

# The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 14.

BOSTON, MASS., 31 DECEMBER, 1886.

THREE CENTS.

## World's Tandem Record

— FOR 24 HOURS —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

\* MARLBORO' \* TANDEM \*

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

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# THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

STILL IN THE LEAD.

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20 \* MILES \* ON \* A \* STRAIGHTAWAY \* COUNTRY \* ROAD

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—IN THE MARVELLOUS TIME OF—

**59 MINUTES 35  $\frac{4}{5}$  SECONDS.**

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A WORLD'S RECORD,

**50 MILES IN 2 HOURS 55 MINUTES 46  $\frac{1}{2}$  SECONDS,**

THE AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE,

---

—AND—

**100 MILES IN 6 HOURS 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  MINUTES.**

A WORLD RECORD, AND BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN TRACK RECORD.

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All the above by S. G. WHITTAKER on an ordinary roadster, excepting a somewhat lighter rim, and the course an ordinary surveyed country road.

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If Road Records Talk, then the AMERICAN CYCLES are the Easiest Running Machines in the World.

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—MANUFACTURED BY—

**GORMULLY & JEFFERY,**  
**CHICAGO - - - - ILL.**

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CATALOGUE FREE.



# THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 31 DECEMBER, 1886.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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ABBOT BASSETT . . . . . EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to insure insertion the same week.

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THE next matter of importance was whether the Springfield Club should vote to renew its membership in the L. A. W. as a League club, but the sentiment of the members was decidedly against such action. Before the vote was put, the secretary read a letter from President Beckwith stating that no club which numbered among its members professional wheelmen was eligible to membership in the L. A. W., and his, of course, put a "clincher" on the movement. The club with one voice voted against re-entrance in the League. — *Union*.

There are two very strange things connected with the above. It is very strange that the Springfield Club should think that a club with a professional in its ranks could join the League; and it is very strange that the President should decide that the thing is impossible. The fact of the matter is, there is no such thing as a League club known to the League; and the officials of that body can not under any rule decide what a so-called League club can or cannot do. The League has a good deal to say about League clubs, and it legislates in their behalf; and yet their status is based wholly upon an unwritten law shaped by precedent.

COREY'S "impressions" have gone the rounds of the press, and have been largely commented upon. It will be found by close observers that these "impressions" always point in one direction, and that he finds the best and most popular features of English machines to be just those which are to

appear in the wheels which he will have on sale during the coming season. Among other things, he says:—

"The subject of ball heads was being agitated, but from what I could discover none had appeared as yet that had proved to be especially valuable. They were introduced last year, and were found to be rather a taking attraction, but beyond an advertisement no good results were obtained. I went into the matter as fully as possible, and almost without exception every manufacturer that I saw remarked that in the first place the ball head was entirely unnecessary, as it only made the machine more complicated, thereby adding a greater risk of broken parts; and, even if it did work well, there was not the slightest advantage over the thoroughly well-made cone head of the present time."

THIS means, in plain English, that his particular machine will not have the ball head next year, and it means no more. The ball head has come to stay, and those makers who used it last year will certainly not abandon it. The riders of wheels with a head of this kind will hardly agree with Mr. Corey when he says they have not the slightest advantage over cone heads.

SINCE writing the above, the *News* has come to us with this remark from Lacy Hillier: "We do not know which of the manufacturers Mr. Corey saw, but we cannot believe that he gleaned this information from the principal ones. Apart from our experience, which leads us to believe that a ball-bearing head will soon be considered a necessity in an ordinary bicycle, we believe all those makers who have been fitting it in the past intend doing so in the future."

It is reported that the Ixion Club, of New York, will not join the C. T. C. the coming year. This will throw a lot of second-hand uniforms on the market, for the club adopted the C. T. C. uniform as its own, and each member, when he joined the C. T. C., pledged himself on his honor not to wear the uniform after he ceased to be a member.

## CYCLEDOM.

THE Christmas number of the *Cyclist*, called "Cycledom," is received. We have taken but a glance at the contents, but we are convinced that the book is full of entertaining matter. The main portion of the number treats of the adventures of "Ah Fong," who visits England and takes in the various cycling attractions. He goes to Ireland and Scotland also, and gives a most amusing account of his adventures. There is also an illustrated calendar and a number of practical articles, besides a complete set of statistics for the year 1886, and a biographical chapter entitled "Who's Who?" The work is published by Iliffe & Son, at one shilling.

## FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

THE feminine point of view broadens once again, and it is no longer restricted to the walls of my chamber, for, thanks to skilful attendance and careful nursing, my sickness is but a memory emphasized by weakness, which I hope very soon to throw off.

I WANT to acknowledge the many messages of love and good-will that I have received during my illness, and to assure all who have kindly remembered me that they have done not a little to dispel the gloom of my sick chamber, and to give me courage to help nature in working towards my recovery.

"The world is wide, these things are small,  
They may be nothing, but they are all.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The world is wide, these things are small,  
If they are nothing, what is there at all?"

I AM going to let a few of my friends talk this week. They have sent me a word relative to their riding records, and I hope you will enjoy what they say as much as I have. And first let "Polly" speak:—

Dear *Daisie*,—It was very interesting to read the records of those English ladies, and I am hoping that some of our American riders will be able to show as good ones. I can only give an ordinary record, but send you what my friend Cynthia and I have done; and although the miles are not many, they represent many, many pleasant hours, and a great improvement in health for both of us. Our riding was all done between the middle of May and the middle of October, and on single machines, with the exception of about fifteen miles which I rode on a sociable. Don't tell "Jack Easy" I said so; but I think in regard to sociables as the disgusted gentleman did of tandems, whom Mr. and Mrs. Pennell met on their "Canterbury Pilgrimage"; "I don't like sociables; horrid things! Do you like sociables?" I wish I could tell you of our trip to New Haven, but I cannot, for that ride—much to our regret—existed only in the somewhat vivid imagination of the cycling editor of one of our newspapers. But I could tell you of many delightful rides and some very funny experiences, for it seems to be our fate to discover the ludicrous at every turn in the road, and it is our firm belief that much laughter and merry-making have had a good deal to do with our improved health. I hope you will hear from "Dorothy Q.," for I think she could give a goodly record, as well as a varied experience.

POLLY.

WITH the above came the following records for 1886:—

Miss Mittie R. Kendall, 1,008 miles.  
Miss Belle S. Jackson, 865 "  
I shall hold Miss Polly to a fulfilment of



her boast that she "could tell you of many delightful rides, and some very funny experiences." One does not travel so many "centuries" as these ladies have without storing up plenty of experience. Let us hear from "Dorothy Q.," by all means.

NEXT comes a young lady who has demonstrated that the tricycle is not altogether a plaything. Hear her speak:—

To *Daisie*:—I was much interested in the records of wheeling made by the English girls the past season, as published in your column in the CYCLE last week. As you express a desire to have some feminine records from this side of the water, I may say that I am fourteen years old, and ride a Marlboro Club. I have made about three hundred miles this season, chiefly to and from school; about two and a half miles a day, sometimes extending the distance to four or five miles, or more. I intend to do a good deal more next year.

Yours truly,

ALICE M. WOOD.

NORTHBORO, MASS., 13 December, 1886.

THE next communication has interested me very much, and I wish that I might receive more of a similar kind. When I get such epistles as these I wish that my readers were of the non-cycling class, for I believe many would catch the spirit of enthusiasm in the letter, and our ranks would be recruited to good advantage:—

Dear *Daisie*:—Having read with much pleasure your articles in the CYCLE, and noticing your request for ladies' records, I thought I would write you and enclose mine, which my husband has tabulated for me. It is not a very great record when compared with many ladies' records in England and this country, as far as distance is concerned,

but when health and pleasure are taken into account, I think I may claim one; and again, when our roads are brought in as one of the factors.

We have clay around and south of us, and sand north of us, neither of which have been intelligently used in the construction of roads. We also are "blessed" with long, steep, and rough hills in either direction, but of scenery I have only to mention the Hudson River Valley and the Catskill Mountains.

I began riding 19 April, 1884, on a three-track Columbia, weighing one hundred pounds, geared from fifty inches to forty-six and three quarters; and September of same year exchanged it for another with power-gear attached. This last tricycle I liked better than the first, after I became familiar with the power-gear, for on long sandy stretches and up-grades, where I would be compelled, without it, to walk, it came very handy. After nearly a year's use over all kinds of roads, I liked it so much that when I got my two-track tricycle I wanted it attached. I received my two-track tricycle in August, 1885, and have used it ever since. It is geared level, and weighs eighty-three pounds. I like this machine better than the three-track for general road riding, especially in this section, where the roads are often rutty, for I can save vibration by running the right side wheels in the wagon-wheel track, or horse-car track in the city. I have ridden on roads where it would be almost impossible to use a three-track.

My longest ride in 1884 was twenty-six and a half miles, running time being a little less than four hours.

In 1885, 10 June, I made my longest straight-away run for that year, riding from home to Troy, a distance of thirty-five miles,

in nine and a half hours, including stops. The roads were quite bad in places, having been newly repaired. It was on this trip that I saw the advantage of having the power gear on the three-track machine. I was not unduly fatigued by this trip, though, as I said before, the roads are generally poor and hilly.

4 September of the present year I made the longest run of any. Starting at 1.30 P. M., I made détour over roads mostly new to me, finishing at 8.45 P. M., having ridden just forty miles. The last ten miles were ridden in the dark. I hardly felt this ride, which was partly due to better roads, more experience, and a lighter tricycle.

My husband and I have taken a great many trips in the last three years from ten to twenty-five miles, and I know I have enjoyed and been greatly benefited by them. My sister-in-law has used the tricycle two seasons, and has been almost cured of acute dyspepsia. Our rector also rides a ladies' two-track tricycle, weighing seventy lbs., which he uses almost entirely in his parish work, though he keeps a horse. This was a present from his congregation last summer, it being given for the purpose of benefitting his weak lungs. I need only say that it has so far helped him, that where it was difficult for him to walk up some of our steep hills, he now rides them without any trouble, and can make his twenty-five or thirty miles at a time.

I am a member of the L. A. W., and wear for touring the league cloth, which I find the most durable of anything I have ever tried. The only fault I find with it is that it fades.

While speaking of the L. A. W., I find on looking over the lists that there are seventy-six lady members.

After reading your interesting accounts of ladies' tours, it has caused me regret that I could not be with them and enjoy their company. I am used to poor roads, and am not deterred from riding on that account, though not particularly strong. I am five feet seven inches tall, and average 130 lbs. My enthusiasm has led me to write a longer letter than I intended, and I hope you can glean something from it which will encourage my sisters of the wheel to ride more, or those who do not ride, to try it.

In closing, I might add that I have a daughter twelve years old who can ride my tricycle, and a son eight years old who rides to school on a 38-inch "Ideal" bicycle in season. My husband has ridden seven seasons, and is very enthusiastic. I must tell you that I rode three miles one day this month on the crust.

Hoping to hear more from other lady riders, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

"L. A. W.," No. 4,386.

STOCKPORT, N. Y., 18 Dec., 1886.

That will do for this week. I have many more letters in hand and others are promised. If any hesitate to send in their records, I hope the example of the ladies who have done so well will inspire them to delay no longer.

DAISIE.

Road Record of Mrs. Joshua Reynolds.

MONTH.	1884.		1885.		1886.		Remarks.
	Days.	Miles.	Days.	Miles.	Days.	Miles.	
January .....					3	9	Longest rides.
February .....					1	1	1884 — 26½ miles.
March .....					6	12	1885 — 35½ miles.
April .....	7	12	3	14	13	37	1886 — 40 miles.
May .....	12	31	16	76½	22	102	Measurements
June .....	9	68	13	110	25	140	taken by "Lakin"
July .....	10	61	5	18	25	158	and "Butcher"
August .....	4	11	11	69	20	166	Cyclometers.
September .....	3	43	25	200½	23	252	Riding done
October .....	3	51	21	112	5	23	on ordinary
November .....	3	24	9	52	14	140	country roads.
December .....			4	13	1	3	On crust
Totals .....	51	301	107	665	158	1,043	

THREE YEARS.

Days ..... 316

Miles ..... 2,009



L. A. W. No. 4,386.

C. T. C., No. 16,668.

A BICYCLE circling a track during a race can hardly be a comfortable couch to sleep on, and yet the woman Armaindo fell asleep during the long race of last week, and did not wake up till she ran against the railings.



# THE CYCLE. THE CYCLE

 **75** 

## CENTS A YEAR.

### Single Copies, THREE Cents.

### FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$1.00.

Special price to Newsmen, Publishers and Cycle  
Dealers, all of whom are our Agents to  
receive Subscriptions.

#### HOW I FIRST MET MARIAN ALTOE.

It was about the middle of an early spring our Fellows proposed a run of about four-and-twenty miles, and asked me to choose the route; but they so surrounded me with many conditions that I told them at the first hearing "I'd chuck the whole thing up." "There must be no ruts in the road, nor cakes of fresh granite," said the Fatted Ox. "No Muswell or Sydenham hills," exclaimed Gentleman Jack. "No breakneck riding," put in Tubby E——, who rides a 48-in. "Above everything, we must have a good feed, captain," insisted Guy Fawkes.

"Are we going to ride in this world?" I observed somewhat petulantly, "or elsewhere?" "Not elsewhere, captain," the Fellows shouted, laughing; "oh! not elsewhere, captain — any place, any sort of a road, no matter what hills." "But —" put in Guy Fawkes, "let's have a good blow-out at the end."

"Now you're talking sensibly," I said, "and it occurs to me that I know a little

place at the end of a good road, not too much hill-climbing *en route* nor too far to spoil a generous appetite."

"Where? where? oh! where?" they called out with one voice. "Draw near," said I; then, as they came about me, I whispered, "I know a bank whereon —" "Gammon!" they put in, flinging themselves from me. "Well, draw closer, lads, and I'll tell you." They drew once more about me. "Down in a deep and shady —" My voice was lost in the indignant remonstrance, "Is it thusly, captain, thusly with thee?" "No, lads," I responded, hurt at their evident feeling; "I will name the place: forgive me! No chaff this time. It is a village some fourteen miles from Hyde Park Corner."

"Thither will we," chorused the Fellows.

"Through the West End lanes, by here and there, and toward Uxbridge, — but it is not there, my boys. We turn and turn, and come at length to a sweet little unsophisticated place, four and a half miles from anywhere, where never railway train has stopped: where the wheels of growlers have never rumbled over the stones; where there are no stones to rumble over; where there are more public-houses than places of worship; where there is a green, and a pond, and a pump, and a church and churchyard, and a Swan

presides over the jolliest hostelry within fifty miles of London."

"Captain," said our Fellows, their eyes starting at the picture; "captain, can it possibly be that such a place exists?"

"It's true," I responded proudly, knowing that I was the discoverer of this unknown village; "true, and Ruislip is the name."

"Ruislip!" exclaimed our clubmen; "never heard of the place. But on your warrant we'll go."

And we went.

I have had some merry runs in my time, but never one that beat record as that one did. Not that we went at a scorching pace, or jollied a lot of carmen, or frightened deaf old ladies, or howled at country bumpkins — over-much. I know these are things some fellows like, but not ours — ours are not fast any way, but enjoy their runs in a quiet style, joking strictly confined to ourselves — except on that one occasion. But it was in many respects a remarkable run.

In the first place, as captain, I had to show the way. I don't know how other Fellows feel when they lead, but I would n't exchange my place, at the head of *our* Fellows, for that of conductor at her Majesty's Theatre, or Speaker of the House, you know, or Drum-Major of a Household Regiment on parade.



Just for the fun of the thing, my wheel being in dock, I mounted a tricycle, a rattler for pace, on which I had given yards and beaten many a master on a 52-inch bi.

We were seven in all,—not Wordsworth's seven, six alive and the other not, but all alive and up to pedalling. After one or two parades at Hyde Park Corner, I gave the signal, and darted off. There was a shout from a crowd, and then we settled down to steady pedalling with a hearty good-will.

One advantage which a tricycle possesses over a bicycle is, you get more opportunities for looking about you, and our Fellows, that afternoon, would have missed many a pretty effect in hedgeside and private garden if I hadn't called their attention to it at the proper instant.

There was no end of excitement amongst our Fellows toward the end of the run; and several of them were ready to accept a wager that I had lost my way. But I kept quiet until I came to the top of a hill whence the first peep at Ruislip was obtained. A short spurt, and we were in the heart of the village; then at one glance was revealed the whole scene,—village green, village pump, the church and churchyard, the farmyard, a butcher's shop, that looked as if it had come from the Lowther Arcade; and the dear old Swan, with its smiling landlady and blushing maidens in the doorway, with unmistakable smiles—no Fleet-street smirks—upon their faces. There was one, the landlady's daughter, with wavy black hair and peach-like cheeks—our fellows fell in love with her, six deep, at once.

Our bugler sounded the "alight" with a vigor which roused every inhabitant, and led to considerable excitement until the cause of the noise was made known. I verily believe that everybody had gone to sleep,—except the people of the Swan,—for there was not a living soul to be seen as we rode in on our noiseless tires; but before we had finished an interchange of greetings with our hostess—and the maids, you know—we saw everybody who was reckoned anybody in Ruislip, either at door or window. The butcher, in a blue apron, the very model of Noah of the Ark business, stood in his little doorway, three steps above the level of the street. The doctor, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, peeped out from a window embosomed in ivy, and looked as though he was ready at a finger-call to diagnose the lot of us. Near his house there was—there could be no mistake—the schoolmistress, the very embodiment of learning in its extremest blue, with corkscrew curls, and high cheek bones, and—of all things in the world—mittens on her hands. One of our Fellows insisted that she had a black satin bag upon her arm; and another offered to bet that she was wearing a pair of satin shoes with bows, the laces "cross-gartered" on her ankles. But no one took the offer, for how could a Fellow settle a thing of that kind? There were others came out of their houses, or stood in doorways, or looked out of their windows, whose calling was as unmistakably imprinted upon them as the butcher with his apron, the doctor and his gold spectacles, or the schoolmistress with her satin bag and curls.

All Ruislip was waking up. Everybody felt as if something was going to happen, and a determination suddenly grew up to prepare for business.

Meanwhile our Fellows had stabled their

machines; had vigorously groomed themselves; had had a wash-up and a brush-down; and finally sat about a table-round, whose top was loaded with substantial food, such as would have satisfied hunger in its most terrible form.

Our Fellows looked about in utter bewilderment. There, in the very centre of a silver tea-tray stood a fair, fat, and comely teapot of solid silver, with a silver cream jug and silver toast rack. The saltcellars had each a silver spoon, every plate was of old Worcester ware, so were the dishes, basins, saucers, teacups, and in every saucer was a silver spoon. There were eggs, home-laid; and jams, home-made; and a magnificent ham, home-fed; bread, home-baked; and butter made by the dainty hands of our landlady's daughter. When our Fellows found that out they ate and drank with a determined purpose, when they had had enough—though I was afraid that consummation would never be reached—to go and propose. But she half suspected their purpose, I believe, for no one could get speech of her at the last. We saw her in the front, at an up-stairs window; but, then, a fellow could hardly shout out a proposal of marriage, so they were all very much discomfited, I know.

While the Fellows were lounging before the Swan, a lout appeared leading a pony and cart. This incident seemed to have greatly excited the public of Ruislip, for there followed a goodly show of men and lads, with a sprinkling of women,—the rag-tag, bobtail, loafers, tyrants, and scolds of the village. The pony, which was a gray one, looked any age over ten. Its coat was bare in patches, it was blind in one eye, and it was harnessed to a little blue cart, about twelve sizes too small for it. In fact, it was a cart drawn from the same Ark whence the butcher, and the doctor, and the schoolmistress had come. There must have been some trouble experienced in getting him into the shafts, for his tail was blocked against the cart, and the poor beast had no room even to whisk it about. We looked on in silent wonder while the pony was led across the green and turned round by the pump. Then the whole truth flashed upon us. On the side of the cart hung a board bearing these words: "FOR SALE."

Our whole duty flashed upon the seven of us at once. Here was an opportunity. The pony and cart were "for sale," the public was present, but where, oh! where, was the auctioneer? Not a moment was lost. Guy Fawkes sounded the call, and the public responded from every house. Still, where was the auctioneer? I can only believe now, after mature thought, that it was an inspiration, a "happy thought," as *Punch* would say. In a moment, amid loud shouts of approval, I was in the cart, and had set forth, with the entire approval of my audience, the conditions of sale.

"What shall I say for this Arab charger?" I began. "Let me have a bid—I will take any sum for a start." Everybody roared. Where the fun lay, I certainly—thinking of the scene afterward—never could make out. But the humor must have been in the people. "Now," I said in a coaxing tone, "let me have a bid?" "Three ha-pence," shouted a bumpkin on the skirt of the crowd, amid a hearty roar. I turned to the place whence the voice proceeded, and my eyes instantly became riveted to the spot.

Where the fellow was who shouted I could not exactly see. I just gave one glance, that was all, but my eyes fell on the figure of a lady—just nineteen, as I now know—who, without exception, had the most charming face that I ever looked on.

This was Marian Altoe.

She was of fair height, beautifully dressed, and carried a small basket on her gloved arm; and what entranced and intoxicated me was the look of innocent enjoyment in her eyes. I saw a face—oval shaped, set in rich brown hair, eyes that would rival those of the fairest of the East, with long lashes that drooped over her eyes in excess of merriment. That momentary glimpse so affected my whole soul that I became utterly oblivious to all around, and for an instant, waking up, as it were, I questioned with myself as to my business there. My pluck well-nigh failed. The crowd continued to laugh, as bid after bid succeeded. I heard voices, but could not tell what was said, and spoke at wild random, only to increase the merriment, while at the same time I saw no one but my Marian's face, and heard—I swear it is true—no sound, but only a low silvery laugh, which came from her lips. Our Fellows told me afterward that they never heard such jolly fun from any one; they vowed that the biddings never advanced beyond twopence-three-farthings, and that at that sum I knocked pony and cart down to a lady. At the time I was fearfully afraid I had offended the lady—the only lady I saw—but such was happily not the case.

Sale over, we mounted our iron steeds, and rode away amid quite exciting cheers.

Fellows said I was awfully dull going home. So I really was, but I could not help it—everything was clean driven, for the time, out of my head. I heard nothing but that silvery laugh, saw nothing but those grand eyes and drooping eyelashes, thought of nothing else besides.

Of course, my next run to Ruislip was not long delayed, but that time I went alone, and—heaven bless her!—our Hostess of the Swan entered into my confidence, and gave me the address I wanted. An interview followed that very afternoon. I had a splendid excuse for calling, a merry reception, and, in a few days now—well, perhaps in the next Christmas number of *The Cyclist*, I'll tell—but this was "How I first met Marian Altoe."—*Xmas Cyclist*.

#### BEVERLY BRIDGE.

AMONG the wheelmen on a certain fall run to Gloucester was a handsome athletic fellow who rides a 58-inch bicycle. Speeding over Beverly bridge, just out of Salem, he slipped his pedal and took an ugly header, cutting a severe gash in his nose.

"What's the matter?" a companion asked at supper.

"Oh nothing, much," was the reply. "Coming into Beverly I tried to make a hole in the bridge."

"Well, you succeeded admirably," his friend responded; "the bridge of your nose, I suppose you mean."

IN the sale of unclaimed goods at the Custom House last Monday there were four Safety bicycles, which sold for \$185 for the lot.



## CYCLET'S.

## THE OLD YEAR.

Out in the silent night,  
 Beneath the cold starlight,  
 The Old Year bows his head  
 And dies;  
 And there he lies  
 Upon his icy couch — still, stark, and dead.

The frost, with silvern feet,  
 Comes, and his winding sheet —  
 That old December gave —  
 With fair  
 Frail flowers, and rare,  
 And myriad glistening gems, decks for the grave.

Sits January, and grieves,  
 Then February weaves  
 Sad dirges. March, with cries,  
 Doth tear  
 His streaming hair —  
 And with grey sackcloth blinds his azure eyes.

For the poor, dead, Old Year,  
 Weak April, tear on tear,  
 With fair face hid from view —  
 Doth shed;  
 Then lifts her head,  
 And through her tears, smiles sweetly on the New.

Because the sad months rave  
 And mourn about his grave,  
 Should we, too, wail and weep?  
 Ah, no —  
 Beneath the snow  
 Let the dead, cold Year lie still and sleep, and sleep!

May on his grave shall fling  
 Sweet buds and blooms of Spring —  
 Ah, blithe and happy May  
 Holds dear  
 The Old — with cheer  
 Receives the New — strewn flowers upon his way!

Dear heart, the Year, though past,  
 In memories sweet shall last —  
 Then brush away that tear,  
 And laugh  
 And sing, and quaff!  
 Love is not buried with the buried Year. F. H. K.

## HAPPY

## NEW YEAR

To one and all.

All good wishes go from us to you.

May your fondest hopes be realized.

And may you find it the happiest year of all.

It should be the happiest year of the decade, after all.

For, don't you know, it is eighty's 'even?

We will send a diagram of that joke next week.

Good resolutions are in order. Resolve to subscribe for the CYCLE, to join the L. A. W., the C. T. C. and your local club.

Eighty-seven will be a great year for cycling. Many new machines will be out, and the veteran makers will improve their mounts.

Now send us your riding records. Daisie is collecting some very interesting statistics from the ladies.

It is very probable that the next Springfield tournament will have to do only with professional events.

Atkins reports that he is now located in a place where he can ride three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Talk about Boston being a "Cycler's Paradise!"

St. Louis is just beginning to move in meet matters. They say they will have a big thing anyway. It will be a big success or a big failure.

S. G. Whittaker is in town for the holidays. "Whit" believes most thoroughly in the West as a field for cycling, and is full of enthusiasm and grit.

The Waltham Cycle Club will hold its annual ball 31 December.

Jones — "I see Smith has taken to riding a bicycle. What on earth is he doing that for?"

Robinson — "Oh, a very simple reason — to prevent Mrs. Smith from going with him." — *Texas Siftings*.

Dr. Blackham calls for a mail vote on his resolutions which call upon the League to assert its jurisdiction over legitimate amateur cycling athletics in the United States.

The *Tri Journal* issues a gratis Christmas supplement written by Faed & Nym.

Geo. F. Walters, who managed the Iroquois draw in London, was arrested and convicted as "a rogue and a vagabond," and fined £5, or in default one month's imprisonment.

It was for fear of some such proceeding as this that Bennett drew his prizes in Boulogne, France.

Bob English has made a young lady Mrs. Bob English.

Charley Frazier has decided not to go to England this winter.

The Kansas Division of the L. A. W. has issued a handbook containing its constitution, list of officers, consuls, etc.

And now wheelmen are getting ready to ride the old year out and the new one in. To go on record as the first man to ride the wheel in 1887 is an ambition with some.

PRINCE WELLS, the trick and fancy rider, is now in New Orleans filling an engagement with the dime museum there.

THE indefatigable Ducker is building a toboggan slide in Springfield. He proposes to beat all records, and to have the best and fastest slide in the world.

BECAUSE a wheelman develops a little speed, is it any reason why he should be called a *fast* young man?

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES has issued an appeal to Massachusetts League members to renew their memberships.

THE *Globe* has added ten years to Karl Kron's life. If Karl gets a hold of the *Globe* editor, he will shorten his life by just so much.

KENNEDY CHILD is in Boston once more, and is giving his "impressions." It does not appear that he will write a book.

AND now the statisticians are figuring out the number of deaths caused by cycling in 1886. One says four, and another says seven. We don't believe anybody knows or can know.

THE proposed polo match on Christmas morning between the active and associate members of the Boston Club was indefinitely postponed. Satisfactory arrangements could not be made for securing the rink.

THE Ixion Club of New York is said to have under consideration a scheme for getting up a big ball to be given under the auspices of all the wheelmen of New York. It is proposed to hire the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Revells will not be on the committee this time.

THE ball of the Somerville Club on Thursday evening of last week was a very brilliant affair. The "four aces" of the club showed the value of such a hand in club social life, and the Somervillains turned out in large numbers.

"THE *Owl*" has a good deal to say about the treasurer's resplendent vest. The gamins of Boston have never forgotten the white plug hat that the "*Owl*" dazzled their eyes with a few years ago at the Ramblers' race meeting, and their advice to fire a gun at it was oft repeated at that time.

Arrangements are being made for another bicycle road race, to take place early in the season at Clarksville over the same course as was used last spring. The most serious drawback to the affair last year was the lack of sufficient hotel accommodation. Next year it is intended to charter a steamer, make the run to Clarksville on a Saturday night, have a tour through the country on Sunday, and the race on Monday.

THE wonderful records of Westfield will be investigated by a committee from the Westfield, Holyoke, and Springfield clubs.

AND now the *Bulletin* publishes stories. THE CYCLE is getting a good deal of the sincerest flattery.

## THE TRAVELLER TANDEM.

THE "Traveller" tandem made by Singers, among "Humber" pattern tandems, is as good a one as can be found, in our opinion, and should receive the favorable consideration of anyone anxious to go in for this class of machine. The writer of this has been riding it off and on — that is, always riding *on* it except when bad weather kept him *off* — now for some months, and would have one for his own but that lack of stabling prevents him indulging his desires. One great disadvantage of this, the earliest form of a tandem, is the difficulty men of different heights have in riding on the rear seat; but in the "Traveller" the seat is made adjustable, so that anyone from a five to a six-footer can ride and steer the machine, and neither cramp nor stretch themselves while doing so. The front seat, too, can be raised or lowered to a considerable extent, so that it forms a machine suitable in every way for a family, and a family of various sized members. Another great comfort is the axle, which has the advantages of four bearings, and the disadvantages of only two, which makes the machine run so smoothly that the fear of breaking an axle is absent. The foot-rests which Messrs. Singer can fit for the rear ride at the extremity of the bearings are a great comfort, and make coasting for both riders a rare treat, the steering, not difficult at any time to anyone, being steadied by the feet on the rests. — *News*.





## SAFE, PRACTICAL and FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

NEW CATALOGUE READY.

**H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.**

Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

**W. W. STALL - - - 509 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,**  
SOLE AGENT FOR EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

# SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.  
I want to say right here  
that my 54-Apollo is the  
finest little wheel I ever saw.  
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

## APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.  
To say that I am pleased  
with the Apollo is very mildly  
putting it. I can find only two  
words that can express my  
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."  
Yours, etc.,  
FRED. BRIGHAM.

## 20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

**Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.**

*If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.  
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.*

— **SEND FOR CATALOGUE** —

**W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.**

## THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, CHALLENGE, SAFETY AND IDEAL.

The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy; Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discount to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

**MURRAY'S, 100 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.**



## BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

of any kind, send stamp to

**A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,**

for Large Illustrated Price-List of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange and Bought for Cash.

LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN  
**AMERICA.**

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

**A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.**

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



A. G. POWELL has left the Quaker City and settled in San Antonio, Texas. He writes us that there are no wheelmen in the town, though there are forty thousand inhabitants. He says they have the best dry roads and the worst wet ones he has ever seen.

#### GETS A MEDAL.

EARLY last year S. F. Heath & Co. offered a fine gold medal to the Minnesota wheelman who would for the eight months from March to November cover the greatest distance on the road. Mr. E. J. Hale, of Minneapolis, was the only one who kept a record for the entire time. He covered 4,500 miles, and is now entitled to the championship and the medal. This rider has not had a pair of long pants on this year; his riding has been done mostly in the performance of his business as a grocer. — *Minn. Div. Organ.*

#### NOTHING TO SAY.

THE editor of the *News* was at a loss what to say the other day, and so he said this:—

If, in the course of conversation, during an examination, or in a confession book, the question had been put to us, "What do you consider the greatest curiosity of modern time?" we should have promptly answered, "A woman who is at a loss for something to say," for we fancied such a thing unknown or extinct. Now, alas! we have no such reply, for we have discovered such a specimen of the human race; and though we would willingly spare "Violet Lorne" and our lady readers the intense pain of finding such a discredit to their sex, we must, in our desire to fulfil the mission of a newspaper, publish the intelligence. "Daisie," of "THE CYCLE," is the woman, and on 26 Nov., 1886, she said in print to the world, "I am frequently at a loss what to say." "Daisie" has, we fear, many days, weeks, months, and perhaps years of mourning before her, for, of course, she will be cast off, repudiated, abused by her sex; and that is, we should say, the most wretched fate that can befall anyone. Bassett can write pages and pages about the A. C. U., but "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." The editors of "*Bicycling World*" can bury the amateur definition under columns of matter, but "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Ducker can write abuse by the mile, but "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Our own Todd can speak by the hour on the amateur question, but, alas! "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Shipton may wax eloquent in print and at dinners about the 25,000, but "Daisie," who could once hold her own, is "at a loss what to say." J. R. Hogg may use his eloquence in persuading a few lovers of change to vote for the abolition, but, pity her, "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." "Violet Lorne" can hold forth in her own particular column about becoming costumes, pockets that are inaccessible, and men who should walk tricycles uphill; but her forlorn sister, "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Frank Thomas may talk all day and night on the roads question, but, can it be possible, "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Major-General Christopher can find lots of reasons for men supporting his Reserve Fund, but, horror of horrors, "Daisie" is "at loss what to say." Men can dilate for hours on the worthiness

of the object which will give a lot of sandwichmen a feed, but alas! alas!! alas!!! "Daisie," beloved of all wheel men and women, is "at a loss what to say." Bring out the contents of the early morning fireplace, produce some coarse material which will answer the purpose of sackcloth, and let us mourn for "Daisie," who is "at a loss what to say."

#### OUR ONLY EXIT.

HORSE-car tracks on Beacon street, — our only unimpeded exit from the city. The permission has been granted by the Board of Aldermen to the West End Railroad Company to lay tracks on the street, and they are allowed to use cable or horses, as they prefer. This is bad news for wheelmen.

#### A PRIZE OFFERED.

ONE hundred guineas is offered by Hillman, Herbert & Cooper to the first rider who will ride either a mile on the path in 2.25, twenty-two and one half miles on the path in one hour, or one hundred miles on the road in six hours, on any of the "Premier" make of bicycles.

#### A NEW BOOKMASTER.

A. B. BARKMAN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed L. A. W. bookmaster, vice H. S. Wood, resigned.

#### DINNER AND BUSINESS.

THERE will be a dinner and business meeting of the board of officers, Massachusetts division, L. A. W., at the Quincy House, Boston, Saturday evening, 8 January, at 7 o'clock. Dinner will be served at \$2.00 a plate, and members of the board are at liberty to invite members of the division.

#### INCREASE OF DUES.

THE executive committee of the L. A. W. will recommend at the next meeting of the board of officers that the initiation fee and annual dues of the League be increased.

#### ATKINS OF PASADENA.

We are in receipt of a letter from A. L. Atkins, of Pasadena, Cal. He says, *inter alia*:—"Cycling is very lively here, as well it should be when you can ride 365 days in a year. Wheelmen are numerous, and seem to enjoy the moderately good roads as well as an Eastern man. The boys are very tough road riders, and are fast developing into racing men as well. There is to be a tournament on 22 Feb. at Los Angeles, and there is considerable hot rivalry between the crack men here. This would be the place to hold the Springfield races; it is always pleasant, never hot, even when the thermometer is away up to 100° as it is to-day, and the wind never blows hard enough to notice, and seldom does the smoke from the house chimneys ascend in any other than a straight line. Ducker would go wild to see the perfect days we have here.

"I ran across, at Los Angeles, A. M. Crothers of Springfield, and the main-stay of wheeling in that town for years. Jack Rogers of St. L. is at Raymond's Hotel, about a mile from me. Harry Worthen, ex-captain of the Somerville, is at Downey only

twenty miles from here; and young Chas. E. Kimball of Mass. B. C. is around at Los Angeles. I have not ridden a bicycle here at all, but I own and ride a wild young California "broncho" that can kick in sixteen directions at once. I have sent for my Safety, and shall toddle around on that a bit; but at present cycling is not my line. Horseback riding and hunting are my only occupations; and I am enjoying myself and winning back my erstwhile health and strength by their means."

#### CYCLING IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

MR. J. E. MARSHALL and Mr. Broen, two members of the civil service in Cape Colony, South Africa, lately made a bicycle trip from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, a distance of nearly 600 miles, which they accomplished in 11 days and 13 hours. Those who have experienced the difficulties of South African travelling will know that such an undertaking involves great labor and fatigue in climbing range after range of high mountains, and going over roads so bad that it is often with difficulty that the track oxen get along them, while considerable hardships must be endured from the intense heat, the want of water and the bad accommodation, beside the forced walking over miles of sand and rocks, dragging the machines and knapsacks, and sometimes fording rivers.

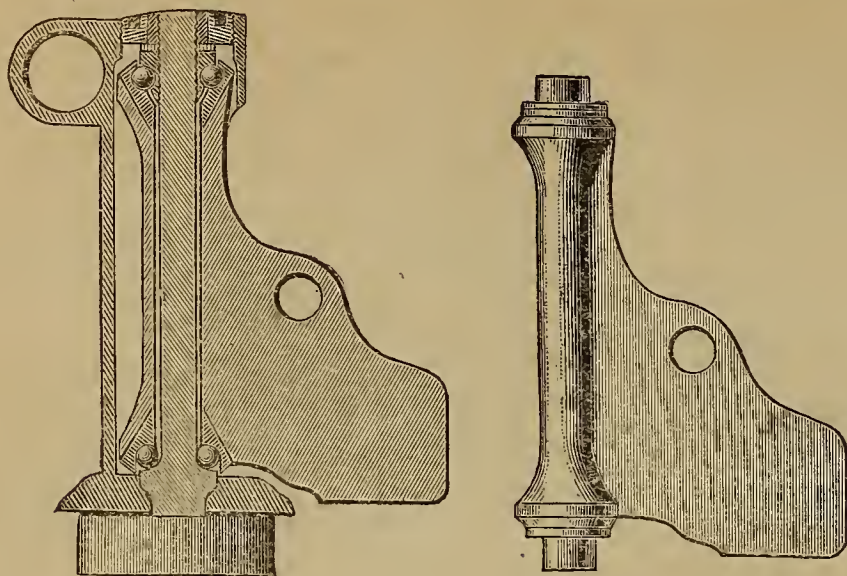
#### PATENTS.

THE following is a list of patentees of inventions pertaining to cycling, to whom Letters Patent were granted 21 Dec., 1886: A. A. Carter, Newark, N. J., bicycle; G. D. Ferris, Springfield, Ill., bicycle; G. Haynes, Jr., Boston, Mass., and A. E. Schaaf, Buffalo, N. Y., anti-friction bearing; C. M. Linley and J. Biggs, Southwark, Eng., velocipede; L. F. Mohr, Howard Centre, Iowa, velocipede; H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn., velocipede; G. W. Rodicap, Middletown, Ind., velocipede.

#### SPRINGFIELD CLUB.

THE Springfield (Mass.) Club held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, 21 Dec., and voted to pay their secretary and treasurer the same salaries they received last year, two hundred dollars and fifty dollars. They also voted not to join the League. The report of the nominating committee shows that Mr. Ducker's friends persist in having him on the board of directors despite his many protests. The nominating committee submitted a report, and presented the names of three candidates for each office in the gift of the club. These names will be voted on at the annual election next month, when there is likely to be a change in the present management. At the next meeting the annual fall tournament will be talked up and other important measures considered. Other business transacted was the appointment of Secretary Lawton to represent the Springfield Club on a board of three members representing the Westfield, Springfield, and Holyoke clubs, to decide upon the merits and justice of the disputed claims of certain bicyclists of Westfield, who have competed for the Lakin gold cyclometer to be awarded to the rider accomplishing the greatest distance during the riding season of 1886.





### THE FACILE BALL-BEARING HEAD.

MANUFACTURED BY ELLIS & CO., LONDON,  
AND IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILCOX,  
NEW YORK.

In this head, the real peculiarity is in the neck, which terminates in a spindle of larger diameter than is usual, this spindle being bored through vertically. Through the hole is passed a pin with a fixed cone at the bottom end, this cone making the lower bearing for the balls; a movable cone screws down from the top, fastened in place by a washer and locknut. The spindle part of the neck is turned out in cup-like cavities, which may be the seats for the balls, but by preference separate hardened cups are inserted and soldered in those cavities. The lower end of the pin rests in a seat in the bottom of the head, where it is held from turning by a screw, a feather, or similar device; the loose cone at top is held from turning, and the neck is also held in its place in the head by a nut which slips over the end of the pin and rests on the small locknut, this larger outer nut also screwing into the top of the head. This fastening nut has a thread of different pitch from the nut which directly locks the top cone, and thus it is impossible for the cone to run up, or for the two nuts to turn together. The distinguishing feature of this bearing is that, unlike all other ball heads proposed thus far, the adjustment and locking are entirely independent of the head and forks; this not only allows an easier and nicer adjustment, but the backbone may be taken out and replaced to any extent without affecting the adjustment in the least. The security against loosening is also perfect, the fastening nut in top of the head holding the cones as firmly as if the parts were all in a single piece.

The cuts herewith give a good idea of the construction, although the shape may not be in every place quite as the head will be. A description of this head and of some other novelties by the same company was published in the CYCLE for 23 April last. How far ball-bearing heads are useful and necessary, and how far theory and pure luxury, is yet to be determined; but it would certainly seem that this pattern has "points" of distinguishing originality and merit.

### MISSOURI DIVISION OFFICERS.

THE Chief Consul has called his dog Schneider, and come down out of the mountains. Pursuant to his call, the Board of Officers of the Missouri Division met Sunday, 19 Dec. There were present, besides the Chief Consul, secretary-treasurer Lewis, and representatives Young and Oeters. The new road bill, providing for the payment of a certain sum, instead of contributed labor, for the appointment of overseers for each legislative district, and for the employment of convict labor, was brought up. The Chief Consul had been at Mine la Motte talking with members of the House who will introduce the bill the coming season. The League meet, the most important work before the Division, was discussed, and it was decided to request each of the city clubs to appoint a committee of three to make arrangements. A letter was read from Henry E. Ducker, of Springfield, Mass., stating that he would bring a special carload of New England ladies and gentlemen to St. Louis to attend the meet. The general sentiment of the board was that the meet will be either a great success or a big failure; there is to be no half-way business. Secretary Lewis' report for the year ended 1 December showed a division membership of 257, and \$26.30 in the treasury. He also reported twenty-four renewals already sent in for 1887. As soon as the clubs act on the request, the board will meet again.

### RACING REFORM.

A NUMBER of very important votes were passed at the council meeting of the N. C. U., held recently in London. It was voted that no prize exceeding in value 75.5s. be offered in an open race. This is a very marked step in the direction of pure amateurism. A committee was appointed to inquire into the whole question of professional racing, with a view to its encouragement. A rule was passed allowing clubs to refer all disputes at race meetings to the executive. The following resolution was also passed: "That the council of the N. C. U. expresses its disapproval of the growing practice of racing on the public roads, and directs the executive to do its utmost to discourage road racing."

### THOMAS STEVENS HEARD FROM.

THE following letter in regard to the adventurous globe-girdling wheelman gives news three days later than any yet published. But even this letter throws no light on the question of his present whereabouts, and when all is said, the cold fact persists that eighty days have passed since his arrival in Canton:—

NEW YORK, 21 Dec., 1886.

*To the Editor of the Outing:*—Your correspondent, Mr. Thomas Stevens, was seen and spoken to by relatives of mine on 7 Oct., on the steamer running from Hong Kong to Canton, and also the next day in Canton in the five-story pagoda. He was in apparent good health and spirits, confident of his ability to go through the country, but with which opinion old residents there did not concur.

F. V. A.,

116 West Forty-fifth street.

THE following is from the *Shanghai Courier* of 18 Nov.:—

KIUKIANG, 14 Nov.

This morning a very much travel-stained, unwashed, unshaved, unshorn, unfed, slipshod, and altogether disreputable-looking specimen of the genius Fan Kwae (foreign devil) appeared mysteriously and unannounced upon our Bund. He bestrode a queer-looking vehicle that the celestials of the middle kingdom had never seen the like of before; consequently a numerous and highly demonstrative crowd of these most inquisitive of mortals brought up the rear, until they themselves were suddenly brought up at the gate of the English consulate. I need hardly add that the cause of all this commotion was Mr. Thomas Stevens on his famous Columbia bicycle, who had arrived after one of the most trying and eventful of his tours, some two weeks later than he had expected. In an interview I had with him he gave me the following account of his journey:

"Starting from Canton on 13 Oct. I had expected to reach Kiukiang inside of twenty days; but calculations based on my experience in other countries failed me entirely in China. I found it a totally different country from any of the others I have traversed, both as regards roads, people, accommodation, and experience generally. It would be little exaggeration to say that the only roads in south China (the north may be a little different) are the rivers, and no exaggeration whatever to say that the only proper way to travel is with a boat, in which one can live as in a house. Strictly speaking, there are no roads at all, as we understand the term; only narrow foot-paths leading here, there, and everywhere, and yet nowhere in particular; an intricate maze of tracks about the rice-fields in which a stranger finds himself hopelessly bewildered to commence with, and invariably

### LOST AT LAST.

The first day out from Canton, after travelling I should think thirty miles, I found myself in a village about thirteen miles out. Neither are these pathways of that asphalt-like smoothness of surface for which an experienced cyclist naturally yearns, who sees the pleasant autumn weather gradually gliding past, and the distance ahead still great. On the contrary, boulders and rough slabs of stone, once laid level, but now more often



sloping at angles that render them precarious footing for anything but a goat or a barefooted Chinaman, are the chief characteristics. In addition to this, they are often not more than two feet wide, and often rise several feet above the waving paddy, so that traversing them is a feat really equal to the performance of walking on a wall. Under these circumstances a person frequently thinks of swapping his bicycle for a "pariah yaller," and riddling the purp with bullets. I persevered for four days, hoping the roads would improve, at the end of which time I arrived in a country where there were no paths, no paddy fields,—only the Pe-Kang river, and the rocky mountains sloping to the water's edge. A sampan would take me down stream and back to Canton in three days. Ah! but the good people at home (some of them) would say, "Pooh! he was afraid to go through; the badness of the roads is only a convenient excuse." As it would never do to give the good people at home the opportunity of thinking this, I concluded to go through to Kiukiang and Shanghai the best way possible. Four days, poling, rowing and towing on a little sampan to Chao-choo-foo, and four more with coolies carrying the bicycle, brought me over the Meeling pass and into the province of Kiang-tse. Striking the headwaters of the Kiang-kiang river at Nanhung, I might have come down stream all the way to the Poyang Hoo. I found the paths in Kiang-tse, however, quite an improvement on those of Quang-tung, and bicycled my way down to King-gan-foo. So far, I had got along without serious trouble with the people. Kan-tchou-foo, I had been told, was a risky city to visit; but I trundled the bicycle through it, from one end to the other, in the middle of a surging, shouting crowd, and, beyond getting my helmet knocked off a few times, was offered no indignities. Ta-ho was the first city where the authorities saw fit to favor me with an escort; they

SENT A COUPLE OF SOLDIERS WITH ME to Kin-gan-foo. They evidently knew what they were about, for I should have fared badly had I reached Kin-gan-foo alone, not knowing the direct route to the Yamen. The soldiers betrayed anxiety as we approached the city; the mob collected, and, while yet several hundred yards from the Yamen, the stones began to come, and wild yells for the Fan Kwae rent the air. Missiles that would have knocked me senseless had I been wearing an ordinary hat, only made dents in the big pith solar topee I had worn through India, and which effectually protected my head and shoulders. I escaped into the Yamen with but a few trifling bruises, and one spoke broke out of the bicycle, but one of the soldiers got badly hurt on the arm—probably a fractured bone. The soldiers warned them that I was armed, and until we reached the outer Yamen gate they confined themselves to yelling and throwing stones; several then rushed forward and seized the bicycle, but the officials came to the rescue and hurried me off to the Che-hsien's office. It was pandemonium broke loose around the Yamen gates all the evening, the mob howling for the "foreign devil," the shouts of the soldiers keeping them at bay, and the officials loudly expostulating and haranguing them from time to time, as the din seemed

to be increasing. Proclamations were sent out by the Che-hsien, and, toward midnight, the mob had finally dispersed. I was then placed aboard a sampan, and, with a guard of six soldiers, spirited off down stream. After this, the authorities never allowed me to travel by bicycle, but passed me on down stream by boat from town to town, under guard, until we reach Wu-ching on the Poyang Hoo, when, by much persuasion, I obtained permission to take a short cut across the country to Kiukiang, but still with an escort."

Mr. Stevens, after seeing the British consul at Kiukiang, took passage in the steamer Peking, and arrived here this forenoon.

### THE PATH.

#### SCHOCK SUCCEEDS.

The great six-day bicycle race closed at Minneapolis last Saturday night. Morgan rode 235 miles without dismounting. Schock beat the world's record of 1404 miles three laps, in 144 hours. He made 1405 miles in 142 hours. Armaindo beat Prince's record of 1042 miles by eight miles, which gives her the third best record in the country. Morgan's total score was 1165 miles. The physicians representing the Minnesota Hospital College weighed the contestants after they had their final dismount that night. They weighed as follows: Schock, 137 pounds, showing a loss of four pounds during the race; Morgan, 127½ pounds, a loss of two pounds; and Armaindo, 129 pounds, being a loss of five and one-half pounds. Morgan was taken sick during the week and had to leave the track, and during his absence Schock got a good lead.

#### WOODSIDE vs. ECK.

There was a fair attendance at the twenty-mile bicycle-race between W. M. Woodside and T. W. Eck, which came off at the Washington Rink, Minneapolis, Minn., 16 Dec. The contestants alternated in the lead up to the sixteenth mile, when Woodside went to the front and remained there till the finish. Time, 1. 3. 5½.

Dingley and Hardwick rode a twenty-five mile race on bicycles, for \$50 a side, at the Rink in Omaha, Neb., 15 Dec. Dingley won by a yard, in 1. 19. 55.

### THE CLUB.

PORTLAND, O.—Oregon Club. President, George Breck; secretary, C. S. Wells; treasurer, Dr. B. Miller; captain, Dr. C. C. Newcastle.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—L. A. Wheelmen. President, W. S. Jackson; secretary and treasurer, C. M. Lindsey; captain, R. Woodworth.

WESTFIELD, N. J.—Union Company Wheelmen. President, Fred A. Kinch, Jr.; secretary, Arthur N. Pierson; treasurer, A. Farrington; captain, F. S. Miller.

YONKERS, N. Y.—Yonkers Bicycle Club. President, Ed A. Oliver; secretary and treasurer, Ed. E. Thorne; captain, Wm. H. Ulrich.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Wheelmen. President, J. A. Debar; secretary, Wm. Exley; treasurer, A. M. Windolph; captain, G. L. Henderson.

## THE BOSTON BICYCLE SHOE.

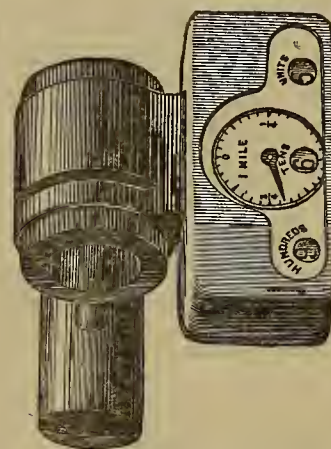
The Perfect Shoe for Cycling.

Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

## STRICKLAND & PIERCE,

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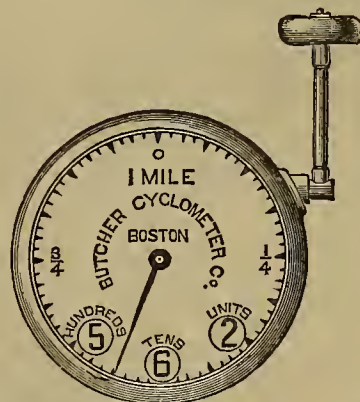
Our 1886 Pattern

Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

## BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price,

FIVE DOLLARS.

## PATENTS

Secured on reasonable terms. Work reliable. Papers carefully and legally drawn. Special attention given to inventions pertaining to cycling by an experienced wheelman and League member. Write for particulars.

N. L. COLLAMER - - - Patent Attorney,

Room 47, St. Cloud Building,

WASHINGTON, D. C.



# COLUMBIA SPECIALTIES.

## THE KIRKPATRICK SADDLE.

The peculiar advantages possessed by this saddle arise from its general construction, — with a perfectly adjustable frameless or hammock-pattern seat, suspended between fore-and-aft springs; a combination by which all jars and vibrations of the machine are absorbed, and the tendency to headers much decreased.



The seat proper is of the finest leather procurable, and its form, with long cut-out, admits of its shaping itself perfectly to the form of the rider, obviating all chafing and any uncomfortable or harmful pressure. It has no metal frame, but a re-enforcing piece of leather sewed on the under side, which reduces to a minimum the liability to lose shape.

Our improvements consist in using round front springs in each variety of the saddle, and in shaping the leather so as to prevent the raw edge from coming in contact with the rider.

This saddle is easily and quickly placed in position, and its tension regulated by simply setting the click back or forward. It is applicable to any bicycle, by the use of different front springs and perch-clip.

Nickelled, \$6.00.

## THE COLUMBIA SWING-SPRING

Combines the best contributions of three different inventors towards the solution

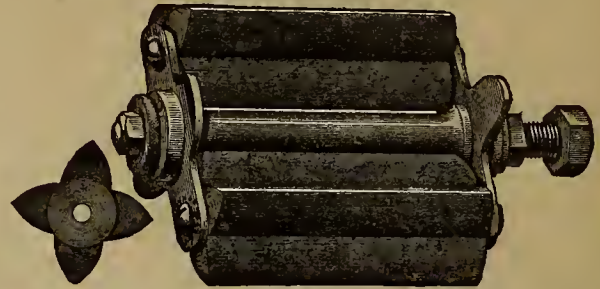


of the difficult problem in bicycle seat-springs. It overcomes the fore-and-aft jarring and the vibration of the small wheel by means of two pendent links combined with other parts in a peculiar way, so as to allow a fore-and-aft motion of the seat to a limited but sufficient extent to stop vibration, and to ease the rider over considerable obstructions. In averting headers it is a safety device beyond any other in the market. This spring is only applicable to the EXPERT and LIGHT ROADSTER.

Nickel-plated, \$5.00.

## THE COLUMBIA BALL-PEDAL.

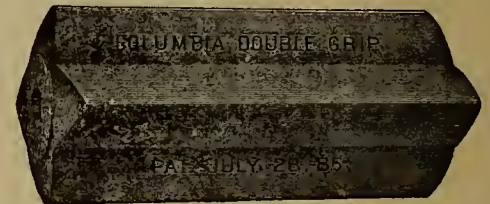
Per pair,



Nickelled, \$10.00.

The end-plates are one piece, drop-forged in entirely new dies, made sufficiently heavy where the greatest strains come, but lightened considerably by leaving out metal where it is not needed.

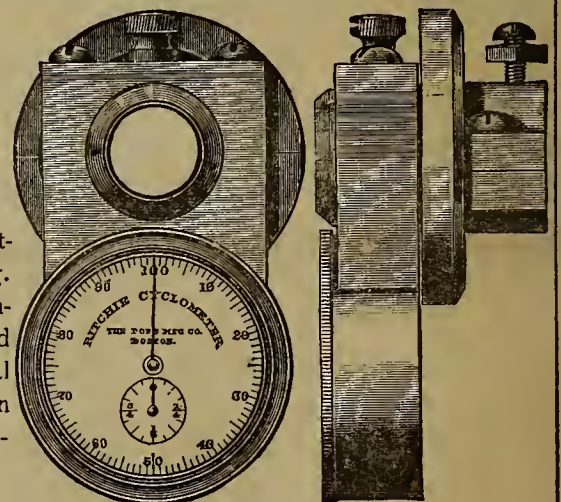
The pedal-frame is completed by a central steel tube, which entirely protects the pin from contact with the foot, and the bearings from the entrance of dust. The rods passing through the rubbers are threaded upon the inner ends, and fitted with small and neat nuts, so as to be easily removed and replaced. The pedal-pin is tapered and strengthened at the right end; and there are two rows of steel balls, eleven



at each end, made with such accuracy that by actual micrometer tests they do not vary one two-thousandth of an inch in size.

The elastic bars are of our new "double-grip" pattern, which by its peculiar form affords a firmer hold than any other for the foot, increasing with additional pressure.

## THE RITCHIE MAGNETIC CYCLOMETER



Has given complete satisfaction in its working. It has always run accurately under longer and more thorough practical tests than have been given to other cyclometers.

Plain Bronze Finish, \$12.00; Nickel-plated, \$12.50.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO Cyclers and Cycle Agents.



## FOR WOOD, METAL OR STONE.

SELF-DRYING IN HALF AN HOUR.

Very Tough, Easily Applied, Durable,  
Gives a Fine Jet Black Lustre.

The contents of one bottle will cover a bicycle.

75 cents per bottle.

Put up for the trade in boxes containing one dozen bottles.

## THE POPE MFG. CO.

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