

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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[WHOLE NUMBER, 257.]

WHEEL GOSSIP.

The English papers report Howell's complete recovery.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Pennsylvania L. A. W. Division has been voted a salary of \$200 a year.

On Wednesday, August 27th, H. W. Gaskell rode a practice mile in 2.37. Prince rode a half in 1m.14¼s.

Frank Moore has again appeared on the path, but this time as a tricyclist. He *de-buted* with a win in a mile tricycle handicap.

An English Salvation Army band has purchased three Marlboro Club tandems, with sockets especially fitted for carrying the banners.

It is said that Knapp intends to christen his pet machine, "Cleveland." He says Cleveland (Grove, we mean) always "gets there," and Knapp himself came from Cleveland, Ohio.

The *Wheelman's Gazette* claims that G. Lacy Hillier wrote a letter asking that his expenses be paid to a certain meet, which request was refused. Hillier will now have a "real issue" to talk about.

The *Bicycling News* has issued a two-page "cartoon supplement," containing excellent cuts of the "Champions of 1886," including Furnivall, Mcredy, Fenlon and Allard. They are a handsome quartette.

The Springfield club has subscribed \$150 towards a fund to pay the expense of an Irish team to ride at the fall tournaments. The Irish have been peculiarly favored of late in the way of subscription funds.

We gladly note that our American contemporaries re-echo our sentiments in regard to Mr. G. Lacy Hillier, the editor of the *Bicycling News*. On this side we are all unanimous that he is narrow-minded, unbelieving, prejudiced and egotistical.

A daring bicyclist in Washington has ridden his machine over a coping one foot wide on the edge of the wall that lines the roadway of the Cabin John Bridge. The bridge is 200 feet long and 125 feet above the bottom of the gorge. In two places the coping makes a zigzag by the widening of the roadway, and at these places the rider had to steer his wheel through a very narrow space at nearly right angles with his course.—*Lynn Bee*. This man should be catalogued on the same list with the cranks who are "doing" the Niagara Rapids, and with the man who intends to drop into the East River out of a balloon.

FRIENDS ONCE MORE.—The New York WHEEL has "kissed and made it up" with *Bicycling News*. This is what it says about us this week: "The *Bicycling News*," which is peculiarly fortunate to have the services of G. Moore, publishes weekly two pages of cartoons, giving cuts of the principal events of the week. The issue of July 23d contains sixteen cuts of scenes of the twenty-five mile championship, and seven cuts of episodes on Mill's recent record ride. These cartoons are the best thing in their way we have ever seen in connection with a cycling paper."

Not so, *B. N.* It is our custom to condemn and commend impartially. In your case we can readily commend the artist, but we cannot say the same of your pepper-salt-mustard-vinegar editor.

Capital City Wheelmen.—Agricultural Park, Sacramento, September 15th, 1886, beginning at 10 A. M. List and order of events: One mile, novice; one mile, handicap; two mile, State championship; five mile, handicap; one-half mile club; gold and silver medals to first and second, respectively, in each event where there are more than two contestants; if less than three, gold medal only to first. Address John Breuner, Jr., Sacramento, Cal.

Although the cry has been general that the day of parades is past, the Connecticut Club will hold one on the first day of its meet. The following prizes will be given: To the largest L. A. W. club in line; to the next largest: to the club presenting the finest appearance; to the club having the largest proportion of its membership in line; to the largest non-League club. The awarding of this last prize has not been finally decided upon.

At midnight of Sunday, August 16th, four men left Land's End in an attempt to establish new records. G. P. Mills, the holder of the Land's End-John O' Groats bicycle record, 5 days, 1 hour, 45 minutes, started on a tricycle to beat Marriot's record of 6 days, 15 hours, 22 minutes. T. R. Marriot started on a Safety, to beat the bicycle record, or to establish a Safety record. Messrs. Lenox and Nixon also started with the record breakers. On Thursday Mills had covered 545 miles, and was eighteen hours ahead of the record. The rest of the men had given up or been lost sight of.

Wm. B. Page reached Montreal last Saturday on his bicycle. He left Philadelphia July 5th, and wheeled through New York, Poughkeepsie, Tarrytown, Albany, Troy and Saratoga, accomplishing 377½ miles in four and a half days. After doing Saratoga for two days, he proceeded *via* Fort George, Ticonderoga, Lake Champlain, Wells' River, Profile House, New Hamp-

shire, Crawford House, Mount Washington, and other places. He then crossed the line into Canada, and made his way *via* Augusta, Me., to the Kennebec Forks and to Quebec; from thence he worked his way *via* Deschambault and Maskinonge to Montreal, where he arrived safe and sound August 21. On the 26th he reached Toronto.

On their recent trip from Philadelphia to Lake George, certain members of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club replied to all questions by handing out a bit of pasteboard two and a quarter inches square, on which was printed the following: "'A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer,' hence this." Then followed the names of the towns in their route; and on the reverse side was printed: "We are: C. A. Roberts, W. A. Stadelman, F. H. Lippincott, H. L. H. Hall, W. D. Supplee, H. L. Roberts, T. A. Bradley, Albert Kohler, C. T. Harvey, A. P. Lewis, H. A. Lewis. All members of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, Pa. Leaving Philadelphia, Saturday, 10 July, 1886."—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

To complete this, all those persons who were met and asked regarding roads, routes, etc., should have been furnished with similar cards. It would be a good idea under this system of things to supply local consuls with cards to be handed to the wandering wheelmen who go to them for information. Wheelmen are too often annoyed by questions from rustics and from the curious, but it is not a sign of good breeding to respond with an insult. We are all more or less dependent upon one another in this world, and the man who asks questions generally gets along at the head of the procession. The Philadelphia boys did a smart thing, perhaps, but smart things are not always in keeping with the acts of a gentleman.—*The Cycle*. Exactly so, *frere* Bassett.

A step to the "Bally"—"Mary Ann! Phat's that trill-le-la-loo nonsense yer jiggin' away at in thayre, I want to know? Put down that fut!" "Don't bother me now; it's practicing me calisthenics I am." "Calisthenics, is it! Is that what ye learn at the seminneries? Calisthenics, ah, ha! Lapin' around on the wun fut wid yer toes toorned in? Well, do yez calisthenic around here to the toob and warm the jints av yez elbows by roobin' the dirt out ov these hickory shirts an' overalls, or I'll tache yez to raise the two feet of yez higher than the spine o' yer back, wid no more effort than the howl ye'll set up for 'em to catch on. Calisthenics, ha! I'll have no more of this jig-jiggin' around like a hin on a stove-lid. The foorst thing ye know its joinin' the bally ye'll be, an' spendin' all yer money fur clothes and wearin' none of 'em. Calisthenics, O, ho!" *Brooklyn Eagle*.

No purchaser can afford to miss applying for the last edition of our 50-page Catalog (printed in July) which contains many recent testimonials regarding the Cycles, manufactured by

GORMULLY & JEFFERY,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION.

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE.

THE AMERICAN SAFETY.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL BICYCLE.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL TRICYCLE.

All of which are thoroughly high-grade and reliable machines, and have no superiors for use on American roads.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 17, 1886.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY, CHICAGO, ILLS.

Gentlemen:—I have the pleasure to inform you that my "CHAMPION" and I have to-day covered the following distances in the following time, viz.: 20 miles in 1h. 15m. 3s.; 25 miles in 1h. 42m. 2s.; 51 miles in 3h. 52s.; straightaway, on a hilly road and with a bad head wind. Messrs. Gleason and Hutts of Tipton, Wainwright and Allen of Nobbsville, and Wilson and Huess of Greenfield, acting as timers. The hundred miles were made in 9h. 10m. I believe that these records have never been touched by a heavy rider, and you understand that the route was 50 miles long, not around a 10-mile stretch of perfect road.

Respectfully yours,

E. H. WILCOX.

THEY * WILL * ALL * BE * THERE!

ENGLAND, IRELAND, AUSTRALIA and AMERICA,

Not to Mention Canada, Holland, Scotland and the Isle of Wight.

CRACKS FROM ALL THE CORNERS OF THE EARTH

❧ IN * BATTLE * ARRAY! ❧

—AT THE—

ROSEVILLE MAMMOTH TOURNAMENT.

ROSEVILLE STATION,

NEWARK, N. J.

September 30, October 1 and 2.

Only 30 minutes' ride from New York and right in the Orange District, giving visitors a chance to thoroughly "Do" and be "DONE" at Gotham, and to sample the Orange roads, the "Happy Hunting Grounds" of Wheelmen. Track one-third of a mile; only 30 minutes' ride on D. L. and W. Road, from foot of Barclay or Christopher Streets.

PROGRAMME:

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 30TH.

1-mile novice, bicycle.
2-mile amateur, bicycle 5.45 class.
1-mile promateur, bicycle.
3-mile professional, bicycle lap.
2-mile amateur, tricycle.
1-mile promateur, tricycle.
10-mile professional, bicycle.
3-mile promateur, bicycle lap race.
3-mile amateur, bicycle handicap

SECOND DAY, OCT. 1ST.

1-mile amateur, bicycle lap.
3-mile promateur, bicycle handicap.
5-mile professional, bicycle.
2-mile amateur, tandem tricycle.
3-mile amateur, bicycle.
10 mile promateur, bicycle.
1-mile professional, bicycle handicap.
1-mile amateur, bicycle, 3 minute class.
2-mile promateur, tricycle.

THIRD DAY, OCT. 2D.

1-mile professional, bicycle.
2-mile amateur, tricycle handicap.
5-mile amateur, bicycle scratch.
1-mile promateur, bicyc'e handicap.
5-mile professional, bicycle handicap.
5-mile promateur, tandem.
1-mile amateur, bicycle.
5-mile promateur, lap.
1-mile amateur, bicycle, consolation.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

FREDERICK JENKINS, Manager,

Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.



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From our usual weekly batch of English papers, we can glean a fair idea of the position of English racing men towards the fall tournaments. After much correspondence between the chairman of the Racing Board, the Secretary of the N. C. U., and the President of the A. C. U., the position stands as follows: The A. C. U. rules, which provide for three classes of racing men—amateurs, promateurs and professionals—have been sanctioned by the L. A. W. Racing Board, so that a League amateur may compete with any amateur at an A. C. U. meeting. Now it is a well known fact that most of the cracks "on the other side" are promateurs, but not to such a degree as are Hendee, Rowe and others. The Chairman of the Racing Board and the President of the A. C. U. endeavored to persuade the N. C. U. to allow the Englishmen to compete with our promateurs without effecting their standard at home. This would have been a merry deal, but a letter from Secretary Todd of the A. C. U. distinctly and positively informs the legislators on this side, that they may not compete with any but simon pure amateurs, as recognized by the L. A. W. But "there's the rub." Our simon-pures could never keep company with the English contingent, and it is scarcely probable that they will train and spend time and money, in the forlorn hope of keeping some of the "loot" on this side. From present indications, it seems that we shall have a half dozen English professionals and probably a few amateurs. Furnivall and Gatehouse will probably come over, and as these gentlemen are "tremendous swells" at home, our amateurs cannot object to competing with them. As it is, things looks rather dubious for any international element in the Fall tournaments.

In another column we publish a gigantic "free ad," for Karl Kron. This gentleman has generally challenged our admiration by the ingenious manner in which he lugs in

his "free ad," but on this occasion he comes out flat-footed. To any one who knows the real inside history of Karl Kron's publication project, there is something really pathetic between the lines. Mr. Kron became possessed with the idea that he could sell 30,000 books. He had discovered a bonanza, and for two years he has been working as the bonanza, eating up the where withal he had accumulated as a correspondent of the New York World.

His perseverance is of the heroic order, and it should certainly meet with ample reward. At the present time, we fully believe that the failure of Karl Kron's scheme would have him almost penniless, and what is far worse, it would leave him physically unfit to earn shekels for some time to come, for aside from the disastrous effect such failure would leave on a person of his disposition, his two years of hard labor have sadly altered his physical condition. Not that Karl Kron is a wreck at all; Oh no! Karl will probably fume and rant over this, but he has mulcted us to the extent of a couple of columns or so, and this is our revenge. So we say to every wheelman, do all you can for X. M. Miles on a Bi., and help the visionary enthusiast, who has lost two good years working out an idea, which was solely based on "love of sport" at the outset, but on the financial success of which, now depends a wheelman's future welfare. Karl Kron, Washington square, this city, is the address.

RACING AT MILVILLE, N. J.

The annual meet of the New Jersey L. A. W. State Division was held last Saturday at Milville, N. J. At the business meet F. R. Bonnell of the Hudson Co. Wheelmen, of Jersey city, was elected Secretary-Treasurer, and various steps were taken to advance the Division's interests. A race meet was held at the Driving Park, in the afternoon, which was attended by 1,300 people. We append summary.

One mile novice—C. L. Meyers, Hudson Co. Wheelmen, 3.01½.

One mile State Championship—J. B. Pearson, Rineland, 2.54½; C. R. Hoag, Newark, 2.54½.

One-quarter mile open—G. D. Gideon, Philadelphia, 41s.; W. I. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa., 42s.

One mile, 3.00 Class—Harry Schwartz, Reading, 2.52½; L. A. Howell, Milville, 2.59.

One mile, 2.55 Class—Harry Schwartz, 2.54½; C. S. Stevens, Melville, 2.55.

One mile boys' race—H. Blanchard, 3.19

One mile scratch race—W. I. Wilhelm, 2.51½; C. L. Heath, N. J. W., 2.52½. Gideon took a leader in this race, upsetting Stevens; neither was much hurt.

Five mile State Championship—C. R. Hoag, 15.27½; T. L. Hand, Milville 15.28½. In this race, Stevens fell, upsetting Meyers. This was the best contested event of the day.

Three miles lap race—W. I. Wilhelm, 10.13½; F. M. Dampman, Honeybrook, 10.28½.

On last Tuesday morning, Messrs. E. P. Baird of the Orange Wanderers and C. E. Stenken of the Hudson Co. Wheelmen had a ten miles match race over the Irvington-Milburn Course. They started at 7.30 p. m. Stenken took the lead for a half mile when Baird went to front and won in 37 m. 11-25s.; Stenken, 38 m. 57s.

TROY RACE MEET.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE WHEEL.]

TROY, N. Y. Sept. 1st., 1886.—A large crowd witnessed the race meet of the Troy Bicycle Club, held this afternoon. The following events were contested:

One mile novice—J. W. McKee, Troy B. C., 3.12½; B. Billings, Cohoes, 3.13½. Two miles County Championship—A. F. Edmans, Troy B. C., 6.37½; G. R. Collins, Troy B. C., 6.38½. One half mile dash—J. R. Rheubottom, Troy B. C., 1.28½; H. P. Cole, Troy B. C., 2nd. One mile, 3.15 class—G. R. Collins, 3.11½; W. J. Wyley, 3.12. Three miles open—E. P. Baird, Brick Church, 9.54; A. F. Edmans, 2nd. Two miles team race—Troy B. C., 17 points; Albany B. C., 7 points. One mile open—E. P. Baird, 3.00; G. R. Collins, 3.10.

THE ORANGE WANDERER'S RACE MEET.

The Orange Wanderer's meet will be held at the new Roseville track, this Saturday afternoon, commencing at 3.30 p. m. A large number of entries have been received; the track is fast, and a rare days sport will be witnessed.

Take the D. L. and W. Trains to the Roseville Station, which is but thirty minutes ride from New York, and but five minutes from the grounds. Excursion tickets 30 cents.

TIME TABLE.

LEAVE				
Barclay Street.	1.30.	2.30.	3.10.	3.30.
Christopher St.	1.35.	2.35.	3.15.	3.35.
Hoboken	1.45.	2.45.	3.25.	3.45.
ARRIVE AT				
Roseville	2.08.	3.08.	3.48.	4.11.
LEAVE				
Roseville	5.03.	5.44.	6.35.	7.25.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Philadelphia wheelmen talk of a silk stocking (pure amateur) race meet.

It is said that the "punnist" of *The Cycle* spends most of his time perambulating around Chestnut Hill Reservoir, in search of inspiration.

A one mile amateur scratch bicycle race will take place at the new three-lap clay path at Olympic Park, Philadelphia, on September 6th. Address John H. Clark, Olympic Park.

The fifty miles English amateur bicycle championship was held at Lillie Bridge on Saturday, August 14th, with the following result. J. E. Fenlon, 2h. 47m. 21-5s.; W. F. Ball, by five yards; J. H. Adams, third.

A contemporary advises wheelmen to keep their mouths shut while riding, and they will suffer very little from thirst. And now we shall expect to meet wheelmen looking as if in the last stage of tetanus, commonly called lock-jaw.

GLOUCESTER, Aug. 28th, 1886.—About a dozen bicyclists met last evening and organized under the name of the Wanderer's club. The following named officers were elected: Walter Gardner, President; Fred A. Fisher, Vice-President; Joseph Lufkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Daniel McPhee, Captain; Charles J. Grey, 1st Lieutenant; Frank Shute, 2d Lieutenant; Fred A. Fisher, color-bearer; Henry B. Burnham, Jr., Bugler. The entrance fee was placed at \$1.

GEORGE E. WEBER.

SMITHVILLE, N. J., August 30th, 1886.

We have to chronicle the death of George E. Weber, who was probably the best known long and short distance rider in the United States, which occurred at Smithville, N. J., last Tuesday, from typhoid fever.

For some weeks previous to his death Mr. Weber had been suffering from malaria, but feeling better, he determined to go into active training for the great tournaments of this fall. It is supposed the exertion put forth by him greatly hastened the disease, to which, after only one week of suffering, he succumbed. With a magnificent physique, with a constitution like iron, with all the vigor of youth, and of the most robust appearance, it seemed as if he was destined for a still more glorious future and a ripe old age, but the dread angel of death claimed him, making his demise all the more deplorable. His unaffected manner, amiable disposition and kindly bearing made him a general favorite, not only with his fellow workmen here, but with large circle of friends who had become acquainted with him at the races in which he had participated, as well as elsewhere, and who are inexplicably shocked at his being cut down just as he was on the high road to fame.

In the fall of 1883, Weber learned to ride the Star, and upon the urgent solicitation of friends, determined to train for the track, which he did, winning many laurels. It was in 1884, however, that he appeared prominently before the public at the large races, closing the season by winning the Boston century road-race, a feat of no little importance.

In 1885 he again won this race, making the remarkable time of 6h. 57m.,—which was better by an hour than any previous record made by an American on an American machine. He won, in the past two years of his racing, the League championship in the United States, for half, fifteen and twenty-five miles, and held all safety records from two miles up to twenty miles, and was the first American rider to accomplish the feat of riding twenty miles within an hour, doing it at Springfield, last September. As a road rider he was almost invincible as evidenced by his greatest and last victory, the great 50 miles road race, at Clarksville, Me., in April of this year, in the astonishing time of 3h. 7m. 38 $\frac{3}{4}$ s., beating all past records by about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. His qualities as a sterling rider were proved also at Corey Hill during the Boston meet, when he rushed up a steep incline in the best time on record, dressed in ordinary citizens clothes.

Weber will be greatly missed by those who admire square riding and gentlemanly conduct on the racing arena. He took his defeats with a pleasant smile, and was modest when his wonderful speed carried him across the tape ahead of his competitors.

He was devoted to the "Star," and even in the delirium of fever during his sickness, the innate ambition of the man was manifest. He was riding, riding, riding his favorite over paths evidently remembered, and fancying the furniture of the sick room obstructed his course, he requested its removal many times, which was complied with by his nurses. So passed away, at a time when fame lay before him, the greatest of American wheelmen.

His funeral took place at Burlington, N. J., on Friday, being largely attended. The floral tributes were very handsome, including one design representing his favorite "Star" standing 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high, and the "setting sun," a magnificent arch of flowers, sent by the Springfield, Mass., Bicycle Club. B.

ANNUAL MEETING OF MASSACHUSETTS L. A. W. DIVISION

The annual business meeting of the Massachusetts Division L. A. W., was held at Youngs's Hall, last Saturday night, C. C. H. W. Hayes presided. Secretary Sanford Lawton was re-elected for the ensuing year. The rules of the Division were amended in different particulars, viz: Authorizing the formation of a committee on rights and privileges, with authority to investigate matters involving the legal rights of wheelmen, and, where thought to be advisable, to employ counsel to maintain the same; and also the abolition of the committees on meetings, railroads and membership.

The Committee of three, of which the Chief Consul is Chairman, was authorized to prepare and issue a road book for the Massachusetts Division.

Votes were passed making a quorum of the Division consist of 25 members, and of the Board of Officers of 10, and also requiring the Committee on Rules and Regulations to consider the advisability of allowing proxies to be given by members.

The following standing committees were appointed:

Racing—Abbott Bassett, C. S. Howard, C. L. Smith.

Touring—W. O. Green, Holyoke; E. K. Hill, Wooster; A. D. Peck, Jr., Boston.

Finance—J. Fred Adams, Haverhill; A. L. Bowker, Cambridge; F. P. Kendall, Worcester.

Rules and Regulations—W. I. Harris, Boston; A. S. Parsons, Lexington; E. H. Foote, Somerville.

Legal Advisory—Charles E. Pratt, W. S. Slocum, J. S. Dean, Boston.

Guide Boards and Stencil Signs—E. K. Hill, Worcester.

Construction of Sign Boards—E. F. Tolman, Worcester.

IMPORTANT CHANGES PROPOSED IN THE L. A. W. CONSTITUTION.

The L. A. W. Committee on Rules and Regulations will, at the meeting of the Board of Officers at Buffalo, Sept. 3, report in favor of the following radical changes:—

(a) The election of president and vice-president by the membership at large; (b) the establishment of a reserve fund; (c) a new rule under which officials can be suspended or removed; (d) a clause giving 25 per cent. of the initiation fees to State divisions; (e) a new method of canvassing the votes for officers of the board; (f) making the treasurer a salaried officer at \$200 per annum; (g) a change in the tenure of office of the secretary-editor, so that that officer shall hereafter be elected annually; (h) a provision permitting State divisions of 500 members or more to make their own regulations as to the method of apportioning, casting and counting the vote for chief consul and representatives in said States; (i) defining the status and privileges of a League club and the restoration of the proxy system for League clubs.

A REMINISCENCE.

Edwin Oliver, over the signature of "Verax," in the *Chicago Sporting and Theatrical Journal*, is giving to the readers of that paper some very scholarly and able paragraphs relative to cycling. While sitting in the Casino the other evening listening to "Erminie," my memory was brought vividly back to this gentleman by seeing upon the programme the name of Victoria Morrosini Hulskamp. What had he to do with her? Well, nothing. I will tell you how the two were associated together in my mind. You see, long before the Citizens Club was founded, of which this same Ned Oliver was a charter member, he used to ride with the Ixion Club, which was then but an infant organization of a year or so of age, with scarce a score of members. If there ever was a cyclist who deserved to be called the "Levy of the wheel," it was Ned. He could get more music and sweeter out of a Keat's bugle, than any man I ever heard before or since his time. Our great run was to a little hotel at Riverdale, near Yonkers, where we used to gather on Saturday afternoons and evenings and stay until Sunday evening, hiring the entire hotel for our accommodation. On Sundays our runs usually took us toward Yonkers, some three miles further on. Midway between, lay the elegant mansion of the Morrosinis. Regularly as we passed here, Oliver would wind upon the bugle he carried, some of his most difficult notes, and never would he fail to bring to the front porch the fair Victoria, who would as accurately repeat them, then a salute on our part, and we swept round the the hill out of sight. This was always a part of our run in that direction, and we soon got to look upon it as a matter of course, and used to get off many a joke at Oliver's expense, on his millionaire "mash," etc., etc. One day, however, he got such a dose of cold water thrown upon his affections in this direction, that it caused him to resign his claims to the fair Victoria, in favor of the now famous coachman Hulskamp. We had been to Yonkers, and were returning home trying to beat a rain storm, which was gathering. In those days, you know, we thought we could beat anything on wheels, not barring wind or rain. We had barely reached the front of the Morrosini mansion, when we knew we had lost the race against the storm, at any rate. It came down, not in drops, but in bucket fulls, and we gladly sought shelter under some trees, in front of the porch, upon which were seated Oliver's fair friend and her sister. Now had come the time for him to test his powers in this direction, and we all urged him to bugle his sweetest, and perhaps the fair ones would take compassion upon our sorry plight and invite us under cover. Well, did he? I should say he did. Never before nor since was sweeter music wafted on storm laden air than there and then. "Of course you were invited in and wine and dined," say you. Nary an invite. We were left just where we were, without so much as a thank you. That settled it. We returned home weary, wet and disgusted, and from that day forward no more was the fair Victoria serenaded by Edwin Oliver, or saluted by the gallant Ixions, and this is how, seeing her name upon a programme, I was reminded of my friend "Verax."

FRANK ALOY EGAN.

TWO KINDS OF INVECTIVE.

Editor of THE WHEEL: As you have been good enough to condemn the practice of "calling a man out of his name" (WHEEL, Aug. 6th), as well as to print my brief warning against it, perhaps you will allow me space for exposing, in detail, the weakness of the practice. Your Boston contemporary, which surrendered nearly three columns for the commission of this offence, felt forced to condense into ten lines my exposure of it; but I trust that you, upon whom I have no claim at all in so purely personal a case, may be willing to give me a little better show.

The President of a respectable cycling club having formally proclaimed in the public prints, that his club thinks it "perfectly proper" for illegal local ordinances to be passed, threatening "\$5 fine or 30 days imprisonment" against any one who rides a bicycle or tricycle without attaching thereto and sounding a bell, or using a whistle *at all times*, and also carrying a lighted lantern by night." I have seen fit to denounce the act in public print as a "stupid betrayal of just principles"; as "atrocious and unaccountable treachery" to the cause of equal rights upon the roads, which American wheelmen have been unitedly fighting for during seven weary, weary years; as an "unpardonable sin," as "accursed folly," as "intolerable effrontery," as "a monumental blunder, which is worse than a crime."

I only regret my lack of power to frame a more vigorous invective, and shape words sharp enough to rouse the whole body of American wheelmen into making a monumental protest! I only wish my pen had sufficient point to prick the consciousness of the 50,000 cyclers who are battling for their rights from Maine to California, and turn their eyes to the rear, where this little band of Jerseymen have hoisted the white flag, and proclaimed unconditional surrender of the 50,000 to the Great American Hog!

Now, of course, I may be wrong in all this; and, if I am wrong, I ought to suffer for it. It is possible that the man who (as an easy device for securing safer wheeling in the Oranges to a few score of night-riders) officially proclaims that it is "perfectly proper" for the vast bulk of wheelmen to be branded as law-breakers, is a man who is right, and who has the majority with him. He *may* be right even in publicly declaring that "it is none of my business at all," if I am "fined \$5 or thrown into jail for 30 days," because, as an American citizen, I deny his power to turn a good share of New Jersey into a private park and arrest me there as a trespasser. But, of course, I do not believe he is right; and I do believe it is in a double sense my "business" to resent every such deadly blow which is struck at the universal rights of American wheelmen. It is strictly a matter of business with me, just now, that I should "make myself solid with" these people. I want them all to love me, in order that I may coin money from their affection!

My very livelihood depends upon my ability to demand their sympathy and respect. I have volunteered to stand in the arena as their champion, because I believe they will reward the sincerity of my outcry by a very practical sort of applause. I have delayed my book a fortnight for fighting this side-issue, in order to more surely win their help in selling 30,000 copies of the book.

Evidently, therefore, the name "Karl Kron" is as good a target as ought to be asked for by any one who suffers from the vigor with which I have wielded the verbal sledge hammer of justice, or the self-appointed representative of all those Americans who do *not* think it "perfectly proper" for cycling to be added to the list of criminal offences. If I have made a mistake, the punishment for it is plainly at hand. If I have wronged anyone, let him *prove* to the cycling world that I am "vulgar," "unduly violent," "gross of language," "insolent," "lacking in ordinary courtesy," "regardless not only of the habits of polite society, but even of common decency," and, in general, "worthy the contempt of all fair-minded men." Let him *prove* this and I am ruined. Let him discredit me in the little world of cycling—and the only important scheme which I ever engaged in since I was born into this larger world—almost forty years ago—becomes a disastrous failure.

Now, I have no quarrel with the club president, who has publicly applied these quoted epithets to me, coupled with the insinuation that I was untruthful in reporting that the most experienced and most widely-known member of his club (L. H. Johnson) was as bitterly hostile as myself to the club's bewildering display of fatuity—and I have nothing to say about him or his epithets. A man who stands up to his simple duty in this world must expect hard words when he puts evil deeds into the public pillory; and however disagreeable their abuse may be, he is foolish to get angry when they impotently "answer back." I address myself rather to "editors and correspondents," in the hope of making them see that the value and significance of invective depend upon the amount of truth behind it. Harsh and bitter words, when sincerely spoken for the general good, are on quite a different plane from mere vituperation, which simply seeks revenge upon the private life of the one who has thus served as public spokesman.

As a question in ethics, however, I am pleased to see that THE WHEEL and other papers do not approve the sort of womanish malice displayed by a writer who prefers, instead of directing his abuse against "Karl Kron" (a person of wide notoriety, whose business success depends upon his good repute in the cycling world) to address it against a name quite unknown in that world, merely in the hope of discrediting me among my family friends, my private acquaintances and a lot of strangers, to whom no defence can be offered. Whatever may be thought or said of that waspish style of warfare, I respectfully request each reader of these words who may control a printing press, not to let it be used in revealing the connection between my family name and the business trade mark which I am bound to advertise, with everlasting tiresome iteration, all over the globe. Even though ninety-and-nine newspapers should combine to strip from my private life the peace which belongs to obscurity, I would still entreat the hundredth one to "let me alone outside of business hours," and make no mention of me except as

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., Aug. 24th.

We have heard so much about Mr. Ducker's "fertile brain" that we are going to ask him what brand of guano he uses.

SPRINGFIELD BABY TOURNAMENT.

The Springfield Bicycle Club held a preliminary or baby tournament last Saturday afternoon. Nearly a thousand people witnessed the meet. Some remarkably fast work was done, and the fast practice spins credited to the men now in training there were duplicated.

SUMMARY.

One-half-mile boys' race, heats: First heat—Charles King, 1m. 32 2-5s.; A. Jones, second. Second and last heat—King, 1m. 37 1-5s.

One-quarter-mile velocipede, boy's race—M. Hayes, 1m. 16s.; W. Smith, second.

One-mile, without hands. This was an attempt by F. F. Ives to beat the record, 2m. 58 4-5s. With the help of W. A. Rhodes, who acted as pace maker, Ives rode to the half in 1m. 22 1-5s., and finished the mile in 2m. 44 1-5s.

Five miles horse *versus* bicycle—This was a match race between W. J. Morgan, champion of the Island of St. Helena, and the trotter Propeller. Propeller propelled himself past the judges to the tune of 16m. 26 1-5s.; Morgan, 16m. 27s.

One-mile bicycle, promateur—C. E. Kluge, 2m. 49 1-5s.; C. P. Adams, second. Won easily.

One-mile—Attempt by C. E. Kluge, to beat the record for that style of machine, viz. 2.41. Kluge rode the first half in 1.21 1-5, and the mile in 2.29 1-5. Kluge has been riding in the thirties, and his performance was disappointing.

Attempt to lower the five miles bicycle record—With the help of pace makers, Rhodes had a go at the 'five miles' record. The table given below shows how successful he was:

	RHODES.		PREVIOUS RECORD.
1-mile,	2.36 ² / ₅	2.36 ² / ₅	2.30
2-mile,	5.17 ³ / ₅	2.41 ¹ / ₅	5.22 ¹ / ₅
3-mile,	8.01 ¹ / ₅	2.43 ¹ / ₅	8.07 ¹ / ₅
4-mile,	10.48 ² / ₅	2.47 ¹ / ₅	11.05
5-mile,	13.30	2.47 ¹ / ₅	15.57 ² / ₅

W. M. Woodside also made an attempt to surpass the five mile professional world's record.

	WOODSIDE.		PREVIOUS PROF. RECORD.
1-mile,	2.42	2.42	2.31 ² / ₅
2-mile,	5.27 ¹ / ₅	2.45 ¹ / ₅	5.29
3-mile,	8.15 ² / ₅	2.58 ² / ₅	8.29
4-mile,	11.04 ² / ₅	2.49 ¹ / ₅	11.29
5-mile,	13.50 ² / ₅	2.44 ² / ₅	14.23 ² / ₅

A one-mile professional handicap concluded the day's sport. Woodside won from scratch in 2m. 40s.

The officers of the meet were: Referee, J. B. McCune; timers, C. H. Whipple, Geo. M. Hendee, W. A. Rowe and H. W. Collins.

Some one wants to know whom I consider the Ben Butler of bicycling? Now, I think this is an attempt at my well known wealth in the shape of a \$10,000 libel suit, and while I don't object to paying that amount for my inquirer's benefit, yet I doubt my ability to answer correctly, so I am going to appeal to that ever intelligent body of cyclists for their opinion as to who merits this honor. Let any one who thinks he knows drop a postal card to me, care of this office, with the name of their candidate on it, and I will publish the returns when the male vote is in.

EGAN.

A DARING FEAT.

A WHEELMAN RIDES ACROSS THE NARROW
STONE COPING OF A BRIDGE.

A daring and foolhardy feat was performed by a bicyclist Sunday afternoon at Cabin John bridge, near Washington. The place is a general pleasure resort, about twelve miles from town, over the military road built by Jeff Davis while the latter was Secretary of War. The bridge is said to be the largest single span of masonry in the world. It is 125 feet high and about 200 feet long, a single magnificent arch, spanning a deep and rocky gorge. A good many people go there to see the bridge, and the man who keeps the little hotel, known as Cabin John, just at the end, and across the bridge, does good business, especially on Sunday. Every nice Sunday the sheds about the place are crowded with vehicles of every description, and sporting men, family picknickers, wheelmen, and gentlemen of leisure are loafing about the house, getting country dinners or picnicing in the wild gorge below the bridge.

As at all such places located on good roads near the capital, there are always a few wheelmen lounging in and out, and a good deal of drinking and skylarking going on. There were quite a number of wheels stacked about the yard, and a lively party within could be heard telling stories and boasting of their personal skill on the road. In the midst of the hilarity one young man suddenly came out alone, and, springing upon his wheel without a word, rode towards the bridge.

There is a brownstone coping on the three-foot wall on either side of the roadway. This coping is a foot broad, and is bevelled on the two upper edges for an inch or two. On the inside of these walls is the solid roadway above the duct. On the outside is a perpendicular descent of about 125 feet in the centre of the bridge, and no less than 75 feet at either abutment. The young man stopped and dismounted at the end of the bridge and lifted his machine upon the coping. The act was noticed by a couple of gentlemen smoking under the trees, but it was looked upon as the freak of a young man who had been drinking too much, and no particular attention was paid to it. The next moment there was an exclamation of horror from the direction of the bridge, the young man was seen mounted upon his fifty-inch wheel deliberately riding along the narrow coping.

The sight froze the blood of the ladies and children picnicing in the gorge below, and was enough to appal the stoutest heart. The gentlemen in front of the hotel started to their feet and called to the other wheelmen within. "Stop him! For God's sake, stop him!" shouted a lady with two children clinging to her, wringing her hands with fright. It was too late. The young man was already in the centre of the bridge. He never swerved a hairs breadth from his seat. From the end of the bridge he seemed a toy machine running by mechanism, so erect and motionless he sat and so evenly he rode. "Let him alone," cried one of his companions; "he could ride it if it was a rope." Nevertheless, the fear that interference might hasten the horror that all wished to prevent, left the party rooted to the spot. In two places the coping makes a zigzag by the widening of the roadway, and at these places the rider must steer his wheel through a very

narrow space at right angles with his course. The daring fellow had passed the first of these ticklish spots, and when he carefully wore round the second not a single one of the horrified spectators could draw a breath for fear. From thence to the end was a short and straight run, and in another moment the young man had completed his dangerous ride, dismounted, and was waving his hand laughingly at the frightened men, and women and children who had witnessed it.

There was a loud shout welling up from below and in the rear, but the young fellow calmly mounted his wheel and rode on towards the city as if he had done a very common thing not worth mentioning. His companions refused to give his name and only said he had left them a minute before, somewhat angry because one of them had doubted his ability and nerve to do the feat. They say he claimed to have done the same thing before when there was nobody there to see. —Ex.

A BIG DAY AT SCRANTON, PA.

The annual race meet of the Scranton B. Club was held Tuesday, August 24th. The parade in the morning and the race meet of the afternoon, kept the home and visiting wheelmen on the jump. The parade started from in front of the Scranton club's quarters shortly after eleven, and after counter-riding over various prominent streets, disbanded at the starting point. The order in which the 150 wheelmen rode was as follows:

Bauer's Band.

Gerry Jones, Binghampton, Commander.

Aids.

G. A. Jessup and F. C. Hand, of Scranton, on a tandem tricycle.

First Division.

W. J. Andrews, of Wyoming, Commander.
Aids—G. J. Richards, of Wyoming, Frank D. Watts, of Scranton, J. A. Spencer, of Scranton.
Wilkes-Barre Bicycle Club, J. G. Carpenter, Captain.

Pittston Bicycle Club.

Bloomsburg Bicycle Club, McKelvey, Captain.

Kingston Bicycle Club.

Wyoming Wheelmen.

Williamsport Bicycle Club.

New Milford Bicycle Club.

Lackawanna Bicycle Club.

Plymouth Bicycle Club.

Nanticoke Bicycle Club.

Second Division.

Ira A. Dayton, of Williamsport, Commander.
Aids—E. J. Fisher, of Williamsport; F. B. Ward, Scranton.

Wilkes-Barre Ramblers, S. A. Wheeler, Captain.

Elmira Bicycle Club.

Unattached Wheelmen.

Scranton Bicycle Club.

The race meet attracted a large crowd to the Driving Park, and as the racing was excellent, and there were no tedious waits, they enjoyed the sport. The following is a summary:

Two-miles State championship—J. R. Schlager, Scranton, 6.10½; J. R. Nallin, Scranton, second.

One mile novices—E. Siebecke, Scranton, 3.01½; H. C. Wallace, Scranton, second.

One-mile open—C. C. Titchener, Binghamton, 2.46½; E. P. Baird, Brick Church, N. J., second.

One-mile club championship—J. R. Schlager, 2.51¾; Arthur Mornes, second.

Half-mile boys' race—H. M. Coursen, Scranton, 1.41¾.

Three-miles handicap—C. E. Titchener, (scratch) 8.39; J. S. Kulp, Wilkesbarre, second.

One mile lap race—J. B. Nallin, 4.22½.

One-mile consolation—W. Stone, Binghamton, 3.23½.

THE CLEVELAND RACE MEET.

THREE DAYS OF FAST RACING.

The most successful bicycle tournament ever held in the West was that of the Cleveland Bicycle Club, held at Athletic Park, on August 26, 27 and 28th. The attendance was not very large, but no money will probably be lost on the meet. The races were started promptly, and were timed and scored by electricity.

The field officers were as follows: Referee; Fred Sholes, timers; W. C. Ball, Asa Dolph and A. T. Anderson; Judges; C. H. Potter, F. P. Root and J. Dume; scorers; C. A. Paine, H. E. Higgins and George Chandler; starter; George Potter.

SUMMARY:

FIRST DAY, AUGUST 26TH.

One-mile for bicycle, novices—Prizes, gold and bronze medals. W. H. Wylie, St. Louis, 1; F. E. Ranney, Akron, 2; J. E. Douhet, Cleveland, 3. Time, 3m. 02 1-5s.

One-mile tricycle, State championship—K. A. Pardee, Akron, 1; G. Collister, Cleveland, 2. Time, 3m. 14¾s.

Half-mile bicycle, open—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., 1; W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., 2; H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., 3. Time, 1m. 21 1-5s.

Two-mile bicycle, 6.30 class—George H. Terry, Batavia, N. Y., 1; F. X. Spranger, 2; W. H. Wylie, 3. Time, 6m. 15s.

One-mile tandem tricycle—J. T. Huntington and G. Collister, Cleveland, 1; E. J. Douhet and W. D. White, Cleveland, 2. Time, 3m. 6s.

One-mile bicycle, open—Prizes: bicycle and suit of silk racing tights.—First heat—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., 1; W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., 2; J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y., 3. Time, 2m. 53½s.

Half-mile bicycle, 1.30 class—P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., 1; F. E. Ranney, Akron, 2; F. X. Spranger, Detroit, 3. Time, 1m. 26s.

Five-mile bicycle, Ohio State championship—K. A. Pardee, Akron, 1; George Collister, Cleveland, 2. Time, 17m. 9 1-5s.

Quarter-mile bicycle, open—H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., 1; H. E. Bidwell, East Hartford, Conn., 2; P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., 3. Time, 40 2-5s.

One-mile tricycle, open—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., 1; K. A. Pardee, Akron, Ohio, 2; George Collister, Cleveland, 3. Time, 3m. 17s.

One-mile bicycle handicap—George H. Terry, Batavia, N. Y., (10 sec.) 1; J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, (10 sec.) 2; H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., (3 sec.) 3. Time, 2m. 58s.

SECOND DAY, AUGUST 27TH.

One-mile bicycle—F. X. Spranger, Detroit, 1; F. E. Ranney, Akron, 2; W. C. Herring, New York, 3. Time, 2m. 54 3-5s. G. H. Terry, of Batavia, was first by a foot in this race, but was disqualified because his starter took him over the line.

Two-mile bicycle State championship—J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, 1; K. A. Pardee, Akron, 2; J. J. McTigue, third. Time, 6m. 14 4-5s.

Half-mile bicycle, handicap—W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., 10 yards start, 1; A. A. Hart, St. Louis, 25 yards, 2; S. P. Hollingsworth, Russiaville, Ind., 5 yards start, 3. Time, 1m. 18 2-5s.

RACERS, ATTENTION!!

The First Annual Race Meeting

OF THE

HARLEM WHEELMEN,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1886.

OF THE

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC GROUNDS, (8th Avenue and 86th Street, New York.)

Concert by Cappa's 7th Regiment Band at 3 P. M. Races at 3.30 P. M.

—8—OPEN EVENT—8—

RACES.		1ST PRIZE.	2D PRIZE.
1-4	Mile Bicycle, One Legged,	Bicycle Rifle,	Racing Saddle.
1-2	" " Without Hands,	Gold Medal,	Fish Bicycle Saddle.
1	" " Novice,	" "	Bicycle Shoes.
1	" " 3.10 Class,	" "	Silver Medal.
2	" " Handicap,	" "	" "
2	" " Lap or Record Race,	" "	" "
2	" " Team Race, open to club teams of 4 men.	Silver Cup, 23 inches high.	
1	" " Club Championship--Harlem Wheelmen.		
1	" " " Morrisania Wheelmen.		
3	" " State " Open to N. Y. S. D. Members,	Gold Medal,	Silver Medal.

The Medals and Cup now on exhibition at A. G. Spalding & Bros., 241 Broadway. Entrance fee for each event, except team race, 50 cents. Team race, \$4.00. Entries close Saturday, September 4th, with F. L. BINGHAM, 49 Rose Street, New York.

SEPT 4. Attention Wheelmen!! SEPT 4.

GRAND OPENING RACE MEET

ON THE NEW, FAST TRACK OF THE,

N. J. CYCLING AND ATHLETIC ASS'N, Roseville Station, Newark.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

O * R * A * N * G * E * W * A * N * D * E * R * E * R * S

RACES BEGIN AT 3.30 P. M., SHARP.

PROGRAMME.

RACES.	FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.
No. 1. Three-Mile Bicycle Championship, N. J.	\$30 Solid Silver Cup.	
2. One-Mile Novice.	Gold Medal.	Wonder Saddle and Tool Bag.
3. One-Third Mile Dash.	Onyx Gold Ring.	
4. Two-Mile Tandem Tricycle.	Two Pair Opera Glasses.	
5. Five-Mile Scratch Race.	\$140 Beeston Humber Racing Bicycle.	Lakin Cyclometer.
6. One-Mile O. W. Club Race.	Fish Saddle and Bag.	Lantern Side Fixture.
7. One-Third-Mile Boys' Race (under 14).	Silver and Gold Medal.	Silver Medal.
8. One-Mile Tricycle Championship, N. J.	\$30 Solid Silver Cup.	
9. One-Mile Dash.	Gold Medal.	Nickel Bicycle Lamp.
10. Three-Mile Lap Race.	Waltham \$45.00 Silver Chronograph Watch.	Nickel Bicycle Lamp.
11. One-Mile Consolation.	Gold Medal.	Silver Medal.

Races under L. A. W. Rules and open to League Members. Entrance fee to Three and Five-Mile Races, \$1.00 each; Boys' Race, 25c.; other events 50c. each. Entries close Monday, August 30th and must be accompanied by entrance fees. Address: E. P. BAIRD, Brick Church, N. J. Entries for Boys' Race received at the gate.

NOTE.—The Track is five minutes walk from Roseville Station, on the D. L. & W. R. R., forty minutes from New York. Train boats leave foot of Barclay St., 1.30, 2.10 and 2.30. Return trains leave every twenty to thirty minutes. Bicycles will be carried in baggage car at owners' risk, without extra charge. Competitors must be properly attired; the right to refuse any entry is reserved. The prizes have been selected with great care and are exceptionally valuable. The Beeston Humber Racing Bicycle is donated by Mr. L. H. Johnson, of East Orange, the U. S. Agent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Advertisements inserted in this department; not over four lines nonpareil, for \$10 a year.]

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MURRAY'S, 100 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass., is the place to get your repairing done. I make a specialty of parts for repairs, and keep a large stock on hand. Am successor to the late Cunningham Co. Send 2-cent stamp for price list, discount to the trade.

I HAVE a few more Harvards, Yales, and Cornells left, which I am selling at greatly reduced prices; also Meteor Sociables. Old machines taken in exchange for new ones. The only place where you can get the parts of the above machines. Send for second-hand list to Murray's, 100 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

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PORTLAND, ME.—LAMSON'S LUGGAGE CARRIER, the cheapest, lightest, and most convenient thing of the kind. May be put in pocket when not in use. By mail, seventy-five cents and one dollar. C. H. LAMSON.



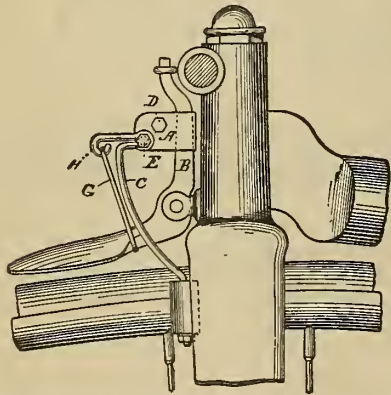
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Attached to any modern Bicycle in two minutes. Prevents nine-tenths of the "headers." Steadies the Bicycle. Makes pedal mount easy.

\$1.50, Post Paid.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.,
—Boston.—



"Home Exerciser"

For brain-workers and sedentary people. Gentlemen, Ladies and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inch square floor-room, something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "HOME SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE," 16 East 14th Street, N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd.

BICYCLE MEDALS.

ATHLETIC MEDALS.

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CLUB * BADGES.

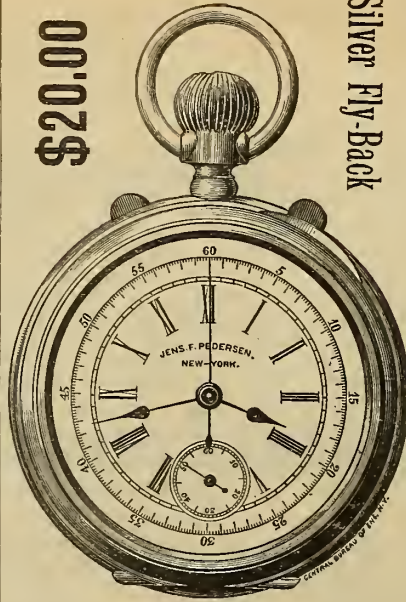
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MAKER OF THE L. A. W.
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Three insertions	-	-	75 cents.
Under 21 words	-	-	40 cents.
Three insertions	-	-	\$1.00

FOURTH ANNUAL Fall Race Meeting OF THE KING'S COUNTY WHEELMEN.

Saturday, Sept. 18, 1886,
3:45 P. M.

AT THE BROOKLYN A. C. GROUNDS.
(DeKalb & Classon Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Can be reached by horse car or elevated rail-road from Bridge or Fulton ferry in 30 minutes.

EVENTS:

- 1 mile Novice race club—K. C. W.
- 1 " " " open.
- 1 " Lap open
- 2 " Team " 4 members to club.
- 2 " Handicap "
- 3 " " "
- 5 " Scratch. "
- 1 " Consolation.

Entrance fee to each event 50 cents; close September 11th with Chas. Schwalbach, 124 Penn Street, Brooklyn.

Admission, 50c. Reserved Seat, 25c. Extra.

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Trip around the World on a Bicycle.

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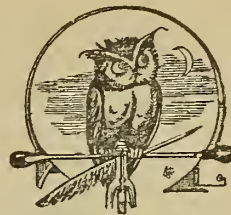
JULY 3d, 1886.

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THE TEXAS SIFTINGS PUB. CO.

240 BROADWAY,

— NEW YORK. —



One-mile, tandem tricycle—K. A. Pardee, Akron, 40 yards start, 1; A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., second. Time, 2m. 59 4-5s.

One-mile bicycle—Second heat—H. E. Bidwell, East Hartford, 1; H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, 5; S. P. Hollingsworth, Russiaville, Ind., 3. Time, 2m. 53 4-5s.

Quarter-mile bicycle, 45s. class G. H. Terry, Batavia, N. Y., 1; P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., 2; F. E. Ranney, Akron, 3. Time, 40 2-5s.

Two-mile bicycle lap race—H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, 1; A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., 2. Time, 2m. 47 1/2s. and 5m. 57 1/2s.

One-mile tricycle, handicap—K. A. Pardee, Akron, Ohio, 40 yards start, 1; A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., 2. Time, 3m. 10s.

Half-mile bicycle—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., 1; W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., 2; A. A. Hart, St. Louis, 3. Time, 1m. 19 1-5s.

One-mile bicycle, 3 minute class—K. A. Pardee, Akron, 1; P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., 2; S. P. Hollingsworth, Russiaville, Ind., 3. Time, 3m. 4 1/4s.

THIRD DAY, AUGUST 28TH.

Eight hundred people attended the third day's races of the Cleveland bicycle tournament at the Athletic Park. The track was fast. George Collister and John T. Huntington, on a tandem tricycle, broke the American record for a quarter and half mile, riding the distance in 43 1/2 seconds and 1.24. The record they beat were 44 seconds and 1.26. The races and results were as follows:

One-mile bicycle, 3.10 class—F. X. Spranger, Detroit, 1; G. H. Terry, Batavia, N. Y., 2; W. H. Wylie, 3. Time, 2m. 55s.

One-mile bicycle State championship—K. A. Pardee, Akron, 1; J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, 2. Time, 2m. 56 3-5s.

Two-mile bicycle handicap—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., scratch, 1; S. P. Hollingsworth, Russiaville, Ind., 50 yards, 2; P. M. Brown, Newcastle, Penn., 60 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 48s. and 5m. 47 3-5s.

Half-mile tricycle, open—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., 1; K. A. Pardee, Akron, 2; George Collister, Cleveland, 3. Time, 1m. 34 4-5s.

One-mile bicycle, handicap—P. S. Brown, Washington, scratch, 1; W. H. Wylie, St. Louis, 15 yards, 2; F. H. Hemstreet, Cleveland, 65 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 54 2-5s.

Five-mile bicycle lap race—H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., 1; S. P. Hollingsworth, Russiaville, Ind., second.

In the quarter-mile bicycle open, J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y., won; C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, 2; H. E. Bidwell, East Hartford, Conn., 3. Time, 40 seconds.

One-mile bicycle, open—Final heat—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, Ind., 1; J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y., 2; W. E. Crist, Washington, 3. Time, 2m. 54s.

One-mile bicycle lap race—H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., 1, 15 points; C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y., 2, 11 points; K. A. Pardee, Akron, 3, 10 points. Time, 2m. 49 3-5s.

Consolation race, one-mile—W. C. Herring, New York, 1; E. J. Douhet, Cleveland, 2; H. Goodman, Hartford, Conn., 3. Time, 2m. 59s.

We learn with astonishment that "W. W. Stall has gone into photography." We sincerely hope Mr. Stall will come out alive.

The Cleveland Club gave a wheel entertainment at Woodland Rink on Saturday evening, which was a most pleasant affair and largely attended. The opening scene was "The Beginner," in which George Collister, as the countryman, and John T. Huntington as the gentlemanly instructor, brought forth peal after peal of laughter. This was followed with a moonlight serenade by the following gentlemen, who were seated on tricycles: W. H. McClintock, G. W. Ford, H. J. Stancombe, J. L. Severance, S. H. Crowl, G. H. Potter, J. Reese, O. H. Judson, W. D. Young, and E. C. Turner. Their voices blended musically with the guitars, and they responded to a vigorous encore. Taylor Boggis gave an exhibition of fancy riding which would be hard to excel. He rode his wheel in all conceivable attitudes, and then took it apart by piecemeal and continued to ride. He wound up his remarkable performance by riding a buggy wheel around the rink. Another moonlight serenade was given, and the performance closed with an exhibition by the drill corps, under command of Captain F. P. Root. The corps consisted of M. M. Janes, C. E. Farnsworth, C. A. Paine, Taylor Boggis, Harrison Wagner, George Snyder, A. E. Sprackling, and George Collister.

RACING AT TORONTO.

A most successful meet was held by the Toronto (Ont.) Bi. Club on August 21st.

SUMMARY.

One-mile, 3.40 class—F. J. Brimer, Toronto, 3.20; W. Shepard, Niagara Falls, second. Second heat—W. H. West, Toronto, 3.22; C. L. Macnab, Orillia, second. Final heat—Brimer, 3.12; Shepard, second; West, third.

Two-mile handicap—W. S. Campbell, Niagara Falls, 6.19; T. Fane, Toronto, second; M. F. Johnson, third.

One-mile scratch—Harry Davies, Toronto, 2.58 1-5; H. Clarke, Woodstock, by thirty yards; S. L. McKay, Woodstock, third.

Five-miles scratch—W. S. Campbell, 17.16 1/2; T. Fane, Toronto, wheel broke.

Two-mile club handicap—M. F. Johnson, 6.38.

Half-mile club handicap—F. J. Brimer, (20 yds.) 1.29; M. F. Johnson, (scratch) second.

THE ROSEVILLE TOURNAMENT.

"Going out to the track this afternoon?" is now becoming a stereotyped query among wheeling circles in this vicinity. "The track" refers to the new Roseville track, which is rapidly approaching perfection. It is becoming harder each day, and will be in good fix for the Orange Wanderers' meet. The dry weather of the past month has been a drawback, and nothing could be more welcome and beneficial than a heavy rain. If any able-bodied forty-eight hour drizzle should meet with this item, it may hear of something to its advantage by applying to Frederick Jenkins, Manager.

The grand stand is now fitted with dressing rooms, shower bath, etc. A number of men train at the track every evening, and all racing men are invited to the grounds.

A lengthy programme has been adopted. All will find that they are amply provided free; besides the races are arranged to give the men as much rest as possible.

The *L. A. W. Bulletin*, under the heading of "Good News for Philadelphia Cyclists," says that the clerk at Devon Inn gives notice that cyclists are provided with a bath there free. To get a bath at no cost must be good news for Philadelphia cyclists, but to need one so badly as to have a hotel to offer it to you free, is hardly complimentary to the cleanliness of the cyclers.

It is amusing to read the descriptions some of the back country scribes send of local wheel races. They invariably wind up with something like: "But Scroggins pushed his wheel to the front and run in 2.40 for the snide." Of course he pushed his wheel, do they think that the average reader thinks he carried it in a truck or a railroad train?

Racing men are now beset personally and by letter to "come" to this race meet and to that, and yet, which ever invitation they accept, as soon as they face the starter they are told to "go."

A Hartford correspondent to the *Wheelman's Gazette*, winds up with a laudatory article on the A. C. U. with "Hurrah for the L. A. W. ! Long may it wave." Yes! waive its rights to racing, I suppose he means.

Why should our English cousins object to their prizes because they were not silver? They admit they were *britannia* metal, as naturally they would be, when a Briton won them. It's hard to please these English. On every available occasion they are always singing something about "Britania rules the wave," etc., etc., and yet when they get a practical example of the "Britania rule" they kick.

There is a hill on Jerome Park Lane that bears the blood-curdling title of "Break-neck," and I venture to say that not one out of twenty knows how it was so called. Along in '81 there came to New York, from Ireland, a great big, over-grown boy, nearly six feet in height, named Wm. M. Woodside. He was a rider and that was a scarcity. He was snapped up by the Manhattan Bicycle Club for his racing qualities, and was probably the first promateur in America, this club being then one of the richest in the country, paying his way for him to ride under their colors. Verily, he had what you may call a "snap," winning almost everything he started in. Among other prizes a handsome gold watch and chain fell to him, and this, with some money, he had in his pockets when he started from the club rooms at 791 Fifth avenue one summer's eve for a ride. How it happened none ever knew, but he attempted to ride down the hill now known as "Break Neck" and when he recovered he was in the station house, minus watch, chain and money, and plus a broken collar bone and arm, having been found by a policeman in this condition at the foot of the hill. Ever afterwards it took the name as above.

The Harlem Wheelmen have chosen the 7th Regiment Band to play for them at their forthcoming race meet, probably because they thought the leader would be a good "Cappa" for the affair.

Do you know you raised an L in my signature last week? I signed it Aloy, but you print it "Alloy." Take notice! I am adverse to raising L in general, and in the present case in particular, so please omit your natural inclination in this direction hereafter.

I see the Chicago Club, in their recent races, had what they called a "Chestnut race," viz. for "whiskered members." I should think a rider old enough to have whiskers would naturally belong in the *promature* class.

Springfield is a cold-water town, and if you want to enthuse you must do so upon strictly temperance principles. This reminds me of an experience I had up in this same cold-water town, on one cold winters' night in '83. It was the third annual dinner of the Springfield club, and I had been invited to attend. When I arrived at the banquet imagine my surprise to find, by reference to an elegant plush menu, that Dr. F. A. Egan, of New York, was the toastmaster. What surprised me was that there should be a doctor of my exact name, but upon inquiry, I soon learned that I was the doctor referred to, and the bold printer had conferred the title of doctor, while the club was responsible only for the additional one of toastmaster. I tried to crawl out with the usual excuses of inability, lack of preparation, etc., etc., but all to no avail. So I gracefully submitted, and soon found myself at the head of the table, with the Governor, Mayor and other big bugs, feeling just about as unpleasant as any poor mortal ever did. The nearer the end of the banquet grew the lower my spirits dropped, until finally I leaned over to President Ducker, who presided at the table, and told him I couldn't be a toastmaster, and be beastly sober at the same time. "Well," said he, "what are you going to do about it? It's a temperance town. Isn't it, Mayor Phillips?" appealing to the Mayor, who sat next. "Yes," said the Mayor, "strictly." Well, I knew temperance or no temperance, I wasn't going to act unless I did have something to brace up on. Finally I called a colored gentleman, who had consented for a consideration, to act as waiter, and explain my position to him. He seemed to me to know a great deal more about the temperance act in Springfield than either Mr. Ducker or the Mayor, for he informed me I needed some "cold tea," and, as he appeared to know, I submitted to his prescription. He brought me one of those great thick china cups, brimming full of this "tea," and at the same time *sotto voce* murmured, "brandy." Well, maybe it was, but to this day I have always thought it was blue vitriol, though I had not come to this conclusion until I had drained the cup, and the contents had caused me to think the air was full of comets, pin-wheels and other pyrotechnics not usually found in banquetting halls. At last the dinner was done, and amidst a perfect blue ribbon silence, I arose to fulfill the peculiar position of an exhilarated toastmaster to a cold-water audience; the result was original if not

satisfactory. I began by calling upon my old friend Stephen Terry to answer to the Springfield Club, when he was down for the L. A. W. He didn't seem elated at that, but certainly gave, for once in his life, a speech that was most clearly an extemporaneous one. I haven't got a very clear and concise remembrance of all that followed, but I have never been invited to act in the same capacity since for the Springfield Club, so I guess I didn't fill the bill for a temperance banquet. One thing only through all the evening could I see, and it seemed to fascinate me, and to this day is the most prominent thing at that banquet, and that was a plaid vest of some fearful and gorgeous pattern, worn by Sanford Lawton. Turn my eyes where I would that vest was constantly before me, and to this day I don't know whether it was the rainbow qualities of Lawton's vest, or the colored gentleman's "cold tea" that wrecked my reputation as a toastmaster in the temperance town of Springfield, Mass.

FRANK ALOY EGAN.

A WEEK IN WISCONSIN.

Wheelmen reading this sketch of a few days tour in the above state, must not look for an accurate description of scenery, or a tabulated list of roads, hotels, &c., but simply the experiences of an average wheelmen on average (and sometimes below) roads. It may serve to keep some of them from taking the poorest route in the month of August, and in a dry season.

My tour commenced at rather an early hour, August 4th, and was inaugurated by riding from the depot at Watertown, Wis. to the Tremont Hotel in that place. Time 2 A. M., and the only light was the dim and religious one of the stage lantern. Luckily the roads were smooth and the up-grades easy. I soon knew no more till 7 A. M.; then on looking out found Watertown to be a pretty little town of some 1,000 people, lying scatter around the Fox River, which attains quite a respectable size even thus far up the country. A start was made at 9.30 A. M. for Oconomowoc, 15 miles away. Roads were fairly good, the country not extremely hilly at any point, and I reached O. at 11.30.

This is a pretty, shaded town, with well-kept roads, and on hailing a "Quadrant" tricycle rider, I was directed to "Draper Hall," which over-looks Lake La Belle, and and is a favorite resort for Southern people, some coming as far away as New Orleans, others from Little Rock, Memphis, and even from Texas. I saw few riders around of any mature age, but small boys on small bicycles were plenty. At 2 P. M. I pushed on for Waukesha, said to be 18 miles away. Between O. and there it had rained, and taking a northern route through Pewaukee, found dirt roads, rather heavy walking being in order for a mile or two from Pewaukee south, the roads grew more sandy and improved Waukesha was made before 6 P. M. and I found accommodations at the Park Hotel, opposite the famous "Silurian" Spring, though the hotel was full to overflowing. When less crowded this hotel could be more highly recommended. The Spring is certainly worth visiting and drinking of, if for no other reason than to once taste perfectly pure water. This town has some 4,000 population, and about as large a floating one, there being scores of small summer hotels

and boarding houses, which accomodate visitors from all parts of the country, especially the South. The evening was enlivened by a visit from a negro male quartette, who gave us an enjoyable concert, the voices being of good compass and well trained. One especially amusing thing was "Wait 'till the Clouds Roll By" rendered by a ponderous bass as a solo—stuttering at every vowel, and whistling to overcome the difficulty.

This was enthusiastically encored. It seems these singers travel with various concert companies in winter, and in summer go from hotel to hotel, always getting an enthusiastic reception. August 5th opened pleasantly, but cloudy, promising cool riding. Left at 9 A. M. for Muskago, that being recommended to me as the best route for Lake Geneva. I should advise all tourists, however, to pass through Muknanago instead, as it could certainly be no harder, and is said to be a more traveled road. The road is quite hilly and poor riding to Muskago, though what the road loses, the scenery gains in variety. Just this side Muskago, on the left hand side and near a brook, is a fine cold spring, not to be missed. A half-barrell, tilted forward, contains water fully equal to the "Silurian." Below Muskago, it had rained the night before, and the roads were consequently heavy. Near Waterford

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIXTURES.

SEPT. 3-4.—N. Y. State Division meet and races at Buffalo.

SEPT. 4.—Race meet of Orange Wanderers, at Roseville Track.

SEPT. 6.—Grand tour of the L. A. W., from Niagara Falls and Buffalo, through central New York, Virginia, and the Shenandoah Valley, winding up at Harper's Ferry September 18th. Entries now received by the "Marshals."

SEPT. 8-9.—Connecticut Bi. Club, annual race meet at Hartford, Conn.

SEPT. 6-16.—L. A. W. tour from Rochester to Harper's Ferry.

SEPT. 10-11.—Berkshire Co. Wheelmen's tournament at Pittsfield, Mass.

SEPT. 11.—Race meet of Harlem Wheelmen at Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds, N. Y. City.

SEPT. 14, 15, 16, 17.—Springfield Tournament.

SEPT. 18.—Fall Meet of Kings County Wheelmen.

SEPT. 21, 22, 23.—Races at Junction City, Kansas.

SEPT. 30, OCT. 1, 2.—Roseville, N. J., three days meet.

OCT. 1.—Wheelmen's Illuminated Parade at St. Louis.

OCT. 1-3.—L. A. W. interstate meet at St. Louis.

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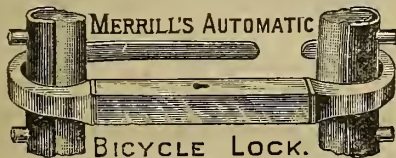
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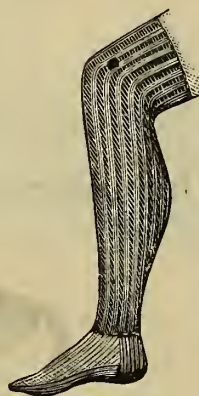
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