable cranks;
Bown's Eolus ball bearings; close-fitting noiseless brake;
best moulded rubber tire; oval backbone; new American
adjustable saddle; Buffalo tool bag.

WILLIAM READ & SONS,
AMERICAN AGENTS,

No. 107 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. III.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1885.

NO. 5.

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HENRY E. DUCKER, Editor and Manager.
CHAS. A. FISK, Treasurer.

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CYCLING COMFORTS.

Our wheel manufacturers have got the making of cycles nearly perfect, and, indeed, it is hard to-day to conceive how the wheel can be improved. We have our light roadsters, with balls all round, and everything possible pertaining to easy propulsion, yet our manufacturers have overlooked a few important points, viz.: "cycling comforts," by which we mean, an improved saddle, perfect pedals, handles that will not blister, tool bag, complete for accidents on the road, a convenient luggage carrier, etc., etc.

Of the saddles, we have, thanks to outsiders, a number of excellent ones to choose from, any of which is an improvement on those furnished with our wheels unless, perhaps, we except the Victor saddle and spring. The Lillibrige, Hygienic, and Duryea, and a number of others, are good in their way, but all lack one essential point, and are liable to chafe more or less. Manufacturers who have an eye to business, however, are now turning their attention to these little comforts that tend to make cycle riding a pleasure. The Pope Manufacturing Company has worked out and has nearly completed a new saddle, that bids fair to eclipse all, and will no doubt find a large sale, outside of those used on its own wheels.

Pedals are receiving the same attention. The Victor pedal is without doubt the best on the market, and will be until we see a better one. The new Columbia pedal seems to be a step in advance of all others and from its construction prevents slipping and removes all jar from the legs.

As to handles, who will give us something worthy of the name? They must be large, not smooth but of rather a rough surface, and if possible ventilated.

Tool bags should have a place for everything and everything in its place. When the wheel leaves the factory, the bag should contain a fixed spool with say a hundred feet of binder's wire, oil cup, wrench, screw driver, one extra pedal pin, place for some cotton waste, and a small book on how to use a wheel, care of same, and how to repair break-downs when on the road. With the above few tools and a knowledge of their use a man can always make repairs sufficient to carry him safely to his home or to the next stopping

place. It is the little things that go to make up the comforts of this life, and a wheelman on the road appreciates the little cycling comforts.

OHIO SPEAKS.

In the *World* of August 3, Chief Consul Kirkpatrick voices the State of Ohio on the "makers' amateur question," and puts himself on record. The protesting of Messrs. Whittaker, of Boston, and Webber, of Smithville, is used as a sign of virtue on the part of Ohio wheelmen. And the same can be said of Philadelphia. We find editors writing on this subject, who do not have the remotest idea of running a race meeting, but all the talk in the world will not alter the case, for a successful meeting must be accomplished in one of two ways—the one underhanded, the other by coming out boldly and announcing, as does the Springfield Bicycle Club, generous prizes. The Springfield Club does not do one thing to induce an amateur to participate at its meetings, other than what it advertises. It insists on the largest entrance fees, and gives the men in return the best track and the best prizes to be found at any meeting in the world. *It does not* write the men, as do most of our small and more amateurized brethren, and offer to pay all expenses and give them something in the bargain, to come and race. This we consider one of the worst features of race meetings. At the same time, we fully recognize that a meeting to be successful must have some men of note; therefore we advocate the giving of liberal prizes, announce them boldly, and there stop. Such has been the policy of the Springfield Bicycle Club, and we believe it is the right one to pursue.

"Chris Wheeler" rises to remark in the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, in speaking of the makers' amateurs, or, as he terms them, the "amateur profesh," as follows:—

If there were more men like Furnival and Gatehouse to come over here and try for Springfield honors, we might find the premier race-meet of America taking note of the League's feeling with respect to professionalism. Now, however, at least this year, it would hardly be a square thing to expect the Springfielders to draw very close lines at the big meet.

Such is the opinion of a man who does not know the true inwardness of conducting race meetings. We claim, and can substantiate, that the Springfield Bicycle Club *has, does, and will* take a pride in the fact that it has a greater respect for the amateur question and the feelings of the League, than Ohio, or even the League itself, as evinced by its Buffalo meeting. The simple fact of protesting a man looks very well on the surface, but when the same organization is offering to pay the expenses of a few prominent racing men to attend its meetings, as an attraction, its virtue falls to the ground. We know whereof we speak when we say that the managers of a greater part of the race meetings will not and dare not have an investigation of their methods of conducting them, such as the Springfield Club, acting strictly upon its

public announcements and having nothing to cover, invites. We have never thought to boast of our virtue in this respect, as we considered it only a duty which we owed to the League as its members.

FAST RIDING.

An important decision was rendered in London, Eng., recently by Judge Buckley in favor of a wheelman who was arrested for fast riding. The case in question brought up some new points in law, and it was conclusively shown that the common law against fast driving did not apply to cycling. The rider was coasting the hill at Clapton, legs over handles, and going at about sixteen miles per hour. It was found that the act under which the arrest was made only made it unlawful to ride or drive a beast of burden or carriage, nothing whatever could be construed to make it unlawful to ride or drive an inanimate object through the streets or upon the public highway and the defendant was discharged. This new decision created some excitement, as in former cases a number of wheelmen have been fined for fast riding. Further developments will be watched with interest, as it is a very important question with wheelmen.

GENESEE BICYCLE CLUB.

THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT, ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1885.

Next to the tag business, the members of the Genesee Bicycle Club are noted for the successful carrying out of any enterprise engaged in, and it may be set down as a foregone conclusion that in their third annual tournament, which is announced for Thursday, Sept. 17, they will sustain their reputation. They style it "the grandest one-day meet ever held in the United States," and a glance at their list of events and prizes, advertised elsewhere in this issue, would seem to confirm their right to that title. Prizes amounting to \$1,200 are offered, and are sure to attract the best racers of the country, more especially as it follows so closely the big Springfield meet. The Rochester Driving park is noted as one of the fastest courses in the world, and it will be put in the best possible condition, and very fast time will undoubtedly be made. The events are: One-mile amateur bicycle, 3.10 class; one-mile amateur bicycle, open; one-mile professional bicycle; one-mile professional unicycle; one-mile amateur tricycle; three-mile club championship; five-mile amateur bicycle, open only to members L. A. W.; one-mile safety bicycle, 40 inches or under; one-mile amateur handicap bicycle; one-mile amateur consolation.

The Genesees have issued a handsome invitation and prize list, and are about to issue an elegant 32-page programme, similar in style to the one issued for the late L. A. W. meet, both of which they will be pleased to send to any wheelman upon application.

NEW ZEALAND CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

We have just concluded the most successful season that has been recorded in the colony, successful from every point of view. The number of riders has increased two-fold, consequently new clubs have sprung into existence, whilst the older ones have largely increased their membership, and also their financial prospects. Racing has also improved considerably, *i. e.*, as far as improvement in the time is concerned. The New Zealand Cyclists' Alliance has successfully carried through its series of championships, *viz.*, one, five, and ten miles. It may seem somewhat singular that the events should have been won by riders of the several cities in which the races were contested. The five-mile was held at Dunedin in December, and was won by F. A. Cutten in 18m. 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., the one-mile at Christchurch in January, and won by W. H. Langdown in 3m. 9s., the ten-mile at Auckland, and won by J. A. Stewart in 40m. 21s. The times, however, are of no use as records, having been "knocked to pieces" later in the season, Reece accomplishing the mile at Christchurch, with 60 yards start, in 2m. 54s., also the five miles on the same day, with 100 yards start, in 14m. 56s.; whilst Baldwin of Dunedin also on the same day won the ten miles, with 300 yards start, in 32m. 22s.

A fifty-mile race was held at Christchurch in March, and was won somewhat easily by J. W. Painter in 3h. 38m. A few weeks later a similar race was held at Dunedin, and was won by F. A. Cutten, who succeeded in knocking the Christchurch champion's time to pieces by covering the distance in 3h. 13m., or one minute behind the Australian record.

We are now supposed to be in mid-winter, but really so far we can scarcely term it winter, the weather up to the present having been of an exceedingly mild nature. It seems almost a matter of regret that the cycling season should be closed. In Australia they have no "off" season. I see no reason why the same should not apply to New Zealand.

A deal of fuss has been made here lately over the safety-bicycle craze, *a la Kangaroos*; but up to the present there has only been one of these quaint-looking little machines seen here. Whether they are likely to supersede their older relation is a question that will take time to determine, and, although the rough roads are in their favor here, I am inclined to think the colonial verdict will be against them.

I cannot conclude my letter without alluding to the extremely favorable position THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE occupies among the cyclists of this colony. Indeed, I feel sure that as the GAZETTE becomes more widely known, the more it will be appreciated throughout New Zealand.

"PAKEIA."

CHRISTCHURCH, July 18, 1885.

The two great cycle houses of America—The Pope Manufacturing Co. and Stoddard, Lovering & Co.—have different theories in regard to booming their wheels. The former holds up with pride the unequalled reputation and reliability of its "Columbias" for touring and all around road use, while the latter points to the unapproachable speed of the "Rudge" on the path, and to its host of record-breaking riders. "You pays your money and takes your choice."—*Fort Wayne World*.

News Notes.

The Cycling Times is nine years old.

A. H. Overman has returned from Europe.

St. Louis will be represented at Springfield this fall.

Whittaker of Cambridge has moved to St. Louis.

The Pope cup is to be raced for in Minneapolis this fall.

For reckless road-riding Cola E. Stone holds the championship.

Brooklyn, N. Y., intends to make a bid for the next League meet.

The King of Greece is well pleased with his new Club tricycle.

Ohio wants the next President of the League. Well! That is just like her.

The Cycling Times predicts a total eclipse for John S. Prince at Springfield.

The New York division L. A. W. will hold its annual meeting at Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stall, the well known cyclists, will as usual take in the Springfield meeting.

A big six-day race in Chicago is one of the air-castles Chicago wheelmen are building for the fall.

Hugo Woodward, of Lancaster, N. H., has got out a neat contrivance for the Victor spring seat.

Howell has graduated from his 58 and now rides a 59 Rudge racer weighing only twenty-two pounds.

Editor Aaron has undertaken, in the official *Bulletin*, to train up correspondents in the way they should go.

President Hayes, of the Cambridge Bicycle Club, has sold his tricycle, and now rides a 60-inch Rudge light roadster.

We shall publish a table of new American records in the October number and all (we expect) made on our local track.

Polhill, the Southern flier, and the sensational Crist of Washington, will show up at Springfield. Both ride 54-inch Royal Mails.

The races of the Genesee Bicycle Club are being run on business principles and with fair weather will be a grand success.

At a meeting of the New Jersey Wheelmen, held July 23, J. C. Willever was elected secretary *vice* Mr. L. N. Spinning resigned.

It will not be surprising to see Americans and American-made wheels the "Victors" in the land of "Columbias" the present month.

Bull & Bowen offer to send to all wheelmen a copy of that excellent road book of western New York upon receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Boston professional fliers will attend the Springfield tournament, and get left as usual.—*Boston Globe*. Well, they can't all get thar.

The Philadelphia *Cycling Record* speaks ill of no one, and we would recommend the editor of the *Wheel* to adopt the policy of the *Record*.

The Sporting and Theatrical Journal, of Chicago, since the advent of "Spokes" as cycle editor, publishes weekly a page of the best and liveliest kind of cycling news. Send for a copy.

A Bridgeport man has attached a sail to his bicycle, and expects it to do the propelling while he is attending to the balancing and steering.

F. W. Warner, of Farmington, Mich., won the one and five-mile State championships together with the one-mile dash at Coldwater, Mich., July 17.

The number of spectators who daily witness the racing men taking their practice spins would gladden the hearts of many cycle tournament managers.

George D. Gideon, of Philadelphia, is to have a stock of the celebrated Invincible wheels, and a chance is offered our wheelmen to inspect his stock.

Wheeling has secured the services of "Chris Wheeler" as correspondent, and we congratulate our English brethren of the wheel on the excellent choice.

Wheelmen wishing for a full detailed account of the races should order for one week the *Republican*, price 18 cents, and the *Union*, price 12 cents post-paid.

For the visit to our shores of England's best racing men America owes a vote of thanks to that energetic and live Harry Etherington, editor of *Wheeling*.

Engleheart's many victories in the safety races on a Kangaroo, having broken records, have been the sensation of late in England. This little machine is a wonder.

C. H. Potter, of Cleveland, has so far recovered from his accident as to be able to mount his new racing Cripper tricycle. Charlie expects to be with us in September.

Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. intend to make a specialty of Rudge racing machines, and have now in stock a complete line of racing bicycles, tricycles, safeties, and tandems.

Cycling, your editorial stating that the track at Springfield, Mass., is a trotting track is erroneous. Our track is built especially for bicycles and is without a doubt the finest in the world.

Every wheelman, whether a tourist or not, should send twenty cents to George Chinn, Marblehead, and obtain one of the second edition of that valuable road book of Essex county.

E. H. Corson, of Manchester, N. H., who coasted down Mount Washington on his Star wheel, intends to wheel to Springfield tournament in two days; the distance is about 200 miles.

Wheelmen and others visiting Springfield during the tournament, having letters addressed in care of the local club, will find same in the club box at the L. A. W. hotel—the Haynes hotel.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE remarked last April, that when the proper time came Brooks would deliver up the ten-mile medal. It is now waiting for the winner at Springfield.

Two members, A. G. Collins and H. A. Thayer, of the Suffolk Wheel Club, are to tour to New York, in September, by way of Springfield and Albany, stopping at Springfield during the meet.

Brethren of the wheel, let us extend to our visiting English wheelmen a generous and hearty welcome, and when we meet in friendly rivalry, may the best man win, and his true merit be appreciated.

Honor to whom honor is due; the lithographs of Hampden park, and knights of the wheel, were done by the Milton Bradley Company, of this city, and the new and large posters which have been so

much admired, were executed by the Courier Company, of Buffalo.

Some idea of how records are made at the Springfield meeting may be judged from the fact that at the last meeting of the club in 1884 thirty-one new records were made out of a possible thirty-three.

As usual, the Overman Wheel Company will welcome wheelmen to Springfield, their tent, and to smoke the pipe of peace after the battle shall have been fought, and the "Victor" will be on hand to welcome all.

A lady writer in the English press, describing the under-garments she uses when tricycling, says: "I have worn them constantly for seven years." We should think they would need changing by this time.

The Missouri State division L. A. W. makes the following startling announcement: "Missouri wants the next League meet, and intends to 'howl' for it." By the way, brethren, what's the matter with Massachusetts?

Frank W. Weston is sick with a slow fever, and the Springfield tournament is deprived of a valuable man as judge. The wheelmen who visit us annually will also miss the ever loved and popular father of cycling in this country.

J. O. Blake, writing to a tournament manager recently, among other things, said: "Professional races, when properly conducted, are the great features of any bicycle meeting, and do more to popularize the sport than anything else."

A lad riding a bicycle had a narrow escape from being killed in this city. He was struck by the tender of an engine on the New York and New England road and thrown from his wheel, escaping with slight bruises and little injury to the wheel.

Wheel Life says:—"It is satisfactory to learn that Furnivall is going to the Springfield meeting, because we can now be sure that the Americans will have the opportunity of competing against one of the most truly representative men that England can send."

The correct times made in the Irish championships are as follows: One mile—first heat, 2m. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; second heat, 3m. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; final heat, 2m. 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. One mile tricycle—first heat, 3m. 50s.; second heat, 3m. 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; final heat, 3m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Four mile bicycle, 12m. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

The Milton Bradley Company, of this city, has issued a neat and handy road map of Springfield and vicinity, showing the good and bad roads for carriages and cycles. The wheeling part is the work of our local consul, C. E. Whipple. It is mailed post-paid for twenty-five cents.

"In and around Cape Ann," by John S. Webber, Jr., is a charming little book of 100 pages, 12mo, containing a pleasing account of a trip around that famous cape, illustrated with numerous engravings, and well worthy of a place in every man's home, whether a wheelman or not.

C. F. Beckers, captain of the Missouri Bicycle Club of St. Louis, is happy over a beautiful 52-inch Rudge, which he received a short time ago. Mr. Beckers is one of the party who coasted Mount Washington last year, and is considered one of the hardest road-riders in the West.

The Genesee Bicycle Club has at the request of Abbot Bassett, chairman of the racing board, reduced the prizes on its five-mile race for L. A. W.

members only, to first prize value fifty dollars, second to thirty-five, third to twenty, making a reduction in the total value of nearly two hundred dollars.

A battered specimen of humanity called on the John Wilkinson Company, of Chicago, the other day, and said he was a wheelman. His two arms were in slings and his nose safely secured in plaster of paris. He told Mr. Richardson, the bicycle salesman, that he had been "spurting" with a dog in Lincoln park.

The new Columbia racer is a daisy, and we soon shall have a new list of records to record, in fact the average editor long since gave up keeping track of the wheels our racing men ride. But every new one seems to jump into glory and fame in an instant, and it is fair to presume the Columbia will not disappoint its makers.

Who takes the ten-mile medal? This is without a doubt the finest bicycle medal in the United States. It was made to order for the Springfield Bicycle Club in 1883, and cost nearly \$300. The winner this time holds the medal. Come, boys, now is your time to secure a handsome medal, and all records up to and including ten miles.

The story is told of the "Big Four tour" that the tourists were inclined to regard Hendee as only a track racer who would probably drop out on the road, and before they had gone many miles bets were made that he wouldn't finish the tour. At the end of the long journey Hendee was the only tourist who had ridden every hill on the route.

Boston has ten cycle firms, all of them wealthy and deeply interested in the sport, but still the city has no race track or anything to give an interest to the sport for the young men.—*Boston Globe*. The cycle firms are ready to build the track, but where are the men who will get up the meetings and do the work? A track is no good without workers.

The Canadian has at last fallen. For three years I have been at them to make free entry of "bikes" into Canada. The last onslaught was up "Big Four." The minister of customs now rules free entry when as personal property, same as other vehicles. Score one for L. A. W. and "Big Four."

B. B. AVERS.

CHICAGO, July 25.

An honest advertisement is worth reading, and is also surprising, and the advertisement of W. B. Everett & Co. is a decided novelty, inasmuch as it reads: "The twenty-four hour record broken by L. D. Munger, of Detroit. Mr. Munger broke the record. It was not the wheel he rode, but the man who did it." Here is a confession which other cycle dealers might follow with profit.

The English champions for the year 1885 are as follows: One-mile bicycle, S. Sellers, 2m. 47 1-5s.; five-mile tricycle, R. Cripps, 16m. 53 1-5s.; five-mile bicycle, M. V. J. Webber, 14m. 23 3-5s.; one-mile tricycle, P. Furnivall, 3m. 5 2-5s.; twenty-five mile tricycle, G. Gatehouse, 1h. 26m. 29 2-5s.; fifty-mile bicycle, R. H. English, 2h. 45m. 13 4-5s.; twenty-five mile bicycle, R. H. English, 1h. 20m. 13s.

Speaking for the Cleveland Club we can say that they would enter most heartily into any scheme to lessen the value of prizes and so live more fully up to the amateur rule.—*Cycling*. The excuse because Springfield offers large prizes others are obliged to do so is a lame one. We ask

no one to follow in our footsteps; we tread in no beaten path, but run our meeting according to our best judgment.

In speaking of the Buffalo meeting the *Athletic News* says: "The feature of the race meeting held in connection with the L. A. W. meet was the grand riding of G. M. Hendee, the American champion, who, if it be true that he covered a mile in 2m. 44s. on a loose trotting track, will want a lot of beating at the big fall tournaments, no matter who may be sent over from this country to meet him."

The Troy Bicycle Club will hold its fourth annual races at Island park, September 3, 1885, with the following programme: 1, one-mile novice; 2, one-half mile (T. Bi. C.); 3, one-mile (tricycle); 4, five-mile (club championship); 5, one-mile bicycle, amateur, open; 6, two-mile (Rens. Co. championship); 7, one-mile (without hands); 8, three-mile (record race); 9, slow race (50 yards); 10, consolation race (one mile).

To any one that is thinking of buying a bicycle, we will say that one of the best opportunities ever offered, is now being offered by the American Bicycle Company, of Springfield, Mass. They now expect to close out their entire business as early as October 1, and in order to do this they are offering prices which will warrant quick sales. They have more than forty machines in stock, but at the prices they are selling them they will not last many weeks.

In reviewing the cycling press of to-day "Mercker" in the *Rugby Monthly* says the *Wheel* is "always picking at somebody or something,—does not contain much news," and likens it unto the fly on the chariot wheel, which said, "behold how great a dust I raise." In speaking of the *GAZETTE*, he thinks we have too much Springfield. Well, we have always found Springfield a good party to back up, and never mean to let the chance to say a good word in its favor go by.

Letts & Son, the London publishers of maps and guide books for wheelmen, recently sent Karl Kron an order for ten copies of "X. M. Miles on a Bi," thereby raising his English total to 130. At the head of the Australian list (89) stands Sandhurst, with 26 subscribers, or more than double the number supplied by any other town in that part of the world. Scotland sends nine pledges and Ireland six, and the whole number enrolled on August 3 was 3,107.

The recent criticism of Mr. Kenny Child of the May meeting of the Springfield Club and Hendee's record, in the *C. T. C. Gazette*, is not in keeping with the gentlemanly bearing of Mr. Child when in this country. It is to say the least not a truthful criticism, although it may be an honest one on the part of Mr. Child. Say what you will about us, Mr. Child, but please remember we are in the land of George Washington, and have somewhat of a regard for the truth.

"Forty cents postage due," writes Karl Kron, "was a cry that rather took off the edge of my enthusiasm over the ninetieth subscription received from Oceanica. The secretary of the North Adelaide Bicycle Club seems to have forgotten the desirability of prepaying these little tokens of affection. However, as he is my first patron in the province of South Australia, I'll forgive him, in the sweet hope that when the blessed book reaches his hands it will be the humble means of selling a hundred copies there. Great Britain and Ireland have now (August 17) supplied 161 sub-

scribers for my list; though a writer in one of the London weeklies insisted, when I had only 40, that I could not reasonably expect to capture any more.

The Massachusetts division L. A. W. will hold its annual field day at Worcester, Mass., Thursday, September 24, and the division will set the example of not holding any races in connection, but will devote the day to having a general good time, a pleasant but short run, a picnic in the woods, and such a time as the older wheelmen can well remember, and one not met with elsewhere. Worcester Eolus Wheelmen know how to entertain wheelmen so that in after years only pleasant memories exist towards a Worcester wheelman.

The London Express Courier Corps, which trains boys to act as messengers at a moment's notice, and has an office at 169 Praed street, Paddington, has pressed the bicycle into its service, for, in addition to bicycle-mounted couriers patrolling the streets from 9.30 A. M. until 6.30 P. M., or in winter until sunset, looking for the window "M" cards which denote, "Want a messenger," a cycle-mounted boy is kept at the depot for urgent messages or long distances. The charges are very moderate, being 2d. for the first half-mile, and 1d. for every additional half-mile.

The number of cycling publications is altogether too many, and it is an outrage on the cycle dealers to have to support them, and, in order to reduce the number, THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE offers to buy, at a reasonable price, any paper that wishes to close up its business.—*S. W. Gazette*. At this rate we shall shortly have THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE making a bid for the Solar system.—*Wheel*. Behind, as usual. Why, bless you, Mr. Wheel, we bought that four years ago, and have used it at every tournament since, for the benefit of visiting wheelmen and our lady friends.

"A Canterbury Pilgrimage," ridden, written, and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell; 1 vol., 8 vo. Paper; 50 cents. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell furnish an exceedingly entertaining story of an unconventional journey from London to Canterbury. A year ago they started off one hot August morning to make the pilgrimage, not by rail, as the latter-day pilgrims usually travel, but on a tricycle. It was a merry spin through a glorious country, following the road of the famous company of by-gone days. The history of the ride is most charmingly told, and the illustrations which crowd every page are in Mr. Pennell's happiest vein.

Ever determined to keep the lead in all directions, *Wheeling* gives a formulae which it has had prepared by an eminent mathematician by which wheelmen will be able to calculate the strength of their wheel, and thus assure themselves beforehand whether the machine is likely to buckle or collapse under any conditions. The following is the formulae in as simple terms as the nature of the case will allow. "Cross-multiply the internal concavity of the diaphragon of the hub, by the external convexity of the parallelabollaspindledoil of the neutral axis of the axle, plus the cosine of the arc of the backbone, minus, of course, the differential periphery, and the co-efficient of the tangential strain caused by the tensile elasticity of the spokes to the molecular modulus of the felloe."

Electrotype plates for about 375 pages of "Ter Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" have now been

made by the Springfield Printing Company,—the latest being those of the 29th chapter. In the revised prospectus of the book, which was prepared for the GAZETTE of last October, Karl Kron suggested the probability that he might omit this chapter entirely; but it proves in fact to be one of the very longest in the volume. It gives in great detail the curious facts and traditions connected with "Castle Solitude." Among other oddities it shows that "X. M. Miles" is probably the only book ever written in America in an apartment which has been visited by the future King of England. (Subscriptions nevertheless continue to be registered at the same old rate!)

Where is Fred Russ Cook? or is it because he is East, that the following challenge is issued: "SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1885. To the Editor of the Chronicle—Sir: For several years past I have styled myself the 'champion trick bicyclist of the Pacific coast,' and as I have seen this title disputed, now let any of these wheelmen who doubt my skill step forward. I am here ready to make a match with any rider on the coast, either trick riding or racing, one mile to twenty-four hours, for from \$50 to \$300, and the championship of the coast. If this challenge is not answered inside of one week I shall term myself the 'Pacific Coast Champion Bicyclist,' and afterwards any letters will reach me addressed to Portland, Or. FRED T. MERRILL, 'Champion Trick Bicyclist of the Pacific Coast.'"

In a series of notes to one of our American contemporaries, the *World*, Mr. Dean, whose nickname of "London, W." he still retains, says:—"Stevens, the combination between a cyclist and a pedestrian, did not please Englishmen much, and in fact only a very few showed him any attention at all. I have never seen the man, but I believe he is exceedingly quiet and personally not charming or attractive, while, as he is regarded simply as an advertisement, he receives about as much attention as the handbill you throw into the gutter without reading." "London, W." is a very good fellow, we are prepared to admit, but we must distinctly point out to him that in the above statement he does not in any shape or form represent English opinion.—*Cycling Times*. We rather regret that our Mr. Dean should misrepresent our English brethren.

Arrangements have been completed for a grand professional one-mile heat handicap race, to take place at Athletic park, Washington, D. C., commencing Monday, September 21, when prizes to the amount of \$500 in gold will be given as follows: First prize, \$300; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$60; fourth prize, \$30; fifth prize, \$10. Each competitor will run two heats each day until he has competed against each man entered in the race, the winner of the most heats to receive the first prize, and of the next number of heats the second prize, etc. This will be a distance handicap, each man starting from his mark. All entries must be made to L. Moxley, 608 Tenth street, Washington, on or before September 7, 12 p. m. Entrance fee \$1, which must accompany the entry. This is a big inducement to the professionals, and a large number of entries will be the result, and good racing and fast time will doubtless be made.

The third annual meet of Minnesota wheelmen will be held in Minneapolis, September 22. The parade and business meeting of the State division of the L. A. W. will occur in the forenoon, and

the races in the afternoon. All wheelmen throughout the Northwest, and the State especially, are requested to send their names as well as the names of all wheelmen in their vicinity, to S. F. Heath, Minneapolis, that they may be supplied with programmes and all matter pertaining to the meet. The races will include a contest for the famous Pope cup, which is offered for the twenty-mile championship. To obtain the cup it will be necessary to win it three times, or else cover the twenty miles in less than an hour. The following is a list of the contests already arranged: One-mile open, one-half mile L. A. W. State championship, five-mile Northwestern championship, three-mile tug of war for clubs, two-mile State championship, one-mile 3.30 class, twenty miles for Pope cup, one-half-mile novice race, one-fourth-mile consolation race.

L. D. Munger, of Detroit, Mich., made a new twenty-four hour road record on July 31 and August 1, starting from Everett & Co.'s store, Warren avenue, Boston, to South Framingham, back to South Natick, then to Salem, to Newburyport, back over the same road to South Natick, from there to South Braintree, then return to Milton Lower Mills, and thence to corner Harrison avenue and Newton street, Boston—a total of 211½ miles. Taken as a whole, the roads were very good, but in some places, especially through Essex county, rough and sandy stretches were found. It rained during the ride from Lynn to Rowley. The record made was 211½ miles. The distance was registered by a tested cyclometer, and the performance attested by Messrs. Gideon Haynes, Jr., W. B. Everett, and W. F. Pope, who, in turn, accompanied the rider, and by numerous postals which were sent to Abbot Bassett, the chairman of the L. A. W. racing board. Munger is captain of the Detroit Bicycle Club, is 23 years of age, weighs about 160 pounds, and rode a 54-inch Apollo bicycle.

"The accident to Lewis Hamilton causes regret and sympathy among many persons here, for he is hardly second to Hendee in local friendships. He himself is most hurt by the fact that the accident prevents his keeping his announced purpose of making a new set of bicycle records above five miles. He declares that he would rather have broken both arms if he could only have first fulfilled the expectations that have been raised. As it is, perhaps the only "twenty miles within the hour" amateur rider to be found in America at the present time, is incapacitated for the rest of the season. There may be others who have it in them to make such an achievement, but with Hamilton it was not merely a possibility but as near a certainty as anything can be in racing. The misfortune leaves only Hunter and perhaps Rowe to represent New England at long distances on the track, so long as Hendee leaves that kind of work alone. The accident, which broke a bone in the left arm and dislocated the left wrist, happened while Hamilton was spurring by W. G. Rowe of Lynn on the park track. The handle-bars of the machines touching, Hamilton was thrown forward. His wheel was smashed. Though he cannot race on a bicycle again for a good while, he may get recreation and perhaps some racing on a tricycle."

—*Republican*. We quote the above as showing the estimation with which Hamilton is regarded here. His gentlemanly bearing and pleasing manners have won for him a host of friends, who as deeply regret the accident as Hamilton himself. It is a sad disappointment to Springfields.

REMEMBER**Grand Bicycle Tournament!**—AT THE—
RHODE ISLAND STATE FAIR,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

PROVIDENCE BICYCLE CLUB,

—AT—

NARRAGANSETT PARK, near Providence, R. I., TUESDAY, September 22, 1885.

PRIZES AGGREGATING \$500.00 WILL BE GIVEN.

PROGRAMME OF RACES.

1 Mile,	Open.....	1st Prize, Silver Cup, \$25.00; 2d Prize, Silver Goblet.....	\$10.50
½ Mile,	Boys' Race.....	1st Prize, Gold Medal; 2d Prize, Silver Medal.....
1 Mile,	Championship of Rhode Island,	1st Prize, Gold Medal; 2d Prize, Butcher Cyclometer
2 Miles,	Tricycle.....	1st Prize, Suit of Clothes, presented by C. B. Smith, Tailor, valued \$50.00; 2d Prize, Silver Cup, chased and gold-lined, valued.....
¾ Mile,	Without Hands.....	1st Prize, Gold Medal; 2d Prize, Silver Medal.....	16.50
1 Mile,	College Cham'ship of New Eng.	1st Prize, Gold Medal; 2d Prize, Ball Pedals.....
2 Miles,	Professional.....	1st Prize, \$50.00; 2d Prize, \$35.00; 3d Prize.....	15.00
½ Mile,	Triycle.....	1st Prize, Silver Cup, \$25.00; 2d Prize, Silver Vase.....	15.50
1 Mile,	Club.....	1st Prize, Gold Medal; 2d Prize, Silver Medal; 3d Prize, Hygienic Saddle..
3 Miles,	Lap Race.....	1st Prize, Silver Cup, \$40.00; 2d Prize, Brass Cigar Case.....	18.50
1 Mile,	Stars Only.....	1st Prize, Gold Medal; 2d Prize, Silver Medal.....
1 Mile,	Consolation.....	1st Prize, Church Cyclometer; 2d Prize, Silk Umbrella; 3d Prize, Scarf Pin; 4th Prize, Subscription to Bicycling World, one year; 5th Prize, Luggage Carrier.....

ENTRANCE FEE \$1.00 to all Events except the Boys' Race, which is 50 cents. ENTRIES CLOSE Saturday, September 12, 1885.

ADDRESS,

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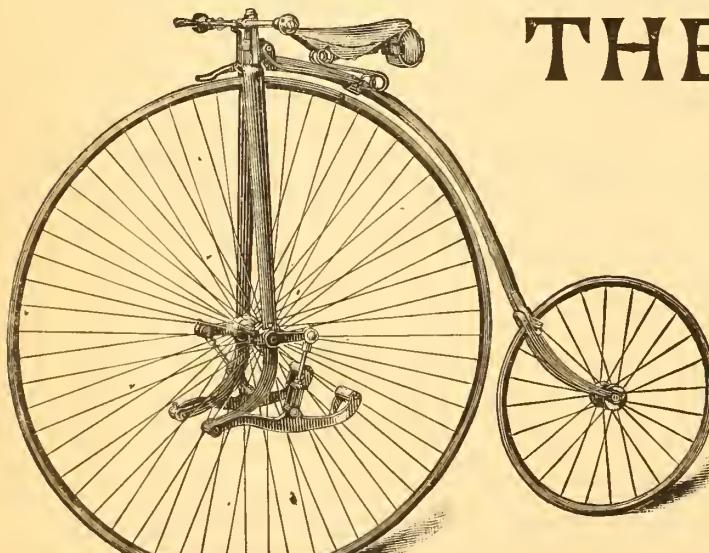
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Ten Miles, in 33½ minutes.

Twenty Miles (actually Twenty-one Miles), in 1 hour 15 minutes.

Fifty Miles (actually Fifty-one Miles), in 3 hours 15 minutes.

Twenty-four Hours, covering 266½ miles.

Seven Days, covering 924 miles.

The Longest Continuous Ride, covering 2,050 miles in 19 consecutive days.

The above is the THIRD TIME it has broken the 24-hours record. It has done 100 miles in 7½ hours, and holds every road record but one. It has made more records of 200 miles and over in one day than any other machine whatever, and for universal availability for all roads, weather, and purposes, and ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND, is simply unapproachable. Get 1885 Price-List and read about it.

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FACILE ❖ LUBRICATING * OIL ❖

Will never gum, thicken, dry up, clog, or change, in or out of use. The cleanest, clearest, finest, and most perfect lubricator for wheels. Ball bearings oiled only with it will never get sticky. Use it, if you want to beat records, or to save trouble, or to have the best. Is not sperm, and is sold at about the price of the poorest stuff in market. Absolutely warranted. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Cannot be mailed. Ask your dealer for it, and if he does not keep it I will send six or more bottles, expressage paid, to any point east of the Rockies, on receipt of price.

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For general use on bicycles, tricycles, and other articles. Smooth, jet black, fine, very lustrous; dries very quickly; wears well; one coat suffices; anybody can apply it. The best substitute in the market for baked enamel, and much the cheapest. Price, 50 cents a bottle, with camel-hair brush. Cannot be mailed. Warranted as represented. Ask your dealer for it, and insist on having it. If he does not keep it and will not get it, I will send four or more bottles, expressage paid, to any point east of the Rockies, on receipt of price.

W. G. WILCOX, 15 Park Place, New York.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

The chairman of the header committee threatens to get a safety machine.

The all-winter-road-rider of the Solitary Club wishes to buy a 44 Facile.

It is very creditable at times to put on Ayers, and the L. A. W. has done it to good purpose.

That lantern parade and collation at the Brunswick is pleasantly remembered. Thirty-one wheels were in line.

Two new riders have lately been enabled to enjoy the delightful scenery of Sound Beach, to better advantage, by joining the ranks of cyclers.

The charming cousins at "The One Elm" complain that bicycles mar the paint on their new front fence! Severe punishment awaits the vandals, when caught.

Some mischief has been wrought over on the Cos Cob road, for a staid and benedictine wheelman cannot so much as lift his hat to cool his fevered brow without a dainty bit of lace or a fair hand will "wave the answer back."

In addition to THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, the Stamford Wheel Club rooms are supplied with bound volumes of *Outing*, the *Cyclist*, *Cycling*, the *Cyclist and Athlete*, *Bretano's Monthly*, and the walls are hung with various wheeling pictures, boxing gloves, and other weapons of athletic warfare. Their billiard cues see daily service and the club name in gold letters is on the plate glass windows.

One of our most pleasant local runs was with four fellow wheelmen to Dumpling Pond and the Steep Hollow region, the other week, where the roads so crooked, seemed to lose themselves frequently in winding about among the hills, and the ticket agent was so charmed that words failed him in his admiration of this miniature Yosemite valley. Apparently in mute despair, and certainly decaying, stands an old rolling mill on the bank of a little river, musical on its way over the rocks to the southward where it empties into the sound. Little else than birds, squirrel, or river breaks the silence along this shady waterway, and this feature of the place must be what makes the runs this way so frequent and enjoyable. STAMSON.

WHEELING WISDOM FROM OHIO.

Ohio's fastest man, Asa Dolph, has been appropriately honored by the Springfield, Mass., Club, with a two-fold illustration in their elegant lithograph collection of "*Knights of the Wheel*".

"Toledo!—oil that squeaking wheel,
Ohio wants no ruction,
Unite both clubs, and she will fee!
Rejoiced at your wise action."

Let us rather be observers and mildly criticise but not imitate the hostile rivalry existing among some of our clubs in the Eastern States, where two or more are found in the same city. Toledo had better sift out the growlers and then reorganize as one club.

The Buckeye Bicycle Club, of Columbus, now holds the best twenty-four hour road record for this State. One of its members recently placed 158 miles to his credit, made in a run from midnight, July 3, to midnight, July 4. Two more members, Messrs. Hughes and Perley also beat the previous record of 131 miles by some nine miles.

Chris Wheeler says Chief Consul Kirkpatrick voiced the sentiments of the last League meet when he demanded an amateur League for ama-

teurs only. This perhaps is true and, no doubt our excellent Chief Consul in expressing his sentiments was actuated only by the good desire to support the fundamental principles of our association. But who can tell whether the much discussed amateur professional problem might not be solved, by the addition of a professional department to our League? One fact is certain, a professional dash, dished up as a dressing to an amateur race, will attract a much larger number of people than the amateur race alone would.

WILLHELM.

FOR SPRINGFIELD.

The shades of night had left the sky
(the sun was nearly three hours high),
When through the Berkshire county flew
A cycling tourist, clad in blue,

For Springfield.

His smile was grim, his helmet white,
His M. I. P. was strapped down tight;
Anon he whispered with a sigh,
"I'll break the record, if I die,"

For Springfield.

"Hold on, young feller, what the deuce!"—
The farmer paused, it was no use,
While from the flying umberel
He thought he heard a distant yell,—

For Springfield!

Next morning, at the break of day,
As Berkshire cowboys took their way
To 'ard pasture bars, a whispered plaint
Fell like an echo,—thin and faint,—

For Springfield!

There in the road-bed, pale and grand,
Half buried in the depth of sand,
The record-breaking tourist lay,—
A fateful child of destiny,

For Springfield.

His wheel was buckled, spoke and rim,
His breath came short, his eyes grew dim,—
Then, with a soulful smile, he drew
One gasp, and—"Please-to-check-me-through—"

For Springfield.

There are many red-letter days in the wheelman's calendar. At present the most brilliantly illuminated page in the cyclist's year-book is that which bears the name Springfield; for, by all odds, the Springfield tournament has come to be the most important fixture of the cycling season. Its almost phenomenal success has been due mainly to three causes: delightful weather, a central location, with a large population in the surrounding country to draw from, and last, though not least, the employment of business methods and enterprise in carrying out the scheme.

And, now, for a third time, representative wheelmen from everywhere, and some of our cousins from over the pond, will soon assemble in Hampden Park to see or to do. There will be hard fighting over the records; and, judging from sundry straws that have been floating in the wind since the season opened, some of the records themselves will be forced down a number of seconds. There will be disappointments, of course, and not a few surprises, and some new names may be found inscribed upon the roll of victory in the final summing up. As for those of us who do not race, we will secure comfortable seats on the grand stand, buy the official score-card, and, when the winning man comes in, whoever he may be, find felicitous enjoyment in shaking hands all round and in lusty cheering. Besides, we shall meet scores of good fellows, before and after the races, and the cause of bicycling will be advanced.

—*Outing for September*.

Correspondence.

TOURISTS' BIRTHDAYS WANTED.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

As a number of wheelmen will take long tours to your September tournament, I wish to ask those of them who are methodically-minded, and who keep a record of each day's mileage, to send me a summary of the same for possible insertion in "X. M. Miles on a Bi."

I have decided that it would be a valuable addition to my statistics if I could print the age of each man whose name is included therein; and I therefore ask each one of those who may send me road-reports, or touring records of any sort, to add thereto the exact date of his birth (day and month as well as year).

I offer the same request to each man who may hitherto have supplied me with any records. I can hardly spend time to address a private note to each one; but I shall be glad to print their birthdays, as well as those of the general officers of the League and the State divisions. Let every man of them who reads this, and who is willing to help make my list perfect, at once inscribe his own birthday upon a postal card addressed to me at the University Building, on Washington Square.

As several correspondents have expressed a wish "to see me at Springfield," I may as well add that the task of writing my book is too absorbing to admit of my going there. Indeed, I fear the year 1885 will reach its end without once allowing me to mount a bicycle. Of course I hope to get the book out before then,—possibly in October; more likely in November, though I very much fear it will approach 500 pages in size. Names can be inserted in appendix, on pledge of a dollar, up to the last hour before going to press. My total to-night is 3,137.

KARL KRON.

NEW YORK, August 17, 1885.

BAY CITY WHEELMEN.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Our tourney came off July 25 in fine style, wheelmen from all over the coast coming to visit us and show by their presence the interest manifested, and I may truly say that July 25 and 26 were the greatest days that bicycling has yet seen west of the Mississippi river.

We had a very fashionable audience of about 2,000, who were highly pleased, the Demon Drill being especially amusing. The drill corps of eight men produced a startling effect, as they wheeled into the center under the blaze of calcium lights, the gas having previously been turned out. Wheeling through difficult figures they were applauded again and again, and retired to their quarters only when the perspiration was flowing freely through their grease paint. When Cook made his appearance to ride his two miles he was cheered so resolutely that the building fairly shook, and when he mounted his steed, it was noticeable that he was rendered somewhat nervous by the unlooked for welcome, and that accounts to a large extent for the slow time made. The corners were also very sharp, being an 8½ lap track.

In the one-mile scratch, W. G. Davis showed up to strong advantage the good effects of training, as he also did in the five-mile, in both of which he was an easy victor, getting away from all our best men. He is a young rider about 18 years of age, and is going to give some of the boys a good rub next time.

There were about 2,000 persons in attendance, by far the larger number of whom were ladies, who seemed to share in the excitement as much as any one.

July 26 the wheelmen began to assemble about 9.30 on the avenue leading to the park, and by 10.30 there were 110 present and the call was sounded to mount. The Bay City Wheelmen headed by Capt. Cook led the line, followed by the San Francisco Bicycle Club, Benicia Cyclists, Oakland Wheelmen, Garden City Bicycle Club of San Jose, and Petaluma Wheelmen, the unattached wheelmen and visitors from the interior towns bringing up the rear. The route was through Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House and return to the park. It was a beautiful spectacle to see the long line, when strung out in single file, and when we wheeled through evolutions like a snake; and it is one that will be long remembered by the cyclists of this coast.

Well I guess we were ready for the feed when we arrived at the banqueting hall at 1 P. M., and I am pretty sure we did full justice to it. When the boys had stowed away about all the banquet they could comfortably hold, President Hill arose and opened the show by a few introductory remarks welcoming the guests and concluded by calling on Mr. De Clairmont, the oldest rider on the coast, for a speech, which was responded to in a hearty and humorous manner by that gentleman. He stated he had been riding a machine for nine years and he is now about 60, and he said he intended to ride as long as he lived. Of course this style was the kind to bring cheers, which were given with a vim for the old veteran, as also for his friend, Mr. Hobe, who is still older (63) and who always accompanies him. A song was next indulged in by the Bay City Quartette, after which the various clubs were toasted, and responded to. President Hill thought it would then be well to have a recitation, and arose and announced, "We have some singers, and we also have some speakers" (he wished to catch some one at a disadvantage and call on them for a recitation), when his voice was drowned by cries of "Tom Hill," "Hill," until he was forced to get out and speak himself, which he did much to every one's delight. Next came the presentation of a beautiful medal to Mr. F. R. Cook, from the wheelmen of the Pacific coast for the breaking of the one-fourth mile record of the world. Cook thanked the wheelmen heartily, and said he would try and merit their esteem by doing as well when East, upon which he was given three lusty cheers that shook the building (the buildings out this way are pretty solid). He was also presented with a handsome medal by the B. C. W. for his 24-hour road record. Next came the poem read by S. F. Booth, Jr., which was as follows:—

In ancient times, as history tells,
The Spartans and Boeotians
Contended in the Olympian games
With the most famous Grecians.
They came from all the Attic towns,
From Argus and Laconia,
From Corinth, the Ionian Isles,
From Thrace and Macedonia.

To run, to wrestle, and to fight
They strained each them and sinew,
Just as you tug and strive to-day,
For everything that's in you.
The greatest names in all the land
Contested in the races,
Or urged the flying steeds along
And put them through their paces.
And crowns and garlands decked the brows

Of those who were victorious,
And minstrels sang their victories,
In rhapsodies most glorious.
Their native towns and families
Were honored by the nations,
And their achievements handed down
To future generations.
How would those ancient worthies stare
If they were *live and real men*,
Could they behold a tournament
Of the Bay City Wheelmen!

How clumsy would their chariots seem,
How slow their fastest horses,
Compared with the silent steeds
That fly along our courses.
Their swiftest pace would seem a walk
Behind our iron fliers,
And their best steed would soon be blown
While ours never tires.

The brightest names in all their games
And the most cool and steady,
Would raise our smiles in twenty miles
When racing with our *Freddie*.
Their fleetest nags would stand no show
In five-mile runs or under,
For Johnston, Meeker, Hill, or Day
Would beat them all to thunder.

And as for tricks, why he would be
A smart old circus rooster,
Who would presume to make a fair
Comparison with Schnuster.
Their records of a mile or so
Would fall to very little,
If placed against the time of Prince
Or even Bobby Tittel.

Then here's the steed that never tires,
The steady, patient plodder,
That never balks and never walks
And never needs a fodder.
The willing horse that never sulks
And no one ever thrashes,
The horse that ne'er gets lame or sick
And never needs bran mashes.

The horse that labors twenty years
Of ceaseless, useful toiling,
And only needs a little grooming
And a little oiling.
The horse that never runs away,
You know just where to find him,
The "boss of all the road" that leaves
All other steeds behind him.

The champions of the previous evening were next toasted, followed by songs and speeches *ad libitum*. Thus ended the second tournament and race meet of the Bay City Wheelmen.

* * *

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:

Providence has at last fallen into line, and proposes to give a one day tournament that will draw the fast men, both amateur and professional. The races are to be held in connection with the Rhode Island State Fair and are under the auspices of the Providence Bicycle Club. Valuable prizes are offered which should be to the victor "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." They consist of silver cups, gold and silver medals, bicycle sundries, etc. The silver cups are of elegant design and finish and are the work of the Meriden Britannia Company. The first prize in the one-mile is a cup engraved and gold lined, fifteen inches high. The first in the lap race is an elegant cup about twenty inches high and is gold inlaid and gold lined. The suit of clothes for the two-mile tricycle is the best that can be produced, and is furnished by C. B. Smith, one of the best tailors in the city. The medals are the work of Chas. F. Iron, of Providence, and are A 1 in every respect. The professionals are not to be left out, \$100 being provided for their benefit.

The Narragansett Park track is in the opinion of horsemen the fastest track in the country. It was on this track that the world's record was broken by Jay Eye See last season, and Maud S. is at present training with the expectation of lowering hers a notch or two while here. We hope to have a large entry list and will promise all wheelmen a pleasant time.

Yours very truly,

GEO. R. MCASLAN, *Sec'y.*

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

On August 12th a brother cyclist and myself started for Burlington, N. J., at about 7 A. M. The fog was so dense that we could scarcely see fifty paces in advance of us. We rode to Smithville, a distance of four miles, making one dismount at the worst sand hill in existence, and pushing for about two hundred yards through about four inches of genuine Jersey sand, with just enough dampness on top to stick to the tire. On reaching the summit we mounted and rode into Smithville, at about 7.20 A. M., in time to see "King" (coming in the grounds of the American Star Bicycle Works), and I told him I came to have those funny bars fixed. The "King" then said, "if you will bring me some of those Vincentown pears I will fix those cross-eyed bars correct." Leaving my 48 and borrowing another—a 51 inch Star—we bade the Smithvilians, together with Powell and Webber (who were about leaving for the Pittsfield, Mass., races), adieu, leaving Smithville at 9 A. M. for Mt. Holly, a distance of three miles; finding the roads damp, together with a heavier, larger, and strange machine to battle with, our progress was slow, reaching Mt. Holly about 9.25. Losing no time, we passed that town and headed for Burlington, six miles, finding a part of the clay roads in such a condition as to prohibit any "record breaking," and taking the Mt. Holly-Burlington road arrived in the city of Burlington about 10.15. Riding in on High street, we wheeled to the Delaware to get the refreshing breeze that blew from the river. Later we rolled through the different streets of the city, were greeted by the "boys" hallooing at us, "Ah there! Oh, we got lots here that can clean you fellows up!" and such language as only lads of that stripe can think of.

Attending to our business and taking dinner, we left the city at about 1 P. M., inquiring how we could get to Mt. Holly and take the Oxmead road. Gaining that information, we left that city feeling good. On going about a mile it began to rain, so we put our bikes in a new house that was being built, and completed with the exception of windows and doors, and, waiting about fifteen minutes, the sky brightening up some and rain ceasing, we recommenced our journey, riding nearly three miles on a good pike. I inquired of a farmer how much further before we would strike the Oxmead road, and to our thorough disgust we learned that we had passed that road about two miles back. While we were making this stop it began raining, so we occupied the farmer's stables until the shower abated, when we traced our tracks back to the Oxmead, which for a single mile was anything but good riding. On reaching the gravel road of the Oxmead (which is in dry weather the finest stretch in the county), which the rain had now made rather soft, we had the pleasure of seeing the famous velvet-like lawn of William S. Taylor's stock farm, which was by far the handsomest residence and surroundings on

the route. Further on, we viewed the Green Hill and Oxmead farms, both of which presented fine views. Another place of prominence was the place of Mrs. Guernsey, which is renowned for having a specimen of every kind of foliage tree grown in the United States. We left the fine scenery of the Oxmead and took the old public road for Mt. Holly, which is of sand, the rain making this better than before, reaching the Burlington road about two miles from Mt. Holly. Here we had such a fine specimen of Jersey sand that it was necessary to run through the grass and weeds, together with pushing when compelled to. We reached the farm of a friend with a fine, hard, and long lane, just on the outside of the town, which gave us much pleasure in riding once more on a respectable road, and, upon reaching his residence, taking a wash, being refreshed, having a chat, we started on into the town at 2.10 p. m., and, on descending the hill on High street, we were met by "Wenzelle the Great," who reprimanded us for riding on the pavement. We consoled him by a nice little story, and rolled on our way out Pine street to the flag station. The clouds again gave way, and we asked the genial keeper of that house if we might put our bikes in out of the rain, and he informed us that the rain would not hurt the nickel, so we stacked our bikes out in the rain, and told the keeper if he did not let us in he had best make arrangements for a funeral; so, under the circumstances, we were admitted. At about 3 p. m. we started for Vincentsburg, five miles distant, meeting no more showers, arriving home at 3.45, the boys greeting us with the "Wanderer's Return."

"MACK."

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:

The Winona Bicycle Club was organized in February last with twelve members and now has fourteen. We have no club room, as yet, but have devoted all our surplus energy to building a quarter-mile clay track, which is now nearly completed and is the first bicycle track in the State.

The grounds are centrally located, 400 by 500 feet in size, and surrounded by a fence eight feet high, built of matched boards and painted. The top of the fence is ornamented with a row of spikes, three inches apart, for the amusement of the irrepressible s. b. A grand stand capable of seating nearly 500 people, large space for carriages, ticket office, and dressing room make the grounds complete and ready for use as soon as the track is finished, which we hope will be this week. The lacrosse club also use the grounds, playing within the track enclosure.

We have weekly club runs, Saturday, at 6.30 p. m. and our meetings are held on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

July 4, five of us rode to St. Charles, thirty-three miles, and enjoyed it immensely.

Winona is located in the river valley and surrounded by bluffs about 500 feet high. The scenery is beautiful and well repays us for the hard climbs we sometimes take.

We are now arranging for a tour of a week or ten days, about the middle of August, probably through Wisconsin to Milwaukee, stopping at the Dells of the Wisconsin and other points of interest.

Our president has just returned from a trip to Dakota, and says the roads there are about perfect, being hard and smooth and level as a floor.

Why don't that enterprising State show up more wheelmen?

"WONTY."

Among the Clubs.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

ASHTABULA (Ohio) BICYCLE CLUB—President and captain, W. H. Morrison; secretary, B. P. Beals.

CLINTON (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, H. C. Forrester; captain, R. O. Burns; sub-captain, T. M. Cunningham; secretary and treasurer, William H. Benson; color bearer, A. Munyon; bugler, H. Lord; club committee, first three officers, A. Wright, and W. Becroft.

GREENFIELD (Mass.) WHEEL CLUB—President, F. R. Hollister; secretary, F. P. Forbes; captain, G. H. Wright; first lieutenant, C. H. Field; second lieutenant, W. C. Wright; bugler, H. E. Spear; standard bearer, B. F. Butler; club committee, F. A. Smith, F. O. Gaines, A. M. Thayer.

PERTH AMBOY (N. Y.) CYCLERS—President, Ed. W. Barnes; captain, E. E. Hartshorne; secretary, T. W. Kitchel; treasurer, Geo. Foster, Jr.; color bearer, J. Ten Brook; bugler, Al. Crowell.

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) STAR BICYCLE CLUB—President, Newton Crane; vice-president, E. H. Gorse; secretary and treasurer, W. W. Carpenter, Jr.; captain, H. W. Greenwood; first lieutenant, R. E. Belcour; second lieutenant, F. S. Carpenter.

SUFFOLK (Boston) WHEEL CLUB—Captain, W. B. Webber; lieutenant, L. Frank Charnock; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Collins.

RACE MEETINGS.

COMING EVENTS.

September 2 and 3—Tournament of the Connecticut Bicycle Club at Hartford.

September 3—Tournament of the Troy Bicycle Club.

September 5—Tally-ho coach run of the Boston Bicycle Club along the North shore.

September 8—Ten-mile amateur championship race at Springfield, Mass.

September 9—One-mile professional championship of the world at Springfield, Mass.

September 8, 9 and 10—Grand international tournament of Springfield Bicycle Club at Springfield, Mass.

September 12—Meeting of Illinois division L. A. W. at Chicago.

September 12—Races of the Keystone Bicycle Club.

September 15—Meeting of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Bicycle Club.

September 17—Tournament of the Genesee Bicycle Club, at Rochester, N. Y.

September 19—Tally-ho coach run to Lake Massapoag by the Boston Bicycle Club.

September 21—Professional races at Washington, D. C.

September 22—Race meeting of the Providence Bicycle Club.

September 22—Minnesota State meet at Minneapolis.

September 22—Annual meet Minnesota wheelmen at Minneapolis.

October 2 and 3—Races of Ramblers' Club at St. Louis.

October 3—Annual 100-mile cycle road race of the Boston Bicycle Club.

October 9 and 10—Tournament at Omaha, Neb.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY (PITTSFIELD, MASS.) WHEELMEN.

Date of Meeting, August 13. Track, fair, 2 laps to the mile. Weather, showery. Wind, quite a stiff wind up back stretch.

Officers.—*Referee, H. D. Corey of Boston, Mass.; Judges, A. B. Gardner of Fort Schuyler Wheelmen, Utica, A. H. Schattergood of Albany, N. Y., Gid. Haynes, Jr., of Boston, Mass.; Timers, D. F. Miller of Springfield, Mass., N. P. Tyler of New Haven, Ct., L. L. Atwood of Pittsfield, Mass., Charles Reed of Stockbridge, Mass.; Starter, I. N. Robbins of Pittsfield, Mass.; Clerk of Course, P. W. Jones of Pittsfield, Mass.; Secretary, P. W. Jones of Pittsfield, Mass.; Scorers, F. E. Hawkes of Greenfield, Mass., W. T. Daymond of Utica, N. Y., W. L. Gardner of Troy, N. Y.,*

W. W. Whitung of Pittsfield, Mass.; Umpires, J. H. Greenfield of Pittsfield, Mass., N. M. Dewry of Pittsfield, Mass., C. L. Barker of Pittsfield, Mass., G. T. Bates of Pittsfield, Mass.; Attendance, very poor on account of threatening weather.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13

Half-Mile Bicycle, Flying Start, Open.

Geo. L. Webber, Smithville, N. J., Time, 1.17 1-2

H. E. Bidwell, Hartford, Ct., " 1.17 7-5

Chas. P. Adams, Springfield, Mass., " 1.20

Five-Mile Bicycle, B. C. W. Only, for Colonel Auchmuty Cup.

H. S. Wollison, for the last time, having won it twice in succession, Time, 16.44

Two-Mile Bicycle, Open.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 5.55 1-2

Geo. E. Webber, Smithville, N. J., " 5.56

H. E. Bidwell, Hartford, Ct., " 5.57

One-Mile Bicycle, Boys of 18 Years or Under.

Charles P. Adams, Springfield, Mass., Time, 3.00

Robert Dewey, Pittsfield, Mass., " 3.00 1-2

W. M. Haradon, Springfield, Mass., " 3.18

Three-Mile Bicycle, Record, Open.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 9.15

Wm. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., " 9.16

Five-Mile Bicycle, Open.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 15.35 3-4

Wm. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., " 15.36 1-2

One-Mile Bicycle, Open.

Wm. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., Time, 2.57 3-4

One-Mile Tricycle.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 3.45 1-4

W. N. Winans, Springfield, Mass.

The race was stopped Thursday at the finish of the three-mile record race on account of rain, and the five-mile, one-mile bicycle, and one-mile tricycle were postponed until 9.30 A. M. next day.

The Cadet Company drill was won by the Pittsfield Company, against the Father Mathew Cadets, of North Adams, and St. James, of Albany.

The wheelmen were finely entertained in the evening by the B. C. W.

The one-mile boys' race and one-mile tricycle race, also one-half-mile bicycle race, were quite close.

CHICAGO (ILLINOIS) BICYCLE TRACK ASSOCIATION.

Date of Meeting, August 15, 1885. Track, in fair condition, composition of stone powdered, 4 laps to the mile; Weather, fair; Wind, light.

Officers.—*Referee, J. O. Blake of Chicago; Judges, Wm. M. Durell of Chicago, John C. Ellis of Chicago, F. Z. Cowles of Chicago; Timers, G. E. Lloyd, S. A. Miles, F. F. Brown of Chicago; Starter, Thos. S. Miller of Chicago; Clerk of Course, W. G. F. Peirce of Chicago; Secretary, N. H. Van Sicklen of Chicago; Attendance, good.*

One-Mile Novice

W. C. Thorne, Chicago, Time, 3.27 1-4

F. W. Perkins, Chicago, Time, 3.30

100-Yards, Sprinter vs. Bicyclist.

1st heat, L. Loser, sprinter, Chicago.

2d heat, W. J. Morgan, bicyclist, Chicago.

3d heat, L. Loser, sprinter, Chicago.

One-Mile Exhibition, Star Machine.

N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, Time, 3.08 1-2

Two-Mile Handicap.

W. S. Webster, Chicago, scratch, Time, 6.45 1-4

A. G. Bennett, Chicago, scratch, Time, 6.46 1-4

E. Mehring, Chicago, scratch.

One-Mile to make Record. Unicycle.

G. H. Ley, Minneapolis, Minn., Time, 4.38 1-8

Time by Quarters, 1st, 1.08 1-2; 2d, 2.17; 3d, 3.27 1-2.

Half-Mile Ride and Run—1-8.

W. C. Thorne, Chicago, Time, 2.11 3-4

A. G. Bennett, Chicago.

Three-mile Handicap.

E. Mehring, Chicago, scratch, Time, 10.24 1-2

W. S. Webster, Chicago, scratch, Time, 10.25

C. L. Van Doren, Chicago, 20 seconds.

One-Mile Tricycle, for Record.

W. J. Morgan, Chicago, Time, 3.38 1-2

Twenty-Five-Mile to break Record of 1.23 04 4-5.

N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, Time, 1.21 34 1-4

L. W. Conkling, Chicago.

Miles.	H. M. S.
1	0 03 03 1-4
2	0 06 12 3-4
3	0 09 21
4	0 12 27 1-4
5	0 15 34 3-4
6	0 18 51
7	0 21 58 1-4
8	0 25 15 1-2

Miles.	H. M. S.
9	0 28 49
10	0 31 59 1-2
11	0 35 19 1-4
12	0 39 21 1-4
13	0 42 40 1-4
14	0 45 59 3-4
15	0 48 21 3-4
16	0 51 38

Miles.	H. M. S.
17	0 55 04
18*	0 58 22
19	1 01 37 1-2
20*	1 04 47 3-4
21*	1 08 05 3-4
22*	1 11 24
23*	1 14 44
24*	1 18 02
25*	1 21 14 1-2

*New records.

In the record race, 25-miles, had Van Sicklen paid strict attention to business he could have made considerable better time. Between the 11th and 12th miles he lost nearly a minute waiting for Conkling to have his pedal (which had worked loose) tightened, although at that time he was a lap (1-4 mile) ahead of Conkling.

ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The sixth race for the fifty-mile professional championship of England was run on the Ayleston road grounds, August 3. The prizes for the race were a silver challenge cup, value £20, and in addition to becoming the holder of the cup, the winner received £18; the second, £7; the third, £3; and the fourth, £2. Additional interest was concentrated in the result, as Wood had twice previously won the trophy, so that only another victory was required in order to obtain final possession. The field of starters was not so large as was anticipated, Howell, Battensby, James, and Lees being among the prominent absentees. With this field it was thought that Wood was fairly sure of winning, but the result proved otherwise. There were six starters, but before the race was half over all had retired but H. O. Duncan, F. Wood, and A. Hawker, who finished in the order named. About all the racing was done on the last half-mile, when the pace by the two leaders was terrific, Duncan winning by a brilliant struggle by half a yard; time, 3h. 5m. 42 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. The previous winners of this championship have been as follows:—

1883.	H. M. S.
March 24, F. De Civry, Paris,	3 13 14
August 4, F. Wood, Leicester,	2 48 10
1884.	
April 12, F. Battensby, Newcastle,	3 03 26 3-5
July 5, F. Wood, Leicester,	*2 47 10
1885.	
April 4, H. O. Duncan, Montpelier,	3 17 14 1-2
August 1, H. O. Duncan, Montpelier,	3 05 42 1-2

*Record for the distance.

The race for the ten-mile professional championship was run on the same grounds the following Monday. Even more interest was excited by this race than had been by the fifty-mile. Howell had remained out of the latter, preferring to save himself for the ten-mile, but after the brilliant performance of Duncan it was considered by no means a certainty that either he or Wood would win. Moreover, the occasion was the last that the old rivals would meet before sailing for America, and the number of interested spectators assembled was about 5,000. Five starters appeared. Of these Tyre set the going at the start, and registered the mile in 2m. 56s. The second mile was accounted for in 6m.; third, 9m. 12s.; fourth, 12m. 55s.; fifth, 15m. 28s. Tyre still led, and the others were content to remain behind until a lap and a half from home, when Wood forced his way up from fourth place and made for the lead. Entering the last lap Duncan came up with Howell, and the three had a hot fight for the prizes, the race finally resulting as follows: R. Howell, 1; F. Wood, 2; H. O. Duncan, 3; A. Hawker, 4; J. Tyre, o. Time, 31m. 11s.

Time is short, is what the one-mile champion will think on September 9.

The Trade.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen for the month ending Tuesday, Aug. 18, 1885, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Shipley Brashears, patent attorney, solicitor and expert, No. 637 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 322,974, July 28, M. D. Rucker, London, England, bicycle.

No. 323,052, July 28, J. W. Matteson, Hebron, Pa., tricycle.

No. 323,066, July 28, F. D. Owen, Washington, D. C., bicycle.

No. 323,162, July 28, E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Ct., velocipede.

No. 323,289, July 28, J. G. Blount, Boston, Mass., assignor of one-half to Harry M. Clark, New York city, bicycle.

No. 323,640, Aug. 4, D. Crowley, Boston, Mass., velocipede.

No. 323,693, Aug. 4, J. A. Lamplugh, Birmingham, County of Warwick, England, saddle for velocipedes.

No. 323,695, Aug. 4, E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor of one-half to A. C. Latta, same place, velocipede.

No. 324,317, Aug. 11, J. Harrington, Coventry, Eng., velocipede.

No. 324,474, Aug. 18, J. Klenk, Philadelphia, Pa., assignor of one-half to S. H. Haas, same place, vehicle coupling.

No. 324,534, Aug. 18, Milton Chase, Haverhill, Mass., cushion for the tires and of vehicle wheels.

No. 324,536, Aug. 18, Wm. Clemson, Middletown, N. Y., velocipede.

No. 324,568, Aug. 18, E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Ct., velocipede.

No. 324,605, Aug. 18, C. F. Stillman, New York city, velocipede.

No. 324,749, Aug. 18, J. W. Burroughs, Salt Lake City, Utah, velocipede.

The attention of readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. S. T. Clark & Co., in this number. In their clearance sale of well known and popular bicycles, such as the American Sanspareil, Sanspareil Light Roadster, American Club, and American Roadster—all new machines—they offer undoubted bargains. The prices at which they quote them are actually less than cost of importation. Their offer to ship on approval is a new departure with cycle trade, and must be appreciated as it enables purchasers to return the goods and have the money refunded in case they are not pleased. They also offer various necessary cycle accessories at greatly reduced prices.

The following letter is from Rudge & Co. to Singer & Co. regarding the weight of racing machines: "We have read Messrs. Singer and Co.'s letter in your issue of the 8th inst., but cannot agree with their contention that a machine should be weighed exclusive of saddle and pedals. We submit that a machine before being scaled should be completely 'fitted' ready for the rider to mount. Nor can we admit that racing bicycles cannot be made of less weight than 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. without saddle and pedals, or 22 lbs. with them. On more than one occasion we have made racing bicycles which have taken part successfully in competitions many ounces under these weights—for instance, the bicycle we made for Mr. Sanders

Sellers, and upon which he recently won the one-mile amateur championship of the world, weighed, with saddle and pedals complete, under 20 lbs., and we have just now finished a bicycle for a rider to compete on in the forthcoming Wolverhampton handicap, next Bank Holiday, the weight of which complete is 1 oz. under 18 lbs., a considerable reduction from 22 lbs. We had the pleasure of showing this machine to Mr. Sturmey on Thursday last, when he saw it weighed, and as the machine will not leave our works before Wednesday or Thursday next, we cordially invite any gentlemen who doubt the weight to bring their own scales and weigh the machine themselves. No doubt many people might look upon such a machine as a 'toy,' but so long as it carries its rider to victory we do not suppose he would object to his machine being termed a 'toy.' D. RUDGE & CO."

• THE CYCLISTS' JUBILEE.

THE COMING MEETING OF THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Once more on the wheels of time, comes the announcement of Springfield's annual; once more are the eyes of the world upon us, and ere this paper reaches our numerous friends, that excellent forerunner of the fall tournaments, "Hartford," will be a thing of the past, the ball well set in motion, our racing men sized up, dark horses will have been trotted out into the light, we shall know what we have to deal with, and Springfield will be ready to give the world a new set of records.

For the benefit of visiting wheelmen, we give a few of the main points, which if followed will save little delays and annoyances incident to so large a meeting.

HOTELS.

The Haynes Hotel is the L. A. W. hotel and headquarters of the meeting and offers special rates to wheelmen. Our hotels are world wide in their reputation for excellent cuisine and hospitality. Wheelmen will do well to order rooms in advance, or notify the reception or hotel committee, stating accommodations desired, with price wishing to pay, and their wants will be attended to.

Hotel.	Accommodate.	Rates.
Haynes Hotel,	200 to 250	\$2.50 to \$3.50
Massasoit House,	250 to 300	3.50 to 4.00
Hotel Warwick,	200 to 250	2.50 to 3.00
Cooley's Hotel,	100	2.00
Belmont House,	50	1.50 to 3.00
Pynchon House,	75	1.50
Evans House,	60	1.50 to 2.00
Exchange Hotel,	30	1.50 to 2.00
Hotel Gilmore,	100	2.00
Mansion House,	35	1.50 to 2.00
U. S. Hotel,	12	1.00
Lerche's Hotel,	15	1.50 to 2.00
Germania Hotel,	26	1.00 to 1.25
Leonard House,	60	1.25
Blackman House,	50 to 100	1.00 to 2.00
Revere House,	70	1.25
Drew House,	table only	0.75

RAILROADS.

The followings roads enter Springfield: Boston and Albany, Connecticut River, New York and New England, New York, New Haven and Hartford, Athol and Enfield. The Connecticut River road will carry wheelmen at greatly reduced rates (nearly one fare), wheels free if pedals are removed. The Boston and Albany will give reduced

❖ 18- TO 25-MILE RECORDS ▷

BROKEN BY

N. H. VAN SICKLEN, CHICAGO, AUGUST 15.

18 MILES,	.	.	58 m.	22	s.		22 MILES,	.	.	1 h.	11 m.	24	s.
19 MILES,	.	.	1 h.	1 m.	37 1-2 s.		23 MILES,	.	.	1 h.	14 m.	44	s.
20 MILES,	.	.	1 h.	4 m.	47 3-4 s.		24 MILES,	.	.	1 h.	18 m.	2	s.
21 MILES,	.	.	1 h.	8 m.	5 3-4 s.		25 MILES,	.	.	1 h.	21 m.	14 1-4 s.	

ON A


COLUMBIA *

RACER

Size, 57-inch. Weight, 23½ pounds.

Gentlemen—I consider the COLUMBIA RACER to be the best machine I have ever owned. I have given it a most severe trial,—in fact, other machines receiving the same use have broken, spoke after spoke, while not one has been broken or even loosened in mine, and my racer is from 2 to 7 pounds lighter than any other machine used on our track. It was upon this machine that I won our club championship, July 25. Last Saturday afternoon, while spurting at full speed, I slipped my pedal and took a terrible header, but the machine did not receive the slightest injury. I believe it is the strongest and easiest-running racing machine built.

Respectfully,

N. H. VAN SICKLEN.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 3, 1885.

THESE RECORDS ARE VALUABLE IN THEIR WAY, but there's a great deal more of value in the SPLENDID RECORDS made every day on COLUMBIA BICYCLES and TRICYCLES put to practical use in the pursuit of BUSINESS, HEALTH, and HAPPINESS. Few men can break racing records, but all can ride Bicycles or Tricycles and get benefit therefrom.

The great majority of American wheelmen ride COLUMBIAS, and they afford the warmest praise and broadest claims for the Elegance, Ease of Running, and Great Durability of these machines. They are UNPREJUDICED and DISINTERESTED, and KNOW WHEREOF THEY SPEAK.

"I'm a happier and better man for the tricycle."

THOS. K. BEECHIER,
ELMIRA, N. Y., July 1, 1885.
Riding a Two-Track Columbia.

"The EXPERT is in good shape; the rear tire is worn rather thin from the flinty roads, but no other evidence of its having carried me across a continent (2500 miles) is visible. The *Stamboul Journal*, commenting upon it when I arrived here, said: 'I fancy the rider looks a little fatigued, but the horse is in good condition.'" THOMAS STEVENS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 14, 1885.

"I am very much pleased with my COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER. The one used by my friend on the 'Big Four' tour came through first-class. I have just ordered two TWO-TRACK COLUMBIAS for my sister and wife."

JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
STOCKPORT, N. Y., July 30, 1885.
L.A.W. Rep. and Consd.

"For the past five years I have ridden a COLUMBIA BICYCLE; during three years of that time I have given nightly exhibitions on the same wheel, and I consider the COLUMBIA the only machine on the market that will stand the strain which I give a wheel in my exhibitions."

Yours respectfully, D. J. CANARY.

"Before closing, I want to congratulate you on the good record of the COLUMBIAS on the tour. Although they were more in number than any other makes combined, they had much less repairing. When I want to bet on a sure thing I bet on the EXPERT." Yours very truly,

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

JUNIUS E. BEAL.

"I have ridden over 9,000 miles on the EXPERT. It is by far the most satisfactory wheel made."

BOSTON, MASS.

HENRY W. WILLIAMS,

Pres. Massachusetts Bicycle Club

RUDGE AND HUMBER!

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We beg to notify our Agents and the Bicycling Public that we have now the Sole United States Agency of Messrs. MARRIOTT & COOPER'S Celebrated

H U M B E R

Bicycles, Tricycles, and Tandems, and shall handle the above Machines next year, in connection with the Celebrated

R U D G E

Cycles. Further details will soon appear in the columns of the Cycling Press; meanwhile,

WATCH FOR RECORDS

AT —

HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD

ON THE

RUDGE and HUMBER.

STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.

152 to 158 Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.

SPRINGFIELD!**WELL! WELL!! WELL!!! HERE WE ARE!****Fourth Annual Tournament** *of* **Springfield Bicycle Club,****HAMPDEN PARK, SEPT. 8, 9, AND 10.****RACING MEN,****HONOR AND GLORY AWAIT THEE!****❖ LIST * OF * PRIZES ❖****FIRST DAY—Tuesday, September 8.**

EVENTS.	CONDITIONS.	WHEELS.	FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.	THIRD PRIZE.
1-mile Professional.	Handicap.....	Bicycle	\$50 Cash.....	\$30 Cash.....	\$20 Cash.
10-mile Amateur.....	Championship	Bicycle	L. A. W. Gold Medal.....	L. A. W. Gold Medal.....	L. A. W. Silver Medal.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open	Tricycle	Vase Lamp, silver hammered and applique	Candelabra, Plaque, and Clock, chased and applique	Stevens 10-inch Bicycle Rifle, with case.
3-mile Amateur.....	Open	Tandem Tricycle	Two Gold Medals.....	Two Venetian chased Smokers' Sets, gold lined ..	Two Cigar Boxes (hold 50), oxidized old silver.
5-mile Professional.	Open	Safety Bicycle	\$100 Cash.....	\$60 Cash.....	\$40 Cash.
4-mile Amateur.....	Open	Bicycle	Lakin Cyclometer, gold plated	Vase Lamp, oxidized and silver applique	Vase, old silver.
1-mile Amateur.....	3.10 Class.....	Bicycle	Tea Service, silver embossed	Candelabra, Plaque, and Clock, chased and applique	Stop Watch.
3-mile Amateur.....	Open	Bicycle	Fishing Set, fly rod, basket, landing net, etc.	Vase Lamp, silver and oxidized	Gold Chain.
3-mile Professional.	Record	Bicycle	\$75 Cash.....	\$45 Cash.....	\$30 Cash.
5-mile Amateur.....	Record	Bicycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Tea Service, Indian chased and applique	Water Set, Italian chased.

SECOND DAY—Wednesday, September 9.

EVENTS.	CONDITIONS.	WHEELS.	FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.	THIRD PRIZE.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open	Bicycle	Gold Medal.....	Nut Bowl, Indian chased and applique ..	Stevens 10-inch Bicycle Rifle, with case.
1-mile Professional.	Championship	Bicycle	Sweepstakes—One Prize, \$300 Cash.	Water Set, Persian chased and Roman gold inlaid	Diamond Pin.
3-mile Amateur.....	Open	Saf-ty Bicycle	Gold Watch	Stop Watch	Card Receiver, Venetian chased, old gold.
4-mile Amateur.....	1.30 Class.....	Bicycle	Jardiniere, richly decorated	Gold Chain	Fishing Set, fly rod, basket, landing net, etc.
3-mile Amateur.....	Record	Bicycle	Tea Service and Waiter, fluted, pearl finish	\$150 Cash	\$75 cash.
10-mile Professional	Open	Bicycle	\$150 Cash	Gold Chain	Fourth Prize, \$25 cash.
5-mile Amateur.....	Record	Tricycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Two Stop Watches	Silver Vase, with richly decorated glass.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open	Tandem Tricycle	Two Stevens 15-in. Bicycle Rifles, with cases	Water Set, intaglio chased, old silver and gold finish	Two Silver Inkstands.
5-mile Amateur.....	16.00 Class.....	Bicycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Plaque, gold variegated	Plaque, gold variegated.
3-mile Amateur.....	Handicap.....	Bicycle	Gold Watch	Gold Chain	Lemonade Set, gold finish and inlaid.

THIRD DAY—Thursday, September 10.

EVENTS.	CONDITIONS.	WHEELS.	FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.	THIRD PRIZE.
1-mile Professional.	Open	Safety Bicycle	\$50 Cash.....	\$30 Cash	\$20 Cash.
10-mile Amateur	Record	Bicycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Gold Watch	Tilting Ice-Water Set, hammered, pearl finish.
5-mile Amateur.....	Open	Tandem Tricycle	Two Umbrella Stands, copper, silver applique	Two Sconces, gold and oxidized finish	Two Fruit Dishes, silver and cut glass.
3-mile Professional.	Open	Bicycle	\$75 Cash	\$45 Cash	\$30 Cash.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open	Safety Bicycle	Gold Medal	Silver Watch	Lakin Cyclometer.
3-mile Amateur.....	9.10 Class.....	Bicycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Mantel Vase, Venetian chased and applique	Mirror, gold and oxidized old silver.
3-mile Amateur.....	Open	Tricycle	Gold Watch	Vase Lamp, old silver, Venetian chas'd and embos'd	Plaque and Easel, complete, hammered silver
1-mile Amateur.....	Handicap.....	Bicycle	Mantel Vase, Venetian chased and oxidized	Fruit Dish, gold and oxidized	Smok'g Set, cop'r and sil'r, ham'd and applique
5-mile Professional.	Handicap.....	Bicycle	\$100 Cash	\$60 Cash	\$40 Cash.
1-mile Amateur*.....	Consolation	Bicycle	Tea Service, snowflake and engraved	Nut Dish, gold lined	Water Pitcher, Venet'n chas'd old sil'r, gold lin'd.

*Fourth Prize, Stop Watch. Fifth Prize, Cigar Box holding 50 cigars.

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SPRINGFIELD!

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PROFESSIONAL
International * Handicap,
ONE-MILE HEATS,
Commencing Monday, September 21, 1885.

PRIZE,
\$500 IN GOLD.

1st, \$300; 2d, \$100; 3d, \$60;
4th, \$30; 5th, \$10.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

- 1—This Race to be run in heats of one mile.
- 2—Each contestant shall run two heats each day against a different rider until he has competed against each man entered in the Race.
- 3—The winner of the greatest number of heats to receive First Prize, second number of heats Second Prize, etc.
- 4—An Entrance Fee of \$1 will be charged and must in all cases accompany each entry. Entries limited to 12 men. Unselected entries will have their money refunded.
- 5—Entries Close September 7, at 12 P.M., and must be addressed to L. MOXLEY, 608 Tenth Street, Washington, D. C.

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PRICE, COMPLETE, \$1.00.

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50-inch Standard Columbia, good order.....\$40.00	75.00
50-inch Expert, full nickelized,.....	75.00
53-inch Club, full nickelized, ball pedals, lamp, cost \$155.....	85.00
56-inch Standard Columbia, ball bearings,.....	65.00
51-inch Star, nickelized, excellent order,.....	55.00
54-inch Star, full nickelized, <i>every</i> extra, cost \$145,.....	75.00
42-inch Special Facile,.....	95.00
52-inch Expert, nickelized, dropped bars,.....	105.00
Victor Tricycle, 1885 pattern, with lot of extras; been run 100 miles; cost \$175,.....	105.00
Rudge Tandem Tricycle, perfect order,.....	150.00

Also, Standards, 50- to 56-inch, American Clubs, full-nickled, 50- to 54-inch, Columbia Light Roadsters, 51- and 52-inch, and 20 others *dirt cheap to close*. Send stamp for list *sure*.

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Bicycles repaired and nickel-plated.

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rates and put on special cars for wheels, on certain trains, notice of which will appear in the *Bicycling World* and *L. A. W. Bulletin*, of September 4. The New York and New Haven road will also offer special rates.

The following committee have been made up, and matters pertaining to the various subjects should be addressed as follows:—

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

Reception, Wilbur N. Winans.

Racing Board, Sanford Lawton.

Press, A. R. H. Foss.

Hotel, Charles S. Fiske.

Railroad and Storage, H. J. Winans.

Tickets, W. C. Marsh.

Music, H. N. Bowman.

Treasurer, Charles A. Fisk.

OFFICERS OF THE MEETING.

Referee, Abbot Bassett, Boston.

Judges, Dr. N. M. Beckwith, president L. A. W.; C. H. Potter, Cleveland, Ohio; C. A. Hazlett, Portsmouth, N. H.; F. A. Elwell, C. C. for Maine.

Starter, Charles E. Whipple.

Clerk of Course, D. E. Miller.

Assistant Clerk of Course, F. E. Ripley.

Timers, O. N. Whipple; H. M. Washburn; Geo. E. Robinson.

Scorers, George S. Miller; E. M. Wilkins; J. H. Fennessy, Jr.

TRACK.

The track is in excellent condition, and is pronounced by experts to be considerably faster than last year.

PROGRAMME.

First Day—Tuesday, September 8.

1—2.30 P. M.—1-mile professional handicap, bicycle.
2—2.45 P. M.—10-mile amateur championship, bicycle.
3—3.25 P. M.—1-mile amateur open, tricycle.
4—3.40 P. M.—3-mile amateur open tandem, tricycle.
5—4.00 P. M.—5-mile professional open, safety.
6—4.25 P. M.—1-2 mile amateur open, bicycle.
7—4.35 P. M.—1-mile amateur, 3.10 class, bicycle.
8—4.50 P. M.—3-mile amateur open, bicycle.
9—5.10 P. M.—3-mile professional record, bicycle.
10—5.30 P. M.—5-mile amateur record, bicycle.

Second Day—Wednesday, September 9.

1—2.30 P. M.—1-mile amateur open, bicycle.
2—2.45 P. M.—1-mile professional championship, bicycle.
3—3.00 P. M.—3-mile amateur open, safety bicycle.
4—3.20 P. M.—1-2 mile amateur, 1.30 class, bicycle.
5—3.30 P. M.—3-mile amateur record, bicycle.
6—3.50 P. M.—10-mile professional open, bicycle.
7—4.30 P. M.—5-mile amateur record, tricycle.
8—4.55 P. M.—1-mile amateur open, tandem tricycle.
9—5.10 P. M.—5-mile amateur, 16.00 class, bicycle.
10—5.35 P. M.—3-mile amateur handicap, bicycle.

Third Day—Thursday, September 10.

1—2.30 P. M.—1-mile professional open, safety.
2—2.45 P. M.—10-mile amateur record, bicycle.
3—3.25 P. M.—5-mile amateur open, tandem tricycle.
4—3.50 P. M.—3-mile professional open, bicycle.
5—4.10 P. M.—1-mile amateur open, safety bicycles.
6—4.25 P. M.—3-mile amateur, 9.10 class, bicycle.
7—4.45 P. M.—3-mile amateur open, tricycle.
8—5.05 P. M.—1-mile amateur handicap, bicycle.
9—5.20 P. M.—5-mile professional handicap, bicycle.
10—5.40 P. M.—1-mile amateur consolation, bicycle.

Special tickets will be provided for wheelmen, which can be obtained at the gate. The club-room is only one block from the L. A. W. hotel, and visiting wheelmen are ever welcome.

The crowd is gathering on England's shore "waiting fo' de steamer to come down" and carry them to Springfield. It may be that some of the crowd will have to swim back. We have some very fast men in America.—*Sporting and Theatrical Journal.*

H. R. GOODWIN,

THE HERO OF THE BIG RIDE.

The sun was favoring us with one of his very best performances as I lounged yesterday into the business premises of the hero of the big bicycle ride. The little man was solus, so I opened fire at once.

"Mr. Goodwin," I observed, "I want to see you. This last feat of yours has set everybody talking about you, and I should like, for the benefit of the thousands of readers who every seventh day wade through my rhapsodies, to have some little thing to tell them aenct yourself, and the great thing you have just accomplished."

"I'm all attention," says Mr. Goodwin. "I can allow you ten minutes, during which time I will try to satisfy you."

"Just what I desire. It'll fatigue you more than your John O' Groat's performance. Now, first, I think they'd like a sprig of biography, as they wish to understand that you did not actually drop from the clouds in a whirlwind; that you fluctuated to this earth in much the same manner as most others. Could you name the place?"

"I was born in Macclesfield, and am in my 30th year. But you may look upon me as a Manchester man. Everybody does so, that knows me. I came here in the year 1868 and went straight to business, and have, singular to say, stuck to the same trade and even the same shop ever since. I look like a fixture here."

"That's so! and you took to cycling—for what?"

"For the simple reason that I could not very well take to anything else. You see I'm locked up here, so to speak, and have been more or less a caged bird since I came here. I looked around and said I must have exercise, and as I could not engage in other sports—happening as they mostly do on Saturdays—I resolved to learn bicycling for recreation; and after the usual little fun in mastering the dual wheel, I grew to like it. Two and a half years ago I joined the North Manchester Cycling Club."

"But what on earth possessed you to try to cover so much earth at a time? That was no part of the programme, was it?"

"Hardly! But you see I found I would never make a racer, and I discovered that I could stay a good few miles, and bit by bit I concluded to increase my distance until I attempted the historic sprint."

"And you chose the 40-inch safety Facile machine?"

"Yes. I found it suited me best. The first big thing I tried was in 1880, and since then I have covered 28,101 miles in all. In 1880 my distance was 1,727 miles. I rode 66 days, and covered as the greatest distance 82 miles in a day. The following year the total was 5,665, riding 229 days, doing 111 miles as the best day's work. The year 1882 I increased the distance to 6,383, my longest day's spin being 198; and in 1883 I dropped to 5,703 miles, and a best day's performance of 158½ miles. Last year I only got to 5,465 miles, and covered 182 as a best deed."

"Were you not, after one of your performances, presented with a medal?"

"That was after doing the best on record from 930 miles and upwards, when I did 1,332 miles in 14 days 10½ hours. It was far and away the best time known, and was accepted by all the cycling authorities. On that occasion Mr. Beale, of the Facile B. C., presented me with a gold

medal in memory of the ride. I also got a silver medal for riding 164 miles in 20½ hours, and got one of the club medals for doing 177½ miles in a day."

"A very serviceable and effective lead up to the recent performance by which you startled us. The total number of miles you traveled was—?"

"Two thousand fifty-four and a half miles."

"And the time taken to perform the feat—?"

"Was nineteen days to the minute—exact."

"And that is reckoned unquestionably the greatest record ever achieved in England by any cyclist?"

Mr. Goodwin says "Yes," and then goes on to answer a multitude of interrogations respecting the weather, the roads, the food he ate, and the clothes he wore. Some of the experiences he suffered going through some of the out-of-the-way places were curious enough. In one part of his southern journey he found the horses extremely shy of his machine; but the fear of the animals was only excelled by the superstition of the old women, who did not care to get too close to the ill-fated wheels. If Mr. Goodwin would undertake a journey North and South of Ireland, he would doubtless be able to fill a fairly thick book with anecdotes of this kind of thing. And it must be admitted that a shadowy substance, attired in gray, speeding along in the dim twilight, past the front doors of country people, would not be one of the most familiar things possible; yet it is good to find that wherever Mr. Goodwin wanted a kindness there was no lack of tenderness extended. As is usual with tourists, he had a good list of cycling hotels, and had no difficulty in getting properly and conveniently housed. Every attention was paid him, and his favorite victuals, which, by the way, consisted mainly of mutton, beef, and fish, were generally obtainable without much delay.

One of the most interesting facts connected with the journey is that his machine did not want mending till it was found necessary to put on a new wheel tire. Otherwise the affair was the most successful in that sense ever known. The roads were not greatly damaged, either, "for," said Mr. Goodwin, with a glow of satisfaction, "I don't think in all the journey I had to walk with my machine more than ten miles"; which is a highly encouraging feature of the performance. Considering also that considerable noise was made about the contemplated work prior to the commencement, it is hardly credible that out of the whole 2,054 miles he should not have been accompanied more than 150 miles by local cyclists. Yet such is the fact, and it leads us to suppose that the nineteen days must have been rather dismal ones; but Mr. Goodwin assures me that such an assumption is far from reality.

Arrived at London, the occasion was deemed fitting for a celebration in honor of the event, and an assembly of cyclists gathered at Ander ton's hotel, Fleet street, with that very flattering object. Mr. Goodwin made a speech, in which he remarked that he had made the journey in his holidays, and had merely taken the ride as a pleasant jaunt, and not in any way in the interests of the makers of his machine, the Facile Safety. Only on one occasion had he felt done up, when he overestimated a ride into Preston, when having to go over Shap Fells he landed there at 1.30 A. M., instead of 12.30 A. M., as he had reckoned; otherwise he had most thoroughly enjoyed himself, had not over-exerted or tired him-

self, had always eaten well (Mr. G. being a teetotaler and non-smoker, enjoys his food). He did not fall until nearing London, when he got into the tram lines outside Hounslow. Mr. Goodwin appeared in the very best of health, and expressed his ability to continue on, and wheel out 5,000 miles in 40 days.

Such, then, is the narrative of the greatest deed yet accomplished on these shores on a bicycle; and, singularly enough, it has been done by one who is somewhat the reverse of a Samson. Indeed, I might observe that Goodwin is as much unlike an athlete as one would see in a year's travel; yet he has accomplished an athlete's record. As the allotted ten minutes were drawing to a close, Goodwin proceeded to refurbish a golden brooch (he being a jeweler), and, as a parting shot, cried out merrily, "Yes, I hope so. If I live and have health, there is little doubt we shall try a little more of the favorite amusement."

UMPIRE.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON A BICYCLE. A TRIP FROM ST. LOUIS TO BOSTON.—NINETEEN AND ONE-HALF DAYS ON THE ROAD.

Mr. George W. Baker, of St. Louis, who has been stopping with relatives here for a few days, is the only amateur who has ridden from St. Louis to Boston on a bicycle. He gave an account of his trip to the *Post*. The distance ridden was 1,500 miles. His actual time on the road was nineteen and one-half days—nearly 79 miles a day. How does this compare with the early settlers' tedious weeks of travel from New England to the Ohio? Or how would it compare if only Karl Kron were here to write it?

Mr. Baker started from St. Louis at 9 o'clock on the morning of July 1 with a brand-new Victor made by the Overman Company, of Chicopee, Mass., to which he had attached ten pounds of baggage. He went bowling along the national road to Columbus and thence to Cleveland and Buffalo. Then he struck across New York State to Albany, and from Albany went by the most direct route he could find to Boston, where he arrived on the afternoon of July 28. All these roads he selected upon the advice of wheelmen of the various localities. They were excellent up to Buffalo, but from there on were very heavy and rough. He kept ploughing along, rain or shine, stopping for his meals and sleeping nights at the best hotels. He suffered neither in his table nor bed, for he was on a route along which convenient distances were big towns where the sheets were well aired and the cuisine very inviting.

Although he never took a header of moment on level ground he experienced six falls on Ashtabula (Ohio) hill while coasting down it. The only other machine that has made the descent is a Star, which has, the general public may not know, the small wheel in front. The hill is rough and steep and the path very winding. The ruts and water bars are numerous. Mr. Baker laid over eight and a half days for purposes of visiting.

"I broke the record between Terre Haute and Indianapolis," said Mr. Baker, "a distance of eighty miles. I made it in eight hours. I also made ninety miles in twelve hours—that was my next best. Forty miles of the Terre Haute road were very bad, too. As to my general practice, I found my best hours for running to be from 4 A. M. to 12. In the afternoon I generally took my ease—running as the whim seized me. I managed to get my meals regularly, for if I were not at the

proper hostelry just on the dot, a run of ten to fifteen miles to one consumed comparatively little time. I never ran after dark except from Batavia to Leroy, N. Y., a distance of ten miles. I was sick but one day, from the change of water I presume, soon after starting out. Notwithstanding that in the morning I couldn't stand, I made twenty miles that day. Rain did not deter me from running and I never caught cold. The scenery from Cleveland to Buffalo and from thence to Boston was grand; the land rich and rolling, and the vistas of trees and hills unprecedented."

203 1/8 MILES IN 24 HOURS.

On August 8, H. D. Corey, of this city, succeeded in covering 203½ miles on a Rudge Safety bicycle, and he claimed to have established a safety bicycle record for America. While no one doubted Corey's ability to make the performance, the statements made public regarding the distance covered were of such a vague nature as to create a doubt in the minds of many as to their correctness. Mr. Corey states that the omissions were due to the hasty preparation of a newspaper report, and furnished the following satisfactory account of his ride, which will no doubt settle any question that may have arisen regarding it. Mr. Corey writes:—

"I was started at 1 A. M. from Newton by A. A. Glines and F. W. Pratt, and met a postman at No. 179 Charles street, Boston. I was checked by the night officer at Newton, at 2.12 o'clock, distance 13 miles, and arrived at Waltham at 2.45, distance 17 miles, when I was checked by Officer Bent. From Waltham I rode to West Newton, thence to Newton Lower Falls and Needham, where I arrived at 3.55, distance 29 miles. At Bailey's I was checked by Mr. Glazier, arriving at 4.30, distance 37 miles. I mailed postal cards at Waltham, Needham, and South Natick. I retraced the course back through Needham and Newton Centre, and arrived at the great signboards at 6 o'clock, where the cyclometer broke, and registered fifty-four and a half miles. I arrived at Brighton at 6.30, took breakfast at the Faneuil House, and left for Boston, where I arrived at the Massachusetts Bicycle Club rooms at 8 o'clock. The distance from the great signboards to Boston is exactly ten and a half miles, making sixty-five miles."

"Peck's cyclometer was checked by President Williams and three members of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and Peck and Graves took us to Salem. Distance by cyclometer 24½ miles; total distance, 89½ miles. A. McCurdy, of the Hawthorne Club, met us a mile out of Salem, which distance was retraced through Salem and Beverly to Rowley, arriving at 1.35 P. M. Distance 19½ miles; total distance, 109½ miles. McCurdy accompanied me throughout the rest of my ride, and it was from a cyclometer attached to his wheel that the distances were taken. It will thus be seen that the only portion of my ride that I was without a cyclometer was from Newton to Boston. Postal cards were mailed to Chairman Bassett, of the League racing board, from every town passed through.

"At Waltham we met Captain Vivian, of the Charlestown Club, and again at Salem, where our cyclometer was checked, arriving at 3.15; distance, 127 miles. We left Waltham at 3.30, riding through Salem, Nahant, and Lynn, with McCurdy and Abbott, of the Hawthorne Club. We were checked at the Boscobel, in Lynn, by Mr. Comee, and arrived at Brighton at 7.05; distance, 154

miles. Postal cards were mailed at Salem and Lynn. We left Brighton at 7.30, and rode to the Half-Way House on Beacon street, back through Brighton to Waltham, which was reached at 8.45. The cyclometer was checked by Sidwell; distance, 164 miles. We retraced part of the course gone over in the morning, and reached Needham at 10.15. Here we were checked by Mr. Page and two other cyclists; distance, 180 miles. We left at 10.30, rode to Wellesley, then back to great signboards, where we again met Sidwell, who rode with us to the reservoir, arriving there at 11.50; distance, 192½ miles. We were met here by Page and Huntley, who checked the cyclometer. The last hour was ridden around the reservoir, with the exception of seven minutes, which we occupied in riding to Brighton. We stopped at precisely 1 o'clock in front of the Faneuil House, the cyclometer then registering 203½ miles. The cyclometer was then checked by Sidwell, McCurdy, Page, and Huntley, and four officers of the Brighton police force who were there on duty. Postal cards were mailed all along the road and every caution was taken to see that the distance was measured correctly. The road is open for measurement by any party who wishes to verify the above facts. Taking it at the cyclometer's measurement, I claim the record of 203½ miles for the Rudge Safety; although I have good reason to believe from recent measurements after the ride, that more than this distance was covered."—*Boston Herald*.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Thomas Stevens, the cyclist, who is now endeavoring to wheel around the world on a bicycle, when last heard from was at Constantinople, waiting for cooler weather to begin his ride across Asia. A few days since, *Onting*, in the interest of which magazine Mr. Stevens is making his journey, received from him an interesting letter, which will appear in the September number. He states that he arrived at Constantinople, July 2. He had a hard time of it crossing the Balkan mountains and through Turkey, as the roads were wretched and rain descended daily. He had some trouble with the inhabitants, through his inability to speak their language, and was several times arrested by the *gendarmerie*, who looked upon him with much suspicion. He was, however, always released without receiving any ill treatment, and he says that on the whole he enjoyed the ride across Europe. His journey from Liverpool to Constantinople he reckons at 2,500 miles, which brings his straightaway ride toward circumnavigating the globe up to about 6,000 miles. He has not yet decided upon his route from Constantinople. An Englishman at Constantinople has advised him to ride to Teheran, Persia, via Trebizond, Tiflis, or Erzeroum, instead of down the Euphrates valley to Bagdad, as advised by Harry French with whom, it will be remembered, he crossed the Atlantic. He writes that he is told that his chances of being robbed if he travels the former route will be at least 50 per cent. less certain, but that little short of a miracle will prevent him from that experience anyhow. He says that if he can get gold coins small enough to put in the hollow handle bar of his bicycle he will make a money box of that to carry what funds he may require between points where his letter of credit can be used. He thinks that this arrangement will give the uninitiated Kurd or Bedouin some difficulty to find the money. If the Teheran route is chosen, he will start at once from Constantinople, for his

course during the first month will not lead much farther south. If the Euphrates route is selected he will not start until the middle of September.

From Constantinople to either Teheran or Bagdad is 1,500 miles over a pretty tough country. When he reaches either of those places he will have passed the middle point of his journey. Constantinople is nearly half way in distance, but the real difficulties are still ahead. He does not, however, anticipate any troubles which time and perseverance will not overcome. He has made the acquaintance of Colonel Sheton, foreman of the Sultan's cannon foundry, who has taken great interest in him, and has promised to obtain for him from a leading Mohammedan priest a letter of explanation and recommendation, which will secure him the good-will of Mussulmans everywhere who are capable of reading it, and which in Asia will give him greater protection and more consideration than all the government passports he could obtain. Colonel Sheton tells him that before he leaves Constantinople he will probably be summoned to appear before the Sultan and give an exhibition of his riding. He writes that his Columbia bicycle is in good condition, except that the tire is considerably worn by riding over the flinty roadbeds.

RULES FOR CYCLE RIDERS.

PRESIDENT HENRY W. WILLIAMS'S TWELVE SUGGESTIONS FOR SAFE RIDING.

President Henry W. Williams, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, one of the most ardent and experienced of wheel riders, as well as one of the greatest road riders in the country, has compiled and published in the *Boston Herald* the following rules, which will be read with interest by lovers of the wheel:—

I.

- a. Select a bicycle that is small enough to avoid the necessity of stretching for the pedals.
- b. A full weight roadster.
- c. One which has a full inch tire on its driving wheel.
- d. One which has a good brake.
- e. Without a cradle spring or any spring capable of a side-wise movement.

II.

Set the saddle well forward.

III.

Do not use rubber soles, unless you intend never to mount a wheel without them.

IV.

Sit erect. Do not lean forward.

V.

After you have once acquired the art of riding with "hands off," leave it and similar accomplishments to "trick riders."

VI.

Learn thoroughly the art of "treading back."

VII.

Cultivate quick pedaling.

VIII.

Do not coast.

IX.

Ride down hills, feet on pedals, at a good, but not a reckless pace. Do not crawl down slowly.

X.

Take rough, rutty, and sandy places at a good speed.

XI.

When you are in a bad place, don't lose your head, but stick to your wheel. It will almost invariably take you through.

XII.

Learn to spring back and grasp the backbone, and you are prepared for almost any emergency.

NOTES.

1a, 3. Have special reference to the danger of the feet slipping the pedals.

1c, 7. Have special reference to the danger of the feet flying off.

1e, 6, 7, 8, 9. Have special reference to the danger of falls going down hill.

1b, 1d, 1e, 2, 4, 9, 10, 12. Have special reference to the danger of headers.

"BOYS, BICYCLES, AND BUSINESS."

REV. L. H. BLAKE'S SERMON TO YOUNG MEN AT WESTFIELD.

Rev. L. H. Blake preached at Westfield Sunday evening, August 16, on outdoor amusements. The preacher took his text from 1. Corinthians ix: 25, "And every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things." Paul's aim in this passage is to enforce the duty of moderation. It is one of our national needs. We have a tendency to excess that should be checked. This is especially true of our pursuit of amusements; possibly we are letting them become detrimental to the serious things of life. And almost all questions on the subject of amusements are accountable to this tendency. A grouty old fellow, probably a bachelor, once asked in a moment of vexation, "What are boys good for?" "Good to make men of," one of the boys replied. This is true; but to make men of them is exactly what is wanted. Boyhood is a school. But the schooling should be in ways suitable to boy nature. The forcing process is a deplorable mistake. A boy that is prematurely old is a misfortune. Slow and sound growth is nature's way. Our Lord himself did not begin his work until he was 30. Nature puts play into the boy before she does work, and it is just as much a part of boy nature as eating and drinking. The ability to romp in a manly way ought to be encouraged; it keeps the soul young and elastic. It is a blessing that manly sports, especially out-of-door sports, are increasing. It is now no more strange to see a gray head than a flaxen head on the croquet ground. In themselves all sports are good, base-ball, lawn tennis, croquet, the oar and the wheel. The young man who plays at these things in a healthy way will work better and study better. And it is a notable fact that the purity and intelligence of good society has increased as these out-of-doors sports have come into it. It is the testimony of all college authorities that these sports, employed simply as recreations, have increased the standard of health, scholarship and manliness among students. I believe the bicycle is a good investment, and will pay admirable returns in boy flesh and boy nature. Nevertheless, like all other good things, it is liable to a danger, the danger of excess. When a boy has "bicycled" so much that he is good for nothing else, something is wrong. Anything that harms or hampers you is wrong, overeating, overdrinking, overplaying, overbicycling. If a boy has become so enamored of his machine that he is good for nothing but riding, it is time to stop and let a little of the craze ooze out of him. Play is not the end of life. If boys are good to make men of, their first thought should be to fit themselves to be worthy men. A day of work is coming. Earnestness is the price of success. Let it be your first aim to make life worth living. Work is the important thing. If you are in school, let your study, if in the shop let your work, captivate your heart. Distrust your bicycle if it does not minister to these first things, if it does not make you a better scholar or workman. I cannot help doubting the wisdom of multiplied tournaments and matches. They are becoming sadly associated with gambling; besides, they most seriously hinder more important duties. What is the participant in a grand tournament worth for active business a month before and after the event? Suppose you become "a champion"; what good will it do you? It would be easier to tell the harm it would be likely to do you; it would probably cost you your

interest in anything more serious and your worth at any post of important duty. If that is true, would not such a championship cost you too dearly? That such a result is likely to follow is undeniably true. But for recreation, a holiday test of skill and strength, or a vacation outing, the bicycle is unequalled. Life is a serious thing. When you come to the close you will want to feel that it was worth living and has wrought some worthy work. Scorn the idea of being a mere pleasure seeker. Resolve to do a good round life-work, and then add to your purpose all you can to make it radiant and joyous, and at the close you will have no cause to be ashamed.

COL. ALBERT A. POPE.

FOUNDER OF AMERICAN BICYCLE INDUSTRIES.

Col. Albert A. Pope has been said to have ridden into a national reputation on the Columbia bicycle, and true it is that the twinkling spokes of the bicycle and tricycle have flashed through almost every village and lane of our country, the light of his enterprise. But that is only one part of his self-earned reputation. He was born in Boston, May 20, 1843. While still a boy, reverses of fortune overtaking his father, he threw himself on his own resources, and from that time on, has hewn his own way, and liberally aided others. In 1862, at the age of 19, he entered the army as junior-second-lieutenant in the thirty-fifth Massachusetts regiment, and continued in active service until 1865, participating in many historic battles of the war, and, after several promotions for gallant conduct, was honorably discharged as lieutenant-colonel. He soon afterward embarked in mercantile business in Boston on a small capital of his savings, and brought it soon to a successful and lucrative establishment, holding the lead in this country in that line of merchandise. In 1877 he organized and furnished the capital for the Pope Manufacturing Company, of which he has ever since been the head, and which under his management has become one of the most flourishing and best organized of corporations for the production and distribution of fine machinery. It has a large factory at Hartford, stores and shops in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and some 400 agencies in the principal cities and towns, and controls nearly 100 patents. Col. Pope is also connected, in a large way, with several other business enterprises of magnitude, and president and director in several corporations. In 1877 he began to introduce bicycles and tricycles to the American public, and to manufacture them on a large scale, and on scientific principles of construction; and he has developed the use of these vehicles of pleasure and convenience, removed prejudices and restrictions against them, been the patron of literature and art, invention and accomplishments connected with bicycling, and founded on a permanent and ever widening basis the manufacture of the finest machines, and all the minor industries related to it. He has shown all along, with sagacity and boldness of business methods, a liberality amounting to generosity, and illustrated the truth that "he that giveth, receiveth"; and he has exhibited a rare example in the handling of patents so as to reserve but a fair return for investment and share the benefits with the public, so that the term "monopolist," sometimes applied to him by those who over-estimate his wealth and know little of his methods, is as unjust as it is inapplicable.—*From "Men of Mark."*

THE DOWN-EAST TOUR.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

With feverish anxiety have I awaited the appearance in some cycling publication of an account of the "Down-East Tour," but to no purpose. Why this prolonged silence I cannot divine, for, having participated in that week's sport, I can assure you that the realization far exceeded the anticipation. Knowing full well, Mr. Editor, the generous make-up of your nature, I shall proceed to impose upon you and your readers some little description of what that tour was like.

Friday, July 17, brought with it the consummation of all the labor bestowed upon our pet scheme. For that day we had been waiting some weeks, impatiently checking off the days one at a time as they passed all too slowly, till the day came with its scorching sun and 97° in the shade. We left Boston *via* the Eastern railroad at 7 p. m., *en route* for Moosehead lake. Running near the coast as that road does, the invigorating sea air, sweeping inland, was peculiarly grateful to those of us who had already ridden several hours in the suffocating atmosphere of the tin-roofed, sun-drawing cars, and sweltered in the streets of Boston, sampling everything in the thirst-quenching line from pure Mystic to the somewhat strong and perspiration-starting concoction found at the Quincy House. The hours from Boston to Portland were passed in pleasantry and becoming better acquainted one with another. At Portland our numbers were increased by eight members of the Portland Wheel Club, and eight royal good fellows they proved to be, too. Next morning we were unceremoniously routed out at half-past five o'clock, a sleepy and tired party. Here it was that the member from Springfield, who even in his sleep had been counting tickets, in his haste to dress and anxiety to avoid the scrutinizing glances of the bright eyes across the way, unwittingly exchanged his flannel shirt for a jersey of state-prison stripe and brilliant hue. Wonder who is wearing that flannel now!

At Bangor a delegation from the Pine Tree Wheel Club met and escorted the party to the Bangor House, where two hours were allowed for breakfast. During the course of the meal a keen-eyed gentleman was noticed making acquaintances among the tourists, and quietly measuring the party as a whole. What his object was and the result of his inspection appears later on. The inner man refreshed, and the mind in that state of complacency which is induced by the fumes of a mild and pleasant-flavored weed, the journey was resumed with a willing spirit. Prior to leaving we had been joined by three manly-looking, strapping fellows from St. John, N. B., one of whom proved to be the quiet man of the party, another the hill-climber, and the third the story-teller. From Bangor to Moosehead lake was a somewhat tedious ride without incident. For miles and miles nothing was visible from the car window but stretches of pine forest. Suddenly the train would slacken, the brakemen call out some unintelligible name, all for a shabby depot, a country store, a tumble-down saw-mill, and two or three dwelling-houses. The Portland hardware merchant's cry of "Girl! girl!" at every stop, brought each man to his window—and for what? We forbear to state. Ascending the mountains by rail, where used to run the stage coach, the scenery was truly grand. From the rear platform of the last car a little company of us gathered inspiration enough to drink in and

appreciate the beauties of nature as displayed in the surrounding landscape, but hardly enough to give you an adequate idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. The ever-ascending grade gave a constantly changing view of near hills and distant mountains, while the road curved like a huge serpent, here around the base of a hill, on one side of which, looking up, the trees seemed towering to the very sky, while on the other their tops were far below the level of the track,—and there, across the trestle-work bridging a yawning chasm, so deep and full of sharp-pointed, ugly-looking rocks, that the thought was involuntary, "What if it should break?"

The welcome cry of "Greenville" some time after noon brought us out of the car with a bound, for we were tired of the roar and rumble of the train and hungry besides. Storing our wheels in a barn near by, against our return on Monday, we swarmed to the small hotel, and formed in line, each man waiting his turn at the sink. Dinner was quickly disposed of and the steamer boarded. And this was really Moosehead lake, of which we had learned the location when school children, of which we had read from friends who had camped on its shores, and of which we had talked so much all summer. A sheet of water forty miles long and eighteen wide, surrounded by pine-covered mountains, it looked a veritable paradise for the hunter and fisherman. But one thing occurred to mar the pleasure of the voyage to Mount Kineo. One of the Springfield delegates deliberately planted his length on the bow of the boat and persisted in smoking a cigar, the fumes of which strongly savored of burning rags. Protests were in vain. Threats to throw the offender overboard were of no avail. Offers to purchase the weed at many times its cost were received in contemptuous silence; and still he smoked while the sufferers grouped themselves and chanted in a minor key, "It is his last cigar." A couple of pigs stowed near the wheelhouse (journeying to Kineo in anticipation of our visit, I suspect,) echoed the sentiments of the party. But one of them lived to tell the tale—they called it hog cholera, but it wasn't. It was that cigar. The amusing thing about those pigs, however, was the manner in which they squaled every time the Portland editor approached. Whether a kindred spirit prompted the recognition or not, the editor flatly refused to relate, thereby leaving us to draw our own conclusions. Once more the cry of "Girl! girl!" from the Portland hardware merchant breaks rudely upon our quiet meditations. Looking around anxiously for said apparition we notice for the first time that the steamer is slowly approaching a landing. Ah! there she stands, shading her eyes with one hand, the other gracefully but squarely and firmly planted upon her hip, scanning the boat itself closely, but persistently refusing to recognize the fact that thirty-five pair of well-formed calves grace the railing; that thirty-five pair of eager eyes are centered on her fair face; and that thirty-five pair of lungs are softly breathing "girl, girl." Stolidly, indifferently, there she stands while freight is taken off and one or two passengers alight. Again the steamer swings into the lake, and the silent form slowly wends its way up the side of the hill, still apparently unconscious of the furor created in the breasts of thirty-five disappointed wheelmen. An agonizing cry went up from the member from (where was it—Portland, St. John, or Springfield?) "Why, boys, that's the

first girl we've seen since leaving Boston. Give her the calliope," and thirty-five calliopes ring out clear, shrill, sharp. She stops, she slowly turns, a white handkerchief flutters in the air, and with a responsive yell thirty-five hats are wildly swung while the refrain comes over the water,

"I saw the steamer come round the bend, good-by, my lover, good-by;
All loaded down with cycling men, good-by, my lover, good-by."

At 3 o'clock we took possession of the Mount Kineo House, at least such portion of it as the Raymond excursion party, numbering sixty-one souls, had not already appropriated. In scanning the strange faces we notice one that at a distance looks familiar, and in a few moments are shaking the hand of a whole-souled, big-hearted, bright-faced brother wheelman, our newly-elected treasurer L. A. W., Mr. Kendall, of Worcester. To Mr. Kendall are to be attributed many pleasant recollections of the stay at Kineo; for wasn't Frank popular with the ladies of his party? And didn't he furnish introductions right and left? An entertainment was given by Mrs. Bruce, Miss March, and Miss Jackson, of the excursionists, that evening—a most enjoyable affair throughout—at the close of which an urgent request was made that the young men sing some college songs, and allow the ladies to join them.

But we have one more unpleasant incident to add to the day's doings. The tenor from Portland would persist in attempting a solo. It is painful to recall how the audience, one by one, slowly departed, while the tenor in a nothing-venture-nothing-have sort of a style, asserted that "men might come and men might go, but he'd go on forever." A simple word or two from the proprietor a little later caused the tenor to beat a hasty retreat. What impossible things rest and sleep were for two hours after, those who have ever been benighted with a lot of wheelmen, full of exuberant spirits (not alcoholic), can well imagine. Long after every one was wrapt in slumber, Springfield again came to the front, one of her representatives going from door to door, arousing the inmates, and demanding the loan of a tooth-brush.

The next day (Sunday) was religiously observed by some who attended service held in the parlors. The afternoon was devoted to climbing the mountain—a task well worth the undertaking. Standing on the summit and looking down 1,000 feet at the hotel, flat and diminutive in appearance, and the little Indian hamlet near by, while around the base of the cliff darts a canoe propelled by the steady, strong stroke of a dusky, degenerated, whisky-loving red man, we wish that for one hour all traces of civilization may be effaced from the landscape, the second growth of pines be replaced by the original forest, and that we may look on the beautiful scene around and below and beyond, just as it appeared to the first visitor as he stood in this same spot.

But what is this going on so soon after tea-time? Ah, yes! It is Sunday; the boys have been quiet all day, and can restrain their fun-loving proclivities no longer. They gather in groups on the lawn, and seem to be choosing sides, as a long, heavy rope is produced. Let us step inside and take shelter behind that tall, grave-faced gentleman who spoke to us the words of truth this morning. From that standpoint we will do just what he is doing—secretly watch the fun. Meanwhile the wheelmen have arrayed themselves, and now for

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—203—
MILES IN 24 HOURS.

Note what the Boston Herald of August 10 says in regard to this wonderful performance:

"The machine ridden was a 36-inch Rudge Safety of the improved Kangaroo type, geared to 56 inches. These little machines are used very extensively all over Europe by persons who are afraid to run the risk of riding a bicycle, and where the roads are unfit for a tricycle, and to a great extent they are taking the place of the tricycle, being lighter and easier of propulsion, beside being just as safe and much less expensive."

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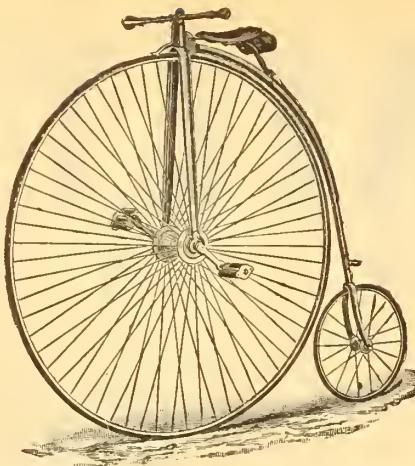
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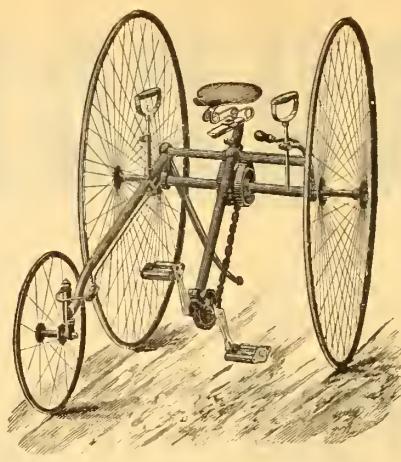


FINISH E, \$125.00.

EXPERT COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

This machine has had the practical test of three seasons; it has been ridden by every size and weight of rider, on all kinds of roads, in every State in the Union, under all supposable conditions. It is presented for the fourth season.

WEIGHT, 72 POUNDS.



PRICE, \$160.00.

COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE. FIRST SEASON.

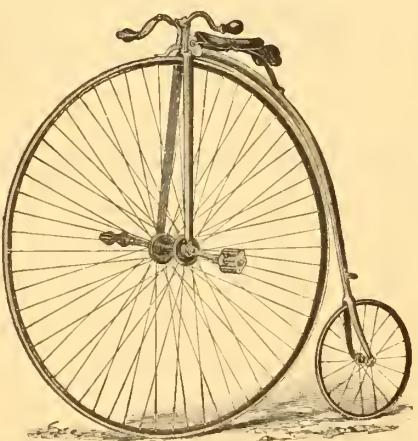
Needs no mud-guard; can be passed through an ordinary door-way; adjustable crank-throw; gear-wheels can be changed without machine work.

**Only 1% OF WHEELMEN
ARE RACING MEN. 99% RIDE ON
THE ROADS.**

WHEN ABOUT TO PURCHASE A MACHINE,

Choose That Which has the Best Reputation for All-Around Use; Which Seldom Needs Repairing; Which is Thoroughly Staunch and Reliable for Long-Distance Tours; Which is in More General Use in the United States than All Other Makes of High-Grade Bicycles Combined; Which has Never Worn Out, although Scores are To-Day in Use which were Made Seven Years Ago.

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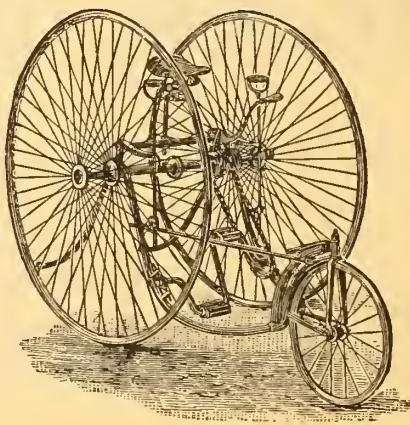


FINISH K, \$135.00.

COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER. FIRST SEASON.

A Genuine Light-Weight Bicycle. Resultant Spokes. Weight of 51-inch, ready to ride, 36 pounds.

PRICE, \$160.00.



With Power Gear, \$180.

COLUMBIA THREE-TRACK TRICYCLE.

This machine is offered for the third season, as a thoroughly reliable and practical roadster.

"I have ridden it in all kinds of weather, on every conceivable kind of road, over gutters, cobble-stones, in slush three inches deep, on the ice, and now I have at last ridden on the top of a gas-holder. I ride up over curb-stones six inches high with ease, by lifting the steering-wheel high enough to clear; in fact, I begin to think that I can ride it over anything. I have never had occasion to tighten the adjustment of the bearings but twice, and there is not a loose spoke in the whole machine: and to-day, after riding 2,000 miles, I consider the machine to be practically as good as ever."

W. H. MILLER, President Buckeye Bicycle Club.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, January 7, 1885.

STANDARD COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

The "old reliable" steed has entered upon the eighth season. It is presented upon its merits and popularity already acquired. It is too well known to need illustration or description.

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the tug of war. See them pull. Just look at that big man from St. John; watch Johnson and little Messer. First it goes one way, then the other, while the R. E. P. applaud the victorious side, and even the grave divine smiles as, with a sigh, he turns away, thinking perchance of the days when he, too, was young. Darkness puts an end to such doings, and we repair to the broad veranda pursued by hosts of mosquitoes and black flies, pests for which even smoke has no terrors. It is a pretty sight to look down the length and breadth of the promenade. Here stands a group of portly men discussing affairs of business, and by them sweep several stately matrons, followed by a bevy of young ladies, laughing and talking a good many pounds to the square inch. Seated yonder is a little mutual-admiration society of two, and by us brush a couple of our own young men trying very hard to catch on. Even Pennsylvania's daughters cannot resist those eye-glasses and in a few moments more the four are comfortably seated in a secluded corner; but for a short season only, for the mother stumbles upon them, and the game is up.

One of the most noticeable fixtures at the Mount Kineo House is the moosehead and antlers hung over the fire-place in the spacious office. Their weight when cut from the carcass was 150 pounds, the entire body weighing 1,000 pounds. The spread from tip to tip of antlers is 4 ft. 4 in.; from base of neck to tip of nose 4 ft.; from base of neck on under side $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. Said moose was killed about 75 miles north of Kineo in the fall of '82 by L. L. Hubbard. The face yet wears a fierce expression, and if many such roam the adjacent forests the lake has been well named Moosehead. The next morning found the Raymond party of sixty-one, with a nearly equal number of trunks, and our little band of half that number snugly packed upon the little steamer *en route* for Greenville. The day was simply perfect; not a cloud in the sky, the lake smooth as glass. All nature seemed to smile and joy with us as we eagerly awaited the hour when we should begin the trip-a-wheel from "the lake in the mountains to the mountains by the sea." As we round the bend beyond which lies the scene of Saturday's mad attempts with the woodland lassie, all eyes are centered on the little cottage on the hill. Yes, there she stands in the doorway waving her morning greeting, while we return ours in a manner loud enough to be heartfelt and sincere. At Greenville we bid adieu to the Raymond party among whom some very pleasant acquaintances have been formed—they to roll down the mountains seated in upholstered easy chairs, we, to roll up hill and down in a somewhat more laborious style, though far more enjoyable and health-giving. Quickly placing our luggage in the ambulance we mount wheels and are off. The first two days have been pleasantly and profitably spent, and we await further developments with a deal of interest. The cyclometer registers one mile, two miles, three miles,—surely these are not the roads of which we have heard so much—those roads of Maine, so full of sand and loose stones? Those hills of Maine, where one walks up on one side only to walk down on the other because the decline is so steep? Hills there are and plenty of them, some of them are steep, *very* steep, but not as formidable as we have been led to expect. Of a certainty the most of us entered that morning's ride prepared to wheel one-quarter and walk three-quarters of the distance, but were happily dis-

appointed. Our reception at Monson, and indeed all along the route, was a repetition of the experiences of the former Down-East tours,—everywhere the same curiosity and interest, amounting at times even to amazement, for as yet the bicycle is a comparatively rare visitor in the interior of the Pine Tree State. Farmers never tired of asking in a drawling nasal tone, "How much'd one of them air things cost?" Nor of firing off the stale joke of "not caring to own a hoss that couldn't carry his load up hill." But farmers as a rule have large hearts, and those scattered along the roads threading the pine forests of that corner of New England proved no exception. How the harsh rasping voice that has just been remarking as to the improbability of its owner "ever gitting so he could stride one of them air things," seemed to turn to one of music as he asked the boys if they wouldn't like a little hard cider, or better yet, suggested that—"mother might have some milk and eggs in the kitchen—he'd go and see." At Monson a game of base-ball was indulged in, half the town turning out to see the sport; but *such* playing! Even the log-choppers and quarrymen could not restrain an occasional sniff at the hot balls and muffs of the battery and the method-of-his-own style in which the left fielder executed his movements, one spectator going so far as to contemptuously remark that he "guessed them boys were a little green." Directly after tea the famous slate quarries were visited, and later on we were initiated into the mysteries of paddling a birch-bark. The night was one of a thousand as we silently glided in and out, here and there on the lake's surface, the dignified and courteous Canadian plying the paddle and chatting meanwhile in an easy strain of people and places in his own country. The lowering sky of the next morning somewhat dampened the spirits of the party, and the rain which began to fall just as we accepted a parting gratuity from the suave hotel clerk in the shape of a mighty mean looking and worse smoking cigar, came in gentle showers all the forenoon, affecting our clothing considerably more than it had our spirits.

The programme stated that at Dexter, the day's destination, we were to have a hop; much to our disappointment the same had been given up. The energetic Elwell was not to be euchiéd in any such style however. At three o'clock that p. m. handbills were scattered far and near, distributed broadcast throughout the town, informing the public in general and young ladies in particular, that the visiting wheelmen would give an informal hop that evening at the town hall, and urging all who wished to make the affair an enjoyable one to assist by lending their presence to the assemblage. "Johnson will not be there" was stated in glaring letters below, and that was the key note of our success. Everybody wanted to know who Johnson was, and why he would not be there; and as a natural result, Johnson, who modestly occupied a box, was the subject of more talk, and the recipient of more shy glances than the sum total of all the others. An exhibition of fancy riding by G. R. McAuslan followed by a game of polo on Stars between Messrs. McAuslan and G. E. Cain was enthusiastically received by the audience, nothing of a like nature ever having been seen there before. To Mr. Small and friend of Dexter we were greatly indebted for the material assistance rendered in using their influence among the ladies to good advantage and telling effect. A hasty review of the affair as we reported one by

one at the hotel, some very soon and others a good while after the dance had broken up, at which each man was required to render an account of his exploits and receive his reward accordingly, then we repaired to bed to dream of what the morrow had in store for us.

The clear tones of Butler's bugle rang out on the still and early morning air, awakening the echoes all too soon. "Why in thunder can't that man wait till a decent hour before blasting away in that style!" from a muffled voice in the corner. There was Miller on the floor. By way of explanation he said that aside from Breck, who always snored and wanted nine-tenths of the room, there were too many other occupants in his bed to make it really comfortable. The dissipation of the night before was visible on more than one sleepy face, and even the shout, "who *was* George Washington?" which greeted the ears of the laggards as with weary step they filed into the dining-room, failed to call forth that responsive smile so essential to the warm supporters of G. W. The ride that day was go-as-you-please. To the writer it was the most pleasant day of all. What better company could he have chosen than fortune bestowed upon him? The cheerful Elwell, always ready with a word of encouragement for the weak rider, and ever looking from the ludicrous side of his nature; the affable Carney, never cross and always ready to sacrifice his own interests for those of others, surely his friendship was to be sought, for was he not the treasurer and did he not carry all the money? and the bright, rosy-faced Buster, at whom one could not look and recall the stolen box of cigars without breaking into laughter.

Our road lay through a pleasant country and every opportunity of affording amusement was eagerly seized upon. The shady elm with its spreading branches, under which lay stretched half a dozen of those who had ridden ahead, was always a welcome 'find,' as was also the spacious yard with its rows of maples fronting the road, affording grateful shelter to a score of dusty wheelmen, while a clamorous group gathers round the shy maiden who dispenses cool, rich milk with a trembling hand, though she dare not raise her eyes to meet the steady stare of little Messer.

Three miles from Bangor the members of the Pine Tree Wheel Club were waiting to do escort duty. An hour's rest was taken, during which time the little corner store was drained of ginger ale and kindred drinks, and the thirst of the crowd was not half quenched. Had the proprietor but known the possibilities of the occasion, what a harvest he would have reaped! When mounted and away we numbered fifty-eight wheels. The streets of Bangor told the same old story of interest in the visitors and their doings: crowds on the corners, faces at the windows, and lines of spectators all along the route.

During the evening meal, Palmer, who had received temporarily painful injuries by a fall from his wheel just before reaching Dexter, entered the dining hall and was received with a hearty welcome and applause. Soon after tea the local wheelmen gathered at the Bangor House, and escorted the visitors to the residence of Mr. John L. Crosby. In our host we quickly recognized the gentleman who had scrutinized the party when on the northward journey. He had gathered about him a goodly company of young ladies, whose mission it was to make life agreeable for a few short hours at least. Why impose upon your scribe the

necessity of reviewing that charming evening? His pen cannot begin to do it justice. Picture for yourself, if you will, the groups of well-browned wheelmen scattered here and there, chatting with an equal number of bright-eyed, pleasant-faced, vivacious young ladies, some in a dignified strain, some merrily, and others already approaching the confidential; the first named seated in the brilliantly lighted parlors, the second eating ices on the veranda by the light of colored lanterns, and the third strolling by the mellow light of the full moon, up and down the shrub-lined walks. How those lustrous eyes looking into ours made us tingle to our very finger tips as we vainly tried to read what lay hidden in their depths. It is with a pang of regret that such times as these come not more often in a man's life, as we recall how the brilliant parlor was ours, but for a short while only; how we passed to the veranda that we might do as others did; unconsciously the transition from quiet dignity to merriment was made, and the second stage was ours; from the veranda to the garden was but a step; we took that step, and—but positively, Mr. Editor, we will not state the secrets of that garden stroll; how—

"Just for an instant those earnest eyes

Looked from the depths of her soul to mine,
And then she grew suddenly cold and wise,
And carelessly said that the night was fine."

How well it all comes back once more. Is this the scene of which we lay down to dream but one short day ago? Ye gods! Let us dream once more, for on the morrow fortune may favor us again. Rumor has it that the steep hill, formerly known as State street, now goes by the name of "Gilbert's Coast." Gilbert never tired of relating how, with a broken brake, ugly cross-walks to jump, and the possibility of colliding with teams, he rode with his heart in his mouth that night.

The annual races of the Pine Tree Wheel Club held the next afternoon, drew out a goodly assemblage of Bangor's fair ones. Take your position here with us for a few moments, as from the judges' stand we scrutinize the crowd opposite, and you will be the better able to take them all in. Note the tourists as you glance around; there are Carney and Clarke with their turn-out; with all their fun they reckon not the cost of this expensive luxury. And that round-faced, rosy-cheeked lad beyond, whose cap bears the legend "Springfield"; no livery horse that; what can he be saying that requires so close a scrutiny of his companion's face, and what is her reply as she quickly turns and laughs? This chubby little fellow on the track below, serving in the capacity of judge—with the restless snapping eyes; why does he continually glance at a carriage near by? and of the four which is *the* one? But what is the matter with this tall fellow near by, who has cast one startled, searching glance at a couple just opposite, and looks no more that way? Why that troubled expression as he swelters in the sun, and why does he so often repair to the refreshment booth? Doubtless he has measured the other man and respects his physical make up. Sedate Elwell, sober Johnson, impetuous Maclachlan, and a score of others admire from a distance. They have come out to give undivided attention to the races and propose not to be interfered with.

The afternoon's sport over and supper hurriedly eaten, we take up the line of march—single file and lock step—to the wharf, there to embark on the "Howell" for a moonlight sail on the Pe-

nobscot. There again are the young ladies, some with chaperons, some with parents, some with too attentive admirers, and some without, for which we are duly thankful and proceed to appropriate accordingly. Photographer Marsh has his camera trained on the *stern* (no need of your italicizing that word, Mr. Editor), waiting for a favorable moment that we may have some relic of this evening wherewith to freshen memory as time goes on; something more material than the collection we have since seen of dainty cards, bits of ribbon, faded flowers, and promises made only to be broken. What a magnetism there is about these Bangor people! No sooner has the boat left its moorings, than, turning to speak with Coe, with whom we have been conversing, we behold his form disappear beyond the wheel-house. The same restless spirit has affected all the tourists as with one accord they seek out and settle beside the particular attraction of the night before. Not all, however; there is Elwell perched near the pilot; from that spot will we enjoy this bewitching sail. The night is a repetition of all the others, beautiful beyond description; and as we sit together, silently meditating, pointing out bits of scenery as they pass and glancing occasionally at the moon, the better to imagine the romance of the situation, or of what it might be under certain circumstances, while from below comes the hum of voices broken by peals of merry laughter, or a snatch of song, a spell steals over us, the charms of which we are loath to break, even when told that Miss H— has a bone to pick with us. But go we do, vowing that it shall take a long time to pick that bone, and that opportunity permitting, "we shall sit together unmolested, and words of true love pass from tongue to tongue." And so the evening passes, all too quickly, every moment bringing its peculiar joy. The lights of Bangor are now appearing, but before leaving the boat let us take a turn about and see what the fellows are up to. Here is a little group of laughing faces listening to a tall, sober-faced man. The question is put, "Well, Williams, how did you get along with those young ladies I introduced you to?" "O, I got along first-rate till that blamed McAuslan came up and introduced Elwell; he began telling them about Canada and Bermuda and one other country; after that I didn't have any show at all." Just beyond sits our photographer, who is either asleep or has reached that stage where it's more fun to sit without talking. Next are Carney and Clarke, the inseparables, munching hard-tack. Secretary Crosby wanders about looking after the welfare of the party in general, and for some one in particular whom he can't find. Having the misfortune to lose his hat, his head is encompassed with a black shawl, *a-la-Bridget*, and he occasionally halts before a quiet couple and mournfully asks: "Who *was* George Washington?" Johnson, good-natured, long-legged, pipe-loving Johnson, peacefully sleeps in the cabin, vowing in his dreams that this is his last moonlight excursion. As we pass to the upper deck, a pleasant-faced gentleman asks in a mild voice if we have seen Mr. L—n. Now there must be something mysterious about the relations between this gentleman and Mr. L—n. No less than five times have we heard him make that same inquiry. We reply in the negative and pass on while the gentleman peers about in every direction for the missing man. There is Billy Pitcher, whose father told Carney to look after him; if his father could only see him now, Billy would never go on another Down-East

tour. Near the boiler room the excitable Mac is telling a story. We won't stop for we know from the circle of bent forms and eager faces that it is most finished. Shouts of laughter from that quarter prove our assertion, and more follow as Tuke demands, "Go ahead, Mac. Set 'em up again." Here is little Messer sitting all alone. His calling has made him a melancholy man and he persistently shuns ladies' society. By us pass a string of fellows headed by Jersey and Miller, bent on spoiling all the *t h-e-a-t-t-e-s* they can while singing "Jersey Lily." Passing around the wheel-house our circuit will have been completed, and then we will—but wait a moment, there's some one out there; seems as though that voice and the form clad in a red shawl are familiar:—"All your friends from far and near." "Do you really mean it, Mr. L—n?" "Why certainly I do! Can you doubt it?" Ah! This explains the mystery. The wife of he of the pleasant face and mild voice is chaperoning this young lady. A strict sense of duty demands that the gentleman be called immediately, but, recollecting the days when we too were young, we have no heart for such a mission. On the opposite side of the wheel-house lies a burly form lost in slumber. Could he but know what is going on under his very nose,—could they but know how near danger lurks, how different it might all be! Descending once more to the deck below, we stumble across Elwell, seated in the midst of a bevy of girls, laughing and talking as never before, telling perchance of "that other country," and all in a manner that would put most of us at a loss to imitate. Yet it is said of this same man that his extreme bashfulness had always been a serious drawback; and he had expressed a belief that a week spent with the Springfield delegation would cure him. Methinks his cure is thorough. Good-bys are being said—the hardest part of all the evening—and we proceed to pay our respects to whomsoever fancy chooses. A warm shake of the hand, an earnest "Good-by—don't forget your promise," and we watch the receding form, wishing we could live the evening over again.

"The night was fine and the wind was fair,
And the bright moon shone on the glittering sea,
As she bade me good-by with a careless air,
And smilingly turned away from me.

Only her eyes, in a single ray,
That flashed the truth from her soul to mine,
Just for an instant, then turned away
And left me alone in the bright moonshine.

Yet I shall know her, her whole life through,
Once having seen her soul in her eyes,
When the bright moon shone, and the soft wind blew,
As we parted under the watching skies."

Two o'clock found the party assembled at the Bangor House waiting the arrival of Waltham Marsh who put in an appearance an hour later, hatless and breathless. He had been chased by a policeman who was on the lookout for suspicious characters and only the exceeding great length of his legs saved him.

It was a paralyzed crowd that gathered around the breakfast table next morning, the state of each man's mind and head corresponding well to that of the atmosphere outside—muggy and foggy. The ride before us proved a tough one, a strong head wind bringing with it heavy banks of fog and an occasional drizzle, while the roads were not quite up to those of days past. More than one good chance did the little man from Lynn have to test his power of strength and speed, and to prove

the efficiency of his mount, successfully demonstrating that Cain was Abel,—able at least to keep well to the front though the reckless Coe, the company of Cain & Co., was ever at his side.

At Ellsworth we amused ourselves as best we could, the older heads among us seated indoore, writing home, or reading, or enveloped in clouds of smoke quietly discussing the day's events or some incident of the Bangor visit when called up for further criticism, while from among the group of younger ones without, some one would occasionally rush in, seize an umbrella, and vanish into the darkness. Three of them who went out thus were obliged to face the stern parent as he unexpectedly put in an appearance, and the young ladies, not knowing the names of the trio, presented "Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown—my father."

An informal meeting was called, with Hazlett in the chair, at which was tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. John L. Crosby, of Bangor, for the exceedingly pleasant manner in which he had entertained the visiting wheelmen; afterwards a little surprise party was quietly worked up by Messrs. Hazlett, McAuslan, and others, resulting in the presentation to Mr. Elwell of a set of resolutions in which the tourists endeavored to express their appreciation of the result of his labors in their behalf. At the close of the meeting a member from Springfield arose, and in a few words invited the entire party to attend the tournament of the Springfield Bicycle Club and participate in a reunion to be held at that time, whereupon Johnson loudly announced his determination to be there.

Hardly enough rain fell during the night to lay the dust thoroughly though the fog continued unabated with now and then a light sprinkle. The ride was a merry and a jolly one—the roads excellent, and the air cool enough to induce lively pedaling. Leaving the bridge which connects Mt. Desert with the mainland, our course runs up hill and down, skirting the base of hills and running through patches of pine forest—all told, the prettiest ten miles of the tour. Of the island and its roads we say nothing; they were all that was expected—all that could have been desired.

A ravenously hungry crowd it was that at the Grand Central gathered around three long tables above which, on the wall, in large letters tastefully wrought in evergreen the words, "Welcome, Wheelmen," gave us the undisputed title to that corner.

The afternoon was devoted to the ascent of Green Mountain, while a hop at the West End in the evening, polo at the rink, and an alluring moon to light the highways and by-ways, afforded a variety of opportunities wherein to gratify one's tastes. A sadness which had settled over the party at Ellsworth, when Williams, of Waltham, received a telegram stating that his sister lay at the point of death, was deepened at Bar Harbor, when Breck, of Springfield, was handed a dispatch informing him of the sudden death of his father. The sympathy extended our two companions in their bereavement was touching in the extreme, though it was pleasing to observe the promptitude with which their fellow wheelmen expressed sorrow at the sadness, which in a season of recreation had come like a bolt from a clear sky.

The Sabbath was passed mostly in quiet and reading, no little spirit of envy being aroused however by the doings of Boyd and Humphrey who claimed acquaintance with and were somewhat attentive to a couple of young ladies evidently

from Bangor. How do we know? Well!!! The genial Mr. Crosby, he of the pleasant face and mild voice, graced the head of our table, having suddenly decided the day before that he'd run down to the island and see what the boys were doing. While poring over the papers in the reading room, a gentleman whose bearing betrays his calling and whose face wears the expression of one whose life has been spent in good deeds, scans the register. It is the Rev. Dr. S. G. Buckingham, of Springfield, who, hearing that two of his parishioners are among the visitors, has come to catch a glimpse of home, and right glad we are to see him, too. The next morning Photographer Marsh again trains his camera, this time for two groups. A lot of fuss and fixing and we are at last all ready. Just as Marsh savagely shouts, "steady now" (we warrant he didn't speak so to her when in Bangor) the cry is sent up, "Where's Casper?" "and Clarke?" "Lindsey and Kennard?" Sure enough, where are they? And that sly Johnnie McAuslan and quiet Robertson—where are they? The lazy fellows are not yet up. "The Consul's brow was sad and the Consul's voice was low" as he strode by, muttering, "Confound it! we must have those boys here anyhow." Tuke improves the time by pulling from his various pockets griddle-cakes and shares them with Maclachlan. At length the group reforms and the final official deed of the party is over. The members with a few exceptions departed by boat for Portland, the few exceptions retracing their steps to Bangor, some, whose home it was, to stay there; others en route for St. John. Of the two remaining ones history does not relate, though sundry rumors reach our ears as time goes on. We have seen in a letter written from that section something about "the Mrs. Springfields nev Bangors," but to draw conclusions just yet would be anticipating uncertainty.

And here, Mr. Editor, we close the narrative. The whole trip has been a most satisfactory one, reflecting throughout great credit on its projector, and as we leave these thirty-five good fellows—true blue every one of them—it is with the heartfelt wish that we may again at no very distant day join in their fun and partake of their good-fellowship as freely as we have done in this trip a-wheel from "the lake in the mountains to the mountains by the sea."

"SCRIBE."

TOUR OF "THE LITTLE FOUR."

"Come in here, Georgie, have you read What the *Herald* about the 'Big Four' said? Now wouldn't it be a nice invention If the 'Little Four' could attract attention?" "Glorious! Jolly! Johnnie, how I would feel Kicking my fifty-five English wheel. A bicycle tour is the nicest of all nice things; Let's take in Cooperstown and Richfield Springs. Herc's Gene and Eddie: we'll see what they say, And make preparations without delay." The Druggist said: "We must have a name." "I have it," the Jeweler did proclaim, "Why not, as we are living at the Hub, Call it the 'Walton Bicycle Club?'" "Money," said the Banker, "from my vast hoard, Shall furnish us excellent lodging and board." The Druggist volunteered to supply without stint Court-plaster sufficient, and liniment. "I," said the Jeweler, "a Springfield will take, And time the beautiful runs we make." But the Editor thought as they were going West, The Ontario schedule time the best. For his share, though, as they were "pards," He'd furnish free the visiting cards. "Now for three days of healthful exercise," The Banker said, "and early we must rise,

For one of the conductor's unseemly tricks Is to start at forty minutes after six." To Youngs' they had a delightful run, Crossing the Zig-Zag with unalloyed fun. There is nothing in this world, sure, Half so nice, as a bicycle tour—on a rail. In Sidney, a piece of new highway Brought the liniment first in play; For running on it the Jeweler did persist, Until he took a "header" and sprained his wrist. The day with other incidents was fraught, The fates, to mill an honest farmer brought. "Git them tarel things out of the road, there; They're enough to frighten ay more," He cried. "Hear what I say. I'll horsewhip ye if she runs away." From Unadilla, the roads were of the best, And the Druggist easily led the rest, Until he into a puddle fell, While dilating on "bearings parallel." They fished him out without delay, And soon again were on their way, Trusting to the beautiful rain, To rid him of the muddy stain. They dined that day at the "Pond Lily Hotel," And fared most sumptuously, they tell— Strawberries, bread and butter, enough and more, Which cost just forty cents for four. Excellent cigars, too, were proffered by the host, Whose generosity could of no meanness boast. But among them there were three dissenters Because the cigars were not "ten-centers," The other, lest the host he should provoke, Took up at last with the five-cent smoke. With the inner man appeased, they took a start, 'Tis ever thus, the best of friends must part, So, bidding the landlord a pleasant good-day, They mounted their wheels and sped away. The three-mile ride through rain and ditches, Soiled their shirts and wet their breeches. Oneonta they reached, at three p. m., Where a pleasant surprise awaited them, For, as all three into a bed were hied, Their clothes in the kitchen being dried, Three wheelmen appeared, with nice dry clothes, Which they readily donned, when they arose From the friendly bed in which they lay Meditating on the incidents of the day; The fourth, the Banker, being a "Vet," Cared neither for the mud nor wet, But started out to look around, And find the wheelmen of the town. "Why," said the Editor, "the jolly cove, Would look for a wheelman, would, by Jove! Should he awake in the better land, Covered with water, mud and sand, And make it known in an hour or more, Of our presence in town—"The Little Four," From Oneonta, the busy place, They left at quite a rapid pace, Till Cooperstown at last they saw, The place of beauty, nature's law, Bright eyes opened very wide, When first the big lake they espied, For with their inland education They thought the lake beat all creation. Said George: "According to my notion This must be a section of the ocean." From thence they went to Richfield Springs, The place of which the spring poet sings. Being homeward bound, they were soon away, On their shining wheels, without delay. "And do you know," said the Editor bold, As he grasped the bar with a firmer hold, "Before, I've tried to coast, but all in vain, For fear I'd on the ground be lain. But now 'tis easy as can be, As you can very readily see, That I have attained greater skill." But, a sudden shock and a spill, Gave his frame a fearful jar, And likewise bent his handle-bar. At Oneonta they took the train For Walton and for home again, With one thing impressed on their minds evermore, "The Bicycle Tour of the 'Little Four.'" If further information you wish to seek, Refer to the *Reporter* of this week. —Walton (V. Y.) Chronicle.

B. L. B.

BONE-SHAKER DAYS.*

BY KARL KRON.

Time plays queer tricks with mortal memory, but it never drives from the mind of a college-bred man the distinctive number of his "class." About this particular numeral, which marks the exact point in the century where his four years' undergraduate life was terminated, there is a certain magical significance that age has no power to spoil. His boyish dreams of it, as representing a real *annus mirabilis* in human history, may all have been dissipated; his collegian's enthusiasm in chanting it aloud, as a war-cry for "the class," may all have been forgotten; but the numeral itself clings everlastingly to his consciousness. No man ever quite banishes from recollection "the year when he graduated." It is a fixed fact in his existence; a well-defined objective-point; a clearly-lettered mile-stone on the roadway of life. If he makes acquaintance with a graduate of some other college whose "year" was identical, the coincidence appeals to him in much the same way as a similarity in birth-days. Indeed, the year of his "class" is apt to be more vividly pictured upon his mind than the year of his birth.

It was not, therefore, on account of fear lest I forget the proper place in the century of my own college class, that I have kept continuously upon the wall of my bed-chamber, for more than a decade and a half, an allegorical representation of the advent into America of "1869." It is simply a wood-engraving, nine by fourteen inches in size, which originally covered a page in *Harper's Weekly*: but its historical and personal significance made it seem to me well worthy of being mounted and framed and glazed and erected in a place of honor. The sketch shows Father Time in the act of trundling off from the stage the Old Year ("1868"), in the guise of a drunken man collapsed in a wheelbarrow, just as the midnight bells ring in the New Year, who gayly drives his two-wheeler through the tissue-paper hoop which is proudly presided over by a pretty Columbine. Even the black cat upon the moon-lit belfry-top arches her back in welcome to this First of the Cranks ("1869"), whose pathway is pleasantly strewn with flowers, and whose happy appearance recalls to my mind these lines of the poet O'Brien:

"Pink as the rose is his skin so fair:
Round as an apple his perfect shape:
While the light that falls on his tawny hair
Is like sun in the heart of a bursting grape."

Thus the picture serves to remind me not only of the year when I finished crossing the bridge between youth and manhood, but of the fact that the hobby, which has caused so notable a deviation to my career in middle-age, crossed the ocean and took possession of America at the opening of that self-same year. On the first Thursday of it, when I came down to New Haven, to enter upon the final six months of my undergraduate life, it seemed as if every waking hour of that period would have to be devoted to hard work. I had been kept out of college during the previous term, under a mistaken decision of the Faculty that it

would be "practically hopeless" for me to attempt winning my degree with the class; and I was therefore at a great disadvantage in respect to my studies, and was bound by every consideration of pride to so succeed in them as to demonstrate the unjustness of the official judgment which had been pronounced against me. As one of the editors of "the oldest college magazine in the world," I had vowed to my four skeptical associates that (in spite of their expectation that the editorial board would be out-of-pocket, at the end of the year, as all previous boards had been, "in return for the honor of the position") the magazine *must* be made to yield a profit for our year's work upon it; and to bring this thing to pass required that I should make my face hateful to all the under-classmen, by the relentless persistency with which I pursued them for "subscriptions." At the same time it was incumbent upon me to persuade them to give an additional proof of patriotism by helping pay the printer's bill for my "index to the first thirty-three years of the magazine"—the indulgence in which monumental compilation had been the immediate cause of my failure to pass the Faculty's examination, six months before. Finally, as the class had elected me to deliver their "valedictory poem" on Presentation Day, I was under bonds to "work the rhyming dictionary" industriously, in the hope of grinding out something that might do no discredit to that honorable occasion; and it was also my duty to compile for public reading then a "four years' personal history of the First Division," whose mention of each of the fifty men who had belonged to my own quarter of the class should be in such form as to amuse the others without giving any individual offense.

All these tasks combined to form a heavier load than my young shoulders had ever before attempted to carry; and I resolutely put away all hope of indulging in any other kind of amusement than the demonstration that they were strong enough to carry it. I hardened my heart, therefore, against the lively table-talk at the eating-club, discussing the great velocipedic furor which had taken sudden possession of the college and the city. Entrancing tales were told me daily of the comic and exciting scenes to be witnessed at the rink, and of the wonderful possibilities which even the most sedate and cautious of citizens attributed to this new means of locomotion. Great was my temptation, and it increased from week to week, as the excitement intensified and drew one classmate after another into the vortex; but still I said: "I will not go; I cannot afford the time." At last, however, four weeks from the day when the term opened, my curiosity got the better of my judgment, and I "casually dropped in, at a riding school on State street, just to see what the thing was like, anyhow." It was at half-past 8 o'clock, on the evening of Thursday, February 4, 1869, that my eyes thus for the first time feasted themselves upon the alluring outlines of a bone-shaker. My daily journal of that date records the simple fact without comment or explanation; but I think it not unlikely that the ultimate excuse which I gave my conscience, for this gratification of curiosity, was the need of doing something unusual to dispel the gloom which oppressed me on account of the death, ten days before, of my much-loved bull-dog. At all events, I did certainly require some lively and cheerful experience, to alleviate the memory of that melancholy event; and the scenes of a velocipede rink were said to sup-

ply, by common consent, "the greatest fun a-going." My fancy seems to have been captivated at once. The new love came on with a rush, as a solace for the love that was dead. The record shows that, on the following forenoon, "I went in to watch the velocipedes, a little while," on my return from correcting magazine proofs at the printing office, which was adjacent; and that, the very next day, I deliberately "went down to the hall, and practiced with a machine for fifteen minutes, after waiting there two hours for a chance." This remark gives an idea of the briskness of the business which the owners of rinks were doing; for not only was every velocipede kept continuously in use, at the rate of "a cent a minute," but crowds of eager patrons waited impatiently to "take their quarter-hour turns," or even gave a premium for the "chances" of those who had registered in advance. The enormous waste of time thus involved, in the process of "learning to ride," brought me back again to a realizing sense of the truth that I simply *could not* afford to acquire that most delightful accomplishment. I vowed that this third visit to the rink should be my last, and that I would banish from my breast all ambition for winning the mastery over this exasperatingly insolent but marvelously seductive mechanism. I relied upon the axiom, "out of sight—out of mind," to cure the foolish passion which had been awakened within me. "But it seemed otherwise to the gods." The velocipede wouldn't stay out of sight. On the contrary, within three days from the taking of my solemn vow to shun the deadly allurements of the rink, it boldly emerged from the decorous concealment of that sawdust-sprinkled sanctum, and began flaunting itself along the city sidewalks. All in vain did I try to chain my thoughts to "the appointed studies of the curriculum," or to confine my enthusiasm to "Lit. subscriptions and index-checks." No amount of absorption in books could deaden my ears to the bewitching rattle made by the approaching iron tires upon the bricks; and when I gazed from my study window and actually *saw* an acquaintance proudly prancing by on a velocipede, my heart was quite gone. The charming spectacle enraptured my soul, and at the same time embittered it. I felt that I, too, must be a rider, or die!

This sensation stands unique in my experience, and I can recall it as freshly as if it had happened to me yesterday. My way of life has always been such as to keep me unusually free from envy; and there has never been a time, save this one, when a consciousness of my inability to do a thing, which I saw another person doing, has had power to make me unhappy. Though the ability to ride a horse, to sail a boat, to row skillfully, to run swiftly, to throw or catch a ball, to box, to fence, to swing, to dance, to jump, or to vault—always seemed to me, in each case, a very pleasant possession, my own lack of it never gave me an instant's uneasiness. But here at last was an athletic accomplishment whose attainment seemed superlatively desirable! The idea of existing powerless any longer in the presence of the two-wheeler seemed personally ignominious. I could not bear to breathe the same air with men whose victory over it seemed to brand me as their inferior. So, seven days from the date of my vow of total abstinence from the rink, I rushed again to its embrace. The record says: "I run one of the machines for an hour, without learning anything at all. Horribly hot work. Cool off in time for supper, and at 10 P. M. take another half hour on

* This is to be reprinted in the twenty-seventh chapter of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," which will probably be published in October, by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, New York. Those who subscribe in advance (and more than 3,100 have already done so) will have their names printed in the book and will be required to pay only \$1 on receipt of it, while its price to later purchasers will be \$1.50. Descriptive circulars and specimen pages may be had free by sending a postal card to the author as above.

the veloc., with no better result than before. Next morning (Sunday), when the chapel bell summons me to put on my clothes, I discover that the seat of my trousers has been torn completely out." Monday's report adds: "Instead of usual evening exercise at the gym., I chase up the veloc. for an hour, and 'learn how' just a little." Immediately following this preliminary suggestion of victory, comes the triumphant entry: "Tuesday, February 16—I rush right down to the velocipede hall, after morning recitation, and ride there for an hour. Eureka! Eureka! I'm really a velocipedist at last!" I indulged in two rides the next day, and engaged a "Pickering" for a sidewalk spin on the early morn of the 18th; but, as a heavy snow-storm raged then, I trundled the hobby to the gymnasium, and circled delightedly there for an hour,—repeating the experience on the 19th. On the 20th, which was Saturday, I had my first out-door riding, and made trial of the concrete walks of the same public green where Pierre Lallement, the inventor of "the crank idea," had given an exhibition of his mechanism, nearly three years before, as detailed on p. 140. "To think that only last Saturday I couldn't ride a velocipede! It seems a hundred years since then!" Such is the entry which shows the degree of my progress within a fortnight after vowing to abstain from the rink. The suspension of recitations on Washington's Birthday (22d) and on the "day of fasting and prayer for colleges" (25th) gave me opportunity for "riding all around the city," and the record is similar for the 12th and 17th of March and the 3d and 13th of April, on which latter day I went home for a fortnight's vacation. Exclamations expressive of my joy and delight in the sport are sandwiched in among the memoranda of these gala occasions, and of the intermediate shorter rides. Westville, less than four miles distant from the college, is the most remote spot named (April 3) in my wheeling record, and the latest date is May 15. Four after-supper rides upon the flag-stone walks of the college-yard are recorded during the week which ended then; and it is to be noted that my final experience with the machine in New Haven happened just three months from the day of my first victory over it. The enforcement of a municipal law, during the April vacation, forbidding the use of velocipedes on the city sidewalks, explains why the field of my May riding was so restricted. It was because of these cramped conditions, and not because of any diminution of my ardor, that I abandoned it altogether.

One misfortune only befell my quarter-year's career on the bone-shaker; but that one attained a national notoriety, in so far as universal newspaper mention could confer it. The facts of the case were these: I was driving a velocipede southward along the west sidewalk of Dwight street, at a slow rate, on the afternoon of February 24, when I noticed that an old white horse, hitched beside the roadway, showed symptoms of fright. I dismounted immediately, but, though a distance of two or three rods still intervened, the animal continued his contortions, made a vain attempt at impalement on the hitching-post, and then threw himself down. He was soon brought up again, by the assistance of some men who ran out from an adjacent carpenter's shop, and was apparently uninjured. I expressed my regrets to the owner, who had by this time appeared upon the scene; and, as one of the wheels of his carriage, to which the horse was attached, had suf-

fered the loss of one or two spokes, in the animal's endeavor to kick himself free, I made a tender of payment, to cover the probable cost of repairs, and the owner accepted a dollar with apparent satisfaction. The next forenoon, however, those of my fellow-velocipedists, who chanced to see me riding, kindly shouted the information that the city police had been "visiting all the rinks, in order to arrest the student who scared a horse"; and I found, when I returned to my lodgings, at noon, that official enquiry had actually been made for me there. I hastened down to police headquarters, therefore, to demand an explanation of the threatened outrage, and was told by the chief that there had been no pretense of authority to arrest but that, as a personal favor to the owner of the horse, he had instructed some of his men to discover the velocipedist's identity. He gave me the address of the owner (Rosenbluth by name, broker and general agent by occupation, German Jew by descent), and I at once repaired thither to learn what might be wanted. The man said that a large swelling had appeared on the spot where the horse tried to run the post into his belly; that he valued the beast at \$150 and should hold me responsible if, as seemed probable, he were to die; but that he would accept a tender of \$50, in lieu of all prospective damages. Instead of greedily jumping at this liberal offer, I divided the sum of \$4 equally between a horse-doctor and a lawyer. The former, having examined the horse, suggested that he might hardly sell for more than \$50, even without the swelling, and that this might soon disappear (as in fact it did). The lawyer advised me that I was not responsible for any penalty; and I sent a note of that effect to the owner. I repeated my decision to him, verbally, the next morning, when he accosted me at the gymnasium, while I was engaged in my customary club-swinging. And these be the final words of Rosenbluth, as recorded in my journal of March 5: "So you says you pay me noting? Ver' well! I'll sue you, if it costs me five thousand dollar!"

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

A gentleman in Malden, Mass., hitches the baby carriage to the rear of his tricycle, and thus serves a double purpose in his daily rides. This method of giving the baby an airing is preferable to the practice indulged in by a Washington gentleman who carries his little one upon the head of the bicycle he rides.—*Sunday Morning*.

The Hartford correspondent of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE not only works a large quantity of common sense into his communications, but makes his letters generally interesting with a dash of humor. We give a few extracts from his last letter in regard to some of the leading wheels of the day.—*Fort Wayne World*.

Gaskell is anxious for a race with Hendee, any distance from one mile up. Considering the hard race Webber gave Hendee at Buffalo and the ease with which Gaskell got away with Webber in Chicago, it is probable that Geo. M. would find himself pedaling very hard at the finish in a race with the Ranleigh harrier.—*Sporting and Theatrical Journal*.

The effect on the bar-rooms in small towns through which the "Big Four" rode was disastrous. They went behind the bar and helped themselves—to temperance drinks. When they deserted the place it would look as though a party of cowboys

had fallen in love with it. The proprietor was always repaid, sometimes twice over, for the value of his liquors.—*New York Sun*.

It is certainly very curious why there should be such a strong feeling against professional riders wherever cycling has spread; indeed the bitterest enemies of the paid rider are those whose position is, to say the least of it, equivocal. That such should be the case in the so-called land of liberty is the more to be marveled at, unless it be that the old saying that those who make the greatest display of liberalism are really the strongest conservatives is correct.—*Athletic News*.

We think we can boast of having as young a "wheel" rider as any one. Our little Maud, three years old, is the happy possessor of a nice little velocipede, which she could ride some weeks before she was three years old. She is always on the lookout for us, in order to get a ride on our bicycle when we are returning from our office. We have taken her in front of us on our trusty Star, and given her many a ride. She enjoys it greatly, and we do not expect she will be content, when larger, to ride the tricycle with her sister Mabel. She will want to ride the bicycle.—*Star Advocate*.

Several of England's prominent "makers' amateurs" are at the present time rusticating at Scarborough, Brighton, Isle of Wight, and other popular places preparatory to their departure for America. Several of America's "makers' amateurs" are laying off at Newport, Long Branch, Atlantic City, and other resorts "resting," as one of them puts it. In the meantime the pure and simple amateur is working hard at college, or behind the counter, or making hay while the sun shines. The poor professional is devising schemes to keep sufficient bread in the cupboard until the next race comes off. This is the true state of things, and the man at the watering place is, to use a common expression, on the top of the bicycling heap.—*Sporting and Theatrical Journal*.

CYCLING CLERGYMEN.

No better illustration of the change that has taken place in public opinion is wanted than the fact that several dozen of the smartest and most eloquent young clergymen in America are now doing the country astride of bicycles. These men are not city hoodlums nor college boys out on a lark. They are cultured men, fully impressed with the responsibility that their chosen vocation imposes. At their different churches they are consulted as guides in all questions relating to moral duty; they assist the weak, reprove the wayward, kneel by the dying, and console the afflicted. And these men do not think it beneath their dignity nor degrading to their character to get on straddle of bicycles and roam over the country in short trousers and flannel shirts.

This is a good sign, and shows that these young divines appreciate the spirit of the times and participate in the joys of mankind because they are human and full of warm sympathy. Casting aside the cold, austere formality of their predecessors in the pulpit, they not only point toward a better life but lead the way in person.

If Cotton Mather had been in the habit of riding a bicycle and taking a "header" or two every morning he would never have made such foolish talk as he did about witchcraft.—*B. Globe*.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

Sale and Exchange.

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

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

A LOT of new Suspension (\$3) hog-skin Saddles for sale at \$1.50 each. THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BICYCLING WORLD and THE GAZETTE for one year, price \$2. Address this office.

CYCLISTS, please bear in mind that our entire stock of Bicycles, Tricycles, and Accessories (Pope Mfg. Co's goods excepted) are being sold at prices, that will move them quick; we intend to close out our business as early as October 1. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 42-inch new Special Star. MARTIN BRECK, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—45-inch new Special Star. ALBERT CHAPEN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch Victor, used two months, in good order; \$115. W. E. LEWIS, STAMFORD, CT.

FOR SALE—50-inch Victor, new in May, with \$7 lamp; \$120. THE SOLITARY CLUB, STAMFORD, CT.

FOR SALE—54-inch New American Challenge; price \$67.50. A. O. McGARRETT, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—42-inch Ideal; bright and painted; fine order, \$25. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 52-inch new Rudge Light Roadster; taken in trade; \$120. C. W. HUTCHINS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—50-inch full-nickled Expert, ball pedals and dropped bars; in good order. AYRES BROTHERS, SPRINGFIELD, CT.

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FOR SALE—Some 40 pairs of second-hand pedals, price from \$1.50 to \$3. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—50-inch full-nickled Expert, dropped-bars, ball-pedals; good order; \$100. THE SOLITARY CLUB, STAMFORD, CT.

FOR SALE—Victor Tricycle, 1883 pattern, in good order, with two lamps, bell, and luggage carrier; price \$115. C. L. HOYT, STAMFORD, CT.

FOR SALE—50-inch full-nickled Special Harvard; just about as good as new; \$90. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—50-inch nickled and enameled Spalding Light Roadster; cost new \$132.50; price \$110. JOSEPH RAFTER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch new Standard Columbia, full-nickled except felloes, dropped bars, ball bearings. OSCAR WHIPPLE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—No. 5 Royal Mail Racing Tricycle; cost new \$175; in fine order; \$90. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—A 50-inch Victor Bicycle, used less than two hours; absolutely a new machine; price \$120. Address J. T. ROBERTS, DECATUR, ILL.

FOR SALE—New Victor Tricycle, latest pattern; has never been run; \$135 cash will buy it if ordered at once. C. W. HUTCHINS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 52-inch Special Harvard; nickled and enameled; as good as new; \$100. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One Victor Tricycle; late pattern; used only a very little; just about as good as new; \$115; CHARLES WHIPPLE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—55-inch Sanspareil Roadster, nickled except rims; used but little, and as good as new; size too large for owner; price \$125; cost \$150. W. H. CRUSIUS, RHINECLIFF, N. Y.

FOR SALE—One 52-inch Shadow; full nickled except wheels, which are bronzed; ball bearings to both wheels, and cost new \$135; has been used only a very little; \$85. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—58-inch Royal Challenge, ball bearings, hollow fork, tool bag and tools, and bell; comparatively as good as new, having been run only about fifty miles; price \$80. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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FOR SALE—52-inch Standard Columbia, bright and painted, balls to front wheel, and in good order; \$65. HARRY MORTIMER, SOUND BEACH, CT.

FOR SALE—52-inch full-nickled British Challenge; ball bearings to both wheels, and in excellent order; \$85. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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FOR SALE—One 52-inch Victor Bicycle, used but a month and a half, and practically a new machine; with Columbia \$4 lamp; price \$120. J. T. ROBERTS, DECATUR, ILL.

FOR SALE—One 54-inch Matchless Bicycle, nickled and enameled, and in excellent order; price \$80. THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—A nice lot of second-hand Acme bicycle stands; expressed to any address on receipt of \$1.00. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 56-inch full-nickled Sanspareil, with dropped bar; must be sold at once; the best offer over \$70 will be accepted. GEO. W. HOWARD, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Royal Mail, with direct spokes, full-enamed; new last season, and in excellent order; a bargain; \$85. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—58-inch Standard Columbia; ball bearings; full-nickled except wheels, which are enameled; in fine order; \$60. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—56-inch Harvard, full-nickled except wheels, which are painted; this machine cost \$140, and is in excellent order; \$80. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch new American Star; full enameled; rocker pedals; tool bag and tools; must be sold at once; the best offer over \$65 will be accepted. HARRY WINANS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—51-inch American Star Bicycle, plain finish, Stall & Burt saddle, with tool bag and tools; in excellent order; price \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Special Club, with ball bearings to both wheels, nickled and painted, and in good order; price \$67.50. THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Sanspareil, wheels enameled, balance nickled, dropped handle-bars; been run about 100 miles; in fine order; \$90. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—48-inch Special Improved Star, fine order; lists \$85.75; sell \$65. 42-inch Standard Facile, newly painted, prime order; lists \$122; sell \$70. G. O. CLAYTON, AURORA, ILL.

FOR SALE—50-inch Victor, new in May and in perfect order; with \$7 lamp; \$119. 44- or 46-inch Special Facile wanted; state particulars and price. THE SOLITARY CLUB, STAMFORD, CT.

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FOR SALE—51-inch special Star Bicycle, used only once; finish, nickled and enameled; cost \$117; will warrant it in every respect exactly as good as new; \$95 cash. C. S. SAXTON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Carver Tricycle; has not been run over 100 miles; list price \$180; price \$100; this machine has ball bearings all around, and would be cheap at \$125. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—58-inch parallel bearing Standard Columbia; this machine is the latest pattern, and has only been run about 35 miles; just about as good as new; price \$65. THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—53-inch Premier; wheels nickled, balance enameled; dropped bars; ball bearings to both wheels and pedals; in fine order; \$67.50. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—A 52-inch D. H. F. Premier Bicycle, balls to both wheels, double action spring; full-nickled, but nickel on wheels worn; somewhat out of repair, but a good mount; price \$65. J. T. ROBERTS, DECATUR, ILL.

FOR SALE—52-inch Harvard; full enameled with Harrington's enamel; cradle spring; dropped bars; ball bearings to both wheels; Hancock tires, and in fine order; price \$80. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 51-inch full-nickled (except felloes) Star, new this season; has only been used a little, and is in fine order; rocker pedals; Hill & Tolman bell, tool-bar and tools; \$70. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch British Mail, full-nickled except felloes, ball bearings to both wheels, dropped handle-bars, Hancock tires; been run about 25 miles; cost \$150 new; will sell for \$100 cash. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 54-inch American Star, full nickled except felloes, power trap attachment, rocker pedals, Hill & Tolman bell; cost \$116; new, and has not been taken out of the crate; \$75 cash will buy it. FRANK LAGAN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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FOR SALE—54-inch full-nickled Expert, \$125; 48-inch Special Columbia, \$45; 51-inch enameled Star, \$80; 46-inch Ideal, \$30. Second-hand machines wanted at the ORANGE COUNTY BICYCLE AGENCY. State lowest cash price when sending. C. H. FOSTER, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

FOR SALE—52-inch Harvard Roadster; ball bearings to both wheels, Harrington's cradle spring, and Hill & Tolman automatic alarm; full-nickled except spokes and felloes, which are striped in gold; used one year; as bright and rigid as a new machine; owing to pressure of my business, will sacrifice this mount at \$85 cash; cost \$140. FRANK R. CURTISS, Box 50, STRATFORD, CT.

FOR SALE—BARGAINS IN WHEELS. 50-inch Standard Columbia, nickled, ball bearings, A 1 order, \$55; 55-inch Keen Racer, 22 pounds, \$85; 55-inch Club Racer, 22 pounds, \$85 (Gaskell's 5-mile record machine); 56-inch Humber, balls, nickled, \$65; 52-inch Universal Club, \$80; 50-inch ditto, \$75; 54-inch ditto, \$75; 52-inch Rudge, \$70; 36-inch Kangaroo, nearly new, \$100; 50-inch English, \$25; 50-inch Excelsior, \$45. TRICYCLES—Otro, 42-inch, \$40; Victor, latest pattern, \$65; Coventry Convertible Sociable, \$110; Club Tandem, nearly new, not been used a month, \$195. GARVEY'S BICYCLE SHOP, Broadway, corner 59th St., NEW YORK.

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ONE 56-inch Harvard painted black, ball bearings to both wheels; in good order; \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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WANTED—A good 52- to 58-inch Bicycle; cannot pay over \$50. WILBUR SAMPLE, LAFAYETTE, IND.

WANTED—40,000 wheelmen to read and subscribe for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. 50c. year.

WHEELMEN, how can you enjoy the wheel? By keeping fully posted, and subscribing for so excellent a journal as THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Only 50 cents per year.

48-INCH Special Star, all nickel, all improvements, ball bearings, cones to levers, thumb and lever brake, cow-horn bars; almost new, and exactly as good; oscillating spring; best tool bag and tools; cost \$130; price \$106. Reason for selling, too large for party. L. P. THAYER, WEST RAN-

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54-INCH Royal Challenge, made by Singer & Co., ball bearings, new tires and pedal rubbers, enameled; fine condition; \$50. GRANT BELL, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

55-INCH Rudge Racer, ball bearings all around, in first-class condition. W. A. HURLBURTT, STAMFORD, CT.

\$135 will buy a 51-inch Columbia Light Roadster, with ball pedal; machine is without spot or blemish; ridden less than 50 miles; too large for owner. W. L. BALDWIN, STAMFORD, CT.

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—OF—

CHILDREN'S NEW AND SECOND-HAND

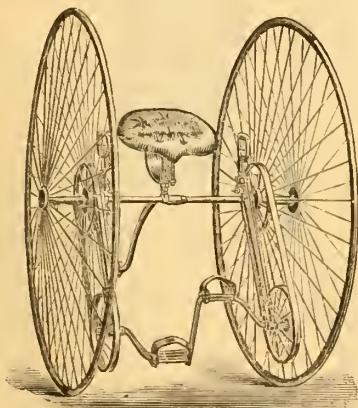
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One New 24-inch Rubber Tire Tricycle, . . .	\$15.00
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One New 32-inch Rubber Tire Tricycle, . . .	25.00
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One Second-Hand 36-inch Special Challenge, in fine order; cost \$70 when new,	30.00
One New No. 2 32-inch Wooden Otto Bicycle,	8.50
One New No. 3 36-inch Wooden Otto Bicycle,	12.50
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☞ Order soon or you will be too late, as the above prices are from 15 to 30 per cent. less than the machines are worth.

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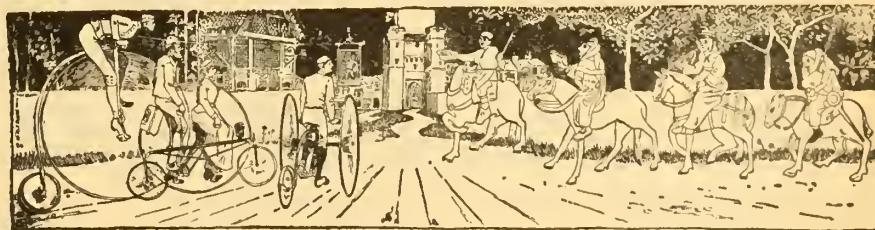
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The new flat-seated tires are a great improvement, and the new square grooved rim forms a wheel that will not buckle.

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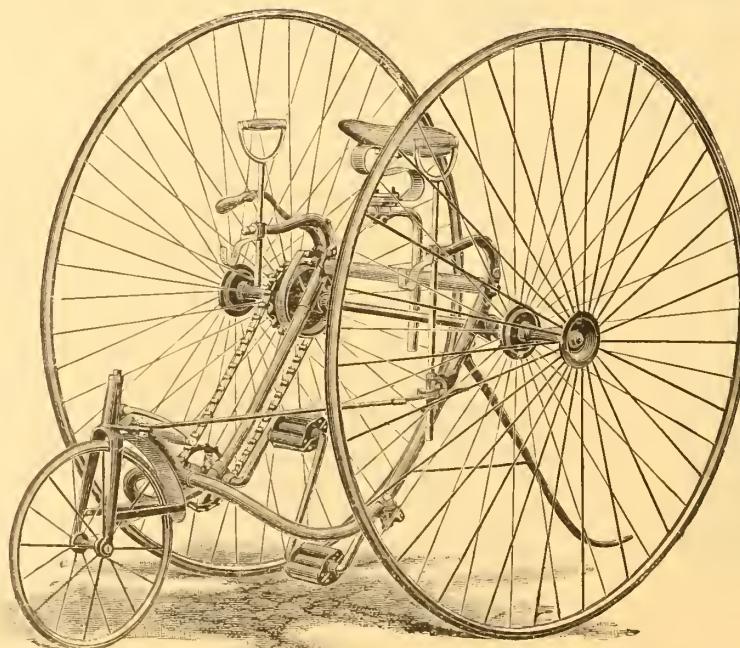
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THE CELEBRATED
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BOYS and YOUTHS.

Keep also a Full Assortment of

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In All Sizes and Grades.

For Sale by all Dealers and Toy Houses.

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L. A. W. Regulation Cap, - - - \$1.75



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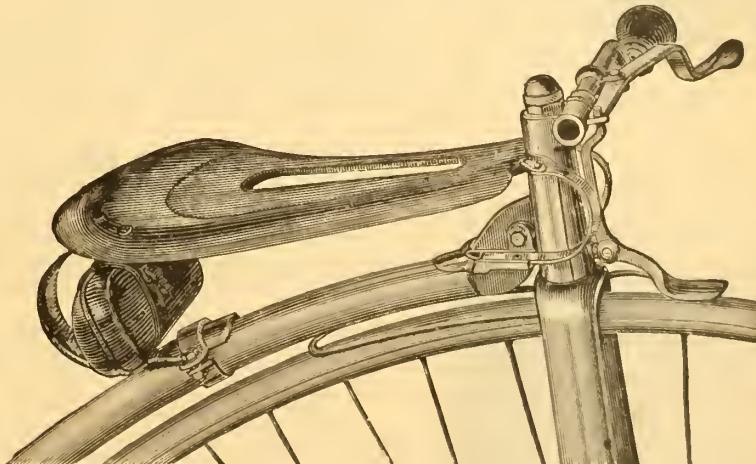
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NOW READY FOR THE MARKET.



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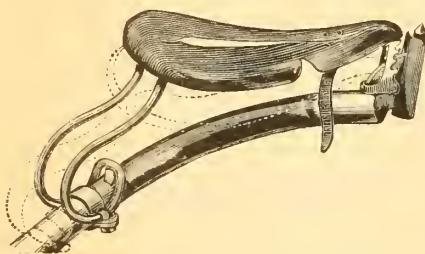
No metal frame or tree. Springs at both ends completely compensating all jar and jolt. No pressure on perineum and no danger from bicycle riding with this Saddle. Only perfectly hygienic Saddle made. Thoroughly tested last season and fully perfected. Finest material ever used in a bicycle accessory. Furnished only in full nickel. Retail price \$6.00. Liberal discount to the trade. Orders filled promptly. Send for descriptive circular. Manufactured by

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BIFURCATED AND UNIVERSALLY ADJUSTABLE

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Is adjustable in height, width, and tension. Is bifurcated to remove pressure from the perineum and allow adjustment in width. Positively the easiest and most perfect Saddle ever made. Removes all vibration and jolting.

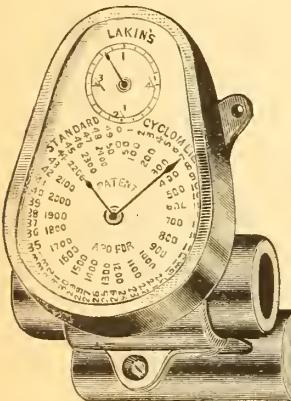


Look out for improvement of front end of Saddle,—a coiled spring which will give extra width and flexibility.



Ask your dealer or send for circulars.

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STANDARD CYCLOMETER.

Simplest and best instrument ever invented! Registers 2500 miles. Can be read from the Saddle. Will not get out of order.

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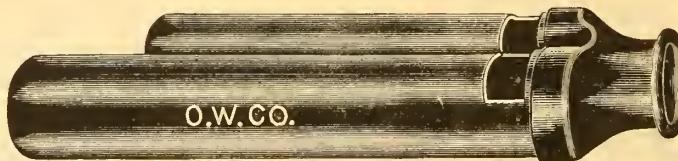
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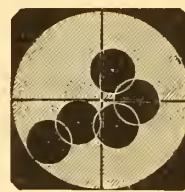
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IT IS THE BEST. SEE IT BEFORE YOU BUY.

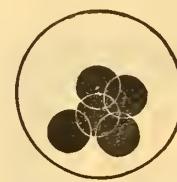
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5 SHOTS, 103 FEET.



5 SHOTS, 50 FEET.

These are copies of real targets made with STEVENS' RIFLE at the factory, and show not only what these Rifles can do but give a correct idea of what *every arm* made at this factory *must actually do* before the inspector will pass it. We call the 6-rod target "A No. 1." Even the 18-inch HUNTER'S PET and POCKET RIFLES will make as good shooting if held rightly. Any one can become a good shot who uses these arms; all that is required is practice. They are so simple a boy ten years old can manage them safely. No traps at all required. Unless ordered otherwise, they use common rim-fire cartridges that cost little and can be bought everywhere.

WHY should every Lawyer, Doctor, Preacher, Teacher, or any one who needs pleasant recreation to draw the mind away from daily cares, buy and constantly use some one of the various arms made by J. STEVENS & CO.?

BECAUSE when any one practices with weapons of such wonderful accuracy the interest does not diminish, but increases constantly. You can practice an hour or two a day, a hundred and fifty times in a year, without tiring. When your skill is such that you can make targets like the above at 103 feet, try at a longer distance, and you will be surprised at the pleasure that results from the accomplishment of the object.

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Steel,	\$12 50
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32, 38, or 44 Caliber, 24-inch,	20 00
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22, 32, 38, or 44 Caliber, 18-inch,	\$18 00
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Pocket Shot Guns, 38 or 44 Caliber, same sizes and prices as above.

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RECENTLY ENLARGED AND GREATLY IMPROVED

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**DON'T BE IN A HURRY
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Wait until you can see or try the best, lightest, easiest - running, - in fact,

THE INVINCIBLE !

TRICYCLES—Single, Tandem, and Two-Track. Hollow Rims, Tangent Spokes, Balls all round, and full inch Tires, yet weigh only 70 pounds. Send for Description.

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IMPROVED FOR 1885.**

Can be read from the Saddle and used with a Hub Lamp.

PRICE \$10.00.

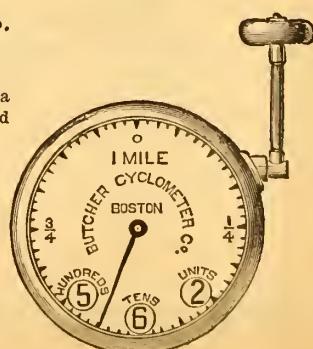
This Cyclometer has been greatly improved since last season by the use of a new style of movement which is much superior to the old, both in pattern and workmanship.

The Butcher "Spoke" Cyclometer

Is the Lightest, Cheapest, and Best Small Cyclometer. BEWARE OF INFERIOR IMITATIONS. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, \$5.00.

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MISCELLANEOUS, NEW, AND SECOND-HAND BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

TERMS.—Positively Cash with Order. Goods may be returned if not approved, and money will be refunded, less transportation charges.

MISCELLANEOUS MACHINES—NEW.

One 48-inch American Rambler, ball to both wheels, good.	75	00
One 52-inch American Roadster, ball to both wheels, slight dent in back one, no injury,	65	00
One 52-inch Special British Challenge, ball to both, perfect in every respect,	100	00
One 52-inch American Roadster, nickel plated front bars, balance painted,	80	00
One 54-inch American Roadster, paint not up to standard, but good,	75	00
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One 48-inch 'Xtraordinary Challenge, ball bearings, perfect in every respect,	95	00
One 48-inch 'Xtraordinary Challenge, ball bearings, perfect in every respect,	95	00
One 50 inch 'Xtraordinary Challenge, ball bearings, perfect in every respect,	100	00
One 50-inch 'Xtraordinary Challenge, ball bearings, perfect in every respect,	100	00
One 58-inch Dictator Light Roadster, hollow rims tangent spokes, painted in full enamel,	110	00
One Victor Tricycle, perfect in every respect,	100	00
One New Club Tandem Tricycle, double steering, nickel bright parts, balance enameled,	140	00

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One 55-inch Sanspareil Racer, weight 25 pounds, enameled and in a few days cost \$100.00.	100	00
One 55-inch Sanspareil Racer, weight twenty-two pounds, never been used,	100	00
One 55-inch Club Racer, used by Gaskell when he made the two and a half mile record in Springfield, which still stands. Good as new,	90	00

SECOND-HAND MACHINES.

Every Machine has been thoroughly overhauled and put in First Class Order.

Number	Size, In.	Mark	Price Per Pair	Front Spokes	Rear Spokes	A Head	Front Tire	Rear Tire	Condition	A Head Front Tire	A Head Rear Tire	Price Per Pair
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2	50	Sanspareil	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
3	50	Harrid	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
4	50	Dictator	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
4½	50	Vincent Club	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
5	50	Standard Columbia	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
6	51	Yale Light	125	14	14	1	14	14	Good	125	00	125
7	52	Lion Cub	125	14	14	1	14	14	Good	125	00	125
8	52	Standard Columbia	125	14	14	1	14	14	Good	125	00	125
9	52	Harrid	125	14	14	1	14	14	Good	125	00	125
10	52	'Xtraordinary Challenge	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
11	54	Sanspareil	75	14	14	1	14	14	Good	75	00	75
12	54	Sanspareil	75	14	14	1	14	14	Good	75	00	75
13	54	Ridde Light Roadster	150	160	160	1	160	160	Good	150	00	150
14	54	Expert	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
15	54	Expert	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
16	54	Expert	100	14	14	1	14	14	Good	100	00	100
17	56	Standard Columbia	125	14	14	1	14	14	Good	125	00	125
18	56	Standard Columbia	125	14	14	1	14	14	Good	125	00	125
19	56	Standard Light Roadster	75	12	12	1	12	12	Good	75	00	75
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TRICYCLES.

One Victor, 1883 pattern, has latest pattern wheels, good as new,

One Sociable, cost \$220.00; will sell for

One Coventry Rotary, central gear; cost \$175.00; been used but once; price,

No such Prices have ever been quoted on good Second-Hand Machines. They are much lower than have allowed in trade for them, and are bargains for dealers as well as users. In writing for particulars enclose two-cent stamp.

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THE SPRINGER'S SUPERIOR CYCLES

THEY SAY

VICTOR CYCLES WIN!

The facts on which these rumors are based are:

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ONE-FOURTH MILE,	37 $\frac{3}{5}$ SEC.	FRED RUSS COOK.
ONE-HALF MILE,	1 MIN. 16 $\frac{1}{5}$ SEC.	GEO. M. HENDEE.
THREE-FOURTHS MILE,	1 MIN. 55 $\frac{4}{5}$ SEC.	GEO. M. HENDEE.

(ALL WORLD RECORDS.)

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FIFTY MILES,	3 HRS. 44 MIN.	W. A. RHODES.
ONE HUNDRED MILES,	8 HRS. 28 MIN.	COLA E. STONE.

("BIG 4" RACE.)

There must be something in it.

VICTOR IS KING!

The Easiest Running Bicycle on Earth.

SEND FOR CATALOG.

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,

First American Makers of High Grade Bicycles,

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