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THE VEE WHEEL

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VOL. XII.—No. 15.]

NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1887.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 301.

VICTORY.

THE



QUADRANT



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On May 21st in England occurred the greatest hill-climbing contest the world ever saw. The famous Weatheroak was the scene of the contest, and the best hill-climbers in all England were specially engaged to snatch from the QUADRANT the glory it had gained by previously surmounting this formidable eminence. The following is the result: —

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2. " "	A. J. Wilson	1.30 $\frac{2}{3}$
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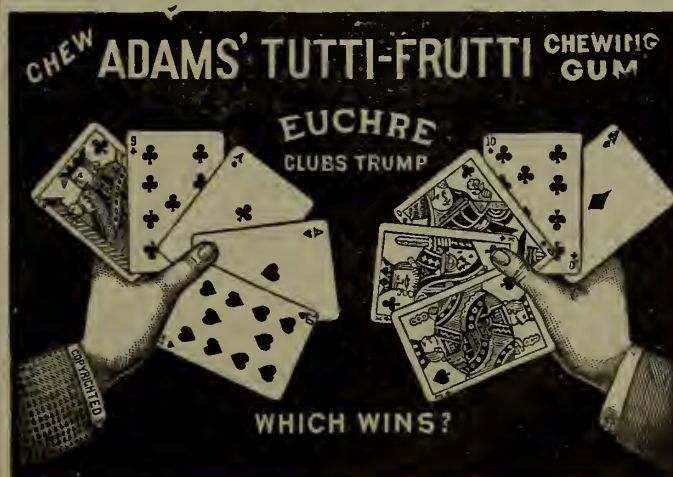
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We Guarantee the American Light Champion to carry 200 pounds. Here is some proof:

ATHENS, OHIO, May 24, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. Co., Chicago, Ills. :

Dear Sirs:—It gives me much pleasure to announce the complete satisfaction produced by your wheels here. My weight is 200 lbs., yet I rode the 52-inch Light Champion, over the very roughest roads in the world, sixty-three miles yesterday, and it proved itself as staunch as the staunchest, and the ram's horn bars are, to say the least, the most desirable handle-bar made, for *hill climbing* they are indispensable.

I remain, very truly,

DR. FRED. HIBBARD.

We claim our Wheel is the most rigid, and has the easiest running bearing in the world. Here is some testimony on that point :

PEORIA, ILL., May 7, 1887.

Gentlemen :—I want to say that I am more than pleased with the 52-inch Light Champion I bought of you this Spring. I have given it every possible test and it gives me great satisfaction to be able to say that it suits me better than any wheel that I have ever ridden—and I have ridden nearly, if not quite, all the modern wheels. It is the most rigid and by far the easiest running wheel I have ever ridden. I am well satisfied that it goes up hills much easier than any other I have ever ridden, while I know it will out-coast anything here. Its ease of running is a most noticeable feature, and this I attribute to the ball and socket connection of the front forks to the bearing case. The ball-head is a great advantage—perfect control and no rattle. The Cobblestone saddle is the most comfortable I have ever been on.

Yours truly,

BERT. MYERS,
Captain Peoria Bicycle Club.

You must bear in mind, gentlemen, that our Wheels are strictly original. Every vital point is covered by a patent of our own, and the latter in most cases gotten up by ourselves. We make our Wheels from the bottom up, too, with our own plant and on our own premises, and, as a natural consequence, we know what goes into them.

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THE WILKESBARRE MEET.

MANY INTERESTING RACES.

WILKESBARRE, July 4.—The fifth annual State meet of the League of American Wheelmen was held in this city to-day, and it was a great success both in numbers and from a financial point of view. Every club in Pennsylvania was represented and delegations from Washington, New Jersey and Maryland were also present. Three hundred and sixty wheelmen took part in the grand parade this morning. The procession passed over the principal streets and the visitors made a fine appearance. A reception followed at the Opera House. In the afternoon the races took place at Lee Park. There was a great crowd present. Following is a summary of the contests:

One-mile, novice.—First, S. K. Snyder, Reading; second, Eugene Heely, Scranton; third, Robert Johnson, Wilkesbarre. Time, 3m. 06s.

Three-mile lap.—Winner W. E. Crist. Time, 11m. 26s.

One-mile, tricycle.—W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C. Time, 4m.

Two-mile, 6:45 class.—First, S. K. Snyder. Reading; second, M. K. Crewshaw, Washington, D. C.; third, Homer Synnestvedt, Philadelphia. Time, 6m. 36s.

Three-mile; Pennsylvania State Championship.—First, W. I. Wilhelm, Reading; second, Louis J. Kolb, Philadelphia. Time, 10m. 23½s.

One-half mile, boys' race.—First, Murry Kilmer, Reading; second, Fred. Holister, Wilkesbarre. Time, 1m. 40s.

One-mile dash.—First, W. E. Crist; second, W. I. Wilhelm; third, Ed. Siebecker, Scranton. Time, 3m. 13½s.

One-mile club race.—Winner, Robert Johnson. Time, 3m. 23s.

Two-mile L. A. W. Championship.—First, W. E. Crist; second, W. I. Wilhelm. Time, 3m. 52 3/5s.

One-mile tandem tricycle.—Winners, W. E. Crist and Phil S. Brown. No opposition.

Two-mile handicap.—First, Homer Synnestvedt, Philadelphia; second, W. E. Crist; third, Phil S. Brown. Time, 7m. 51½s.

One-mile team.—Winner, Capitol Bicycle Club, Washington, D. C.; W. E. Crist. Time, 3m. 20s.

One-mile, Pennsylvania State Championship.—Winner, W. I. Wilhelm, first. Time, 3m. 32½s. This evening a minstrel entertainment for the benefit of the visiting wheelmen was given at Music Hall. Roland Reed assisted. The affair was a decided success.

ILLINOIS BICYCLISTS AT PEORIA.

PEORIA, Ill., July 4.—[Special.]—The fourth annual meet of the Illinois Division of the League of American Wheelmen was held here to-day. The Division participated in the celebration, riding in the parade. The programme included a run to Prospect Hill for dinner and a moonlight boat-ride in the evening. Mr. Street, of Chicago, was elected Secretary and Treasurer, vice Mr. Wright, resigned. The scheme of representation by districts was adopted. The new racing board will be: Van Sicklen, Chairman; Munger, of Chicago; Ridgely, of Springfield; Blake, of Bloomington, and Pafee. There were about one hundred in attendance.

THE OMAHA TOURNAMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25.

Amateur one-mile, best two in three heats.—First heat, Stockdale, 3m. 18s.; Wartz, 3m. 18 2-5s.; Patterson, 3m. 22s. Second heat, Stockdale, 3m. 52 3-5s.; Wurtz, 3m. 59s.; Patterson, 3m. 59 3-5s.

Boys' race.—Pixley, 1m. 23s.; Barthel, 2m. 11s. Barthel had 100 yards start.

Three-minute class.—First heat, Peabody, 3m. 19s.; Smith, 3m. 19 2-5s.; Savage, 3m. 20s. Second heat, Peabody, 3m. 08 3-5s.; Smith, 3m. 09 1-5s.; Savage, 3m. 09 1-5s.

One-mile, professional handicap.—First heat, Whittaker, 2m. 59 2-5s.; Knapp, 3m. 05s.; Prince, 3m. 07s. Second heat—Time.—Whittaker, 3m. 4-5s.; Knapp, 3m. 01s.; Prince, 3m. 01 4-5s.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26.

Amateur three-mile dash.—Stockdale, 11m. 56s. Wartz, 12m. 00s.; Lytle, 12m. 01 2-5s.

Half-mile professional foot race.—First heat, Brezee, 2m. 16s. Second heat, Kendall, no time. Final heat, Kendall, 1st, 2m. 22s.; Cunningham, 2m.; Brezee, 3m.

Three-minute class amateur.—Peabody, 16m. 46½s.; Savage, 16m. 49½s.; Smith, 16m. 50s.

Quarter-of-a-mile amateur foot race.—First heat, Mitchell won in 58s. Second heat, Washburn won in 58s.

Boys' race, mile dash.—Pixley 100 yards start, 1st, 3m. 36s. Pixley retired.

Ten-mile professional bicycle race.—Whittaker, 1st; Prince, 2d.

3:15 class, amateur.—Smith, 1st, 10m. 16 2-5s.; Savage, 10m. 16 3-5s.

MINNEAPOLIS NOTES.

THE OMAHA RACES.

The same old complaint, a scarcity of items, is prevalent as ever. Later on, I may have something of real interest to mention, for our lantern-parade is an assured event, and set for July 9, to commence at nine p. m., and wheelmen are already cudgeling their brains to invent some new and striking way of fastening a multitude of Chinese lanterns to our bicycles, and ride with safety.

The press gives us frequent mention to the event, and if wheelmen turn out in the same proportion that spectators will, success will be assured. We hope for at least two hundred in line, and if a new cycling city like Omaha could get out fifty at the evening parade held during their recent races, we, with our larger number of riders and streets eminently fitted for a display of that kind, should more than quadruple that number.

Some of the Minneapolis wheelmen attended the races spoken of above, and brought back, not all first prizes, but a goodly share of firsts and seconds.

It has been impossible to get accurate reports of all the races, as those taking part tell me the local press' statement is wrong in many particulars, and the summary below is compiled from what they remember.

FIRST DAY, JUNE 25.

One mile (Professional)—Run in heats.—Whittaker, of Chicago, (1); Prince of Omaha, (2); Knapp, of Denver, (3); Bullock, of Omaha, (4).

SECOND DAY, JUNE 26.

Ten-mile (Professional).—In heats; with the same result as above, and in same order.

Time not remarkable in either race, fastest mile made being by Whittaker, in 2m. 58s.

One-mile (Amateur) race.—Run in heats.—Peabody, of Omaha, (1st); Savage, of Minneapolis, (2nd). Both heats were run with the same result, the fastest mile being 3m. 13s., as the track was quite rough and wind blowing.

It is only fair to Savage to state that he took a tremendous header in the first race near the finish, straining his side so that he has not yet fully recovered.

In the 3.30 class, a one mile race was run the first day, also in heats; this style of racing seeming to be a favorite there, in spite of being so trying to those taking part, in which J. R. Stockdale, of Minneapolis, comes out first riding, easily a Rudge racer.

In the 3.05 class—three-mile heat race, on the first day, Peabody of Omaha was first, with Savage of this city second. Time: 10m. 15s.

3:30 class—three-mile heat race, was again won by Stockdale, much the same as the first day.

3:05 class—five-mile heat race, was also a picnic for Peabody, of Omaha, with Savage again second, time 16m. 20s. Fastest mile in this being 3m. 10 1-5s. by Savage.

The boys from this city say that Peabody is a fast and strong rider, fully able to set a good pace and keep it to the end. With practice enough he may be the "coming man" we so often hear of, but seldom see.

A twenty-five-mile road race, to be held within a month, if a satisfactory circuit can be located near the city, is talked of, and I hope it will not end in talk.

Heath & Co. have recently added a full line of sporting goods to their stock of bicycles and tricycles, and during the months when no man rideth, will push toboggans, snowshoes, gymnasiums goods, etc. With two such stores, both well stocked, customers should be benefitted by lower prices.

Monday being a legal holiday, most cyclers will take advantage of the fact, and hie themselves to the nearest cool and comfortable resort, that decent roads admit of reaching.

Lake Minnetonka offers many pleasant things in that line, but the pull out there is such a tough one that most riders shudder inwardly when contemplating it. Recent rains have left roads outside rather rough and rutty, and they seldom have a long enough rest to get worn down smooth.

To digress, for pity's sake when you make me remark of a funny saying "as quoted below," let me go on and quote it, and not strike it out in such an unmerciful manner as in my last. The readers of THE WHEEL that do me honor to read my *weakly* efforts must have thought either the type-setter or myself were crazy. I'll allow that the remark might not have seemed funny to you in your far-away den—but the funny man here was quite proud of it, and felt badly to see it omitted in such a heartless way. (N. B. It's too late to print it now, as the State tour is over, and the point would be lost).

The omnipresent small boy is beginning to blow the festive tin horn as a sort of overture to Fourth of July, even if it is two days off, and I expect life will be a burden from now to the 5th. Let us be thankful we ride a horse not easily scared at fire-crackers, and which no civic law obliges us to "hitch" L. B. G.

In order to help Karl Kron pay his printers promptly (for he now owes them \$5,500 on account of "X. M. Miles," in addition to more than \$700 already paid), and in order to call the existence of THE WHEEL to the attention of those most likely to patronize it, we send free copies of this week's paper to his subscribers at Chicago and in the region around Boston, and to a few of those in New York city. Recipients of the paper, with this paragraph marked, are therefore requested to call and claim their books, either at 291 Wabash avenue (in C.), 79 Franklin street (in B.), or 313 West Fifty-eight street (in N. Y.). Only half the regular \$2 price need be paid for the "specially labeled and autographed copies," and as that is less than the actual cost of producing this book of "nine hundred and eight pages and 675,000 words." K. K. hopes the men will redeem their pledges promptly. Nevertheless, he will entirely release every subscriber from obligation to take the book, provided only that such subscriber sends postal-card notice to him at the University Building, N. Y., saying that the labeled book need no longer be reserved,

WHEEL GOSSIP.

Rich has commenced training at Roseville.

The Elizabeth Club has fourteen lady members.

The N. C. U. has passed a resolution discouraging road racing.

Elwell's "Down-East" party now numbers twenty-eight.

Karl Kron is again located at his chambers in the University building.

The Cleveland Bicycle Club will hold its annual meet on August 11, 12 and 13.

The Cambridgeport, Mass., Club enjoyed a run to Martha's Vineyard on Sunday and Monday.

All the dealers in the city expect a big increase in business as a result of the opening of Central Park.

There is a deal of latent moral and natural philosophy in the Overman Wheel Co.'s advertisements.

Jesse Powers fulfilled the predictions of his friends by beating Rich at Roseville on the Fourth.

The Malden, Mass., Club celebrated the "Fourth" by driving about in a stage from different towns.

It is said that Karl Kron will apply to Yale University for the degree of M. F. A.—Master Free Advertising.

Two miles handicap, run at Yonkers Driving Park, July 4. M. Marshall, first, handicap not given, time, 6m. 22s.

Knight L. Clapp and John C. Frazee, of the Citizens, play tennis at the Staten Island grounds on Saturday afternoons.

De Blois and Hart, two of the fast men brought out last Fall, came together at the Springfield meet and gave a good account of themselves.

The Kansas City Division, L. A. W., will hold its annual meet at Paola, July 18, 19, and 20, after the meet, a run will be taken to Fort Scott, Kansas.

On Sunday, June 27, W. J. Miller, Jr., of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, climbed Columbia Heights hill, not dismounting until he had reached Columbia street.

Humber & Co. have formed themselves into a limited stock company, capitalized at £25,000, with shares at £1 each. The shares are already selling above par.

Stenken's fast mile at the Roseville meet stamps him as one of the fastest amateurs in the country, and besides this, he is the prettiest rider who ever pumped a "Star."

The Manhattan Wheel Exchange is rapidly filling up its store on Cortlandt street with all styles of bicycles and tricycles. They are selling a large number of wheels on the ten per cent. commission basis.

Two miles handicap run at Washington Park, Brooklyn, in connection with the Nassau Athletic Club Games: J. W. Bate, N. A. C. (160 yards), 7m. 20s.; Charles Painter, N. A. C., 250 yards, 7m. 20s.

The services Mr. J. F. Pedersen, as a timer, are in demand at all the local race meets. Although at the head of a large business, Jens thoroughly enjoys an outing, and will probably push a trike over the roads.

The location of the New York Clubs new house has not yet been decided upon. Since the Park has been opened up to wheelmen, many of the members think the house should be located in the vicinity of 59th street.

London W. and Kennedy-Childe, says the *Bicycling World*, are going to do the Robinson Crusoe act down on one of the Brewsters, a small island in Boston Harbor. The *World* has not told us which is Robinson and which his man Friday.

A news bureau, which supplies articles to various papers at so much per yard, has gotten up a two-column illustrated bicycling article, which is being published in many papers all over the country. The articles are entirely educational, and are for non-wheelmen. The matter was supplied by Mr. Bidwell, C. C., of New York. It has already appeared in the New York *Sun* of Saturday, July 2, and the Philadelphia *Times* of Sunday, July 3.

The Brooklyn Bicycle Club boys have a treasure in the pen with which Governor Hill signed the Liberty Bill. It was forwarded to Mr. Potter by the Governor's Private Secretary, who presented it to his club. It will be framed and hung up in the club-house.

It is doubtful if Sete Rich will be seen on the path this year. The boy has grown stout and lazy, and can be induced to do nothing but play tennis at the Staten Island Club grounds. We don't blame him. The Staten Island girls, as observed at the club games last Saturday, are a rare looking lot.

The Smith Machine Company seem to have a reserve fund of racing men in Burlington County upon which it draws whenever it wills. The latest production is Lamb, who is a tightly built little boy, and who rode a fast mile at Roseville, quite equal to 2m. 48s. He reminds one of the lamented Weber.

Chewing-gum Powers will retire from the path for a little while, that is, he will only race occasionally. He has sensibly concluded that too much racing will interfere with his growth, and, as he smilingly observed to the writer, between too vicious digs at a "hunk" of gum, "I want to be a six-footer."

The firm of Schwalbach & Wildigg, has been dissolved by mutual consent, and the business will be continued by Mr. Schwalbach at the old stand. The firm has done a very good business during the Spring, in fact, far beyond their expectations. It is to be hoped the new firm will enjoy the same prosperity as the old one.

Many wheelmen at the Roseville Meet were surprised to see Thomas Stevens wear a bunch of faded flowers all the afternoon. But the fact is, they were the present of a lady member of the Elizabeth Club, and their absence from Tom's manly bosom would have meant heart-burning, for the donor was on the grand stand.

The largest bicycle dealer in Germany is one, Heinrich Kleyer, of Frankfurt-on-Main. He has just erected two buildings of magnificent proportions. There are seven floors, the top story being of double height and used as a riding school. He reports trade very brisk; and Mr. Kleyer has just visited London, to place some heavy orders.

The New York Bicycle Company have been compelled to build a stage in their store. It is eight feet above the floor, occupies the entire room, and is reached by a broad stairway. By this method, the firm has just doubled its storage facilities. The manager tells us the Harlem Branch is a success; the business being very encouraging.

The wheelmen of the West ought to be proud of the *Wheelmen's Record*, of Indianapolis, Ind. It is far ahead of the Eastern cycling press in originality and brightness, and is a flourishing evidence of the fact, before much disputed, that Western cycling can support a weekly organ.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Weep with us, oh *Bi. World* and *Bulletin*!

The Park Commissioners have decided to light Riverside Drive with electricity. This will be a grand thing for wheelmen, and will make the Drive as safe by night as by day. The Commissioners have also decided to remove the long wooden bridge near 86th street, and either substitute an arch, or entirely fill up the gap which the bridge crosses.

The *World's* "juicy" correspondent should post himself before advising the *WHEEL* relative to their selection of a correspondent, as "Bi." has been an L. A. W. member for the past three months, and after a telescopic examination of their respective and prospective moustaches, it would be hard to decide who would have the advantage in age.—*Exchange*.

The Pope Manufacturing Company comes to the front once more in a praiseworthy attempt to interest the wheelman who desires to be familiar with the bicycle affairs all over the country. They have added to their salesroom complete files of all the leading English and American bicycle papers and standard works on the subject, which wheelmen are free to use.—*Globe*.

A two months' vacation will be enjoyed on the wheel by Messrs. Charles B. Shannon, T. C. Brinsmade and J. B. Cochran, of the Star Club, of Cleveland, Ohio. They left Cleveland June 27, wheeling to Chautauqua, thence to Buffalo and

Niagara Falls. They then cross to Canada on to Hamilton, Toronto, and along the northern shore of Lake Ontario to the Thousand Islands and Quebec. Returning via Lake Champlain and Lake George, they wheel to Troy, N. Y., thence directly across Massachusetts to Boston, by boat to New York, and by wheel to Cleveland across New York State. They expect to return by September 1. No attempt will be made at fast riding, as the tour is solely for pleasure. All of the party are under twenty years of age.—*Boston Herald*.

Charles G. Wright, of the Germantown Club, with a partner, rode up the hill on the Bethlehem pike leading into Chestnut Hill last Sunday. The machine ridden was a Columbia tandem, geared to fifty inches, and is the first tricycle ever ridden up this grade. Arthur Roberts and John A. Wells, of the Pennsylvania Club, have each ridden the hill on the bicycle, but they are the only ones. The hill is nearly a mile in length, is not so steep as Ford Hill, but much worse road, being covered with loose stone.

The programme of the Michigan Division meet is to be as follows: At Ann Arbor, July 8: In morning, business meeting of Division members. In afternoon, road race and hill-climbing contest. Banquet in evening. At Detroit, July 9: Wheel from Ann Arbor in morning, arriving at Detroit at noon. Dinner at Brunswick Hotel. Parade at 2:15 P.M. At four P.M., races under auspices Detroit Bicycle Club at Bicycle Park. In the evening, moonlight ride on river, when lady friends of the Detroit wheelmen will assist in entertaining the visitors.

On Friday last Geo. T. Crisman and Dr. Edward Dalrymple took a bicycle trip from Branchville, N. J., to Delaware Water Gap, a distance of seventy-three and one-quarter miles. The round trip was made in about twelve hours, and twenty-eight miles of the trip, from Dingman's to the Gap, along the river was run in two hours and forty-five minutes. Their names were registered at the Water Gap at eleven A. M., and on their return they left there at one P. M., and arrived in Branchville at nine P. M., having been delayed by the loss of a crank pin.

RACING AT QUEENS, L. I.—One-mile Bicycle, for Queen's men only—Charles A. Mitchell, 3m. 46s.; R. A. Kissam, second.

One-mile Bicycle, for residents of Jamaica and Hempstead—N. F. Walters, B. B. C., 3m. 43s.; R. A. Kissam, Q. A. A. A., second; Edward Self, Bellmore, third.

One-mile Tricycle, open.—G. A. Wieners, waltzed over in 4m. 36s.

Two-mile Bicycle Handicap.—G. E. Todd, B. B. C., 80 yards, 7m. 07s.; W. H. Meeker, B. B. C., 100 yards, second; N. F. Walters, B. B. C., 80 yards, 0; O. W. Emanuel, 120 yards, 0.

"Philadelphia's copies of 'X. M. Miles,' will take the train at Springfield, at 4 P.M. to-day," writes Karl Kron to us July 6, "unless the binders again make an unexpected delay; and the books ought to be on sale at H. B. Hart's 811 Arch St., not later than Saturday. I will avail myself of your liberal offer to mail a marked copy of next week's *WHEEL* to each subscriber in the Philadelphia region, reminding him to unload his little dollar promptly, in exchange for the big book at Hart's. Packages of twelve for Millville (T. B. Somers) and ten for Ardmore (W. A. Stadelman) will go in the same box, and be expressed to those towns from Philadelphia; also the twenty copies for little Delaware,—to V. R. Pyle, at Wilmington, and P. Burnett, at Dover."

The event of the Staten Island games, held last Saturday, was the two-mile handicap, with A. B. Rich on scratch, S. H. Rich, seventy five yards, and F. White, Manhattan Athletic Club, one hundred and seventy-five yards. The latter made a hard fight, and though the Rich boys gained all the way, it was only by a brilliant spurt on the home stretch that A. B. Rich got up, and won by a tyre's breadth, not more; White, second; S. H. Rich, third, by two lengths. Rich and White both fell over the tape, not fainting, as the papers had it, but because a combination of officials, tape and stupidity caused a collision, which resulted in a bleeding nose for Rich. The last lap was a brilliant effort. White is an Englishman, and is credited with very fast time on the other side. He is in strict training, and may be heard of before the season is over. The time of the race was 6m. 06s.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Let's see, it was five o'clock when I contracted to leave Aurea on Friday morning. Waking up with the sun making great columns of fire on my chamber walls, I found it 5:45, and by the time I got down in the office six o'clock. Six o'clock and no one yet up at the hotel. Leaving a note explaining my kind (?) regards to the landlord together with fifty cents for my lodging, I decamp and take a run of ten miles to Minden for breakfast. At nine o'clock again in the saddle. I push on to Neola, five miles, and thence to Weston, eleven miles farther, by 11:30. Riding has thus far been fairly passable, but I'm now promised a good twelve-mile run to Council Bluffs and the place looms up before me at one o'clock, with no very great hubbub either. Immediately repairing to the "dummy depot" I am whisked over the river and into Omaha in short order, and at 1:30 am taking dinner and digesting a half bushel of mail at the Metropolitan Hotel. One hour later I am shaking hands with such wheelmen as Prince, Peabody and a host of others of more or less cycling celebrity. All is expectation and excitement over the coming races and tournament on the morrow, and but little else occupies the theme of conversation. In the evening an illuminated parade forms the chief attraction indulged in by about sixty paraders. This over, the visiting wheelmen to the city, myself included, are handsomely entertained by these Omaha hosts, until a later hour. Saturday was all that could be desired as a racing day, and with good track, etc., some fine sport was looked for, when at three P. M. time was called and the fun began. First we saw Sailor of Minneapolis take a gigantic tumble in the 3:30 class and that settled his racing for the day. Stockdale walked off with this race in good shape. Peabody captured the three minute gait and is yet going at that rate. Smith got away with the 3:15 event, while Savage tried to cover himself with glory by a tremendous header on the home stretch. Instead he was covered with dirt and bruises. The chief enthusiasm centered in the one mile professional handicap, with Price, Whittaker and two other starters. "Whit," as he is fraternally known, had twenty yards start, and took the first heat gracefully—2m. 59s. Refusing to avail himself of the handicap on the second heat, he also won that in 3m. 1s. "Whit" is a dandy from way back and a rough 'un to tackle when in his black silk tights.

The Omaha Bicycle Club treated their guests right royally at their spacious club rooms on Saturday evening, and several pleasant hours were spent around the festive cycle camp. Sunday Whittaker again came to the front and carried off the laurels in the ten-mile championship race, thereby precipitating a challenge for a \$200 match from Prince, his plucky adversary. This is right, boys, go in and show your muscle, and we'll wager that when "Jack" again comes to the scratch against the sinewy Chicagoan there won't be as much picnic for the "champion" envoy. At eleven A. M. we wheel out of Omaha under the guidance of about a dozen knights of the crank and take an easy run of five hours to Fremont, thirty-seven miles. Beyond a doubt this was the best run we have had since leaving Iowa City. At Dale City, twenty-two miles from Omaha, we pass down the last hill to be encountered on the entire road to Cheyenne, so said our host at the city. Fremont is a fine little town of over 4,000 souls and wholly given up to business. But it contained an attraction of far more interest to us—the shape of an old Herkimer boy we had not seen for five years.

With some difficulty we recognized in the bearded matured young man who answered our ring as the gentle youth of five years ago. And an equally astonished look appeared at the appreciation—dusty and tattered—which claimed friendship and remembrance of olden times. At 5:30 we patrolled out of Fremont and took breakfast at North Bend sixteen miles away. Pushing on we pass Rogers seven miles further and stop at Schuyler, thirty-one miles from the start, for dinner. Considerable sand has impeded our path thus far, and we have promises of more to follow. At one o'clock we make tracks for Benton, eight miles, and wheel into Columbus, nine miles further and Duncan nine more miles; about half sand at 5:30 for supper. A run of ten miles west to Silver Creek completes the day's score of sixty-seven miles, and gives us a fair idea of Nebraskite

roads. It is apparent that the further west we get the better the riding is and this fact is substantiated by native authority. Tuesday dawned cool and breezy, and at eight A. M. we rolled forth to Clarks, twelve miles in one hour. Central City, twelve miles further, and we stopped for dinner at 11:30. These latter miles were miles of sand, unmitigated sand, and we walked about all the way. Pushing on at 12:30 Chapmans came in sight, ten miles away, and Grand Island thirteen miles further. This is a city of some 5,000 inhabitants, pleasantly located, and contains a fine class of people. A half hour is whiled away in an ice cream saloon and we resume the saddle to see Alda and supper eight miles further at 5:30. An evening run of sixteen miles brings us to Shelton with a total run of seventy-one miles. This is getting encouraging, and we have fond hopes of celebrating "the glorious Fourth" in Cheyenne. Wednesday was about a direct contrast to its predecessor, and the sun came down as if bound to wither and dry up even the great La Plath river, that immense bed of sand. Pushing out at 7:30 we espy Gibbon, seven miles, one hour later Buda, nine miles, at 9:30 and run into Kearney City at 10:15. Here we were treated to a drive to Kearney Lake, and around that aspiring city by one of its real estate agitators and business men. The place now has about 6,000 souls and is growing fast. Fifteen years ago a section house marked the spot where now stands the future metropolis of Central Nebraska. Leaving Kearney at eleven o'clock we passed Odessa, ten miles, at twelve and took dinner at Elm Creek, six miles further, with a mileage of thirty-six. In the saddle at 1:30 we pass Overton, nine miles, at three and Plum Creek at five, pushing on to Cozad; fifteen miles, for supper, and from there to Gothenburg for the night, making a total run of eighty-eight miles in about ten hours and a quarter—our best day's work since leaving York State.

About seven o'clock we had our first experience with a rattler. We were riding along nonchalantly when all at once there appeared before our steed in the roadway a streak of green snake. For a second we saw his snakeship fly through space and disappeared head first, or tail first, we couldn't swear which, into a hole on the side of the road. Such was his haste in getting out of our way he didn't even leave his card and not even a rattle to commemorate the event. Subsequently we were told that the liver curdling snake stories we read about are about as gauzy as our own experience. These rattlers are as afraid of a human being as most humanity fears them, and as long as you are not too inquisitive and try to strike up a close acquaintance they will give you a wide berth. But they won't stand any nonsense and have a peculiar method of defense entirely their own. At Gothenburg we were compelled to bunk in a room with four beds and as many occupants, and every mother's son of them snored like unto the boss bugler in a brass band. We were glad to get out of it, and did so at eight o'clock Thursday morning. Following the advice of some local Swedes, and by the way, the whole town is of Swedish origin, we crossed the Platte river and took a road on the south side, forty-four miles to North Platte, making a fine ride over hard smooth paths in five and a half hours. Stopping at the Pacific Hotel we secured the best dinner we had for many a day, and spent an hour doing up the place. Here is the home of "Buffalo Bill," known in London now as the Hon. William F. Cody, besides many other personages of like renown. At three o'clock we mounted our Expert and pointed westward, reaching O'Fallon's, a section place seventeen miles away, at six o'clock, and passing some of the worst roads on our journey. Here we had supper, and set out for Paxton, fifteen miles farther, the only place where lodgings were obtainable. Four miles through sand and we saw the sun disappear below the western horizon in a blaze of glory—not for us, however. For five miles we made fairly good progress, and darkness settled down upon us six miles from Paxton. Hurriedly we pushed on by moonlight, but it wouldn't work. Moonlight riding is all right as far as it goes, but when it stops suddenly, as we did, it's all wrong. Why? Sand, gentle reader, sand. Nothing to do but take the railroad for a five miles trudge to Paxton and a place to lay our weary bones.

Oh, the indescribable length of those five immeasurable miles. Eagerly at every step we scanned the track ahead for signs of life, but no signs approached. Silently we plodded on, while the still quiet night, illumined by a faint and newborn moon, waned quite as silently, as steadily

toward the "wee sma' hours." When we had traveled nearly fifty miles by imagination and along about four o'clock in the morning, to all appearances, the distant light of Paxton's shone forth like a beacon from out the murky darkness beyond, and at ten o'clock we halted before a fourth class hotel and knocked for admission. Could we sleep there? Yes, we could, but they had no beds and would make us one on the dining room floor. Reader, if you are a bicyclist, and a weary dusty one at that, you will know what a nap on a straw tick with the cold hard floor beneath it and without a bath feels like. Otherwise we can't describe it. With seventy-six miles more between us and York we felt partially compensated and went to sleep like a poor forlorn Christian under the burden of sorrow and care—and a dilapidated quilt. Glad were we when Friday dawned and let us once more out into the cold, cruel world—anything preferable to that board-bed and sleepless night. Twenty miles passed and O'Gallalla was reached at 10:50. Here a stop of two and a half hours was necessitated by a ripped bicycle shoe, and resuming the saddle at one o'clock we pushed on to Big Spring, twenty-four miles by four o'clock and halted at Julesburg, otherwise Denver Junction, twelve miles further at 5:30. Just one hundred and forty miles from Cheyenne and two days to cover it. But a fine run of forty miles is promised us for the morrow, and we seek slumber in a bed this time at peace with all the world.

G. W. NELLIS, JR.

Denver Junction, July 1.

KARL KRON'S FOURTH.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL:—I celebrated it the day before, on the third, by wheeling from West Springfield to Cheshire, fifty-seven and a half miles. The heat was intense and the dust was very deep, but a strong south wind gave an impression of coolness as I wheeled against it, and at every slightly hill top I halted long enough in the breeze to get thoroughly cool. One incident of the afternoon, which excited me while taking a swim in a road-side pond, was a dog's spirited chase and capture of a young fox. The owners of the dog said that four foxes were simultaneously in sight.

Though nearly all the road was ridable, there was much of it which offered poorer riding than in February when I last before made trial of it; and the intense cold air of that former ride was much pleasanter than the intense heat of this present one. Early on the morning of the Fourth I pushed on to New Haven, to visit a friend, and I left my wheel at his house, when I took train to the city, to resume work. This was my sixty-fourth consecutive day of riding, though on no previous occasion had I ever ridden more than twenty-one days in succession. No other mode of conveyance for my daily journeys to and from the printing office, during those two weary months, would have been nearly as comfortable, or speedy, or cheap. I mention this as the best illustration my own experience has afforded of the bicycle's value to a business man.

My own business of shipping boxes of "X. M. Miles on a Bi." didn't advance very rapidly last week, though I managed to send one hundred to Boston, forty-four to Montreal, and one hundred to my Springfield agency, in addition to the two hundred and eighty for Australia. Philadelphia's turn will come this week, and the labels for Buffalo, Scranton, Reading, and other towns in Pennsylvania are now ready. Until I get the chief agencies supplied, it will not be possible for me to send notices to subscribers that they call at those agencies for their books; and the task of mailing books to isolated subscribers must be postponed even later. If I wrote with a hundred hands instead of only two, perhaps I might push the distribution as fast as some of my impatient friends think it ought to be pushed.

On the second anniversary of the day when I enrolled my long-sought-for "three thousandth subscription," it is a satisfaction to me, tired as I am, to return once to my city chambers, and exchange the uproar of life in the country for the quiet and seclusion of Washington Square.

KARL KRON,

July 4, 1887. The University Building, N.Y.

Messrs. Wm. Read & Sons have an important communication on page 657.

Messrs. D. Rogers & Co., of Newark, have disappeared, owing various sums with no assets to meet them, the few machines they left behind being covered by chattel mortgages.

THEY TAKE THE LEAD! SINGER CYCLES.



APOLLO SAFETY.

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Apollo Safety Light, rigid, immense on hills, safe as a Tricycle. With balls to both wheels and ball pedals. Price, \$140.00.

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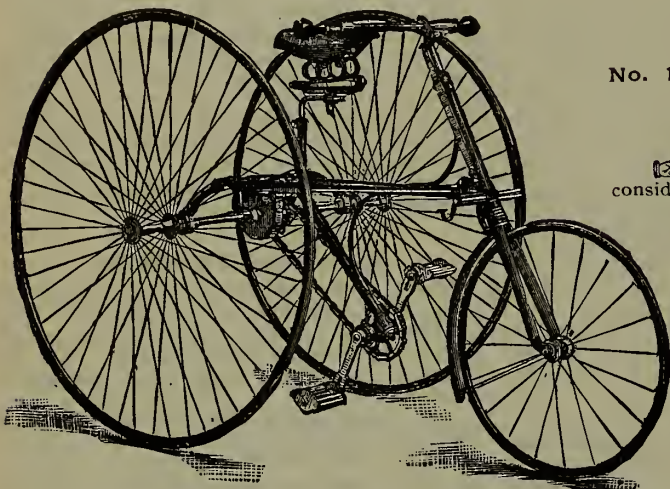
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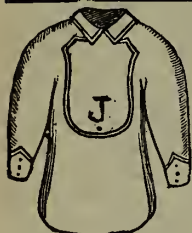
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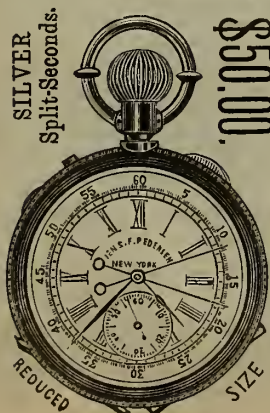
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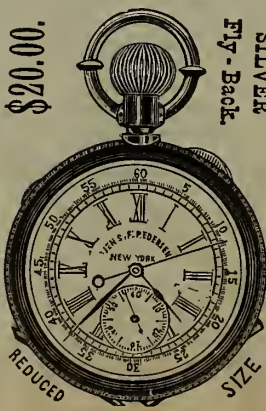
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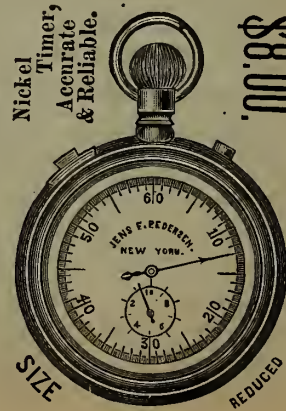
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SPRINGFIELD "PONY" TOURNAMENT.

The Springfield Club gave a "pony" tournament on July 4, the venue being Hampden Park. The tournament was particularly interesting from the fact that a number of fast men, who competed in last Fall's Circuit, made their reappearance. The result was exciting contests and excellent times, that might have been faster but for the strong wind blowing across the track. The attendance was very poor—between five hundred and six hundred—but the enthusiasm was great. Hendee was billed for a fast mile, but sent a telegram of regret instead. Summary of the races:

ONE-MILE NOVICES'. FIRST HEAT.—James Wilson, Jr., Rockville, 3m. 13s.; W. J. Stearns, Springfield, by two lengths; Fred P. Stacy, Springfield, 0; C. B. Atkins, Springfield, 0; N. Sherburn, West Springfield, 0; W. W. Gordon, Hazardville, 0.

SECOND HEAT.—H. B. Arnold, New Britain, 3m. 12 3-4s.; E. E. Sawtell, Springfield, second; D. P. Williams, Hartford, 0; C. R. Starr, F. C. Frese and H. O. Bennett, all of Springfield, 0; E. L. Outterson, Holyoke, 0.

FINAL HEAT.—Arnold, 3m. 06 3-4s.; Starr, by a wheel; Stearns, 0; Wilson, 0; Stacy, 0. Starr led almost to the tape, and was only beaten by a wheel.

ONE-MILE BOY'S RACE.—George McClelland, Holyoke, 3m. 27 3-4s.; W. James, East Hartford, second; George Bell, Springfield, 0; S. A. Sabin, Springfield, 0; R. E. Whipple, Springfield, 0; Henry Ducker, Jr., last. The boys "loafed" on the first half-mile after the most approved promateur fashion, and whooped her up on the last half, the winner being never in danger.

ONE MILE 3:20 CLASS. FIRST HEAT.—G. C. Dresser, Hartford, 3m. 02 3-4s.; H. B. Wadsworth, 2d, by several lengths; J. A. Lounsbury, Hartford, 0; D. P. Williams, Hartford, 0; S. H. Tyrrell, Hartford, 0; Thomas Harvey, Holyoke, 0; George McClelland, Holyoke, 0; James Wilson, Jr., Rockville, 0.

SECOND HEAT.—Charles K. Starr, Springfield, 3m. 10 2-5s.; H. K. Wakefield, West Springfield, 2d, F. S. Reid, Brattleboro, Vt., 0; F. C. Frese, Springfield, 0; C. H. Thomas, New Britain, Conn., 0; H. K. Lee, Hartford, 0.

FINAL HEAT.—Dresser, 3m. 27s.; McClelland, 2d; Lounsbury, 0; Wadsworth, 0; Starr, 0; Wakefield, 0.

ONE MILE HANDICAP.—E. A. De Blois, East Hartford, scratch, 2m. 56 2-5s.; H. S. Hart, New Britain, scratch, by a half wheel; F. T. Reid, Brattleboro, Vt., 100 yards, third; E. L. Outterson, Holyoke, 125 yards, 0; Geo. L. Lewis, Springfield, 100 yards, 0; L. Foster, Holyoke, 50 yards, 0; H. K. Lee, Hartford, 50 yards, 0; Thomas Harvey, Holyoke, 50 yards, 0; E. B. Smith, Springfield, 50 yards, 0; F. C. Frese, Springfield, 100 yards, 0; J. A. Lounsbury, Hartford, 100 yards, 0; A. Tyrrell, Hartford, 125 yards, 0; H. O. Bennett, Springfield, 150 yards, 0; F. P. Stacy, Springfield, 150 yards, 0; S. O. Miller, 150 yards, 0; W. J. Stearns, Springfield, 150 yards, 0; C. R. Culver, Springfield, 150 yards, 0; H. C. Wakefield, West Springfield, 150 yards, 0; C. B. Atkins, Springfield, 200 yards, 0. This was a grand field and as they swept around the track made a pretty sight. At the quarter the men had gotten well together, with the scratch men close up. On the last lap, De Blois, Reid and Smith were leading. On this lap, one of the riders took a header forcing Hart to ride wide, and though he tried hard down the home-stretch, he could not overtake De Blois. The time was fast considering the wind and the fact that no racing wheels were used.

ONE-MILE SCRATCH RACE.—E. A. DeBlois, East Hartford, 40 1/2s., 1m. 25s., 2m. 48 1/2s.; H. S. Hart, New Britain, by a half wheel; Wm. Harding, Hartford, 0; H. B. Arnold, New Britain, 0. This was a nip-and-tuck struggle between Hart and DeBlois, and both were completely run out at the finish.

ONE-MILE TEAM RACE.—Hartford Wheel Club, 34 points; New Britain Wheel Club, 31 points; Outing Club, 30 points; Holyoke Wheel Club, 19 points; Springfield Club, 6 points. The teams were as follows: Outing Club, C. K. Starr, E. B. Smith and G. L. Lewis; Springfield Bicycle Club, H. B. Wadsworth, H. W. Collins and E. E. Sawtelle; Holyoke Wheel Club, T. W. Harvey, E. L. Outterson and George McClelland; New Britain Wheel Club, H. B. Arnold, C. H. Thomas and H. S. Hart; Hartford Wheel Club, W. Harding, G. C. Dresser, and E. A. DeBlois. The men finished in the following order: DeBlois, Hart, Smith, Dresser, Thomas, Outterson, Starr, Lewis, Harding, Arnold, Harvey, McClelland, Sawtell, Wadsworth and Collins.

ONE-MILE CLUB RACE.—J. L. Jordan, 3m. 40s.; W. C. Stone, second; Howard P. Merrill, 0. Jordan won easily. Stone and Merrill merely started to make a race.

FIVE-MILE CHALLENGE LAP-RACE.—H. B. Wadsworth won the first six laps—three miles—and then stopped; time, 10m. 48 1/2s.; F. A. Eldred, second.

ONE-MILE RIDE AND RUN.—Thomas Harvey, Holyoke, 5m. 15 3-4s.; W. E. Hubbard, Brattleboro, disqualified for mounting his wheel before reaching the tape.

ONE-QUARTER-MILE TANDEM TRICYCLE EXHIBITION.—A. O. McGarrett and W. N. Winans made two attempts to beat the record, but could do no better than 48s.

ONE MILE, STAR WHEELS.—W. E. Hubbard, Brattleboro, 3m. 20 1/2s.; E. E. Gardner, Springfield, second; F. H. Sampson, Springfield, 0; John Rohan, Springfield, 0.

ONE MILE CONSOLATION.—D. P. Williams, Hartford, 2m. 59 3/4s.; L. Foster, Hartford, second; S. H. Single, East Hartford, 0.

The officials were: Referee, E. C. Dumbleton; Judges, F. H. Williams, E. A. Elwell and Charles Clark; Timers, Charles P. Adams, Charles T. Shean and Thomas Donnellan; Scorers, C. H. Miller, Wilber Burns and Louis J. Chandler; Clerk of Course and Starter, D. E. Miller.

RACING ON BOSTON COMMON.

The annual race meet given by the city on Boston Common, took place on July 4. Despite the heat, several thousand people lined the track and occupied every point of vantage in its vicinity. The track is about four laps to the mile, of rough hard clay, and with almost square corners, so that the slow time made is not astonishing. Fred Foster, of Canada, was entered in the events, but failed to appear. Summary:

ONE-MILE NOVICES.—H. L. Caldwell, Boston, 3m. 20s.; J. H. Slade, Jr., Boston, 3m. 26 1/2s.; L. W. Briggs, Boston, 0; W. C. Mackie, Boston, 0; J. P. Donovan, Suffolk, 0. Won easily.

TWO-MILE BICYCLE, SCRATCH.—P. J. Berlo, So. Boston, 7m. 01s.; Walter East, East Cambridge, 7m. 06s.; H. H. Porter, Boston, 7m. 14s.; W. W. Matthews, Woburn, 0. Berlo led from start to finish.

TWO-MILE LAP RACE.—Caldwell, 20 points; Berlo, 17; Drummond, 10; Caldwell finished first in 8m.; Berlo, 8m. 30s.

THREE-MILE BICYCLE, SCRATCH.—Caldwell, 11m. 20s.; Berlo, by a half wheel, Benson, by a half dozen lengths; East, 0.

One-mile Consolation.—Drummond, 1st; Briggs, 2d; Matthews, 0; Mackie, 0; Porter, last. The victory of Drummond, who is a "cullud gemman," was uproariously greeted by the dark division.

The prizes for each event were gold and silver medals.

The officials were: Committee—P. J. Maguire, Chairman; Charles W. Smith, Nathan G. Smith, William B. F. Whall, John W. Hayes, Thomas F. Nunan, Andreas Blume, James H. Sullivan. Officers—Referee, M. J. McEtrick; Judges, J. C. Morse, L. Porter and P. T. Sullivan; Clerk of the course, Charles S. Howard; Starter, Charles H. Orr; Timekeeper, Thomas F. Hunt; Scorer, Jacob Schaeffer.

ROWE vs. McCURDY.

The much discussed three-mile handicap bicycle race between W. A. Rowe and A. A. McCurdy, of this city, Rowe to allow McCurdy three hundred yards, for one hundred dollars a side and the gate receipts, took place at the bicycle park about 7:30 o'clock last Friday evening, in the presence of nearly three hundred spectators, including many ladies. Rowe was not equal to the task, but the result was no surprise to many, owing to the speed that McCurdy had been showing in practice and the fact that he had once beaten Rowe with that handicap. Rowe rode his Columbia racer and McCurdy a Star. Rowe finished the first mile in 2m. 36 1/2s., having reduced McCurdy's lead to about one-third of a lap. Two miles were completed by Rowe in 5m. 24 1/2s., with McCurdy a sixth of a lap to the front. It was noticed at this point that Rowe was letting up and not gaining fast enough to overtake McCurdy. On the next to the last lap Rowe shook his head despondently to his friends and that settled it in their minds. Rowe completed the three miles in 8m. 15s., about fifty yards behind McCurdy, who stuck pluckily to his work from start to finish, and was cheered on by his admirers. The time by miles was 2m. 36 1/2s., 2m. 48s., 2m. 50 1/2s. McCurdy's time was not taken.—Lynn Bee.

THE LYNN RACES.

The race meet at Lynn on the afternoon of July 4, was attended by about 1,200 people, including a number of wheelmen from Boston and neighboring cities. The races were very interesting, the time good, and Rowe gave an interesting mile exhibition. Summary:

One mile Novices.—E. Bergholtz, Lynn, 3m. 09s.; J. F. Lang, Lynn, by twenty yards; W. C. Wheeler, Lynn, 0; C. R. Carlton, Lynn, 0; W. J. Floyd, stopped on home-stretch. Prizes, gold and silver medal.

Three-miles Amateur Handicap.—H. C. Setchell, Cambridge, scratch, 8m. 51 2-5s.; Edward Bergholtz, Lynn, 250 yards, by thirty yards; F. M. Barnett, Lynn, 250 yards, 0; D. E. Hunter, Salem, 75 yards, 0; F. S. Hitchcock, Lynn, 325 yards, 0. Prizes, silver watch, gold ring.

Three-miles, Professional Handicap.—Horace Crocker, Newton, 200 yards, 8m. 44 4-5s.; A. A. McCurdy, Lynn, 300 yards by 40 yards; J. H. Shurman, Lynn, one lap start, stopped on last lap. W. A. Rowe, Lynn, scratch, refused to start on account of the large handicap given McCurdy. Prizes, \$35 and \$20.

One-mile boys' handicap.—W. H. Senter, Rockland, scratch, 3m. 04 3-5s.; H. O'Neil, Boston, 50 yards, 2d; A. Martin, Lynn, 125 yards, 0; J. T. Mellsop, 100 yards, 0. Prizes, gold and silver medals.

Two-mile Tandem Tricycle.—D. E. Hunter and mate, Salem, 6m. 53 2-5; C. E. Whitten and mate, Lynn, 2d, by 20 yards; Geo. S. Porter and mate, lost pedal and slowed up. Prizes, gold-headed canes and gold watch chains.

Two-mile Professional Handicap.—Horace Crocker, Newton, 150 yards, 5m. 51s.; A. A. McCurdy, Lynn, 225 yards, by several lengths; J. H. Shurman, Lynn, 425 yards, stopped on last lap. Prizes \$25 and \$15.

Two-mile Amateur Handicap.—E. Bergholtz, Lynn, 235 yards, 5m. 51 1-5s.; F. M. Barnett, Lynn, 235 yards, 2d; D. E. Hunter, 50 yards, 0; F. S. Hitchcock, Lynn, 275 yards; George Collins, Lynn, 235 yards, 0; Wm. Wheeler, Lynn, 275 yards, stopped.

One-mile Bicycle Exhibition.—W. A. Rowe rode a mile in the very fast time of 2m. 35 3-5s., being aided by Crocker on the second lap.

One-mile Tricycle Exhibition.—John T. Williams made an attempt to lower the tricycle record, but could do no better than 3m. 11 3-5s.

One-mile, ride and run.—W. H. Senter, Rockland, Mass., 4m. 54 3-5s.; J. F. Lang, Lynn, second.

The officials were as follows: Referee, W. W. Stall, of Boston; Starter, E. G. Young, of Lynn; Clerk, J. H. Young, of Lynn; Judges, T. F. Tully, Lynn; R. A. Neilson, Boston; E. M. Durgin, Lynn. Timers, E. E. Merrill, Boston; O. S. Roberts and George E. Butler, Lynn; Scorers, E. L. Story, E. J. Phelan, Charles Batchelder, Lynn; Umpires, Charles Buterick and C. E. Ingalls, Lynn.

RACING AT STANFORD, KY.

Saturday, the 2d, was a big day for the town of Stanford, Ky. The wheelmen were out in force to attend the races, and the jubilee lasted all day. The roads were dry and dusty and the track was hilly. A good crowd was present, including many ladies. Wheelmen from Lebanon, Danville, Louisville, Richmond and Lexington were there and about fifty wheels were on the grounds. There was much betting. All the racers were strangers to each other. Following is a list of the races:

1. Championship of Lincoln, Boyle, Garrard, Marion and Madison Counties. One-half mile—P. Werdinger, Stanford, 1; time, 1m. 45s.; R. E. Turley, Richmond, 2; Jno. Taylor, Danville, 3.

2. Mile dash, free for all—Edward H. Croninger, Covington, 1; time, 3m. 24s.; C. H. Jenkins, Louisville, 2; A. Weidinger, Stanford, 3.

3. Lincoln Co. Championship. Quarter-mile heats—W. B. Penny, Stanford, 1, 2, 1; time, 44 seconds; R. T. Hail, Stanford, 2, 1, 2; J. B. Hobbs, Stanford, 3, 3.

4. Mile dash. Open—J. F. Adams, Louisville, 1; time, 4m. 5s.; J. W. Goodin, Elizabethtown, 2; Rob. White, Stanford, 3.

5. Five miles—Edward H. Croninger, Covington, 1; time, 15m. 17s.; C. H. Jenkins, Louisville, withdrew after riding 3 1/2 miles. NORB.

CLEVELAND RACE MEET.

About five hundred persons were present at the annual race meeting of the Cleveland (O.) Bicycle Club, held at Athletic Park on June 22. The high wind was against the making of fast time, and there is nothing special to record. A summary follows: Half-mile, bicycle—J. T. Huntington first, in 1m. 30 3-5s.; 1m. 46 1-5s.; W. S. Upson second. One-mile, tandem tricycle—T. H. Boggis and J. P. Root, 20s. start, first, in 3m. 41 1-5s.; George Collister and J. T. Huntington, scratch, second, by a yard. Quarter-mile, bicycle—G. B. Childs, thirty-five yards start, first, in 41s.; John Sherwin, twenty-five yards, second. Half-mile, tricycle—George Collister first, in 1m. 46 1-5s.; F. P. Root second. Two-miles, bicycle—G. B. Childs, fifty yards, first, in 7m. 30s.; F. P. Root, scratch, second. Quarter-mile, bicycle—E. J. Doubt first, in 42 2-5s.; W. S. Upson second, by a wheel. The other events were postponed owing to rain. Referee, F. L. Cassleberry.

PROFESSIONAL RECORD-BREAKING.

At Wolverhampton, on Friday evening, 17th inst., R. Howell, the professional champion, made a successful attempt to lower the records standing to the credit of W. M. Woodside, and made a few days before at the Coventry track. The evening was a fine one, and the track in splendid condition.

Howell's Time for each Mile. Previous Record.

	M. S.	M. S.
1	2 43	
2	5 27*	5 32 4-5
3	8 20*	8 33
4	11 10*	11 29 2-5
5	13 56*	14 20 1-5

*Record.

HILL CLIMBING CONTEST.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 2, 1887.—The hill climbing contest of the Manchester Bicycle Club took place on Hanover street this afternoon. The distance, one-quarter of a mile, was covered by the winner, President F. C. Moulton of the Bicycle Club, in 1m. 17 7-8s.; C. H. Fish, 2d, 1m. 25s.; C. E. Temple 3d, 1m. 35s. M. Sheriff was starter, A. H. N. Davidson timekeeper, and H. N. Bennett, E. P. Laing, W. E. Eastman and Harry Clay judges.

ANNUAL MEET OF THE C. W. A. AT BRANTFORD.

JULY 1, 1887.

The fifth annual meet of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association took place here to-day, and was a great success.

In the morning the annual business meeting was held in the Opera House. The Mayor and several Aldermen made appropriate addresses of welcome to the visiting wheelmen, after which President Karn called the meeting to order and called on the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Hal. B. Donley, for reports, which proved very satisfactory. The Association has at present a membership of over 1,000 and has a balance of two-hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury.

The official organ, the *Canadian Wheelman*, instead of being a burden has, during the past year, under the able management of Mr. J. S. Brierly, not only been self-supporting, but has a credit balance of one hundred and thirty dollars.

After finishing the reports, Mr. Karn called for nominations for President for the ensuing year. It was expected there would be a sharp contest for the presidency, but when Mr. J. D. Miller, President of the Montreal Bicycle Club, and Vice-President of the Association, was nominated, all opposition disappeared and he was elected unanimously. Mr. W. P. Way, of Belleville, was elected to the Vice-Presidency without opposition.

After a vote of thanks to the retiring officers, the meeting adjourned.

The parade started at about 1:45 P.M., with four hundred wheelmen in line, and after "giving the girls a treat," proceeded to the Fair Grounds, where the races were to take place.

The half-mile horse track was in good condition, but could hardly be considered fast for bicycles, as the time of the races proves. The track is entirely exposed to the sun's rays, and the heat was intense. It was estimated that over 4,000 spectators witnessed the races.

For one thing the managers of the meeting deserve censure. There were no marshals to keep the track clear, and spectators crossed the course at will. Fortunately no accidents happened, but

the racers in the ten-mile event barely escaped a collision with a carriage crossing the track, and must have lost fifteen seconds time. While Mr. C. R. Fitch, of Brantford deserves great credit for his work as Secretary of the Meet Committee, he should not have taken the position of Chief Marshal and taken part in the races himself.

The Toronto Wonders, having the greatest number of mounted men, seventy in line, were awarded the prize offered for the largest representation of any club.

The first event on the programme was a two-mile Green Race, and was won by J. Robertson of Montreal, in 6m. 34s., with D. Naismith of Toronto, second by a yard. There were ten starters in this race, and it was considered one of the best of the day.

Three-mile Lap-Race.—Harry Davies of Toronto, first; M. F. Johnson, Toronto, second. Won easily. Davies took four laps and retired.

One-mile Brantford Bicycle Club Championship.—C. R. Fitch first; time 3m. 7s. Chas. Duncan second. A good race.

Half-mile Dash.—H. P. Davies first; M. F. Johnson second; time 1m. 42 1-2s.; Won easily.

One-mile Safety.—A walk over for F. Fane of Toronto; time 3m. 19s.

Five-mile Championship.—Fred Foster, Toronto, first; time 32m. 32s.; H. P. Davies, Toronto, second. Don't think the above time incorrect, as it is not, for a worse piece of jockeying has never been witnessed at a Canadian cycle race meet. The above two were the only starters and each was determined to force the other to make the pace and it proved a veritable "slow race." The audience, losing patience, hissed them heartily, and after several miles of trifling the men were warned by the referee that the race would be declared off if they did not stop loafing.

One-mile Tricycle Championship of Canada.—D. Naismith, Toronto, 1st; time 4m. 5s.; A. F. Lane, Montreal, 2d.

One-mile Bicycle Championship of Canada.—H. P. Davies, 1st; time 3m. .s.s.; Fred Foster, 2d, by a few inches. Davies beat Foster in the finishing spurt.

Ten-mile Open.—Fred Foster 1st; time 33m. 50s.; E. P. Baird, Montreal, 2d, by a wheel; M. F. Johnson, o.; H. P. Davies, o.; D. Naismith, o. This proved the best race of the day. Baird made the pace from the start and all but Foster had dropped out at three miles. At five miles a buggy drove across the track in front of the racers and Baird barely escaped a collision, while Foster only got out of the pocket by riding clear out into the field. The former gained fifty yards by this but slowed up and waited for Foster. The race then continued at the same heavy pace, (track heat and heavy wind, considered). Baird struggled to shake Foster off but the latter though plainly exhausted clung to the Montreal man's little wheel. The last-half mile proved a grand struggle. Coming up the home stretch it seemed any man's race, but Foster's spurring abilities saved him the race, and he won by about a wheel. It was reported that Foster fainted on reaching the dressing-room.

Half-mile, Without Hands.—M. F. Johnson, 1st; time 1m. 35s.; C. R. Fitch, 2d.

One-mile Open.—H. P. Davies, 1st; time 3m. 4s.; M. F. Johnson, 2d; C. R. Fitch, 3d.

After the races the young ladies of Brantford gave the visiting wheelmen a delightful spread and waited on us themselves.

In the evening the prizes were presented in the Skating Rink and the Toronto Wonders gave a most excellent drill of eight men.

WHITTAKER vs. STONE.

The road race from St. Louis to DeSoto and back between S. G. Whittaker and Percy Stone, is eagerly looked forward to by St. Louis riders. Anent the race, we clip the following from the *Post-Dispatch*:

"The date selected for the race is July 10. Greenwood was willing to race on the 3d, but at the request of Stone it was deferred a week. The start will be made from the Missouri Club-house between four and five o'clock A.M., nearer five than four. The route will be Pine street to Jefferson avenue, the Stringtown road to Point Breeze, and then straight to De Soto, forty-five miles distant, where the turn will be made. Checkers will be placed at Pine street and Jefferson avenue, at Jefferson avenue and Stringtown road, at Point Breeze, at Bulltown and at De Soto. The officials of the race, as already selected, are: Judges, N. H. Hawkins, and R. E. Lee; Referee, J. Frank Hackstaff; Starter, J. H. Taylor; Checkers, W. H.

Wylie, Jones Irvine, Alex. Lewis, F. J. Suda, Frank Mehbig. The record for the distance is ten hours, made by Greenwood a few weeks ago.

"Ever since the race from Manchester to Forest Park in the Fall of 1885, when Greenwood was badly beaten by Stone, the feeling between the two has intensified until it culminated in Hal's challenge in the *Post-Dispatch* about a month ago. There is little choice between the two in the present race, and nobody is willing to risk his reputation by picking the winner. The De Soto road being the most hilly in the country, it is presumed that Greenwood's wheel, the Star, will give him an advantage in spurring down the rough steep grades which will neutralize Percy's greater speed. If Stone wins, it is thought he will have to gain a big lead on the levee between St. Louis and Maxville. Percy will not ride the Safety, but his fifty-five-inch Crank, which was specially built for him. Both men are in good condition and training hard."

A BICYCLE AMBULANCE.

We find in our excellent contemporary, *Indian Engineering*, an account of a novel contrivance in the shape of a bicycle ambulance, which has been designed by J. E. Whiting, M. A., M. Inst. C. E. Mr. Whiting lately had occasion to design and put together this device for a sick lady, who was unable to bear the motion of either phaeton or dhoolies on her way to the hills. The ambulance consists of the chief parts of two bicycles from which the trailing wheels and the treadles have been removed. A bamboo is very securely strapped to the trailing or curved bar, and lies above the bicycle seats—holes being made in the under surface of the bamboo so as to admit the projecting pins or pivots over each wheel. The bamboo then keeps the upper parts of the wheels apart at a suitable distance to admit a hammock, which is attached to the bamboo by its ropes, and has its ends resting on the two seats of the bicycles. The tails of the bicycles are turned toward each other, and two light teakwood rods are attached to the jaws of these tails, one on each side, by the bolts or axles of the (omitted) trailing wheels. These bars keep the lower parts of the structure rigidly apart. Two cross bars are strapped to the handles of the bicycles, and pass under the longitudinal bamboo. The cross bar over the rear wheel has two light iron rods with hooks attached to it; these hooks fit into eyes or staples in the longitudinal bamboo, and so as to keep the rear wheel in plane with the bamboo, the iron frames and the teakwood rods. The front wheel with its cross bar is free to turn about a vertical axis, as usual, in order that the ambulance may take curves and be guided. Four men, with a little training, run the ambulance easily and safely—they must each hold the central bamboo with one hand and grasp the end of a cross bar with the other—and they can tilt the wheels to one side, when they admit or let out the invalid from the hammock. Should this form of ambulance prove suitable for hospitals or field service, plain stretchers or hammocks with stiffened sides could, of course, be used, and could be slung over easier springs than those under bicycle seats; but the wheels can only be used as wheels over smooth ground, and should be as light as possible, so that the men could lift the ambulance over obstacles and over rough ground, or when they have to turn sharp corners. When tired, the dhoolie-men would rest the load on the wheels, and whenever they came to a good track they could go ahead. This bicycle ambulance runs perfectly smoothly on good roads, and may be made as light as a dhoolie, so as to be carried as a dhoolie when necessary. Mr. Whiting thinks it is probable that for general use cheaper wheels and frames will be used than those of patent and expensive bicycles. The inventor finally expresses a hope that the plan may be of real service, and answer as well in other cases as it did on the road to Mahabeshwur, and that readers should kindly suggest such improvements as they may find by experiment desirable.—*Invention*.

At the Jubilee races, held June 20 and 21, Howell and Temple rode a series of races. In a quarter mile dash, Temple fairly beat Howell, by a superior home-stretch spurt; time, 39s., equaling the professional record. A mile match race was won by Howell in 2m. 52 4-5s., Temple being beaten four yards. Temple got even by winning the half mile in 1m. 25 1-5s., Howell being second by a yard.

SUN-GODS.

[For the WHEEL.]

Who are these, gaily bestriding wheels?
Sunday worshippers of the sun and air,—
Sons and heirs on the earth's heritage,—
Muscular Christians, road fiends and landemons.

Whence come they, knee-breeched and coatless?
Whither do they go mid clouds of dust?
Only the Lord knoweth their habitations,
And the deuce only knows their destination.

Clods and rough shards strew their pathway,
Lilies bloom in the vale and on the hillside;
The yeoman rolls the hot earth, the tumble-bug
his ball;

Yet none of these do toil and spin as doth a cyclist.

My brother is a curly-haired boy;
A blue-eyed, pure and milk-white amateur;
If my brother stumbles and falls by the wayside,
Shall I give him away to the racing board?

I will join the gang,—these worshippers of nature
Who have tasted the sweet waters of the soda
fountain.

I will attain with them the supreme heights of
joy,—

Twenty miles in an hour and fifteen minutes with-
out a dismount.

CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

THE LONG ISLAND WHEELMEN'S
"SMOKER."

The Entertainment Committee, "L. I. W.," propitiated the braves of the wheel with another war dance and "smoker" on Wednesday evening, June 29, announcing it to be the last of the kind before the club takes possession of the new club house.

Cheps, Brown, Monell, Starrett, and Crafts had been in mysterious consultation for several weeks prior to the "smoker," and the explanation of their secret machination was disclosed when Mr. Monell, with much solemnity and ponderous significance, deposited on the club room table, a large teabox, containing, as he announced with portentous gravity, the grand prize for which the "L. I. W." musical and dramatic aspirants were to compete.

After Harry Hilliard had sung, Mr. Vernon recited, and a few musical productions rendered, the commencement of the competition was announced. Dr. Hudnut surprised his club-mates by his very excellent singing. The Doctor's medical cares make him pre-occupied, and the boys have little opportunity to know what a jolly fellow he is when the spirit of mischief gets possession of him. His dark eyes sparkle, and he envies in unexpected outbursts even the erratic and gymnastic "Star," which he sometimes persuades to accompany him down the road.

Capt. Luscomb then read an ancient clipping from some newspaper, concerning cats.

Mr. Lamberson rivalled in the development and entangling disposition of his beautifully moulded legs, the leading premiers of the ballet, and his manipulation of the mouth-organ was characterized by a careful earnestness only comprehensible to a spectator.

Sixty Donaldson then sang, but owing to his unusual height, it was not until after he had concluded, that the first notes reached the audience—they had such a distance to fall.

After Mr. Brown had delivered an excellent reading, six wicked members of the club, Messrs. Alden, Donaldson, Crafts, Stanett, Brown and Monell, performed a musical feat of strange conception and discordant execution. It can neither be described nor likened to anything now known. The first four gentlemen were responsible for its noise. Messrs. Brown and Monell held the music with a devoted grace and abandon which clearly exhibited their past experience in this line.

When the performance had concluded and the members and guests sufficiently destroyed the cake, ice cream, sandwiches and lemonade—we may mention in passing, that the chief consul knows ice cream when he meets it; the corn-cob pipes, long stem and short, according to the convenience and build of the wearer, were produced, and amid safety burning clouds of tobacco odor, the entertainment committee announced that Mr. Clapp had been awarded the prize in recognition of his good sense in not competing.

Captain Luscomb then advanced, earnestly congratulating the winner, taking him through ancient history and piling upon his unsuspecting shoulders a load of polysyllabic English. We quote from the presentation speech:

"It has been with feelings of admiration, un-

expressible in intensity, that we have hung with frenzied preoccupation upon your passionate utterances. We have felt the fervid fevers of spontaneous and irresistible impulse coursing through our veins, until every wheel in the room has buckled itself with excited sympathy. Breathlessly and lingeringly, even as the young maiden dwells upon her lover's lips, or as the club surgeon clings upon his 'Star,' have we listened to the murmured music of his voice. With enraptured and yearning gaze, even as our love-like tricyclist, fondly, yet eagerly searches the innermost depths of the fair widow's lustrous orbs, so have we, entranced, drunk in, with sparkling, bubbling, brimming enthusiasm, your magnetic presence, our breasts heaving, tumultuous, as the billowy bosom of some light, budding and blossoming beauty. Nay more. Quiet and neglected be the silent steeds; untouched yet seductive, stands the free lunch; inviting yet unconsumed, rises the fragrant tobacco, and the virgin pipe, unsalivated, reclines in alabaster repose."

Mr. Clapp's response was the feature of the evening. Its rhetorical and oratorical effect could not have been surpassed, and when, at the close of his eloquent outburst, he waved the beautiful prize aloft, until it sparkled aloud in protest, the audience rose and quieted him.

So closed the prize smoker.

Notwithstanding that sixteen members were added to the club roster at its last meeting, eleven new names have since been posted on the bulletin for action at the July meeting. Thus the L. I. W. prospers.

FOSSIL.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF "X. M.
MILES."

Below we republish *Wheeling's* critical review of Karl Kron's work. We find ourselves in hearty accord with every assertion in this most polished critique, and we hope its perusal may place the work in a new light, to those who have regarded it as an intangible curiosity, a mere trash basket of accepted and long discovered bicyclic facts and fancies:

"To many people the name of this book will bring recollections of doubts and fears expressed in the pages of the cycling journals as to the probability or no of its ever making its appearance. The Greek Kalends and Karl Kron's book were by many assumed to be synonymous, but the hope deferred has at length been fulfilled, and we are in possession of what may truly be called the first classic of cycling literature.

"Consisting of eight hundred pages, well and closely printed, the book offers a store of information which we shall not exaggerate by describing as simply marvellous. To the wheelmen of the world it appeals, its interests being in no way circumscribed by the limits of the American Continent. The author, as observers of literary style may have gathered from the many ingenious letters which have stimulated public interest in him and his work during the past years, is possessed of a vein of smart American humor, which illuminates the dry text of his book from beginning to end. In places such as the inimitable chapter devoted to his bull dog, 'Curl,' he soars to a pitch which reminds the reader very forcibly of Mark Twain and Max Adeler, and the cyclist who loves his dog will read this chapter over more times than once. To 'Curl,' whose noble and expressive features act as frontispiece, the book is dedicated, and there is a certain pathos in the selection.

"To review this book is difficult, to find fault with it well-nigh impossible. It is what it purports to be, a description of ten thousand miles traveling by bicycle in the New World, and we venture to say that the reader who conscientiously examines its wonderful collection of facts and fancies will rise from his perusal with a knowledge of America, her roads and scenery, which no other book in existence will afford him. The platform of the book is much higher than that of its English contemporary of the Badminton series, the utilitarian element appearing at a much higher rung of the ladder than that represented by the 'How to Ride' stratum. There is many a noble thought nobly expressed in this book, with its bold originality of style and daring impudence of advertisement and egotism. Karl Kron is well read and entirely free from superficialism, a searcher after truth and a merciless prober of what he considers offences. His chapter on the 'Literature of the Wheel,' embraces pretty nearly everything which has ever been printed in connection with cycling in the Old World and the New, and certainly no such compendium of information has ever before appeared.

"In concluding this notice, we may finally say that *Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle* teems with valuable information, supplied in witty phraseology, and as a work of standard reference and exhaustive interest is likely to remain for many a day unrivalled. In addition to a literary taste, the book is distinctly appetizing from the mingled acidity and simplicity of its style."

KENTUCKY KRONICLES.

The long-promised races of the Avondale Bicycle Club came off at Carthage, Ohio, last Saturday, the 2nd. A large number of wheelmen were present, but as the affair was not gotten up to make money the public was not out in force. The judges were: James Landy, E. F. Landy and Tip Kirby; Scorer, J. J. Archibald. The track was in good condition, though somewhat dusty from the long drought. The following is a summary of the racing:

First Race—One mile—Championship of three cities and the *Sun* medal.—Bryson Burroughs, 1st; time, 3m. 07½s.; Thos. Wayne, 2d. This is the second time Burroughs has won the medal, and he has only to do so once more and it is his.

Second Race—Half-mile heats.—H. B. Burroughs, 1st; time, 1m. 34½s.; C. T. Estabrook, 2d; F. Andress, 3d; Mackelfresh, 4th.

Third Race—100-yards sprint handicap.—Millar (4 yards), 1st; time, 11 1-5s.; Waters (scratch), 2d; H. Justis, Brady and Wallace, 3d.

Fourth Race—Half-mile Safety.—Arnold Wilkelin, 1st; time, 1m. 44¾s.; C. T. Estabrook, 2d; Waters, 3d.

Fifth Race—One-mile open.—F. Andress, 1st; time, 3m. 19¼s.; Thos. Wayne, 2d; Smith, did not finish.

Sixth Race—One-mile handicap.—H. B. Burroughs (scratch), time, 3m. 07s.; Andress, 85 yards; Behb, 150 yards, and Rowe, 175 yards, came in in the order named.

Seventh Race—One-mile Consolation.—Thos. L. Wayne, 1st; time, 3m. 20¼s.; C. T. Estabrook, George Burroughs and Freen in the order named.

The Kenton Wheel Club boys failed to appear, so their five miles championship was not run.

They were all too intent on going on the Kentucky tour, except Al. Watcher, and he was laid up with throat trouble.

The prizes offered at Carthage were ball-pedals in second race; Smith revolvers in the sprint and half-mile Safety; K. of R. lamp in one mile; silver cup in Consolation.

After the races a large number of those present started for Washington Court House, Ohio, where they will attend the races on the Fourth.

Mr. W. C. Verhoeff, of Louisville, Ky., was at the Kenton headquarters last Saturday.

The Kentucky Tour.—Some dozen or so of cyclers left last Friday and Saturday for the interior of Kentucky to take in the trip mentioned in last week's "WHEEL."

Edward H. Croninger, Charles Reynolds, and T. J. Creaghead left on Friday by train to race at Stanford.

On Saturday morning at four A.M., Ed. Tozier, of Cincinnati; Len. Smith, of Newport; Ed. Toie, of Covington; and Lev. Perrin, of Wyoming, O., left by pike to make the ride to Lexington, Ky., in a day. I have not yet heard whether they made it or not.

On the 8:47 P. M. train over the Kentucky Central Railway, Charles Hanane, Charles Croninger, "Butch" Croninger, Bob. Taylor, of Newport, and Ed. Kerr, of Conington, left to join the rest.

A fine time is anticipated, and from the looks of the crowd no fun to be had will be overlooked. They spent Sunday at High Bridge and will thence wheel to Blue Lick Springs. Of this trip and the races at Stanford I will be compelled to postpone writing until I get further particulars of the same.

Wheeling has lost caste at Princeton, Ky., Ed. Johnson, the only wheelmen there, sold his wheel not long ago and got married. According to good authority, four or five colored boys are now enjoying, jointly and separately, the pleasures of cycling and hence wheeling is looked down upon.

Speaking of colored bicyclers reminds me that Cincinnati's only darky wheelmen, while riding on Race street in broad daylight some time ago, took a most terrific fall, smashing his wheel, himself and jamming his leg full of spokes. He says he would not mount a wheel again for anything. All right, Mr. Coon, it was your own fault, so we will not entreat you to remount.

A Covington wheelman performed a unique feat last week. He was riding leisurely down the street one morning when some loose steers, which had evidently strayed from the stock yards, came ambling by. This wheelman, always on the lookout for number one, undertook to drive the bovines back to the stock yards, and he did it successfully without much trouble and without dismounting. On arriving at the stock yards he received the usual fee of \$2 each allowed persons for returning strayed cattle.

"Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" struck this vicinity last week, and those who have been jeering at poor old Karl for the last couple of years now wish they had sent on their names and had them printed with the 3,000.

The book is an ornament to any man's library, and I shall always esteem it a valuable acquisition to mine.

NORB.

ATHENIAN WHISPERINGS.

I chanced to touch upon the subject of tricycle riding by the fair sex, a week or two since, and have plunged myself into trouble, for now the editor desires me to give some attention to this branch of the sport. I sincerely hope, however, he will not expect me to consider costumes, for to tell the truth I don't know the difference between "slashed" and "cut bias."

I began a little missionary work some days ago with a lady friend, whose ten-year old hopeful rides a boy's bicycle, but she wouldn't enthrone worth a cent.

"I do not care to ride the tricycle," she said, "for it isn't pretty."

I naturally expressed surprise at her reply, and asked her to explain what she meant. Then she described to me the appearance of some feminine tricyclers she had observed on Boston thoroughfares, at different times, dwelling particularly upon their heated faces, and, as she expressed it, "the unbecoming way that they moved their feet and flirited their skirts." I have only seen three lady riders since our little conversation, but you may be sure I noted them closely. One was a girl of fifteen, perhaps, who was riding a machine far too heavy for her, and her swaying from side to side, upon the saddle, made me tired to look at her. Number two was riding with a gentleman, and was mounted upon the front seat of a tandem. They were coming to a smooth stretch of road, as I approached, and speeding up, until they had reached a good eight-mile gait, I began to appreciate my friends objection. The lady was becomingly dressed and rode well, but the additional speed, with riding against the wind, caused her skirts to cling to the lower part of the limbs, and at every throw of the cranks,—which doubtless were out to their full length,—the knees were made to play against the skirts in an "unbecoming" manner, truly. Perhaps if I had not heard the criticism of my lady friend I should not have noticed the "flirting" of the skirts at all, and only appreciated the fact that the couple were having a jolly run, and were enjoying it hugely. Only last night I saw another lady upon a tricycle, riding in company with a half grown boy. The lady had a charming costume, rode with head and shoulders erect, and pedaled so beautifully that she seemed to be floating over the ground, the tips of two dainty feet just peeping out from beneath the skirt, alternately, as the pedals moved up and down. Then the boy's wheel was only a little larger than the drivers of the tricycle, and together they made a picture that I wish my friend could have seen. As the peculiar prejudice of my acquaintance—and she is a fair minded woman—may be shared with other ladies who do not ride, and who are only able to form their opinions from what they see, it is to be hoped that the thoughtless wheelwomen are the exception. In future, when out upon the road, I am going to study into this question of *form* in riding, as relating to the gentler sex (by form I do not mean "figure,") and try to ascertain the real cause of prejudice. If it is the gait of eight miles an hour, the gentlemanly rear riders must slow up; if it is the long cranks, there should be concessions between *extra power and appearance*; but if it is only a little lack of grace,—but, oh! this cannot be,—then the fair devotee of a noble sport must study the movements of her more graceful sisters, that Dame Grundy may be forced to hold her carping tongue. A woman on a tricycle, and everywhere, for that matter, should be a thing of beauty, which, we are told, is a joy forever.

The following, from the *Globe* of last week, explains itself:

"The Massachusetts Bicycle Club wound up its

affairs as a 'club' last Tuesday evening, when the members met at the quarters, 152 Newbury street. About thirty-five members were present and the special business embraced the hearing of the report of the special committee, consisting of Messrs. Slocum, Miller and Parsons. Mr. Dodge occupied the chair, and Mr. Slocum, for the committee, reported all the property of the club as formally transferred to the corporation, which assumes all the liabilities, in amount about equal to that of the assets of the old club. The report was accepted, and the club voted therewith to disband. Persons having wheels at the clubhouse are requested to call and take them away at the earliest opportunity, and thereby avoid any expense incident to storage."

Commenting upon an editorial in the *World*, anent records made in races against time, the L. A. W. *Bulletin* states that the League has accepted no other for more than a year. The further information might be asked if the long list of world's records, so made, that are claimed by the manufacturers of a particular make of wheel, have been thrown out by the L. A. W. If not, the action reminds one of the case of the patent medicine manufacturer who plastered the mountains of New Hampshire all over with his hideous advertisements and then got the Legislature to pass a law against defacing nature, to keep out other advertisers.

There is a good deal of humbug about advertising, anyway, and especially in regard to the testimonial business. No doubt President Kirkpatrick was honest when he wrote that extravagant recommendation of the Cunard Tandem, which has been so widely published in journals up to, and including the date, June 24. It shakes one's faith a little in human nature, however, to read in the same journals, one week later, over the signature of the firm pushing these wheels, that "The Cunard Cycles are useless, which statement is endorsed by prominent wheelmen." A testimonial, like an after-dinner speech, is more likely to be made up of kindly feeling and good-natured gush than of moderate, careful statements, and is, to that extent, misleading. "It is as nearly perfect as I believe this type of machine will ever be," does not rhyme well with "overwhelming complaints make them desirous of handling wheels calculated to give greater satisfaction."

The Kirkpatrick saddle is now so well known that it needs no recommendation, but I am reminded at this point of a little story: The lamented Cola Stone and two other wheelmen were in conversation, at Springfield, two years ago, and were standing near to a tent, (I think), where were displayed a number of these saddles. The inventor and patentee joined the group just as one of the party had asked: "Cola, what do you think of the Kirkpatrick saddle?" "Think of it," replied the racer, "I wouldn't give a whooping — for a barrel full." Then he was introduced to "Kirk" and after the laugh, conversation was resumed.

Several nice stretches of sand-papered surface, hereabouts, have been sacrificed recently to the march of "improvements" in the shape of new street car lines. The three miles between Melrose Highlands and Sangus, has been a very fast stretch of road through a charming country. The road from Malden to Lynn, also has been a favorite one, at least to that point where the street car line began in East Lynn; but now these two stretches have succumbed to the pick and shovel brigade, and their glory has forever departed. A horse railroad is an abomination in any part of a good highway, but when placed in the centre of the road (instead of at the side), it is doubly so, and especially when the highway is of only moderate width.

It is just possible that a delegation of the Capital Club, from Washington, will strike Boston during August, as Bart Owen's "Capital Outing" to Cottage City, via Norfolk, is to be repeated if a sufficient number of club members to make up the requisite party will finally conclude to go. In that case the trip to Boston will be by steamer, and Mr. Dodge, who is an old member of the club, and is still connected with it, has promised them a jolly four days' tour over some of our best roads. Every Summer brings a few of the Capital boys into our midst, to enjoy eastern cycling, and it is strange that more Boston wheelmen are not drawn southward at a later period, to take in the famous Shenandoah Valley tour. I have just heard of a couple of jolly fellows who propose to take this tour in

August, upon a Sociable, and I should dearly enjoy being number three of the party. They will make a ten days' trip of it, making the start from Washington, proceeding via Frederick, thence up the valley to Staunton and to the Natural Bridge. In the matter of quiet, *solid enjoyment*, your small party, of congenial friends, comes out a long way ahead of the party of numbers, where the fun is of the fast and furious kind.

Fourth of July falling on Monday this year, and the Saturday half-holiday being almost generally observed about Boston, numberless two and three days' tours were planned and carried out, in every direction. In some instances they were short club runs arranged to cover the two days, as for example the run of the Maverick Wheel Club to Brockton; others took the form of two days' excursions, like that of the Cambridgeport Cycle Club to Martha's Vineyard, while by far the larger number laid out programmes for Sunday and Monday, with cycling and holiday making, which included a number of longer or shorter runs.

I took in the Brookline Antique and Horrible parade and was taken in. The cycling division being rather more accustomed to scorch-runs than slow-races, found it difficult to keep a firm grip on balance and dignity at the same time, and so did not swing into line. Said Capt. Corey, whom I interviewed,—your correspondent being in every day *reporter's* costume,—"You see with all this baby carriage business the procession was too slow for us; when a bicycle stops we have to get off." "Precisely," I replied, recalling sundry painful experiences during the last decade, when my own bicycle had stopped, suddenly. There were three mounted wheelmen in the parade notwithstanding, though their costumes were neither antique, horrible nor amusing. But then, who could expect to be funny at 6:30 A.M. on an empty stomach.

The Fourth of July races on Boston Common, are run by the city government, and beyond a mere attraction for the crowd, for they are free, do not amount to much. One scans the list of officials and contestants in vain for some familiar name. Even W. W. Stall, one of the judges, is only there by proxy. The bicycle, boat and lacrosse races, on the Fourth, the band concerts and the baloon ascensions, all do their part, however, in keeping the crowds out of mischief, so I suppose are well enough in their way.

Somehow there was little enthusiasm at the Lynn races, Monday afternoon, and there seemed to be a very small turn out from Boston. Rowe got his back up because Crocker was given 200 yards handicap instead of 175 in the three-mile race, in consequence of which a part of the crowd was disappointed. The tricycle race was a pretty exhibition of riding, though no very fast time was made. Rowe's exhibition mile which followed, called out the cheers (and some hisses). Time: 2m. 35s. and a fraction, after which John T. Williams attempted to beat his own record, without accomplishing anything very startling. There were no accidents, and with a fair attendance the race was a success.

STYLUS.

THE NEW YORK CLUB'S MILEAGE.

The New York Club added 3,796 miles to its mileage in June, making a total of 10,753 up to July 1. The following is the records of some of the scorers:

	June.	Total to Date.
Edwin W. Adams.....	7	110
James B. Roy.....	133	338
Edward J. Shriver.....	288	684
Frank W. Kitching.....	68	560
J. Oswald Jimenis.....		494
Henry S. Raven.....	60	271
F. M. Daniels.....	341	1220
George S. Daniels.....	147	525
Charles L. Child.....	114	277
L. O. Macdaniel.....	189	361
Frank Knothe.....	93	256
Harry M. Archer.....	399	543
William B. Weir.....	141	316
Jos. M. McFadden.....	446	1002
Frank H. Kiely.....	56	196
A. J. Patterson.....	144	483
E. M. English.....	260	646
A. L. Paynter.....	236	599
J. H. Hanson.....	354	983
W. C. Montanye.....	89	239
Charles A. Dunning.....	118	192
Charles F. Shultas.....	82	190

THE NEW JERSEY MEET.

It was a big programme that the Jersey boys mapped out for their meet at Orange on the Fourth; but it was carried out to the minute and to the letter. To be sure Old Sol, that meddlesome fellow, had to protrude his red face into the affair and make it warm for the boys as is his wont. But as he is such a good natured chap and has knocked out so often that unwelcome visitor, the Storm God, he was forgiven for his too ardent officiousness. To be sure, if I can use such a paradoxical metaphor, he froze out a hundred or more "tenderfeet," but the rain or shine, hot or cold, contingent was out in full force. Noses reddened, cheeks burned, necks tanned, and perspiration poured down in rivulets; but beaming shiny faces showed the pleasure their owners were experiencing.

The regular announced runs were somewhat neglected, each club on its arrival in the district seeming to prefer to select its own route and go on its own way rejoicing. At 10:15, the hour set for the business meeting, the clubs began to arrive at the Harrison street rink from their runs, until at 11:30 it was safe to say that not a club in the State was unrepresented. The orators gazed approvingly at the vast auditorium and smiled to see that it was ample to receive the great volume of eloquence that was bottled up ready to have its cup drawn at the least provocation. At the hour named Chief Consul Cooley rose in all his might and dignity and rapped the meeting to order. Secretary Pound looked expectant, and I sharpened my pencil to trap any bursts of eloquence that might float my way.

A hush fell over the assemblage and the Chief Consul spoke: "My predecessor has left me no papers, so that I am unable to give you a detailed report of the doings of the last year (a sigh of relief). I congratulate you on the Division's prosperity, both in finances and membership. While not as large as last year, probably owing to no inducement of a road book being offered, there is no division nor friction anywhere. I would suggest that some action be taken towards getting up a new road book, as the present one is imperfect and the edition has run out. The Pennsylvania Division is preparing a new book and I would suggest that we join with them and offer to those who join this year and renew next, one free as an inducement. I am preparing a circular to send out to all those desirable riders in the state who are not already members. I have already a hundred names and I would ask you to send me in all you know of, who would be desirable additions to our ranks. Governor Hill has signed the Liberty Bill, recognizing the (the rest of the sentence was drowned in the storm of applause that shook the building). The Moore case has been placed in the hands of Dr. Brown for investigation, to find out whether Mr. Moore has the right on his side. If he has, you can rest assured the Division will assist him in his appeal to the higher court. We are also fighting the Rosebush case, but have been unable as yet to gain a verdict. The rights of New Jersey wheelmen might, could, should, may, shall, will be preserved." (Great cheering within and then packs of crackers without.)

Dr. Brown nominated Robinson Pound, of Plainfield, for Secretary-Treasurer, and he was elected by a unanimous ballot cast by the Chief Consul, with the sanction of the meeting. Mr. Pound blushed and broke the point of his pencil in evidence of his appreciation of the high degree conferred on him.

Then the road book question came up. Mr. Bergen, a novice, rose for information, and modestly and frankly stated that all he knew about the volume was that it was "a long book with streaks in it (Laughter)." "Why don't you read between the lines?" cried a wag, and the house came down. So did Mr. Bergen. After a little desultory discussion the matter was referred to the Board of Officers, with powers.

A member wanted to know something about the proposed cinder path from New York to Philadelphia, and Dr. Kinch, of Westfield, delivered himself of a verbal prospectus, winding up with a statement that his club would give \$200 towards it. (Applause.) This (the path project, not the applause,) gave Dr. Brown a chance to air his knowledge of New Jersey topography and describe every bad spot on every possible road that might reach to Quakertown.

The boys were getting hungry, so that the matter was ordered left to a committee of five, to be appointed later, to inquire into the feasibility of the project and report to the Board of Officers.

A member from Elizabeth delivered himself of the

following premeditated resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, that the New Jersey Division of the League of American Wheelmen in convention assembled at Orange, July 4, 1887, does hereby thank His Excellency Governor Hill of New York, for his act of justice in signing the bill, giving statutory recognition of the rights of cyclists as vehicles.

"Resolved, that the Secretary notify Governor Hill of the action of this meeting."

A smart Jerseyman wished an addendum tacked on in the shape of a vote of thanks to Henry George for his influence exerted in behalf of the signing of the bill; but the meeting quite unanimously decided not to introduce politics into the League, and while grateful to Mr. George and all others who had lent their aid, not to take cognizance of anything but official acts, as distinguished from political influence exerted.

After doing the correct act in thanking the Orange Wanderers for their hospitality and efforts in behalf of the success of the meet, the meeting adjourned *sine die* and for dinner.

This was served by Davis, the famous caterer, in Music Hall. Covers had been laid for two hundred and fifty, but only one hundred had availed themselves of the privilege of partaking of one of the best spreads that a cyclist sat down to. For one hour the hall resounded with the clatter of knives and forks, and the buzz of chat, before the exhausted inner men were appeased and a store for the gastronomic emergencies of the rest of the day had been laid in. Then rose Chief Consul, coolly, and introduced Tom Stevens, who was present as the guest of the Elizabeth wheelmen. "I have learned by sad experience," he said, "that the unvarnished penalty of a trip to Jersey is a speech. I congratulate you foreigners on the glorious way in which you are good enough to celebrate the Independence of the United States. It is fitting that it should be celebrated with races; for one hundred and eleven years ago, Washington and Cornwallis had a race. It was a race of professionals against amateurs, and the amateurs won." He said a lot of other good things that created hearty laughter, but I must confess that I was so busy trying to borrow a cigarette that I did not get them down.

The parade, which followed the dinner, served very well to start the gentle gastric juice on its much needed digestive work. All the clubs in the state were represented and there were some one hundred and fifty wheelmen in line, the Plainfield Bicycle Club parading twenty-three, the largest number. The route was some five miles in length, through the principal streets and wound up at the gate of the Roseville track, where occurred the races that Brother Prial will tell you about much better than I could. JONAH.

THE RACE MEET.

A goodly crowd poured through the gates of the Roseville enclosure between two and three o'clock, so that when the first race was started, probably a thousand persons were present. The grand-stand was well filled and the rails fairly lined with men and boys, and with those who came in vehicles. The large attendance was largely the result of the hard work of Orange Wanderers. The track was smooth and fast, but a strong wind militated against fast time. The event of the day was the defeat of Rich by Powers, and the incident of the afternoon was Charley Stenken's fast mile. The races were not run off with commendable promptness, but this was the fault of the Clerk of Course, who was not well up in his work, and besides he should have had an assistant to hunt up the starters. The results of the various events were as follows:

One-mile Novices, First Heat.—William Lamb, Smithville, 3m. 03s.; S. B. Bowman, Elizabeth, by 20 yards; H. E. Shaw, Newburg, by 10 yards; F. L. Martin, Plainfield, by 5 yards; J. A. Brunner, Plainfield, 0; B. McClurg, Newburg, 0. Lamb won easily.

Second Heat.—E. P. Baggot, Jersey City, 3m. 11 3-5s.; H. W. Peck, Plainfield, by 10 yards; J. F. Decker, Elizabeth, by 2 yards; H. M. Martin, Plainfield, 0; W. H. Tearnes, Thomastown, Ct., 0; G. Whittaker, Jersey City, 0.

Final Heat.—Lamb, 3m. 01 3-5s.; Bowman, 3m. 03s.; Baggot, by 5 yards; Peck, distanced. Lamb staid with the crowd until rounding into the home stretch, when he went away and won as he liked.

Three-Mile, Lap Race.—J. W. Powers, New York, 30 points; time, 9m. 24 4-5s.; T. W. Roberts, Poughkeepsie, 25 points; H. L. Powers, New York, 15 points, stopped at 2 1/4 miles; J. Van Wagoner, Burlington, 0. Powers easily captured every lap. H. L. Powers and Roberts fought for

second place with varying success, until Powers retired.

Two mile State Championship.—C. A. Stenken, Jersey City, 6m. 13 1-5s.; Wm. Lamb, Smithville, by 10 yards; J. Van Wagoner, Burlington, by 10 yards; C. S. Stephens, Millville, by 50 yards. The winners easily placed themselves. Last lap, 53 seconds.

One-mile Tricycle, State Championship.—No one appeared for this except the veteran racing man, L. H. Johnson, who was greeted with cheers, and who walked over in the excellent time of 3m. 12s.

Five-mile Bicycle, L. A. W. Championship.—Jesse W. Powers, Jr., New York, 16m. 26 4-5s.; A. B. Rich, by two lengths. This was the surprise of the day. Powers and Rich were the only competitors. By agreement they strolled around till the last lap. When the bell rang Powers rushed away, with a two lengths' lead. Rounding the last run Rich got level and they turned into the home-stretch together, and rushed for the tape, Powers simply outspurring Rich by two lengths. Rich rode a borrowed wheel and, besides, was out of condition. Nevertheless, he had everything to lose and nothing to gain, and should not have competed unless fit. Powers showed off a grand spurt and must now take rank with the fastest amateurs in the country. We congratulate him on his victory. Meanwhile Rich has gone to training, and a second contest may result differently. Last lap 50s.; a 2:30 pace; last quarter, 37s.

One-mile Bicycle, Union Co. Wheelmen.—A. N. Pierson, Westfield, 3m. 09 3-5s.; T. H. Burnet, second; E. B. Moore, Elizabeth, 0; W. B. Rhett, Elizabeth, 0.

One-mile State Championship.—C. A. Stenken, Jersey City, 2m. 46 4-5s.; Wm. Lamb, Smithville, 2m. 47 1/4s.; J. Van Wagoner, Burlington, 0; C. S. Stephens, Millville, 0. On the last lap, Stenken swept away from the others like a whirlwind, closely followed by Lamb, but on the homestretch he also ran away from the latter. It was the fastest mile of the day, and proves Stenken a much improved man. Lamb rode well for a new man, and should be well up in the first ranks before the season closes.

Two-mile Handicap.—J. Van Wagoner, Burlington, 150 yards, and L. Howell, Millville, 120 yards, dead heat; time, 5m. 47s.; E. P. Baggot, Jersey City, 200 yards, 0; S. B. Bowman, Elizabeth, 175 yards, 0; E. C. Parker, New York, 200 yards, 0; W. H. Caldwell, Elizabeth, 120 yards, 0; T. W. Roberts, Poughkeepsie, 90 yards. At the mile the men were riding bunched, with Caldwell and Roberts looking like winners. On the next lap Caldwell fell, throwing Roberts, who was close behind him. The last lap rush resulted as above. In the run off of the dead heat—distance one lap—Howell won by eight yards; time, 58 2-5s.

One-mile Team Race.—Harlem Wheelmen, seventeen points; Millville Bicycle Club, fifteen. Union County, twelve. The men finished as follows: J. W. Powers, H. W., 2m. 56s.; C. S. Stephens, M. B. C., second; J. B. Pearson, U. Co. W.; H. L. Powers, H. W.; T. H. Burnet, U. Co. W.; A. N. Pierson, U. Co. W.; E. C. Parker, H. W.; L. A. Howell, M. B. C., stopped on second lap.

One-Mile Plainfield Bicycle Club.—M. S. Ackerman, 3m. 10s.; G. W. Morrison, Plainfield, by ten yards.

One-Mile Consolation.—H. L. Powers, 3m. 42 1-5s.; W. H. Caldwell, by five lengths, E. C. Parker, third.

The officials were: Referee, C. C., J. H. Cooley, Plainfield; Judges, G. C. Brown, Elizabeth; E. W. Johnson, Jersey City; R. M. Sanger, Orange. The referee and judges are all Doctors. Timers, J. F. Pedersen, New York; J. W. Smith, Orange, and F. S. Miller, Westfield; Starter, H. Sewell, Westfield; Scorers, J. M. McFadden, Montclair; Robinson Pound, Plainfield; Clerk of Course, E. R. Collins, Westfield.

PONY vs. BICYCLE.

A QUEER LITTLE RACE THAT IS RUN ONCE A MONTH IN WASHINGTON.

A Washington letter in Baltimore *American* says: On the tenth day of every month the people of Washington who have business in the vicinity of the telegraph offices are treated to a race which is never advertised in advance. This race is run by a boy on a bicycle on the one hand, and another on a small Welsh pony. These represent the Western Union and the Baltimore & Ohio respectively. The tenth of the month is the day on

which the crop reports and the cotton reports are issued from the Department of Agriculture. These reports frequently affect the market value of grain and cotton, and for that reason every possible precaution is taken at the Department to prevent the premature publication of their contents. By a special arrangement made some years ago at the Department the report is given to every one interested at the same hour on the tenth. The telegraph companies always have a messenger on hand to secure a copy at the earliest possible moment. It is after the reports are delivered to the messengers that the monthly race begins. Each messenger rushes to his steed, the boy on the pony lays the whip on in an exceedingly lively manner, while the rider of the wheel works the pedal for all that is in him. It frequently happens that the pony objects very strongly to the manner employed to make him increase his speed, and that he refuses to go at all. When this happens the bicycle is certain to reach the goal first, and the way the rider dismounts is enough to frighten a timid person who happens to be in the neighborhood.

On Friday last the pony balked, and, as a result, the bicycle boy had a practical walk over. He arrived at his office and rushed into the receiving clerk, scarcely stopping to dismount. "The other feller ain't in sight yet," was his only remark. But the "other feller" was in sight, and in fact had not been beaten more than a couple of seconds. He saw that the pony was of no earthly use, so he abandoned the homely little brute. He used his legs instead, and did not even stop to pick up his hat when it blew off. When the pony was caught it was chewing geraniums in the agricultural grounds.

NEW ORLEANS NOTES.

The festive youth who has been furnishing the *Bicycling World's* New Orleans jottings, recently became sore pressed for something to write about and therefore takes occasion to give you, Mr. Editor, some good advice concerning my humble self, which I respectfully commend to your notice. The young man may have the best intentions but certainly does not know what he is talking about when he states that I am not a League member, not being of necessary age. With all due respect to his great (?) age, I desire to call his attention to a little paragraph which I ran across recently, and which seems to about fit his case exactly. Here it is: "They have enough to talk about without throwing mud at their neighbors. *The use of personalities in print is a strong evidence of dense ignorance.*"

On Monday, June 6, the first century run ever made in Louisiana was reeled off by Lieutenant R. W. Abbot, of the N. O. B. C., on the roads around this city, in the actual riding time of something over fourteen hours. Abbot rode twenty-five miles before breakfast, then to his office where, after pouring over journals, ledgers, etc., until two P. M., he again took to his forty-eight-inch New Rapid and finished the century a few minutes before midnight. Pelican Fairchild accompanied Abbot for seventy or eighty miles of the distance.

On Sunday, the 12th, these two intrepid riders left by train for Baton Rouge, with the intention

of riding a-wheel the one hundred and fifteen or one hundred and twenty miles between Baton Rouge and this city. They left Baton Rouge at three A. M. Monday, and had not covered five miles before they discovered that they had missed their road and, in attempting to find it, Fairchild, in the semi-darkness, walked off an eight-foot embankment, landing on his feet but giving his ankle a violent twist, notwithstanding which he managed to ride thirty-five miles further, when pain took possession of his entire leg, compelling him to give up and wait for a train home. Abbot rode five miles further when the storm, which had been threatening all morning, broke, the rain coming down in torrents, making the roads unridable and forcing an abandonment of the trip; Abbot joining Fairchild on the train. They reached home the same evening and have already announced their intention of again making the attempt, and feel sure that baring accidents and rain they can make it.

Chief Consul Hodgson is still in the North but is expected home next week, when a meeting of the Division will probably be held. Hodgson has not been idle while North, having started a crusade for new members by mailing to each Leaguette a circular requesting aid and co-operation, and also enclosing blank applications. To my certain knowledge it has borne fruit to the tune of two applicants. There is a broad field for work in the C. C.'s own club, to which he will doubtless apply himself on his return.

A party of nine members of the N. O. B. C. spent Sunday, 13th inst., wheeling and feasting around Bay St. Louis, Miss. They report a jolly time, and are working up another party for Sunday, July 10.

Charles H. Fenner, of the N. O. B. C., and one of the most genial of gentlemen, left yesterday (June 29) for a three months' vacation at Hudson, N. Y. He carries his wheel with him, and we commend him to the tender mercies of such of the Northern wheelmen as may meet him. We have no hills in this part of the country.

There is talk of a new club being formed here shortly, and it may be only the matter of a week or two before the talk chrysalizs into an assured fact.

A false alarm was gotten out by one of the daily papers, publishing one day last week as a fact the news that A. M. Hill intended renewing his donation of a diamond medal which he last year offered for a series of 50-mile races, but which he afterwards withdrew owing to a lack of interest in the matter. The report proved unfounded, but it has brought out a little discussion relative to the road-riding powers of certain prominent luminaries, which may eventually result in some sort of a contest. The only thing which appears to stand in the way is an unwillingness on the part of a few to run unless prizes are offered. Simon pure amateur spirit, did you remark? B.

WE MAY RIDE IN THE PARK.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL:

At a meeting of the Board of Park Commissioners, held yesterday, the 6th inst., the following resolution was adopted:

"President Borden is hereby authorized to instruct the Park Police to admit bicycles and tricycles on the drives of Central Park. The wearing of uniforms will not be required, and no special permit will be necessary."

Up to this writing the privileges granted by the passage of the bicycle bill, have not been taken advantage of, awaiting this action of the Park Board, as we did not desire to show undue haste. This resolution then removes all further obstacles, and before this letter reaches you the New York wheelmen will be speeding over the pleasant and shady drives of Central Park. Yours respectfully,

GEORGE R. BIDWELL.

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF 32 PAGES, 9 x 12, AND COLORED COVER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WHEELING. PRICE 50 CENTS PER YEAR, POST-PAID. SEND FOR A SAMPLE COPY, WHICH WILL BE MAILED YOU FREE. ALSO AN 8-PAGE ILLUSTRATED LIST OF VALUABLE CYCLING ACCESSORIES, COMPRISING EVERY LITTLE REQUISITE THAT ADDS TO THE COMFORT OF THE CYCLER. THESE ACCESSORIES WE OFFER FREE TO EVERY WHEELMAN ON CERTAIN CONDITIONS NAMED IN THE CIRCULAR. SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY AND PREMIUM LIST. IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING—ONLY A POSTAL CARD. ADDRESS

THE
WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE WHEEL, \$1.00 A YEAR. CLUBS OF SIX, \$5.00.

F. P. PRIAL, PUBLISHER, P. O. BOX, 444, NEW YORK.

Herewith I hand you \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription to THE WHEEL, to begin with the issue of

NAME.....

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TOWN OR CITY.....

COUNTY..... STATE.....

BARGAINS.

Second-Hand Bicycles, Tricycles and Tandems.

KEY TO DESCRIPTION.

FINISH.—"1" Full nickeled. "2" All nickeled except rims. "3" Wheels enameled, balance nickeled. "4" Enameled with nickel trimmings. "5" Enameled with polished parts. "6" Half bright and enameled or painted.

BEARINGS—"1" Balls to both wheels and pedals. "2" Balls to both wheels and plain pedals. "3" Balls to front, cone to rear, plain pedals. "4" Plain to front, cone to rear, plain pedals.

CONDITION.—"1" Slightly used, good as brand new. "2" Tires show but slight wear, finish excellent. "3" Tires brand new, finish excellent. "4" Tires show a little wear, finish first class. "5" Tires some worn, finish somewhat marred. "6" Tires badly worn or cut, and new ones required, finish good.

No.	Size.	Name.	Cost.	Price.	Finish.	Bearings.	Condition.
43	35	Invincible Safety,	\$135.00	\$75.00	4	2	2
44	36	Kangaroo Safety,	130.00	60.00	4	2	2
45	50	Standard Columbia,	90.00	50.00	5	4	4
46	55	Rudge L't Roadster,	156.50	80.00	4	1	4
47	54	Expert Columbia,	127.50	85.00	4	2	4
48	54	Rudge Lt. Roadster,	140.00	95.00	4	1	4
51	52	American Rudge,	112.50	80.00	4	1	4
57	56	American Club,	150.00	75.00	2	1	2
61	54	Columbia Expert,	127.00	75.00	Hif.Nkl.	2	4
80	44	"Facile,"	130.00	70.00	4	1	5
81	52	Premier,	105.00	65.00	5	2	4
87	55	Spalding Racer,	140.00	60.00	4	1	4
90	52	Royal Mail,	137.50	85.00	3	1	4
91	50	English,	100.00	40.00	5	3	3
92	54	"	100.00	40.00	5	3	3
95	55	Spalding Semi Racer,	140.00	60.00	4	1	4
96	55	" Racer,	140.00	55.00	4	1	4
98		Sparkb'k Hum. Tdm,	265.00	200.00	4	1	1
99		Col. 2-track Tricycle,	160.00	110.00	4	1	2
106	50	Special Columbia,	120.00	50.00	5	3	4
112	50	Special Columbia,	120.00	60.00	4	2	4
116	48	Standard Columbia,	87.50	50.00	3	4	4
117	51	Special Star,	160.00	105.00	4	1	2
118	48	"	115.00	85.00	3	4	4
120	54	Imperial Challenge,	150.00	80.00	1	2	2
123	52	Sanspareil,	127.50	85.00	4	2	New
124	52	Sans. Light Roadster,	137.50	90.00	4	2	4
125	42	Special Star,	120.00	85.00	4	1	3
130	51	Special Star,	125.00	95.00	3	3	4
131	51	"	120.00	90.00	4	2	4
132	54	Columbia Expert,	145.00	90.00	1	2	2
134	52	Standard Columbia,	92.50	50.00	4	4	4
135	56	Sanspareil,	130.00	75.00	4	1	2
136	51	Special Star,	130.00	100.00	1	1	1
137	42	Standard Columbia,	95.00	45.00	1	4	4
139		Quadrant Tandem,	275.00	225.00	4	1	1
141	54	Columbia Expert,	140.00	95.00	1	1	1
142		Col. 2-track Tricycle,	160.00	110.00	4	2	2
143	56	Humber L't Roadster,	140.00	55.00	5	2	4
146	50	Columbia Expert,	140.00	85.00	4	1	1
148	50	Standard Columbia,	130.00	57.50	4	3	4
149	51	" Special Star,"	135.00	95.00	3	ball	2
154		Col. 2-track Tricycle,	165.00	110.00	4	2	1
156	56	Victor ('86 pat.),	132.50	110.00	4	1	1
157	46	Standard Columbia,	85.00	55.00	5	3	4
158	48	" American Star,"	90.00	55.00	5	3	4
159	54	Standard Columbia,	110.00	65.00	1	3	2
160	53	Royal Mail,	140.00	85.00	3	1	4
161	54	Rudge L't Roadster,	145.00	110.00	4	1	1
162	45	Special Star,	70.00	40.00	4	2	2
163	51	"	75.00	40.00	4	2	2
164	56	Columbia Expert,	150.00	110.00	1	1	1
166	50	Ideal,	80.00	45.00	5	4	2
167	50	Premier,	110.00	85.00	4	2	1
168	56	New Rapid,	132.50	110.00	3	1	1
169		Royal Mail Tandem,	260.00	150.00	4	1	1
170	56	Victor,	132.50	110.00	4	1	1
171	53	Col. Lt. Roadster,	137.50	105.00	4	1	1
172	50	Standard Columbia,	90.00	55.00	3	4	2
173	54	Spalding,	145.00	85.00	2	1	1
174	50	Sparkbrook,	135.00	85.00	3	2	2
175	53	R & P.,	140.00	90.00	3	1	1
176	54	University,	135.00	85.00	4	2	1
178	52	Sparkbrook,	137.50	120.00	4	1	1
180		" Hbr. Tandem,	260.00	225.00	4	2	1
182		" Crimper Tri,	180.00	140.00	4	2	1
183	58	Columbia Expert,	165.00	100.00	1	1	1
184	50	British Challenge,	120.00	65.00	3	2	2
185	52	Humber,	130.00	70.00	4	1	3
188	52	Victor,	135.85	85.00	4	1	1
189		Col. Tri (3-track)	180.00	75.00	4	1	1
191	50	Columbia Expert,	125.00	85.00	3	1	2
192		Cunard Tandem,	250.00	150.00	4	1	4
193	54	Columbia Expert,	140.00	100.00	1	1	2
194	52	"	137.50	100.00	1	1	1
195		Sparkbrk Hbr Tdm	265.00	185.00	4	2	1
196		Genuine "	265.00	200.00	4	1	1
198	52	American Club	150.00	80.00	2	2	2

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

NEW YORK BICYCLE COMPANY,

38 Park Place, New York.

HARLEM BRANCH:

124th Street and Seventh Avenue.

Bentling, Repairing & Nickeling. Storing Wheels.



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**HUMBER LIGHT ROADSTER,
HUMBER CRIPPER,
HUMBER TANDEM,
HUMBER TANDEM CRIPPER,
SPARKBROOK BICYCLE,
SPARKBROOK TRICYCLE,
SPARKBROOK HUMBER TANDEM,
ROYAL SAFETY, Nos. 1 and 2.
NEW EXCELSIOR CYCLOMETER.
A FULL LINE OF SUNDRIES.**

OUR LIST, July 6, 1887.

No. 2.—56-in. Harv. Plain bearings. Price \$45.
No. 3.—50-in. Harv. Latest pattern. Ball wheels, plain pedals. Nickel, except rims. Good cond. Price \$80.
No. 6.—52-in. St. Col. Nickel except rims. K. of R. lamp, bell. Good cond. Price \$56.
No. 7.—Cunard con. tandem, with all the extras. Not ridden two weeks. Price \$200.
No. 9.—52-in. Exp. Col. balls all over. Wonder saddle, full nickel. Prime cond. Price \$90.
No. 10.—52-in. Am. Club, nickel, with enam. spokes and rims. Fair cond. \$65.
No. 11.—Quadrant Con. Tandem, No. 11. Balls all over. Not ridden 300 miles, bell, lamp. Price \$220.
No. 14.—52-in. Club. Full nickel, ball wheels. Good cond. Price \$80.
No. 17.—54-in. G. & J. Challenge, plain bearings. Butcher spoke cycl., lamp. Price \$50.
No. 18.—54-in. Rudge L. R., '86, Enam. Balls all over. Good cond. Price \$95.
No. 22.—54-in. Col. Exp. '86, Nickel, enam. front wheel. Butcher hub cycl. Prime cond. Price \$95.
No. 24.—56-in. Am. Sans. Nickel, rims enam. Balls all around. Fair cond. Price \$83.
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No. 27.—56-in. Col. Exp. Full nickel. Nickel worn. Good cond. otherwise. Price \$75.
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No. 29.—55-in. racer, built for Keen. Wt. 22 lbs. Good cond. Price \$45.
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No. 32.—50-in. Am. Club, '86, Enam. with nickel spokes. Cow-horn handles. Balls all over. Little ridden. Price \$90.
No. 33.—56-in. Col. Expt. Full nickel. Excel. Cycl. Lamp. Balls all over. Good cond. Price \$95.
No. 34.—Fowler tricycle. Hardly ridden. Worth looking at. Price \$55.
No. 35.—54-in. British Challenge. Enam. with nickel wheels. Ball wheels. Plain pedals. Price \$75.
No. 36.—48-in. Star. Good cond. Price \$56.
No. 13.—50-in. Stand. Col. Nickel and enam. Balls to front wheel. Good cond. Price \$60.
No. 38.—54-in. Col. Expt. Full nickel. Spade handles. Prime cond. Price \$95.
No. 39.—54-in. Col. Expt. Nickel, with enamel wheels. Balls all over. Good as new. Price \$95.

This Week's Bargains.

No. 40.—52-in. English Excelsior. Price \$45.
No. 41.—Rudge Rotary Tandem. Balls to wheels. A bargain at \$85.

No. 43.—54-in. Col. Expt. Nickel with enam. wheels. Good cond. Price \$75.
No. 44.—46-in. Am. Safety. Hardly ridden. Good as new. Price \$56.
No. 45.—48-in. Harvard. Enam. Balls to both wheels. Good cond. Price \$60.
No. 46.—52-in. Am. Champion. Full nickel. Almost new. A big bargain at \$78.

Our charge is ten per cent. commission, which is not to exceed \$15 nor be less than \$5.

For convenience of patrons, we are open from 8:40 A. M. to 6:15 P. M., half holidays included.

WETMORE & CHESTER,

49 Cortlandt Street, New York.

THE BICYCLE BILL.

A battle fierce was fought and won
By wheelmen tried and true,
No blood was spilled but e'er and anon
The air was of cerulean hue;
For the topic that stirred the people of York
Was one that all did feel,
Was one of moment: no more no less
Than the status of the flying wheel.

For years the contention had grown apace
Man and beast the bicycle decrying,
The man gave expressions in curses and jests,
The horse showed aversion by shying;
But all to no purpose, the beautiful wheel
Rolled fast into favor, then faster
Rolled down their objections, rolled over their jests,
Rolled up for their opponents, disaster.

Finally a bill was brought before
The Fathers at Albany assembled,
To test the rights of cycling knights.
It passed, and scoffers were humbled;
But the end was not yet, for the bill of rights
For days it still hung by a thread,
We anxiously waited and fortune berated,
Our spirits grew heavy as lead.

The struggle waxed fierce in Gotham Town,
Youth, brain and muscle as well,
Upon the one side, upon the other,
'Tis painful indeed to dwell,
On the jumble of selfishness, prejudice, pride,
Brought to bear on the Bicycle Bill,
A long steep road the wheelmen climbed,
And surmounted by Governor Hill.

The Mayor in fine frenzy wrought,
Quoth: The people here will rue it,
If this bill is signed and becomes a law
I will try in pieces to Hewitt;
In a letter wrote, and a petition signed,
Seven thousand names were there,
But the wheelmen bold more votes had polled,
Twenty thousands and some to spare.

The Governor then appointed a day for all,
And a hearing was given before him,
Delegations and arguments pro and con
Were listened to ad valorem;
The day seemed ages as time passed on,
But soon the glad tidings came flying,
"Governor Hill has signed the bill"
No danger is there now of its dying.

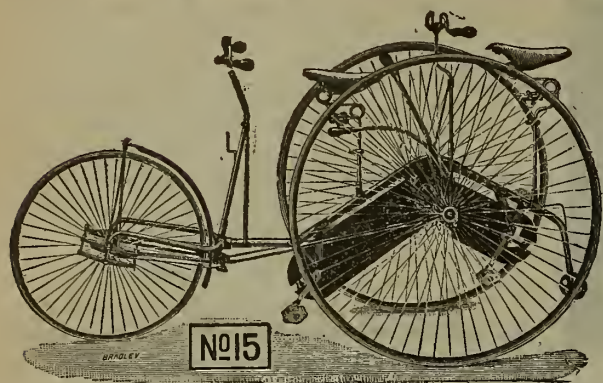
And now we glide through the shades of the Park,
With the Law of the State to protect us,
No minion in gray dare say to us nay,
Nor halt, turn aside, or direct us;
Now in conclusion let me say,
Without meaning to be prolix,
Anyone can see, and all will agree,
'Twas the old spirit cropping out—'76

G. FREDERICK S.,
Citizens Bicycle Club.

New York, July 5, 1887.

At a meeting of the Lynn Cycle club, held July 1, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term of six months: President, J. H. Young; Vice-President, E. G. Young; Recording Secretary, C. W. Wilson; Financial Secretary, F. S. Hitchcock; Treasurer, W. C. Wheeler; Auditor, E. J. Phelan; Captain, F. M. Barnett; 1st Lieutenant, F. A. Lindsay; 2d Lieutenant, F. D. West; Color Bearers, E. F. Bergholtz, C. R. Butterick; Bugler, H. M. McBrien; Club Committee, J. H. Young, C. W. Wilson, F. M. Barnett, F. W. Goodwin, E. L. Story.

We have a fine lot of Second-Hand Wheels



MANY FULLY EQUAL TO NEW AT LOW PRICES.

CALL OR SEND FOR LIST.

Specialty in Exchanging 2nd-Hand Wheels

FOR NEW RAPIDS, NEW MAILS, QUADRANTS, SPARKBROOKS, STARS, VICTORS, OR ANY OTHER MAKE.

We are Sole Agents for New York of the New Rapids, Quadrants and Sparkbrooks.

NEW YORK BICYCLE CO.,

HARLEM BRANCH—NOW OPEN

124th Street & 7th Avenue. } 38 Park Place, New York.

RENTING, REPAIRING, STORING.

FIXTURES.

July 8-13—Indiana Division Meet.
July 9-22—Ilderan B. C. Canadian Tour. H. C. Mettler, 71 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn.
July 12-13—Terre Haute, Ind., Race Meet. Anton Hulman, Secretary.
July 17—Two Weeks' Canadian Tour. Start from Boston. F. A. Elwell, Portland, Me.
July 26-28—Ohio Division Meet. Mansfield, Marion, and Springfield.
August 11, 12, 13—Cleveland Race Meet.

TENNIS FIXTURES.

July 11-15—Championship of Long Island, Meadow Club's Grounds, Southampton, L. I.

July 19—Buffalo Club's Tournament. Thomas C. Welch, 16 Coit Block.

August 2-4—Open Tournament at Boston.

August 2-4—Open Tournament at Boston.

August 9-12—Open Tournament at Bar Harbor.

August 9-12—Open Tournament at Bar Harbor.

August 16-20—Invitation at Nahant.

August 22-25—United States National Association Championship.

Sept. 6-9—Orange, N. J., Lawn Tennis Tournament.

No club dinner is complete without Royal Sec Champagne. Of this delightful brand, the *Wein and Spirit Review* writes: "Probably the most remarkable record in the history of the champagne trade ever scored, or rather the best record ever made by a yearling, is that of 'Royal Sec,' the importations of which by our friend Mr. A. B. Hart during the past year have mounted up to nearly five thousand cases. When it is considered that the first case of this now popular brand was placed upon the market one year ago last September, the above figures are something remarkable indeed." A. B. Hart, agent for the United States and Canada, 17 and 19 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE, EXCHANGE, WANTS.

SECOND-HAND WHEELS.—Where and how to sell and buy them. See advertisement of Manhattan Wheel Exchange in another column.

WANTED.—40 or 42 in. Pony, or 45 in. Star, 1886 model. Have to offer in exchange, billiard table, 5x8 camera, 15x15x4.6 wall tent, lot of mounted game birds, new side saddle. Address F. M. Carryl, Passaic Bridge, New Jersey.

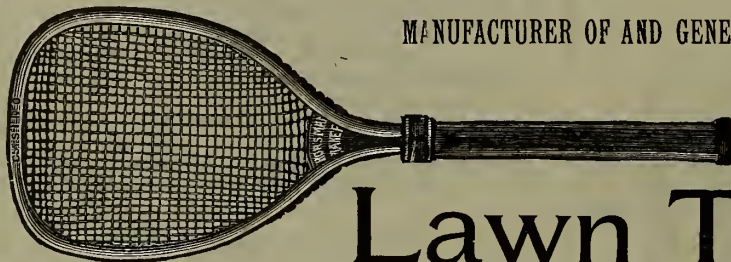
FOR SALE.—54 in. Victor Bicycle—roadster—good as new. Price \$100. Fred. O. Watrous, 1000 Center avenue, Bay City, Mich.

FOR SALE.—51 in. American Star, part special, good spring saddle, nicked and painted. A bargain at \$50. Write for description. Geo. H. Smith, Watson-town, Pa.

WANTED.—A 54 in. Crank Bicycle, in good condition. Name lowest cash price. Address L. A. H., P. O. Box 2772, New York.

STARS.—We have a number of "Special Stars," sizes 42 to 51 inches; in excellent condition; full particulars on application. New York Bicycle Co., 38 Park Place, N. Y.

NEW YORK WHEELMEN can find good storage for machines and pleasant dressing-rooms, in immediate vicinity of Riverside and Central Parks and Boulevard, half a block from L station. Call or address, H. Wimmel, 138 West 104th street, New York.



MANUFACTURER OF AND GENERAL HEADQUARTERS FOR

Lawn Tennis

E. I. HORSMAN,

80 & 82 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Special attention is called to my Improved "Casino," Special and Elberon Rackets for 1887. Special Rates to Clubs.

NEW YORK AGENT FOR THE

American Champion, Challenge, Safety, and Ideal Bicycles

SUNDRIES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Nickel-Plating and Repairing a Specialty.

SEND STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF TENNIS AND BICYCLES.



SECOND HAND Bicycles, Tricycles and Tandems. Send for clearance list, containing many genuine bargains, to the Coventry Machinist Co., 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

WANTED.—Second-hand Bicycles of all styles, also single and Tandem Tricycles for cash or on consignment. N. Y. Bicycle Co., 38 Park Place.

TO EXCHANGE.—A K of R. lantern, in good condition, for a good bicycle saddle, Kirkpatrick, or something similar, for Standard Columbia. E. B. Rittenhouse, State Road, Delaware.

NOTICE.—Is given that I am the individual and sole owner of Patents No. 250,737, Dec. 13, 1881, also 356,112, for "Lantern Hangers for Bicycles;" that any person making or causing to be made (without a personal license from me) or selling or causing to be sold any Lantern Hanger, embracing features shown, or described, in either of said patents, and not having legibly stamped the dates of the said patents upon each and every Hanger, will be duly prosecuted for infringement of the same. Warren L. Fish. Newark, N. J., June 10, 1887.

FOR SALE.—Camera, Lucidograph 5x8; Voiglander lens; extra plate holders; printing frames; ruby lamp; trays and chemicals. Cost \$90.00 two months ago. Price, complete, \$60.00. Amateur, P. O. Box 444, New York.

FOR SALE.—Bicycles—54 in. Rudge Light Roadster, '86 pattern; 54 in. Expert Columbia, full nickel, balls all round, new condition. Bargains. 34 Maiden Lane.

FOR SALE.—54 in. Columbia; direct spokes, ball bearings, ball pedals, Kirkpatrick saddle, cow-horn bar; also, cradle spring, flat spring and common saddle; price \$60. F. W. Gould, Rutland, Vt.

FOR SALE.—Great Bargain—A new 1887, 42 in. Special Pony Star, balls to front wheel, large nickel lantern, Z and S. bell carrier, foot rest and Star step; has not been run 25 miles; \$100 will buy it; that is \$25.50 less than manufacturing price. Address Box 73, Ancram, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—Genuine Humber Crippler Tricycle, little used, in excellent condition, cost new \$190, will sell for \$130. Address J. W. L., Box C, Newark, N. J.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

The "MARLBOROUGH" Racket, largest playing surface, octagon handle, best gut, excellent finish, \$5.00 each.



The "CLIMAX" Racket, used by expert players, best gut, beautifully finished, \$4.50 each.

DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.

Goods sent by mail if desired.

CUT PRICES

ON

Second-Hand Cycles.

ALL SIZES, ALL PRICES.

Send for List and save money.

S. T. CLARK & CO., Baltimore, Md.

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Buy, Sell or Exchange.
 ADVERTISE IN OUR
For Sale, Exchange,
and Wants Column.

Twenty-five Words, - - - Fifteen Cents.
 Two Insertions, - - - Twenty-five Cents.

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 BY TUESDAY MORNING.

J. O'CONNOR,
Practical * Boot * and * Shoe * Maker,
845 SIXTH AVENUE,

First door from S. W. cor. 48th St., NEW YORK.

All kinds of Foreign and Domestic Patent Dressings.
 A full assortment of Custom made Boots and Shoes
 always on hand at Reasonable Prices. Orders of every
 description promptly attended to and a perfect fit
 guaranteed.

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F. J. W. JAEGER,
Confectioner and Caterer,
 Bonbons, Chocolates, Caramels,

ICE CREAMS AND WATER ICES
 OF ALL VARIETIES AND FLAVORS.

MADISON AVENUE, COR. 59TH ST.,
 —NEW YORK.—

TEN THOUS. MILES ON A BI.—Now for sale at
 11 Warren st. and 313 W 58th st., where subscribers of
 N. Y., Brooklyn and Jersey City have the privilege of
 securing it at half price, if applied for before Aug. 1.
 Specimens of the indexes (which cover 75 pp. with
 10,468 titles and 22,806 references) and descriptive circulars
 may be had on personal application as above, or
 will be mailed by the publisher, "KARL KRON, at the
 University Building, New York City, D." The book has
 908 pp. of 675,000 words, is bound in dark blue muslin
 with gilt top, and is mailed postpaid for \$2, by the
 manufacturers, SPRINGFIELD PRINTING CO., Springfield,
 Mass.

ASK FOR THE

WENCK

PERFUMES AND TAKE NO OTHER.
 Wenck's Opera Bouquet is the latest.

ANDREW GRAFF,
 MANUFACTURER OF
SEAMLESS SHOES.

SPECIALTIES:

Running, Walking, Bicycle, Lawn
 Tennis, Foot Ball and Base
 Ball Shoes.

339 COURT STREET,
BROOKLYN, N. Y

Pat. March 2, 1886.



Reg. May 1, 1885.

For practice, SEAMLESS CANVAS RUNNING SHOE,
 Light, Strong and Cheap, to order \$3 and 3.50.

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

Genuine Royal Mail Bicycles and Tricycles.



DON'T PUT YOUR MONEY INTO AN
 IMITATION WHEN THE SAME
 AMOUNT WILL BUY THE GENUINE.

DON'T PUT YOUR MONEY INTO ANY
WHEEL WHEN THE SAME
 AMOUNT WILL BUY A GENUINE

ROYAL MAIL,

WITH

A NEW AND MUCH IMPROVED PATTERN
 OF TRIGWELL'S BALL HEAD.
 WARWICK HOLLOW RIMS.

NO MORE GRIP-TIRES.

BOWN'S GENUINE BALL BEARINGS
 THROUGHOUT.
 DETACHABLE CRANKS AND HANDLE BAR.
 OVAL BACKBONE, LACED SPOKES, ETC.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO

HENRY C. SQUIRES, 178 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
 SOLE UNITED STATES AGENT.

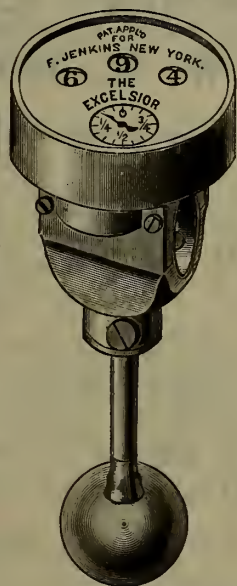


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PEOPLE OF REFINED TASTE, WHO DESIRE EXCEPTIONALLY
 FINE CIGARETTES SHOULD USE ONLY OUR STRAIGHT
 CUT, PUT UP IN SATIN PACKETS AND BOXES
 OF 10s. 20s. 50s. AND 100s.

14 First Prize Medals.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.



NOW READY!!!

The New Excelsior Cyclometer!

PRICE TEN DOLLARS.

IT REGISTERS 1000 MILES.

IT READS FROM THE SADDLE.

IT IS ACCURATE.

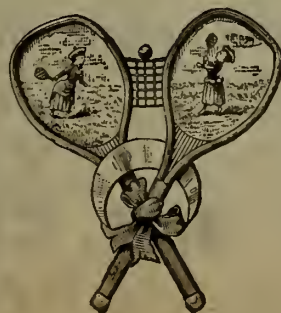
The finest workmanship ever put in a cyclometer. Every part is machine
 made and guaranteed accurate. Send for circulars.

FREDERICK JENKINS,

291 West 11th Street,
NEW YORK.

A limited number of the No. 2 Cyclometers, which register 100
 miles, will be sold at \$5.00 each, to close them out.

✳ **MAKER OF FINE JEWELRY.** ✳



HENRY C. HASKELL,
 No. 18 John Street, New York.

SPECIAL DESIGNS WITH ESTIMATES FOR PRIZES

BICYCLE, TENNIS, BOATING, SHOOTING, ATHLETIC CLUBS, &c.,
 BEYOND COMPETITION.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

—STAR—
Bicycles. STAR Tricycles.

—STAR—
H. J. HALL, Jr.,
1170½ Bedford Ave.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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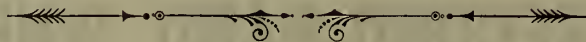
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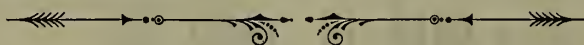
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