

THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. No. 6.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JUNE, 1889

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June 1889.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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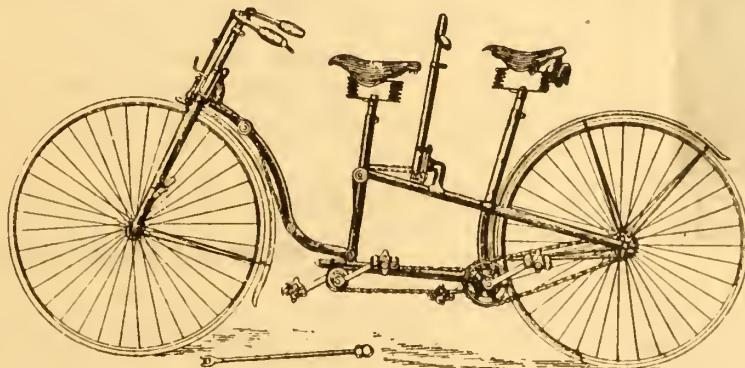
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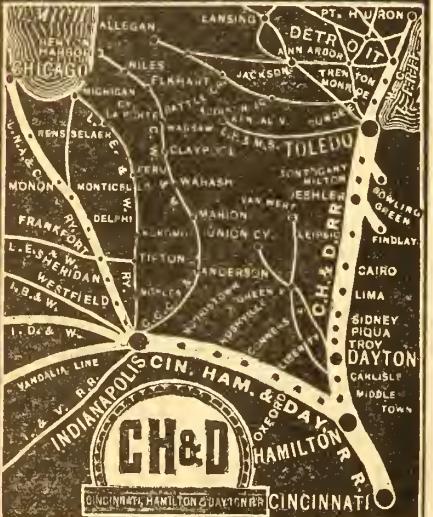
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There were seventy starters in the great PULLMAN RACE, on Decoration Day, but he got there first on his

American Light Champion,

and of the twenty prizes contributed, mostly by the trade, he choose an

AMERICAN RAMBLER,

as first prize.

Somebody said something about RAMS HORN BARS. We say:

"GOOD BEARINGS, AND A GOOD MAN BEARING ON THE PEDALS."

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The lightest running wheel in the world.

The best hill climber.

The fastest and safest coaster.

The best machine in the market for all around use.

What The Wheelmen Say About It.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 22, 1889.

EAGLE BICYCLE MFG. CO., Stamford, Conn.,

Dear men:—I can say that I am more than pleased with your EAGLE bicycle. I find that I can coast farther, climb hills better, and get just as much speed, out of it as any wheel I ever rode, which is saying a great deal, as I have only ridden your machine a week to day. I had it out on a 50 mile run yesterday, and it stood the rough roads in fine shape. The only trouble I find with your wheel is that it runs too easy. The wheel that I have heretofore ridden was altogether too heavy (56 lbs.) and that with springs to overcome loss of power and friction, and the liability of the complicated machinery with which the machine was driven failing to work when you most wanted it to, made it a most unsatisfactory wheel to ride. The finish of your machine is the best I have yet seen. I remain, Yours Respectfully,

COLIE BELL, Amateur Champion of Minn.

Washington, D. C., April 17, 1889.

MR. GAYLOR,

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to have a chance to express myself in regard to the EAGLE bicycle. Apart from its safety qualities which renders a header an impossibility, I consider the EAGLE the best wheel made for all around purposes, combining as it does, speed, durability, hill-climbing qualities, and above all, ease of propulsion, which makes riding a pleasure, such as I had never experience before riding the EAGLE. I have been riding some years and have used all the standard makes, and I毫不犹豫地 recommend the EAGLE bicycle for safety, economy and its excellent workmanship. I am more than pleased with mine, and can safely say: claim all you can for the machine and the machine will be ahead of the claim. Wishing you the best of success, I am

WILLIAM H. WARD, Washington, D. C.

Huntington, N. Y. April 16, 1889.

EAGLE BICYCLE MFG. CO., Stamford, Conn.,

Gen's:—During the past six years I have ridden as many different wheels. I have riden the EAGLE for four weeks and will candidly say that I never rode a wheel that pleased me as well. It is the lightest running wheel I ever rode, and the reason for this is simply because the large wheel carries all the weight, and the push of the rider is directly down, thus giving the benefit of the weight of the rider to the push. I can ride it on one wheel about as well as if the foremost wheel was on the ground, and as to the workmanship, it is simply perfect. To sum it all up it has the best points of the Ordinary, Crank and Star wheels combined in one machine. If I could not get another EAGLE I would not trade mine for two of the best wheels I ever saw. Very Truly Yours,

CHAS. B. SCUDDER, Capt. Huntington Bicycle Club.

New York, April 17, 1889.

EAGLE BICYCLE MFG. CO., Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:—I have had my EAGLE now about a month, and I like it better every time I ride it. It took me but a few minutes to learn the mount, and I think any Star rider can handle the wheel on sight. An Ordinary rider it will take a little longer. I have been riding for several years, and have tried almost every kind of wheel, and now feel more thoroughly suite than I have ever been.

I can assure you that it is a comfort to be able to ride down dangerous hills without fear of headers, and at the same time run no risk of having to train or walk home on account of a broken chain or busted spring.

As regards finish and workmanship, every one who has seen the wheel, bears me up in saying that they are equal to the best.

Yours very truly, W. E. ELDRIDGE, 323 York St., Jersey City.

CATALOG FREE.

Apply for the agency for the EAGLE in your town,

Do not wait until it has been given to some one else.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE, IND., 1889.

No. 6.

THE SPECTRE WHEELMAN.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER PERSONS.

THE captain had called a meeting of our club for the next Friday evening. We met at the club rooms at eight o'clock, and while discussing club business inside, there were eighteen, tall, white winged wheels of steel, outside, a lighted lantern on each hub, waiting to guide their owners home.

Our club, the Queen City Wheelmen, were all enthusiastic cyclers and we rode our wheels night and day. The meeting was called to order, roll called, and some minor matters attended to, when the

cured the attention of the members, and continued: "I discovered a new run last Sunday, that none of the boys have ever been over yet. There is a fine road that runs by the edge of the swamp below town, for about ten miles, where it crosses the turnpike. We go up that twelve miles, where we reach the end of our favorite run, and return by the public highway. By this route, we get in about thirty miles, cover no ground twice, and go over some that is entirely new to us, it will make as nice a run as any body would wish."

The fellows were all eager for it, so 'twas settled that we were to take the run.

Next day, some of the members heard that the captain was sick, and rode out to see him. He was troubled with a bad cold, and had



'It was our Captain!'

Captain arose, and said: "Gentlemen, as you are perhaps aware, we have not had a moonlight run this season, and is you are all in the frame of mind I am, you're just itching to get out for a spin over the country roads, 'airly in de mornen, by de light ub de moon.' Now, in just twelve days, we'll have a full moon, and the almanac says it will be cloudy and rainy, so no one could want a better guarantee that the weather will be fair and pleasant, now what do you say to taking a long run next Tuesday night, week?"

"Great scheme, that;" remarked the First Lieutenant, as he se-

a pain in his head, but was confident he would be out again in a few days. But things didn't pan out that way. He rapidly grew weaker and weaker, and by Monday was delirious. While awake he would imagine that the club was out on the road, and that he was leading, warning the new riders of holes or ruts, telling them when to coast or not, and even whistling the signals to ride fast or slow. Tuesday evening he said he wanted to see the boys, and his physician, thinking it best to humor him, invited us. Next day we went out to his home in a body and were ushered into the parlor by the servant,

whe signalled us to be quiet by pressing a finger across her lips. In the next room we could hear our comrade talking and muttering but could understand nothing. A doctor came in and informed us that it was doubtful if he could live much longer, as his brain had become afflicted. We were conducted into the sick-room, and there the poor fellow lay, only a few days before, as fine a specimen of manhood as ever lived, but even now, looking as if he had been wasting away for months.

Though he did not recognize any of us, he called the names of a few of those present, and in his lightmindedness, muttered things that at any other time would have been laughed at, but now caused not a smile. A few moments later he dropped off into a light slumber.

A half hour after, just as the sun was sinking into the west, and shedding its golden rays through the open window, he awoke, and as with a mighty effort, 'rose up in bed to a sitting position. The strange, weird lights of the dying day lit up the room for a few moments, falling strangely on his features, while with a glassy stare he spoke to us.

"I'll be with you on that run, whether or no. I'll be with you on that run, forever and forevermore."

He sat up a moment, kindly, and yet somewhat wildly looking at us, while the mellow lights played over his face, and then, gasping for breath, he added; "I'll be with you, from begining to end," and fell back on his pillow—dead.

The club attended the funeral in a body, riding slow, two abreast while in front was his family and relatives; behind other friends and acquaintances.

The next few days passed very slowly but Tuesday came at last, and by eight o'clock that evening there were twenty wheelmen at the clubs' headquarters, mounted on their shining wheels, ready for the run. No Captain had been elected, as yet, to fill the office lately occupied by our deceased leader, and we started out with somewhat the feeling of a flock of sheep going to pasture without a leader.

As the little band mounted, and started, we could see the long, white road stretching away down the valley, curving sometimes to the right, then to the left, and finally up a long gentle grade, with a good coast to follow, while tall oaks on either side cast queer shaped shadows across our path, and the dead leaves falling from the boughs above us made pretty music as they were cut by our rubber tires.

"I'll be with you on that run, whether or no. I'll be with you, forever and forevermore;" the dying words of our beloved Captain, were ringing in my ears, and I doubt not that they were remembered by more of our party, which was now under full headway.

Down on our left we could hear the rushing of waters, as they lifted themselves over some mill-dam, or worked their way in and out of the rocks in the rapids below. The breezes came gently along bearing the fragrant odors of leaves and herbs of the forest, and occasionally the moaning of some lone pine, as if it had some mournful tale to tell, but could not speak. The moon slowly and silently climbed, and perched in the heavens; her white rays dimly lighting up things that would hardly been noticed in the day time.

The sreach of an owl, came floating in from the distance, with a moan, and a soulful sigh, whieh is answered by a frog in the marsh near by, who's "who-o-o'r yr? who-o-o'r yr? who-o-o'r?" comes to us in a questioning voice, that is really enough to make one stop and think, who are we?

On and on we go, as silent as if there was no life in us. Through dark stretches of woodland, by ravine and hollow, sometimes pausing on high hill-tops, glancing back at the twinkling lights of the city we've left behind us, and then down into the moonlit ravine again. At a small bridge we stop a moment. A tin cup goes the rounds, and the bed of branches below is relieved of some of its weight. The little stream plays and dances in the light, while the beams skip along its sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wilderness:
I linger by my shining bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again, I curve and now
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on forever.'

Two more miles and we were nearing the cross-roads, where we

were to take the turnpike for higher country. The last granite mile post of the swamp road slipped behind as we were turning north, when we saw coming from the west a lone wheelman, riding in our direction, and, as if it were his intention to accompany us. His wheel was a very large one, full nickle, and the moon beams, playing among the spokes as they turned made it very beautiful. Were we mistaken, or was his uniform white throughout. Yes! it was so, his helmet, knickerbockers, hose and shoes, were as white as snow, and as he drew near even his face appeared wan and white; but it was full, and well formed and his physique was unexcelled. He drew near, but spoke not a word. The body of riders turned to the right for him to pass, but the strange rider only rode to the head of the column, and gave the old leaders signal to move faster.

It was our Captain!

"I'll be with you on that run, whetaer or no. I'll be with you forever and forevermore," again sounded in my ears, and I could not repress a shudder, though I was not afraid. Why should I be? We had always been good friends when he was living, and even had he been so disposed I don't think he could have done much harm now.

As for the other fellows, they seemed to accept the situation, and none of them spoke to the Captain, who rode at the head, as in the days gone by, occasionally giving signals as to where the road was good or bad, by a low duplex whistld, two long blows, then two short, or *vice versa*. Once on a crest of a high hill, he rather surprised us by giving a blast from the silver mounted bugle, that always hung at his side. The echoes came floating back over the still night air, each time fainter and fainter, until they died away altogether. Our chief rode slowly, almost pausing, with his head bent in a listening attitude until the sound had ceased; then he heaved a little sigh, and began the decent into the valley below, that looked as dark and dismal as does the future of some poor mortal lives.

On, on, in silence we rode, no one spoke, only watching the white granite mile posts slip along into the rear, and listening for the Captains signals, which came as regular as there was a variation in the surface of the road bed. A few yards in front of us he rode, true to his promise, and a wheel never was guided by steadier hand, or held a truer line, running neither to the right or left for rocks or obstructions; seeming to right through them, though we were carefnl to give them a wide berth. A slight cloud once past over the moon, darkening the road. The dismount-signal was heard, and we prepared to wait until things were bright again. The Captain stood some yards ahead, and when one of the boys drew near him he seemed still to be as far away as ever.

"Mount and away," was the order we soon heard and obeyed. A few more miles and we reached the road that lead back to the city. There was a long stretch of good, hard, road bed, with some miles without a hill. Several racing men of the club decided to see if they could not catch the Captain, but the task proved a useless one. Faster, faster, and faster we went, but he always kept the same distance ahead, apparently without any effort. Sometimes, with a terrible burst of speed we seemed to gain a little, but when he discovered this his pace was quickly increased. As we neared the city I began to wonder how it would all end, when suddenly there was that same fierce blast of the trumpet, which was even heard in the city, that seemed to sound forth a shout of defiance, as well as a sad farewell, and he turned into a lane nearby, at a speed that soon took him out of sight, to be seen, never again.

We sat down by the roadside to think, while waiting for our companions who had been left behind.

WAIL OF THE COUNTER JUMPER.

*Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet there's life in me.
Tell the gentle undertaker that my size is number three.
I'm a little city clerklet whom the month of June beguiled
Into taking a vacation where the country hearens smiled.
I went in for cycling: I would be a wheelman gay:
I would ride a fifty-two, with a simple, youthful glee,
And I rode that blame bicycle—what is left of me you see—
Tell the gentle undertaker that my size is number three.*

In quiet family circles the home stretch is usually a rubber of whist.

THE DOUBLE PRIZE.

A RACING STORY BY CHRIS WHEELER.

"I'll never forget the day I won that race over at Worsley," said Archie Hendrieks as he leaned against the parlor window at the club-house, and watched the big rain-drops patter on the glass and on the pavement outside, in a way that precluded all chances of riding.

The conversation had been about racing, and past racing events.

"I won a good prize in that race, and one that I did not exactly compete for, but which I did not refuse, when it fell to my share."

"Well, let's hear about it," said a few of the fellows, and as Hendrieks never refused to tell a story, the story came.

"Most of you fellows," he said, "know about the early history of the club. How we fellows in the early days of cycling, and in the full flush of newly-born enthusiasm, pretty nearly ran the sport and ourselves into the cold, cold ground. It was in those early days that I roped in the only racing laurels that it was ever my fortune to secure."

"It was a novice's race and you know novice's races are, generally speaking, rather tough and gamey affairs. I had never competed in a bicycle race before, and I have not competed since. In fact the winning of the prize I referred to in that one race, put beyond question the probability of my again figuring on the race track. The whole fact of the matter is, that through the medium of that novice's race I won my wife, and my wife has effectually won me from any vain pursuit of the fleeting honors of the track. The story of the whole business runs in this wise. I had at that time been riding for about the space of one year. I had become moderately expert on the machine, and had managed to make some very fair time on the road, when the boys, as was their wont, indulged in a little gentle scorching or spurting, as we termed any extra pedal working and lung puffing in those days. Well the time came when the Worsleyites determined to hold a great race meeting.

"They sent word to that effect to all the neighboring towns, and though race meetings in those days were not the elaborate affairs they are now, sufficient fun was expected to draw a big field of contestants and a big crowd of spectators. I entered for the novice's race and for one other. Several of our fellows from Wakefield entered because there was a keen rivalry between the riders of our neighborhood and those of Worsley, and up to that time the Worsleyites had always had the best of us.

"I was a weak, slim sort of a fellow at that time, very unlike the robust specimen of persecuted manhood you now see before you, but I had managed to make some very fair time, and for two weeks prior to the date fixed for the races, I put in a space of as hard training as any aspirant after racing laurels need hanker after.

"Well the great day came at last, and a merry party of us Wakefield boys went over to Worsley with the full determination to win if we could.

"We went over early and for some time prior to the starting of the sports we had the run of the place. Most of us were known in Worsley, and the Worsley boys having always been victorious—the Worsley college students invariably got the best of us—could afford to be magnanimous and treat us handsomely. Well we had the run of the grounds, and on the stand, and in the reserved seats we hobnobbed with the upper ten, and did the gallant to the fair damsels of the place.

"The Appleby's were then, as they are now, well-known residents of Worsley, and they had stopping with them a cousin from Australia, Maude Appleby, who was a regular belle and a great favorite among the big guns of the town. I had met her, and before the sports, held quite an interesting—at least to me it was an interesting tete-a-tete with her, much to the disgust of a young college student named Will Kimberley, who was dancin attendance to her.

"And here I may as well confess that I had frequently ridden over to Worsley to call on this same Maude Appleby. I was then just working myself into the position I now hold at my uncle's factory, and had the good prospects which have since become realized. I suppose Kimberley resented my monopolizing the belle of the place, anyhow, he did not look with much favor on me, and did not take any pains to conceal his dislike. He was quite a handsome fellow,

and I believe he is now with his regiment in India. Well the preliminary skirmishing, flirting and impatience of competitors and spectators were brought to a close and the races commenced. The novice's race was first on the programme, and this was the one I had looked myself to win, if there was any win in me. There were two Wakefield boys in it, three home men, and two other fellows from neighboring districts. Each man had of course his special batch of friends an hand, but it was generally conceded that two of the Worsleyites could do up the rest of the field. The race was called and away the seven of us started.

"We went like good fellows from the word go. I remember it as well as yesterday, indeed, I question if I shall ever forget the sensation I experienced on the occasion of that race. One of the stranger riders got a little better start than the rest of us and he went off like a shot, and pedalled like a second Diek Howell for about one-eighth of a mile. There was no catching him, he even kept his lead thus gained for something over the first quarter, and the spectators shouted and cheered the "see him go it" hero, to an extent that ought most assuredly have put an unconquerable edge on his grit, supposing him to have been possessed of any. It would seem that he had but a small stock of the sticking to it qualifications, for he slackened up a little after the first quarter, and the three Worsley riders closed in on him, and then every one of them passed him, and he collapsed entirely when the rest of us followed their example. Now was my time to see what I could do, so followed by my confrere, at a good part of the track, I made a sudden rush, put all my muscle and science into a two hundred yards spurt and ranged up alongside the first Worsleyite. I had gone by the third one like a shot, the second one was up to a trick or two however, and, divined what was going on as my big wheel shot alongside of him, and it was Kimberley's eye that gave me the peculiar concentration of energy that comes to us sometimes, and passing him, I closed up alongside of his comrade who had the lead.

"I could not pass this first fellow, I tried to do so, but I was somewhat winded, and concluded it was more advantageous to allow him to lead me, which he appeared quite willing to do. My run past the other contestants and my tussle with Kimberley, had put the whole field of spectators in good humor. Our fellows were just getting into the wild craze that is consequent on a dawning appreciation of the fact, that there was an almost unlooked for chance to win. The Worsley crowd were pleased that Kimberley and Billings had an outsider to dispute honors with them, not much was feared from this outsider, either of the two home men were looked upon as sure winners. The last quarter was entered upon, three men were out of the race. From the beginning of the last quarter I felt that Kimberley was after me. Soon I heard his breathing on my right, we were commeneing then to go for all we were worth. Down went my head, I gritted my teeth and went for Billings. I was surprised at the ease with which I passed him, but somebody else passed him too, and I found that Kimberley was about to serve me as he had been serving Billings. I shall not very soon forget my feelings just at that moment. I was leading man, and instinctively I knew that my competitor was, so to speak, using me.

"I gritted my teeth harder than ever. We were on the entering of the home stretch.

"Can I hold out? I said to myself. Is he playing with me? Oh, if I only knew what he can do? Can he pass me? No! I almost ejaculate. Then there was a dark shadow by my side, then, yes! no! yes! it was before me, a moment more and it would be right in my path.

"It shall not be.

"In the midst of a mighty yell that went up for Kimberley I made my last effort, while I was making it something seemed to whisper to me that for the moment I was a better man than my adversary, his half wheel length ahead vanished, I was even with him, I was leading him, and I led him over the tape.

"And I knew it too, I did not lose my head, I heard the wild yell of 'Kimberley,' and the answering and almost maniac shout of "no, Hendrieks," and then that was all I did know, for the space of about three minutes, during which time I was in a perfectly dazed condition. They said I had in a measure fainted, but they said also that it was a king's race even if it was a novice's. When I got my

scattered faculties together I found all our fellows around me, as well as a lot of the others from Worsley. Sam Appleby had a big bottle of some confoundedly strong smelling salts, which he soused all over a pretty handkerchief, and wanted to re-mop my face with, he had performed the operation once already. I took the handkerchief and told him to keep the bottle.

"In ten minutes time I was feeling somewhat comfortable, and a quarter of an hour after the wind up of my first and only race, I was out of the tent and among the big crowd that had yelled itself hoarse over my turning round of a couple of wheels, and also my turning round the order of things which had always sent a Worsleyite across the line first. I found my way, I may as well confess the fact, to where the sunlight was playing with the rich brown hair of Maude Appleby, and complimenting the sunshine of a face that I had had before my eye for the flash of a half second as I neared the finish. Kimberley and a couple of other fellows were already there, when I reached the Appleby group, accompanied by Sam Appleby. I received many congratulations and Kimberley shook hands with me, with some little constraint I imagined, but perhaps I was mistaken.

"Did you really faint, Archie?" queried the owner of the rich brown hair.

"Pshaw no," I said, "I was only a little out of breath. Kimberley and Billings made me race too hard."

"Are you going in the other mile?" asked Kimberley, turning to me.

"I was entered along with him for another race. I did not feel very much like racing just then, but the thought struck me that I could not very well back out of the second race if Kimberley went in.

"I was just on the point of saying that I would ride, when I chanced to look in Maud Appleby's face. She had heard Kimberley's question, and I could not mistake the look in her eyes which plainly said 'please don't.' Whether she meant that her face should express all that she felt or not, I do not know. At any rate her eye caught mine and I read her mind in it. At the same moment she became sensible of the fact, and blushing slightly she hastened to put her thoughts in words, knowing that I already divined them.

"I think you had better not race any more to-day, Harry, you might faint in earnest next time you won, what do you think Sam?" she said.

"Best stay out of it, here's your bottle of salts, Maude," he answered.

"I could see that Maude had taken in the situation, she was no doubt wondering whether I would allow my sense of pride to outweigh my acquiescence to what I knew was a wish of hers. Just as I had gritted my teeth on the home stretch, and made up my mind to win, so I did now, and first looking over at her, I said to my worsted competitor: 'I don't think I will ride any more races to-day Kimberley. Some other time perhaps I will give you your revenge.'

"Oh, I don't want any revenge," he said curtly, as he turned and walked away from our group.

"And now I come to the wind up of the story. I had won the race and perhaps you think that with the finish of the race the story should finish too. True I finished and won the race, but thereby hangs a tale, it is a short one however.

"During the progress of the sports I wandered to a comparatively quiet portion of the grounds with Maud Appleby. We sat on a bench under one of the big trees with only two of the Appleby youngsters immediately near us, and looked at the people crowding the seats and pressing on the boundary ropes watching the closing events.

"You did not want me to race again Maude," I said, "what was that for?"

"I thought you had had enough of it and you might do yourself harm," she answered rather shyly.

"Well but don't you know that Kimberley and the other fellows will say that I won that race by chance and that I was afraid of another test."

"Perhaps they may Archie, but that would not be so, everyone could see that you did not owe your victory to chance."

"Do you really think so," I said, for I felt well pleased at her

words, 'but then,' I added, 'the others will not think as you do Maude. I should have raced him again and given them no chance to talk.'

"Yes, you should have raced him and given no thought to yourself or your friends," she said.

"I looked into her face and read there that she felt hurt at my last remark.

"Forgive me, Maud," I said, "I may as well own up that I would have raced Kimberley again sooner than stand any sneers, even if I ran serious risks of injuring myself by so doing. And I may as well own up too, that it was you who influenced not to race. Yes I may as well make the most of the whole truth, I gave in to your wishes, I gave up racing him for your sake."

"For my sake, Archie, you are putting it strong, next thing you will be demanding remuneration for your self sacrifice," she spoke lightly, but I could see that she was well pleased with what I had said.

"What I did Mand I did for you, and since you have mentioned remuneration, I will ask you to give me something." I looked round for the children and almost used some strong language when I found the big round eyes of little Josie centred full on the pair of us. 'Bother the child,' I muttered, 'Maude I will ask for something now anyhow. Will you promise me to write to Australia to-morrow?'

"She looked at me in wonderment for a moment and then said: 'Yes, about what?'

"The sports are over," I said, "come we will have to move." I spent the evening with the Appleby's, and on a favorable occasion I took the chance to claim a remuneration for myself sacrifice. I need not recount in what way I went about the matter, that would be a breach of confidence, but the next day a letter was on its way to a certain port in Australia making certain explanations and asking for certain privileges for two individuals known among their friends as Maude Appleby and Archie Hendricks. In addition to the prize advertised for my novice's race, I won by the events of that afternoon another prize that was not advertised, but which up to that afternoon I had not the remotest idea as to the sure way of capturing. I won Mrs. Hendricks boys, and Maude has turned out to be for me the gold medal of that novice's race.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.



COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF 'THE BUNGTOWN WHEELMEN,'
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CLUB ARTIST.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

HALF HOLIDAYS.

SATURDAY half holidays would be a great boon to the working world and especially to those who own wheels, and, who, on account of their work have but little leisure to enjoy the many benefits and pleasures to be derived from their cycle.

As the case stands at present, every one is ready to acknowledge that a Saturday half holiday during the heated months of July and August, when all lines of trade are slack, and every one feels like taking an outing, would be a benefit all around, but the dealers seem to hang back, as though afraid to lead in the movement. It is only a question of time, a few years at the most, before all branches of the retail trade will give their employees this needed vacation, and it is rather short sighted of the business men, not to see the immense advantage to be gained by being among the first to start the movement, instead of among the last to fall into line.

It seems to us that cycle agents are in an excellent position to aid in starting this movement. Very few cities have over three or four cycle agencies and a combination between them could easily be formed so that all would close at this time. To make it doubly interesting a run of twenty or thirty miles could be arranged for every afternoon, starting about 1 o'clock, and returning in time for supper. This would draw any number of new recruits, into the ever increasing army of cyclers, and at the same time it would interest and enthuse those already in. It would, also, remove those seeming obstacles in the paths of so many would-be riders, that do not get cycles because they have no time to ride except to and from work, and on Sundays. Then, too, there are many who do not care to ride to any extent on Sundays, and it would give them a chance to get a little fresh air that they do not now have.

The American people in all branches of life are struggling, far too fiercely for existence, as it now is, and they are, in consequence wrecking themselves, body and soul. Saturday half holidays, and this half holiday devoted to a jaunt awheel would make better men of all of us, and it would fit us to perform our duties and obligations in this world in a far more satisfactory manner during the remainder of the week.

By all means boom the Saturday half holiday.

THE LEAGUE MEET.

AT HAGERSTOWN, July 2, 3, and 4, this year will be held the tenth annual meet of the L. A. W., and the July issue of the GAZETTE will contain a complete illustrated account of it. The illustrations will be reproductions from photographs taken expressly for the GAZETTE.

Great record-makers—Court stenographers.

THE PULLMAN ROAD RACE.

DESPITE the miserable weather we had in this part of the country on Decoration Day, the Pullman road race was a go, and a great go, too. There were 123 entries, but on account of bad weather, only 67 starters. FRANK BODACK, of the Eolus Cycling Club, was the first in, his time being 1:00:13, and the best time was 56:45, made by A. E. LUMSDEN, of the Chicago Cycling Club.

All of the riders came in, thoroughly soaked with mud and water but they were soon attended to by their friends. TYLER CALDWELL, who by the way, is one of the best of fellows, was the last man in, and the boys say he would never have ridden to the finish, had he been able to get any one to haul him and his wheel in, but wagons were few and far between that day, so he had to ride or drown, and he chose the former.

THE CHICAGO TOURNAMENT.

THE amateur races at the Chicago Tournament were all fairly contested, and, in this respect it was a success, but, as might have been expected, the professional, six day race was a hippodrome. The management were so sanguine in their assertion that it was to be won on its merits that quite a number were induced to think so, but in spite of all endeavors to keep them in the straight and narrow path, they indulged in numerous "fakes."

Fresh men, not in the race were allowed on the track to pace their man, who had been previously notified, and were ready for them. In this way one of the riders got away from the crowd, though he lost his lead the last day.

We are forced to the conclusion that we will never see a "square" professional race again, but if by some miraculous chance we do, we will be more than willing to acknowledge our error.

In the July GAZETTE, MR. JAMES PURVIS-BRUCE, will contribute an article to the series of How I CAME TO RIDE papers, which will be unique and original, and written in that sprightly style so characteristic of his writings. It will be illustrated with his portrait taken and engraved expressly for the GAZETTE. The photograph from which the engraving is reproduced was taken a few years ago in Edinburgh, Scotland, still it is a very striking likeness of this great genius at the present day. At the time it was taken he had never left his native land of Scotland, had never met GEO. LACY HILLIER, of the *Bicycling News*, nor any of the men so prominent in wheeling circles at the present day, nor had he ever fallen in love, or off a bicycle, although he has done so more times than he would have wished since then.

Our readers will, no doubt look forward for this article with a great deal of anxious expectation, and we can assure them they will not be at all disappointed in the surprise in store for them.

CHAS. A. PERSONS, with three companions is touring through Alabama and we have just received a postal from him dated: "Somewhere, up some mountain, in some part of Alabama. Don't know when, where or what not."

The rest of it is written in his characteristic style, so well known to our readers, and is worthy of reproduction. "Four of us are having the time of our lives. Ride 40 miles a day. Live on fried chicken, eggs, 17 oz. biscuits, bacon, fruit, and etc. My only excuse for writing this is that I see a box on a mile post marked, 'Drop Male Hear.' Am working it so I will fall in with some moonshiners' still to night. C. A. P."

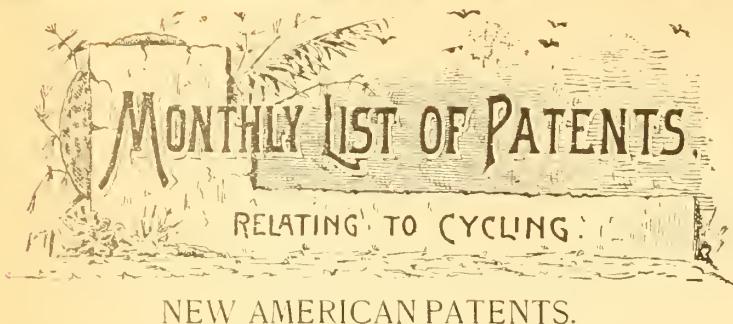
MR. PERSONS will write an account of this tour especially for the GAZETTE, and it will be illustrated and published in an early number.

"What's the matter?" the schoolmistress asked.

"Back's sore, ma'am."

"What made it sore?"

"Pop's learning to ride a bicycle, and I laughed."



NEW AMERICAN PATENTS.

A selected list of patents reported especially for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

- 402,926. May 7. G. Hayes, Jr., Hingham, Mass. Treadle for bicycles.
 403,042. May 7. C. A. Frayer, Keensburg, Ill. Oil can.
 403,059. May 7. T. W. Moore, Plainfield, N.J. Bicycle.
 403,078. May 7. C. F. Swett, Auburn, Me. Saddle for velocipedes.
 403,153. May 14. W. E. Smith, Washington, D. C. Bicycle.
 403,406. May 14. M. F. Abbott, Jeffersonville, Ind. Velocipede.
 403,657. May 21. J. B. Glover, Dubuque, Iowa. Lubricating device.
 403,895. May 21. W. R. Smith, Beloit, Wis. Wrench.
 403,896. May 21. B. D. Stevens, Burlington, Vt. Lamp extinguisher.
 404,121. May 28. A. Taplin, Forsetville, Conn. Wick raiser for lamps.
 404,125. May 28. G. J. Taylor, Salt Lake City, Utah. Velocipede.
 404,162. May 28. A. O. Brunne, Meriden, Conn. Lamp.
 404,284. May 28. F. G. Johnson, New York, N. Y. Spring washer.
 404,490. June 4. H. A. King, Springfield, Mass. Velocipede.
 404,562. June 4. S. D. Reynolds, Nevada Mo. Bicycle.
 404,693. June 4. A. Easthope, Wolverhampton, England. Velocipede.
 404,771. June 4. J. F. Breux, Vineland, N. J. Bicycle.
 404,769. June 4. E. S. Boynton, New York, N. Y.
 404,736. June 4. J. L. Sanford, Albany, N. Y. Wick trimmer.

NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

6414. April 15. Thomas Smith and Richard Green, improvements in, and tools for the manufacture of the chain hubs of the wheels of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

6556. April 17. Alfred Easthorpe, improvements in foot rests for cycles, such improvements being also applicable also to the pedals thereof.

6658. April 18. Charles W. Plowman, altering the gearing of bicycles and tricycles at will on the road to suit the grade or the state of the road at any moment.

6670. April 18. Augustus E. Barker, an improvement in bicycles enabling them to retain their upright position, when not in motion.

6681. April 18. Herman Kraft and Wilhelm Hamel, improved means for adjusting bicycle saddles.

6724. April 20. Francois Pere, improvements in sociable cycles or velocipedes.

6732. April 20. Albert Whitely, improvements in bicycles, tricycles, safeties, and other velocipedes.

6808. April 23. Frederick C. Winby, improvements in the driving gear of velocipedes.

6889. April 25. Richard L. Holt, an improvement in bicycles.

6891. April 25. John T. James, improvements in the joints or junctions of the hollow metallic parts of velocipedes.

6910. April 25. Bruno Nauman, improvements in velocipedes.

7025. April 27. William D. Sainsbury, spring pistons, or springs

7114. April 29. W. B. Lake, improvements in variable speed gear for velocipedes.

7207. April 30. H. J. Grafham and F. C. Ash, an improved attachment for velocipede and other pedals.

7208. April 30. H. J. Grafham and F. C. Ash, improvements in the construction of oil lamps for bicycles, tricycles, and other road vehicles.

7209. April 30. H. J. Grafham and F. C. Ash, improvements in suspension lamps for bicycles, tricycles and other road vehicles.

7256. May 2. E. F. Bour, an improved velocipede for the water.

7296. May 2. W. H. Smith, improvements in velocipedes.

7457. May 4. C. D. Yates, improvements in the adjustment of bearings for cycles and carriages.

7485. May 4. Matthew Wilson, improvements in safety bicycles, otherwise adapted to bicycles and tricycles as an auxiliary propelling or driving power.

7525. May 6. Henry Tolley and Charles Truman, improvements in velocipedes.

7541. May 6. Hugo A. Becker, improvements in anti-vibrating cycles or velocipedes.

7547. May 6. Charles F. Newman, improvements in trial or exercise velocipedes.

7581. May 7. Thomas Cavill, an improvement in ordinary bicycles, by means of which headers are prevented,

7616. May 7. Thomas Humber and John H Whittaker, improvements in velocipedes.

7674. May 8. Arthur D. Sainsbury, an invention for the purpose of abolishing chains on bicycles and tricycles.

7688. May 8. John W. Jones, improvements in detachable cranks for velocipedes.

7734. May 8. Frank Archer, an improved framework for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

7745. May 9. Frederick Robinson, improvements in self steering mechanism for rear driving safety bicycles and other velocipedes.

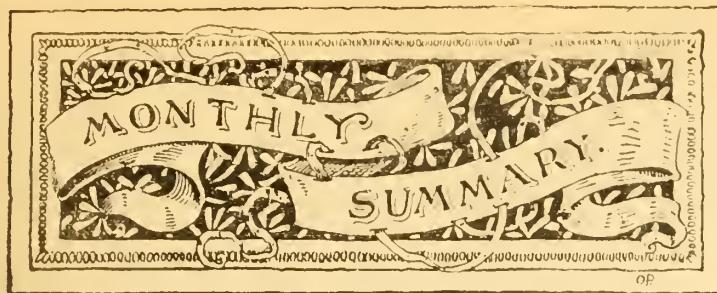
7788. May 9. Henry Leslie, improved means and appliances adaptable to safety an other bicycles, tricycles, and the like, for recovering the steering wheel or wheels after being turned by the rider.

One of the neatest and most unique oil cans on the market is that furnished by Cushman & Dennison. It is about 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated, and can be carried in the pocket without fear of soiling. It is fitted with a removable cap, and the celebrated Acme tip, which regulates the amount of oil used. Every wheelman who uses one is sure to be satisfied with it.

In a recent letter from Arthur W. Allen, an Indianapolis boy, who is now living in Los Angeles, Cal., we were very sorry to hear that he had been unable to do any racing this season on account of sickness. He started to training early this spring, as usual, but in spurring a half mile in 1:19, the extra exertion caused a hemorrhage of the lungs, and he has not yet gotten over the ill effects. Art is an enthusiastic racer however, and we can safely say he will be back on the track as soon as his health will permit.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., employs about 300 men at their factory in Chicago. They have been running overtime the entire season, and have not yet filled all of their orders. On account of such brisk trade they have been obliged to withdraw all but three of their traveling men, one of those retained is the well known and universally liked Stillman G. Whittaker. Owing in part to the extensive field covered by their agents and the fact that safeties are no longer so much in the country towns as in the large cities, they have had a steady demand for their ordinarys.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. Harry Corey has again connected himself with the trade, this time as Secretary of the Springfield Roadster Bicycle Co. Mr. Correy will be remembered as the genial and efficient manager of the bicycle department of Stoddard, Lovering & Co., and when, at the end of the season of 1887 they discontinued this branch of their business he accepted a position with the Pope Mfg. Co., and filled it very satisfactorily, until about six months ago, when on account of his private business, calling his attention he was forced to resign. We welcome him back into the business at which he has been so successful in the past, and wish for both him and his company a happy and prosperous future.



FROM MAY 15 TO JUNE 15.

California. California Division meet at Los Angeles, May 30. Bay City Wheelmen of San Francisco, race meet, May 30.

Colorado. A team road race between the Social Wheel Club and Denver Ramblers was held at Denver May 26, resulting in a victory for the latter.

Connecticut. Winsted Wheel Club race meet, May 30. Ramblers Bicycle Club race meet, May 30, at Bridgeport. Race meet at New Haven, May 30.

Illinois. Cycling tournament at Exposition Building, Chicago, May 13-18, Ned Reading winning the six day professional race, with 685 miles, and 4 laps to his credit. Pullman road race, Chicago to Pullman, May 30, won by Frank Bodack, the 11 min. man in 1:00:13, A. E. Lumsden, scratch, made the best time, 56:45. Stone-Lumsden 1 mile match race at Chicago, May 18, Lumsden winning.

Indiana. Five mile road race of the Indianapolis Wheelmen, Chas. McKeen winning in 17:20.

Kansas. Wichita Wheelmen's race meet, May 30.

Kentucky. Annual meet of Kentucky Division, June 10, at Danville.

Louisiana. Twenty-five mile road race, May 26, was won by L. J. Frederick in 1:39:13.

Maine. Annual meet of the Maine Division at Biddeford, May 30.

Massachusetts. Race meet at Cambridge, May 30. Race meet at North Adams, May 30.

Missouri. Inaugural race meeting of the St. Louis Bicycle Track Association May 27. Stone-Lumsden 3 mile match race at St. Louis, June 5, Lumsden winning in 9:44.

New Jersey. The 25 mile handicap road race over the Irvington-Millburn course, May 30 was won by W. F. Murphy, the 8 min. man, in 1:32:05, and the best time was made by John Bensinger, the 9 min. in 1:31:49. Championship of Ocean County was won May 30, by C. Shinn in 18:02.

New York. Sixteen mile road race at Poughkeepsie, was won by John Van Benchoten in 1:2:14. Race meet at Rome, May 30. Race meet at Rochester, May 30. Fort Schuyler Wheelmen, of Utica, 50 mile road race, May 30.

Pennsylvania. Race meet at Philadelphia, May 30.

Rhode Island. Race meet at Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., May 30.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Tournament at Woodstock, Ont., May 24. Tournament at Ottawa, May 24.

England. At Coventry May 20, the 2 mile English amateur record was lowered by W. A. Illston to 5:12 $\frac{1}{2}$. At Paddington May 20, the quarter mile amateur safety record was lowered by W. C. Jones, in 37 $\frac{1}{2}$, and half mile by same rider in 1:16 $\frac{1}{2}$, quarter mile ordinary record was made by F. J. Osmond in 37 sec.

COMING EVENTS.

June 15.—Race meet at the Brooklyn Athletic Club's grounds.

Two mile bicycle handicap at the New York Athletic Club's grounds, Travers Island.

June 17. Massachusetts Division spring meeting, at Squantum, Mass.

June 18.—Third annual meeting of the Tennessee Division of the L. A. W.

June 22.—New Orleans Bicycle Club race for the Hill Cup.

June 28 - 29.—Tournament of the Kings County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

June 30. Massachusetts Union run to Massapog House, Sharon, June 30 and July 1. Race meet of the C. W. A., at St. Catherines, Ontario.

July 2-4.—League Meet at Hagerstown Md.

July 3-4. Missouri Division meet at Sedalia.

July 4.—Meet of the Brownsburg (Pa.) Cycle Club.

Illinois Division meet at Ottawa.

Tournament of the Lancaster (Pa.) Bicycle Club.

Hill climbing contests at Brookville, Ind.

Fort Schuyler Wheelmen, Utica N. Y., 50 mile road race.

Two mile bicycle handicap, at Washington Park, Brooklyn.

July 20.—One mile and 25 mile bicycle an 5 mile tricycle N. C. U. championships at Paddington, Eng.

July 27.—One mile and 25 mile tricycle and 5 mile bicycle N. C. U. championships at Paddington, Eng.

Oct. 23, 24, 28, 29.—Tournament at Macon, Ga.

SHORT SPOKES.

Don't lend your bicycle—not even to your mother.

The borrowed bike is the one that oftentimes breakes.

You'll never miss your oil can till your wheel runs dry.

He who casts care aside, opens his purse to the repairer.

In incompetant hands a bicycle is easier ruined than repaired.

One bicycle is a poor piece of property for two people to own.

A good rider often dismounts for a bad place; a foolhardy one falls into it.

You can often reform a road hog by treating him better than he deserves.

When anything goes wrong swear at your wheel. It will make you feel better.

Never wash a bicycle. Rub mud off with oily waste and then polish with a dry chamois skin.

The best knowledge of bicycles, as of other things, comes with the longest experience.

A wheel, like a man cannot long enjoy a good reputation unless it comes honestly by it.

Before you attempt to "fix" your bicycle be sure you know what is the matter, and that you know how to do it.

A good rider knows that he can safely ride up or down a four foot curb, but he allows those who have less sense to try it.

A bicycle agent who is not skilled in the art of cycle repairing, or who does not employ a skilled repairer, should be in some other busidess.

Never carry a good wrench with you on long runs; you can always find a poor one at some farm house, a quarter of a mile away, when you need one.

The champion innocent is a Surrey Hills man, who came along by Moore Purk and found a cycler emulating the famous feat of Boyle; and though he did not stand still on his machine for two hours, he did manage to keep it stationary for several minutes. The passer by paused a moment and then said sympathisingly: "Wont she go, Mister?"

"No," said the cycler, gravely, "can't get her along!"

Then said the sympathising man: "hold on, I'll shove yer," and he did, but a judicious pressure on the up pedal still kept her fixed, "Oh, she must go somehow!" and he shoved real hard. For some seconds the bicycle did not budge, until the rider, unable to stand the strain longer, all three fell over together. The sympathising man picked himself up, saying: "Too bad, but that machine will never go again, Mister. She's clean worn out." And as he brushed his hat and coat, meditatively remarked: "Well I never seed one so stiff as that!"—*Australian Cyclist*.

ONE OF MANY.

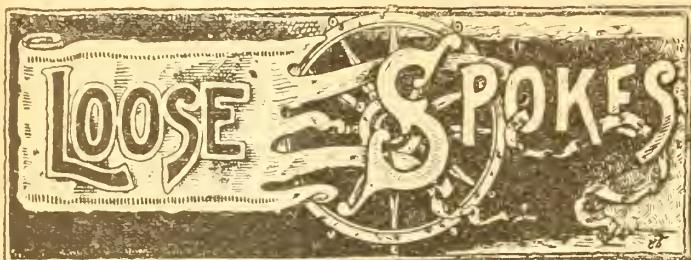
Editor WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed you will find subscription rate for two years. We hope you will continue to keep your paper up to its standard of excellenee, and run it as free from trade prejudice as it now is. We are, sir,

Very Respectfully,

The White Cycle Co.,

Westboro, Mass.



Providence, R. I., has a Chinese laundryman, who rides a bicycle.

* * *

A handicap.—One you can roll up and put in your pocket, when you don't need it.

* * *

In the Decoration Day, Pullman road race the winner rode an American Champion, and second and third men, Columbias.

* * *

The *Bicycling News* of May 11 publishes a lithographed supplement of the Manhattan Athletic Club House, of New York.

* * *

Langdown, the Australian who was at the Springfield tournament four years ago, recently won the championship of New Zealand.

* * *

The fact that the American people are quick to forgive the faults of the dead, is respectfully called to the attention of "Senator" Morgan.

* * *

A Washington D. C., man has invented a four wheeled machine that will hold six passengers beside the driver. It is the only machine of the kind in existence.

* * *

We hear that Will Windle has been summoned by the racing board of the League to answer certain charges which may destroy his amateur standing.

* * *

A. B. Barkman recommends a mixture of ammonia, sweet oil and laudanum for sprains. If well rubbed on it will take out the soreness in a very short time.

* * *

Some one has said: "All things seem easy to the man who never tried to do any thing." There is a great deal of truth in that, as one will admit, who is just learning to ride a bicycle.

* * *

Hal W. Greenwood has issued a challenge, for a hill climbing contest, to any amateur in America, for a medal, and loser to pay all travelling and training expenses of himself and the winner.

* * *

Through this woeful, wonderful, wicked world
The pure-in-heart cyclo is airily whirled;
Many his downs and many his ups,
While racing for glory and prize record cups. —*Stamson.*

* * *

J. F. Ives writes us that he will have his adjustable, spring pedal attachment on the market in a very short time and it will, probably meet with a very hearty reception from the cycling public. As soon as we have an opportunity of trying one on our machine we shall give our readers the benefit of our experience.

* * *

By ceaseless action all that is subsists,
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves,
Its own resolvensy upholds the world. —*Couper.*

* * *

Violet Lorne, writing in the *Bicycling News*, advising a correspondent about parting with a tricycle for a two-wheeler, says that if a lady can afford two machines, one should be a safety. She will find it more exciting riding, better for bad roads and hilly country; but a tricycle should not be exchanged for the greater novelty, as a tricycle has no equal for all-around work.

* * *

The Light Champion that Ned Reading rode in the six day, eight hour per day, professional race in Chicago, was the same machine he used in making his hundred mile indoor record at Omaha. It would seem that this machine with Ned in the saddle would be able to hold their own and come out winner in the future as they have in

the past.

* * *

"Every male child born in America," says a writer, "stands a chance of becoming President of the United States," but that is not all, he stands just as good a chance of becoming the champion bicycle rider of his time. But if the parents of this prospective champion think there is the slightest chance of his becoming a professional racer, they will be committing a grievous sin if they allow him to reach maturity.

* * *

A delusion in which some old cyclers participate, is that increased force is brought to bear on the pedals by bending the body forwards. This sometimes helps in another way by exposing a smaller surface to a head wind, but it never increases the propulsive force of the leg muscles, nor adds to the weight of the down stroke. On the other hand, a doubled up cycler presents a most ungainly appearance, looking for all the world as if he were suffering from colic.

* * *

"Well Le Sawft, are you riding much this summer?"

"Nawt much, old chappie. Yaw see I get fawtigued so soon, doncher know."

"That's queer, last season no one could keep up with you on the tours."

"Yaas, but is different now. I've read in the magazine that we chappies all take that it's not the style at pwesent to exercise much."

* * *

When the summer sky is cloudless, and the swallow skims the earth;
When the golden corn fields glitter, and the reaper joins in mirth,
Far away from dingy city, 'midst the scent of new mown hay,
Where the wild bird wings its carol we'll all go wheeling to-day.

Gilding along as though upon wings!
Wheeling, oh, so gaily wheeling,
Free as the air, and more happy than kings,
Hurrah for the road and wheeling!

* * *

The party of American cyclers who went to Europe with Mr. Frank Elwells' party of tourists arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, May 27, on the steamer Cephalonia, from Boston. Delegates from representative Irish clubs met them in the harbor and tendered them a hearty welcome, afterwards escorting them to Cork, where they were to be banqueted. Thense they are to go to Youghal, and from there to Blackwater on the Duke of Devonshire's steam launch. They will ride to Dungarven, Waterford and other places of interest, arriving in Dublin, Saturday, June 1, where they are to be banqueted at the Shelburne Hotel, leaving the following day for England.

* * *

I have so often preached discretion to the tryo who is just tasting the joys of cycling that I shall begin to be regarded as a veritable prophet of evil to the ardent beginner. All the same, it is a warning which cannot be too often given, and which, if followed to the letter, would insure far more pleasure and success in the use of the cycle. Only the other day a lady whom I slightly know, started off for her first experiment on three wheels. She insisted upon riding long and fast, quite out-distancing her party, who, on overtaking her, found her sitting on the side of the road in a state of total collapse, on the verge of fainting, and quite incapable of remounting her machine. She had to be assisted home, and restored with such mild stimulants as her sex affects; and now after spending the rest of the day on the sofa, she declares she will never be induced to mount a tricycle again.—*Violet Lorne*

* * *

Under the head of 'Reports of Committees,' the Chairman of the Committee on the sick reported that Brother Washington Brown had filed his application for relief from the general sick fund.

The committee called at his house and found him complaining of flying pains all through his system, while he had four big bumps on his head, two skinned elbows and a lame back.

"Did de Committee cum to the conclusion dat Brudder Brown had been run ober by an ice wagon?" queried the President.

"No sah. Arter finding that he couldn't make us believe it ware a case of paralasis, he owned up dat he had bin tryin' ter learn to ride a bisickle."

The question of relief being put to vote, only one voice was heard in the affirmative, and Brother Brown will have to scrape along as best he can until his constitution recovers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CYPHER CABLEGRAM AND TELEGRAM ADDRESS:

"CYCLE" - WESTBORO, MASS.

THE WHITE FLYER CYCLES.

"The OUTSIDE of a BICYCLE is the best thing for the INSIDE of a MAN." (Do not take this statement for granted, but prove it for yourself.)

COMPILED BY "JACK."

If you are too well posted or to ignorant to learn, hand this catalogue (with our compliments) to some wide-awake fellow who knows a thing or two. He may profit by the perusal. Blessed is he who knows nothing, for he has nothing to learn.

"Time is money."

Do not waste time in trying to solve .. Pigs in Clover Puzzles."

You will spend fifteen minutes more profitably by reading this catalogue. Then hand it to your cycling friends.

Terms, net cash with order. With EVERY ORDER give full shipping instructions. Freight or express charges always to be paid by the purchaser.

Correspondence *must* be sent plainly addressed to The White Cycle Company of Westboro, and not to individuals.

Our responsibility in the matter of delivery of goods *ceases* when the goods have been delivered at post-office, express offices, or freight depots. C. O. D. orders from outside of New England must be accompanied by money enough to pay express charges both ways, in case the goods are not accepted. Our stock in our Boston store is for local trade only. Orders from Agents will be shipped direct from our factory at Westboro, Mass., on the Boston & Albany Railroad, — thirty-two miles from Boston.

Our prices are invariable, and no discounts are allowed except to regular agents.

We warrant the White Cycles to be free from imperfections in material or manufacture, and agree to make good, at store or factory, at any time within a year, any *defects* in them not caused by use, misuse, or neglect. If such defects are found, all defective parts must be sent to us for examination before any claim is allowed. This warrant does not apply to nickel-plating, though no care or expense is spared to make it the best.

No goods should be shipped to us without first obtaining instructions from our office at Westboro, Mass.

TO BUYERS AND AGENTS.

DIRECTIONS

— "CYCLE" - WESTBORO, MASS.

THE WHITE CYCLE CO.,
OF WESTBORO, MASSACHUSETTS,

U. S. A.

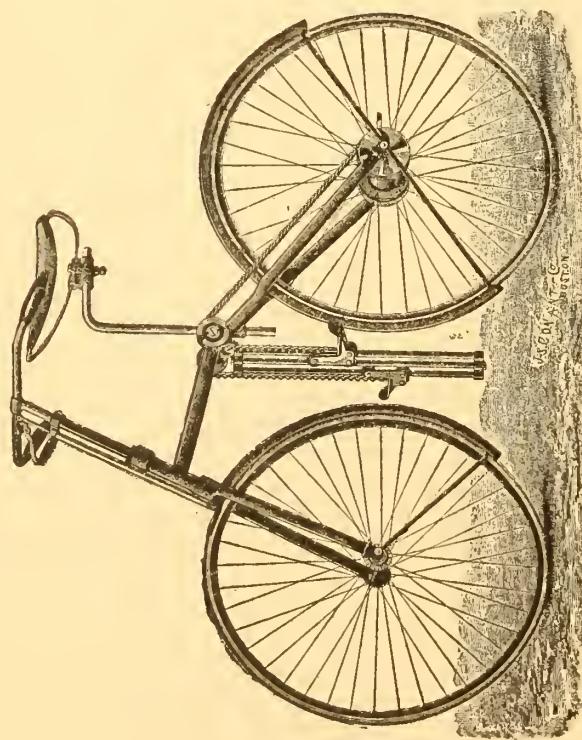
To THE CYCLING PUBLIC. GREETING:

The White Cycle Company, of Westboro, Mass., in making their initial bow to the practical wheeling public, do so with the comfortable consciousness that they have something which will amply reward the investigation of all in search of health upon wheels.

In presenting their catalogue of White Cycles to the public, it gives them great pleasure to say that the "White Flyer" Safety Bicycle is something *new*, and unlike many novelties in the cycling line (now either, or fast becoming, obsolete). The White Cycle Company, of Westboro, have received the endorsement of some of the most noted wheel mechanics and practical cycling authorities, when they say that they have got something *good*. That is what the practical road-riding American cycler has been crying for all along, and the White Cycle Company are now prepared to give it to him.

The White Cycle Company have noted the rise and fall of many poorly-made and unmechanical absurdities, and when they decided to embark in the cycle business, they did so in a calm spirit, assured of the superior nature of the machine which they intended to place upon the market. They did not go into the cycle business of high-grade cycle construction for "a year, or a day," but to "stay," and appreciated the necessity of doing so handicapped in no way, but fully equipped with the finest plant, the best material, and no lack of financial backing or skillful workmen. Everything is the best that mechanical experts, supplied with the necessary funds, could purchase in the market. They realized from the bitter experience of other manufacturers, that cheap rattle-trap machinery and poor material could result in but one thing,—cheap (?) rattle-trap cycles which would cost much money (in the long run), and would give abominable results, disastrous alike to manufacturer and purchaser.

They appreciated the fact that they had a class of gentlemen-sportsmen to deal with, who by reason of their "press," are constantly educated as to what is what. Knowing that they have



The "White Flyer" Safety Bicycle.

Crated free on board the train at Westboro, Mass., with
TOOL-BAG, WRENCH, SPRING-TOP OILER and SCREW-DRIVER, Weight, 50 pounds. Put it on the scales and test it.

\$135.00.

AGENTS WANTED. WRITE FOR TERMS.

WRITE ALL ORDERS PLAINLY.

men of intelligence to deal with, they have started out to make the highest grade bicycle in any market, both as regards fit and finish of interiors and bearing surfaces, as well as an exterior of the *highest possible* finish, results which can only be accomplished by using the best of machinery, the best of material, and the most intelligent mechanical assistance on the part of the employés of the Company.

A visit to the model factory of the White Cycle Company, of Westboro, Mass., thirty-two miles (by road and rail) on the Boston & Albany Railroad, will convert the most jaundiced mind to the fact that we have got what we claim to have, and the visitor has only to use his eyes to corroborate our assertions and claims in every way.

"Honesty is the best policy"—in the beginning and in the end. In their perfectly lighted and ventilated factory, which, with the plant, was built for cycle construction at a very great cost, and occupied *solely* by the White Cycle Company, you will find all the material, machinery and mechanical skill essential to finely-fitted, honestly-constructed, accurate and *absolutely* interchangeable work. You will also find experts on hand supervising the various processes of manufacture, who are responsible for the accuracy of *every* nut, screw, bearing, chain-link, etc., which leaves the workmen's hands.

The White Cycle Company have no enemies in the trade; they pay their bills and treat their employés and patrons squarely, yet they start with much opposition from older firms. Realizing this, they are confident that their keynote to success will be touched by *excelling* all competitors in material and workmanship, and by enabling riders to economically utilize such natural power as is possessed by the *average human being* in the propulsion of the cycle.

Try our machine (give it a fair trial), learn it (it is easier to learn than any other bicycle), and you will find that up and down grade, on the level, on a good surface, and on an indifferent one, the "White Flyer" is a "work." Quality of work is our gauge of a mechanic's capability, not quantity; and to avoid "cheap and unsatisfactory" work, we avoid "cheap and inexperienced" workmen. You say that they have got something new. "Yes," they have, and it is going to make its mark in both the English and American markets. What was good enough for

the old *foagy* cycler is *not* good enough for you, in this age of improvement."

If you are too well posted to learn anything new which will be of benefit to you, you will please hand this catalogue to some wide-awake cycler, with our compliments,—to some nineteenth century chap, who has his eyes open to a good thing, and is not too proud to learn. If he (mounted on a "White Flyer") passes you on the road at a nice lively gait, while you are bent double over your "Crock," and panting like a young robin, do not blame us. We advised you, and you would not listen to us—you neglected to read our catalogue—that was all. This catalogue is compiled by a well-known cycler, who has spent much time and money on cycles, and has had all kinds of experience in riding them; embarking on them and falling "overboard" on all sorts of surfaces, and at all kinds of paces, from a search to a dignified ministerial gait. Sometimes this was done gracefully, sometimes upon all fours and both sides simultaneously.

The advantages we claim over other existing types of the cycle are set forth in the remarks which follow this preamble.

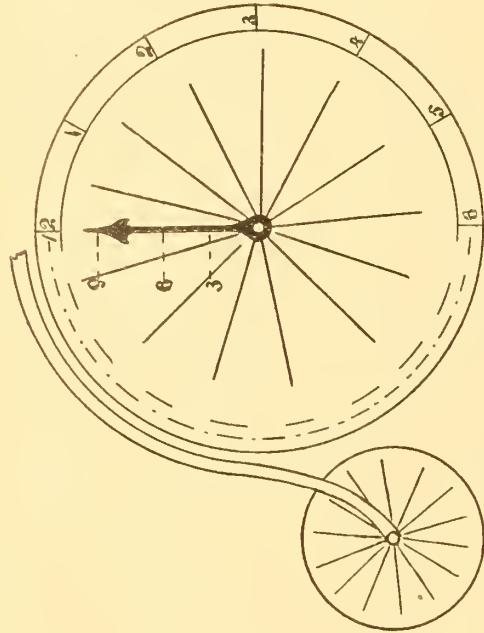
Hoping that we may have the pleasure of suiting the rapidly-growing legion of American wheelmen with our "White Flyer," which never grows weary, we are, gentlemen,

Most respectfully.

THE WHITE CYCLE COMPANY,
of Westboro, Mass.

ADVANTAGES CLAIMED FOR THE WHITE FLYER SAFETY.

- 1st. Greater speed, with the same amount of muscular exertion than can be attained by any system of crank or lever motive power on the cycling market of today.
- 2d. A motion more natural than a rotary motion.
- 3d. It is almost impossible to slip a pedal; and if this is done through awkwardness or carelessness, there is no dangerous result attending it.
- 4th. The motion is calculated to suit the majority of cyclers, and not the few, who on account of their peculiar "build" ride one kind of a machine much better than another.
- 5th. The motion may be learned by a novice much sooner than any other existing motion. This fact will be appreciated by those who anticipate great difficulty in learning to ride a crank wheel.
- 6th. It is more comfortable to "coast" on, and more easily steered on down grades than the ordinary rear driver (with foot-rests on the front fork), as the feet do not require to be removed from the pedals, but are stopped *at will* and used at foot-rests. Being connected with the driving-wheel, steering is rendered easy to the novice.
- 7th. It will *out-coast* any other machine. Try it. That's all we have to say on this question. . .
- 8th. It is better finished inside and outside than any wheel on any market.
- 9th. Less friction than a chain-driven, Rover type safety (there are no cogs on this safety), the chain passing over hardened steel pulleys.
- 10th. There are no "*dead centres*." Those who use this expression in regard to crank bicycles, with imperfect understanding of its meaning, need do so no longer, if they will take a good look at the accompanying "cut."



Take a good look at this. You *know* you have some time to spare. We shall suppose that we have before us an "ordinary" crank bicycle, and that (for ease of illustration) the front wheel has been marked off like the face of a clock, and the crank indicated by a clock-hand or indicator. Well, if you will look, you will see what "*dead centres*" mean. When the hand (or crank) is at twelve o'clock, it is on "*dead centre*"; when it is at one o'clock, the *dead centre* has been overcome. When the crank is at three o'clock, the greatest amount of power or maximum of crank leverage is attained. When the crank is at six o'clock it is again on *dead centre*, and all the way from six o'clock to twelve, absolutely *no* power can possibly be utilized by the rider upon *that* pedal, unless his feet were in some way attached (*a la Jack Keen*) to the pedals, so that an upward pull might be effected. This would be dangerous, and a muscular effort of this nature would be very exhausting.

The figures 3, 6 and 9 are added to give a rider an idea of the leverage of cranks. Thus, a three-inch crank means three inches of leverage: a six-inch crank, six inches of leverage, and a nine-inch crank, nine inches of leverage.

This is as good an illustration as any of what we have had to contend with in crank machines — *dead centres*.

TO MR. J. PURVIS-BRUCE,

WHITE CYCLE COMPANY, WESTBORO, MASS.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE "WHITE FLYER."

This season we place upon the American market a safety bicycle, which, unlike the majority of alleged "safety" bicycles, is safe.

We do not make a cycle for ladies' use this season. We do not believe in machines adapted to both sexes, for, like most "general utility" tools, they are not very good for any one purpose. Our machine does one thing well — carries riders of the masculine persuasion fast and safely, and that's about as much as any one machine can be expected to do.

The **WHEELS** are each of thirty inches in diameter, and the rear driving wheel is geared to sixty inches. The **RIMS** are the "Warwick Perfection" (anent which comment is superfluous), the front rim taking a tire of three-fourths of an inch, and the rear wheel a tire of seven-eighths of an inch.

The **TIRES** are the very finest of Para rubber. The **SPOKES** are tangential, of the finest obtainable material. The hubs are graceful in outline, and of the very best of steel.

The **BEARINGS** of the machine are **ROLLERS**, and the adjustment of the points so delicate that the bearings are positively dust-proof. The bearings will, without adjustment or touching (except, of course, occasional oiling), wear as long as the machine itself. Some people may say, "Why do you not put in ball-bearings?" Well, simply, my friends, because it is an *absolute impossibility* to make a perfectly accurate sphere of steel. There is not a ball-bearing in the market that has a roll of balls in its bearing-case with *anything like* uniformity. Micrometer and sensitive scale tests have proved this, and one ball in a bearing-case, varying the one-thousandth part of an inch from its fellows, will raise the devil with the running of the bearing. A roller-bearing can be turned with positive accuracy, so that variations of even the four-thousandth part of an inch would insure it for the bearing-cases which are placed on the White Flyer.

UNIQUE METHODS OF ADVERTISING

And why was the old roller-bearing discarded? Simply because it was an imperfect absurdity, which twisted and jammed, and was a source of annoyance and distrust and danger to the rider of twelve years ago. As soon as the ball-bearing was invented, "the trade" discarded the then imperfect roller-bearing, and used the ball-bearing instead. But if you put properly hardened steel rollers in a case where there is no room to twist, they will "out-coast old coaster himself." You can easily prove this on the road. We don't need to howl about a thing which we can prove.

The front wheel of a White Flyer fitted with their perfected (and perfect) roller-bearing, ran fourteen minutes and ten and two-fifths seconds — not by computation, but by the watch — and any one of them will do it, as the most perfect system of interchangeability is insisted upon by the White Cycle Company.

The **TUBING** is the finest obtainable Credenda steel tubing. We do away with brazings as much as possible, and gain strength thereby. The **Mud-guard** is put on "to stay" or to detach easily, and is not musical, there being no "rattling accompaniment." We believe that this is a luxury which most riders are willing to deny themselves,— a noisy mud-guard.

The **SADDLE-POST** is a hollow steel tube, and is light and strong, and adjustable to suit the requirements of a tall or short rider.

The **SADDLE** is the unexcelled "Keystone" saddle. The **saddle-spring** is sufficiently pliable for comfort on the roughest of roads, and admits of a proper spring, fore and aft. We do not believe in saddles such as are on the market, built on the mole-tray or mouse-trap plan, which are so springy that they absorb about half the power which should be transmitted direct to the point where the driving-wheel comes in contact with the ground. When you lay out muscular effort you like to feel the wheel move forward, not to feel the saddle-spring double up. In our machine you have an adequate return for all muscular expenditure.

When a ship is towed astern of a tug, they use a *stiff* hawser, not a flexible *rubber* rope, as they wish to pull that ship into port. We use a spring which does not absorb power, therefore we calculate to get there. We put no "spring arrangement" on our front fork, for we do not believe in such things; we have tried both, you know. We are not proud, and like to be able to steer our wheel to a hair's-breadth on the road, and keep our feet on the

SOLICITED; AND IF UTILIZED

WHITE CYCLE COMPANY, OF WESTBORO, MASS.

9

pedals while rushing a down grade. You can do this with a rigid and stiff front fork. With a spring fork, never. The *Brake* is not put on for ornament, and though it is a marvel of elegance in the matter of outline and finish, still you can *actually stop your wheel with it*, and you do not (when you apply it) bend the brake-handle up to the handle-bar, either. It is fashioned after the plunger pattern. The *Steering-head* is of the good old reliable cone-bearing type improved by us, so that you can tighten it up so that there is no side play, and yet it moves with perfect freedom. We have tried ball-bearing heads and "fired" them. (They made us "so weary," you know.)

We are getting dreadfully practical and matter-of-fact in our old age. We used to experiment in ball-heads and spring forks, but our bill for repairs was excessive. We are not so extravagant as we used to be.

In our **STEERING-HEAD** we have got something undoubtedly fine. It has long been admitted that the cone-head was the finest steering-head for cycles, if it could be made so that when it was *sufficiently tight* it would not bind, and yet *sufficiently loose to move easily without rattling*. We have at last solved this bane of cone-bearing heads, by introducing an "*automatic adjustable*" cone-head. If you will ride your "crock" in a blistering hot day, you will find that the cone-head will *work loose*; if you take it out in a cold day, you will notice that the head works *tightly*. Why? Simply because the *heat expanded* the outer case of the head, while *cold weather contracted it*, and the inner neck-pin was comparatively unaffected by heat or cold.

We have met and answered this difficulty, and now have it under control, by introducing a rubber washer of such construction that it is *unaffected by oil*, which allows the head to be screwed down tight, and yet to move easily; which allows the steering-head to move as easily on a cold day as on a warm one, and never to rattle, even under the influence of the blistering glare of an Arizona sun. This thing must be seen and used to be appreciated. One of the big American makers will recognize in this a thing which he tried to buy, but we managed to get there ahead of him.

The **HANDLES** are hard rubber and peculiarly cool and comfortable to the grip, and rather longer than the ordinary handle, permitting a greater variety of hand-position. The **CHAIN** is one of

10 WHITE CYCLE COMPANY, OF WESTBORO, MASS.

our own design, and is neater and better finished than any other chain on the market. As there are no sprocket wheels to run over, it is made narrower than other chains, being thus *lighter* and neater.

The **SWING-FRAME** is made of the very finest material, and as it folds back toward the rear wheel, it cannot be broken by a large stone on a rough road, as in the case of a rotary safety pedal. It does not hang as *near the road-surface* as does the pedal on rotary motion safety bicycles.

The **FORKS** and all the tubing are round in section, of the best Credenda steel. We make them *round*, as fittings can thus be made with greater accuracy than with oval or flat tubes, and better and stronger brazings can be effected. You can "turn" a round tube *more perfectly* than any other shape.

The **PEDALS** are so adjusted that they can be stopped in any position, and by equal pressure of both feet they become foot-rests. The length of the stroke can be varied; pushing one pedal down raises the other a corresponding distance. There are *no springs* used to draw the pedals back to the starting-point; the weight of the one pedal, when it is pressed down, raises the other one. A very good point in this machine is that any person affected by a *stiff knee*, or one whose leg has been injured, so as to make one shorter than the other, can, by adjusting the pedal and driving-chain, suit the peculiar conditions. The swing or guide frame hanging from the backbone, on which the pedals move up and down, can be thrust while the rider is in motion to almost any angle. Thus, if *he wishes a vertical tread*, the frame can be swung so that the pedals come well under the saddle. If, on the contrary, the rider wishes to change the position, and get *more of the thrust stroke* which uses the thigh muscles (as in a rotary motion crank safety), this can instantly be done by swinging the frame toward the front wheel. This ability to vary the stroke will rest the rider, who, if he rides an ordinary crank safety, may often weary of the monotony of a never-changing motion, and yet, by the peculiar construction of his machine, he is unable to change it.

With the White Flyer this is different. When the driving pedal is on top of the guide-frame, and in the beginning of a stroke, the construction is such that the rider has more leverage than at any other point in the whole stroke. The leverage lessens as the pedal moves down, and as the legs straighten

PAID FOR AT PROPORTIONATE RATES.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS LEGIBLY.

WHITE CYCLE COMPANY, OF WESTBORO, MASS.

11 WHITE CYCLE COMPANY, OF WESTBORO, MASS.

out, thus equalizing the force to be exerted necessary to drive the machine.

It is the *business man's wheel par excellence*, and the "scorcher" will find in it a machine "after his own heart." As we desire to cater to the tastes of men who know, from actual experience, what looks best and is most serviceable in the way of enamel, we have decided to enamel the machine in such portions where nickel-plating has been found to be a failure. We put nickel on such portions of the White Flyer as will give it the most workmanlike and artistic finish and appearance.

Our cycle factory at Westboro, Mass., was built expressly for the construction of the highest possible grade of cycles, according to the instructions and plans of practical cycle manufacturing authorities. It is owned and occupied entirely by The White Cycle Company, and none but practical men who are authorities in their special line, are employed by the Company. We employ no professional riders to create records of more or less accuracy, and believe that the mission of the cycle is to be a fast and safe vehicle, rather than an acrobat's plaything. It is safe to say that there is *no cycle manufacturer on earth so well appointed, and none which has better facilities for making absolutely accurate work.*

If you have time and inclination, drop down and see the factory. It is open to every one; you can be shown through and believe for yourself. We have nothing to hide, and nothing to be ashamed of. We have the *model factory of the world*, and we will gladly travel a long way to see a better one. We will always be pleased to inspect designs in relation to cycles, and should they prove good, practical ideas, we are prepared to pay well for the patent rights.

The White Cycle Company start out handicapped in no way. They have plenty of funds and everything requisite for the manufacture of high-grade cycles.

The cut is a fair representation of the machine. The motion is not awkward or ugly, as in the case of several of the unmechanical abortions which have been a waste of material and a hindrance to enjoyable cycling in this country.

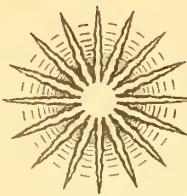
Mr. Frederick White is the inventor of this machine, and has spent much time in perfecting it. He is the same gentleman who climbed Corey Hill on a tricycle weighing one hundred pounds, of his own construction, in '85, when that hill had been ridden but once

that year on a light tricycle. Much could be said for the machine, but the experience of actual riding this season will be better praise than all the newspaper advertising.

Mr. J. Purvis-Bruce, of the famous English "scorching" club, "The Ripley Road Club," is with the Company, and will go among the boys with the new "boat." He will meet his many old friends and make new ones. The White Cycle Company's factory is at Westboro, thirty-two miles from Boston, on the Boston and Albany road. The road from Boston to Westboro is very good. Those intending to visit the factory had better come by way of Boston Common, out Beacon Street to Newton Lower Falls, then by Wellesley, Natick and South Framingham. Here you can either take the *shortest* road by way of Framingham and Ashland to Westboro, or by way of Southboro to Westboro, which is two miles longer, but a better road. If you come out some Saturday, bring your pipe with you. You will find "Jack" there, unless he is in New Orleans, or Montana, or some other place. "Look out for the White cycles."

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED AND PROMPTLY
ATTENDED TO.

AND IF YOU WRITE A POOR HAND, PRINT IT.



RIVAL

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COVENTRY
RIVAL.
All Balls.

All Steel.
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\$75

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WANTED.

Wheelmen in all parts of the country to solicit subscriptions for the GAZETTE. The work will take but a very small portion of your time and a liberal cash commission is paid.

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And the reason for it being apparent to all those who travel between the East and the West. Its trains run solid from Indianapolis to St. Louis, and the service is conceded to be unequalled. Comfortable day coaches, that are kept tidy and clean, handsome and elegantly furnished parlor cars with easy sofa chairs go to make the trip from Indianapolis to St. Louis a pleasure rather than a hardship. Pullman sleeping cars are run on day and night trains, a local sleeper is also run for the convenience of local travel between Indianapolis and St. Louis, and passengers can get into the car at or near the Union Station any time after 8:30 P. M., and will not be disturbed until St. Louis is reached at 7:00 A. M. Rates are always as low as by less important routes. Through express trains run as follows: Leave Indianapolis 7:30 A. M., 11:55 A. M., 11:00 P. M. Arrive St. Louis, 5:00 P. M., 7:30 P. M. and 7:00 A. M. respectively.

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Indianapolis, Ind.

CYCLING FOR HEALTH.

WHILST cycling is becoming more and more popular with the youth of both sexes and all ranks, it is not understood by numbers who have reached or passed middle age and suffered from some of the ordinary complaints of life, to whom cycling would prove a blessing, bringing with it renewed health and strength if they but knew how to use it properly. For them, cricket, football, rowing, or lawn tennis require too much exertion, and their exercise is confined to walking, driving, or a gentle ride on horseback. Yet in many cases none of these are so beneficial as the cycle, when used with judgement and in moderation, and no conveyance is safer or more under control than a good tricycle or safety bicycle in the hands of a careful rider.

To those who are troubled by constipation, indigestion, piles, varicose veins, chronic or rheumatic gout, sluggishness of the blood, want of action in the skin, lassitude, loss of appetite, or lack of muscular power, cycling is curative or decidedly beneficial, when, like medicine, it is taken with regularity, and it doses suitable to the complaint. For such sufferers, and those who, while not aware of any particular ailment, "do not feel well" to use their own phrase, we prescribe, and not for the strong and healthy, or the youthful, "scorcher" whose object is to ride as many miles as possible within the hour, or who tours through the country at the rate of sixty miles a day without seeing anything except the road before him. Nor is this written for those who have diseases of the heart or lungs—they should never cycle.

The first thing to decide is the choice of a machine, which should be neither second-hand nor cheap, both are generally dear at any price. For ladies, and gentlemen, also, who are not agile, the most suitable is a tricycle with large front wheel and a good anti-vibration spring on the fork; driving-wheel from 33 inches to 40 inches high, ball-bearings throughout, including four on the axle, three-quarter or seven-eighth rubber tires and band-brake. The weight of a roadster tricycle for a rider under 160 pounds should not exceed sixty pounds. Avoid heavy machines, they are a useless tax on strength. To those for whom we write the most important matter is the gearing, by which is meant the increased or diminished speed given by the chain passing around the gear-wheel of the crank driven by the pedals to the cogs on the axle of the machine. For instance, if the driving wheels are 36 inches high, with 13 cogs on their axle and 13 on the crank, the gearing is about 47; thus as $13:17::36=47$ 1-13th inch, the height of the imaginary wheel driven, which, multiplied by 3,1,416 to find the circumference, shows 147,8,968 inches, or over 12½ feet as the distance travelled at every revolution of the pedals. This gearing in proportion to the driving wheels is quite high enough over ordinary roads for those who are fairly strong, but to the weak, or residents in a hilly country, a tri-cycle geared level, or with the two-speed crypto high and low gear attached, is recommended. Whatever is lost in speed by gearing down is gained in power, the exertion required being much less, and vice versa.

For men still agile, a Safety bicycle is preferable. It is lighter than a tricycle, and therefore more easily driven, or pushed up hills, it is cheaper, requires less room for storage, can pass through any doorway, is not so expensive by boat or rail, and its one track has the pick of the road, while the best of tricycles make three, and have generally to take some of the rough and smooth parts of the way together. The Safety bicycle is easily learnt, in six lessons at the most; there is no danger of falling over the handles, as from an ordinary bicycle, and it is easy to step off sideways. A Safety bicycle for a rider under 140 pounds should not weigh over 40 lbs., a roadster guaranteed by a first-class firm to carry 168 pounds, weighs about 44 lbs. Select a 28 to 30-inch front wheel, with a good anti-vibration fork, because, in conjunction with wide rubber-tires and a saddle, supported by three spiral springs, it minimises the vibration which is not only fatiguing, but has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system of all, particularly of those who are not in robust health. A 30 or 32-inch driving-wheel—with band or spoon-brake, not on the front wheel—geared up to 51 inches will combine comfort and a speed from six to ten miles an hour, according to road, wind, and weather. Riders blessed with long legs will find that the extra leverage of cranks with a seven inch throw will give them a decided increase in power over the usual six or six and a-half inch cranks.

Order ball-pedals, and state, your weight, so that the saddle may be suitable. A saddle with springs made to carry a 168 pound rider will "give" nicely at the inequalities in the road, but a 140 pound rider will find it rigid, and call it hard and uncomfortable. Fix the saddle in a line a little behind the pedals at such a height that when seated on it the ball of one foot rests comfortably on the pedal at the bottom of the stroke. Place the other foot in the same position on the upper pedal, then lower the heel as much as possible, and press from the ankle forward and down, following immediately with a good thrust from the full force of the leg. At the bottom relax, straighten the foot in a line with the leg, and draw the pedal backward, thereby assisting it over the dead point. Continuous ankle-play, whereby a firm grip of the pedals is obtained, is of great importance, not only in keeping the machine going evenly and well, but in preventing the feet from loosing the pedals when traveling fast. Ride with the chain moderately slack; on pedalling regularly the upper half will remain tight, but when driven badly it will jerk and clank. Use curved handles, and have them raised so that you can hold them comfortably without stooping, which compresses the chest, and is inelegant.

Both in summer and winter all clothing of cyclers should be of wool. A Norfolk jacket and pleated skirt of grey cloth and a soft Alpine hat are very becoming to a lady. Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, or lounge jacket and knee breeches or trousers, for gentlemen. Wear shoes not boots, which interfere with the free play of the ankles.

Fully equipped, you are now ready to commence cycling, but do not start fasting, or immediately after a meal, nor try your strength or endurance by riding rapidly or far; cycle a little every day, or several times daily, and in a month you will find a decided change for the better in your health. The first day's ride should not at the utmost exceed five miles over an easy road. Walk the hills. It is restful and beneficial to dismount and walk a short distance occasionally. In descending hills keep the feet on the pedals, unless you can see that the road is clear to the bottom, and the incline not great; then you may trust to the brake. Drive from the hips, not the body, and so avoid wriggling, a common fault with lady cyclers. Do not breathe through the mouth, which makes it dry, while the cold air injures the teeth. If at first this be too difficult, inhale through the nose, and exhale from the mouth. After a month's practice you will be at home in the saddle, your legs will be accustomed to the rotary movement, and your feet will hold the pedals, and drive them with far more ease than when you commenced.

Let us now presume that you wish to make a little tour, for change of air and scenery, combined with agreeable company and exercise, perform wonders in restoring health. Your clothing is all wool, but as light as possible, compatible with warmth, and you have an extra wrap or jacket fastened to the little handle-bar luggage-carrier as a preventive against catching cold when you rest. Ten miles are enough for the first run. Should the road be good and undulating, and the breeze astern, you enjoy to the full the delightful sensation of coasting all the gentle descents with your feet on the rests, and arrive at your destination but little, if at all, fatigued. Take it easy and rest frequently if the road be bad, or the wind contrary.

It is advisable to accustom yourself not to drink by the way, for the more you drink the more freely will you respire, and the greater will be your desire in a short time to drink again. Should the mouth become dry, rinse it, and gargle the throat with cold water, afterwards swallowing a few drops only, and you will feel much refreshed. The most suitable beverages after a ride are bouillon, lemon-squash—not manufactured lemonade—milk, soda and milk, cocoa or tea. Wine, beer and spirits are too heating and exciting. Directly you stop put on the extra wrap or jacket, and be very careful not to sit in a cool or draughty place. Rest well—with the feet raised in the best position—before sightseeing or strolling about; in short always draw as little as possible upon your reserve force. Do not mount your cycle until two hours after the mid-day meal; exercise interferes with digestion.

Then after refreshing yourself outwardly and inwardly with some cold water, ride about five miles, when tea will be enjoyable, but do not eat anything with it, unless your digestion is good. Another five miles, making a total of twenty, and you will have

ridden quite enough over good roads for your days exercise in search of health, and to allow time for enjoying the scenery and places of interest *en route*. Should the roads be bad, or the wind contrary, twenty miles will be too many to cover. In either of these cases do not hesitate to shorten the distance, and if you value your health, never be tempted into that infatuation of cyclers, trying how many miles you can ride in a day or an hour. Mischief is thus often done that can never be repaired. Eat the principal meal when the day's riding is over. If the weather be warm it will be more thoroughly enjoyed after a tub or sponge down with tepid water, a good rub with a coarse towel, and an entire change of underclothing.

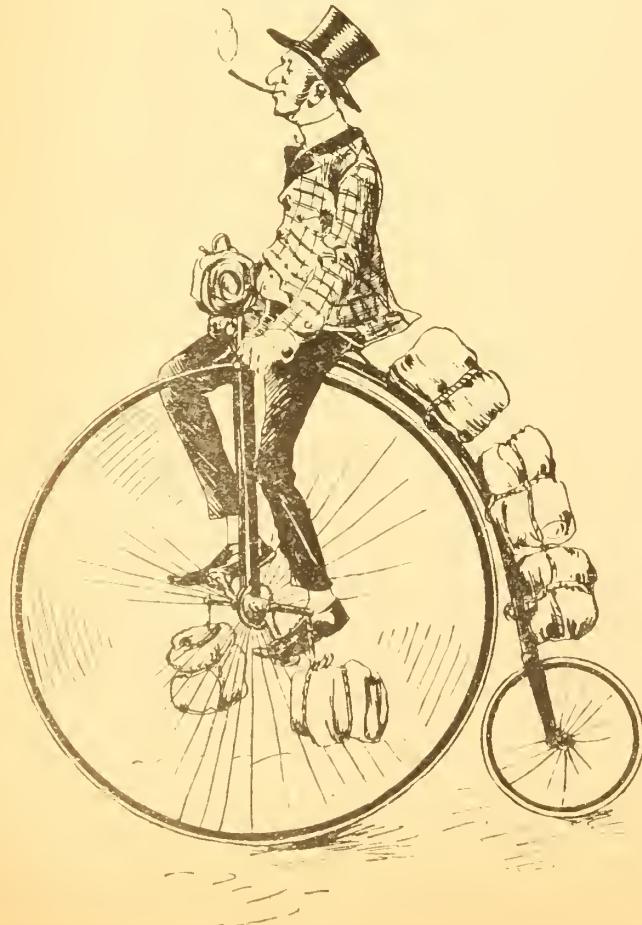
A few drops of oil to all moveable parts of the machine will be sufficient every fifty miles, when try all the nuts with your fingers or the wrench, and so make sure that nothing has worked loose; then you may ride with confidence and safety. For a trip beyond a day carry a gossamer, water proof cape and leggings, extra wrap or jacket, change of underclothing, slippers, or pair of light shoes, toilet requisites, celluloid collar and cuffs, stockings, and handkerchiefs. Any extra clothing should be sent by rail to save weight.

The simplest, and lightest, cheapest carry-all is made from half-a-yard of American cloth, which is four feet wide, and costs about 25 cents. From this cut two round pieces nine inches in diameter, and a strip one foot wide and as long as the cloth will permit; bind all three. Commencing seven inches from end of strip, sew to it one-half of circular piece on each side. In the bag thus formed place your luggage, turn inwards the unsewn tops of the round pieces, lap over the short end, roll it up, and strap it on the carrier.

The pleasures of companionship need no commendation, but do not ride a tandem, unless one of the riders is in perfect health, able and willing to do more than his share of the work. Experts only, accustomed to pedal together, can get an equivalent from a tandem for the muscle expended. Do not give up cycling in winter, for that is the season when many will derive the greatest benefit from its pursuit.

FRANK BOWDEN.

ON A BUSINESS TOUR.



HOW I CAME TO RIDE.

AH, YE godlets, but thereby hangs a tale! One balmy spring day in 1882, a tall, thin complected man, with a low brow, large intelligent feet, and a gall that you could hang your coat on, appeared in our midst and announced that he was going to open a bicycle agency and riding school. He soon worked into the graces of the young sports of the city, and ere another sun had guilded the turrets of Layton's packing house, he, with his honeyed words, had so far enthused the boys that they were all anxious to give the new vehicle a trial. How well I remember the first bicycle that appeared upon our streets. It was a poem of grace, and I longed to make a quiet bluff at the new sport. Taking the bicycle agent one side, one afternoon, I made known my desire to mount the pig-skin, and go joyfully afield, but gave him to understand that my natural modesty prevented me from making a holy show of myself before the vast multitude of loafers who hung around the riding school, like vultures around a slaughter house. Then after taking a fresh chew of tobacco, the walking exclamation point, who had charge of the place, put a long narrow, expressionless hand, under whose nails was a weeks accumulation of bicycle grease and green paint, on my shoulder and in a few choice and well chosen remarks, informed me that if I made a deposit of five plunks, I could hire a bicycle at the low rate of fifty cents per hour, and take it where ever I chose to practice on. This proposition struck me very favorably, and with a low salam of respect, I made the required deposit, selected my steed, and with head

erect, and teeth hard set, I sallied forth, pushing the wheel before me, bound for a shady nook, in the overskirts of the city where was a steep hill, and an unfrequented road.

What evil genius threw a catalog in my way, advising beginners to practice on a hill-side, I know not, but that was the idea set forth in the able work I had perused a few days previous, and so, with my mind made up to do or die, I started out in search of a hill.

As I walked proudly along, examining the machine, the while, I could not help noticing the many

wonderful improvements that it had over the old fashioned velocipede, and was particularly struck with the brake. Well along in the p. m. I reached my destination, and as I gazed down the steep hill, and thought of the step that I was about to take, my blood coursed through my veins with redoubled speed, and I congratulated myself on the fact that I was to enjoy at least two hours solid sport, all by my lonesome self. Wasn't I afraid? Not in the least. I had not been enlightened on the mysteries of the bicycle and knew not what to expect. I only knew I had once owned a cast-iron velocipede, that weighed as much as a grip car, and imagined I had nothing to learn.

Far in the distance, beside the road I saw a galaxy of hogs, enjoying the inviting coolness of their wallow, and I thanked an all-wise providence that I had not been born a hog, and was above wallowing in nasty, ill-smelling, black mud. Hi, ho! one little, knows what is in store for them, however.

While thus cogitating, I suddenly remembered what I was there for, and with just the least tremor of anxiety, I prepared to flit. Grabbing the machine as the catalog had explained, I played hopscotch along behind the little wheel for a short distance, and then, with a graceful leap I found myself in the saddle. Strange as it may seem, my first effort was successful, and, before I knew it, I was going down that long hill, as though I were after a doctor. Faster and faster flew the wheel, till finally, being unaccustomed to the motion my feet left the pedals, and stuck out straight before me. By this time I was scared, for the speed was terrific, but as the wheel



GEORGE W. PECK, JR.

neared the foot of the hill, I bethought me of the brake—that beautifully shaped brake that I had admired so much, on my way from the riding school. I would stop, dismount and make the delightful trip once more. Grabing the lever I socked on the brake with all my strength—well, boys, you know what it is to take a header, and mine was a corker. I shot through the air like a bullet, and the next moment found myself *face down in the hog-wallow*, that nasty, cool, slimy, ill-smelling hog-wallow. A farmer, driving by, came to my assistance and pulled me out, and for fifty cents, took the machine, myself and the mud that adhered to my person, back to town.

That was several years ago, but since then I have learned many things about the fiery, untamed bicycile, and among others that it is best to shun the brake as you would the deadly upas tree. For the past four years I have pumped a Star, have taught it all the gaits, and am in hopes this season to teach it to jump fences.

GEORGE W. PECK, JR.

CYCLING FOR LADIES.

GEARING up increases the speed at the expense of power; gearing down decreases the labor at the expense of speed. Up hills, or in the case of weak riders, power is required, and a strong rider, who wishes to go at a fair speed, will find fast pedalling very tiring. In ordering the gear, all these factors must be taken into account.

Safety bicycles are now constructed with dropped frames, suitable for a lady. The assistance of a gentleman cyeler will be necessary in learning. To mount get the right pedal at the highest point, and standing at the left side of the machine, place your right foot on the pedal, and stepping briskly from it on to the saddle, your weight resting on the pedal will start the machine. The first attempts are sure to be dismal failures; but perseverance will be rewarded, and the feat become easy. To dismount is much more simple. When the left pedal is nearly at the lowest, bring the right foot smartly between steering-post and saddle, and step off the left foot.

Having secured the ideal machine the next thing is to learn how to ride it. To mount a crippler tricycle gracefully and easily looks a most formidable job at first sight. The rear mount is by far the simplest and best. Standing behind the machine grasp the handles, and, placing the left foot on the left-hand portion of the axle, raise yourself for a moment, and then slip sideways on to the saddle. When you feel your feet on the pedals, stand upright to arrange the dress, and then drop back into the saddle again. The whole movement can be performed in a few seconds. Some prefer mounting in front. For this purpose turn the handle-bar to the right, and backing into the space between the left driving wheel and steering post, place the left foot on the pedal, and lift yourself into the saddle, taking care to raise clear, so that your dress may not catch and turn back the peak. To dismount, slip sideways off the saddle, and, placing your foot on the axle, at the same moment step backwards; or else when the left pedal is at the lowest, step off rapidly in front, turning the steering wheel round to the right at the same moment. Having mastered these difficulties you may start slowly, avoiding steep hills, and taking great care that you do not turn suddenly, or the machine will tingle over. One mile for the first day will be found ample, but this distance may be gradually increased, and after a week four or five miles will prove an easy ride.

The power of regular one's pace so as to secure the best results is a most important one. If you go too fast you will get heated and be utterly done up after a few days' ride; to go very slowly is almost as bad. Each rider should be able to find out, with little difficulty, what pace suits her best, and to adhere to that as closely as possible. A quick spin on good roads is delightful at times, and to those who have the strength and power requisite it will do no harm. But there are few ladies who physically are fitted for fast riding, and those who are ambitious to cut through the air at racing pace had better requisition a strong male friend with a highly geared tandem. If he has been a racing man in his day all the better; for the "old Adam" is sure to break loose, and he will revel in the hard work and leave his fair companion little to do. Granted the conditions favorable, the sensations enjoyed on such a ride are grand. You feel as if you were rushing through space, the

trees and hedge rows slit by with startling rapidity, and you seem to dive down the inclines with a swallow-like motion, more akin to flying than to anything else. Such an experience will not readily be forgotten, but it requires a little nerve and courage, and perfect reliance on "the man at the wheel." In hilly districts the rider should be very careful not to over-do it by attempting to ride up hills that are too steep. Much better walk them, and walk them very slowly, too. Far better measure your pleasure by the hour than by the mile, and adopt the motto of a certain cycle club—"Ohne Hast." Short, steep hills, such as railway bridges, may be rushed, but long, steady inclines should be ridden slowly and deliberately. When touring or taking long rides, eat plenty and often. The fuel which supplies the vital force consumes rapidly, and must be rewarded, or exhaustion will set in, often with most dangerous consequences. Chocolate should be carried, as it is most nourishing and sustaining, and where food cannot be obtained, will take its place. Always keep your own side of the road, and when horses are frightened at your approach, speak to them soothingly, and they will generally pass quietly. Be very careful to lock your machine when leaving it in a strange place, for most people have the idea that anyone can ride a tricycle, and will essay the task, often with disastrous results. Be sure to carry in your tool-bag wrenches to fit all the nuts, also oil, copper wire, a piece of tire-cement, and some spare nuts, and try to learn something of the mechanism and construction of the machine which you ride.

The following pen-picture, from *Pen and Pencil*, is rather clever and accurate:—When cycling was a baby sport many years ago, clamoring for a place among the acknowledged sports of the world, J. Purvis-Bruce identified himself with it, and was one of the founders of one of the oldest cycling clubs in existence. Of rather a sarcastic turn of mind, and fond of sitting on the world's balcony and secretly laughing at the antics of the fools who pass below, he possesses at once a mirthful and a bitter pen—"bitter-sweet" in his nature with a dash of the Byronic disposition, he has a touch of velvet and



JAMES PURVIS-BRUCE.

iron in his writings, a dash-of-the-man-of-the-world, of the free thinker, who must have proofs for belief, and yet a softness of heart almost approaching womanliness. An odd, likeable mixture of contradictions, is J. Purvis-Bruce.

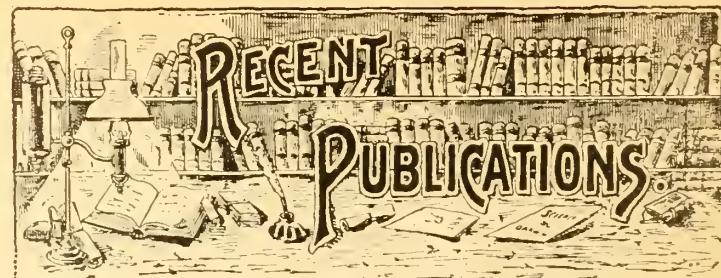
Mr Purvis-Bruce besides being one of the acknowledged authorities on the cycle and its mechanism and purpose, is a facile writer on other subjects, especially those relating to life out of doors. Angling and shooting are subjects, which under his treatment are well known to readers of papers devoted to those subjects.

Owing to the remarkable popularity of safeties this season, sundries especially applicable to this style of machine are being made in profusion. Perhaps one worthy of especial mention is the luggage carrier made by the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., which has been proven to be practical.

THE LATEST CYCLE MANUFACTURERS.

THE WHITE CYCLE Co., of Westboro Mass., is the latest firm to engage exclusively in manufacturing cycles. They have a complete plant of their own and the inventor of the "White Flyer" cycle, Mr. Frederick White has been experimenting on his machine for over a year, and he is now confident his firm can turn out a first class wheel that will compare favorably with any on the market.

The most decided novelty is the entirely original manner in which the power is communicated from the pedals to the driving wheel, which is accomplished without any complicated mechanism to clog with dirt, and get out of order, and which is best explained in the accompanying illustration. There are no springs necessary to bring the pedals back to their original positions as the down pressure on one, brings the other one up. The pedals are so adjusted that they can be stopped in any position, and by equal pressure of both feet they become foot rests. The length of the stroke can be varied, at will of the rider. The swing, or guide frame hanging from the backbone, on which the pedals move up and down, can be thrust, while the rider is in motion, at almost any angle. Thus if he wishes a ver-



By far the finest illustrated account of the New York City celebration of the anniversary of Washington's Inauguration was given in *Sun and Shade*. There are about twenty photo-gravure plates executed in the finest possible manner, and will give a very good idea of the grandeur of the occasion.

Columbia's Champions, is the name of a new weekly paper published at Boston, and devoted to amateur sports. In general appearance it is similar to many papers which are started merely as a spec-



THE WHITE FLYER SAFETY.

tical tread the frame can be swung so that the pedals can come directly under the saddle. If, on the contrary, the rider wishes to change the position, and get more of a thrust stroke, which uses the thigh muscles, as in a rotary motion crank safety, this can instantly be done by swinging the frame toward the front wheel. This ability to vary the stroke will rest the rider, who often wearies of the monotony of a never changing motion. The bearings of the machine are rollers, and it is claimed for them that they are so finely adjusted that they are superior to the ordinary ball bearings now in use.

This company starts out, with a very bright future and every indication of success, they have lots of push and sufficient capital to run their business on, a machine will undoubtedly meet with popular favor, and with the judicious advertising of their manager, J. Purvis Bruce, a fair sample of which can be seen in this issue, there is but little doubt that they will meet with the success they so deserve. Their catalog is the production of our friend Jack, and is written in his sprightly style, so well known to all wheelmen. It is worthy of a careful perusal from all.

In the lingo of the bardlet, there is no wheelman, how'er watch-ed and tended, but has his barked shin.

ulation, lead a mushroom existence, and, failing to receive sufficient support, fall into an early and untimely grave. Whether this paper will be a success or not, time alone, can tell.

I went to the clerk of the course and paid a quarter entrance fee for the next waltz. The assistant clerk introduced me to a nobby little two-wheeler, and when I asked her if she would enter with me for the next race, she agreed and pedaled up closer. I put my arm over her backbone, and she took a header on my shirt front, then we joined hand pieces, and, as the band-starter gave the word, struck an easy pace around the track, with a Dutch tandem, a close second. We held steady past the quarter-pole, but the field began to crowd us and we spurted till the Dutch tandem fouled my girl's trailer, when we made a rush for the home-stretch. We got pocketed at the pole by the Judge's stand, and in making a break for first-place, tumbled in a bunch. I claimed a foul, but my partner got mad, and the umpire ruled us off the track. Waltzing is blamed nonsense, anyway.—*Texas Siftings*.

According to one of our exchanges a bicycle race was recently stopped by snakes. It is not stated how many of the contestants had 'em.

THE LEAGUE OF AFRICAN WHEELMEN.

AND AN INTERNATIONAL MEET OF THEIRS,
AS TOLD BY UNCLE KERLUMBIA.



man? Feeling bad?"

"Yes, sah — spec's I is. Dis aint no place fer me; dis aint. Dis aint de same worl' I use ter lib in. Deed it aint, sah. I aint neber tolle none ub you all befo' kaze I don't see why I should er, but if dairs enough young mens in de club rooms to morror night, an' you all don't mind, I'll tell yer how come I want born in dis country."

"Look here Uncle Kerlumbia—!"

"Yes sah — it am a fac,' but I aint gwine ter say nuthen mo' 'bout it 'till den," and he left the room.

Those present saw that the old fellow had some yarn he wished to spin, and expecting something good, quite a number were on hand next night.

In a little while Uncle Kerlumbia came in, and, as the night was warm, pushed the curtains in the window to one side, and sat down, looking out into the black night, sadly shaking his head as if his recollections were carrying him back to the days and scenes of his youth, the thoughts of which now seemed like dreams from fairy land. No one wished to disturb his reveries, but it was not long before he turned and faced the crowd, and commenced his tale.

"Duz any ub you all kno' any thing 'bout de League ub Af'ican Wheelmen, whut dey call de L. A. W. fer short?"

"Who the thunderation were they?" Charlie Bland wished to know.

"De name'll tell yer dat."

"Well I hardly guess we have. But what about them?"

"Bill wuz readin' ter me de udde day, de L. A. W. wuz er goen ter hol' ernudder meet up here in Mary-land, an' as I aint been ter one since I wuz er 'bout 'leben year ole, I thought I'd like ter go. Dats all."

"What meet did you attend when you were a kid, I'd like to know?"

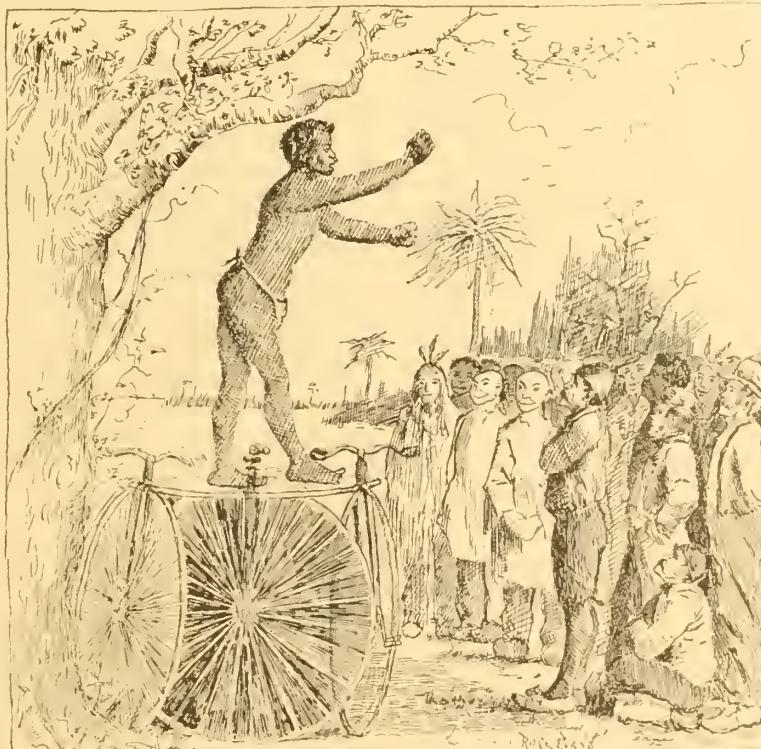
"I hardly s'pose you duz know much erbout it; hit wuz mos' in de middle ub Af'ica, an' wnz ober fifty year ergo. But I tell you we had high jinks, sho'. De town whut I libed in, wuz putty good sized one, and de chief ub de tribe libed dar. It wuz de capital. De League ub Af'ican Wheelmen had dier headquarters dar, an' all terryeder; it wuz er lively place.

"De L. A. W., dey got up er idea ub habben, whut dey called, er 'International Meet ub Sicklists' ter cum from all ober de worl'. Dey worked on it fer erbout free years, 'for dey got dier plans ready, an' den dey set de dates. Dar wuz folkes up dar from whut dey call

Frenchlan', Englishlan', Irishlan', Germanice, an' — 'Merica, an' er Italian', an' er — Scotlan', an' er — er — de Nof Pole, an' de Souf Pole, an' — an' — mos' eberywhere, an' some nb em had ter start mos' two years ahead ter get dar in time. Dar wnz erbout er hundred Chinamen who started eight months erhead, an' got dar jus' in time. Dey kep' comin' an' er comin', a' er comin', till dey filled de town, till it mos' look like I recon it'll look on de las' day, when we is all called up ter gedder, an' ev'ry body be be mix' up in one big crowd, till dey git seaperted.

"De town had been all cleaned up, and de streets packed hard, an' mos' ebery one had his wheel erlong. I used ter stan' on de corner; an' watch em go by. From down dat er way com er fat ole Dutchman, on er little old trisickle, wid de wheels all de same size. He would be er smokin' er big pipe, wid er fur cap on, an' de swet er rollin' off so somebody erd take 'im fer er street sprinkler. Den er long slim feller, wid er one eye glass on, would come er tarren down, an' out er sight. Nex' er ha'f er dozen Chinamen, ride safeties, wid dier big blue britches flappen round; an' dier eyes set so dat ebery time dey went ter dodge er brick, dey'd run squar' over it. Den some great big black buck, wid nuthen on but er piece er tiger skin, an' er flat nose, wud cum eround wid er crowd er Eskimos an' Injuns, an' Spanyards, an' sich, er showin' em de sights. He 'ould pint out de sights, an' dey 'ould disceus it in er dozen diff'eント ways er talken.

"De day fer de reg'lar meetin' come 'long in time, and when dey all 'sembed out in a clear'd place in de woods, under er big tree, it wuz de wus mixed crowd I ever seed. De Prisedent ub de League ub Af'ican Wheelmen, he got up on a stan' ub bicycles, an' made er speech ub weleum. Dar wuz erbout twenty — whut dey call 'turpreters — who — as soon as he would say anything, 'ould tell it out loud ter his folks. When de Prisedent would git through er sentence, an' dem twenty 'turpreters turned loose twenty diffent ways, I'd go off an' hide, an' laf till er c'uldn't laf no mo', den I'd cum back ergin'. Dey stood eround dat stan' in er ro', wid solum faces, taken' in ebery word, an' when dey went ter tel' it, de Chinermen 'ould look at dier man; de Turkeys from Turkey, wid dem red caps wid tassels, sittin' talor fashion, would look at dier man; de fat Dutchmen, always smokin', lookin' at diers, and in dat way, dey kep' it strait. But it sho' beet



'De Prisedent, he got up on a stan' ub bicycles an' made er speech.'

en'ything I ever seed.

"Nex' day, dare wuz ter be gibben er run. All wnz on time under de big tree ergin'. You know I wa'nt but 'leben year ole den so I couldn't go, but de fellers round de village tole me 'bout it afterwards. Dey had em ridin' two an' two. Fust dar wuz de leader, an' den come er Pat'gonians, an' er Norwaymens, side by side. Dey tried ter talk, but didn't get erlong, som'ow much. Den dar wuz er pair er Chilians, Sweedens, Russens, Portergals, Persians, Chinesians, Japanyards, Mexicanians, Denmarkians, Austrians, — an' — an' I do'no whos all want in dat percessen whut started out. Dey wuz gone two days, er tolleren elefant paths and de ronts through de country 'tween de towns. Frum all 'pierences, it wuz de bigges' time dey ever did see. When dey cum bac' frum de ride, dar wuz er big biznes meetin', an' de 'turpreters got in dier work, as befo'. When de las' day cum, it wuz er sad time, sho'. Dare had been racin', runs, big dinners, fancy ridin', an' all dat, an' day didn't seem ter wanter go. But dare wuz one ting sho' an' dat wuz, dey want goen ter let em go on empty stumax, kaze dat want de kind er tribe I cum from. De chief, he had had wah-parties out for ober er month, an' dey cum'

home jus' in de nick er time. *My*, how dey did all smac' dier lips when dey see whut had been brought in. Dar wuz seben ub de fattist an' slickest missionaries dat eber 'zaminde de inside uv er pot in Af'ica. On de las' night, dey wuz fixed up nice. Carved in significk style, peppered an' salted good, an' strung out on green poles 'cross er dead fire. *Gee-my-nettie*, how dey did siz, an' fry, an' broil, it wuz like er reg'lar bobecue. I'ze got sumpen ter rec'lect dat 'cazion by; here 'tis," and he pulled a string from under his collar, to the end of which was fastoned a glistening white tooth. "Dis am part ub de fattest one ub de seben, an' I'ze had it eber sence.

"De feast wuz de grandes' t'ing I eber saw, 'fo' or sence. De missionaries wuz only desert. Dar wuz er course nb lion; some big snakes, er few el'fant snouts, green frogs, an' all dat, ub corsé. Eve'y body had er big time, an' nex' mornen, when dey wuz ready er leave, de Capten ub ev'ry crowd, came up ter his 'terpreter, an' made er long speach ub thanks ter de Capten; an' ev'ry one wuz de same, so a'ter one 'turprether had 'is say, all de udders jus' say 'ditto,' an' walk away.

"In ex week dey wuz all gone. Not long a'ter, er crowd er Arabs, came erlong, an' some ub em 'rsuaded me ter cum ter 'Merica. But I aint had no such good times no mo', an' I don't think my ole woman is eider. Eny how I'll go home an' ax 'er. Good night."

C. A. P.

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

"MOTHER" exclaimed little Frederick, as he sat contemplating the oil can of his bicycle, one golden afternoon in the month of September: "Mother, I wish cousin Herbert would go back to school again, and leave me and my toys alone

"My dear," said Mrs. Selwyn, stroking the curly head of her cherished offspring, "that is a very selfish wish, and I regret that a son of mine, however tender in years, should be guilty of such inhospitality to a stranger. Remember, Frederick, that Herbert's parents are poor and cannot afford to buy him the luxuries and toys with which you are provided. You should endeavor —"

Here Mrs. Selwyn stopped abruptly, partly from want of breath and partly to remove the oil with which her son had lubricated her shoe.

"You should endeavor," continued his mother, "to entertain your cousin in every way, and even allow him to learn to ride your bicycle."

"Mother," said little Frederick, "you ask too much. I cannot see my beautiful bike broken, perhaps fatally injured, before my eyes, by the wild struggles of an awkward school boy."

"My son," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you should not think of the injury to your property, but dwell, rather upon the joy and gratification which your friend would experience flying down some pleasant incline like a swallow on the wing."

"Ah, I had not thought of Herbert's sensations," said Frederick. "To contemplate his delight would, indeed, compensate for the damage done the machine."

"My own generous boy," exclaimed Mrs. Selwyn, as she pressed a kiss on his sunny head, and bade him seek his cousin and give him long-wished-for bicycle ride ere the noble impulse gave way to any selfish consideration."

A few moments later little Frederick might have been seen leading his cousin and the bicycle, from which he had removed the brake, to the top of an adjacent hill.

* * * * * * * * *
That evening ere little Freddy closed his eyes in gentle slumber, he might have been heard to murmur: "Well, that young fool won't want my bike again in a hurry. Golly! What a header he did take! Pretty near broke his ugly neck! Wot fun."

Moral.—Lost.

"I heard a vewy bwight wemark to-day at the cycle waces, Choley."

"What was it, old chappie?"

"The first wace was wery exciting, doncher know, and several gentlemen were wagering on the wesults, when the person next to me made the bwight wemark I mentioned. It was so funny I just had to laugh."

"What did he say Bertie?"

"He said: 'I'll bet on the chap that crosses the tape first.'"

JOHN SMITH'S LITTLE GAME.

I.—The Tennis Lawn.

"WAITING, my dear Cathie, is a word in the cycling world which causes a deal of discussion wherever it is heard. Taken as an actual occurrence, a waiting race is when the riders wait or watch each other, and do not hurry themselves. But men of almost equal superiority are necessary, and, therefore, it only occurs in big races, and the spectators generally get dissatisfied over it. I don't agree with them on that head. Speaking from a riders point of view, I think we start in a race with the intention of winning it, and if we have to get off and walk to do so, I don't see why any one but ourselves should care. The public pay to see us race, while we pay to be allowed to race, not to speak of our training and incidental expenses, and I don't see why people should complain about the public being disappointed. Bosh!"

"Yes, Harry, you are talking a lot, but I don't understand much about it. It seems such a funny word—waiting—to use in connection with a bicycle. Would you wait for me on your bicycle at the gate?"

"No, my dear, it would be somewhat inconvenient to loiter about on a bicycle, but I daresay I could wait beside it. I suppose that is what you are driving at. Or better still, in fact I would not do anything else, I would wait for you with the tandem."

"Delicious! Oh, you dear boy!"

"But, Cathie, you will be at the races to-morrow?"

"No, I don't think I will. You see I have a lot of collecting to do, you know—and I really don't think I could come," with a sly glance at her questioner's downcast face, so downcast that she relented.

"Yes, yes, I was only joking before; I will be there certainly—Harry do stop swinging the hammock that way or I will fal'. No, I won't hold on to you—there, you did it on purpose."

Caught in the act, Harry Whitton's face, up to the roots of his fair-coloured hair, turned red—a little—and he transferred his gaze from his companion's face to the players beyond, engaged in a game of tennis. Perched across a gaudy hammock, Katherine Landor's petite person, clad entirely in black with the exception of a maroon bow at her throat, and a pair of untanned leather shoes, which set off her little feet, made a pretty picture, from which the flannels and blazer of Harry Whitton—who leant across the hammock as close as possible—in no way detracted. A fantastically-curled black straw hat lay on the grass below—cast aside to allow the summer air to wander through the pretty curls which encircled her face.

Katherine, by the way, was 19, and actually did not wear her hair "up"—a strange thing in the ways of girlish grownupness. She did have it up, sometimes, but then, that was the result of irritation, caused by people who would persist in thinking she was a girl of 13. "The impudence!" she once exclaimed to Harry, who soothed her by saying she really looked such a dear little baby with her curls. Whereat she smiled.

On the opposite side of the lawn, two flannel-clad young fellows, considerably older than Harry, stood together, engaged in conversation and an exchange of cigarettes.

"I tell you, Whitton must not win this race, and, dence take him, he is a moral certainty to do so. I'm in a confoundedly deep hole just now, what with Gale dunning me for the price of my racer, and the unfortunate results of the last big races, I don't know where to turn. And now they have imported that kid into the race, and everything is up a tree. My only chance is to wait like the mischief and let him do everything, or, failing that, shut him out. At any rate, I'll be hanged if I ride fair." He stopped abruptly, his not unhandsome face distorted with evil passion as he gazed upon the unconscious Harry, who was diligently employed fastening some racquets to the backbone of a Humber tandem standing on a gravel path.

From the foregoing it will be gathered that on the following day a race was to come off, a race which evidently the gentleman with the wicked manner of speaking (by name John Smith) did not want Whitton to win for reasons stated. The characters introduced are gathered on the lawn tennis green of a villa situated on the outskirts of a certain English county town unnecessary to name. The villa belongs to Harry's father, who is a, or rather the, solicitor in the town, and who also is a sportsman, in so far that he takes a very de-

cided interest in the cycling affairs of his son, who, though only 20, is already a provincial scratch rider of some note. This particular race, which forms a part of the Athletic Club sports coming off on the Saturday, is for a valuable prize, and the distance is five miles. Harry Whitton had not intended to ride in it, as he felt inclined at that particular time to take things easy, and, in short, do a holiday as far as racing was concerned. The month was then September, and a long season of wins and records lay behind; but the athletic committee would take no denial, and to the intense disgust of Smith and his crony, Whitton agreed to ride. This crony, Barnard, was also entered for the race, and while nearly equal to the latter in staying power, was always beaten on the sprint by Smith, who, previous to the entry of Whitton, had arranged to win the race—that is to say, as far as they themselves were concerned, and undoubtedly Smith had a soft thing on. Six entries in all were announced, the others (with the exception of Whitton) being the usual mediocrities to be found in most scratch races—sprint the first mile and retire shortly afterwards. Walking towards the town, the two conspirators—if so they may be called—talked of the matter again.

"I tell you, Ned, something must be done; I must win this race or else burst. You know that idiot, young Grayson? Well, some one has apparently been cracking up Whitton to no end of a tune to him, and in consequence of this; while we were together in the Grayson Arms last night, he bet me 20 to 1 that I would see Whitton's back wheel at the finish. He was so very cheeky over it that I took him up at once; and there you are!"

"Yes, there you are, I should say. Why, here he comes!"

As he spoke, Whitton, with the reckless dare-devilry of youth, sprinted down the hill on a Humber racing tandem, and as the machine whizzed past, with the peculiar gentle crinkle of hollow steel and chains inseparable from all good machines, the two young men on the footpath caught a glimpse of Cathie Landor sitting erect on the front seat, but with her feet curled up in a business-like way in front of her; Harry was steering straight as a die, yet finding time to whisper something into his companion's ear, at which she smiled deliciously. True to tradition, the villain ground his teeth as he saw it.

II.—*The Track.*

"Are you ready?" came the senatorian tones of the starter, then bang went his pistol, and the six men were off—one in a black racing suit jumping from the back row into first place, and, taking his men round to a good tune for a lap or two, giving way after that to Barnard, who persevered in front for more than half way through the race, only giving way to Whitton, who spurted brilliantly from third place. By this time two of the mediocrities had retired, and the four left in the race seemed instinctively to pull themselves together as the blue and white figure of Whitton on his racing Humber flashed into the lead. At three laps to go Smith suddenly spurted up the home straight, and by a piece of reckless corner riding, gained the lead and inside position, Barnard, at the same time, appearing on Harry's outside. The latter instantaneously saw the trap he had fallen into, but quickly recovered hope as his experienced eye took in the labored style in which Barnard was riding, and he smiled serenely back in answer to a frowning glance from his outside supporter. As yet nothing has been said of the spectators, but the excitement can easily imagined, and the man who held Whitton's coat wrs in a state of unwonted excitement, and in answer to an urgent exhortation to Harry to get clear, received the laconic answer, "wait!"

They finished the second last lap in the same order, Smith watching behind like a cat, and Barnard pursuing his way with a dogged persistency worthy of a better cause. At full speed they came down the back straight for the last time, and just as they entered the curve Whitton sat up momentarily. It was a risky thing to do, but it succeeded. Barnard, losing his head, sat up also, as the wily Harry expected he would do, and not having such a good command over his nerves, rode horribly wide, Harry immediately dashing through. All this took place in a few seconds. The sudden appearance of the hateful blue and white at his side completely overwhelmed Smith, and with a deep execration he turned his wheel toward his opponent, and deliberately bored him to the extreme outside edge of the path, and just at the most dangerous point.

There was a hurried shout of "Look out, Smith!" from the umpire, who spluttered a cigarette from his lips in his haste, and, at the tape

end of the straight the judge and officials held their breath with expectation. As Harry swung into the straight with every nerve strung up to its highest pitch, nothing seemed visible but the row of pointed wooden palings bordering the path, and upon which he seemed to be rushing at a rate which precluded any chance of escape. A momentary glance at the spectators showed them starting back in horror of a coming and terrible spill. Up in the grand stand Cathie Landor, with the fantastically-curled straw hat shading her piquant face, clenched her hands together in her lap unconscious of his danger; but thinking that he needed a lot of room, she jumped nimbly on the top of the seat, as every one in the grand stand did, in uncontrollable excitement.

For a moment the palings flickered in Harry's eyes, and then faded, as he pulled himself together with superhuman effort on realizing he was safe. Smith was then twenty yards in front, but awfully distressed, and as he looked under his arm, half expecting to see his opponent down, found him instead fairly throwing himself on his pedals with rage, and pulling him in at a rate that sent his craven heart into his boots (or rather shoes), and Smith sat up, fully realizing he had played his little game—and lost.

LEADBURN.

JACK'S JOTTINGS.

FEMALE BICYCLE RACES, AND THEIR UNCLEANLY EFFECT UPON OUR SPORT.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN on the 14th inst. saw the start of another of those six day abominations, a "female bicycle race." Ugh! the expression is odious enough, but when we learn that the females wear knickerbockers, we can quite understand why so many gentle-women are not in favor of bicycle riding for their sex. We are not averse to the society of the other sex, on the contrary, but it grieves us to learn the color of their tights in the daily press, and the comparative developement of their pedal pushing extremities of these maidens whos names have been associated more than once with escapades (to use a mild term) which would indicate that a vein of icy chastity prevailed the track where these blushless creatures cavorted under some 3,000 (for the most part) masculine eyes.

Marie Louise Armaindo has been rejuvenated and now is said to be a bonnie French-Canadian of 25. Jessie Woods has been described as being 17 years of age and bangs her hair. Is that all? We are told something about each of the fair, scantily attired creatures which is more or less "cawse and vulgah," the dog fighting reporter having no doubt been assigned to report the race. We do not think that any great harm results from races where females veil their bicycicular motions by some manner of modest and womanly dress, but we do object to such disgusting exhibitions of unwomanliness, as a daughter of Eve riding a bicycle in tights.

We are anything but a Comstock in theory or practice, but we should like to see some scheme put on foot to provide these poor women with more suitable wearing apparel. We do not think that clothing such as these poor creatures wear, is either becoming to the feminine figure or particularly captivating to the most "pig-wiggy" masculine eye. We have knocked about the studios of several figure painters in Paris and America and have always found that a figure devoid of clothing was revolting and never so *piquant* or so desperately *chic* as a pretty figure modestly draped in true artist fashion. We think, too, that much benefit would result from inducing these females to protect themselves from draughts of cold air by means of neatly made cycling dresses. Even Mother Eve awakened to the fact that the fig leaf could be utilized with good effect, and was the first of the human family to recognize that there was a place for everything though the garden of Eden was no place for an apple huntress like herself. The most natural feeling we have for these Madison Square indecency record breakers, is one of pity, pity that the world cannot convince them of the error of their ways, the insufficiency of their wardrobe, and the fact that this is the nineteenth century wherein womankind is gradually getting some of the rights which, as a human being, and a superior human being at that, have so long been denied her.

But we should like to see a good four-inch paddle of public sentiment brought to bear where it would do the most good, and a jolly good spanking all around to bring these females to the understanding that a woman has a sphere, and a noble one, if she would but choose to fill it.

JACK

⊕ A * REVIEW.. ⊕

Crosses and troubles a-many have proved me.
 One or two women, God bless them, have loved me.
 I have worked and dreamed, and I've talked at will,
 Of all sorts of work I've had my fill.
 I've comforted here, and I've succored there.
 I've faced my foes and I've backed my friends.
 I've blundered, and sometimes made amends.
 I've prayed for light, and I've known despair.
 Now I look before as I look behind,
 Come joy, come pain, whatever befall,
 With a grateful heart and a constant mind,
 For the end I know is the best of all.



THE CITY CYCLER.

Out from the city, out from the throng,
 Silent and swift we are speeding along,
 Leaving behind us all trouble and care,
 Longing to breathe the pure, life-giving air;
 Free from the smoke that is laden with death,
 Slowing the pulses and clogging the breath,
 Where pestilence ever—by night and by day—
 With long, bony fingers is grasping its prey—
 The young and the aged, the pauper, the peer,
 Life can be called but a lottery here.

On where the sun—set in deep amethyst—
 Is seen in its glory, and not through a mist,
 Where frolicking streams gambol on to the seas,
 Where forests of emerald wave to the breeze;
 Where the chirp of the chaffinch, the song of the thrush,
 Thrills through the air from each blossoming bush,
 And the light hearted lark, springing up from the corn,
 Swells its aerial song as to welcome the morn.

Oh! sweet to the soul that is chained to a desk,
 To revel in sunshine and scenes picturesque,
 To feel, while our spirits are bounding in glee
 There's something to live for besides business.
 O Nature! sweet nature! thy charms can impart
 A solace to sorrow, new strength to the heart,
 Expanding our sympathies, filling the mind
 With flickering fancies, which linger behind
 And brighten the moments, our duties between,
 When again we resume our daily routine.

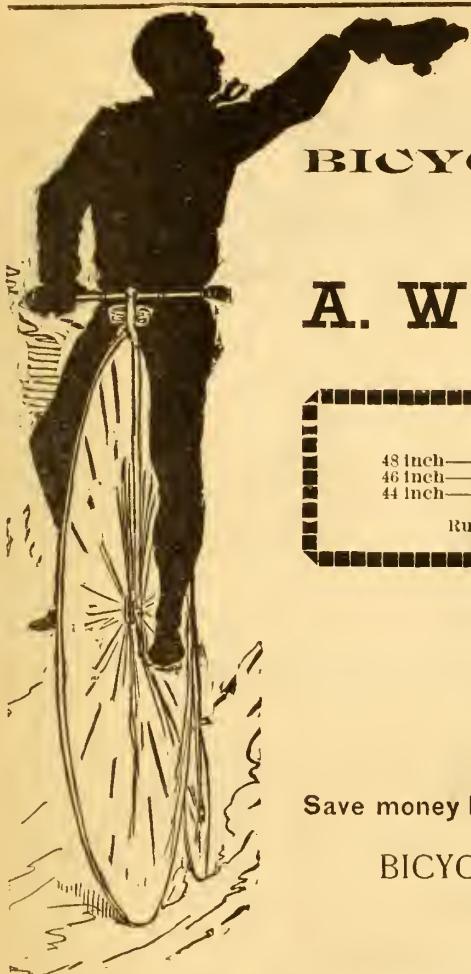
THE SMALL BOY'S TRIUMPH.

I had wanted one so bad,
 And I never was so glad
 As when papa told me *tha'* was mine;
 A splendid one, with steel
 Round the big and little wheel,
 All painted black and polished up so fine.
 It was awful hard to learn;
 Seemed as though the thing *would* turn,
 Every time I'd try to run it straight ahead.
 When I started off to go
 Up the street, why do you know,
 It would run off in the gutter, most, instead.
 And the other boys, they'd laugh
 And they'd giggle and they'd chaff,
 And they'd stand around and gap at me, in rows;
 And they'd sneer, every one,
 When I'd fall, as though 'twas fun,
 And holler when I tumbled on my nose.
 But I laughed as hard as they;
 And I rode it every day;
 And I didn't mind my tumbles, not a speck;
 And I practice hard and good,
 And, though Mama said I would,
 I didn't spoil my clothes, nor break my neck.
 And now you ought to see!
 It's as easy as can be:
 I can spin all over town, just like a top,
 I can roll through every street
 Just as fast and just as neat!
 And it's so much fun, I always hate to stop.
 Talk about a pony!—well,
 I can't begin to tell
 How much jollier a bicycle can be;
 And if you'll get one and try—,
 Big and fast like mine is—why,
 You can't possibly help thinking, just like me.



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No. 5, same as cuts, 75 cts. No. 6, with pockets on each side of lacing, \$1 No. 7, with hose supporter \$1. No. 8, with hose supporter and pockets \$1.25

Order by number and give tight measure, top of hips.

Post paid on receipt of price.

S. B. CALL,

358 MAIN ST.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



We ask you to look at our Clearance List.

for the week ending June 18, 1889.

No. Size.	Description.	Condition.	Price.
1 50	Premier.	Fair.	\$25
2 50	Rudge Light Roadster,	First Class.	\$80
3 51	Star old style, extra pair Cow Horn bars.	Good.	\$55
4 52	Expert, Cow Horn bars and Spades.	Good.	\$60
5 52	Expert, Cow Horn bars and Spades.	Good.	\$60
6 52	Victor, 1885 pattern.	Good as new.	\$100
7 52	Yale, with extras	Good.	\$60
8 53	English, semi-racer.	Good.	\$55
9 54	Victor, 1888 pattern.	Good as new.	\$100
10 55	Rudge Light Roadster, Spades.	Flrst Class.	\$75

Agents for all the leading makes. Cycling sundries of every description, at bottom prices. Special facilities for repairs. Correspondence invited.

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULARS.
Clinton Cycle Co.,
Clinton Mass.

Arnica Oil. Arnica oil, for rubbing down the parts exercised, is now used by a large number of professional and amateur athletes with most desirable results; it frees the limbs from all stiffness and soreness and makes the muscles lithe. For rheumatic palsies it has no equal. Prepared by Boerleke & Tate Pharmacists. Philadelphia: 1011 Arch St. and 1035 Walnut St. Chicago: 36 E. Madison St., cor. Wabash Baltimore: 228 N. Howard St. Washington: 938 F St. Pittsburg: 627 Smithfield St. New York: 145 Grand St. and 7 W. 42 St. Established in 1835.

Price Lists Free.



Cut 1-3 actual size. This oiler, as the cut shows, consists of a tube for holding the oil, fitted at the top with an acme tip, which can be unscrewed when it is desired to refill the oiler. A cap of same diameter fits over the top, only throws a small quantity of oil at a stroke. Best and neatest in the world. For sale everywhere or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cts.

Cushman & Dennison, 172 9 Ave., New York, N.Y. For sale cheap. \$40. 58 in. Rudge, ball bearings, all nickel, but felloes. In good running order. Write quickly to Judson Anten, St Johns Mich.

Do you want a bargain? A 51 in. Rudge Light Roadster in fine running order, only \$65. Box 328 Plattsburgh Wis.

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MERCHANT TAILOR AND ATLETIC OUTFITTER.

98 & 100 West Ave., - - - - - Rochester, N. Y.

You will always be neatly dressed by using PUNNETT'S jersey cloth garments. Cloth finest. Prices low. Club uniforms a specialty.

BE SURE AND WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND MEASUREMENT BLANKS.

JERSEY CLOTH KNEE BREECHES ONLY \$4 A PAIR.

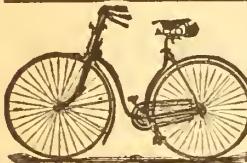
SECOND-HAND WHEELS

Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Send for Second-hand List and our large illustrated catalog of Wheels and Accessories, with full particulars of our terms of easy payments. Of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Liberal discounts to agents on second-hand wheels. Prices on all wheels guaranteed as low as the lowest.

**BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.**

Victor, Springfield Roadster, Columbia, American Champion, Star, Rival, Otto and other bicycles and tricycles sold on easy payments with no extra charge except 8 per cent interest. Low rates by fast freight or express. Bargains in juvenile wheels of best makers, at from \$6.40 up. Large line of accessories. REPAIRING and NICKEL PLATING.

ROUSE, HAZARD & CO., 7 G Street, Peoria, Ill.



THE JOHN WILKINSON CO., 55 State St., Chicago, Ill., Direct Importers of the new **STARLEY ROVER**.

Absolutely the most elegant Ladies' Bicycle in the American market and equally as desirable for gentlemen. Highest possible grade in every particular. See our catalog before you buy.

Price Standard Finish \$115. Nickled Except Wheels \$125.

Our line of American wheels is the most complete in the West and includes **twenty** different styles. Second hand bicycles taken in exchange for new. Difficult repairing and first class nickel plating at **moderate prices.**

The JOHN WILKINSON CO., 55 State St., Chicago, Ill.



QUADRANTS.

The strongest, most rigid, and lightest SAFETIES ever built.

ACTUAL WEIGHT, WITH 7-8 TIRE, 43 POUNDS.

These are the machines that will be used by nearly all European Cycling Tourists this summer.

Agents Wanted all Over the United States.

Liberal discounts will be given to reliable houses.

Send for descriptive price lists and terms to Agents.

Sole Importers.

STRONG & GREEN CYCLE CO., 707 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Notice.

The handsome paper on which the GAZETTE is printed is furnished by the Calumet Paper Co., of Chicago, Ill., who make a specialty of large contracts for regular publications.

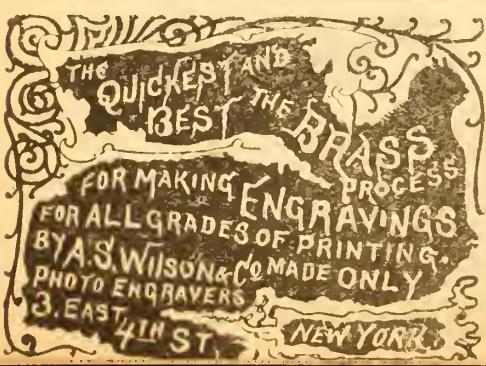
Cycle Dealer, - - Lancasters, Pa.
MARTIN RUDY,
INDIANAPOLIS
BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
WHEN BLOCK, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Best facilities for Business, Short-Hand, Penmanship and English Training. Elegant Catalog free.
We will take a limited number of ordinary bicycles in trade for Diamond safeties. Indiana Bicycle Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

New "ACME" BICYCLES
Rubber Tires. Factory Price. Our Price.
All wheels furnished with Tools. 52 in.... \$60.00..... \$36.00
50 in.... 55.00..... 33.00
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44 in.... 40.00..... 24.00
42 in.... 35.00..... 21.00

SAFETY BICYCLES

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
Small Boys' 29 in. wheels, with parallel bearings... \$25.00
Large Boys' 24 in. with brake and mud guards... 25.00
Ladies' or Men's 30 in., ball bearings to back wheel, 25.00
Ladies' or Men's 30 in., ball bearing ALL OVER, 30.00



Indiana Bicycle Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Manufacturers of rear driving safeties. **Dandy** safety for boys, 24 in. wheels \$40. **Pathfinder** safety 38 in. wheels \$60. **Diamond** safety, full ball bearing, made of steel tube and forgings throughout. *Send stamp for circular.*

For sale cheap, American Champion Bicycle, 56 in. Ball bearings. Run but little. Address at once. Wm. W. Knights, Box 387, Millford Mass.

51 inch hollow frame, Light Roadster Star. Been run very little, latest style. Cost \$145, will sell for \$115 A. E. Davenport, D. D. S., North Adams Mass.

Travel via
C.I.T.L. & C.R. KANKAKEE LINE BIG FOUR Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Chicago. Entire trains run through without change. Pullman Buffet Sleepers and elegant Reclining Chair Cars on night trains. Parlor Cars on day trains.

Short Line to Cincinnati. Ticket Office, S. E. Cor. Washington and Meridian Sts. and Union Depot, Indianapolis, Ind. J. H. MARTIN, D. P. A. JOHN EGAN, G. P. & T. A. Indianapolis, Ind. Cincinnati, Ohio.

CARE AND REPAIR. Useful hints for wheel owners, 10 cents, by mail of STAMSON Stamford Conn.

WANTED. Wheelmen in all parts of the country to solicit subscriptions for the GAZETTE. The work will take but a very small portion of your time and a liberal cash commission is paid.

STEEL BALLS FOR ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS. Of Best Cast Steel. HARDENED, GROUND AND BURNISHED.

WE HAVE STRUCK THE RIGHT PRINCIPLE IN THE

AMERICAN RAMBLER.

We put the spring exactly where it belongs.

We absorb vibration without affecting the steering.

The RAMBLER is positively the most expensively constructed rear driver before the American cycling public.



It is made only of selected steel.

It will carry up to 250 pounds with safety.

A quartette in Ft. Wayne weighing nearly half a ton ride this wheel constantly and daily demonstrate its strength.

It is a strictly original machine in all its vital features and has besides the foregoing

a Thousand and One Good Qualities.

Our 80 page Catalog, describing the RAMBLER and the rest of our long line of cycles, on application.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.,

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Largest American Manufacturers.

3

LEADERS.

NEW RAPIDS.

Safeties for Men and Women.

Full Roadster, Straight wheels,

Light Roadster, Straight wheels.

QUADRANT TRICYCLES.

No. 15, Tandems, for either sex.

No. 8, for Men { Record 2:38 on the road. }

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KING OF THE ROAD LAMPS.

Improved Patterns for Safeties, Straight Wheels, Tricycles, and for
EVERYBODY.

Don't Buy Until You Have Seen Our Catalog.

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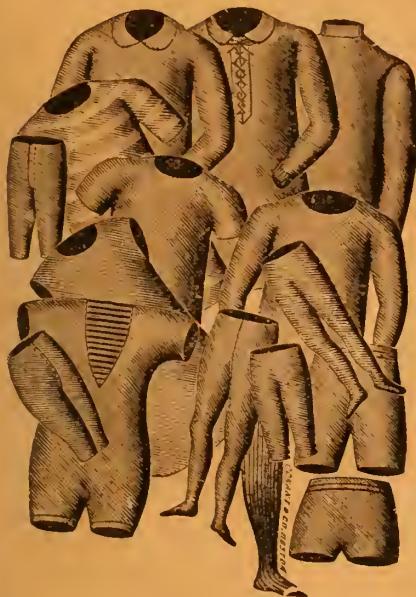


If there is no agent for our goods in your town, write for terms.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

HOLMES & CO.



We call special attention to our new circular for the coming season. We have added several new things to our lists, which we trust the trade will appreciate.

JERSEY FITTING GARMENTS. FOR

Bicycle Riders, Lawn Tennis Players, Yachting, Rowing, Base-Ball, Foot-Ball, and Gymnaseum.

HOLMES SUPPORTER

League color, Gray mixed, Black, Navy, or any color, Plain or Stripe.

This supporter is in use by bicycle riders, base ball players, athletes, bathers and gymnasts, and we are told that it is the best and most comfortable supporter made.

PRICE \$1

Let every sportsman try it.

Send size of Waist and Hip. Will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Send Stamp For Catalog.

**Holmes & Co.,
109 Kingston Street,
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Manufacturer of Eureka Home Trainer and Bicycle Stand, also has largest and best line of cycles, between New York and Chicago.

Buggies, Road Carts, Writing Desks for home and office, Rubber Goods, and everything in Rubber stamp line

Wholesale and Retail.

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THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

