

THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

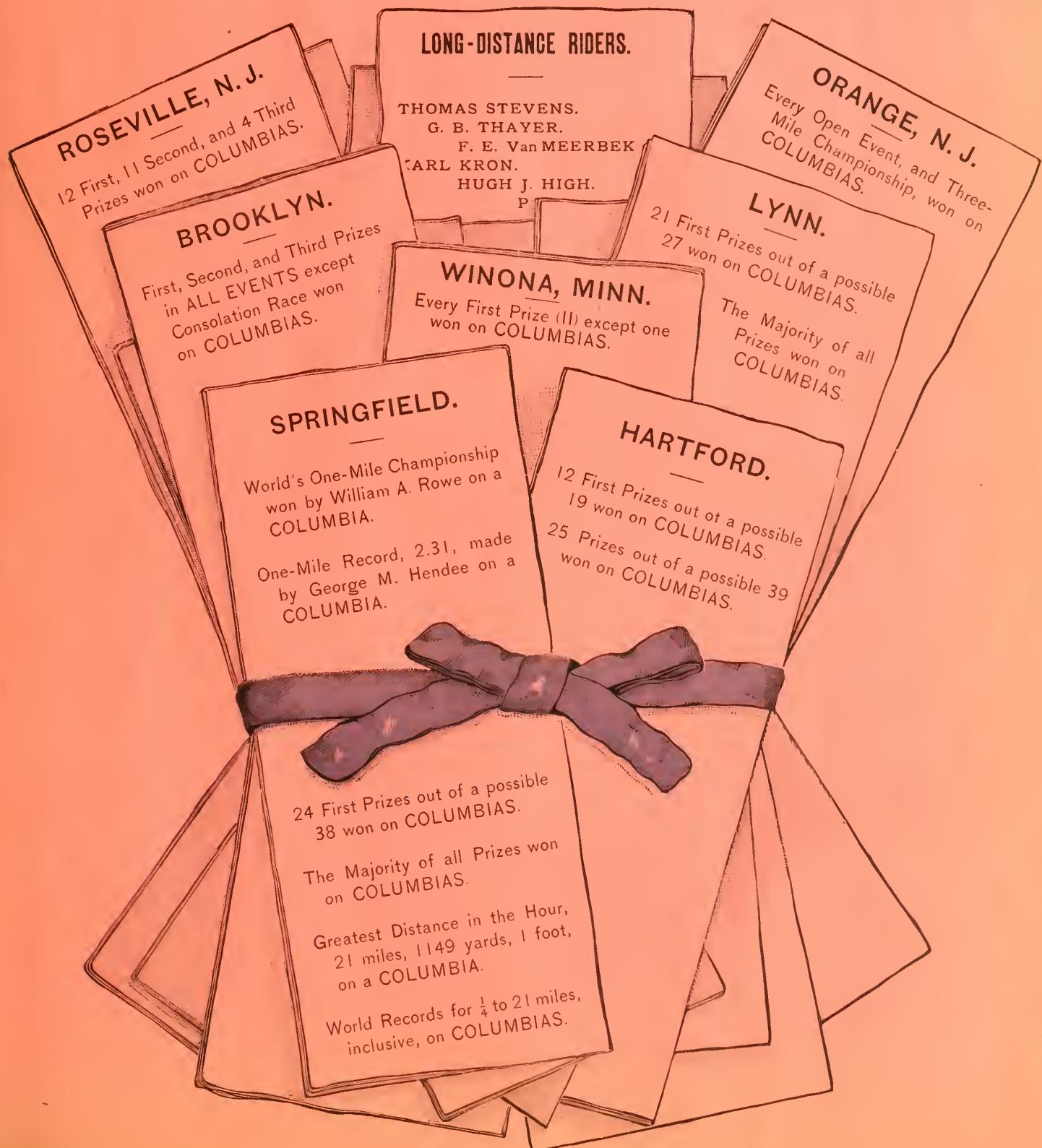
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VOL. I.—NO. 7.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER, 1886.

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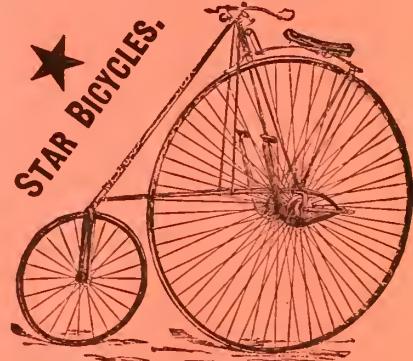
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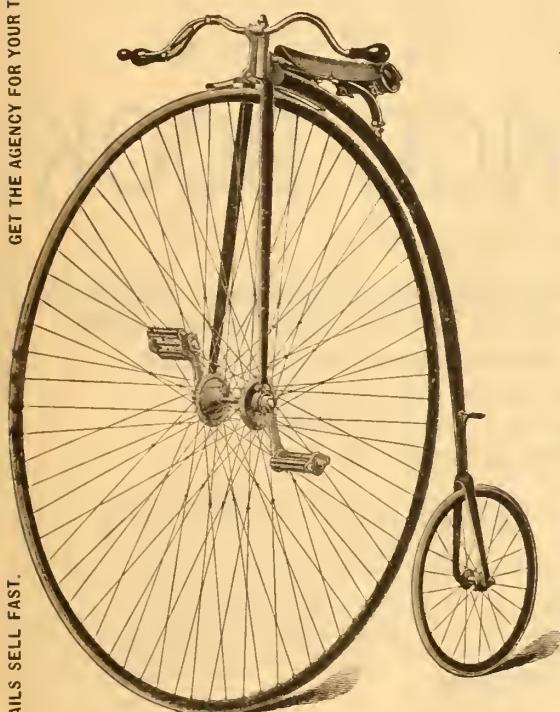
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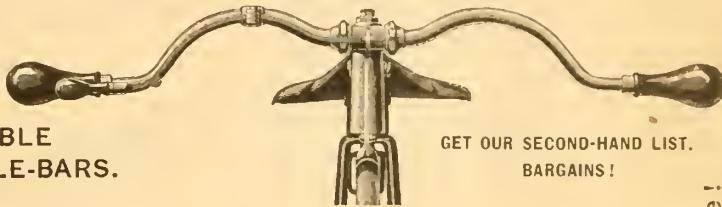
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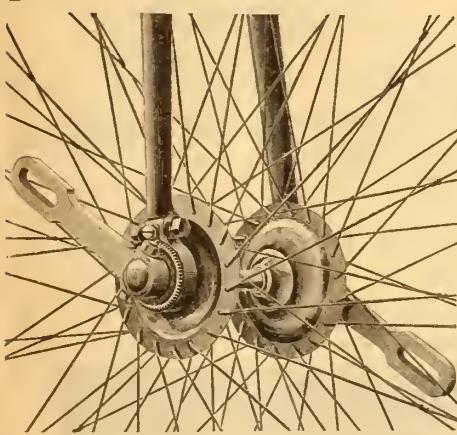
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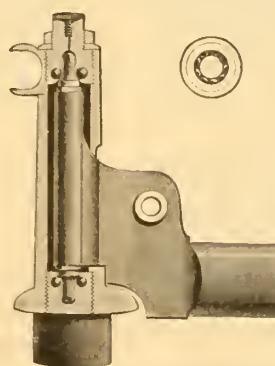
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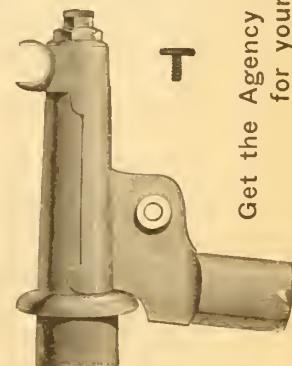


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—HENRY STURMEY, in *The Cyclist*, April 14, 1886.

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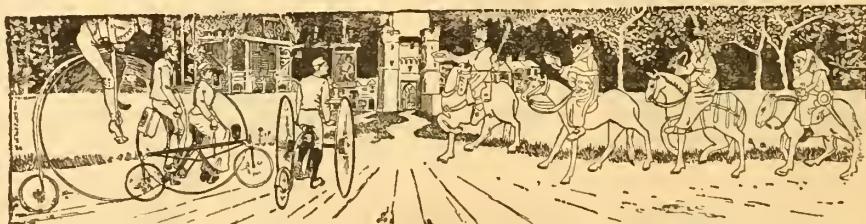
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New Albany, Ind., Sept. 13, 1886.

The Wheelmen's Gazette, Springfield, Mass.

The 100 copies of the Gazette containing our advertisement of "The Book-Keeper's Delight" reached us this morning; and we have to say, in reply, that the advertisement seems to have caught the eye of the people so readily that several orders and letters of inquiry had reached us through the mails before the copies arrived. We can heartily recommend the Gazette as a good advertising medium. We know nothing of the extent of your circulation, but the communications we have received from different parts of the United States evidently prove that the Gazette has no small number of readers. Two of your subscribers from the far West--Ogden, Utah--Mr. Funge and Mr. Griffin--ordered our combination. We are fully satisfied that "The Book-Keeper's Delight" is what all clerks and book-keepers want.

Yours truly, T. A. McDONALD & CO.

DICTATED

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER, 1886.

NO. 7.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Terms of Subscription.

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	25 cents.
Foreign Subscribers,	- - - - -	4 shillings.

HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

Communications must be in not later than the 20th of each month, to secure publication for the following month.

Address all Communications to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to same.

The trade supplied by the American News Co., New York.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

THE FALL TOURNAMENTS.

The fall meetings of our race promoting clubs were not the success financially that we had hoped for, although in many respects they far outshone all previous meetings. That five large meetings could be held covering eleven days' racing in one month argues well for racing in the future.

The meetings this fall were held against great odds, the unsettled state of the amateur question during the spring and summer keeping many men off the path who would otherwise have ridden; also the promateurs and the new A. C. U. were untried, and by some considered of a doubtful quality, but happily they were disappointed, for both proved that they can and will stand the test of time. We want more promateurs, just as two years ago we wanted more professionals. Then our cup of joy will be full. Still, every year we are more and more convinced that the amateur law as regards cycle racing must be abolished. Why not let Americans take the lead? Establish a rigid system of classes and the sport of cycle racing will take a great leap forward. England is now considering the matter, and has twenty adherents to-day where there was one a year ago. The recent suspensions of the N. C. U. have helped the matter along somewhat and set our English cousins thinking. Come, let us rise above our feeling of old fogeyism, do away with the sentimental, and abolish the amateur law, and in future govern our meetings with a grain of common sense.

RECORD BREAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

The season of record breaking for 1886 began on Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., Saturday, August 28, when W. A. Rhodes accomplished five miles in 13.30, beating the world's record. Rhodes's time for the intermediate miles, were: First mile, 2.36 $\frac{2}{3}$; second mile, 5.19; third mile, 8.01 $\frac{1}{2}$; fourth mile, 10.48 $\frac{1}{2}$; five miles, 13.30; beating Wm. A. Rowe's time by 27 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds. On September 30, the Overman Wheel Company gave notice to the A. C. U. officials, that on October 8, they would attempt the feat of riding twenty-one miles within the hour, and on September 9, would ride for the 100-mile record. How well they suc-

ceeded the following will show: Rhodes's twenty-one miles within the hour is to-day what Cortis's ride of twenty miles was a few years ago, simply wonderful; and we almost see the ambitious youth now trying for twenty-two miles, and we believe it can be done under proper circumstances, such as pace-makers, weather, etc. On Hampden Park track, Saturday, Oct. 9, F. F. Ives, of the Victor team, rode for the 100-mile record, and succeeded in making new world's records from twenty-two miles up to and including sixty-eight miles. On this ride Mr. Ives accomplished forty miles in 2h. 17 $\frac{2}{3}$ s., an equally wonderful feat when compared with Rhodes's twenty-one miles, 534 yards in the hour.

No sooner were the above records made and set down, than Wm. A. Rowe, who, for some reason unknown, had been dubbed with the title of champion record breaker of the world, set himself to work to better Rhodes's time for the hour, and on Tuesday, October 12, rode twenty-one miles, 1,149 yards within the hour. This lacks some of the glory which attaches itself to Rhodes as being the first man to accomplish the twenty-one miles within the hour. Rowe's chance is now to do the twenty-two miles, which we firmly believe can be done. For convenience we append the records as they stood before Rhodes's breaking of them, and Rowe's subsequent alterations. Rhodes's record stood the test of time just five days.

RECORDS SEPT., 1886	REVISED		REVISED BY ROWE.
	OCT. 8, '86	OCT. 12, '86	
MILES HELD BY	BY RHODES.	BY ROWE.	
1 Hendee,	2.31	2.48	2.46 2-5
2 Rhodes,	5.19	5.38	5.28 4-5
3 Rhodes,	8.01 1-5	8.33 4-5	8.11
4 Rhodes,	10.48 4-5	11.19 1-5	10.57 3-5
5 Rhodes,	13.30	14.11 1-5	13.42 1-5
6 Rowe,	16.47	16.57 2-5	16.31 1-5
7 Rowe,	19.38	19.48 3-5	19.16
8 Rowe,	22.24 2-5	22.37 1-5	22.04 1-5
9 Rowe,	25.18 2-5	25.18 2-5	24.48
10 Rowe,	28.03 2-5	28.17 3-5	27.37 1-5
11 Rowe,	31.37 1-5	31.11	30.22 2-5
12 Rowe,	34.32 3-5	33.57 1-5	33.09
13 Rowe,	37.24 3-5	36.52	35.54 2-5
14 Rowe,	40.25	39.38 3-5	38.43 2-5
15 Rowe,	43.26 1-5	42.29 2-5	41.32 1-5
16 Rowe,	46.29 2-5	45.14 1-5	44.25
17 Rowe,	49.25	48.03 4-5	47.12 1-5
18 Rowe,	52.25 1-5	50.38 2-5	50.00
19 Rowe,	55.22 2-5	53.38 1-5	52.47 2-5
20 Rowe,	58.20	56.28 2-5	55.36
21 Ives,	1.06.25 2-5	59.12 2-5	58.19 2-5

1 Hour, Rowe at Springfield, Oct. 19, 1886, 20 m., 1012 1-3 yrs.
 " Rhodes " Oct. 8, 1886, 21 m., 534 yds.

" Rowe, " Oct. 12, 1886, 21 m., 1119 yds.

[World's records as they stand to-day in **Bold Face Type**.]

F. F. Ives, whom we believe capable of still further reducing the 100-mile record, lost all of the world's records above sixty-eight miles by a foolish bit of indulgence. At fifty miles hunger seemed to overtake him, and eat he would, and eat and drink he did, till at last, with an overloaded stomach loginess set in, and Ives was lazy from over-feeding. Nevertheless, his riding was remarkable, and we append the world's records, both old and new, as

they now stand up to sixty-eight miles. Beyond that, Ives succeeded only in capturing the American record by 21m. 44 $\frac{2}{3}$ s.

HELD BY	TIME.	MILES.	F. F. IVES.
Fenlon,	1.05.31 3-5	22	1.05.17
Fenlon,	1.08.35 1-5	23	1.08.31
Fenlon,	1.11.40 3-5	24	1.11.31 1-5
Fenlon,	1.14.38	25	1.14.23 1-5
Woodside,	1.18.56 2-5	26	1.17.19
Woodside,	1.22.21	27	1.20.16 1-5
Woodside,	1.25.49 4-5	28	1.23.13 1-5
Woodside,	1.29.22 1-5	29	1.26.11 3-5
Woodside,	1.32.56 1-5	30	1.29.07 4-5
Woodside,	1.36.45	31	1.32.05 3-5
Woodside,	1.40.22 1-5	32	1.35.03 2-5
Woodside,	1.44.06	33	1.38.01 1-5
Woodside,	1.47.43	34	1.41.00
Lees,	1.50.24	35	1.44.05 4-5
Woodside,	1.55.28 3-5	36	1.47.18 1-5
Woodside,	1.59.19 3-5	37	1.50.34 4-5
Woodside,	2.03.15 1-5	38	1.53.47 2-5
Jephson,	2.06.49 1-5	39	1.57.01
Jephson,	2.10.65 4-5	40	2.00.17 2-5
Jephson,	2.13.31 3-5	41	2.03.30 3-5
Jephson,	2.16.51 2-5	42	2.06.48
Adam,	2.20.18 4-5	43	2.10.04
Vesey,	2.23.42 1-5	44	2.13.25 4-5
Jephson,	2.27.05 4-5	45	2.16.42 2-5
Keith-Falconer,	2.30.33 2-5	46	2.19.56 1-5
Jephson,	2.34.04 3-5	47	2.23.23
Jephson,	2.37.43 1-5	48	2.26.44 2-5
Jephson,	2.41.08 2-5	49	2.30.11 4-5
Keith-Falconer,	2.43.58.3-5	50	2.33.54
Hillier,	2.55.24	51	2.46.01 1-5
Waller,	2.58.43	52	2.49.12 3-5
Hillier,	3.02.50	53	2.53.17 1-5
Waller,	3.05.32	54	2.56.50
Fry,	3.10.58	55	3.00.14
Waller,	3.13.02	56	3.03.38
Fry,	3.18.03	57	3.06.59 3-5
Waller,	3.20.08	58	3.10.26
Fry,	3.25.01	59	3.15.54 3-5
Waller,	3.27.15	60	3.17.20
Fry,	3.32.07	61	3.20.55
Waller,	3.34.18	62	3.21.42 3-5
Fry,	3.39.01	63	3.28.11 3-5
Waller,	3.41.34	64	3.32.14
Fry,	3.45.55	65	3.36.02
Waller,	3.48.49	66	3.39.49
Fry,	3.52.45	67	3.43.59 1-5
Fry,	3.56.12	68	3.45.37

The officials were: Referee, Howard P. Merrill; judges, Asa Wendell, A. O. Sinclair, Mr. Peet; timers, Fred R. Brown, Charles P. Adams, William Bleloch; scorer, Howard P. Merrill; starter, John Illston.

ON THE ROAD.

The records have suffered considerably by an attack on them by Stillman G. Whittaker, of Chicago, who was ably backed by Gormully & Jeffery, whose wheel (the Champion) Mr. Whittaker rode. The ride was begun at Crawfordsville, Ind., on Friday, September 24, at 5 A. M., Mr. Whittaker reaching the 25-mile post in 1h. 30m.; 50 miles in 2h. 55m. 46 1-2s., beating the record held by Golden of England, by 9m. 13 1-2s.; the 75 miles were made in 4h. 41m. 30s.; 100 miles, 6h. 43m. 59s., thus beating the American record of A. A. McCurdy, made last November by 1h. 7m. 31s., and falling short only by 4m. 54s. of E. Hale's

English records, which was a grand performance when the roads are taken into consideration. The following records with certificate of measurements tell their own story. The ride was run under the A. C. U. rules, which makes the record one of the most remarkable achievements of the wheel in America.

To whom it may concern:—

Know ye, That I, Stillman G. Whittaker, do hereby claim the following road records of the world, made, under the rules of the American Cyclist Union, on Friday, September 24th, 1886, over the New Richmond and Potato Creek gravel roads, in Montgomery county, Indiana. The bicycle, used by me on this occasion, was manufactured by Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery, of Chicago, Illinois.

The following is a correct record of miles run and the time of running the same, to wit:—

25 miles.	Time:	1 hour, 31 minutes, 00 seconds.
50 "	"	2 " 55 " 46 1-2 "
75 "	"	4 " 41 " 30 "
100 "	"	6 " 43 " 59 "

STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER.

We, the undersigned, certify the said Stillman G. Whittaker's claim to the above record is just and correct in every respect.

Given under our hands, at Crawfordsville, Indiana, this 29th day of September, 1886.

W. H. PONTIUS, *Referee.* CHAS. E. GILBERT, *Judge.*

FRED. T. BROWN, *Timer.* NED OLIVER, *Judge.*

M. H. INSLEY, *Timer.* TOM B. NICHOLSON, *Scorer.*

M. B. KEEGAN, *Timer.* ALBERT S. MILLER, *Scorer.*

SAM SMITH, *Timer.* H. T. COONS, *Starter.*

The fifty miles of gravelled road in Montgomery and Tippecanoe counties, Indiana, measured by me, with the assistance of Stillman Whittaker and Geo. Fouts, to be used as a bicycle course, to the best of my knowledge I aver to be correct.

H. C. McCLEUR, *Civil Engineer.*

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, October 4, 1886.

SPRINGFIELD'S FALSEHOODS.

That eminently respectable, usually conservative, high-toned, moral cycling paper, the London *Cyclist*, is out with a statement under the startling head-line as above, and then goes on to show that Springfield never had any show of the Englishmen visiting America this fall, and that in the end all was a deliberate falsehood. The *Cyclist* says:—

Were there the least foundation for the assertion that three parts of the riders named would visit America this year we could allow the rest for possibilities, but under all circumstances we can only characterize the assertion as a deliberate falsehood with the object of "booming" the tournament on false pretenses. We are loth to call it by such a hard name, but can use no other. * * * * * Readers of our columns ere this know that of those mentioned only Wood, James, and Langdown will be present, and that, with the exception of Howell, Allard, and Duncan, neither of the others have had the remotest intention of visiting Springfield this year, whilst we are told by a contemporary last week that the "leader of the English party" had wired to Ducker saying that no English amateurs would attend on account of the N. C. U. action, though here we assert that the N. C. U. refusal to grant permits to our riders to meet the promateurs scarcely affected the matter one iota, as, long before the request, our minutest inquiries failed to unearth one amateur who intended going.

The above seems to the uninitiated almost wholly unanswerable, but such is not the case; and if the *Cyclist* and the N. C. U. knew as much about the English amateurs as we do on this side, and as Harry Etherington has told them on the other side, our case would clear itself; but while the English cycling public are so willing to be gulled, we cannot help them. That any and all of the English amateurs who have ever visited America are promateurs as much as Hendee, Rowe, Ives, Rhodes, and others, we can easily prove; and by that we will not except even Percy Furnivall. We consider it no disgrace, only as the English cycling press keep up a continual lying relative to it, whether through ignorance or for fear of offending

their advertisers, we know not; but the misrepresentations exist, and to an alarming extent. But to return to our subject. The Springfield Bicycle Club, through their president, Henry E. Ducker, did make arrangements with certain agents, importers, and manufacturers, to be represented at Springfield by amateur and professional racing men, and in turn were told that upon certain conditions (viz., the paying of a certain sum) they could have them. Said conditions were agreed upon, and then they had a right to suppose the contract would be fulfilled, and so announced the same, all in good faith. There were a few not mentioned in the contracts who were included in the list of expected visitors; these the club received private notification would be present, but at the same time classed them among the doubtful. At the time (September 8) the *Cyclist* announced the above, the club had been publishing for over a week that the Englishmen would not be present, and the *GAZETTE* had been mailed a week or more containing notices to that effect. The first intimation that none were coming, came from Harry Etherington; otherwise they had every reason to believe the men would be present, especially after agreeing to pay nearly \$1,500 to said agents, importers, and manufacturers, towards defraying the expenses of the trip. They agreed to pay upon the delivery of the goods, which were not forthcoming, hence the disappointment.

As illustrating the old adage, "There are none so blind as those that won't see," we clip the following from the *Bicycling News*, whose erratic editor cannot, or will not, see a hole in the wall:—

The Springfield *Republican* says: "It is not generally known, perhaps, that the Springfield Bicycle Club never has dealings with the racing Englishmen themselves, whether professionals or amateurs, but simply negotiates with British cycle makers for the appearance of their best men, and these firms send such riders as they choose. But the makers' amateurs seem to have decided that they prefer to maintain allegiance to the N. C. U. rather than stand by their contract with the manufacturers." (1) It is instructive to know how we manage these things in England, and we copy this because we are afraid the English people are not half up in the ways of our manufacturers or our racing men. If the American public can swallow all this seriously, it could swallow anything, and we intend to set to work at once to make up a falsehood which for magnitude has never been dreamed of, much less approached, and with it we will try the believers in such outrageous tales. (2) Why, our manufacturers would declare such statements to be lies, our amateurs would describe them as lies, and as we are the only ones who seem to have seen the paragraph, we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be a pack of lies altogether.

(1) We for one cannot believe that our dear friend, G. Lacy, is as ignorant as the paragraph would have him appear. We have always given him the credit of knowing just a little, but lacking common sense, and therefore had some pity to bestow on the poor unenlightened individual. After the above admission of know-nothingism, we shall expect all sorts of mad ravings. (2) The *Republican's* statement is easily proven, and if G. Lacy will accept as proofs certain letters which the club have in their possession they will endeavor to convince him in the following manner: These letters in evidence will be sent to A. J. Wilson, London, with the proviso that the contents, the riders named therein, or the amounts to be paid, shall not be divulged on any account but shall be held in sacred confidence. They hold a full hand and can show how utterly ignorant G. Lacy Hillier is of the methods used and employed by certain promateurs who pose as amateurs by the feeble assistance afforded by Saint Hillier, of London, Eng.

We have gone into the matter more fully than

the case demands, but as the club's honor had been attacked, they desire to show that all their announcements were made in good faith, and we will cite one case in point. A letter from Henry E. Ducker to Henry Sturmy, early in the season, looking towards making arrangements for cabling the results of the Hartford and Springfield meetings (as Mr. Ducker has done for the past two years), was met by the answer from Mr. Sturmy that the firm of Iliffe & Sturmy would send over a representative. Private advices said it was to be Saint Hillier. That accounts for Mr. Hillier's name being mentioned, although classed as doubtful.

The largest bicycle ever made for road use has just been made to order and shipped to R. B. Bolton, Whitesboro, Texas. It is a 64-inch full nickeled Expert Columbia of the very latest pattern. Mr. Bolton is twenty-two years old, and measures six feet, seven inches, in his stocking feet. He contemplates a trip from Texas to Dayton. The machine was sold through the agency of A. W. Gump, of Dayton, O.

The Overman Wheel Co. have set all record breakers a good example in the matter of breaking records. Mr. Overman has been very desirous of keeping within the cycling laws, and decided to follow out the strictest of them. They therefore adopted those of the A. C. U. and in each case gave the full seven days' notice of their intention. A full set of officials were on hand, and the A. C. U. appointed an official timer for the various events. Records made in this way are far more difficult than those attained last fall and are deserving of much more credit.

Great credit is due the Springfield daily papers for the prompt and efficient manner in which the tournament was reported. The *Union* published every evening a glowing account of the day's doings, and the *Republican* gave each morning a full account of the races, including portraits of the winners. At the close of the tournament both papers issued an extra containing the full report of the four days' meetings, and we would advise every one who wishes to see a graphic account of the meeting, to send five cents to the *Republican*, and the same to the *Union*, and secure one of their unexcelled bicycle extras.

The promateur is a grand success viewed from almost any light. The only drawback this season was, there were not enough of them. Still they made a good showing. They allowed the amateurs full sway, and we predict that another season unless the amateur definition should be swept away (and we hope it will be), the promateur class will be largely augmented, for this fall has been enough to show that the simon pure amateurs do not care enough for racing to pay for the fun of it. It has helped the manufacturers, inasmuch as they know just how much money must be spent for the season's racing. Now that the amateurs find out racing is costly they will gladly accept assistance.

"There is an evidence of how an American girl goes ahead," said a friend to me as a stunning looking girl swept by on a two-tracker. "Six months ago she was a saleslady in Redstar's at \$6 a week, and now she wears silks and satins and diamonds galore." "Caught a prize in a lottery, eh?" "Better than that. She had a dead sure thing. You see she had two offers of marriage, one from a plumber and one from a bicycle dealer, and she took the latter."—*The Wheel*.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



OULD you not send on to us here some of the luck which attends your Springfield race-meetings? We have decided to have a pedaling exhibition here of our own, and a week from now will show whether the usual luck will befall the effort. I suppose the wheelmen of every locality which has ever tried its hand at a race meeting have experienced the same sensations. The major portion of them developing within themselves the sensation of curiosity, and sometimes of what must be called unfriendly criticism, while the minor portion developed and experienced the sensation of what work was like, and what feeling tired was like, and what it was to do a lot of things for other people who hardly half appreciated what was being done for them. I have often wondered why it was that from its inception there was and is still such scant courtesy shown to cycling and to those who take an interest in it. It is no harm to touch on such matters now; we have had our fill of racing and its attendant pleasures, and now that the rush of our meets is over, and one gets a chance to look round and note facts and events, and weigh causes and effects, the truth appeals still more than ever to the observer that the return for all the fuss is not commensurate with the outlay and effort. This fact, for it is a fact, makes me ask why it is that a recreation such as cycling, possessing the character that it does, the eminently individual character that it does, has not met with more support? I remember from the very first time that the iron-tired wooden monstrosity termed a velocipede went grinding and groaning along over the foot pavement—not the roadway, remember—of the conservative British town where I was then rejoicing in the luxury of innocence of all wrong-doing save the sin of wearing the knees out of my knickerbockers—not cycling ones, then—up to the present time, public sentiment has most unaccountably fought shy of cycling. Only a few days ago I heard a sensible man make the statement that the bicyclists as a general rule were a genus of dudes, or aesthetes, and he wanted very much to find out what there was in cycling which threw round all cyclers an apparent atmosphere of exclusiveness. He wanted above all things to find out what there was in cycling, which, as he termed it, "gave to all the young sprigs who affected the sport, the bearing of being better than everybody else on this here old planet." I could not tell him, nor could any one else who was by. To have told him that cycling, pure and simple, has an elevating instead of a lowering tendency in the case of the vast majority of those who follow it would have been like pouring water into a sand pit; it would never have had the slightest effect in shaking the opinion of this good man that all cyclers were whole dudes and half fools. Talking about the elevating tendency of cycling, your readers will pardon me for allowing an idea to run in here. I like an olla-podrida, a jumble, even a mix-up now and then; and as these jottings partake of a gossipy nature, I shall be pardoned, I know, when I say that talking of the elevating of human beings' natures, etc., by cycling, causes my mind to revert to a fact which I have noticed of late, and that is, that the tendency amongst wheelmen has been trending towards a lowering of their bodily

status. I don't mean that the cycling world as a whole has gone into training; heaven forbid that; I hate to see a man trained down to half a skeleton, but what I mean is, that dwarf bicycles, tricycles, and medium sized regular wheels are fast getting things all their own way, and the spectacle now of a five-foot man bestraddling a machine built for a six-footer is becoming very rare indeed. While in the park a few days since, I saw in the vicinity of the new race track which will be baptized next Saturday, a remarkable number of small machines, safety bicycles and tricycles. "Faciles," "Rudge safeties," "American safeties," even a "Rover," were represented. Of course there were numbers of "Stars" round. I tried a new "Facile" machine which a friend had just procured and was having a first ride on. The little thing felt rather awkward at first, but though for myself I prefer the regulation bicycle, I can easily understand how a timid individual, or one who does not care about looking—as our old critic before mentioned would say—"too big for the planet," would take kindly to any of the numerous safety machines on the market. The "Rover" is a curious looking machine, but it must be a good one for steady work. I see that our "Rover" rider here makes short work of the hills. I do not mean speedy work, but easy, sure work; you can go fast on the thing, too, though it looks like—well, I don't know what it looks like, when the rider is on it. I got the very original idea into my head that it looked like a giant ant.

Next week Philadelphia is to have a race meeting given under the auspices of the Association for the Advancement of Cycling. Things look very promising for a successful affair, and only you go to press so early I might have had the chance of chronicling in this month's "Jottings" the first real success in the matter of a race meet that has yet rewarded the efforts of Philadelphia cyclers. A track has been laid in West Philadelphia, close to where the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club is located, and as there appears to be more work this time and less "blowing" than in times past over like undertakings here, the chances are that there will be some fun next week for our local cyclers. The Association for the Advancement of Cycling is making itself felt in more ways than one, and this modest effort at a race meet should meet with encouragement. There will be some respectable racing, too. We have no Hendees or Rowes, but Louis Hill and Schaefer, of the Pennsylvania Club, and Sam Gideon, Nicholls, and a few others of the Germantown Club will undoubtedly make good time. Talking of this meeting brings up the much-to-be-regretted unpleasantness which has occurred in connection therewith between Mr. George D. Gideon and the Association for the Advancement of Cycling, under whose auspices the races were to be held. Mr. Gideon being an old racer, and having an intimate knowledge of racing matters, has been generally connected with committees of the L. A. W., both State and National, which have attended to track matters; and it was while serving on a committee to get up the meeting under notice that the fuss originated which has estranged him from some of his old friends. Occurrences of this kind generally have more weight attached to them and are accorded more notice than they merit or should have, and it would not surprise me to find permanent results accruing from what in the beginning was a mistake, or, at most, an error of judgment. There is no lack, when any kind of a fuss occurs,

of friendly critics, who put in a little oar to chin up the foam of unrest a little faster, or add a little wind to help up a small storm to the dimensions of a hurricane, and, as I said before, very unpleasant consequences may grow out of this misunderstanding in the first place, developing into a mistake in the second place, and perhaps ending in the third place in action detrimental to cycling interests. The whole story of the affair is, that Mr. Gideon, being on the committee to get up the meet, differed from his two colleagues in the matter of where the races should be run, they declaring for a track in West Philadelphia handy to the city and the whole cycling fraternity in the city, while he wanted the races held on a track—a better one we will allow, though we do not know exactly as to this matter, than the one in West Philadelphia—situated in Camden across the river from Philadelphia. Mr. Gideon, with the eye of a racer, noted the shortness of the turns on the favored track, and declared he would have none of it even in the face of a majority of his committee. Of course he was outvoted, and if he had been sharp he would have let well alone and trusted to events to bear out the correctness of his judgment by some unlucky cypher breaking his neck bobbing round a corner; but instead of following this course, he committed a grave error of judgment in notifying men who might be expected to take part in the races, that the track was unsafe, and warning them not to ride. This was an error of judgment; it ought to be considered nothing more. Mr. Gideon, no doubt, owing to what might be called the professional nicety of an old racer's eye, concluded that the track was an unsafe one, and it is but fair to suppose that he honestly felt that if such was the case, it was his duty to warn riders of what he considered a serious fact. If so, well and good. But if he had any personal motive, any childish desire to get even with his committee for going contrary to his individual opinion, then his action is reprehensible. There now, that is as far as it is profitable to criticise on an occurrence which is very much to be regretted, and if the matter is let alone, the principals will no doubt forget which of them was absolutely right, and which absolutely wrong. Be the track safe or unsafe, the races are to be run, and as much fun is to be had out of the business as is possible, and as much done as can be done towards furthering cycling interests here. In connection with this local fracas I hear that Mr. Ewing L. Miller has been appointed by Chief Consul Wells to take Mr. Gideon's place as chairman of the State racing board. The secretary-editor is hugging himself over the immediate prospect of the L. A. W. reaching the coveted total membership of ten thousand. Ten thousand will not satisfy him, however; he will want more. It is a pity there is not a conscription law in the cycling world, and it would not be long before the indefatigable secretary-editor would have a young grand army under the banner of the L. A. W. There is a young army there already, and as solid a one as Xenophon's phalanx of heroic runaways.

CHRIS.

In speaking of the Springfield tournament, the New York *Clipper* says: "As in previous years, since this event became our leading annual cycling fixture, the general management was worthy of praise, and the result attained cannot but enhance the reputation of the track and of the Springfield Bicycle Club, under whose auspices the mammoth tournament is yearly given."

LAKE CITY ITEMS.



WAS in Indiana last week. Went down to see Stillman G. Whittaker have a go at the records. The course selected was a fifty-mile straightaway, with a starting point about a mile and a half from Crawfordsville, a pretty little town of about nine thousand inhabitants, forty-five miles from Indianapolis. To avoid all question as to the distance traveled, the course was surveyed by a competent local civil engineer.

The rules of the A. C. U. were strictly adhered to in the matter of officers in charge, though an absence of promateurs made pace-making impossible, and checkers were stationed along the route and at each end. Mr. Harry Pontius, the local L. A. W. consul, was referee, and selected his staff from the bicyclers in the neighborhood. At exactly 5 A. M., Friday, Sept. 24, the starter fired the pistol, and Whittaker was off at a three-minute gait, intending to cut under Geo. Weber's, as well as the English, record for fifty miles or die. You will remember that Whittaker took a severe header in the famous Clarksville race, which made the first place an easy win for Weber, and he has long had it in mind to get under Weber's time at the first opportunity. He was in splendid form, the gravel road in capital condition, having been settled by a few days of hard rain, not a breath of air was stirring, and it was two to one among the crowd who came to see him off, before he was out of sight, that the record would have to go. Whittaker reached the 25-mile stake at 6.31, and without a rest, excepting to get off and on again, he started on the return trip. Quite a crowd had assembled to see him finish, which he did at 7h. 55m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., having made the last 25 miles in 1h. 24m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Weber's record was lowered by 11 minutes and the English record by 9 minutes. He was in fine condition, and insisted upon having a try at the 100 miles, so after a thorough rub-down he was off again with only 8 minutes lost. He reached the 75-mile point at 9h. 41m. 30s., and losing no time he was about for the 100-mile finish, and at 11h. 43m. 59s. he crossed the tape, 1 hour and 7 minutes inside of McCurdy's record. That Huntley record was touched pretty quick, was it not? Whittaker ended the 100 miles in fine shape, notwithstanding a nasty accident on the last 25 miles, which consumed 20 minutes. He scared a pair of horses driven by ladies; the horses ran and Whittaker after them, and having caught them, walked back with them to the owners, taking a bad header as he mounted his wheel again. Cheer after cheer went up when the time for the 100 miles was read, and the whole crowd were eager to do something for him. We gave him a good rub-down and let him have plenty of milk and beef tea to drink, a couple of sticks of roast duck, and then a half hour's sleep rolled up in blankets. He was very anxious to keep right on for the 24-hour record, and thought that his gain in time would more than compensate for his fast riding so far, so at the expiration of an hour and eight minutes he was off again at what seemed to me was a 2.50 pace. It was now the time for him to get some of his proverbial bad luck. Half a mile from New Richmond, which is 13 miles from Crawfordsville, Whitt was riding at a terrific pace, with his nose

right over the tire, when he ran plump over a cow lying in the middle of the road, and as matter of course the result was about the worst cropper he had ever taken, thoroughly winding him and bruising him up generally, so that he could not mount his machine, which, by the way, did not suffer from the fall beyond a bent handle-bar. He is a marvel in the way of unadulterated grit, however, and pushed his wheel into New Richmond, making the 13 miles, including the half-mile walk, in 42 minutes, showing that this was the fastest time of the day. He did not feel like continuing, and a carriage brought him into Crawfordsville, where he received a perfect ovation from the town, which had lost its head over the performance. And so ended this ride against time, and it is, in my opinion, so far the greatest in the history of the sport. Of course you want to know what wheel he used. It was a 51-inch American Champion Roadster, exactly like the ordinary, excepting that the front wheel had a seven-eighth instead of an inch tire.

Now, gentlemen, I would like to say a word about the magnificent roads in this section of the country. A fifty-mile straightaway, devoid of stones and hills, can be had almost anywhere. This particular one is as good as any, perhaps. Gormully & Jeffery had it surveyed and staked, thinking it was an available point to go for long distance records, so that it is now ready for any of the ambitious ones in this direction. Crawfordsville has been aroused and is willing to do all in its power in the way of assisting any record breaker that comes there. Say, what a place this would be for Whittaker, McCurdy, and Hollinsworth to come together, with perhaps a couple more of the fast ones! I believe that should the manufacturers unite and put up a thousand-dollar medal, the promateurs would run for it, and that Hollinsworth would be willing to sacrifice his status for the sake of winning such a race and medal. Come, gentlemen, let us hear from you on this subject!

The Indianapolis races, set for Sept. 27 and 28, owing to continued rains which completely ruined the track, were postponed until Oct. 8 and 9. It was a great disappointment to the boys, as nearly all the entries were on the ground, and all the surrounding states were represented. We staid until Monday night, however, before we took the train for home. But most of the boys will return, and I trust that Indianapolis will have a successful meet, as they have certainly worked hard for it, and have offered prizes that it will be worth while to win.

"VERAX."

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 1, 1886.

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To own and ride a horse or drive a gig is, in some people's minds, such a sign of superiority as to raise them immediately above the common or roadside cyclist. Under these circumstances, the following true tale is absolutely too good to avoid telling: It was under the willow trees on the strand at Barnes close by the pebbly bank of Father Thames, just below the "Black Bull," that two tandemists were sheltering, when advent to them a horseman and two ladies also to shelter. The grating of a boat's keel on the pebbly bank caused one horse to slightly shy and drew forth from the gentleman the following: "Ah! he ain't used to *gondolas* like them *Vienna* horses." Since the gentleman expressed his delight after a stormy passage at getting once more on *terra cotta*, we have heard nothing better in its line than this.—*Cyclist.*

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.



RITING within a few hours of the opening of the world's gathering at Springfield I may be permitted to say that I am not alone in France when I wish the promoter and those who take part in the meeting every success. It is said that the gods bestow favorable regard on a brave man struggling with adversity, and in the interests of cycling it is to be hoped that our editor will come up smiling in face of the English policy of abstrusion. While on this subject let me express the hope that all references to the intended visit of French riders to America were cut out of my last letter; at the time of penning those remarks I knew that Duncan, De Civry, and Dubois had made up their minds to run at Springfield, but riders propose and makers dispose. An unpleasant incident in connection with their German trip led Messrs. Rudge to dispense with their services, and so at the end of August these three riders were left without makers to ride for, and consequently did not go to Springfield. There is the plain reason of their absence; it was no question of amateurism, and at the end of the first week in September De Civry was still without a permanent mount. Dubois was not long in settling down with the Beeston Humber people, and I have seen a letter penned by Starley Sutton stating that Duncan is much pleased with their Rover and intends making some records on it in France. Without any intention of being satirical I may remark that there is plenty of room for improvement between the record of 18m. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. just made by Fred Lees at Christiania and Duncan's 20m. 48 $\frac{2}{3}$ s. for the championship of France. Let us hope that another year these riders will not quarrel with their employers on the eve of the great American meeting.

Off the racing ground "Baby" has absorbed the attention of cyclists during the past few weeks. Mr. Daniels, otherwise known as "Baby," obtained the permission of the French Minister of War to organize a party of cyclists to demonstrate the value of velocipedists attached to an army and all arrangements were made for their taking part in the autumn maneuvers. "Baby" and his friends went into hard training, and had determined to keep up the credit of cyclists before the eyes of the military authorities, when some jealous wheelmen started the rumor that "Baby" is a German. Letters were sent by the clubs to the head of the Army Corps to which the cyclists were to be attached, protesting against a German spy being allowed to assist in the most important military exercises of the year, while on the other hand Mr. Daniels wrote to the Minister of War assuring him that his only desire was to show how valuable an auxiliary a troop of bicyclists and tricyclists would be with an army, at the same time placing himself unreservedly in the general's hands in the matter of his withdrawal from the cycling party should his presence be considered undesirable. The upshot of it was that his permit was canceled, and that, too, in a fashion that brought the attention of all France and Germany upon the incident. The "spy" scare in France appears to have reached an acute stage; within the past fortnight there have been about half a dozen cases where inoffensive English, American, and German tourists have been detained or annoyed, but here was a German actually presuming to follow the military maneuvers. Although the incident is barely 48 hours old a strong feeling of indignation has found expression

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

in almost every paper in France, not against "Baby" personally, but against the authorities who gave permits to follow the maneuvers to riders whose nationality was unknown to them. After the trouble "Baby" took to obtain the sanction of the military officers to demonstrate the capabilities of the cycle, and the heavy training he and his companions went through, his lot is rather a hard one, but at the same time the government have common sense on their side in this instance.

Now for recent French racing, and before entering into detail let me point out one of the most glaring objections to the professional status alone known in this country. Several of the championships have just been run, but what happens? Our best riders, the holders in fact, find more lucrative engagements further afield and the races for medals and honors are left to second and third rate men, so that the proud title of champion goes to a man entirely incapable of supporting it even amongst riders of his own locality.

"Baby's" record from Pau to Calais is a great performance according to French ideas, and certainly he deserves all the credit that he has received for establishing the "tri" record between those towns, but compared with English and American feats, well, the ride exhibits nothing remarkable. As stated in the last issue of the *GAZETTE* "Baby" left Pau on the 12th of August at 4 A. M., and arrived at Bergerac at 9.40 P. M., having made 215 kilomètres 500 mètres, or about 137 miles in the day. His next stage commenced at Bergerac at 4.20 on the following morning, and he kept plodding on till 3 A. M. next day, sleeping at Laumont for two hours only, and then making on to Orleans, which he reached at 8.30 P. M., on Saturday night. As mentioned last month he had not reached Paris at the time our dispatch quitted that city; it appears that a mistake in the road caused the delay of two or three hours, which prevented our chronicling his arrival. Leaving Paris on Sunday afternoon he pushed on to Pontoise. The next stage was from that town to Auxy-le-Chateau and the final from Auxy-Le-Chateau to Calais, reached at 2.17 P. M., on Tuesday. The total distance of 1,056 kilomètres 400 mètres (660 miles) being covered in 5 days 10h. 17m., 99h. 37m. being spent in the saddle. The plan adopted by "Baby" to verify his ride was to dispatch postcards from each village he passed, the same being countersigned by the postmaster or postmistress. About the same time Mills did the 881 miles between Land's End and John O'Groats in five days ten hours.

Three of the autumn championships have been brought off this month, the first being that of the Société Vélocipédique Metropolitaine over a course of 4,000 mètres, with three dead turns on a road of ordinary width at St. James'. De Civry, the holder, had better employment elsewhere, so Médinger was left without an opponent worthy of his efforts. He played with the men who placed themselves in line with him and won just as he wished. P. Médinger, 8m. 30s.; II. Pagis, 8m. 32s.; Grossin, 8m. 33s.

The following Sunday morning the third annual championship of the Club de Cyclists was raced, over ten thousand mètres, at Longchamps and brought out seven competitors, Harvey, last year's champion, having gone out of training owing to illness. The only incidents worthy of remark in the race were the heavy course and wind, the wretchedly bad time, and the fact that the winner rode the "Sphinx" racer of which the writer said in the August number of the *GAZETTE*, "we shall see

what we shall see." The result was:—Cammarstedt, 22m. 45s.; Duboe, 23m. 55s.; Mitrecy, 25m. 30s., and the rest nowhere, it having been a straggling affair throughout.

During the afternoon of the same day another of De Civry's championships went over to Médinger, who only had three opponents in the race for the championship of Paris and the North of France. The race was over ten thousand mètres at St. James, with turns as described in the account of the S. V. M. contest every 1,000 mètres, so the time may be considered fairly good. Médinger, 21m. 3s.; Castillon, 22m. 11s.; Grossin, 22m. 56s.; Pagis, 22m. 56½s. Castillon, a young rider, traveled in very good form, but had a lot of spirit taken out of him by the manner the winner ran away from his field at the start.

The other French racing has been unimportant, everything having succumbed to the attractions that foreign countries offered to our best men.

Mr. P. H. Reilly, of New York, has been winning golden opinions amongst Paris cyclers, and when he left for Hartford at the end of August it was with the best wishes of quite a wide circle of friends. He had done England and part of France, and it was only the fact that his presence was absolutely necessary in America this fall that prevented him joining the members of the C. C. P. in their Swiss excursion.

PARIS, Sept. 13, 1886.

A FREAK OF FATE.

OR A WILD ROMANCE OF THE WHEEL.

BY T. W. E.

At foot of long and steep descent,
Where Nature's purpose seemed intent
To rear a landmark all should praise
And hold enthralled the tourist's gaze,
A cyclist rested with his wheel,
Content to see and know and feel
The beauties round him well expressed,
From lowly vale to lofty crest.
The roadway like a cascade fell
'Neath shady forest to the dell,
Where man had set progression's seal
In parallels of railroad steel.
Lost to himself, for long he stood,
This cyclist, in admiring mood,
And thought that city's choicest lawn,
Arbor, or shade looked tame and worn
Beside this scene of solitude,
The home of wild-bird and her brood.
A whistle at the hilltop's caught
By sylvan sprites, unto him brought;
It tells him of the riders' cheer
And hesitation, half of fear,
To attempt the downward rapid run—
Or question, "Who'll be foremost one?"
When, suddenly, as leaves are cast
To a long distance by the blast,
There comes another whistle call
And down the hill move the group all
The two-wheels quietly are led—
To ride while danger lurks ahead
Like plank upon the water's face,
Till o'er a dam it ends its race
Shattered and cut by the great force,
Is deemed now the wisest course.
Four three-wheels, though, the run will try,
The brakes seem strong, on them rely;
Two men, two maidens, gayly ride,
Away from rest down the hill's side.
Hast seen the swallow in its flight
Earth-reaching from a dizzy height?
Not rapid as the sunbeam's glance
In moment o'er half earth's expanse—
Such speed I've never wished or tried,
And knowing not am satisfied.
Behold it, as fast down the grade
Unto our hero comes fair maid
Outstripping friends that with care glide

With speed-decreasing power applied
Our cyclist's awe receives a thrill.
It seems her speed's outstripped her will.
Grasping in sympathy his brake,
As though advising her to make
Quick use of hers and tame her pace,
He watches still in wild amaze.
"The girl is mad!" to him seems plain,
Or else her speed would ere this wane.
Around the curve crossing highway
The giant Travel now doth stray;
The shriek of whistle, clang of bell,
Are signals that we know full well,
And heed if caution is at hand
To halt us with alarm's raised wand.
She hears the sound and then the shout
Our hero gives, as, stepping out
From trees have hidden him before,
Half to command, and half implore:
"Set the brake hard! there's death ahead!"
As nearer to him she is sped,
She faintly renders this reply:
"Tis useless!—I have ceased to try."
"Can naught be done?" our hero thought—
Quickly are fierce battles fought,
And inspiration at death's brink
May guide to safety ere we sink.
Now such a thought comes to his mind,
And soon his purpose is divined.
But a few rods is she away,
Travel hies near unto his prey,
Collision pending and is nigh.
"No! with God's help she shall not die!"
With hands outstretched to lose no time,
'Twixt her and danger safety lie
Forms, dauntless as ever stood
Fain to promote another's good.
To grasp, to lift her from the wheel,
That onward springs with rack and reel,
Though but an instant's well-shaped deed,
Proves him, a stranger, "friend in need!"
Into the springy roadside bush
The wheel is guided in its rush;
And thus all prey escapes the train,
And fate has planned its ill in vain.
Ere long, recovered from their fright,
Our cyclist all the group invite
To journey with them on their way,
And, pleased with all, he says not nay.
Acquaintance is a flower fast grown
On soil of heroism blown,
And seldom fruits of it will blight
When hearts, like petals, seek the light.

* * * * *

One year has gone by since first day,
A wedded couple pass that way.
The honey-moon shines on the pair,
Nor leaves a trace of shadow there.
In baggage-car their wheels are stored,
But not at all by them ignored.
They choose the freedom of both rail
And finest road-path, to regale
The spirit of variety,
And model tours are yet to be.
Around the same curve speeds the train,
They look upon the hill again
Nor shudder o'er past danger great,
But, rather, thank "A Freak of Fate."

* * * * *

A STRANGE WHEELMAN.

O. W. J. Trig and a toothache are two things that don't go very well together; at least I thought so one night last spring term, for after trying in vain for nearly two hours to make them harmonize, I finally gave it up as a bad job and went down stairs for a turn in the fresh air. It was one of those still, warm nights; hardly a breath of air stirred, and the moon at its full made it almost as light as day. I had hardly struck the pavement before it occurred to me: What an elegant night for a run. The thought had no sooner worked itself through my then filled-with-O.-W.-J. brain than I proceeded to put it into execution. I flew up stairs four steps at a time, grabbed my hat, pulled my wheel from its accustomed place,

backed it down stairs, vaulted into the saddle, and in five minutes there was a mile behind me. The road was good and I was perfectly familiar with it, having ridden over it many times before, so I pedaled along at a rapid gait. Up hill and down I went, as if trying to beat the world's record. Grades which before I could hardly get up were nothing to me now. The perspiration oozed from every pore, but still I kept on.

At last, after climbing a very steep grade, I looked about me to ascertain where I was. Certain landmarks which I recognized told me I was six miles from home. I thought that was far enough, so I dismounted and sat down on a large stone to cool off and enjoy a cigarette. As I sat puffing at my cig and gazing about me, the first thing to attract my attention was a graveyard which lay at the foot of the hill I had just climbed. For some reason its huge iron gates and white gravestones seemed to fascinate me; I could not withdraw my glance from them; they seemed to hold a charm over me which I could not break. For some time I sat intently gazing at the silent churchyard and wondering how many people had passed through those gates never to return, when all of a sudden I heard the clanking of iron and the huge gates swung open. In a few moments, to my great astonishment, a wheelman rode slowly out, and began, with a slow, measured tread, to ascend the grade which lay between us.

What on earth could he be doing in there at this time of night? I thought to myself, and what a queer-looking fellow, too. He appeared to be an exceedingly tall and exceedingly slim fellow, and he was mounted upon an exceedingly small wheel.

Was it a ghost? In an instant the whole million of ghost stories I had heard ran through my mind, but none of them had anything about a ghost on a wheel.

No, it was not a ghost, I thought. But judge of my amazement and fright when, as he drew near, I discovered he was nothing but bones—a skeleton!

On he came, rattling up the steep grade at an easy gait—the rattling of his bones and wheel making as much noise as a Star—until opposite, when he came to a stand-still, and throwing one leg carelessly over the handle-bar and resting his elbow upon it, and his chin upon his hand, he sat for at least five minutes without moving, except to turn his head slowly as he looked from me to my wheel.

As he sat staring at me, I had a chance to take in his wheel. It was a queer-looking thing, the big wheel being nothing but the hind wheel of some buggy; the little wheel was of iron, and, I should judge from its appearance, had once done duty on the front end of a plow. The backbone and forks were wood, so was the handle-bar, and for handles there were fastened to this the silver handles of a coffin. It was very rudely constructed, indeed, but it did not show exactly the lack of workman's skill, it showed more the lack of tools.

I had hardly finished my observations, before he, the skeleton, said:

"Nice looking wheel, that," pointing with his thumb to my L. R. R., which was leaning against the fence. "Rudge, ain't it?"

As I replied in the affirmative, he continued:

"Thought so; used to ride one myself before I came to live down there," nodding with his head toward the graveyard below. "Mighty good wheel they are, too."

"Lonesome place to live down there, did you say? No, not very. I thought it was at first, but after I got acquainted and got this wheel, it was not so bad. Where did I get this wheel? Oh, I made it. I could not get along without a wheel no way. Darn job it was, too. You see I could work only nights, and then I had to use what I could get to make it of. Where did I get my tools and material? Didn't have any tools except a saw and a hammer I borrowed from that barn over there. This big wheel and most of these other things I got from that old wreck of a wagon you see down at the foot of the hill. This little wheel I got from an old plow a farmer had thrown away. 'Tain't much of a bike, I know, but it is better than none at all. Belong to the University? I thought so. I was over there myself, last fall. I hadn't been down there more than two or three days, when, one dark rainy night, a couple of fellows came and dug me up, put me in a sack, carried me over to the University and put me in a little closet down in the basement. They kept me there most a week, hacking and sawing away every day, until I began to think that by the time they got through, there wouldn't be anything left of me. But there was, and one night they brought me back and put me in my hole again. They had cut me into more than a thousand pieces, though, and a deuce of a job it was I had getting myself together again. As good luck would have it, the pieces were all there, except part of my left foot. But that did not matter; I could walk all right, only when I got my wheel made and came to ride, I could not keep my foot on the pedal, so when I go for a ride I have to borrow the missing part from my neighbor. It does not fit very well, but it answers the purpose. Well, it must be getting late, and as I want to see a friend over here in the country about four miles, I guess I had better be going, for I must be back before daylight, you know. So good night," and bending over his handle-bars he rattled away.

I watched him until he disappeared over the brow of the next hill, and then with a start I awoke. My half-smoked cig I still held in my hand, my hat lay at my feet, my wheel leaned quietly against the fence, and I was shaking with the cold. I looked up and down the road; not a living thing was in sight, but at the bottom of the hill was the graveyard, and not twenty paces from me the old wagon with one wheel gone. As I rode slowly home I could not help wondering why it would not be a good plan for some benevolent creature to establish wheel agencies near graveyards, so that good, respectful skeletons could hire or buy their bikes and not be obliged to build them out of whatever material they could find.

"DODD."

A LONG ISLAND RECORD.

F. B. HAWKINS, OF THE BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB, RIDES 202 MILES IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

Mr. Hawkins, accompanied by F. B. Jones as checker and pace-maker, left the club rooms, 112 St. Felix street, at 1.25 A. M., Saturday, September 11. Riding over the asphalt streets and walks in Brooklyn, 37 miles was accomplished by 5.17. Taking a direct course down Long Island, Jamaica was reached at 6.21, 11 miles in 1h. 4m.; Hempstead at 7.27, 12 miles in 1h. 6m., 26 minutes' stop for breakfast; Newbridge was reached at 8.35, 7 miles in 42m.; Amityville at 9.05, 6 miles in 30m.; Babylon at 9.40, 6 miles in 35m.; Bay-

shore at 10, 4 miles in 20m.; Sayville at 11.05, 5 minutes' stop, 10 miles in th.; Patchogue at 11.32, 5 miles in 27m.; stopped 4m.; Bellport at 11.58, 4 miles in 22m.; South Haven at 12.28, 5 miles in 30m., 6 minutes' stop; returning, 7 miles were ridden off main road, reaching Bellport at 1.45, 12 miles in th. 11m.; Patchogue at 2.10, 4 miles in 25m., 35 minutes' stop for dinner and a rub down; Sayville at 3.20, 5 miles in 33m., 2 minutes' stop; Bayshore at 4.17, 9 miles in 57m.; Babylon at 4.46, 5 miles in 29m.; Amityville at 5.20, 6 miles in 34m., stop, 5 minutes; Newbridge at 5.56, 6 miles in 31m.; Hempstead at 6.36, 7 miles in 40m., 47 minutes' stop for supper and a rub down. Messrs. Adams and Ticknor now took the place of pacemakers, and the ride was continued around the vicinity of Hempstead, Garden City, and Jericho. At 11 P. M. Mr. Hawkins's crank broke while in the saddle, and he was unable to ride further, having covered at that time 192 miles in 21h. 35m. elapsed time, with 2h. 20m. for stops. He pluckily continued walking his wheel during the remaining 2h. 25m. allotted him, and succeeded in covering 202 miles by 1.25 A. M., September 12. The first 100 miles were ridden in 10h. 20m., including 34 minutes' stop. In the first 12h. 115 miles were ridden, and but for the above unfortunate accident 220 miles would easily have been covered. At no time was the route repeated over once.

A straightforward statement of the makers' amateur question in England, and among English riders, is that of Harry Etherington's *London Wheeling*, just received. In an editorial on the recognition of the A. C. U. rules by the L. A. W., this paragraph appears:—

"The question which occurs to us as regards Springfield is this: Will the American Cyclists' Union, even if recognized by the N. C. U., allow all our so-called amateurs to ride as amateurs in America? It will be scarcely fair to Hendee, Rowe, Knapp, and others to be relegated to the promateur class, while men holding precisely similar relations to the British manufacturers as the former do to the American are allowed to ride as amateurs. The difficulties of the situation become more apparent when we reflect that the N. C. U. is practically being requested to recognize a body whose amateur law is purer than its own, and that if our association refuses to own as a brother the body which separates amateurs from promateurs, our association will look supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Whether the Union here at home will ever be able to follow the lead of the A. C. U. and divide the classes, we are afraid, is a doubtful question, but recognition of that body seems to us a matter of absolute necessity. Our makers' amateurs are racing as pure amateurs every day. Only a week ago one firm entered their man for his races without even consulting him, and it may safely be said that the principle flourishes as strongly as ever. On the other hand we could name several prominent amateurs, one a shining light of the touring club, who have no hesitation in losing races if they can make more money by doing so than by winning, and are not to be compared for an instant with the straightforward sporting-minded makers' amateur."

At Christiania the ladies present the racing men with bouquets. At the recent European championship contests, J. E. Fenlon received no less than twenty-nine bouquets, and his machine "looked like an animated horticultural show."

THE SADIRON GHOSTS.

[Written for the GAZETTE by PRESIDENT BATES.]

CHAPTER II.—THE WOMAN.

Narcissus Baudry, of Montreal, although a Frenchman and a Catholic, moved by both social and political reasons, was ambitious to have his daughter Innocente educated after the English fashion. She would then go more into English society, and thereby aid his business and political ambition. Therefore, at the age of fourteen, she was sent to an English boarding-school, and later, to a famous seminary in the United States. A very natural result followed, which he had not foreseen. At the age of eighteen she returned home, an accomplished and charming young woman—but a Protestant in religion, so far as she had any religion. That is, her religious opinions and faith were Protestant, although she was not a member, nor even an adherent of any church. She was an excellent musician, with a cultivated and sympathetic contralto voice, a good linguist, and a scholar of unusual strength in the more solid branches of female education. This because she possessed a clear and logical mind, united with more than ordinary physical and mental energy and a resolute will. In fine, she was a young woman of exceptional strength of character, of a noble intellectual and physical growth, with a joyous disposition and sound judgment. She was neither beautiful nor even pretty in features; but her countenance was mobile and expressive, and her appearance and manners charmingly gracious and attractive. In short she was one of those rare women whom everybody warmly likes, though but one may love; but whoever does really love, loves wholly.

In part she fulfilled her father's expectations—she became a great favorite in English society. But she bitterly disappointed him otherwise—she had abandoned the religion of his fathers forever, and she looked with positive aversion at all his projects for marrying her to a Frenchman and a Catholic. During her absence in the seminary her mother had died; hence her father had not watched her progress as closely as he might had fortune dealt with him more kindly. She was an only child; and she now presided over his small house in a manner which made it a model among his acquaintances, but not after the French and Catholic customs so familiar and dear to him. She made it a loving and cosy home, after the American style; but, while her father found it the abode of affection, comfort, and taste, he could not reconcile himself to the fact that it was not French or Catholic.

In the summer of 1885, when the small-pox scourge broke out in Montreal, Innocente, herself vaccinated, daily urged her father to take this precaution; but, with a Frenchman's gay carelessness, and something of the prevailing French superstition, he continually postponed doing this, promising to attend to it as soon as his business would permit him to spare a few days. The natural result followed. He was seized by the disease in its most malignant form; and, in spite of medical skill and the most careful nursing, the attack proved speedily fatal.

Unfortunately Mr. Baudry had been as improvident in his business as in taking care of his health. He had always earned a good income, but spent it all in free living. Hence, when he died, there was nothing left, after providing for his funeral, except his house and lot and furniture. Before dying, in fact as soon as he realized his peril, he bethought himself of the condition in which his daughter would be left. Owing to her change of religion

and her English education and ways, she would not be welcome by any of his French friends, even if they were not all so worried by the prevalence of the plague as to make them indisposed to assume strange burdens. Among his English friends in the city he knew of none to whom he was willing to confide so dear a trust. In this sore strait he bethought himself of one old friend, in whose perfect honor and ready self-sacrifice he could repose implicit faith. This friend of his boyhood's days, and also of his early manhood, was Petronius Sadiron. He had not heard of this friend for now some half dozen years; but, the last time he had met him, he was engaged in a small but substantial business in a village of northwestern Ontario. He resolved to make Mr. Sadiron his daughter's guardian.

Besides the reasons already stated for such a decision, there were others. First, he desired that Innocente should leave the plague-stricken city. She had already been separated from his people by her education. Under the humiliation of the poverty which would befall her, he preferred that she should begin her new life away from the society which had admired her so long as she was able to move in fashionable circles, but which would look askance upon her as a teacher, or in any other paid occupation. There was, perhaps, no better excuse for putting this burden upon his old friend, Mr. Sadiron, other than the fact that Mr. Sadiron, in their earlier days, had often rendered him favors; and he instinctively felt the great truth that the person most likely to do you a great favor, upon request, is not the one who owes you gratitude and requital for favors you have bestowed, but the one to whom you are already most greatly in debt for past kindnesses.

Moreover Mr. Sadiron, he judged, would receive Innocente not as a burden, but as a superior being—not a dependent, but a lady. The Sadirons were humble people; and Innocente, with her education, accomplishments, manners, and thoroughbred ladylike ways would, by her example and teaching, largely repay them for any trouble in her behalf. Their very humbleness was one reason why, to them, his daughter would appear as a gracious gift, rather than as an imposition. In fact, looked at from a society standpoint, the Sadirons were commonplace nobodies. They could not possibly count their genealogy farther back than three generations. One James Sadiron, who was either a British or an American sailor, nobody knew which, married a Holland girl somewhat better educated than himself, and appeared in Canada some years before Narcissus Baudry was born. The Holland wife gave to their child the name of Petronius. This lad, a playmate of Baudry, inherited a certain dogged fidelity and probity as his most marked traits of character. He married an American girl who had acquired, as one of the elements of her mercetricious education, the slightest smattering of the Greek language—just enough to make her vain of showing it off. Therefore she had named her son Pyromander, partly because the initial "P" was the same as his father's, and also indicated a learned and high-sounding name. Mr. Baudry barely remembered the existence of Pyromander as an awkward small boy, whom he had seen but once.

Influenced by these feelings, he dictated a letter which he managed to sign, and also his will. These documents having been duly fumigated, were sealed, directed to "P. Sadiron, Millfall, Ontario," and delivered to his daughter, with

minute verbal instructions how to proceed in the business of selling his furniture, renting the house, and seeking out her new home. Having thus, in so far as he was able, endeavored to repair the errors of his life, or, at least, to avoid in some degree the consequences of his own improvidence, he bade his attendants in the hospital adieu with his thanks, sent for his parish priest, confessed his sins, received absolution, and died as became a French gentleman, in the very midst of the good father's prayers for the dying.

Innocente Baudry was, at first, inclined to disobey her father's dying directions. She appreciated, with large common sense, the change in her fortunes. She saw the necessity of earning her living; and that immediately. But she disliked leaving Montreal. She was attached to her home; and she believed that, with her talents and acquirements, she could succeed in the city as well as the many less fortunate ones who had been bred to self-support. But two or three weeks of trial showed her the difference. The friends of her better days, while they recognized her superior acquirements, for that very reason would not employ her. She was too near their own social plane. Having often treated her as a lady, they would not willingly endure the awkwardness of receiving her as a hired employee. Society rapidly, though as courteously as possible, ignored her. Moreover, in the plague-stricken city, nearly all such employments as she sought were dropped. Pupils no longer took lessons in languages, music, drawing, and painting, or other accomplishments. She was hurt by the avoidance of those who had seemed to be her friends and admirers. Perhaps she was most hurt by the cold distance of a gentleman who had been one of her warmest admirers, and who had won a larger share of her regard than she supposed, though, fortunately, he had not yet conquered her love. He had come so near, however, that the sting of her mortification over his manifest desertion was deep and bitter.

She now began to perceive the wisdom of her father's desire that she should begin her new life amid new surroundings, where the shadow of her former estate would not hinder her. She resolved to obey her father's directions. Not knowing the relations between her father and Mr. Sadiron, she naturally supposed that he had been selected as her guardian because he was the nearest friend of her father, and the one most naturally to be chosen for such an office. Therefore she had no doubt of a friendly reception, and imagined that she was going to a home ready and glad to receive her.

She reproached herself for not having at once forwarded her father's letter by mail. She had not done so from an apprehension that her new guardian would immediately appear, assert his legal authority, and prevent her plan for self-support in Montreal. She would now take the letter and will to him herself, confess her error, and rely upon his friendship for forgiveness.

Her preparations were soon completed. The furniture and personal property were all sold; her house was leased to a good tenant; and with her few remaining effects, reduced to the dimensions of a large trunk and a box to be shipped when sent for, she bade farewell to the few friends she still retained, and left the city. One not strictly necessary article of her possessions she retained, hoping that it might be useful, and not willing to sell it at a large sacrifice—her tricycle. This she took with her. And so with such hopes and fears as were natural to a young girl setting out in the

world alone, in search of those she had never seen and hardly heard of, about to plunge into the utterly unknown, she proceeded to Millfall.

CHAPTER III.—THE VILLAIN.

On arriving in Millfall, and making inquiries, Innocente was shocked, alarmed, and pained at learning that Petronius Sadiron and his wife had been dead nearly two years. Their son, Pyromander, she was told, was a Methodist preacher, held in high repute. He had closed his father's business, sold all his property in Millfall, and removed to Scotten, nearly one hundred miles distant, in the newer northern settlements, where he was engaged in preaching. Everybody spoke of him with respect, and many with warm friendship. He was a young man, and unmarried, however; and this added to the embarrassment of her situation.

Where, now, should she turn? What should, what could, she do? To return to Montreal she would not, if she could possibly obtain employment elsewhere. To this end she canvassed the chances in Millfall. It was barely possible that, as a teacher of music, drawing, painting, and languages, she might obtain a few pupils, and in time establish herself upon a paying basis; but the place was small and the prospect discouraging. She resolved to at least spend a fortnight trying this plan. Meanwhile she kept her room at the village hotel.

At the end of several weeks of incessant endeavor, she had so far succeeded that her income from giving lessons was, at least, sufficient to pay her board. She had sung two or three times in the village churches, and her voice and cultivated style were greatly admired. While she was not conscious that she had made friends in the village, she knew that she had conquered the respect and admiration of the people, and her future began to look less desolate, though not much less dreary.

Only one thing annoyed her; the persistent attempts of one of the boarders at the hotel to force his attentions upon her. This man, Owen Barfell, was the owner of the principal mill in the village, and a man of some influence in business matters, though not of the best reputation socially. He was evidently upon too familiar terms with one of the maids at the hotel; he was known to be vindictive and unscrupulous; and his various discreditable actions made him socially shunned by the better people of the place. Innocente repelled his advances with the cold and distant civility of a thorough lady, scarcely permitting him to speak to her in public, and entirely avoiding him in private. But she resolved to obtain board with a private family, and thus avoid this and all chance of similar annoyances, as soon as she was certain of sufficient business success to insure her stay in the village.

One Wednesday Innocente was engaged to sing in the evening in a church in a little village six miles distant, having been invited by several of the leading members. She was invited to ride to Coignleigh with the family of one of the church members; but, as she wished to study the music of a solo before going, she decided to ride on her tricycle, as the day was fair and the road fine, and the exercise would do her good. She intended to start about 5 o'clock, which would give her about an hour before dark in which to cover the distance. At that time of the day she would be likely to encounter few people on the road, and to escape

much observation in either village, while the people of the farms along the road would be engaged at supper or "doing chores," so as not to notice the silent passage of her quiet vehicle.

A few minutes before 5 o'clock, as she was returning from a call to inform one of her pupils that she would not be able to give her a morning lesson, but would postpone it until the afternoon of Thursday, while passing the mill office of Owen Barfell, that person suddenly stepped out of the door and confronted her, accosting her with a rude familiarity which betrayed the fact that he was partially intoxicated. She replied to his salutation with distant and evasive formality, and was hastening on, when he stopped her by barring her way, and insisting upon walking with her. She quietly declined, and calmly requested him to stand aside and allow her to pass. Instead of doing so, he made an insulting remark, whereupon without a word, but with a gesture and countenance expressing contempt and disgust, she walked past him and proceeded toward the hotel. He followed her a few yards, mad with passion and liquor, not quite daring to touch her, awed by her firm bearing and the haughty scorn of her large dark eyes, but muttering evil threats in her ear.

"Oh, it's no good your playing scornful with me, or putting on your fine lady airs," he said; "I can spoil your living in this town, and I will unless you come down a peg or two. I'm a bad enemy, but a good lover. Take your choice." Then as she coolly walked on without paying the slightest heed to his words, he added savagely: "So you prefer to make an enemy of me? Before you are three days older, my lady, you will repent it terribly."

With this he turned back, and she proceeded without further interruption. But, although she had passed through this trying ordeal with cool courage, she was considerably disturbed by the man's threats. She knew his malicious and mean character; she realized her own isolated, friendless, and unprotected situation. Her native spirit was too brave to hold the man in much personal fear, unscrupulous as he was; but she well knew that the breath of calumny, however malicious and mean might be its origin, might be fatal to the prospects, and perhaps to the reputation, of a girl in her condition, a stranger, alone, defenseless, and dependent upon winning and retaining the public respect for her chance to obtain a living.

Arriving at the hotel she dressed herself in her riding suit, quietly got out her tricycle, and rode leisurely out of the village, seeing hardly anybody as she passed. She had dispatched a satchel, containing such articles of her wardrobe as she would need, by the family who had expected her to occupy a seat in their carriage, and by whom she was to be entertained for the night.

The cool October air was bracing, and the wind, which had been blowing briskly, was slowly falling with the sun. The road was smooth, the wind behind, and, in the delight of her favorite exercise, she forgot her cares, and was again happy for a little while. But gradually, as the sunset approached, the solemn stillness of the day and scene wrought upon her spirit. She began to think painfully of her past troubles and her present forlorn situation and prospects. A strange sense of loneliness and an indefinable apprehension of impending evil oppressed her. She wondered, in case any new misfortune should befall her, to whom she could turn for either sympathy or aid. She felt that she had, so far, made a good

impression upon the people of Millfall; but she knew not whether she had made a friend, while she was certain that she had made an enemy, and one in some respects powerful and notoriously malicious, cruel, and unscrupulous.

Her thoughts suddenly reverted to one unknown and distant, whom she had never seen, but upon whom she felt that she could safely rely in case of need, for at least some measure of help—the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron, son of the man whom her father had selected to be her guardian. She wondered where he was, and what he was, and how he would conduct himself if she should send him the letter addressed by her dead father to his dead father. She had a fair conception of his appearance, as she had seen his photograph several times, and had one in her pocket at that moment, it having been given to her by one of her pupils. While her thoughts were thus going out strongly toward this absent stranger, she took out his photograph and looked at it as she rode along. While she looked, she seemed to see, as one in a dream, a strange country, a road bordered with forests and new farms, quite unlike the one over which she was steadily riding. She had a dim sense of a wheelman riding along this strange spectral road, indistinctly and like a phantom.

Presently her own road ran over the brow of a hill plunging into a deep hollow, which it crossed and ascended an opposite hill. The sun had already set, and with its setting, the wind had died, and brooding silence and a gloomy spirit of loneliness settled down with the dusky shadows upon the woods and fields. The valley below her lay almost dark in the shadow, but she could dimly perceive a little wooden bridge over which she must cross. Beyond the bridge the roadway up the opposite hill rose out of the bottom darkness into the lingering daylight in a plainly perceptible broad gray ribbon. The way looked clear and smooth; and she put up her feet on the foot-bar, and allowed her tricycle to coast rapidly down the hill.

When she had got fairly started, she suddenly saw, on the opposite hill, the man of her dream-like vision, mounted upon a bicycle, coasting down into the valley. She had not perceived his coming over the brow of the hill, and his sudden and distinct presence startled her. He would, apparently, meet and pass her midway on the bridge. He looked tall, and strong, and manly, and he was riding with a practiced ease and grace. Singularly, even at that distance, she could see every feature of his face and dress. And she knew him. Beyond doubt he was the man of whom she was so intently thinking, and whose photograph she had—the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron!

But how came he here? Why, he was not here. Distinctly as she saw him coming toward her, the road he was riding was not her road, but a spectral road in the air, like a shadow over her road—a strange road which she had never seen. There was a hill hovering in the air over her hill. This strange hill was bordered with pine woods, while hers was bordered with oaks and beeches. Down this spectral hill he was coasting to meet her on or near the bridge in the valley.

While she wondered, the two were gliding together with noiseless speed, and in an instant they would meet on the bridge. She ran her tricycle on the extreme right of the road, in order to pass safely, at the same time applying the brake to check her flight. But, just as her wheel struck the first plank of the bridge, and his was mounting the opposite side, wheel and man suddenly and un-

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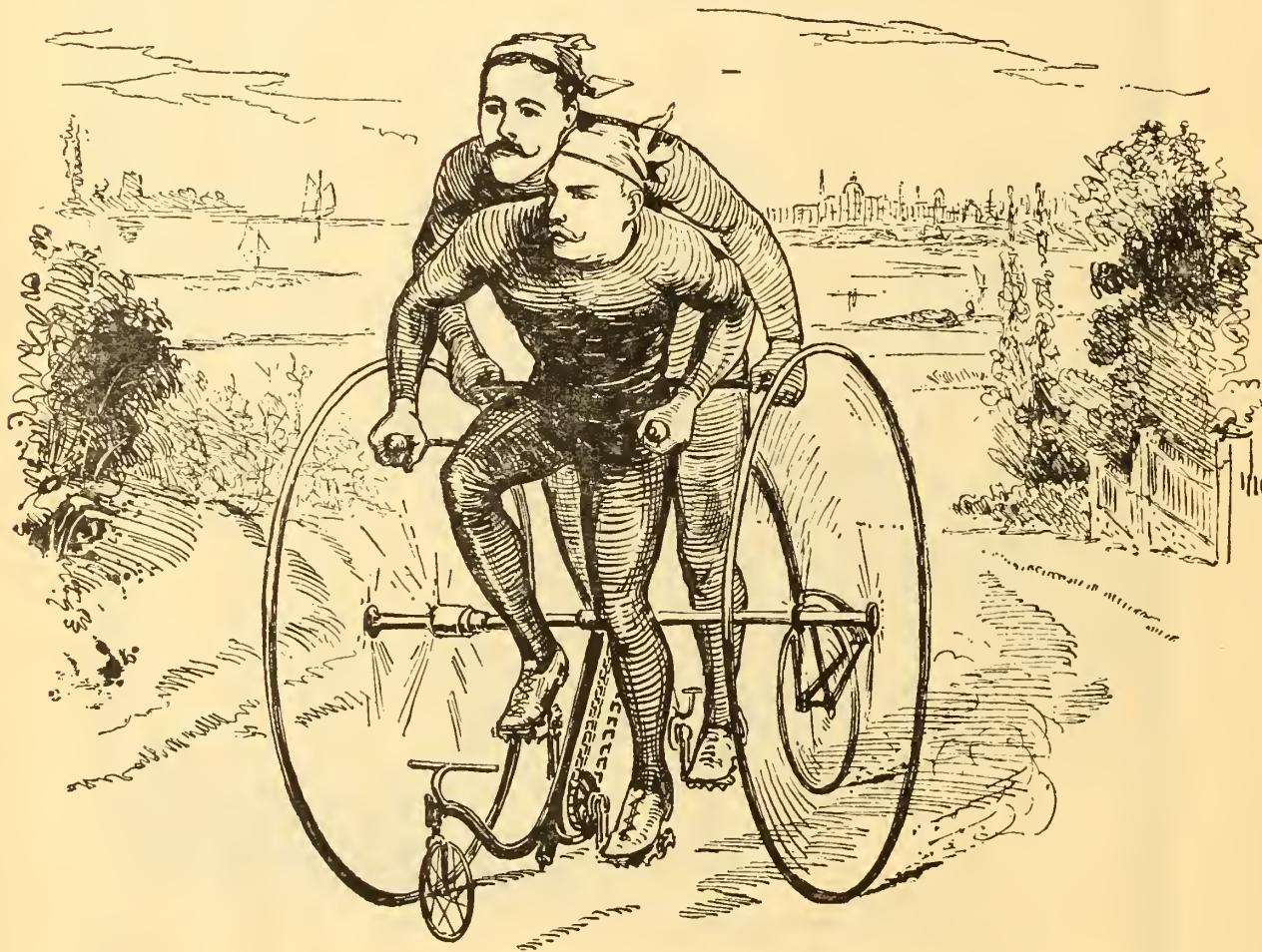
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accountably vanished, while she was staring at the place where they had been!

She checked her wheel just beyond the bridge, and looked curiously, and in some awe, all about her. There was no trace of any other human presence. Undoubtedly she was alone. Nowhere could she see any hiding place in which a man could conceal himself. Two or three times she rubbed her eyes and looked about. In vain. Then she pushed her tricycle, walking behind it, and several times stopping to look back, up the hill. After a long backward look from the summit, she remounted and rode on to the village, got her supper with the lady who had invited her to sing; went with the family to church; sang with the choir, besides a couple of fine solos; went home with her hostess, and presently retired to her chamber.

It was yet early in the evening, the church services having been brief. But Innocente almost immediately fell asleep. She was awakened by a vivid dream. She seemed to be in a strange village, and in some great but unknown distress. It was night, and she walked through the village, led by an impulse in her feet, until she came to a rude church, in which some one with a clear, strong, earnest voice, was preaching. She stood outside and heard the conclusion of the sermon; then the prayer, and the hymn sung to the tune of Dunbar. But, while the preacher was pronouncing the benediction, she stepped inside the door to look at his face, and recognized the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron! As he came hurriedly toward her, she awoke. As she did so, she heard a clock in a room below her chamber strike the hour of eleven. After that, while puzzling her disturbed thoughts to account for these mysterious delusions, she again fell asleep.

The next day she returned to Millfall, and was presently called from her room by a maid and met by a constable, who arrested her on a charge of stealing from Mr. Barfell a wallet containing nearly one hundred dollars.

[To be continued.]

Newly arrived gentleman: "Whisht, Patsey! Did yez see the bye goin' pasht a layin' on the top av a whale?"

Patsey: "My, but yer a gossoon! The whale's a Boy-sickel!"

"A phwat?"

"A Boy-sickel. Whin I kim over they called them a wheel-hossopede, an' sence the byes tuk to rideen thin it's Boy-sickels they are. An' if yees desire to learn to ride wan, ye can begin be larin' on the grindstone in me back yard. An' whin yees kin ride a grindstone along the top uv a rail fince ye can tackle a Boy-sickel."—*Spectator*.

The action of President Beckwith in the Ducker matter was to our mind a grave mistake. If the rules give him such an overwhelming power as this, then the sooner such rules are changed, the better. According to this precedent he may at his own sweet will summarily remove an officer whose views and actions do not coincide with his ideas, regardless of the wishes of the constituency. The voting power is taken from the members, and the president becomes a dictator. Mr. Hayes may be an excellent man for the office, but he was not the choice of his division. Mr. Ducker was elected in April without an opposing vote, and no man, president or kaiser, should have the power to remove the choice of the people. Give the president the power of suspension, subject to the decision of the division, but take from him the power of arbitrary removal.—*American Wheelman*.

FROM THE HUB TO HOOSIERDOM.

NUMBER 3.



O matter how bad roads the cycling tourist has to struggle through between Scroggsville and Jintown, or any other out-of-the-way villages, he manages to endure the situation with a very moderate amount of dissatisfaction.

But in the vicinity of large cities he feels that he has a right to expect good roads.

He does have the right, but he doesn't always have the good roads.

What I am now hinting at is the road between Albany and Schenectady. If there is a worse short stretch of road in the country connecting two cities the size of those, the writer is glad to say that he does not know of it.

Capt. Scattergood, who undertook the task of piloting me to Schenectady, told me the wheelmen of Schenectady very seldom rode over to Albany, and *vice versa*. I didn't understand why at first. I do now.

I have never ridden from Schenectady to Albany, but I have ridden *vice versa*.

The scenery along here may have been very fine; there were certainly hills enough. In fact, the whole twenty miles is one continuous up grade, corresponding to the one I came down yesterday. I didn't take much interest in the scenery. The particular piece of road in front of my wheel occupied my attention pretty thoroughly all forenoon.

When I left Albany I was a strong believer in two popular bicycling fallacies that have wafted their way out west. One was, that in crossing New York, all a wheelman has to do is to get in between the tracks on the New York Central, mount his bike, and wheel on happy as can be. And when he gets tired of the monotony of the railroad tracks, and tires of overtaking freight trains, all he has to do is to cross over onto the picturesque tow-path, and here he would find another cinder packed road, something like a race-track.

Both of these notions have been rudely dispelled. A little ways beyond Schenectady, I grow tired of the hilly and sandy country road we are traveling, and determine to try the tow-path.

The tow-path, while not affording that quiet and easy riding I had been led to suppose I would find, has its advantages over the sandy, hilly wagon roads of this section. Not the least of these advantages is, that you are always riding on a level, and you are always sure you are in the right road, and are not constantly worrying about losing your way.

In traveling along the canal you are liable to lose almost anything—your pocket-book, your watch and valuables, a portion of your self-respect, or, perhaps, your life; but you will never lose your way. Besides, it is not so lonesome as traveling by oneself usually is. There are always some canal boatmen within speaking distance. They are always willing to swear at you in a friendly, hospitable way, and if you are willing to swap profanity with them they are glad to keep up the running end of the conversation as long as you are within shouting distance.

Barring these minor details, the tow-path furnishes much the same kind of riding as the bouldered

streets in the business section of any city. Such stretches are rideable, to be sure, but not desirable.

The scenery along the lower Mohawk valley is something indescribable,—a unique blending of the picturesque and the plain, the wild and the cultivated, the civilized and the uncivilized. To the extreme left, tall cliffs tower up straight to the sky, their rocky sides jutting out as though trying to crush the West Shore trains that occasionally go darting along for a second or two, and are then out of sight. Then comes the canal with its boats and boatmen; then the path with its mules and drivers. This is the picturesque, wild, and uncivilized portion. To the right are the long, low levels, the Mohawk flats, covered with grain fields, whose yield is as prolific as that of any land in the country. Then you have the Mohawk river winding slowly along, and beyond, that great artery of traffic, the New York Central, with its four tracks. A continuation of grain fields, with an occasional town beyond, finishes the picture. This is the cultivated and civilized portion. It is picturesque certainly, in a way, but an almost continuous line of freight or cattle cars, passing and repassing, rather banishes that idea.

Here is the canal mule in his native wilds, and to see him go slowly plodding along, half asleep, and the driver back of him equally listless and inert, you wonder if anything can stir them out of their chronic apathy. You don't wonder long, however, for the mules soon catch sight of the bicycle—and then what a transformation. With ears erect and nostrils dilated, they go ambling back toward the boat, and the driver on behind running along like a happy school-boy. But you know he is not happy, for the continual string of oaths that come floating back, tell you that his thoughts are not on educational matters. Then another voice comes drifting across the water, and the canal boatman appears on deck, foaming over with rage, and dividing his curses between the driver, the mules, and the wheelman. Sometimes his wife also appears on the scene, and adds spirit to the general confusion. By this time the wheelman is well past; the boy has pulled the mules up the bank, and everything moves on as before.

This programme, with slight variations depending on the health of the mules and the temperament of the driver, occurs at intervals of five or ten minutes all day. The wheelman has nothing to fear from all this fuss and fury, for the parties on the boat can't get ashore, and the driver has about all he can attend to in keeping the mules out of the water. Through all the disturbance you are just as safe as when you sass a man by telephone.

Sometimes I would pass what would seem to be a very polite and accommodating driver; in fact, a very Chesterfield of his class. He would let the rope trail on the ground, and hold the mules fast for me to wheel over the tow-line. But I never did it. I didn't want to open to him the temptation of jerking that rope up about the time my little wheel was getting ready to go over it.

During the campaign of 1880 I remember seeing pictures of James A. Garfield, when a boy, driving a pair of mules on the tow-path. This was before the day of bicycles, and it is well it was so, for no man could help wrecking himself, both morally and physically, who had, although



only occasionally, to struggle with a pair of canal mules in the face of their deadly enemy, the bicycle.

For the last hour or two I have been chased by a rain storm. The next town is still ten miles ahead, and I rush along at my best gait, hoping to avoid a ducking. I was glad I was alone. I don't like any one to see me put in my *very* best licks. It might influence the handicappers should I ever want to go in a race. All the while, however, the rain storm was coming along a little faster than I was, and it overtook me about six miles from Fonda. This was none of your light rains that start in with a sprinkle and gradually work up to the dignity of a shower. It was one of those kind that come on the dead run, and when it arrives every one around knows it.

There was a barn a quarter of a mile off, and by the time I reached it I was as wet as if I had been soaked over night. The building was situated in a low piece of ground, and a lot of rough stone work, eight feet high, served as a bank against the tow-path. Down this wall I lowered my wheel—not once thinking how I could get it out again—and ran quickly under the roof. The storm did not last long, but it lasted considerably longer than it took me to find out that I was in a trap of my own construction. The eight-foot wall ran all around the lot. Gate there was none. The only way out was by way of a foot bridge running from the second story window to the road. The door leading upstairs was locked. To lift a wheel over an eight-foot wall is no easy job; but, by sticking the end of the handle-bar into convenient holes in the wall, I gradually worked it on to the path again. This is the only instance on my entire trip where I found my Expert Columbia too heavy. The makers of the wheel probably did not design it to be lifted over eight-foot walls.

After all my efforts to get the wheel on the road again, what a road it was! Always naturally dirty, it was now much worse, and its slimy, sticky surface offered poor showing for a bicycle rider. I walked about two miles when I again mounted and pulled into Fonda. While walking, I easily overtook several boats going the same way I was. This shows with what lightning-like rapidity they move along.

The landlord, at a little hotel along the canal bank, tells me that he *caters* to the bicycle trade, so I stop there. There must have been some mistake about his being largely patronized by bicyclists, for I feel sure that no wheelman would ever put up twice with the kind of meal I had that evening for supper.

All next day I keep on the tow-path. It is still very wet in places, and the wind now blowing straight against me makes it very hard riding. The locks along the path afford comfortable resting places. They occur at intervals of about five miles. At each lock is a store which serves as lodging place for the lock hands as well as a general supply store and saloon for the benefit of the canal boatmen. Sometimes they leave out the supply store part. They always have the saloon.

Around all these locks, in various degrees of wakefulness or stupor, are swarms of loafers, and there is just enough natural curiosity in them to make the arrival of a wheelman a matter of interest. In passing several lock houses yesterday and this morning I noticed that some of the loafers tried to hail me to stop. Not caring particularly for their society, I had wheeled past each time. Later in the morning, as I stopped to rest

at one of these places, a lockman, after a few preliminary remarks, began: "Day before yesterday, there was a feller along here on a bicycle. It was silver all over, an' it cost two hundred an' fifty dollars, an' there was a clock in the middle that showed how fast he was goin', an' he was a goin' to San Francisco. Where you goin'?"

"Buffalo," said I.

This was probably what the lockmen had been trying to tell me all day yesterday and this morning.

During the afternoon I stopped again at a lock house. All hands appeared to be busy; but one man knocked off work, and, after carefully inspecting my wheel as though he expected to buy one, began: "Day before yesterday * * * * * an' he was goin' to San Francisco. Where you goin'?"

"Buffalo," said I.

The bar-keeper stepped out of the store just in time to catch my answer.

"Goin' to Buffalo on dat ting, cully?" he asked, and without waiting an answer continued: "Day before yesterday there was a feller along here on a bicycle"—

I waited to hear no more, but mounted my wheel and sped away. For a moment I could hear the bar-keeper's voice calling after me,—"an' it was silver all o-v-e-r, a-n-", then it was lost in the distance.

That evening I stopped at a small hotel at Little Falls, and, as I handed my wheel to the porter and stepped up to the counter to register, the clerk remarked, "Day before yesterday"—

"See here," I said, interrupting, "I know what occurred the day before yesterday, just as well as you do. A man stopped here with a bicycle, that was silver all over, and had a clock inside, and cost \$250, and he was going to San Francisco. Now show me where I can get something to eat. One thing more," said I, turning to go; "I give you fair warning. If any of the miserable *attaches* of this house undertake to spring that 'day before yesterday' story on me, there is going to be trouble."

Next morning while pedaling over a wet path, with the wind dead against me, as usual, and with head ducked down, a loose boulder throws my machine straight towards the canal. The tenth part of a second is sufficient time for me to calculate my chances in fifteen feet of water with a bicycle on top of me. Without the assistance of pencil or paper I figured out my chances of coming out alive, and found them rather small. Throwing myself as far as possible in the other direction, I landed in a thicket head first, and lay there half stunned with fright. Three old women who lived in a little house near by came running to my assistance. They stood by and offered numerous well-meant suggestions as I pulled myself out of the brush. Their offerings of lint, bandages, and arnica were declined with thanks.

"But can't we do something to assist you?" they anxiously asked.

"Well, yes," I sighed, "in case you have any cold pie or chicken, or anything of the kind in the house, I might brace up my nervous system a little." So, seated under the shade of the bushes, I devoured my third meal for that day. Laugh! laugh in cold derision, ye dyspeptic scorers of the bike. After all is it anything to one's discredit to be always hungry?

About noon I am tired enough of the tow-path and its everlasting tradition to try the road again. It is first-rate for a while, and after that the least said about it, the better. The railroad tracks lie about a quarter of a mile south, and I decide to try them awhile and see how the riding is between tracks. It takes about two minutes to learn that the N. Y. C. R. R. didn't lay its tracks for the benefit of bicyclers. The loose gravel and rocky path being absolutely unridable, what a nice ride that wide level road bed, with eight feet between the tracks, would have made, had it only been hard! I foot it to the next station where there happens to be a bridge, and I again take the tow-path. Not even the re-occurring tale of "Day-before-yesterday" can keep me away from it,—with such wagon roads as there are back in the country.

All along through Central New York at every little town you will find a bicycle club of some sort. Sometimes the town is situated right on the side of a hill, with country roads around it utterly vile, yet you invariably find a bicycle club. Sometimes it seemed as though the interest taken in the sport was in inverse proportion to the natural advantages for it.

At Syracuse I leave the canal for good and take the road to Auburn, and from there along the lakes to Rochester. At Rochester I gather all the information I can concerning the road to Buffalo. They tell me that the round trip has been made in twenty-four hours, so I am not at all fearful but that I can make it one way in a day. I find one way makes quite a day's ride, however. Arriving at Buffalo, I make straight for Bull & Bowen's, where every wheelman is expected to make his headquarters.

Early next morning Mr. Bull pilots me out of town. A long stretch of salt swamp south of the city makes it necessary to take in the entire circuit to the north and east of the city before striking the country road. Over the fine asphalt streets of Buffalo, and through the pleasant park driveways, we ride fully twelve miles before we leave the city behind us, and even then it is not out of sight till late in the afternoon. I soon strike the lake and can still see the city with its smoky sky, after I supposed I had left it for good. There is a cold breeze blowing from off the lake which makes it comfortable to wear a coat; at the same time the hot sun scorches my other side till I long to ride in my shirt sleeves. Karl Kron says that the road from Buffalo to Erie is the best hundred-mile stretch of road in the United States. This is the welcome information concerning the road I had given me at Buffalo, and it is doubly welcome after the four days' wheeling over the bad roads of Central New York. My trip over the hundred (or less) miles convinced me that it was much better than any I had been over; but as much as I shrink from disputing such excellent authority as Karl Kron, I would suggest that there are many hundred-mile stretches of gravel pike in Indiana that are as far superior to this road as it is to the sand paths of Rhode Island.

About three o'clock the lake road turns inland, the cold lake breeze ceases to blow, and all is comfortable again. If it were not for the frequent steep hills along here, and the occasional stretches of "made" road, you might ride from town to town without a dismount. But an occasional quarter-mile strip of plowed-up sod, in the middle of the road, still reminds me that I am in New York. Coming to a rather steep down grade, where I can see the road has been worked for some distance



ahead, and being naturally suspicious of such places, I asked a workman at the top, if the hill was safe. He looked up deliberately, and, after sizing up both me and my wheel, drawled: "Well, there's some pretty heavy loads go up and down that hill every day, and I never heard of it weakenin' any."

Along late in the afternoon I am the innocent cause of a runaway, the first one on the trip. Take an ordinary horse, a small boy, and a bicyclist,—let them come in contact as often as they will, and all will be well; but add to these a nervous old woman, and the combination at once becomes dangerous. On this occasion the combination was of a most jeopardous phase. The old woman sighted the bicycle afar off. It at once became evident to her mind that in such an unprecedented crisis, something had to be done, and nobly she arose to the emergency. She jumped up, grabbed the reins, uttered a terrific shriek, and the next instant, as the horse lunged, rolled out of the back of the wagon, followed closely by the small boy. A moment later, as the guilty wheelman sped by, the poor frightened horse stopped in his mad career and gazed after the bicycle in a curious, inquiring way. Evidently he had not noticed the wheel before.

Silver Creek is reached late enough in the afternoon to make that a stopping place. The long, steep hill that runs into the town makes a splendid coast. I am afterwards told that Mr. Bowen, of Buffalo, is the only one who has succeeded in climbing it. After supper, while lounging outside the hotel doorway, the landlord approaches, taps me on the shoulder, and motions for me to come in. I know I am looking rather tough at this stage of the trip, but I hope I don't look hard enough to have to pay in advance for my accommodations. I follow him in to the desk. Then he opens the register, points to a name several lines above mine, reading something like this:—

"S. G. Javelin, champion bicycle rider, from Albany to San Francisco on a a wheel. B—T. Pd." So this it was who had just passed the day before—but stop. "What day was this?" said I, turning to the landlord, "day before yesterday?"

He smiled in assent and was about to continue speaking when I got in ahead of him. "Honor bright, now, you were going to tell me about this episode of the day before yesterday, about the two hundred and fifty dollar bicycle, the silver plating, and all that stuff, wasn't you?"

"Why yes," he faltered, "I was, but did some one else tell you?"

"Some one else tell me? Why, man, I haven't heard anything but that miserable fish story all the week."

As I leave Silver Creek rather early in the morning I notice the number of vehicles on the road. They come along in a cloud of dust, singly and in droves. The old man in front, driving, glances a fierce look at the bicycle as he jerks up his horses. The small boys bestow on the bicycler looks of envious pride, while the grown boys smile at him contemptuously. The girls cast demure glances at the gray knickerbockers and long stockings, and the old women look with a mild disapproval on the whole affair. I am at a loss to account for all this early traffic, till I remember that the barns and fences of Silver Creek were "painted red" with four colored lithographs of the Great American Agglomerated Eight Ring Circus that was to show there to-day.

Falling into a reverie, as wheelmen when alone often do, I am suddenly awakened to the fact that I am off the pike, and running over a rough wagon road across lots. I have been told to follow the telegraph lines all day, and have been watching them rather than the road; but they are still running straight ahead. I look around for some explanation to this road, and see a small house with a garden to the side, a short distance from the road. A little pink dress and sun-bonnet is moving about in the garden. "Well," thought I, "this isn't so bad after all. She's gathering a morning bouquet, no doubt, while the fresh dew is still on the flowers. I guess I'd better dismount and inquire about the way." I walked up to the fence, but the maiden in pink continued her work, not looking up. Coming still nearer I called out, "Excuse me—Miss." No answer. Again, louder. Then a voice from under the sun-bonnet grunted forth, "Ugh! Who want injun? Injun heap mad, go way!!" And the figure straightened up, disclosing to my astonished gaze a six-foot squaw. Two little sticks and a can she held in her hand showed me that she had not been gathering posies, but potato bugs.

Taking in a full view of the stranger her frown disappeared, and, with a grin that cracked her face from ear to ear, she blurted out, "Gimme a chaw o'terbacker?" I retreated precipitately to the road.

I soon strike the pike again, and learn at the next house that I have just crossed the Indian reservation, and that is why the mud road took the place of a pike. About two miles from the state line, as though to give me a parting kick, the road is newly worked, and my last two miles of riding in New York is walking. There is a road house at the state line, and, as I sit on the porch partaking of a lunch, I think how little I ever realized the size of New York till after I had ridden through it on a bicycle.

When I dismount again I am well into Pennsylvania. I stop at a call from a benevolent looking farmer standing at his gate. He says his two boys ride bicycles, and as they will be in from the field in a little while, he wants me to wait and see them. The smell of a good dinner is coming from the kitchen, and as he hangs up a hammock in the yard I can't refrain from waiting. The boys are much interested in my trip, and after throwing out a good word for the Columbias and the L. A. W., both of which they promise to soon try, I leave them. The old-fashioned home-made dinner I had there beat anything on the trip, four-dollar-a-day hotels included.

When I arrive at Erie about night-fall and am strolling up one of the main streets looking for a hotel where I can stop till morning, without danger of insolvency, I am met by a fellow bicyclist who takes me home with him and insists on keeping me over night. That evening, in order to give me some needed exercise, the local bicycle club took me down to the lake point to see the mosquitoes. They didn't tell me that that was what they were going to see, but it must have been, for the mosquitoes constituted the one single attraction to the place, except it was the solitary fisherman who wanted to fight somebody for sitting in his boat. The mosquitoes, however, furnished the basis of the entertainment, and they seemed to consider a crowd of bicyclers, with long stockings, as far easier prey than the horny skinned native boatmen.

At Erie I turned my watch back one hour. It was correct at Buffalo—now an hour too fast.

Wouldn't the road from Buffalo to Erie be a good place to break the straightaway road record, where the rider could get an hour's boost by changing from eastern to central time?

P. C. DARROW.

[To be continued.]

Correspondence.

A CHANCE FOR THANKSGIVING.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

I've been disappointed by so many delays, that I will not pretend the chance is a brilliant one; but there is at least a chance of my book's appearing before the last Thursday of November. Electrotypes are now made for 694 pages, and copy for 40 pages more is in hands of the printers. Two other chapters, with contents-table and indexes, will raise the total to nearly 800 pages, I fear.

My persistent advertising having brought my name into the reach of the Commissioner of Jurors, I have this day fled from the big city, lest the obligation to do jury-service there postpone indefinitely my publication-day. For the next two months or more my address will be "West Springfield, Mass."; and I invite subscribers who reside outside the 108 towns to which express-bundles of books will be forwarded (see list in June GAZETTE) to send payments thither, if they wish to receive early copies by mail. Such copies will be mailed in the order paid for; and the bindery will issue about 200 a day when the printing is finished.

I wheeled 25 miles in five hours this afternoon, ending here just inside the border of Connecticut, and I expect to finish my trip at West Springfield, on the 5th.

KARL KRON.

GREENWICH, CT., Oct. 1, 1886.

P. S. Monday, Oct. 4. I reached West Springfield at 8.15 to-night, having left New Haven at 9.15 in the morning. The distance, by Pope cyclometer, was 64½ miles; and I have very rarely got over so much ground in eleven hours. The wind was at my back, and the roads averaged better than on any previous trial made by me between the two cities. The last 14 miles were by moonlight. On Saturday I rode from Greenwich to New Haven (45 miles by cyclometer, though I believe the distance was farther); so that the whole trip from New York, registering 134½ miles, was made in two and a half days of riding.

K. K.

THOMAS STEVENS AND OUTING.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

At the last meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, held in Buffalo, a statement was made by one of the prominent speakers, calling in question the character of Thomas Stevens. It was hinted that this gentleman belonged to a class of riders who are hired to exploit particular makes of bicycles. As Mr. Stevens is now crossing India, and close to the Chinese frontier, this slanderous statement will not reach him for many weeks. Will you kindly allow me therefore to state:—

1st. That Thomas Stevens is making the tour of the world solely as special correspondent of *Outing*.

2d. That he is at perfect liberty to ride any style of bicycle he chooses.

3d. That his expenses are paid exclusively and entirely by *Outing*.

4th. That no special manufacturing interests have anything to say in regard to *Outing*, the entire and sole control being vested in the editor.

I am yours, very truly,
POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

The numerous advertisements of various wheels, constantly appearing in the cycling papers, all tell us of events performed on the track or remarkably fine roads, by experienced and well-trained riders. As it occurs to me that the experience with his wheel, of an indifferent rider, over some of the confessedly worst roads in the country, might be of advantage to some riders in selecting a mount, I here give it.

My Expert Columbia, which recently carried me from Boston some thousand miles westward, came through without a break. It cost me nothing for repairs while on the road. An occasional tightening of the bearings or straightening a handle-bar, which every wheelman is supposed to be able to do, was all the attention it needed.

One thing was noticeable, that had a serious break occurred, there was scarcely a town that sported a bicycle at all but what had an Expert Columbia; so repairs could have been secured for it much more readily than for any other wheel.

I consider it to be the embodiment of a strictly first-class and reliable road machine.

P. C. DARRON.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Last Sunday morning four local bicyclists started for a run to a town about fifteen miles distant. The roads were in fine condition, so we sped merrily along. All went well until we came to a long down grade. As usual, we threw up our feet to have a fine coast of a half-mile or so. About half way down there is a corn-field where a lot of pigs were rooting about. We were perhaps twenty yards from a gap in the wall when out of the field came several pigs about the size of a terrier dog. Before we had time to think they trooped out into the road, and—well, the first man ran into one pig, took a header, and landed on top of a second. The next man took a header over the first man's wheel, and he also landed on top of a pig. The rest of us passed by in safety, although there was great danger of our mixing in the pork also. The little runters scampered in all directions, only wishing to escape. But for the buckling of one wheel we came out all right.

We think the best place for pork is in the sty or pork barrel, and not in the highway.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 23, 1886.

News Notes.

The League meet in St. Louis means death to New York ring rule.

There will be? Yes! you will find it at the League meet at St. Louis.

After a slight absence the *Bicycling News* has put in its appearance again at our office.

The *Bicycling News* is pining for readers, and offers to send the vile sheet free for four weeks.

Failures this year in the L. A. W.: 1st, the meeting; 2d, the uniform; 3d, League tour; 4th, League race meetings.

Send us eight subscribers to the *GAZETTE* and

receive the "Book-keeper's Delight," mentioned in our advertising columns, free.

Philadelphia has had a race meeting at last, and, if we are to judge from what we hear, it was a successful and an enjoyable affair.

Distance only precluded our being present at the complimentary banquet of the St. Louis Wheelmen, Saturday evening, October 2.

Dr. Beckwith missed the chance of retiring when popular for the sake of one more year of office, and now will retire with not the very best of feeling towards him by his constituents.

At the Cleveland races, George Collister and J. T. Huntingdon broke the quarter and half mile tandem record, making the quarter in 43½ s., and the half in 1m. 24s.

The Association for the Advancement of Cycling, lately formed in Philadelphia, appears to be getting along all right. Its objects are praiseworthy and its life ought to be long.

Sam Gideon has been doing a good deal lately in the tricycling line. He is perhaps one of the fastest tricycle riders in Philadelphia, and may do something exceedingly good in the future.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the English mail, when we shall be surprised if the idiotic Hillier does not claim the credit of having won at the Hartford, Lynn, and Springfield tournaments.

The League uniform is of a doubtful quality and fades after a little exposure. Had a little more money been put into the cloth, and less in the commissions, League members would have had a serviceable uniform.

Here, give us your hand, G. Lacy. The tournaments were a success, and we now extend our most hearty compliments to you for the free advertising you have so liberally bestowed on us. Again, our thanks. Adieu.

Harper's Weekly contained an excellent full-page cut of Hampden Park, drawn by Henry Sandham from sketches on the ground during the tournament, showing a cluster of men coming down at full speed at the end of a lap.

Abe Powell, of Philadelphia, has surrendered up the championship of Lancaster Pike to his fellow-citizen, Frank Kohler. Powell does not rest easy under the circumstances and Lancaster Pike will see some more fast road speeding.

Almost every make and style of machine is now ridden in the Quaker City, and cycling is still on the increase. Riding among the community is going ahead, and consequently club membership and League membership forges ahead also.

Thomas Stevens, the plucky correspondent of *Outing*, who is making the trip around the world on his bicycle, has just arrived in Delhi, India, in good health, and confident of his ability to complete his journey, unless some unforeseen accident bars his way in China.

The presidential bee is said to have set up a very lively buzzing in the bonnet of George R. Bidwell, of New York. The gentleman has long been recognized as a power behind the throne.—*Boston Globe*. We are afraid the bee will find the bonnet an empty one.

Mr. H. D. Corey, of Stoddard, Lovering & Co., sails for England on the North German-Lloyd steamship "Aller," on the 6th of October. He goes to personally superintend the manufacture of a

number of bicycles and tricycles which his firm intend to make a specialty of next year.

Expressions of regret are heard because the records stand just about where they were before the tournaments began. The times are already so very low that in order to reduce them further the conditions for racing must be perfect; which was not the case on any day of the big meets.

Camden, N. J., just across the river from Philadelphia, and much looked down upon by the dwellers in the city of Penn as a place located somewhere on the borders of civilization, has at any rate been ahead of her big neighbor for some time in the matter of having a good bicycle track.

Rumor has it that married life will also have its attractions for Rowe before the winter is over.—*Springfield Union*. The symptoms indicate that Dame Rumor has hit the nail on the head this time.—*Lynn Bee*. And the path loses one of its greatest riders, but then they all do it-sooner or later.

Some little time since, Mr. George D. Gideon and Mr. Henry S. Wood, two of Philadelphia's most prominent wheelmen, had a disagreement. Now, most unfortunately, the former of these gentlemen and the secretary-editor and a number of other Quaker City cycling celebrities are having what we hope is but a sham fight.

Hal Greenwood (the king of hill climbers), of St. Louis Ramblers, climbed Corey Hill on a 51-inch Star four times in succession without a dismount recently. He climbed the front side, coasted the back, turned round, climbed the back, coasted the front. Greenwood was fresh at the finish and wanted to climb it some more.

"Over the hills and far away," is getting more than ever the rule with Philadelphia cyclers. According as the roads in the vicinity of the city are improved the cycling travel increases. As time goes on cycling may be expected to become quite an institution of the city, so to speak. But—every one knows "'Phila' and cobble-stones."

The American Bicycle Company, of Springfield, Mass., have a large stock of second-hand bicycles, all of which they are anxious to dispose of at once, and to do it they are offering prices which defy competition, and to any one thinking of purchasing a machine we would suggest that you write to them and state size, kind, and about what you want to pay.

The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club has not yet decided when, where, nor how, it will build its new club-house. The Pennsylvania men are determined to have a house, for has not the Philadelphia Bicycle Club already commenced constructing its new abode? Plans for the new club-house have almost been approved of by the Pennsylvania Club's building committee.

First, second, and third prizes in every event, save the consolation race, at the Kings County Wheelmen meet (at Brooklyn, N. Y., September 18, 1886), were won on Columbias. In the bicycle team race (four men each), the Kings County Wheelmen won with three Columbias, and the Harlem Wheelmen were second with four Columbias. Another sweep for the Columbias.

New York having claimed and got the office of president L. A. W. on the strength of one of its members riding the largest wheel and presenting an imposing appearance when on parade, will lay claim to the office next year on account of the extreme beauty of one of its members, but it is no

THE NEW RAPID

(WITH TRUE TANGENT WHEEL)

"UNDoubtedly THE LEADING BICYCLE OF THE YEAR."

See Testimonials on the Following Pages.



BECAUSE IT PRESENTS MORE POINTS OF REAL EXCELLENCE.

It has stiffer Forks and a stronger Backbone than other machines. It has the TRUE TANGENT WHEEL, and every ounce of pressure on the Pedals is carried direct to the Rim. These points make it the best hill-climber.

Take a NEW RAPID and spin the wheels, front and rear; they will continue in motion longer than any wheel you ever saw. Because the bearings and balls are made with the greatest care to micrometer, are thoroughly hardened, and are ground in emery after hardening. These points make it the easiest-running and the fastest coaster.

It is the most durable, because no cast or common metal is used. It is ALL STEEL, and every part is made from drop forgings, to fit gauges, and is therefore ABSOLUTELY INTERCHANGEABLE.

Its weight is 40 pounds for a 50-inch. It is therefore the lightest Roadster on the market. Few Light Roadsters scale less.

It is easily guided, because it has hemispherical centers and cow-horn hollow one-piece Handle-Bar, from 28 to 31 inches in length. This Handle-Bar is detachable in a few seconds. This device is the only one thus far that absolutely will not work loose.

It is readily adjusted everywhere, and new spokes may be put in without removing the tire.

It is fitted with square rubber Ball Pedals, Coil Spring, and Eclipse or Lillibridge Saddle, at option of purchaser.

It has no paid riders to push it to the front, but wherever exhibited has been awarded the Gold Medal, and is constantly winning the golden opinions of its numerous riders.

We want you to study the specifications of this machine. Send for our new Illustrated Catalogue.

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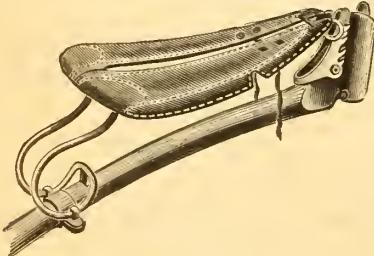
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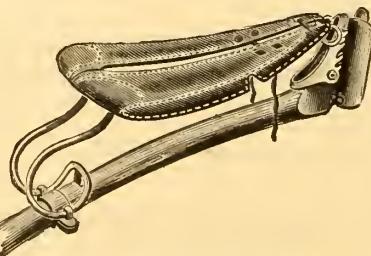
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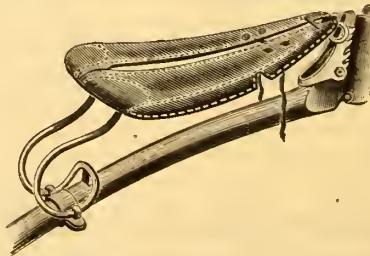
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Is the ONLY ONE possessing any of these Points. Is the ONLY ONE that can be changed in Shape or Position at all. Is the BEST and CHEAPEST in the Market.
For all makes, including the Safeties and the Star. Price, Nickeled, \$5; Coiled Spring, etc., for Old Saddles, 75 cents.

FREEMAN LILLIBRIDGE,

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

go, George R. What the League will have in the future is brains and executive ability, which it has lacked in the past few years.

"Mr. Ducker," says the *Athletic News* of Birmingham, "shirks the question that has been pertinently asked respecting the value of the prizes at the Springfield tournament." Not so. We have yet to see the value of Springfield prizes doubted by any reliable or responsible person. The only doubts we have seen expressed were by an imbecile London fop, who edits an obscene London cycling paper. If the *News* will name one prize out of the ninety prizes offered that was not as advertised, we will cheerfully answer all questions relating to the same.

Henry E. Ducker has issued another challenge to President Beckwith, calling for proof of the statements made by the latter as to what influenced his action in removing the former. Many are of the opinion that the documents will never be produced, for the reason that they do not believe there are any such in existence.—*Lynn Bee*. We knew whereof we spoke in issuing our challenge, and we have scored one point against our president, whose surname is not that of the immortal father of our country, whose life we would recommend Dr. Beckwith to study.

Mr. Ricalton, the adventurous explorer, who was sent out to the Arctic Ocean in May by *Outing*, in order to make a journey on a three-wheeled machine from Archangel straight through Russia to Crimea, has not been heard from since leaving New York. His friends are very anxious on his account, and it is feared that the Russians may have treated him as they did Thomas Stevens on his bicycle, only a little more effectively. Mr. Ricalton had with him a photographic apparatus, with which he intended to illustrate a series of articles in *Outing*, and it is quite likely that this instrument was the excuse for his arrest.

The consul of the Victorian Cyclists' Association (Australia), W. J. Parry, in sending to us, through Karl Kron, a renewal of his subscription to the *GAZETTE* and *Wheeling*, writes thus, Aug. 9: "Here in Sandhurst, cycling will be going ahead presently,—arrangements having been completed for laying down a splendid racing-track, four laps to the mile, and sixteen or eighteen feet wide, on the cricket grounds at Black Creek, a mile out of the city. When finished, it will be opened by a combined meeting of the local clubs, giving bicycle and tricycle races. If convenient, please send me a diagram and description of the track at Springfield." (The *GAZETTE* of Aug., 1885, containing diagram of Hampden Park, has accordingly been sent.)

The great race of S. G. Whittaker, of Chicago, against time, with a bicycle, began at Crawfordsville, Ind., Friday, September 24. He started at 5 A. M., reached the 25-mile post at 6.31 and the 50-mile point at 7.55.46 $\frac{1}{2}$. Time, 2h. 55m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. This beats the record of Golden in England by 9 minutes and 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and the American record of Weber by 11 minutes, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Whittaker completed a run of 100 miles at 11.43.59; time, 6h. 43m. 59s., beating the fastest time ever made on the globe by one hour, seven minutes, and one second. His run was to have stopped at 5 A. M. Saturday, and he expected to cover 300 miles in the 24 hours; but after completing 150 miles he ran into a cow and was so badly bruised that he had to abandon the race.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Kellogg & Eager, makers of the Kellogg Bicycle Shoe, which, although just commenced being put on the market, is already becoming immensely popular. Mr. W. H. Kellogg has applied for a patent, which will give him the inside track over all other manufacturers of a "regular bicycle shoe"; he has also had a long experience in the shoe business, and is connected in the manufacture of them with F. M. Eager, of Palmer, Mass., who is widely known as doing a large custom boot and shoe business. They not only know how, but are prepared to make any amount of them that the trade demands, and, after hearing them spoken of in such high terms of praise, we may safely predict for them a large sale in the future.

"The Bard," London correspondent of the *Bicycling World*, has this to say of America's cycling friend: "It seems, however, to many men on this side that the American papers have an exaggerated idea of the importance of Mr. Lacy Hillier's utterances. You may rest assured that his following is a very small one, and diminishing daily. International snobbery, as manifested by the pen of a small stock-jobber, in an unpopular cycling paper, is as offensive to English as to American eyes; and if American wheelmen will reflect that the man who prostitutes a paper to air his malice against America, is, after all, a very poor journalist, a very ordinary Stock Exchange operator, and merely a figure-head and 'slater' to the paper, which a boy at Coventry really edits, they will estimate his remarks at their proper worth." We have had the same opinion of Mr. Hillier given us before by prominent Englishmen, but the above is the first time we have seen it in print.

Gormully & Jeffery's new building is about completed. Five stories are completed and the sixth nearly so. This large addition to their factories more than doubles their facilities and altogether makes an imposing looking edifice. * * * The gear about which there has been so much talk this fall is being made by Gormully & Jeffery, and is being put on an ordinary 54-inch American Champion, gearing it up to a 126-inch wheel. This gear is undoubtedly the simplest yet produced, and in a 38-inch Ideal wheel, with improvised forks and with bearings that consisted only of a hole bored through iron, and with a rider who required the reach of a 58-inch wheel, made a mile in 2.56. What it will do on the large wheel is of course experimental, but its inventors are very sanguine. If it is successful it will at once be put on the market. Pedaling a four-minute gait will put the mile under two minutes. Philosophy tells us that additional speed requires a corresponding additional power, but we shall see what we shall see.

Speaking of racing, the Springfield *Daily Union* says that "the day for amateur racing has gone by. By amateur racing we mean the letting out of all one's energies from starting point to finish. Such contests as these can be expected only in the amateur events and even then only the new, inexperienced, and ambitious riders are the ones who think they can win by spurting the whole distance. The man who leads at the start is usually found in the rear at the finish. Riders have learned that in order to insure themselves a winning position they must hold some of their strength in reserve for the final spurt. There are

few riders who can (or will, even if they have the ability) ride a sprinting race. There is too much wear and tear involved. In the early days of bicycle riding, races were run in this way. But where are the fliers of a few years ago, who used to give such marvelous exhibitions of their powers? They have either gone stale or abandoned racing altogether. The riders of to-day are profiting by the experience of the former leaders and unless a record is desired the speed will come at the finish rather than at the beginning of a race. The public, if it wishes spirited contests, must be content with a comparatively slow beginning. This is especially true in a long-distance race. And, though the spectator may sigh and wish for the good old days, he must put up with the inevitable (which has already come), and content himself with a shorter but more exciting struggle."

Mr. Furnivall said, in conversation with a reporter of the London *News*, that he believed that the mile record could be lowered from its present figure, and that Richard Howell, the professional, could hang on to Maud S., if a couple of boards were set up at the back of the car to fend the wind off him. In any case I think without even that amount of artificial assistance in pace-making, 2.25 certainly and 2.20 can be done. I believe there are seven or eight men in England to-day who, if properly coached and taken along, can beat my record. "Then you ascribe great importance to pace-making, Mr. Furnivall?" "It is everything. In fact, there is frequently more credit due to the pace-makers than to the record-breaker himself. It is so simple to hang on behind a man who is setting the pace." "Taking into consideration your remarks about windage, what would you consider the possible time for a straight mile, ridden with the wind at your back?" "I think," said Mr. Furnivall, "it could be done in 1m. 50s., or less. It would become a question of fast pedaling." "You are champion on both bicycle and tricycle over a mile, I believe, Mr. Furnivall? Might I ask what you deem the greatest tricycle performance of the year?" "George Gatehouse's 20 miles 460 yards in the hour. I was one of his pace-makers, and the manner in which he broke up man after man—whether on bicycles, tricycles, or tandems—was the most wonderful piece of riding I have ever witnessed. In my opinion, Gatehouse is the best man on the bicycle or tricycle in England to-day, although he has been unlucky enough not to win a single championship." "What do you think are the chances of the amateur definition being abolished?" "I feel convinced that it must go, and am personally on the side of the abolitionists. It is impossible for the rank and file of racing men to incur the heavy expenses contingent upon wheel racing and remain pure amateurs."

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

We welcome "The Sadiron Ghosts."

The consul's patience has about given out, and when the crisis comes, "it will be better if we are not that!"

Mr. Scofield, of Mianus, is the latest convert to Facile cycling, and is delighted, as are all the others, including Mr. Schuyler Merritt, who rides a 48.

As this is penciled, the Solitary Club is preparing to wheel to Springfield, leaving here on the 13th. Some notes by the way are to be taken, and impressions given in these columns, later.

We are still talking and writing up macadam for our wretched streets, but as yet no steps have been taken—except to stumble over our mud-soaked cobbles—toward giving us smooth roadways, but we hope on, hope ever.

The apathy displayed this season by some of our veteran wheelmen in cycling affairs in general is painful, and is only in part accounted for from the fact that our streets, always rough, are now roughest ever known, owing to the new sewers.

We read with pleasure Mr. Darrow's notes awheel, but he locates us seven miles too far inland, for we do indeed revel in "briny breezes blown from sea," and they are active agents in melting our snow and tempering wintry winds, as well as lowering summer temperature.

Our street pavements (all on paper, or in your mind), consist of fire brick, asphalt, and macadam; but if we can get the powers to put down a section of each, on trial, this fall, we will try to be satisfied. They are washing \$200,000 through the sewers, and it is hoped a fraction of it can be caught for paving purposes.

A pleasant memory of early September was a moonlight run awheel to Greenwich. The charm of vague, moonlit scenery, kept pace with the easy and safe-running Facile all along the way, and the pictures of the weirdly beautiful were continuous. Night voices in various tones came to us as we sped smoothly on, and, despite some deep dust and stones encountered, the outing was delightful and without mishaps.

Later:—We are so deeply buried in chagrin at having stopped short of Springfield, after wheeling nearly there, on account of rain and mud, that the secretary refuses to send the GAZETTE notes of our tour, until "the snow again is piled up higher, and cyclers sit about their evening fires."

"STAMSON."

THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

The great tournaments in Massachusetts have attracted a great deal of attention from every part of the country, and our city appears quite insignificant against places like Springfield, Hartford, and Lynn. However, we have our good times here as usual, and we are patiently waiting for the Roseville tournament, where it is expected some very fast time will be made. As this town is only thirty minutes' ride from New York, a large attendance is looked for, and it is hoped the affair will be a success.

While visiting the Museum of Arts in New York, several days ago, with a party of Brooklyn wheelmen, we were agreeably surprised by seeing a handsome oil painting by Rogers, representing a scene from bicycle life. It is a perfect picture, and some club would do well to purchase it as an ornament for the club room.

The runs to Coney Island are dying out. Wheelmen now begin to realize that there are other roads just as good and not half so monotonous as the Ocean Parkway. Bath seems to be a favorite place for short runs, while long tours out on Long Island are becoming more popular than before.

A. B. Rich has a brother, who, though quite young, is already quite a "hummer." He showed himself to good advantage at the K. C. W. meet in this city, as the below report will show.

Accidents are now of frequent occurrence on the Boulevard. Several members of the Algonquin

Wheelmen were taking a spin down the road, when they saw two carriages coming towards them at a very fast rate. The wheelmen were on the right side of the road and steered as closely as possible to the gutter. One of the racing carriages, with its intoxicated occupants, came up on the same side that the bicyclists were taking, and, despite the riders' shouts to steer out, they kept right on until almost running into them. All of the wheelmen succeeded in getting out of the way, except one. This unfortunate rider was smashed into and thrown to the ground. He was picked up unconscious, and it was found that his jaw was broken; in addition to having received several ugly gashes on his face. The carriage kept on racing at its break-neck speed, not stopping a moment to find out the result of the accident. This reckless driving by incompetent persons should be stopped, and it is hoped that the authorities will soon take the matter in hand.

The park commissioners are at last commencing to repair the walks. It is high time that this is done, as the pavement is so full of holes in some places that it is a problem if there ever was smooth asphalt on the walk.

A young rider about fifteen years of age is making himself very conspicuous by wheeling through the streets and park attired in a gaudy suit of light blue skin-tights, dark gray swimming trunks, white shirt and vest, and a derby hat. It is a curious combination, and the club-men cannot refrain from smiling when he rides past.

There has been some talk of the Independent Wheelmen going over to the Ilderen Bicycle Club. If the union is effected it will probably be in winter, or in the beginning of next season.

The parade of Brooklyn wheelmen took place on Thursday night, Sept. 16. Owing to a rain in the morning the streets were quite slippery, making riding a little difficult, which deterred many from participating. However, quite a number were present, altogether about 250. The line was made up by the following clubs in the order stated, namely: Kings County Wheelmen, 70 men; Ilderen Bicycle Club, 40 men; Bedford Cycling Club, 35 men; Long Island Wheelmen, 25 men; Independent Wheelmen, 10 men; Prospect Bicycle Club, 15 men; unattached riders, etc., 50 men. The start was made at 9.15 P. M., and the long line of lights moved up Bedford avenue to the fountain, then half way down again, when they turned around and proceeded to the K. C. W. club rooms, where refreshments were served. After some music and speeches, the gathering departed with pleasant recollections of an enjoyable evening.

Mr. Sam Butler, one of our most enthusiastic road-riders, has recovered from his recent illness, and is welcomed back to his fellow-wheelmen with a hearty shake. We are all glad to see him amongst us once more.

The fourth annual race meeting of the King's County Wheelmen took place here on Saturday, Sept. 18. Although everything was "pure amateurism," and the races under L. A. W. rules, nevertheless the events were well contested, and Rich's mile in 2.57 $\frac{1}{2}$ was worthy of especial notice. The events and the winners were as follows: One-mile novice: first heat, C. F. Pray 1st, M. F. Germond 2d, John W. Schoefer 3d; time, 3.21 $\frac{1}{2}$. Final heat, Pray 1st, Weber 2d; time 3.09 $\frac{1}{2}$. One-mile lap: A. B. Rich 1st; time 2.57 $\frac{1}{2}$; S. H. Rich 2d. (This was the fastest race of the day, the time being exceptionally fast for a 5-lap

cinder track.) Two-mile handicap: J. W. Powers, 200 yds., 1st; time 5.56 $\frac{1}{2}$; S. H. Rich 2d. Three-mile handicap: A. B. Rich, scratch, 1st; time 9.27 $\frac{1}{2}$; E. Valentine, 130 yards, 2d. One-mile novice club: L. P. Weber 1st, 3.19 $\frac{1}{2}$; 2d, F. G. Brown, time 3.20. One mile, 3.10 class: S. H. Rich 1st, time 3.08; J. W. Powers 2d. Five-mile scratch: S. H. Rich 1st, time 18.40 $\frac{1}{2}$; A. B. Rich 2d. (It was evident that A. B. Rich allowed his brother to beat him in this race.) Two-mile team race, four members from each club: Kings County Wheelmen 1st, Harlem Wheelmen 2d. The plucky riding of Harry Fair was noticeable in this race, he having been quite sick and not in condition to race. One-mile consolation: E. C. Parker 1st, time 3.16 $\frac{1}{2}$; F. B. Hawkins 2d. This ended the meeting. The attendance was fair and the weather very fine, although a stiff breeze was blowing against the racers on the long stretch. The races were well managed and showed that the K. C. W. know how to run a race meet.

J. W. S.

1886.

Once more have we met together from many a land and clime,
And again the noiseless bicycle with its ever silent chime
Has filled our busy city and our hearts with exultant pride
For our noble men who won the race as they rode by each
other's side.

How quickly the year has passed since we met with the merry
crowd,
And defeat has been forgotten, and glad we were, and proud,
To clasp the hand in friendship and try the race once more,
For some must lose where others win, is the saying we've
heard of yore.

It has brought to many changes, to some more form and grace,
To our noble heroes always in the foremost ranks a place.
Long may health and brightest prospects be his lot in years
to come;
As he fights in life's great battle be his the victory won.

It may be hard to *Rowe* against the wind and tide,
Whether on England's British soil or on the American side,
For many a champion rider goes forth in the bloom of youth,
Bearing inscribed on his banner for victory and truth.

Again has our noble president, with his customary charm and
grace,
Kept very good friends with the weather with only *one* day to
disgrace:
But we will not chide or upbraid him if he did *duck* us under
a little,
For I know that he smiled at the surging crowd as they passed
in the bright little nickel.

And in memory we write of *two* who are sleeping since last
we met,
Beneath the green sod they are lying and our eyelids with
tears they are wet;
With a cold dreary stone to mark where they lie,
With the stars peeping down through their webbing on high.

So over the *Rhodes* the bicycle speeds, bearing its precious
freight,
And we gaze with awe on the silent steed that really takes the
cake;
And the mounted rider looks down with disdain on us mor-
tals here below,
With only a nod, as he glides along, for of course he knows
he makes quite a show.

And *Prince* of the wheel, what a title to claim,
But I tell you he knows how to ride, just the same;
For of course you all saw him, on our neat little park;
Where the tournament stops so does Jack of our heart.

So let us all rest and talk over the races,
And keep till another year bright smiling faces;
Give three hearty cheers for the boys all around,
That no headers they'll take but keep off the ground.

And three more for Duckie, that long may he wave
"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."
May Springfield long cherish in memory the man
Who owned the first bicycle, and come to the next tourna-
ment if you can.

MATTIE.

RACE MEETINGS.

LOCKPORT (N. Y.) WHEELMEN.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1886.

One-Mile Open.

W. S. Campbell, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Time, 3.21
E. H. Gamble, Batavia, N. Y.

One-Mile Novice, Niagara County.

Arthur Montgomery, Lockport, N. Y., Time, 3.13
H. D. Kittenger, Lockport, N. Y.

One-Mile Club Championship.

A. Montgomery, Lockport, N. Y., Time, 3.14 1-2
H. D. Kittenger, Lockport, N. Y.

One-Half Mile Boys' Race—16 Years.

L. C. Allen, Lockport, N. Y., Time, 1.32 3-4
F. A. Kittenger, Lockport, N. Y.

One Hundred Yards, Slow Race.

Neil Campbell, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Time, 3.04
C. J. Connolly, Rochester, N. Y.

Three-Mile Open.

E. H. Gamble, Batavia, N. Y., Time, 9.45 1-2
— Milley, Buffalo, N. Y.

Half-Mile Ride and Run.

W. B. Metzger, Lockport, N. Y., Time, 2.19
C. J. Connolly, Rochester, N. Y.

One-Mile Safety.

W. S. Campbell, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Time, 3.32 1-4
Half-Mile, Hands Off.

E. H. Gamble, Batavia, N. Y., Time, 1.41
C. J. Connolly, Rochester, N. Y.

One-Mile Unicycle Open.

W. S. Campbell, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Time, 4.30
One-Mile Tandem Tricycle.

Campbell Bros., Niagara Falls, N. Y., Time, 3.49

CLEVELAND (O.) BICYCLE CLUB.

FIRST DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 27.

One-Mile Novice.

W. H. Wylie, St. Louis, Mo., Time, 3.02 1-5
F. E. Ranney, Akron, O.
J. E. Douhet, Cleveland, O.

One-Mile Tricycle State Championship.

K. A. Pardee, Akron, O., Time, 3.14 3-4
G. Collister, Cleveland, O.

Half-Mile Open.

A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., Time, 1.21 1-5
W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C.

H. S. Kavanagh, Cohoes, N. Y., Time, 6.15
Two-Mile 6.30 Class.

George H. Terry, Batavia, N. Y., Time, 6.15
F. X. Spranger, Detroit, Mich.
W. H. Wylie, St. Louis, Mo.

One-Mile Tandem Tricycle.

J. T. Huntington and G. Collister, Cleveland, O., Time, 3.06
E. J. Douhet and W. D. White, Cleveland, O.

One-Mile Open.

A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., Time, 2.54
J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y.

W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., Half-Mile 1.30 Class.

P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., Time, 1.26 2-5
F. E. Ranney, Akron, O.

F. X. Spranger, Detroit, Mich., Five-Mile Ohio State Championship.

K. A. Pardee, Akron, O., Time, 17.09 1-5
G. Collister, Cleveland, O.

Quarter-Mile Open.

H. S. Kavanagh, Cohoes, N. Y., Time, 0.40 2-5
H. E. Bidwell, East Hartford, Ct.

P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., One-Mile Tricycle Open.

A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I., Time, 3.17
K. A. Pardee, Akron, O.

G. Collister, Cleveland, O., One-Mile Handicap.

George H. Terry, Batavia, N. Y., Time, 2.53
J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, O.

H. S. Kavanagh, Cohoes, N. Y., Second Day—SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.

One-Mile.

F. X. Spranger, Detroit, Mich., Time, 2.54 3-5
F. E. Ranney, Akron, O.

W. H. Wylie, St. Louis, Mo., Two-Mile State Championship.

J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, O., Time, 6.15 4-5
K. A. Pardee, Akron, O.

J. J. McTigue.

Half-Mile Handicap.		
W. E. Crist (10 yds.), Washington, D. C.,	Time, 1.18 2-5	
A. A. Hart (25 yds.), St. Louis, Mo.		
<i>One-Mile Tandem.</i>		
J. T. Huntington and G. Collister, Cleveland, O.,		
	Time, 3.04 4-5	
A. B. Rich, New Brighton, L. I., and J. R.		
Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y.		
<i>One-Mile Open.</i>		
H. E. Bidwell, East Hartford, Ct.,	Time, 2.53 4-5	
H. S. Kavanagh, Cohoes, N. Y.		
<i>Quarter-Mile 45 Second Class.</i>		
G. H. Terry, Batavia, N. Y.,	Time, 40 2-5	
P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C.		
F. E. Ranney, Akron, O.		
<i>Two-Mile Lap.</i>		
H. S. Kavanagh, Cohoes, N. Y.,	Time, 5.57 1-2	
A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I.		
<i>One-Mile Tricycle Handicap.</i>		
K. A. Pardee (40 yds.), Akron, O.,	Time, 3.10	
A. B. Rich (scratch), New Brighton, S. I.		
<i>Half-Mile Open.</i>		
A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I.,	Time, 1.19 1-5	
W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C.		
A. A. Hart, St. Louis, Mo.		
<i>One-Mile 3.00 Class.</i>		
K. A. Pardee, Akron, O.,	Time, 3.04 1-2	
P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C.		
S. P. Hollinsworth, Russiaville, Ind.		
THIRD DAY—MONDAY, AUGUST 30.		
<i>One-Mile 3.10 Class.</i>		
F. X. Spranger, Detroit, Mich.,	Time, 2.55	
G. H. Terry, Batavia, N. Y.		
W. H. Wylie, St. Louis, Mo.		
<i>One-Mile State Championship.</i>		
K. A. Pardee, Akron, O.,	Time, 2.56 4-5	
J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, O.		
<i>Two-Mile Handicap.</i>		
A. B. Rich (scratch), New Brighton, S. I.,	Time, 5.47 2-5	
S. P. Hollinsworth (50 yds.), Russiaville, Ind.		
C. M. Brown (60 yds.), Newcastle, Pa.		
<i>Half-Mile Tricycle Open.</i>		
A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I.,	Time, 1.34 4-5	
K. A. Pardee, Akron, O.		
G. Collister, Cleveland, O.		
<i>One-Mile Handicap.</i>		
P. H. Brown (scratch), Washington, D. C.,	Time, 2.54 2-5	
W. H. Wylie (15 yds.), St. Louis, Mo.		
F. H. Hemstreet (65 yds.), Cleveland, O.		
<i>Five-Mile Lap.</i>		
H. S. Kavanagh (5 points), Cohoes, N. Y.,	Time, 9.04	
S. P. Hollinsworth, Russiaville, Ind.		
<i>Quarter-Mile Open.</i>		
J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y.,	Time, 0.40	
C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y.		
H. E. Bidwell, East Hartford, Ct.		
<i>One-Mile Lap.</i>		
H. S. Kavanagh (15 points), Cohoes, N. Y.,	Time, 2.49 3-5	
C. E. Titchener (11 points), Binghamton, N. Y.		
K. A. Pardee (10 points), Akron, O.		
<i>One-Mile Consolation.</i>		
W. C. Herring, New York City,	Time, 2.59	
E. J. Douhet, Cleveland, O.		
H. Goodman, Hartford, Ct.		
NEW JERSEY DIVISION L. A. W. RACES.		
MILLVILLE, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.		
<i>One-Mile Novice.</i>		
C. L. Meyers, Hudson County,	Time, 3.00 1-2	
Norton Ludlam, Millville, N. J.		
<i>One-Mile State Championship.</i>		
James B. Pearson, Vineland, N. J.,	Time, 2.54 1-4	
C. R. Hoag, Newark, N. J.		
<i>Quarter-Mile Dash.</i>		
George D. Gideon, Philadelphia, Pa.,	Time, 0.40	
W. D. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa.,	" 0.42	
<i>One-Mile 3.00 Class.</i>		
Harry Schwartz, Reading, Pa.,	Time, 2.52 2-5	
Lewis A. Howell, Millville, N. J.		
<i>One-Mile 2.55 Class.</i>		
Harry Schwartz, Reading, Pa.,	Time, 2.54 4-5	
C. S. Stevens, Millville, N. J.		
<i>One-Mile Boys' Race.</i>		
Herbert Blanchard, Millville, N. J.,	Time, 3.19	
<i>One-Mile Open.</i>		
W. J. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa.,	Time, 2.51 4-5	
C. L. Heath, N. J.,	" 2.52 7-8	
Five-Mile State Championship.		
C. R. Hoag, Newark, N. J.,	Time, 15.27 4-5	
Thomas L. Hand, Millville, N. J.,	" 15.28 5-8	
James B. Pearson, Vineland, N. J.		
<i>Three-Mile Lap.</i>		
W. J. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa.,	Time, 10.13 2-5	
F. M. Dampman, Honeybrook, N. J.,	" 10.28 3-4	
CONNECTICUT (HARTFORD) BICYCLE CLUB.		
Date of Meeting, Wednesday and Thursday, September 8 and 9. Track, clay trotting. Laps to a mile, one.		
OFFICERS.—Referee, Abbot Bassett of Boston, Mass.; Judges, H. D. Corey of Boston, Mass., A. Von B. Kennedy-Child of London, Eng., Freeland Morris of Hartford, Ct. Timers, F. G. Whittemore, Col. Henry Kennedy, George Best; Starter, A. J. Wells of Hartford, Ct.; Clerk of Course, E. G. Judd of Hartford, Ct.; Attendance, two days, 8,000.		
A large attendance the second day was prevented by rain at 2 o'clock. The meeting was a success and was run under A. C. U. rules. The records remained untouched, although F. Wood's fast mile is the best made in competition.		
FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.		
<i>One-Mile Amateur 3.10 Class.</i>		
W. L. Prior, East Hartford, Ct.,	Time, 2.53 3-4	
W. S. Hart, New Britain, Ct.		
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.40 1-4; 2d, 1.24 3-4; 3d, 2.14.		
<i>One-Mile Promateur 2.40 Class.</i>		
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.,	Time, 2.54 1-4	
H. Crocker, Newton, Mass.,	" 2.54 1-2	
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.54; 2d, 1.36 1-2; 3d, 2.19.		
<i>Three-Mile Professional.</i>		
F. Wood, Leicester, Eng.,	Time, 8.59 1-2	
W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn.,	" 8.59 3-4	
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.46; 2d, 1.33 1-2; 3d, 2.18 1-2.		
<i>One-Mile Promateur A. C. U. Championship.</i>		
George M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass.,	Time, 2.38 3-4	
W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass.,	" 2.50 1-2	
C. P. Adams, Springfield, Mass.		
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.37 1-4; 2d, 1.19; 3d, 2.01.		
<i>Two-Mile Amateur Handicap.</i>		
H. S. Hart (200 yds.), New Britain, Ct.,	Time, 5.41 1-4	
E. A. De Blois (60 yds.), Hartford, Ct.,	" 5.41 3-4	
Time.—Half mile, 1.13; mile, 2.44.		
<i>One-Mile Promateur Tricycle.</i>		
E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass.,	Time, 3.09 1-2	
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.,	" 3.10	
C. E. Kluge,		
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.56; 2d, 1.45 1-4; 3d, 2.34.		
<i>Three-Mile Amateur Open.</i>		
Fred Foster, Toronto, Can.,	Time, 9.15	
A. B. Rich, New York,	" 9.15	
<i>Ten-Mile Promateur Lap.</i>		
W. A. Rowe (38 points), Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 30.57 1-2	
W. A. Rhodes (32 points), Dorchester, Mass.,	" 31.05	
Time by Miles.—1st, 2.58; 2d, 5.57; 3d, 9.02; 4th, 12.11 1-2; 5th, 15.16 1-2; 6th, 18.26; 7th, 21.37; 8th, 24.43; 9th, 27.53 1-4.		
<i>One-Mile Amateur Team Race.</i>		
Hartford Wheel Club (11 points),	Time, 1.50 1-2	
East Hartford Wheel Club (10 points).		
SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.		
<i>One-Mile Handicap.</i>		
G. C. Dresser (170 yds.),	Time, 2.41 3-4	
E. A. De Blois (scratch), Hartford, Ct.,	" 2.42 1-2	
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.38 1-2; 2d, 1.20 1-4; 3d, 2.03 3-4.		
<i>One-Mile Promateur.</i>		
W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 2.40	
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.,	" 2.41 1-4	
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.40; 2d, 1.21 1-4; 3d, 2.07 1-4.		
<i>One-Mile Professional Handicap.</i>		
Fred Wnod (scratch), Leicester, Eng.,	Time, 2.33	
R. A. Neilson (25 yds.), Boston, Mass.,	" 2.33 1-4	
W. M. Woodside (15 yds.), Minneapolis, Minn.		
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.39 1-4; 2d, 1.18; 3d, 1.57.		
<i>Three-Mile Promateur Tricycle.</i>		
E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass.,	Time, 9.30 1-2	
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.,	" 9.31	
<i>One-Mile Amateur.</i>		
A. B. Rich, New York,	Time, 2.46 1-2	
H. W. Gaskell, London, Eng.,	" 2.48	
C. D. Heath, Lee, Mass.		
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.44; 2d, 1.22 1-4; 3d, 2.03.		
<i>Five-Mile Professional Lap.</i>		
W. M. Woodside (23 points), Minneapolis, Minn.,	Time, 15.59	
R. A. Neilson (17 points), Boston, Mass.,	" 15.59 1-4	
W. J. Morgan (16 points), Chicago, Ill.		

Two-Mile Tandem.

Crist and Brown, Washington, D. C., Time, 5.58 1-4
Bidwell and Jackson, " 6.22
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.44 3-4; 2d, 1.29 3-4; 3d, 2.14; mile, 3.00.

Five-Mile Promateur.

George M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., Time, 16.07 1-2
W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass., " 16.10 1-2
E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass.

Five-Mile Connecticut Championship.

H. S. Hart, New Britain, Ct., Time, 17.08
E. A. De Blois, Hartford, Ct., " 17.08 1-2
William Harding, Hartford, Ct.

One-Mile Consolation.

W. H. Langdown, Christchurch, N. Z., Time, 3.04
C. D. Heath, Lee, Mass., " 3.09
E. B. Smith, Springfield, Mass.

SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.

Date of Meeting., September 14, 15, 17, and 18, 1886.
Track, clay and gravel. *Laps to a mile, two.* *Weather, unfavorable.*

Officers.—*Referees,* Abbot Bassett of Boston, Mass., A. Kennedy-Child of London, Eng.; *Judges,* W. V. Gilman of Nashua, N. H., F. A. Elwell of Portland, Me., C. H. Hazlett of Portsmouth, N. H.; *Timers,* O. N. Whipple, E. C. Robinson, Geo. W. Robinson, H. M. Washburn; *Starter,* C. E. Whipple of Springfield, Mass.; *Clerk of Course,* D. E. Miller of Springfield, Mass.; *Assistant Clerk of Course,* H. W. Wadsworth of Springfield, Mass.; *Secretary,* Sanford Lawton of Springfield, Mass.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

First Heat World's Championship, Promateur.

W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., Time, 2.38
C. E. Kluge, Jersey City, N. J., " 2.40 4-5
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.39; 2d, 1.18; 3d, 1.57 3-5.

Second Heat World's Championship, Promateur.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 3.02 2-5
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct., " 3.03 3-5
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.48; 2d, 1.36 1-5; 3d, 2.23 2-5.

Third Heat World's Championship, Promateur.

Percy W. Stone, St. Louis, Mo., Time, 3.17 4-5
Charles P. Adams, Springfield, Mass., " 3.18
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.57; 2d, 1.48 1-5; 3d, 2.37 2-5.

Fourth Heat World's Championship, Professional.

R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., Time, 4.19
R. James, Birmingham, Eng., " 4.20 1-5
Time by Quarters.—1st, 1.32 2-5; 2d, 2.58 4-5; 3d, 3.37 4-5.

One-Mile Amateur Novice.

Wm. Harding, Hartford, Ct., Time, 2.51 4-5
F. W. Fahy, Hartford, Ct., " 2.55 2-5
Henry Goodman, Hartford, Ct.

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.41 2-5; 2d, 1.25 4-5; 3d, 2.07 1-5.
Ten-Mile Promateur A. C. U. Championship.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., Time, 29.48 4-5
Percy W. Stone, St. Louis, Mo., " 30.19
W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass.

Time by Miles.—1st, 3.18 2-5; 2d, 6.27 1-5; 3d, 9.09 2-5; 4th, 12.04; 5th, 15.05 1-5; 6th, 18.04 2-5; 7th, 21.07; 8th, 23.51 2-5; 9th, 26.40.

Five-Mile Professional Handicap.

R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., 100 yards, Time, 14.36 4-5
W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn., 30 yards.

H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., 100 yards.
Time by Miles.—1st, 2.46; 2d, 5.53 2-5; 3d, 8.24; 4th, 11.49 2-5.

Five-Mile Amateur 16.30 Class.

H. S. Hart, New Britain, Ct., Time, 15.02 1-5
H. L. Burdick, Albany, N. Y., " 15.03
P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C.

Time by Miles.—1st, 3.11 2-5; 2d, 6.20 1-5; 3d, 9.21 2-5; 4th, 12.17.

One-Mile Promateur Tricycle Open.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 3.18 1-5
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct., " 3.18 2-5
C. E. Kluge, Jersey City, N. J.

Time by Quarters.—1st, 1.01 2-5; 2d, 1.51; 3d, 2.38 4-5.

Three-Mile Professional Open.

R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., Time, 9.01
H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., " 9.01 1-5
W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn.

Time by Miles.—1st, 3.14 2-5; 2d, 6.08 2-5.

One-Mile Amateur Tandem Tricycle A. C. U. Championship.

W. E. Crist, } Washington, D. C., Time, 2.43 1-5
P. S. Brown, } Washington, D. C., " 2.43 1-5

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.41 1-5; 2d, 1.21 2-5; 3d, 2.01 3-5.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

Fifth Heat World's Championship, Professional.
Fred Wood, Leicester, Eng., Time, 2.32 3-5
W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn., " 2.36
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.35 1-5; 2d, 1.16 3-5; 3d, 1.56 2-5.

Sixth Heat World's Championship, Promateur.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., Time, 2.35
W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass., " 2.43
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.37 1-5; 2d, 1.14 4-5; 3d, 1.53 2-5.

Seventh Heat World's Championship, Professional.

John S. Prince, Washington, D. C., Time, 2.44 4-5
H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., " 2.45
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.44 4-5; 2d, 1.23 4-5; 3d, 2.04 1-5.

Five-Mile Amateur Lap Race.

H. W. Gaskell, Boston, Mass., 89 points, Time, 15.03
F. Foster, Toronto, Can., 74 points, " 15.03 1-5
A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y., 111 points.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.47 1-5; 2d, 5.50 1-5; 3d, 8.46 2-5; 4th, 11.55 2-5.

Three-Mile Professional Tricycle Open.

H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., Time, 9.41 2-5
T. W. Eck, Chicago, Ill., " 9.45 3-5

R. James, Birmingham, Eng.
Time by Miles.—1st, 3.15 1-5; 2d, 6.26 1-5.

Five-Mile Promateur Lap Race.

W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., 50 points, Time, 14.35
W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass., 34 points, " 14.36

F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct., 30 points.
Time by Miles.—1st, 2.47 4-5; 2d, 5.42 2-5; 3d, 8.39 2-5; 4th, 11.37 4-5.

Three-Mile Amateur Tricycle Open.

A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y., Time, 9.57
H. W. Gaskell, Boston, Mass., " 9.59 3-5
J. T. Williams, Boston, Mass.

Time by Miles.—1st, 3.15; 2d, 6.47 4-5.

Three-Mile Professional Handicap.

Fred Wood, Leicester, Eng., scratch, Time, 8.36 4-5
W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn., scratch, " 8.37

R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., 50 yards.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.40; 2d, 5.44 2-5.

Five-Mile Promateur Handicap.

W. M. Haradon, Springfield, Mass., 550 yards.
Percy W. Stone, St. Louis, Mo., 350 yards.

C. E. Kluge, Jersey City, N. J., 300 yards.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., scratch, Time, 14.17 2-5.

Three-Mile Professional Lap Race.

R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., 25 points, Time, 8.37 2-5
Charles Frazier, Smithville, N. J., 26 points, " 8.39 3-5
W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn., 32 points.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.41; 2d, 5.36.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

Eighth Heat World's Championship, Professional.
Fred Wood, Leicester, Eng., Time, 2.44 1-5
R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., " 2.44 2-5

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.41; 2d, 1.21 2-5; 3d, 2.02 2-5.

Ninth Heat World's Championship, Promateur.

W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., Time, 2.44 3-5
Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., " 2.44 4-5

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.43 2-5; 2d, 1.25; 3d, 2.07.

Three-Mile Promateur Tricycle.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 8.56 2-5
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct., " 8.56 3-5
C. E. Kluge, Jersey City, N. J.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.56; 2d, 5.57 2-5.

Five-Mile Amateur Open.

W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., Time, 16.26
A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y., " 16.26 2-5
H. W. Gaskell, Boston, Mass.

Time by Miles.—1st, 3.25; 2d, 6.57 2-5; 3d, 10.21 4-5; 4th, 13.38.

One-Mile Professional Handicap.

W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn., 20 yds., Time, 2.34 2-5
W. J. Morgan, Chicago, Ill., 120 yards.

F. T. Merrill, Portland, Oregon, 140 yards.

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.43; 2d, 1.22 2-5; 3d, 1.54.

Three-Mile Amateur Open.

W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., dead heat, Time, 8.40 1-5
F. Foster, Toronto, Can., " 8.40 1-5

A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.57 4-5; 2d, 5.53 3-5.

Running Off Heat, One Mile.

F. Foster, Toronto, Can., Time, 3.11
W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., " 3.11 2-5

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.58 1-5; 2d, 1.50 2-5; 3d, 2.36.

Ten-Mile Promateur Lap Race.

W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., 118 points, Time, 30.44
W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass., 88 points, " 30.44 1-5
C. P. Adams, Springfield, Mass., 66 points.

Time by Miles.—1st, 3.02 3-5; 2d, 6.10; 3d, 9.11 2-5; 4th, 12.08 2-5; 5th, 15.08 1-5; 6th, 18.18 2-5; 7th, 21.29 2-5; 8th, 24.40; 9th, 27.46.

One-Mile Professional Open.

W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn., Time, 2.46
R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., " 2.46 4-5
Fred Wood, Leicester, Eng.

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.46 2-5; 2d, 1.33; 3d, 2.11.

Three-Mile Professional Tricycle Handicap.

H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., scratch, Time, 9.10
T. W. Eck, Chicago, Ill., 100 yards.

W. J. Morgan, Chicago, Ill., 100 yards.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.55 4-5; 2d, 6.03 4-5.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

Final Heat World's Championship.

W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., Time, 3.08 3-5
Fred Wood, Leicester, Eng., " 3.09 1-5
Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.43 1-5; 2d, 1.27 1-5; 3d, 2.28.

Three-Mile Amateur 9.45 Class.

H. L. Burdick, Albany, N. Y., Time, 9.20
P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., " 9.21
W. L. Harding, Hartford, Ct.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.58 2-5; 2d, 6.13.

Ten-Mile Professional Lap Race.

W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn., 138 points,
Time, 31.19 2-5

Charles Frazier, Smithville, N. J., 120 points.

H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., 99 points.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.42 1-5; 2d, 5.47 4-5; 3d, 8.55; 4th, 12.01 3-5; 5th, 15.07 2-5; 6th, 18.22 2-5; 7th, 21.34 4-5; 8th, 24.42 2-5; 9th, 27.52 2-5.

Three-Mile Promateur Open.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., Time, 9.02 4-5
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct., " 9.03 2-5
W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.48 4-5; 2d, 5.57 3-5.

Three-Mile Amateur Handicap.

W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., 40 yards, Time, 8.38 3-5
H. S. Hart, New Britain, Ct., 50 yards.

F. Foster, Toronto, Can., scratch.

Time by Miles.—1st, 2.48 4-5; 2d, 5.43.

Special Race, One-Mile Professional Open.

R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., Time, 2.58 3-5
J. S. Prince, Washington, D. C., " 2.59

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.47; 2d, 1.31 3-5; 3d, 2.20.

One-Mile Promateur 2.40 Class.

Percy W. Stone, St. Louis, Mo., Time, 2.51
E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., " 2.51 3-5

F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.51 3-5; 2d, 1.36 1-5; 3d, 2.12.

Five-Mile Professional Open.

W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn., Time, 16.16 3-5
Charles Frazier, Smithville, N. J., " 16.16 4-5
R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass.

Time by Miles.—1st, 3.18 2-5; 2d, 6.35 2-5; 3d, 9.56 1-5; 4th, 13.23 4-5.

One-Mile Challenge Tandem Tricycle.

W. E. Crist, } Washington, D. C., Time, 2.48
P. S. Brown, } Washington, D. C., " 2.48

J. T. Huntington, } Cleveland, O.

G. H. Collier, } scratch.

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.40 2-5; 2d, 1.19; 3d, 2.03.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., Time, 2.31

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.38 4-5; 2d, 1.15 2-5; 3d, 1.52 4-5.

One-Mile Consolation.

E. A. De Blois, Hartford, Ct., Time, 3.01 3-5
A. T. Edmans, Troy, N. Y., " 3.01 4-5
E. B. Smith, Springfield, Mass.

Time by Quarters.—1st, 0.48; 2d, 1.33 3-5; 3d, 2.21.

The Springfield meeting, which in years past has always been favored with pleasant weather, was this year the recipient of numerous showers, and threatening weather. Thursday—rain all day, which caused a postponement; otherwise the meeting was an immense success.

LYNN (MASS.) CYCLE CLUB ASSOCIATION.

Date of Meeting., September 24, 25, and 27. *Track, clay and gravel.* *Laps to a mile, three.* *Weather, unfavorable.* *Wind, strong.*

Officers.—*Referees,* W. W. Stall of Boston, Mass., J. H. Lewis of Newton, Mass.; *Judges,* F. S. Winship of Lynn, Mass., W. Peever of Lynn, Mass., Henry E. Ducker of Springfield, Mass.; *Timers,* O. S. Roberts, George N. Nichols, Eugene Merrill; *Starter,* H. W. Hayes of Cambridge, Mass.; *Clerk of Course,* F. S. Hitchcock of Lynn, Mass.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

FIRST DAY—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

One-Mile Novice.

George J. Collins, Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 3.02 2-5
E. A. Packard, Lynn, Mass.,	" 3.03 4-5
J. H. Sherman, Lynn, Mass.	

Two-Mile Amateur 5.45 Class.

Fred Foster, Toronto, Can.,	Time, 5.52 4-5
W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C.,	" 5.53
D. Edgar Hunter, Salem, Mass.	

One-Mile Promateur Open.

W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 2.35 2-5
G. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass.,	" 2.35 4-5
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.	

Three-Mile Professional Handicap.

Fred Wood (scratch), Leicester, Eng.,	Time, 8.10 3-5
J. S. Prince (100 yds.), Washington, D. C.,	" 8.11
W. M. Woodside (scratch), Minneapolis, Minn.	

Two-Mile Amateur Tricycle Lap.

A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Time, 6.18 4-5
H. W. Gaskell, Boston, Mass.,	" 6.21 1-5
J. T. Williams, Boston, Mass.	

Ten-Mile Promateur Lap.

W. A. Rhodes (128 points), Dorchester, Mass.,	Time, 29.53 4-5
Percy W. Stone (109 points), St. Louis, Mo.,	" 32.22 4-5
F. F. Ives (87 points), Meriden, Ct.	

One-Mile Amateur.

Fred Foster, Toronto, Can.,	Time, 2.48
W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C.,	" 2.49
D. Edgar Hunter, Salem, Mass.	

Five-Mile Professional Lap.

Fred Wood (101 points), Leicester, Eng.,	Time, 16.07
H. G. Crocker (98 points), Newton, Mass.	
J. S. Prince (92 points), Washington, D. C.,	" 15.18 4-5

Three-Mile Promateur Handicap.

W. A. Rowe (scratch), Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 8.22 2-5
F. F. Ives (75 yds.), Meriden, Ct.,	" 8.23 2-5
C. P. Adams (125 yds.), Springfield, Mass.	

SECOND DAY—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

One-Mile Professional Open.

Chas. Frazier, Smithville, N. J.,	Time, 2.57 2-5
Fred Wood, Leicester, Eng.,	" 2.58 3-5
J. S. Prince, Washington, D. C.	

One-Mile Promateur Tricycle A. C. U. Championship.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass.,	Time, 2.59 3-5
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.,	" 2.59 4-5

Ten-Mile Amateur Lap.

A. B. Rich (181 points), Brooklyn, N. Y.,	
H. W. Gaskell (179 points), Boston, Mass.,	Time, 31.35 4-5
Fred Foster (144 points), Toronto, Can.	

Five-Mile Promateur Handicap.

W. A. Rowe (scratch), Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 14.08 1-5
G. M. Hendee (scratch), Springfield, Mass.,	" 14.08 2-5
F. F. Ives (150 yds.), Meriden, Ct.	

One-Mile Amateur 3.05 Class.

W. H. Boudreau, Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 2.54 4-5
C. W. Ware, Lynn, Mass.,	" 2.56 2-5
W. Windle, Lynn, Mass.	

Five-Mile Professional Lap.

W. M. Woodside (81 points), Minneapolis, Minn.,	Time, 15.09 4-5
H. G. Crocker (79 points), Newton, Mass.,	" 15.14 4-5
Chas. Frazier (68 points), Smithville, N. J.	

One-Mile Amateur A. C. U. Championship.

A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Time, 2.47 1-5
Fred Foster, Toronto, Can.,	" 2.47 4-5
E. A. De Blois, Hartford, Ct.	

Three-Mile Promateur Lap.

W. A. Rowe (43 points), Lynn, Mass.	
F. F. Ives (37 points), Meriden, Ct.,	Time, 9.22 4-5
E. P. Burnham (32 points), Newton, Mass.	

Three-Mile Amateur Handicap.

E. A. De Blois (225 yds.), Hartford, Ct.,	Time, 9.46 4-5
W. H. Boudreau (300 yds.), Lynn, Mass.,	" 10.01
P. S. Brown (150 yds.), Washington, D. C.	

THIRD DAY—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

One-Mile Promateur.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass.,	Time, 2.41 2-5
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.,	" 2.41 3-5
Percy W. Stone, St. Louis, Mo.	

Three-Mile Amateur 9.10 Class.

W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C.,	Time, 9.34 2-5
Fred Foster, Toronto, Can.,	" 9.34 3-5
E. A. De Blois, Hartford, Ct.	

Two-Mile Professional Lap.

W. M. Woodside (25 points), Minneapolis, Minn.,	Time, 5.30 1-5
H. G. Crocker (34 points), Newton, Mass.,	" 5.34 1-5
Chas. Frazier (34 points), Smithville, N. J.	

Three-Mile Tricycle Handicap.

H. W. Gaskell (go yds.), Boston, Mass.,	Time, 9.10 4-5
A. B. Rich (scratch), Brooklyn, N. Y.,	" 9.11 1-5
D. Edgar Hunter, Salem, Mass.	

Five-Mile Promateur.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass.,	Time, 14.30 3-5
Percy W. Stone, St. Louis, Mo.,	" 14.31
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.	

One-Mile Amateur Lap.

E. A. De Blois, Hartford, Ct.,	Time, 2.43
Fred Foster, Toronto, Can.,	" 2.43 1-5
W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C.	*

Ten-Mile Professional Lap.

Chas. Frazier (146 points), Smithville, N. J.,	Time, 29.36 1-5
W. M. Woodside (170 points), Minneapolis, Minn.	

Three-Mile Promateur Handicap.

W. A. Rowe (scratch), Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 8.21 1-5
P. W. Stone (75 yds.), St. Louis, Mo.	
E. P. Burnham (90 yds.), Newton, Mass.	

One-Mile Consolation.

H. S. Kavanagh, Cohoes, N. Y.,	Time, 2.52 2-5
G. M. Worden, Lynn, Mass.	

Rain caused a postponement of the first day's races; otherwise the meeting was a successful one, and the races spirited and exciting. The meeting was not, however, owing to the weather, a financial success.

ROSEVILLE (N. J.) BICYCLE CLUB.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

One-Mile Novice.

F. B. Jones, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Time, 3.07 4-5
W. H. K. Davy, Weston, N. J.,	" 3.17
E. B. More, Elizabeth, N. J.	

One-Mile Promateur.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass.,	Time, 2.55
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.,	" 2.56
E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass.	

Two-Mile Amateur 6.00 Class.

E. A. De Blois, Hartford, Ct.,	Time, 5.45 2-5
W. G. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa.,	" 5.46
P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C.	

Three-Mile Professional Lap.

George D. Gideon, Philadelphia, Pa.,	Time, 7.00 2-5
H. W. Gaskell, Boston, Mass.,	" 7.01 1-5
A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I.	

Three-Mile Promateur Lap.

Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass.,	27 points, Time, 9.06 1-5
F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.,	18 points.
C. P. Adams, Springfield, Mass.,	7 points.

One-Mile Amateur Handicap.

A. B. Rich, New Brighton, S. I.,	Time, 2.40 3-5
E. A. De Blois, Hartford, Ct.,	" 2.40 4-5
J. Powers, Jr., New York, N. Y.	

Ten-Mile Professional.

Chas. Frazier, Smithville, N. J.,	Time, 30.22 1-5
Fred Wood, Leicester, Eng.,	" 30.23 1-5
W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn.	

Three-Mile Promateur Handicap.

Fred Foster, Toronto, Can.,	Time, 8.37 2-5

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HOW I ENTERED PARIS.

 It may sound conceited, but really I don't think that I was as much astonished in seeing Paris for the first time as Paris was in seeing me. It was on towards the end of July in the early afternoon and very hot, and I rolled down the avenue

De la Grande Armée utterly oblivious of the fact that I was on one of the grandest streets of Paris and rapidly approaching the Arc de Triomphe. I say *rapidly* approaching, but it was only because I was running down hill on a splendid macadam road and not by reason of any superfluous energy on my part. Quite the contrary. I was hot, tired, very dirty, and serenely indifferent alike to the beauties of Paris and also to what any one might be thinking of me. I had left Mantes early that morning after paying an exorbitant bill, and that had been the first of a series of annoyances which had finally put me in a *very* bad humor. First, for some reason or another my wheel would not run well. I dismounted to "oil up" and tighten the nuts, and found that my wrench was gone. Then, very soon, I came to an awful hill and by this time the heat had become very oppressive. Now, there may be some little interest in pushing a heavy machine up a long steep grade when you have some one with you, and, in such case, bicycle riders will almost kill themselves rather than admit that that sort of thing is hard work. Each one stimulates the other. But, when you are alone and tired, when the sun beats down on you relentlessly, when your eyes are filled with dust and you look ahead (*i. e.*, as well as you can) and see a long white hill stretching up before you, why, those are "the times that try the souls of wheelmen." Well, I *walked* that hill and I can't say that I enjoyed it either. When about half way up I was quite disposed to admit that bicycling *has* its drawbacks and when I reached the top I dropped my machine on a bank and myself, too. There was a man cutting grass, or something else, in a field near by, and I conceived the brilliant idea of climbing the fence and talking to him while I rested. I arranged a nice grammatical French sentence quite to my own satisfaction, and exploded it on him from a distance of four or five feet. He began with my shoes and examined everything critically, very much in the way that a scientist would look at a new bug, and he gradually raised his head as far as the top of my cap. Then he shook his head with a mournful sigh, and went on cutting grass. I suppose he was sorry there wasn't more of me. Well, I tried three or four other French sentences on him, the very best ones I had, but it was no use, he went on cutting grass all the same. I don't know what can have been the matter with that man, whether he was deaf or whether he spoke some barbarous patois, still it was annoying. Soon the road became very bad, cobble-stones nearly all the way, for in France all the state roads are paved wherever there is a town or village, and, in approaching Paris from a distance of twenty or thirty miles, there are houses almost continuously. It was while I was jolting over a part that was especially bad that a countryman stopped me to ask how many kilomètres I could go in an hour. Now that is apparently an innocent enough question, a question that I have answered a great many times since I came to France (and in a great many different ways, anything from fifteen up to seventy-five, in inverse proportion to the man's intelligence), but on this occasion I felt like choking

the fellow. He may have done it quite honestly, but at such a time and in such a place and such a humor—*How many kilomètres could I go?* That was too cruel. All this was aggravating, but the worst was to come. I had reached at last, and to my unutterable relief, the splendid forest of St. Germain, where a smooth hard road runs under the trees for three or four miles. This was lovely, and I stretched myself out on the grass to enjoy the cool shade. If I only had staid there quietly, but, alas, as I looked about me in a lazy way, my eyes fell on two large stone posts right in the walk, about four feet high and perhaps a foot apart. I wondered what in the world those posts were put there for, what good could they possibly do any one, and finally some evil spirit suggested that it would be a nice clever bit of riding to pass between them. Could I do it? By measurement I found that it was barely possible for my wheel to pass through without touching, perhaps an inch or two to spare. I decided to try it, took my machine back for a hundred feet or so, and started. Well! I got through with great success, I may say with *flying colors*, but my wheel didn't. After that I lay on the ground for a while meditating on the supreme capacity of the human animal for making a fool of itself, then I gathered myself together and proceeded to take account of the damage. The frame of my wheel was bent a little, a couple of spokes were broken, some skin was missing from various parts of my body, and, worst of all, my trusty knee-breeches, which had done me such good and loyal service all the way from Havre, were now, I found, in a condition to strikingly illustrate that well known principle, "United we stand, etc.,"—particularly the converse. This was a serious matter, and rather embarrassing, too, in a foreign country, without a change of clothing, and only a few miles from Paris. What *could* I do? I decided to try my French on the nearest tailor and if possible "lay by for repairs." The details of this delicate but important operation are unnecessary. It was finally accomplished. The Frenchman annoyed me with questions as to how I could have torn my clothes in such a very peculiar way. I told him that I had been riding through a sausage machine, and rolled on to Paris, but I wasn't in a mood to be very enthusiastic. I kept thinking of that tailor with his shoulders in the air and his "Grand Dieu!" and then those two miserable stone posts. I haven't found out yet what they were there for.

I had always had a most vague idea about the "walls" round European cities, and supposed that they looked like an inclosure for base ball or racing, only on a larger scale. I expected, too, that some one would stop me and want a passport (which I didn't have), or that I would be searched for contraband articles, or something of the sort, and I amused myself speculating on the probable result of their investigations. But nothing of the sort happened. I found it no more exciting passing the fortifications of Paris, than in going from Brick Church to Orange. You notice a sort of toll-gate with four or five soldiers standing round, and that's all. The soldiers here are chiefly noted for the enormous trousers which they wear. You have no accurate means of determining just how many men may be concealed inside. It's a great thing in traveling on the railroads. You can carry all your friends with one ticket. As you enter the city the street is so wide that you hardly see the wall itself, which of course is a grand military work, running all round the city, sloping upward like a huge mound from the inside, but outside faced with stone

and giving a sheer descent of thirty or forty feet. No one stopped me and I found myself in Paris. Just then an enormous street car passed me. It was loaded inside and on top, as is their custom here, and every identical man, woman, and child on that conveyance seemed to be stretching their necks to watch me. The soldiers stared, too, and the driver allowed his three horses to follow their own sweet wills while he followed me with his eyes. "Well," I said to myself, "there's evidently something wrong with me," and I dismounted in all haste. My wounded spirit reverted instantly to my late mischance. "Has that wretched tailor neglected something?" I thought. "One might fancy from the way they all look at me that I had them on wrong side out." However, I could discover nothing out of the way except a general appearance of travel. I went on up the avenue, wondering if it wouldn't pay to buy a tent and exhibit myself as a curiosity. The people continued to stare, those who passed me turned their heads, and boys without number shouted at me in French which I did not understand. I thought though that it might perhaps mean, "Ring your bell, Mister," so I rang my bell. Finally I came to the Arc de Triomphe, "commenced in 1806 and finished under Louis Philippe, cost over nine million francs, is about 150 feet high, magnificent trophy of colossal grandeur, representing the 'Resistance against the Invaders of the Fatherland,'" etc., etc. (I copy all this from a guide book and can give you two pages more, if you like it.) Twelve beautiful streets or avenues radiate from this point, avenues such as we have no idea of in New York. All of them from 200 to 300 feet wide, sidewalks as broad as our average streets, and then in the center a double row of beautiful trees growing among flower beds and grass plots and fountains. Sometimes the trees and lawn are at each side of the avenue, dividing it into three parts, the center one being paved with cobble-stones and the two at the sides with macadam. The Arc de Triomphe stands on high ground on the western side of the city and with its great size is visible from all points. You stand there and have twelve distinct panoramas; whichever way you turn a new scene slopes and tapers away for a mile or two. If I had been in a normal condition I should probably have stood there for an hour or so pondering on the sublimity of all this; for all I know I might have attempted some "verses written at the Arc de Triomphe"; but what I did was to get down from my wheel, lean it against a lamp post, take out my map of Paris, and proceed to study the situation with a view of determining where to go. I congratulated myself that it would be down hill anyhow. As I have remarked, the streets of Paris are very beautiful, and perhaps from the standpoint of an artist even more so because they are irregular, *but* from my standpoint it was like looking for a match box in the dark, which is not a particularly enjoyable operation. I was so interested in this Chinese puzzle that I did not look up for a minute or two, and when I did imagine my surprise at finding myself the center of a rapidly increasing crowd. I looked around bewildered, half expecting to hear some one call out "speech." What in the world could there be about me which drew their attention from this masterpiece of architecture under which we were standing? A tired, dusty traveler, very cross and hungry, and a bicycle which certainly had never been celebrated for its *beauty*, in Orange! Nothing very extraordinary in that. If I had worn a fancy-colored suit, patent leather shoes, etc.,

and had had a splendid bright glittering wheel, why I could have understood it, but this old thing and these forlorn corduroys,—no, it certainly must be something else. "Perhaps they take me for a German spy, perhaps they think I'm the advance guard of an army come to capture Paris. If they want to see how easy it is to pacify me, let them point out a restaurant." So I soliloquized and then, having made up my mind as to my course, I started down the Champs Elysées leaving my friends disconsolate, for all I know. This is the Fifth Avenue of Paris only a thousand times finer, and I rode along down the broad, beautiful street among the "swells" of Paris, for the fashionable hour was approaching. Of course I "braced up" a little amid so much elegance, and pushed on somewhat faster. I would show them, forsooth, what Brick Church could do—ahem! A gentleman whom I was passing watched me with a great deal of interest as I drew by him. Then he leaned forward and spoke to the coachman, who immediately touched up his horses. Now a challenge like that would arouse the vim in a rider even more "played out" than I was, and I gripped my handle-bar from below and leaned forward, resolved to do my best. The coachman now was laying on his whip vigorously and still I kept ahead. By this time hundreds of people were watching the race and a couple of policemen started forward to stop me, I suppose. I did not know whether bicycles were allowed there (I found out afterwards that they are not) and I certainly did not care. Rules or no rules I was going to beat that Frenchman if I could. Fortunately I had nearly a clear road ahead and it was as smooth and hard as possible. For a quarter of a mile or so I kept a lead of about twenty feet, then I began to lose my breath and he shortened the distance between us until I could see his horses' heads. I made one grand final spurt and came to the front again, but should certainly have been beaten if the race had gone on much longer. As it was, much to my relief, we had reached the Place de la Concorde, where the Champs Elysées ends in the garden of the Tuilleries. The Frenchman turned to the left and followed the Rue de Rivoli; while I crossed the bridge to the southern bank and proceeded to study out the way to the "Students' Quarter." I have found out since that the whole secret of the peculiar interest which I had aroused, lay neither in myself nor my clothing but in the fact that the small wheel of my bicycle runs in front instead of behind. Evidently the "Star" is something entirely unknown over here. All of which goes to show the great difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

ROYAL CAMP.

CYCLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Christchurch Bicycle Club, of Christchurch, New Zealand, held a very enjoyable evening on Tuesday, July 1, 1886, by opening their new club rooms in Inglis buildings, High st. These rooms command a splendid view of all the principal streets and buildings in town, and are nice and convenient for the members to muster in for runs, etc.

Captain N. Oates took the chair in the absence of the president; the room being packed to its utmost extent. The captain opened the meeting by giving a very pleasant address, calling attention to the gigantic strides the club has taken of late, and remarked he had a very pleasant duty to perform this evening, in the way of presenting the successful competitors with the prizes duly won at the club's last Easter race meeting. The following is

a list of names of successful competitors and number of prizes received:—

Wilmot, N. C. B. C., 2; L. L. Martin, P. B. C., 2; Mansell, C. B. C., 2; Godfrey, C. B. C., 1; Andrews, C. B. C., 2; Martin, P. B. C., 2; Duncan, P. B. C., 2; North, C. B. C., 1; Lowry, P. B. C., 2; Reece, P. B. C., 2; J. W. Painter, 2.

The prizes were of a useful description; viz., Rudge racing machine, silver watch and chain, silver cups, silver salver, cruet stands, breakfast stand, a cyclo's long distance saddle, pair of ball pedals, etc., etc.

After this pleasant ceremony the secretary, Mr. A. P. Greenfield, made an appropriate speech and presented to the late secretary, Mr. H. Oakey (who held the post of hon. secretary and treasurer for five years), on behalf of the members, a splendid illuminated address. This address was done in an excellent style, proving that the designer, Mr. Stowe, did not spare his talent on the work. In replying Mr. Oakey thanked the members for their kindness and submitted a statement of the career of the club since its foundation. During the evening, songs were sung by Messrs. Silberg, Reid, Parker, Bilcliff, Andrews, Cooper, and others. Secretary Greenfield gave a ventriloquist entertainment which was productive of great applause. Mr. P. Skelton exhibited his skill by giving a violin solo, and instrumental duets were given by other members of the club.

The following toasts were also drunk: "Captains and secretaries of P. B. C., N. C. B. C., and T. B. C. clubs," responded to by their respective representatives; "Unsuccessful competitors," replied to by Mr. Langdown, a position he had never been placed in before (I may here state that Mr. Langdown is on his way to Springfield, Mass., to try his luck for championship); "The ladies—as we receive great support from the fair sex at our race meetings we never forget them at our socials." "The press,"—the proposer of this toast remarked that cyclists should be thankful for the help the press gives the different clubs by publishing the reports of their meetings gratuitously, which far outweighs any expense they might have in advertising,—responded to by a reporter who was present. The meeting was brought to a close by toasting Captain N. Oates and Secretary A. P. Greenfield, and all joined in Auld Lang Syne.

The following is the history of the Christchurch Bicycle Club alluded to above as delivered by Mr. Oakey: "Our first meeting took place in my hair-cutting rooms, High st., in Sept., 1881. There were present six members, Messrs. Harmon, Church, Williams, Calvert, Atkinson, and myself. After some discussion it was decided to form a club which should have runs early in the morning so that the members, having a vigorous spin, might be able to return in time for breakfast and business. This being decided on, the title was the next trouble, and after a host of suggestions, as Tradesman's Club, etc., etc., it was unanimously resolved to call it the Christchurch Club, a title which, looking back these past years, you will agree with me was a most suitable one. Mr. J. Hannah was appointed captain, Mr. Church sub-captain, myself secretary and treasurer, and it took all the rest to form a committee. We used to meet regularly opposite Edwards, Bennett & Co's., never later than six, and sometimes earlier.

"Our runs were to Heathcote, Hillsborough, Cashmere, Sunnyside, and Riccarton. To the best of my recollection we did not augment our membership by many that season, as, being more of a

social arrangement or clique amongst ourselves, we did not make any efforts in that direction. Our balance after all expenses were paid was £5s.

"The next year brought us Messrs. May, Oates, Pillow, and several others as members, and we removed our headquarters to Central Hotel and issued membership tickets, and things began to look more ship-shape, a more business-like aspect prevailing generally. All this time the runs were well attended. Mr. T. H. May made the first run to Hurunui and back, accompanied by Mr. K. Atkinson, who had to stay at Waikari for a rest till Mr. May's return. Mr. May accomplished the distance of 114 miles in 17 hours. It was the following season that the brothers F. W. and J. W. Painter joined, and the memorable champion road race to Hurunui and back was run, resulting, as some of you are aware, in the Painter brothers coming first and second in the splendid time of 11h. 9m., contrary to the general opinion that Langdown would win easily. I may say this record has not been reached by any other cyclo as yet. The next season saw us joining with the Pioneer Club in an interprovincial race meeting which resulted in a fair profit to each club. Since then we have held two fifty-mile race meetings, two annual Easter meetings, a cattle-show day festival, to say nothing of a concert and ball on our own account, which have all happily resulted in an addition to our exchequer and also to our membership, our roll now amounting to some 90 members. In concluding this review I cannot close without referring to the valuable aid our present worthy captain (N. Oates) has afforded us. He has been to the fore in every case; not being satisfied with giving advice he has literally helped the club to its present position. All things must have a beginning, yet when I look at the assemblage of bicyclists before me and contrast it with our first meeting, I think we must feel intensely gratified with the gigantic strides that bicycling has taken in Canterbury. Besides the other clubs so numerously represented this evening, we have the Rangiora Club, which is fast coming to the front and which, I venture to say, will prove one of the most successful racing clubs. Their members have shown themselves fliers, and they will also have the advantage of one of the fastest racing grounds in the colony, unless the present condition of Lancaster Park is much improved, and this I think, gentlemen, ought to be a matter of serious consideration, as now there is no chance of fast records or for our light racing men."

WE HEAR THAT

Indiana has the finest roads in the world.

All road races should be held in that State.

Indiana Bicycle Co. is selling many wheels.

Ft. Wayne has a large and enthusiastic club.

Zimmerman makes a better secretary than racing man.

L. M. Wainwright has the Indiana agency for Singer's cycles.

The bicycle is booming, and the state division L. A. W. has near 200 members.

Hollinsworth, Wainwright, and the two Hollmans are the big four of Indiana. They are hard to beat, even among themselves. Wainwright is graceful and a fast spurer; Hollinsworth can ride 300 miles in 24 hours.

X. X. X.

NOBLESVILLE, IND.

WANTED TO BE REDUCED.

TURNING HOPEFULLY TO A TRICYCLE TO GET
BACK HER FIGURE.

A young man went spinning up Riverside drive on a wheel, swung to the left at the semi-circle, made half a dozen sweeping gyrations, like a buzzard sitting on a bough, and alighted astraddle his backbone—that is, the backbone of his wheel—so near the retaining wall that a little more momentum would have sent him headforemost over it. It all looked graceful enough to indifferent stocks and scions of old families rolling by in their victorias, carts, and drags, but the young man's hair had hardly settled back into place when a barouche stopped beside him and a sweet voice said:

"Will you be so good as to tell me, sir, where I can buy a tricycle?"

The young man of the wheel gasped twice when

Why, I used to be so slender, willowy, as they call it. I've tried everything to get back my shape, but all in vain, as you see. No more flattery, if you please. It is wasted on an ugly, old, fat woman. But where can I get a tricycle? I ride horseback every day, but it doesn't reduce me one bit."

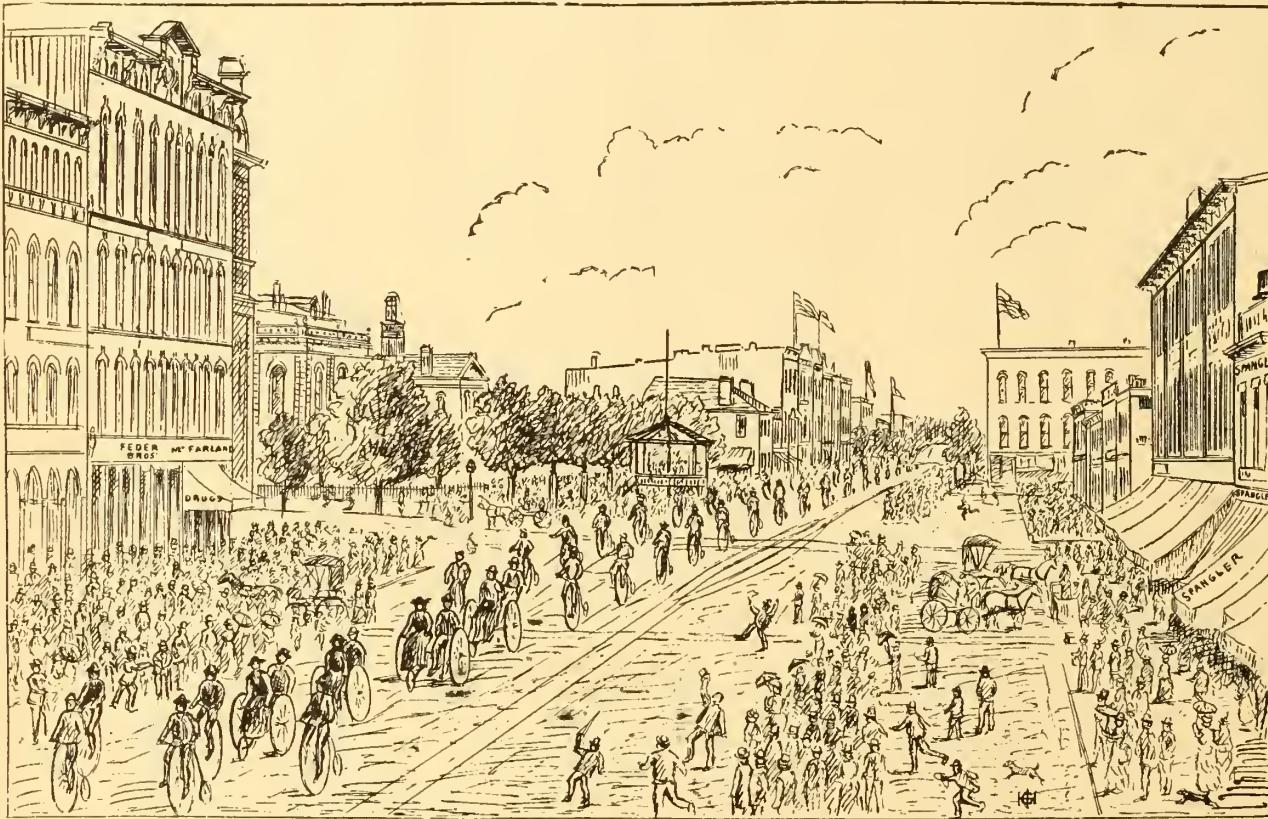
"No! I should think it would—a—reduce th—a—horse somewhat."

"Oh, it does, it does. He is nothing but a pack of bones," cried the fairy's companion. Age nineteen. Brunette. Tailor-made suit. V-shaped shirt bosom. Enamored studs. Standing collar. June complexion. Smiled at everything to give her pretty teeth a fair chance. Didn't require reducing.

"I am rather too heavy for poor Bucephalus," chimed in the fairy. "Do tell me about the tricycle."

"Madam, go down to Blank's, in Fifty-eighth

horse attempted to roll with the bicycle wheel upon his back, breaking eleven spokes of the wheel and somewhat turning the wheel out of true. Stevens had six spokes with him and was enabled to repair the bicycle somewhat. Some idea of the strength of American-made machines can be given in his words: "The absence of five spokes and the rim pulled somewhat out of true make no visible difference in the strength of my wheel. I have ridden it up from Herat to Meshed, making 160 miles from Karez in two and a half days. After this I feel that one cannot say too much in praise of the Columbia as a roadster. A machine that will stand 60 miles a day over Persian roads with five spokes short, tires worn almost to the rim, and the front wheel out of true, ought, with reasonable care, to last a person a life-time for touring about his own country.—*Boston Journal*.



OHIO DIVISION L. A. W. MEETING, AT CANTON, OHIO.

he brought his eyes to bear upon the speaker. Age thirty-five, more or less. Tender-eyed blonde. Crimson cheeks. Dimples. Roll under the chin. Diamonds. Black satin. Yellow gloves. Bracelets. French heels. Coachman. Footman. Skye terrier. Weight, say 245 pounds.

Two hundred and forty-five pounds spinning up Riverside on a summer afternoon, mercury 100 degrees.

"I want something to reduce me," continued this fairy. "Don't you think a tricycle would reduce me? Are they hard to ride? I wonder how long it would take me to learn? I see you ride a bicycle. I couldn't do that very well, but I do so much wish to get a tricycle—that is, if it will reduce me. What do you think about it?"

"I—a—really—I—a—think it might reduce one. But, pardon me, madam, I—a—don't think that you—a—need reducing."

This gallant lie brought to the surface three smiles and a roll of the head.

"Oh, I must be reduced, I am resolved upon it.

street, ask for Jones, hire a pair of wheels for an hour and take a spin up Riverside, just to see how you like the sport."

"Oh, thank you ever so much. I shall do that. Are you riding every afternoon? I think I shall be on my tri—my wheels, as you say, to-morrow. I do hope it will reduce me. It ought to do it. Good afternoon, sir, and thank you so much for your kindness."

The barouche with its fair burden rolled away. The wind came swirling up the road, lifting clouds of dust; other vehicles dashed by the young man of the wheel; a New York Central freight train rattled along the track below; a sprinkling cart spurted and squirted in the semi-circle, but above all the din there sounded one word in a tone hopeful, if pathetic—"reduced."—*New York Tribune*.

◆◆◆

Thomas Stevens, the around-the-world bicycler, in speaking of his capture, says that the soldiers deprived him of his bicycle and fastened the big wheel to the back of a horse. It appears that the

There is much jealousy between Lynn and Springfield. The wheelmen of Lynn are not a little aggrieved that the Columbia team has been taken to Springfield to run for records, and call it a "deal" between Messrs. Atkins and Ducker. Mr. Atkins explains that he can get better officials and timers at Springfield than can be had at Lynn. As an item in the controversy, Rowe refuses to race Ilendee save on the Lynn track.—*Cycle*.

We are also amused at the wisdom of the knowing ones, who hear tell that some one said, they heard rumored, that Col. Pope said that Manager Atkins was instructed to make arrangements with some one that Rowe should only make record on some particular track and no other. We get awfully tired of reading such stuff. Even allowing it to be true, Col. Pope and Manager Atkins are not nincompoops, neither can Ducker be called a flat. From which we wish our readers to infer that "we hear tell," "that it was said," etc., all exist only in the knowing one's brain.—*Cycling World*.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Sale and Exchange.

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

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BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—Specialty in furnishing new wheels for exchange. BUTMAN & CO., Scollay Square, Oriental Building, BOSTON, MASS.

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DON'T BUY A SECOND-HAND CYCLE until you have seen our list. We have been making money trading New Rapids, and can afford to sell second-hand machines cheaper than anybody. Columbias, Royal Mails, Ridges, etc., on easy payments. S. T. CLARK & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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FOR SALE—Victor Tricycle, '83 pattern, in first-class order. Address TRICYCLE, Box 216, CHICOOPEE, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Royal Mail Racer, good order; \$55. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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FOR SALE—The Wheelmen's Reference Book; 50 cents. DUCKER & GOODMAN, Box 352, HARTFORD, CT.

FOR SALE—48-inch Standard Columbia, good order, \$57.50. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—56-inch Expert, full-nickled, excellent order; \$80. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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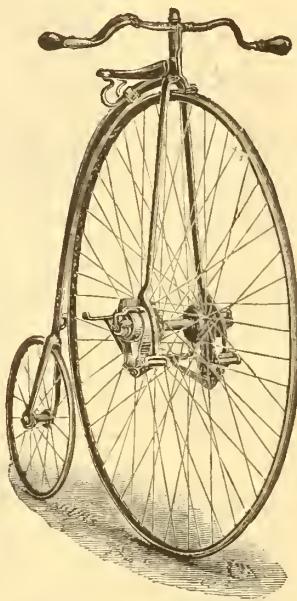
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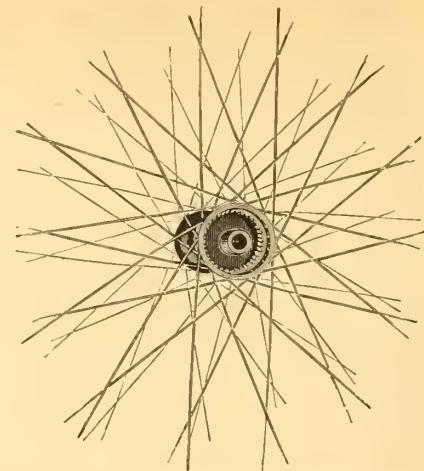
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There have been numerous attempts within the past ten years to invent a practical instrument for the use of book-keepers, accountants, and clerks, which should have the qualities combined in the head-lines of this article. Not one has fulfilled its mission until the introduction of T. A. McDonald's idea, as embodied in his patent granted May 25, 1886. The field has apparently been thoroughly worked, and either gracefully or ungracefully abandoned, because not one of the inventions came up to the demands of the exacting consumer.

The leading cities of the East,—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore,—each had its separate and distinct patent, not one of which is in the market to-day. The Baltimore patent was too clumsy and unreliable; that of Philadelphia cost too much money (\$10); the New York one was too complicated; and that of Boston was not at all practical when in hard use, and was constantly getting out of order.

McDonald's patent starts out with an entirely original method, which in itself must arrest attention. There are two separate instruments, the Moistener and Stamp-Holder. The Moistener consists of a reservoir, within which the water to be applied to the stamps is contained, said reservoir having journaled in its upper portion a roller around which an endless band revolves, and a loose roller or weight resting at or near the bottom of the reservoir, within the lower part of the endless band, for the purpose of keeping the band taut. The reservoir being half filled with water keeps a constant supply of dampness or moisture, which can be used either for the purpose of dampening the fingers in counting notes, for wetting the lappel of the envelope for sealing, or for dampening the edge of the envelope prior to affixing the stamp on the usual upper right-hand corner.

The Stamp-Holder consists essentially of a rigid post, having a surrounding spiral spring, a stationary plate secured to the top of the post, a box or receptacle loosely connected to said post with capability of reciprocating vertically thereon, and having flanges at its top to prevent more than one stamp, label, etc., being withdrawn at a time. The receptacle, which is to be removed from the holder, is inverted and filled with any number of stamps up to 125, and replaced with the gummed sides turned upwards. This is all there is of the invention, stripped of useless verbiage.

Attaching postage-stamps to envelopes will always be a necessity, for the government will never be able to induce consumers to use the stamped envelope,—it will never become popular,—hence the necessity for this neat office device is apparent at a glance. The greatest nuisance of the counting-house and bank is the stamp “licking.” A government official connected with the administration of President Arthur publicly said in Washington that “if the people knew of the composition that entered into the manufacture of mucilage used in our department on stamps they could not be hired to use their lips as a moistener.” If this be true of the little diminutive innocent-looking postage-stamp, what should be said of the lappel of the ordinary

cheap envelope, which is whisked across the lips so unconcernedly hundreds of times per day in every house of ordinary business capacity?

The Book-keeper's Delight comes, therefore, as a two-fold saver: first, in that it does away with the use of the lips; and, second, in that it enables a person to do a great deal more work in a given time. By its use 1,200 envelopes can be stamped and sealed in one hour by an inexperienced person; as to the amount an expert can do we do not pretend to say, but certainly sufficient to drive to the wall every defender of the old and sickening method.

The main hold of Mr. McDonald's device, and where he surpasses in every respect every invention having a similar purpose in view, is that it thoroughly does its work, cannot get out of order, having no complication of parts, and its lasting qualities. One of them can do the work of three men in celerity and neatness; in fact, it delegates a man's work to a child, and this very ease with which it operates is what renders it so popular with those who are using it.

Another field in which it will have a world of opportunity is that of the druggist or box-maker, or any business calling for the attachment of labels. The ground for its operations with these two callings is immensely itself. It will save the apothecary an enormous amount of vexation and vexatious delay; while to the paper-box manufacturer it will prove quite as great a labor-saver as the Wade Cutting Machine, which astonished that trade by its labor-saving qualities about nine years ago.

The machines can be made for all sizes of druggists' labels, which can be put upon bottles and boxes just the same, and with the same ease, as can the postage-stamp upon envelopes. They are now being constructed of brass, nickel-plated, weigh 1½ pounds each, and form most excellent paper-weights in addition to their valuable qualities as a labor-saver. But one thing remains for the standard firm running this patent, and that is to lose no time in introducing it. The time and occasions are more than ripe for such instructions. It will sell on sight among banks and book-keepers, who will acknowledge its practical value the very moment they see it.

It so overtops all its competitors in the same line, that it will have no difficulty in marking out its own field, not only making itself a blessing to the user, but being a handsome and well-deserved financial return to the ingenuity of the brain that conceived it. In the Eastern office of the *Merchant and Manufacturer* numerous devices have been tested which have had the same aim as this, but every one has been cast aside as useless. But the McDonald patent has come to stay. The very features in which it is the strongest, others were the weakest; and it does not take a practical man a long time to tell whether an invention is good or useless. It is the latest and best invention of its class, and there is no danger of any improvement being made upon it, so completely does it fill the bill, and it will have an enormous sale.

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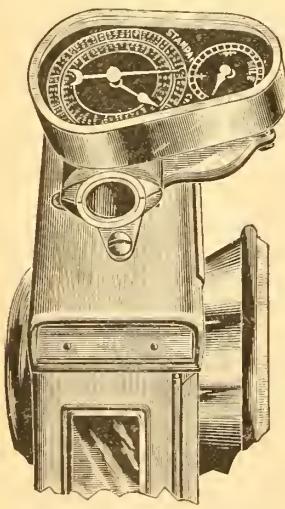
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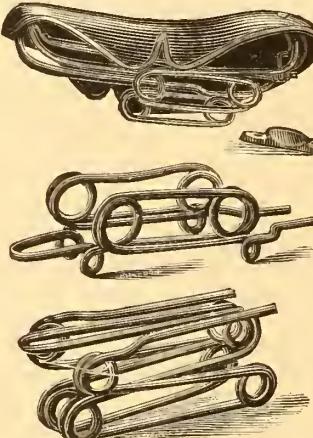
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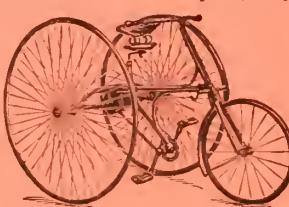
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