

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Vol. III.—No. 4.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST, 1885.

Price 5 Cents.



VICTOR TRICYCLE!

The Boston Bicycle Club's Annual Tricycle Race was run on August 3d, and was won on a

VICTOR!

By E. P. BURNHAM. This is the third time in succession that this race has been won on a VICTOR.

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Genuine Warwick Hollow Rim. Stout Forks.
Tied Tangent Spokes.

NO OTHER WHEEL IN THE WORLD

HOLDS TWO AS FAST RECORDS (ONE MILE, 2.39)
(ONE MILE, 2.39½) AS THE

ROYAL MAIL !

ALSO WON THE 100-MILE ROAD RECORD, AND MANY OF
THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1884.

LOOK AT THE RECORD SO FAR THIS YEAR!

*At Memphis, in May, Eight of Twelve Races won on
the ROYAL MAIL.*

*At Springfield, Hunter won the One-Mile and Five-Mile
Races on the ROYAL MAIL.*

*At New Haven, the Pope Cup won by Hunter, for the
second time, on the ROYAL MAIL.*

At Baltimore, Crist won on the ROYAL MAIL.

*At Brooklyn, Haven won Three-Mile Handicap Race on
the ROYAL MAIL.*

*At Woodstock, Canada, July 1, One-Mile and Five-Mile
Races won on the ROYAL MAIL.*

*At Buffalo, July 3, Two-Mile Race won on the ROYAL
MAIL.*

*At Holyoke, July 4, Half-Mile Race won on the ROYAL
MAIL.*

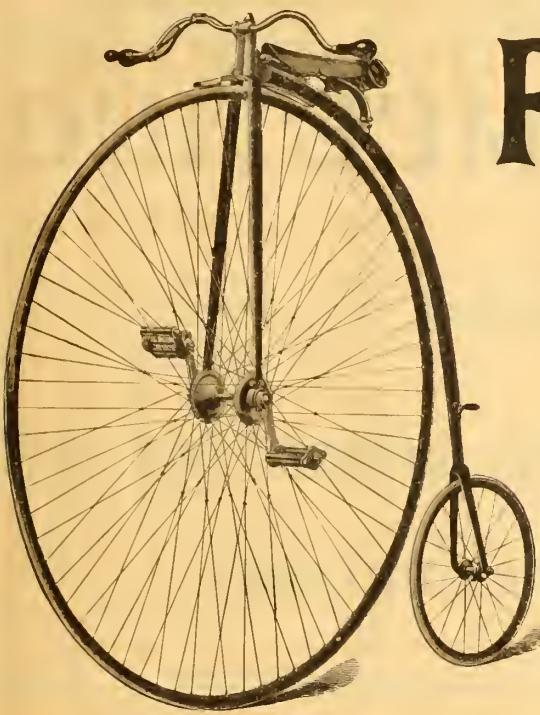
*At Boston, July 4, Two-Mile Race won on the ROYAL
MAIL.*

*At Springfield, Ohio, July 15, Three First and Two
Second Prizes won on the ROYAL MAIL.*

*At Greenfield, Georgia, July 20, Southern Five-Mile
Championship won on the ROYAL MAIL.*

*At Scranton, Pa., July 23, Five Races won on the
ROYAL MAIL.*

SURELY EXAMINE A ROYAL MAIL !



MESSRS. WILLIAM READ & SONS:—

Gentlemen—I cheerfully give my opinion of the ROYAL MAIL, which I rode in all my races last year and won the world's record, 2.39. I think it the finest made, strongest, and stiffest machine I ever rode. I have ridden nearly all makes, but find the ROYAL MAIL the best I ever crossed as yet.

Yours respectfully, JOHN S. PRINCE,
Champion of America, and 1-mile Champion of the World.

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I consider the ROYAL MAIL far superior to all others.

S. G. WHITTAKER.

I consider the ROYAL MAIL the best bicycle I have ever ridden.

GEO. E. CAIN.

The ROYAL MAIL is my favorite.

D. E. HUNTER.

I consider the ROYAL MAIL, by all odds, the steadiest machine I have ever ridden.

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The ROYAL MAIL is the stiffest and easiest running machine I have ever ridden.

WM. E. CRIST.



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"The principal feature of the gathering was the riding of Engleheart, who, on a KANGAROO, WON EVERY EVENT for which he entered, including his own Club Championship, in brilliant fashion." — *Sportsman*, July 2, 1885, of the late Crystal Palace meet.

1 Mile, 2m. 45s. 2 Miles, 6m. 2½s. 3 Miles, 9m. 22s. 10 Miles, 32m. 39s. 100 Miles, 7h. 11m. 10s.

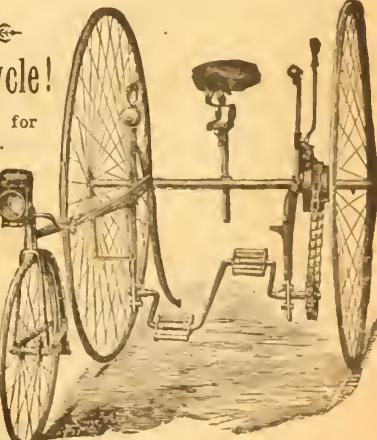
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—OF THE—

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This Track is Unsurpassed, holding the World's One-Mile Record of 2.39.
All the Fliers will be there.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY—SEPTEMBER 2.

- 1—1-MILE NOVICE RACE. Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal, \$20;
2d, Silver Medal, \$15.
- 2—1-MILE TRICYCLE RACE. Prizes: 1st, Colt's New Repeating Rifle, 15 shots, \$50; 2d, Silk Umbrella, \$12.
- 3—5-MILE PROFESSIONAL RACE. Prizes: 1st, \$85 cash;
2d, \$25; 3d, \$15.
- 4—1-MILE AMATEUR RACE, OPEN. Prizes: 1st, Two-Track Columbia Triycle, \$160; 2d, Picture, \$20.
- 5—FANCY RIDING BY PROF. D. J. CANARY.
- 6—5-MILE CONNECTICUT STATE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.
Prize: Diamond Medal, \$50.
- 7—1-MILE RIDE-AND-RUN RACE. Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal, \$30; 2d, Silver Medal, \$15.
- 8—10-MILE AMATEUR RECORD RACE, OPEN. Prizes: 1st, Columbia Light Roadster, (given by the Weed Sewing-Machine Company,) \$155; 2d, Engraving, \$50; 3d, Clock, \$15.
- 9—3-MILE RACE, 9.45 CLASS. Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal, \$45;
2d, Silver Medal, \$15.
- 10—1-MILE TUG-OF-WAR RACE. Prizes: 1st, Picture, \$35;
2d, Rug, \$20.

SECOND DAY—SEPTEMBER 3.

- 1—1-MILE RACE, 3.00 CLASS. Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal, \$40;
2d, Silver Medal, \$20.
- 2—5-MILE L. A. W. CHAMPIONSHIP RACE. Prize: Gold Medal, \$50.
- 3—10-MILE PROFESSIONAL RACE. Prizes: 1st, \$125 cash;
2d, \$50; 3d, \$25.
- 4—3-MILE AMATEUR RACE, OPEN. Prizes: 1st, Ball-Bearing Sewing-Machine, \$65; 2d, Field Glasses, \$25.
- 5—3-MILE TRICYCLE RACE. Prizes: 1st, Stop Watch, \$45;
2d, Clock, \$25.
- 6—3-MILE CONNECTICUT STATE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.
Prize: Gold Medal, set with Garnet, \$40.
- 7—1-MILE SAFETY BICYCLE RACE. Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal, \$25; 2d, Silver Medal, \$10.
- 8—1-MILE PROFESSIONAL RACE. Prizes: 1st, \$125 cash;
2d, \$50; 3d, \$25.
- 9—5-MILE AMATEUR RACE, OPEN. Prizes: 1st, Colt Shot-Gun, \$100; 2d, Picture, \$45.
- 10—1-MILE CONSOLATION RACE. Prize: Gold Sleeve-Buttons, \$20.

Elegant Special Medals will be given for all Records Broken.

WHEELMEN, plan your vacation so as to be present at the Two Greatest Racing Events of the Year,—Hartford, September 2 and 3, and the following week at Springfield.

ENTRANCE FEES: Amateurs, \$1 for each Event; Professionals, 1-mile \$3, 5-mile \$5, 10-mile \$10.

ENTRIES CLOSE AUGUST 27.

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THE FINEST ROADSTER KNOWN.

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THE MOST SPLENDID RACER
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56-INCH COMPLETE, 22 LBS.

Singer's "Challenge."
A FIRST CLASS ROADSTER
AT A VERY LOW PRICE.
\$105.00.

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CENTRAL GEARED & CONVERTIBLE.
TELESCOPIC.

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Sell the following Bicycles:

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AMERICAN SANSPAREIL.
SANSPAREIL LIGHT ROADSTER.
AMERICAN ROADSTER.

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THE EXPERT COLUMBIA BICYCLE:

FOURTH SEASON. This machine has been ridden by every size and weight of rider, on all kinds of roads, in every State in the Union, under all supposable conditions.

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THE STANDARD COLUMBIA BICYCLE:

EIGHTH SEASON. The "old reliable" steed is presented upon its merits and popularity already acquired.

THE COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE:

FIRST SEASON. Needs no mud-guard; can be passed through an ordinary door-way; gear-wheels can be changed without machine work.

THE COLUMBIA THREE-TRACK TRICYCLE:

THIRD SEASON. A thoroughly reliable and practical roadster.

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Price, 25 cents a copy; \$3 a year.

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TRICYCLES
OF ALL
THE LEADING MAKES.

L. A. W. BADGES.

For gold badges of the official design, send to the sole authorized maker,

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PORTLAND, ME.

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Is adjustable in height, width, and tension; is bifurcated to remove pressure from the perineum; is positively the easiest and most perfect saddle ever made.

FREEMAN LILLIBRIDGE,
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THE VICTOR BICYCLE.

This is what the following well-known cyclists say of it:

GEORGE M. HENDEE: "I ride the VICTOR because I think it is the fastest Bicycle made."

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GEORGE D. GIDEON: "It is the best-finished piece of machinery I ever saw."

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BRAND
Far superior to all others.

THE WESTERN TOY CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.

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R. L. Coleman, Manager.

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Simplest and best instrument ever invented.

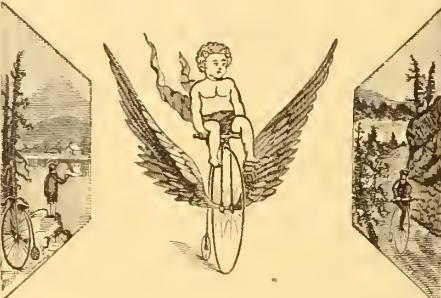
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The only perfectly hygienic Saddle made. Thoroughly tested last season.

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TOURNAMENT OF THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB



September 8, 9, and 10, 1886
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

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THE FACILE.

Safe, swift, easy. Can be learned in an hour. Proved by six years' increasing use.

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A practical roadster, safe from headers or other dangerous falls. The workmanship and entire practicability of each and every machine are fully guaranteed.

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Roadster, Light Roadster, and Racer. All built to win. Send for Catalogue giving detailed illustrations and descriptions before you buy a wheel.

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New and Second-hand Bicycles and Tricycles of all kinds.

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During the last three years we have found that our wheels have given perfect satisfaction, and with a view to still further increasing their popularity we have visited the manufacturers in England and have had our machines built with all the latest improvements and changes to meet the requirements of our roads. We confidently believe we now offer the finest line of wheels on the American market.

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Send stamp to
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For catalogue and full particulars of their

SLAUGHTER SALE.

Coventry, Eng., March, 1885.

SINGER & CO. have found it necessary to entirely withdraw their Agency from Stoddard, Lovering & Co., and have pleasure in announcing that they have appointed W. B. EVERETT & CO., 6 and 8 Berkeley street, Boston, Mass., their sole agents for the United States.

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Buffalo Duplex Whistle.
Buffalo Tool Bag.

Dealers in Bicycles and Tricycles; makers of sundries; repairing a specialty.

THE ROYAL MAIL.

A rigid, superbly-built light roadster. The great demand attests its popularity. We offer it as the highest quality wheel brought to the States. Examine one, or send stamp for circular with many testimonials from leading American wheelmen.

JOHN S. PRINCE, who rode a mile in 2:39 on a ROYAL MAIL at Springfield last September, says: "It is the best wheel I ever crossed."

Weight, 36 pounds; 72 tangent spokes; genuine Warwick hollow rim; hollow forks; detachable cranks; Bow's *Aeolus* ball bearings; close-fitting noiseless brake; best moulded rubber tire; oval backbone; new American adjustable saddle; Buffalo tool bag.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.
CHAS. A. FISK, - - - - - Treasurer.

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

Address all Communications to THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to CHAS. A. FISK, Treasurer.

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

OUR PARKS

The question of admitting wheelmen to the right of way in our public parks is constantly agitating the minds of wheelmen, and the minute a city government or board of park commissioners forbid the use of a park in a city or town, just so soon the editors of cycling papers are deluged with letters of inquiry as to how to handle these obstinate men, who dare assert the right of a city or town to forbid the use of its parks and driveways to the most enjoyable, healthful, and intelligent mode of travel of the nineteenth century, viz., the bicycle.

A public park may be defined as the private property of the city or town in which it may be located, subject to such rules and regulations as may be imposed, and such rules can be legally enforced, for a city or town has the same right in regard to its parks that it holds over the school-houses or other private property. The notion that public parks are public property is erroneous, except in a few cases, and the sooner wheelmen come to understand this the better. When the parks are open to the use of wheelmen, it is on suffrage, and the privilege is one we should be careful not to abuse. When wheelmen are forbidden the use of parks, a little moral suasion must be used. After gaining admission, great care must be taken that we do not abuse the privilege.

A sad accident occurred recently in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, by which a child was killed, which was mainly due to the foolish order of the park commissioners, and partly to the wheelmen, for we consider it a duty wheelmen owe to the public, that, where they have the use of the park, and whether said use is confined to the walks or driveways, great care should be exercised that other people should not be expected to look out for wheelmen. We cheerfully publish the following editorial from the *N. Y. Tribune*, which is worthy of careful perusal:-

THE PROPER PLACE FOR THE BICYCLE.

The recent accident in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, by which a child was run into and killed by a bicycle, should burn into the minds of the park commissioners a fact recognized by every sensible wheelman—namely, that a path frequented by pedestrians is no place for a bicycle. Over and over again it has been decided in courts of law and before the tribunal of common sense that the bicycle is a vehicle, and as such its use should be restricted to the roadway. By exactly the same

train of reasoning it should be entitled to all the rights as well as subject to all the restrictions of the roadway, and no fossilized park commissioners or turnpike companies should be legally fortified in discriminating against it. The plain course for the commissioners who have made Prospect Park in many respects a model pleasure ground, is to supplement their previous expressions of good will to the devotees of this manly sport by an exhibition of good sense. They should withdraw the dangerous privilege of path-riding and grant the right of road-riding.

As a means of bridging over a piece of rough and difficult country or suburban road, a smooth, unfrequented pathway is a joy to the wheelman, but no sensible rider of the bicycle wants to steer his machine along a walk where there are even a moderate number of people. It entails continuous anxiety. He must be always on the alert. The movements of a team can be calculated upon with reasonable accuracy. The driver keeps to the right and moves in straight or slowly curving lines. The pedestrian zigzags along, stopping and starting and turning about even when sane, and there is no way known among men by which the wheelman can assure himself that the person who blocks his way is not deaf and dumb, or crazy, as he comes up behind him. So long as the authorities compel the Brooklyn wheelmen to use the paths in passing through the park, accidents beyond the control of the riders will occur for which the authorities are responsible.

One evening a wheelman was slowly crossing a bridge in Prospect Park, keeping a watchful eye on a child who was leaning over the parapet gazing into the lake. When he was midway of the bridge the child suddenly turned and dashed toward the other side. Before the rider could move hand or foot there was a collision. Nothing but the skillful handling of his machine prevented a downfall which might have crushed the child to death. In that case the grand jury would have indicted the rider, and people would have descended on the criminal recklessness of bicyclers in general. The bicycle is not a child's plaything. It has no place among baby carriages and goat-carts.

WHAT IS AN AMATEUR?

"Consistency, thou art a jewel," is an old maxim, and is as true to-day as ever. The *Bicycling World*, in a sudden streak of virtue on the amateur question, rather oversteps the mark and arrays itself on the side of the professionals, by declaring in so many words, in the issue of July 24, that none but a babe in arms can possibly be an amateur. The *World* has a point to gain, and seeks to carry its point by going to extremes.

The *World* says, "The League will have no professionals in its ranks, and under a strict enforcement of the law such race meetings as Hartford and Springfield cannot exist." Well! Well!! Has not the editor of the *World* heard of the old woman who made excellent bread, and of a certain young lady who wished the receipt, which the generous old lady kindly gave her? In a few days the young lady returned and said the bread was bad, not fit for the hogs. "How did you mix the bread?" asked the old lady. "Just as you told me. I carried out your directions to the letter," replied our young and enthusiastic damsel. To which the old lady replied: "Did you mix a little brains with your bread?" "Why, no;" the young lady replied. "You said nothing about brains in your receipt." Just so with our amateur laws of the L. A. W.—they are good, but we must use a little judgment in carrying out what is laid down on the statute books.

The makers' amateur again comes to the front, and the question is asked:—

How many of the fliers at these large tournaments could hold up their hands and subscribe under oath that they have lived up to the following rule: "No competitor in amateur events shall accept from his own club, or from a club or any person promoting sports at which he competes, or from any cycle manufacturer, or from any such source, any payment for his expenses"?

This has been "cussed" and discussed so much by the cycling press the past six months that nothing is left for us to consider, and yet the *World* ventures to ask:—

How many racing men would travel long distances to race meetings if the prizes were of no greater value than \$50? And yet these rules carry out the true amateur idea.

To the above we should say, none, and that they would be fools if they did.

"TO THE TRUE AMATEUR A RIBBON IS PRIZE ENOUGH," is, to say the least, not business. To contend for honor alone, is nothing. Honor is a hollow mockery, calculated to please dudes and silly young girls, and the wheelman who is content to race for honor, pure and simple, without any other reward, is too good for this world, and should transfer his scene of operations to the land of wings.

Springfield has always acted on the motto, that, "to the victor belongs the spoils." Our great men have honors showered upon them; they also have something substantial, something that will help to support and sustain life. Our amateur racing men race for honor, and in after years, will, with pride, point to the trophies which they have won. In an article some months ago, the *World* took the stand that the officers of clubs, tournaments, etc., had honors, but no prizes, and advocated the giving of something substantial as a reward. Now, if in one case, why not in another?

Springfield has always given the professionals a chance. At the tournaments held in that city, races for both classes have always been on the programme. True it is, she has given large prizes, and attracted makers' amateurs from all over the world, but we believe she will wheel into line at the proper time and give wheelmen what they want, i.e., perfection in racing, as shown by those who devote their lives to it.

Hartford had a voice in the meeting also, and it was in favor of the amateur idea. Will Hartford put itself on record and announce that at its tournament in September no prize exceeding \$50 in value will be awarded?

We cannot vouch for Hartford, but we hope that no tournament committee will have the audacity to ask a wheelman to race, say a ten-mile race, for a prize whose only value is \$50, and expect the said amateur to devote a month's time and thought to getting into shape; and we contend that no man should race ten miles without a thorough preparation. It is for this that we would have the prizes large enough to furnish an adequate compensation for time and money spent in preparing for the path. Our endeavor is to have races that shall prove an object lesson in cycling,—a pleasure to witness, and that shall be the means of reaching the public at large, and thus be a benefit to cycling.

TESTIMONIALS.

The growing nuisance, for such it may be called, of publishing testimonials of—well, we will say—wheelmen, is getting to be an outrage; for not one in a dozen of the testimonials published were ever intended for publication, but simply as an expression of opinion of a private individual concerning the merits or demerits of this, that, or the other device or mechanism. We can call to mind some half-dozen of prominent wheelmen whose names have recently appeared in print, and who have written the parties publishing same to discontinue them, yet, notwithstanding this, the letters continue to be published. Is this right, gentlemen? No; a letter so written should be considered as private and not under any consideration made public without the writer's consent. We see no reason or justice in allowing this to continue, and if dealers will so persist, we recommend our readers to try another course, viz., publish in the wheel press a statement of the case. We think if one or two of these were published they would prove a strong antidote and effect a permanent cure.

BRITISH CYCLING.

[From our British Correspondent.]

"Championnats, toujours championnats!" might well be the exclamation of a Gallic visitor to our little island at present. We are having a surfeit of championships. Our papers are full of comment upon past, and speculation regarding future, championships of the wheel. Our wheelmen can talk of little save the championships. Five, out of the seven, have been ridden, and the two remaining are the longer-distance events on the bicycle. Just at this moment, the British wheelman is bored by championships; and as a momentary relief I intend to banish them to the fag end of my letter, this time. Please, then, good champions, take a back seat, the while "Waverley" casts a look around amongst the road-riding wheelmen.

Even amongst road riders, we must have our champions, it seems, virtually if not nominally. Virtually, then, the champion road-rider of the day is H. R. Goodwin, of Manchester, whose quality is evidenced by his having undertaken a nice little holiday ramble, during his three-weeks' vacation, on his Facile bicycle, riding just 2,054 miles in nineteen consecutive days. The route was from Land's End to John O'Groats and back, and thence to London. This was a genuine pleasure-jamnt, too, not a task undertaken for pecuniary profit under the guise of "expenses."

The patent laws which came into force a few months ago have done a good deal to simplify and economize the lot of the average inventor, but although the natural result has been an enormous increase in the number of patents granted there is apparently no diminution in the expense entailed by lawsuits to prevent and punish infringements. A few cases have been brought before the courts, nevertheless, and it will be remembered that Humber & Co. were mulcted in damages for infringing Bown's bearing patent, not very long ago. During the past month, another case has been successfully tried, and Lucas of Birmingham has been entirely successful in his action against Miller of the same city. Lucas is the patentee of the celebrated "King of the Road" hub-lamp, the essential point protected being the hinging of the lamp in such a manner as enables its width to be reduced so that it can be easily inserted between the spokes of a bicycle. Miller contended that

the patent lacked novelty and utility, but the court decided against him and awarded full compensation. Lucas consequently intends to claim compensation from a number of other makers who have imitated his lamp.

Speaking of patents reminds me that I was rather amused to read a long specification of one of your American-made bicycles, containing a number of patents covering, apparently, every part of the machine. We do not think much of patents, as recommendations for bicycles, over here; so long as a machine has a reputation for being thoroughly well made, the less patents about it the better. With the exception of Bown's bearings, the best bicycles of to-day are entirely exempt from all British patent restrictions.

The boom in dwarf bicycles is dying away. Every week affords fresh evidence in proof of what I have contended all along, to wit: that the so-called "safety" bicycles are wrongly named. As a novelty, they caught the public fancy, and as a novelty they still survive; but riders are finding that they are not so comfortable nor so safe as the ordinary bicycle or the tricycle; and the "boom" diminishes. Some firms in the trade are finding out, too, the error which they have been committing of pushing dwarf bicycles to the exclusion of their tricycle advertisements, the result being, in one case notoriously, that the factory is gorged with an immense stock of tricycles, the sale falling off simply because they have not been advertised.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee continue to wage war one against the other. Humber & Co. have registered the words "Genuine Humber" as their exclusive trade mark; and after some weeks Marriott & Cooper have started using the words in their advertisement. Humber & Co. pay *this amateur* to ride and praise *their* machines, and Marriott & Cooper subsidize *that* amateur to race upon and swear by *their* make; and so the competition goes on.

I am given to understand that a party of cyclists will leave London in the middle of August, to attend the Hartford and Springfield tournaments. It is being organized by Mr. H. Etherington, who—it will be remembered—was the promoter of the gang of professional bicyclists who visited America some years ago, and who is now ostensibly the editor of *Wheeling* newspaper. You may have been perplexed by sundry dark allusions, in some of our papers, to this project, in connection with "label-licking" and "bill-sticking" expeditions, so it may be as well for me to explain that these mysterious terms have reference to an advertising system which Mr. Etherington carries out; he has had a number of circular labels, each about three inches in diameter, gummed on the backs, printed with announcements of *Wheeling* in red ink; these labels he carries about in his pocket, and gets his staff to do the same; any cyclist who is fool enough to be duped into the thing is also supplied with the labels; and this band of "bill-sticking label-lickers" lose no opportunity of attaching their labels to walls and posts, windows, doors, railway-carriages, strangers' bicycles, hotel furniture, steamboats, and every imaginable species of other people's property. This may be enterprising from one point of view, but it is a confounded nuisance from the standpoint of victims who have to scrape the defacing labels off their belongings.

Hendee's recent performances have been carp'd at by the secretary of the Touring Club, on the ground that the American measurement for tracks is eighteen inches from the inner edge, whereas

the English standard is twelve inches. There was talk, also, of the medals won in our five-mile tri-cycle, and one-mile bicycle, championships, being withheld on account of the track at Birmingham having been measured with the 18-inch margin. On this subject I cannot better emphasize the claims of Hendee than by quoting from *The Wheel World* magazine, in which it is remarked:—

When the N. C. U. lay themselves out to split hairs, it is marvelous how very fine they succeed in cutting them down; and yet it is a fact that the very men who are so strict as to measuring paths one foot from the edge are blindly content to ignore the difference between a raised and a level edge. The Crystal Palace track, for instance, has such a level edge that a wheel can touch it and ride over and over it at full speed without danger to the rider, but the Aston and American paths have solidly raised edges, to touch which means a certain cropper to either bicyclist or tricyclist. Consequently the absence of danger in touching the edge at the C. P. enables cyclists to ride quite close to it, even though it would not pay to actually cross the edge and ride on the gravel inside; but, on other tracks, the presence of the raised edge necessitates the preservation of a discreet distance to come-and-go in, so that actually the rider on the Aston or American path has to ride further with eighteen-inch measurement than the rider on the Crystal Palace path with its twelve-inch margin.

The quarrel between the National Cyclists' Union and the Amateur Athletic Association continues to be waged with unabated severity, but whilst both bodies are resting in "masterly inactivity," the athletes are taking matters into their own hands. Several meetings have been held, in the Midlands and west country, at which running and walking men, as well as cyclists, have roundly denounced the autocratic spoil-sport behavior of the A. A. A., and on all hands it is becoming evident that the N. C. U. will prove victorious, coming out of the tussle completely master of the situation. "Cycling for Cyclists" is the battle-cry, and inasmuch as the Union is perfectly prepared to recognize the A. A. A. as controlling athletics and athletes apart from cycling and cyclists, the victory of the N. C. U. has long been a foregone conclusion.

Now I come to the feasts of the period, and find quite a variety of good performances to be chronicled. On the principle *Place aux Dames*, I begin with Mrs. Allen. This lady, who is a resident of Birmingham, is one of the very few expert tricyclists of her sex who scorn the aid of the sterner gender in their riding; instead of a tandem or sociable, she always rides a single machine, usually accompanied by her husband on another tricycle. Two years ago, she took a journey of 152 miles in the day, but with increasing experience and aided by a more modern tricycle Mrs. Allen was not satisfied with that record. Accordingly arrangements were made whereby she was to be accompanied throughout another twenty-four hours' journey by her husband and a number of friends, with the result that she rode *two hundred miles* in the day, with six minutes to spare. Considering that the lady was hampered by the ordinary skirt of her sex, this record will compare favorably with the masculine record for the same duration of time. The tricycle which Mrs. Allen rode is a "Genuine Humber Automatic Steerer," more popularly denominated "The Crippler," with central-gearing and bicycle-pattern handle-bar steering; and although this style of machine is not at all popular for ladies' use, on account of the apparent difficulty of mounting and dismounting from it in ordinary feminine costume, it is evidently a machine thoroughly under control of a skilled rider such as Mrs. Allen.

The all-day journey has likewise been lengthened by C. H. R. Gosset, a middle-aged tricyclist,

who has also the honor of being the first man to cover 200 miles on a tricycle. Until a week ago, W. F. Sutton held the 24 hours' record with 230½ miles, but Gosset has wrested the title from him by traveling 231½ miles in the natural day. Considering the differences in the roads over the routes followed, however, Sutton's journey—being a straightaway ride—is still the intrinsically best on record, Gosset having selected to-and-fro routes over roads of good surfaces.

A third all-day ride is one of considerable novelty, and the hero of the feat remains anonymous. In this case a "Coventry Chair" was the tricycle upon which a journey from Coventry to London—95 miles was accomplished in 22 consecutive hours of a racing day; a lady being carried in the basket chair as a passenger, in addition to some 50 pounds of luggage.

From France we have received news of Mons. P. Roussel having ridden 300 miles on a tricycle in 28 hours; but it turns out that the calculations were very incorrect, and the real distance traveled must have been less than 249 miles in the 28 hours, and 220 in the 24 hours.

James Lennox has also beaten the Land's End to John O'Groat's record for a bicycle, but only by a quarter of an hour, the weather being very unfavorable.

Tandem tricycle records have been made at the Cambridge University track by Gatehouse and Furnivall, riding against time only, the mile times being—2m. 56s., 5m. 48s., 8m. 39s., 11m. 30s., and 14m. 22s. This brings the tandem trike very close to the bicycle records.

Also at Cambridge, the two-mile bicycle record was beaten by M. J. V. Webber, who made 5m. 30s.

At Alexandra Park, P. T. Letchford rode a tricycle one mile from scratch in 3m. 12s., which was best on record; but so good (?) was the handicapping that even this excellent performance did not enable him to take first prize, that being secured by A. J. Wilson, who rode the mile, less his start of 50 yards, in 2m. 59s.—fastest handicap time on record.

Amongst the professionals, the most noteworthy feat was accomplished by Grose, who beat Battensby in a one hour's race on dwarf bicycles at the Crystal Palace, the distance covered being 19 miles and 215 yards.

Having exhausted all else, the championships claim my attention. These, I may as well remind you, are engineered by the National Cyclists' Union, the bicycle distances being 1, 5, 25, and 50 miles, and the tricycle distances 1, 5, and 25 miles.

The one mile bicycle championship race was held at Birmingham, and after a very keen competition Sanders Sellers, of Preston, won the title by a very close shave from Illston, of Birmingham. Time, 2m. 47s. The fastest heat occupied 2m. 45s.

The five-mile bicycle championship race was held at Jarrow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was won by M. J. V. Webber, of the Isle of Wight, somewhat easily. Time, 14m. 22s.

The twenty-five and fifty-mile bicycle events are still *in futuro*.

The five-mile tricycle championship was competed for at Birmingham, and won by Robert Cripps, of Nottingham, after a severe race with Priest, of Birmingham and Gatehouse of Cambridge. Time, 16m. 53s.

The one-mile and twenty-five-mile tricycle championships were decided, on the same day, at the

Crystal Palace, London; and the one mile was won by P. Furnivall, of London, after a dead-heat with P. T. Letchford, also of London. The time of the final was 3m. 55s.; but in his preliminary heat Furnivall rode the full mile in 2m. 58½ s., which is the best on record, beating the previous best, mentioned above as having been made by Letchford, by three seconds. In the course of the heats, S. Lee, G. Gatehouse, A. J. Wilson, R. English, and R. Cripps also beat the previous record. The twenty-five miles was won by G. Gatehouse, of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club, after a most interesting ding-dong race with R. English; the pace was tremendous throughout, record actually being beaten at two miles (6m. 21s.), and three miles (9m. 38½ s.), as well as from eleven miles to twenty-five miles as follows: eleven miles, 37m. 26s.; twelve, 40m. 51s.; thirteen, 44m. 19s.; fourteen, 47m. 45½ s.; fifteen, 51m. 48s.; sixteen, 54m. 34s.; seventeen, 57m. 58s.; eighteen, 1h. 1m. 35s.; nineteen, 1h. 5m. 11½ s.; twenty, 1h. 8m. 42s.; twenty-one, 1h. 12m. 20s.; twenty-two, 1h. 16m. 3½ s.; twenty-three, 1h. 19m. 41½ s.; twenty-four, 1h. 23m. 19½ s.; and twenty-five, 1h. 26m. 29½ s.

It will thus be seen that English, who made such a *furore* last autumn, has failed to win any championship; this is in a great measure due to his misfortune in meeting with several severe accidents during training; but he rode so well in the 25 miles tricycle race—he being not nearly so clever on the tricycle as on the bicycle—that he has evidently recovered some of his old form, and should succeed in at least one of the longer-distance bicycle events.

WAVERLEY.

LONDON, July 13, 1885.

News Notes.

The "Big Four" tour was a grand success.

Do you ride a cycle? No; but am willing to.

East Hartford is to have a quarter-mile bicycle track made of clay.

Abbot Bassett will be chairman of the Racing Board again this year.

The fall meeting of the board of officers L. A. W. will be held at Springfield.

The Springfield tournament is the center of attraction in the sporting world.

"Where is the L. A. W. Bulletin?"—*Wheel*. Not in the w. p. b., thank you.

Mr. E. W. Pope, secretary of the Pope Manufacturing Company, is in Europe.

Harry Etherington, editor of *Wheeling*, is pushing the Springfield tournament in England.

Racing men will understand that fame, honor, and glory await them at Springfield in September.

An Elizabeth wheelman carries an umbrella over his machine when it rains, and creates a sensation.

Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., holds thirty-one cycle records, and all made on cycles for ten miles and under.

There seems to be a general reaction of wheelmen in favor of Columbia wheels, the craze for novelties having worn off.

The prudent wheelman covers up his cycle with fine mosquito netting these summer days. Why, you ask? To keep the pesky flies off.

Massachusetts division L. A. W. will hold their annual business meeting at Worcester, Wednesday, August 5, at 7.30 p. m., sharp.

The Pope Manufacturing Company have never sought records on the path, as the general excellence of the Columbia wheel is sufficient.

The excluding of entries in safety races of Star wheels, with drives not over 40 inches, is an act of injustice, and smacks of favoritism.

While we are boasting of the number of cycling publications published in this country, nothing whatever is said of the circulation.—*Bulletin*.

Henry E. Ducker has been appointed a member of the Racing Board, and in charge of the district embracing New England and New York.

John S. Prince will appear at Springfield, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The honor of America must be upheld; so says our Jack.

Have you, or have you not have you, and if you have not made arrangements to visit us in September, why haven't you? And echo answers, I have!

We rejoice to see the New Jersey division reject the glittering bait held out by the *Cyclist and Athlete* to be the official organ of the State division.

Will promoters of some recent race meetings please explain upon what ground Star wheels are barred from safety races, and where is the justice in doing so?

The failure of the Cunningham Company, of Boston, is to be deeply regretted by wheelmen in general. Uncle Sam was too much for the pioneer of cycling.

A record worth having. The Pope Manufacturing Company. The largest cycle manufacturers in the world have a clean record on the makers' amateur question.

At a trial spin on Hampden Park recently by some of the racing men in practice there, all records from five miles up to and including twenty miles were lowered.

The *Louisville Argus* says, "The Springfield Club should offer glory instead of prizes."—Well, where do you get any, brother, outside of Springfield, in the bicycle line?

An English lady has made as good a record on the tricycle as any American rider has made on a bicycle. Mrs. Allen has a record of two hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

The Elizabeth Wheelmen condemn sidewalk riding, and have ordered an investigation in the conduct of members accused of riding on the walk. This is a step in the right direction.

It is said that only two of our cycling publications can show a subscription list of upwards of 5,000 paid-up subscribers, and only one more that has over 2,000, while the remainder have less than 2,000 names on their lists.

The Springfield Bicycle Club has issued a handsome lithograph of Hampden Park, three and one-quarter inches by six, printed in six colors, which will be mailed to all applicants sending their names and enclosing a two-cent stamp.

Wheeling rises to remark, that "more prizes in connection with Hartford and Springfield will come to England than remain in America." Well, we hope to see you get your share, but we have a man or two who will have something to say.

Fourteen thousand persons were present at the Suburban (Sydney, N. S. W.) Club sports, May 9, when the event of the day, the 5-mile intercolonial challenge cup, presented by Mr. W. Gardiner, of the firm of Gardiner & Co., London and Sydney,

was won easily by C. W. Bennett, Suburban Bicycle Club.

The number of cycling publications is altogether too many, and it is an outrage on the cycle dealers to have to support them, and in order to reduce the number, the SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE offers to buy, at a reasonable price, any paper that wishes to close up its business.

We recommend to our readers a perusal of our correspondence column, and especial attention to the article entitled "Coming to Their Senses," as it contains in a few words the essence of cycling, and the secret of the non-headers and falls of some of what are termed "luck" wheelmen.

Stedman Buttrick, who owns a newspaper route in Concord, has for some time delivered his papers from a three-track Columbia tricycle; the papers being carried in a bag conveniently attached to the crossbar. By this arrangement he is able to save fully half the time, and to easily increase his territory.

The *L. A. W. Bulletin* should satisfy the most exacting, and we do not think it good policy for State divisions to seek an official organ in outside papers. If State divisions must have an organ let that be the *L. A. W. Bulletin* published at Philadelphia. The columns are open for any, and there is room for all.

Cola Stone of St. Louis, the winner of the "Big Four" 100-mile road race, was tendered a complimentary dinner upon his return home by the wheelmen of St. Louis. Some 75 attended, and the affair was a decided success. In a neat speech, the young champion announced his intention of giving Hendee a close rub at Springfield in the fall.

Can any one tell us what the *Bicycling World* would like to see on the path? It wants neither Americans, amateurs, or professionals; Englishmen, ditto. The remarks in the issue of July 24, regarding Mr. Etherington and his party are as uncalled for as they are unjust, and should never appear in print in a paper of the *World's* standing in cycling circles.

So says the *Bicycling News*: "Our Webber will go for the boss American meeting at Springfield, if his dad will make matters look rosy. If he should visit Yankee Land, young Illston ought to accompany him, and then what a mix we should have were our lads to meet theirs of the same names in the same events. The spectators would go home and have nightmare."

"The Cleveland gentlemen are workers after the Springfield pattern, and will give Cleveland the greatest tournament ever seen in that section, on August 27 and 28. A new clay surface has been laid, which for speed is said to come dangerously near Springfield."—*Mirror of American Sports*. We agree with the *Mirror*, and think there is some original Springfield blood out West.

The *Cosmopolitan Shorthand* asks why a league of stenographic wheelmen is not organized, as many of the prominent phonographers in Canada and the United States are bicyclists. Nearly every official stenographer in Canada propels a wheel, and claims that nothing equals the bicycle for recreation after severe sessions of shorthand work: no harder work on the nerves being known than continuous writing of this kind.

Messrs. Root & Tinker, Tribune building, New York City, are publishing a series of crayon portraits entitled, "Men of Mark." The first five

were: W. M. Evarts, Richard M. Hoe, James G. Blaine, James G. Batterson, and M. Louis Pasteur. The sixth, which should interest all wheelmen, is Colonel Albert A. Pope, a fine likeness of the founder of bicycle industries in the United States, and it should grace the walls of every cyclist's room. By mail, post-paid, 25 cents.

Mr. F. W. Heymer, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, rode his bicycle from Waterville, Me., to the "Forks of the Kennebec," a distance of 42½ miles, in one day. The second day he rode to Moose river, 46 miles. The third day he made Marlow, Can., 31 miles. The next day he rode to St. Joseph, 38 miles. At this point he took the train for Quebec. The expenses were very light, the invariable price in Maine for a good dinner being 25 cents, and in Canada for supper, lodging, and breakfast, 75 cents.

The 5-mile N. C. U. championship at Newcastle, Eng., was run June 27, and was the most exciting ever held. W. F. Ball won the first from English and Huie in 15m. 31½s.; Chambers the second, in 15m. 38½s.; Laing the third, in 14m. 50s.; Webber the fourth, in 14m. 50s. Webber led from the start in the final, and, though hotly pressed by Chambers, won by two yards, in 14m. 22½s., within five seconds of record time. The first mile was made in 2m. 51s.; second, 2m. 54½s.; third, 2m. 56½s.; fourth, 2m. 55½s.; fifth, 2m. 45½s. The winner fainted and dropped off his machine after the finish. Nine thousand people witnessed the racing.

In speaking of the "Big Four" tour the *New York Sun* says that when the strange cavalcade burst like an apparition on the policemen in Riverside Park, and so paralyzed them that they did not ask to see the boys' authority for desecrating a public park and violating the regulations, which forbids bicycles exercising in the parks. Manager Burley B. Ayers, who rode ahead, had in his pocket a written permission from the New York Park Commissioners. The bicyclers expected to be grieved for their outlandish appearance, but they say they heard but one comment. That was from a girl in Eighth avenue, who cried in a shrill voice, "Shoot the hats!"

Saturday, July 18, John Brooks rode a very fast and interesting race against time at Brooks track at Blossburg, Pa. A race had been advertised to come off between Brooks, Woodside, and Dolph, but Woodside and Dolph failed to appear. Brooks, rather than disappoint the large crowd which had assembled, decided to give them an exhibition race of twenty-five miles against time. The track had been measured the day previous and found to be correct. The first mile was made in 3m. 3s., five miles in 15m. 11s., ten miles in 31m. 2s., fifteen miles in 46m. 34s., twenty miles in 1h. 3m. 16s., and twenty-five miles in 1h. 20m. 54½s., nearly three minutes faster than Woodside's record.

Harry Etherington, editor of England's leading wheel paper, *Wheeling*, is booming Springfield. Witness the following declaration, which is published weekly: "All aboard? Springfield ahoy!! In connection with the great Springfield race meeting, held in September next, Mr. Harry Etherington (152 Fleet street, E. C.), is fixing up a party, and, as greater the number the greater is the reduction to be obtained in steamer fares, etc., all who have the remotest notion or desire to visit America in September are requested to write him right off, when full particulars as to probable cost,

etc., shall be sent. Don't find the doors closed and the steamer full, but fix up at once, or you'll regret it, and go gray-headed to an early grave."

Outing for August offers its readers a tempting array of breezy chat about places worth seeing and enjoyments that many a Gradgrind within brick walls would fain know of by experience. Robert Grant makes a "Plea for Bar Harbor," though why it needs advocacy a good many people would be puzzled to guess. "Summer Days Along Lake Champlain" is the theme of Frederick G. Mather, and George S. Wasson describes "Gloucester Fishing Vessels." Charles Richards Dodge gives us some "Cape Ann Memories," and Fanny Albert Doughty contributes a "Romance of Lake Winnepeaukee." Capt. John C. Bourke, the author of "The Snake Dance of the Moquis Indians," writes of experiences with Gen. Crook in the Sierra Madre.

The third annual tournament of the Cleveland Bicycle Club will be held at Athletic Park, East Madison avenue, Cleveland, O., Thursday and Friday, August 27 and 28, 1885. \$1,500 in purses and elegant prizes, with first and second prizes in all events, and three prizes in most of them. Their track has been resurfaced with clay, and is now considered one of the finest in the country. These will be the first bicycle races to be timed by electricity in the world. Every convenience for racers on the grounds, as this is an athletic park, built and maintained with a special view to the convenience of wheelmen. Programme: First day—1, one-mile novice race, bicycle, amateur; 2, five-mile lap race, bicycle, amateur; 3, quarter-mile bicycle, in heats, amateur; 4, one-mile, tricycle, amateur; 5, one-mile, bicycle, professional; 6, one-mile, bicycle, 3.20 class, amateur; 7, two-mile handicap, bicycle, amateur; 8, half-mile bicycle, 1.30 class, amateur. Second day—1, half-mile, bicycle, in heats, amateur; 2, one-mile, safety bicycles, not over 40 inches, amateur; 3, two-mile, L. A. W. championship bicycle, L. A. W. members only, amateur; 4, one-mile, bicycle, handicap, amateur; 5, quarter-mile, bicycle, .50 class, amateur; 6, one-mile, bicycle, professional; 7, two-mile, bicycle, 6.50 class, amateur; 8, one-mile, bicycle, consolation, amateur.

There are two boys in Fort Wayne, so says the *World*, who are as thoroughly practical bicycle riders as can be found anywhere. They ride the ordinary bicycles, one an Expert and the other a Standard Columbia, on which they appear to be about as much at home as when walking on the pavement. Besides doing a large number of clever tricks in both single and double riding, they have of late been daily demonstrating the fact to non-riders that the bicycle is by no means a toy, but a practical, useful vehicle. They carry almost anything on their wheels except a frame house, and they say they could carry that if they could get a hold of it. The writer recently saw one of them going up the street with a sack full of groceries on his shoulder, which, from the size of the sack, must have weighed nearly as much as the rider. On another occasion the same one rode up Wayne street with a large market basket on his arm, and a spade on his shoulder. They have carried on their wheels nearly all the materials for a boat which they have been building. One riding at each end, they carried for over a mile some sixteen-foot lumber for this boat, but their crowning performance occurred the other day, when they bowed along the street with a huge Saratoga trunk between them.

FROM SPRINGFIELD TO ROCHESTER!

September 17, 1885.

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1-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, 3.10 CLASS.....	1st Prize, Value, \$40....	2d Prize, Value, \$25....	3d Prize, Value, \$15
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5-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE (L. A. W. MEMBERS ONLY).....	1st Prize, Value, \$150....	2d Prize, Value, \$100....	3d Prize, Value, \$50
1-MILE AMATEUR SAFETY BICYCLE RACE.....	\$50....	\$30....	\$20
1-MILE AMATEUR TRICYCLE RACE.....	\$35....	\$15....	
1-MILE PROFESSIONAL UNICYCLE RACE	\$15....	\$10....	
1-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, HANDICAP	\$50....	\$30....	\$20
1-MILE AMATEUR CONSOLATION RACE.....	\$25....	\$15....	\$10

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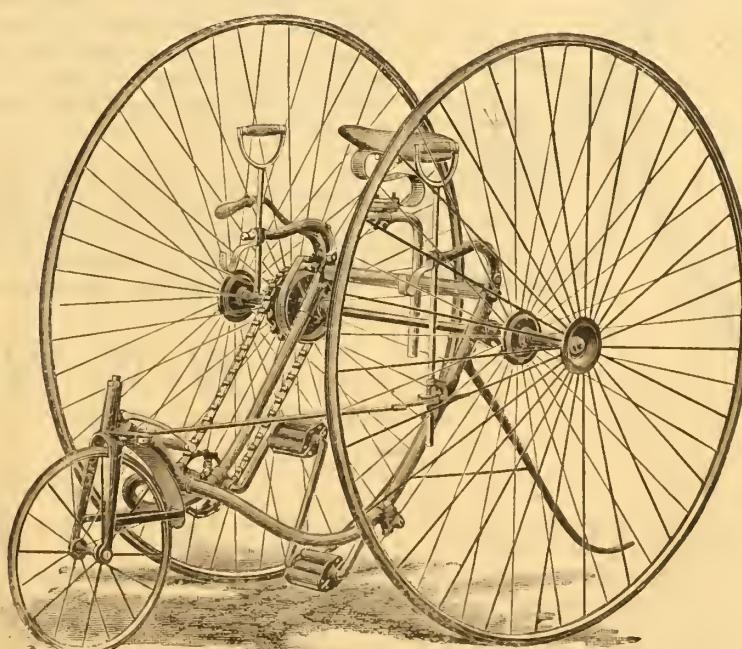
THE OTTO TRICYCLE.

The cut represents a large Tricycle suitable for ladies and gentlemen. It is one of the strongest machines made, being reliable, safe, and easy running; comparing favorably with the higher-priced machines in the market, especially in the matter of durability, workmanship, and finish.

No. 10 has steel wire wheels, with rubber tires, 42-inch hind and 16-inch front.
Price, \$65.00

No. 11 has steel wire wheels, with rubber tires, 48-inch hind and 16-inch front.
Price, \$85.00

BRIEF.—Two 48-inch driving and one 16-inch front steering wheel, $\frac{7}{8} \times \frac{3}{4}$ inch moulded red rubber tire, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inch driving hubs, cylindrical cone steering head, rack and pinion steering rod, adjustable spade handles, adjustable 1 seat rod, double-cranked pedal shaft, $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch throw, chain driving, balance gear, tubular frame, and safety stays; plain universal bearings to main and pedal shaft, adjustable cones to front wheel, and band brake; S spring, suspension saddle; tool bag, wrench, and oil-can. Total width, 40 inches; weight, 96 pounds; finish, enameled, with nickelized trimmings.



Manufacturers of

THE CELEBRATED
OTTO BICYCLES
—FOR—

BOYS and YOUTHS.

Keep also a Full Assortment of
Boys' Three - Wheeled
Velocipedes
—AND—

PETITE TRICYCLES

In All Sizes and Grades.

For Sale by all Dealers and Toy Houses.

THE TRAVELERS

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ISSUES

ACCIDENT POLICIES

Indemnifying the Business or Professional Man or Farmer for his Profits, the Wage-Worker for his Wages lost from Accidental Injury, with Principal Sum in case of Death.

ISSUES ALSO

LIFE POLICIES

Of Every Desirable Form for Family Protection or Investment for Personal Benefit, having LARGER ASSETS in proportion to its LIABILITIES than any other Successful Company.

LARGEST ACCIDENT COMPANY IN THE WORLD. ONLY LARGE ONE IN AMERICA.

PAYS FOR LOSSES BY DEATH AND DISABLING INJURY, \$4,000 A DAY. HAS PAID TO POLICY-HOLDERS SINCE 1864, \$10,500,000.

ONE IN NINE of all insured under its Accident Policies have received Fatal or Disabling Injuries.

Its Accident Policies are NOT FORFEITED by Change of Occupation, nor its Life Policies by Lapse of Premiums (after three years).

It Pays ALL CLAIMS, Life and Accident, WITHOUT DISCOUNT, and immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs.

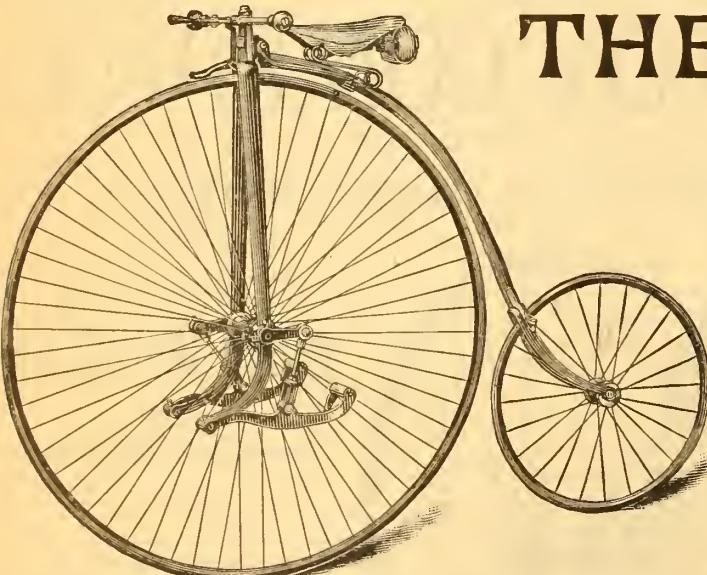
Its Rates are as Low as will PERMANENTLY Secure FULL PAYMENT of FACE VALUE of Policies.

Payment is Secured by \$8,000,000 of CAPITAL AND ASSETS, not Chanced on an Empty Treasury and Assessments on the Survivors.

TRAVEL and RESIDENCE Permitted Without Extra Charge in All Civilized Parts of United States, Canada, and Mexico; Europe, Asia Minor, and Palestine; Africa, north of Tropic of Cancer; Sandwich Islands, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President. RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary. JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Secretary.

HOMER G. GILMORE, AGENT, No. 425 MAIN STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



SAFE! SWIFT! EASY!

Can be Learned in an Hour.
Proved by Six Years' Increasing Use.

THE FACILE

HOLDS THE FOLLOWING
ROAD RECORDS OF THE WORLD!

Ten Miles, in 33½ minutes.

Twenty Miles (actually Twenty-one Miles), in 1 hour 15 minutes.

Fifty Miles (actually Fifty-one Miles), in 3 hours 15 minutes.

Twenty-four Hours, covering 266½ miles.

Seven Days, covering 924 miles.

The Longest Continuous Ride, covering 1,332 miles in 12 days and 20 hours.

The above is the THIRD TIME it has broken the 24-hours record. It has done 100 miles in 7½ hours, and holds every road record but one. It has made more records of 200 miles and over in one day than any other machine whatever, and for universal availability for all roads, weather, and purposes, and ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND, is simply unapproachable. Get 1885 Price-List and read about it.

Thoroughly efficient Local Agents wanted in all places where not now represented. Mention this paper.

W. G. WILCOX,

15 PARK PLACE, - NEW YORK.

FACILE ✧LUBRICATING * OIL✧

Will never gum, thicken, dry up, clog, or change, in or out of use. The cleanest, clearest, finest, and most perfect lubricator for wheels. Ball bearings oiled only with it will never get sticky. Use it, if you want to beat records, or to save trouble, or to have the best. Is not sperm, and is sold at about the price of the poorest stuff in market. Absolutely warranted. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Cannot be mailed. Ask your dealer for it, and if he does not keep it I will send six or more bottles, expressage paid, to any point east of the Rockies, on receipt of price.

W. G. WILCOX, 15 Park Place, New York.

FACILE ✧LIQUID * ENAMEL✧

For general use on bicycles, tricycles, and other articles. Smooth, jet black, fine, very lustrous; dries very quickly; wears well; one coat suffices; anybody can apply it. The best substitute in the market for baked enamel, and much the cheapest. Price, 50 cents a bottle, with camel-hair brush. Cannot be mailed. Warranted as represented. Ask your dealer for it, and insist on having it. If he does not keep it and will not get it, I will send four or more bottles, expressage paid, to any point east of the Rockies, on receipt of price.

W. G. WILCOX, 15 Park Place, New York.

Correspondence.

HITS AND HINTS.



EDITOR *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:*

An editor of a wheel paper once told me that every new wheelman rushed toward print as soon as he reached the enthusiasm point, and his waste basket was lined with good though crude intentions on paper. I didn't do it, so he didn't hit me there. But he added that the old bicyclers were just the reverse. He said he found it harder to get communications from old riders than it is to get pay from advertisers for puffs already printed; although he often got promises they didn't get time to fulfill, and when they did get time, instead of taking a pen they took a ride. From that I took a hint and mean to act on it, though I may be as crude as a younger rider, and choose a different editor's w. b. to shy my first efforts at.

Of course I try you first, Mr. Editor, because you have the handsomest pages in which to let me appear; and then, too, the *GAZETTE* has no ruts; it is fresh and easy reading right through, and I notice that others always read everything in it, as I do, advertisements and all, without a dismount. And here let me try a hit on you. Why don't you put the advertisements all together, one side or the other, and have a fair road for the reader to travel? especially, why do you leave the little advertisements amongst the paragraphs here and there, for the reader to stumble on without warning, and perhaps take a header he don't forget? This isn't a complaint, only a question, for your pages are as bright in matter as they are in type and press work—yes, or in cover! It will be easy for you to get twelve aesthetic varieties in shade for covers; but what will you do when the *GAZETTE* is weekly, as we want it to be, and as it must be? I could say something critical, and perhaps historical, too, about bicycling papers, for I have been a reader of them from almost the beginning of their various appearance. If you publish this, I may send it to you next month. But as to advertising, a few hits and hints more; for we old readers and riders find that a sort of unavoidable constant visitation, like garlic in Pennsylvania, or mosquitoes in New Jersey, or east winds in New England. It can't be avoided, and it probably serves some inscrutable purpose. But Mark Twain would hardly do justice to the subject as it sometimes appears to us who are satisfied with our mounts and have spent all our spare cash on accessories, and don't want to be bothered with a thousand more new notions or old ones revived, or "testimonials" or "records," and other attempts to delude or impoverish us. Besides we can see through a millstone if it has a hole big enough.

When a maker offers a second-class machine at a second-class price, and then advertises it for a "high grade" wheel, even the novice can see through it. When another maker gets a testimonial from his printer, while his catalogue is going through the press, to a machine that is not yet finished for the market, even special type cannot conceal the hole. Well, we shall probably be treated to paraded sentences written out for a manufacturer's half-dozen best men to sign, three

of whom are agents for the sale of the machines, one an influential stockholder in the company that makes them, one the recipient of business from it, and the other glad to do the slight favor of speaking well of a machine which has been given to him,—at least until makers learn that such "testimonials" count for what they are worth to intelligent buyers.

Speaking of "testimonials," it would seem that some really well-intentioned amateur riders are driving a thrifty professional business in that line by recommending anything that is added to their collections of presents for the purpose. Editors might be pardoned for this; but has not every wheelman some duty to his brothers not to recommend indiscriminately or without actual comparison and tests, and some pride to keep him from becoming a "testimonialist"?

I cannot forbear another nudge to dealers. Why don't carriage makers pay large advertising bills for parading the "records" made by fast horses in sulkyies of their furnishing? Of course every one would know that it is the sulky that makes the time or breaks the record, and not the horse. And then, of course, it is so artfully concealed that the "records" are made on a few specially prepared light racing machines, that nobody suspects for a moment that it isn't the machines offered for sale that were ridden in the races.

One manufacturer seems to have squealed, and pointed out that there are sixteen ounces in an honest pound, and that advertised weights of machines better be tried by the scales. To be sure, we riders have been doing that all along. You didn't fool us at all. And you don't fool us with your "records," especially unverified ones, or with your substitution of racing machines for roadsters, or your interested testimonialists, or your various other eye-catching vagaries.

It was remarked at the recent L. A. W. meet at Buffalo, that the absence of "advertising" was particularly noticeable. Not even a badge man, or a new tricycle maker, or a hygienic this-other vender was marring the pure amateur sweetness of the days of good fellowship there. Now and then a knot of wheelmen were found discussing machines, but the tradesman plying his trade was absent. There was no tent, no exhibition—except the six or seven hundred machines in use by riders. Even the brand new racer that attracted so much attention had no attendant to explain it; but then it was the product of the surviving one of our two pioneer houses, neither of which ever brought the shop to the amateur meet.

Our new *L. A. W. Bulletin* might set the good example of publishing only truthful and tasteful advertisements, and of putting them only under their proper guise and in their proper place. It can do this more easily than any other paper, because it isn't run "for money" entirely, and is purely for riders and not a trade paper.

Yours, in a critical mood, M. D.

THE TANDEM PATENT CASE

MESSRS. RUDGE & CO., AND COVENTRY MANUFACTURER CO.

Editor *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

With reference to this trial which is pending, will you allow us to explain that we have since March, 1883, held a license to manufacture under the patent in question (Harrington's, dated 1882), which has now been assigned to Messrs. Rudge & Co., and that one of our tandems is still made under this patent?

SINGER & CO.

COMING TO THEIR SENSES.

Editor *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:*—



HAVE accidentally made a discovery of something interesting in the columns of your paper. Now, do not understand me to mean that I have only discovered one interesting thing in the *GAZETTE*, for every page of it is full of good things.

I was just glancing over the "Sale and Exchange" columns in your July number, when I noticed that a man actually wanted to sell his wheel because it was *too large* for him. Now, this would not seem much of a discovery, but upon looking further, I found that another, and another, and in fact all who gave any reason for selling, made the same excuse. I turned to my other wheel papers and found the same condition of things. Now this is a little strange, for up to the present time the old stereotyped reason for selling a wheel has been, "*too small* for owner." It is apparent that the victims of the big-wheel mania are at last coming to their senses, and have found that it is better to ride a wheel that is three inches too small than one that is a quarter of an inch too large. I was much pleased to see your Hartford correspondent touch this question of oversized machines last month, for he hit the nail squarely on the head.

Up to the present season, where could you find a man who would acknowledge that he was riding a wheel too large for him? Now we find one in Stamford, Ct., who wants to sell, because his is "*three times too large*." After six years' careful observation as a rider, I know that those who ride oversized machines *do not* ride as easily, as fast, or as safely as others who ride wheels that fit them. The manufacturers and importers are not to blame for this mistaken and unfortunate big-wheel idea which has had possession of so many riders, for they all caution against buying too large a wheel. One exception might be made of a firm whose table of sizes gives a 50-inch wheel for a 31-inch leg. I have found it wise and best, where the ordinary spring and saddle are used, to never go beyond one size above the table based on the scale of a 50-inch wheel for a 33-inch leg. Thick-set men and beginners had best stick to this table.

The big-wheel craze has been one of the mistakes of riders; but some of the wheel makers are also making mistakes, in putting on the market, for old and new riders alike, machines of such complicated construction as to be very difficult and expensive of repair. It should be understood that small towns with a handful of riders will not sustain elaborate repair shops, which are necessary for some of the so-called high class machines of the day, and three out of four of the average riders have not mechanical ingenuity enough, when thrown on their own resources, to keep even an old-fashioned bone-shaker in decent running order. Of course it is the machine that is most difficult to repair that needs it the most frequently. We do not all live in large cities, where wheelmen are counted by the hundreds, and where skilled repairers and well-equipped repair shops are convenient; and while they want good machines, I believe riders will next look for that wheel on which it does not require a machine shop outfit and an expert repairer to do a bungling job in making trifling repairs. Let some of the makers, too, come to their senses.

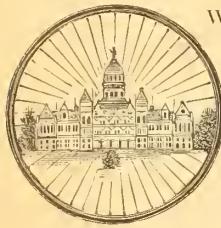
DON QUIXOTE.

FORT WAYNE, IND., July 20, 1885.

HARTFORD LETTER.

SECOND ANNUAL MEET OF THE CONNECTICUT
BICYCLE CLUB, SEPT. 2-3.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—



WING to the fierce energy with which Old Sol has of late conducted his fiery summer campaign, the recent doings of our cycling fraternity have been few and unimportant as far as actual use of the wheel is involved.

Weekly club runs have been held, and fairly well attended, and a few men have made daily pilgrimages to Charter Oak Park, and done their little miles conscientiously, but the life and bustle of two months ago is not now outwardly visible. An unusually large number of tourists have passed through town since June 1, among them Messrs. Sawtell and Eldridge of your own city, whom the writer had the pleasure of meeting on the eve of the glorious Fourth as they were wetting up at a soda-fountain.* They were bidden Godspeed to Washington, where it has since appeared they arrived in due season, after an enjoyable trip.

But although I have above reported a lull in the season's enthusiasm as to riding, I may remark that the Connecticut Club is doing the liveliest kind of work in preparing for the "Great International Event" to come off under its auspices September 2-3, and the committee are jubilant over the very encouraging indications that the one-day's grand success of last year will be a two-days' ditto this year. We are prepared to promise, that with good weather, we shall furnish the most brilliant series of races ever witnessed in two days together in this country. The varied and attractive list of races and prizes offered (to be found advertised on another page of this paper), shows that Hartford, this year, is again conducting its racing business on a very liberal scale. After much deliberation over the different phases of the prize question, it was long since decided to offer all who enter our lists an opportunity to win something worth honestly striving for. Such articles as the new Columbia two-track tricycle, one of Colt's new pattern rifles, a ball-bearing sewing machine, a nickel Columbia light roadster bicycle, elegantly framed engravings, French clocks, Persian rugs, and stop watches, in addition to some of Pedersen's finest productions in the medal line, should be sufficient to gladden the hearts of those fortunate enough to win them.

This year we have decided to give the professionals a chance at the Charter Oak track, and good purses are offered for a five mile event the first day, and one and ten miles on the second. The "profession" assures us that it will come out strong at Hartford, and has explicitly promised to do up the one mile race in less time than two minutes and thirty-nine seconds, provided wind and weather are agreeable.

* Once upon a time a certain silver ice pitcher, owned in Hartford, was shown to a certain Springfield wheelman in order that he might admire its fine workmanship, etc. It was properly admired, but the admirer feigned considerable astonishment, and maliciously added: that while it was all very fine, he didn't see what earthly use a Hartford man had for ice-water. Well, your humble servant, the undersigned, has seen a good deal of Springfield men first and last, and he solemnly affirms that Messrs. S. and E. furnished him with his very first opportunity for seeing a Springfield man drink soda-water.

The records made last year at Charter Oak Park gave its beautiful track a world-wide reputation among racing men, and a host of them, American and English, have given us positive assurance that they intend to invoke the Goddess of Victory at our coming meeting. We made a specially last year of securing to our racing visitors many desirable creature comforts usually overlooked by tournament promoters, and we shall again do likewise. No pains will be spared to see that they are provided with comfortable quarters with the many little extras needful to men in training, and they may come with the assurance that they, their trainers, and their wheels will be well taken care of.

We look forward with eagerness to the arrival of Mr. Etherington and his party from England. They will have a good time in Hartford, and will not regret their visit. We hope Mr. E.'s warning to his countrymen, telling them how to escape going "gray-headed to an early grave," will suffice to save a host of them from such an undesirable fate. May they have a pleasant voyage over, a stupendous grand time of it in America before they "make tracks for England"; and a safe return to the parent land of cycling.

So much for our race-meeting. I might write pages of the detail and manner of our preparation, but think the above will suffice to convince your readers that the Hartford tournament is intended for a grand affair.

The annual business meeting of the Connecticut Division, L. A. W., will be held in this city, at the rooms of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, on the evening of July 31.

The Chief Consul of this Division met with an unavoidable accident the other evening on a country road, away off over east somewhere across the river.

"The Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was low,—"

as he stood contemplating the two separate and distinct parts of his bicycle, one on the pathway, and the other in the ditch, and repeating to himself that ancient English ditty, adapted to cyclers in distress at night-fall, beginning:—

"The Migwump roosts on the hollow log,
The Sugwap sits in the tree,
Whenever I hear the Hogwip sing,"—etc.,

and wondering however he was to get home that night, when Dr. McKnight, of East Hartford, himself an enthusiastic wheelman, fortunately happened along and kindly took the bifurcated wheel and universally disgusted wheelman into his phaeton and landed the combination safely within reach of public conveyance to this city.

HARTFORD, July 20, 1885.

II.

WEIGHTS OF CYCLES.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

"That material can weigh less than 16 ounces to the pound in bicycles and tricycles" is a "popular mistake" which has appeared in our catalogue for some years. When written we believed it, and we are still inclined to believe it to be true. But we hear frequently, and we notice in cycling papers also, statements as to the weight of racing bicycles that are so astonishing that we are now anxious to know whether any official alteration has been made in the number of ounces constituting a pound. Of course we know that these weights of racing bicycles are incorrectly given (unless this alteration has been made), but it is

high time that the general public should know the truth.

It is perfectly easy to prove what the actual weight of a bicycle is, and if weight is to be of such importance, we suggest that the *actual weight* of the machine (without saddle and pedals) be stamped upon the machine and certified by the maker as correct and the maker held responsible for the statement. Saddle and pedals should be omitted, to prevent misunderstanding. Weight to be taken at 16 ounces to the pound.

SINGER & Co.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Thinking perhaps it would be interesting to some readers of the GAZETTE to know what New Hampshire wheelmen are doing, I send the following:—

The Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, extended an invitation to the New Hampshire division of the L. A. W. and friends to hold their third annual meet and run here July 4, and about 90 wheelmen responded.

The procession formed in front of the post-office at 9.30, and ran to Greenland depot, where they were joined by wheelmen from the northern part of the State.

The route from here was across Greenland parade to Breakfast Hill, Northampton depot, Little Boar's Head, and Rye Beach, where dinner was served at the Farragut House at 12.30. At two o'clock the bugle sounded, and the run was continued via Rye Center to the Wentworth House, where a rest of about twenty minutes was enjoyed listening to the fine music of the Wentworth Orchestra. Then mounting our wheels we rode past the old Fort Constitution and Fort Lighthouse, where a good view of Portsmouth harbor could be obtained, up beside the river into the city, where a short parade was had. The order of procession was as follows:—

Commander—Chief Consul, H. M. Bennett. Aids—President C. A. Hazlett; Chief Consul F. A. Elwell, Portland, Me. Buglers—A. R. H. Foss, Springfield, Mass.; W. W. McIntire, Portsmouth, N. H. 1st division: Rockingham Bicycle Club, Capt. G. E. Philbrick, 25 men; Manchester Bicycle Club, Capt. Moses Sheriff, 21 men; Crescent Bicycle Club, Great Falls, Capt. Benson, 8 men. 2d division: Marshal—C. West, Pittsfield, N. H. Aid—Lieut. C. Holbrook, Portsmouth. Rochester, Dover, Greenland, State Capital, Epping, and Pennacook Bicycle Clubs, and unattached wheelmen.

Great credit is due the Rockingham Club in making this meet the most successful one ever held in New Hampshire. Everything had been carefully arranged so that no delays were caused, the roads were in fine condition and the sky clear, while a breeze from Old Ocean seemed to impart new life and vigor to us who are accustomed to the warmer breezes of western Massachusetts.

A. R. H. F.

RYE BEACH, N. H., July 7.

A mistaken idea is going the rounds of the press, and a number of clubs have adopted the notion that the Springfield track is a clay one. We would inform those about contemplating the building of a track that will equal ours, that we used one-half clay and one-half gravel, thoroughly screened and mixed. The track can be called a gravel track and come as near to it as calling it a clay one.

HAMPDEN PARK.

We present to our readers this month a plan of the Hampden Park tracks, showing the shape of what are acknowledged to be the two fastest tracks in the United States, if not in the world. Fine as our tracks have been heretofore, the year 1885 finds them in better condition than ever.

Hampden Park is situated on the banks of the Connecticut river, containing sixty acres of level land, and is fitted up with all the modern conveniences for racing of all kinds. There are judges' and music stands, also a fine large and commodious grand stand, two racing tracks—one trotting, and one bicycle.

The trotting track is one mile in circumference, and was built nearly twenty years ago, and has been improved with each succeeding year. In 1884 the fastest time made at any meeting of the National Trotting Association was made upon this track; since then, the managers have had the track re-made at a cost of upwards of \$8,000, and it is to-day considered the fastest track in the United States. The bicycle track is a half-mile, and is what was once the working track of the park association, but was entirely reconstructed last year by the Springfield Bicycle Club, at a cost of \$3,000, and a brief description of how the fastest bicycle track in the world was constructed, may prove interesting.

RUSSIAN WHEELING.

MR. J. BLOCK, THE PIONEER OF THE WHEEL IN RUSSIA, INTERVIEWED.

Last week we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. J. Block, of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the pioneer of the wheel in Russia. Thinking a few details of Russian wheeling would be very interesting, we set to work interviewing Mr. Block (who is English born and a fair, well-made man of medium height) at once, and fired our first question at him thus:

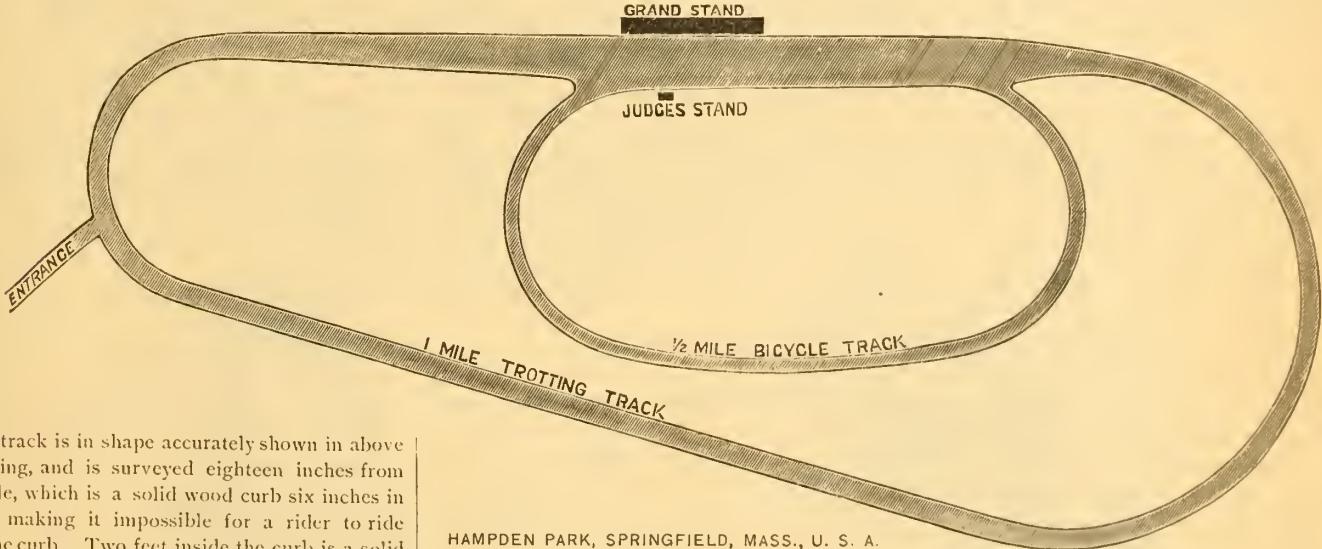
"Now tell us what you can about Russian wheeling?"

"Well, to start with, in 1881 I got my first machine from the Pope Manufacturing Company, a Columbia 50-inch. I learned in a big hall by myself in three evenings of one and a half hours apiece to dismount, mount, and ride. That was in winter, and in spring I tried the roads. I created a terrific sensation, for there were but three other bicyclists in St. Petersburg, where I then lived. I met them at the Yacht Club there, this being the first time four bicycle men were together in Russia. Then I proposed to form a club. The idea was not taken up at once, and, in fact, there was no club till December, 1884, after I left the town for Moscow. When I commenced riding my idea was to get as many interested as possible, and I managed this successfully. When

wide, and not a single support or column in the place."

"As to Moscow wheeling?"

"When I went there I saw that wheeling would go well there, for my brother, whom I taught when on a visit to me at St. Petersburg, had paved the way to a certain extent. I had to encounter great prejudice against the prices of machines, as the public looked upon them as toys, and reckoned the price too high. I left St. Petersburg in 1882, and came straight here specially to make arrangements for wheeling trade, taking large stocks of C. M. C. and Bayliss, Thomas & Co., the former being our leading line. When I returned I went to Moscow, and in the spring of 1883 I set the wheeling fever rolling there. Our first race meeting, one and five miles, took place in July the same year, with eight competitors. This attracted (with athletic sports) over 30,000 people there, and the gate money was £1,200, net profit £1,000, and the general opinion both of the public and the press that the only interesting and *earnest* part—as every paper said—was the bicycle race. It caused quite a sensation. Moscow had never seen such a crowd and such a thing before, and every paper had long reports. This gave a wonderful start to us in Moscow, and very quickly the number of riders increased, till at the end of the year there were as at St. Petersburg



The track is in shape accurately shown in above engraving, and is surveyed eighteen inches from the pole, which is a solid wood curb six inches in height, making it impossible for a rider to ride over the curb. Two feet inside the curb is a solid and substantial fence, as is also on the outside, which incloses the track the entire distance, while on the home stretch for 650 feet is a picket fence five feet high. The track is built on lines which we believe are the true and easy ones for cycle riding, and its construction is as follows: After being laid out by a civil engineer, the first thing is to decide of what material it shall be built; experience has taught us that a smooth, hard track, with a rough or sand paper surface is required, to accomplish which was used the finest clay we could find, to which was added thoroughly screened gravel in equal parts, well mixed, and about eight inches deep; then the whole well rolled, raked, and brushed. The finishing touches, which are made previous to a race meeting, are as follows: In the night time the track is well watered, and after the sun has been up long enough to dry the surface, commence rolling, using a medium roller, drawn by men, not horses; repeat nightly till the track is in condition. The park is easy of access, being less than ten minutes' walk from the depot and business part of the city.

I left St. Petersburg in 1882 (autumn) there were about 100 riders, to whom my firm supplied nearly all the machines. I may mention, though, that I started out to introduce wheeling and not wheels, though, of course, as a business man I did not let the trade opening out slide."

"How are the St. Petersburg streets?"

"The main streets are very good and rideable. They are wood pavement, but there is one obstacle, the police will not allow us to ride in the streets, but *inter nos*, we do ride there and very little is said. Outside the town men ride where they please. The suburbs are very bad, but 20 miles out the surfaces are splendid, as the roads are being kept in repair for the Emperor who may at any time drive on them. One great drawback for us is that more than half the year we cannot ride in the open, the winter stopping it, but both at St. Petersburg and Moscow we have a large hall—in fact in Moscow the largest hall and roof in the world—to ride in, and where we meet twice a week. The Moscow hall is 560 feet long by 150

quite 100 riders. In the spring of 1884 our club, the Moscow Amateur C. C., with the N. C. U. definition and racing rules translated word for word, was formed. We had everything against us as to club—police, government, and law, polities entering so much into social Russian life. We surmounted all difficulties through getting acquainted with the Governor-general of Moscow, the Emperor's delegate, in fact, and were permitted to band together. From that point everything has been fairly plain sailing. I organized a special bicycle race meeting in St. Petersburg the same summer (1884), the outlay for the same ran into £400, the fence alone for the inclosure costing £300, being half a mile around. The net profit on meeting was £700, and again over 30,000 people attended. There are about 1,000 riders in Russia, and that number is increasing rapidly. The prospects of the sport are favorable. The police are getting more polite, and finally the Emperor and almost the entire Imperial family are either practical bicycle or tricycle riders."—*Whelen*.

Items of Interest.

Prince Alphonse of Portugal has ordered a bicycle for his own use.

Richard Howell, the English champion rider, challenges J. S. Prince, the American champion, for a one-mile race, for any sum Prince might name, giving Prince 25 yards start.

One hundred thousand copies of that elegant little chromo illustrating Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., have been issued by the Springfield Bicycle Club to advertise its tournament of Sept. 8, 9, and 10, 1885.

Mr. C. H. R. Gosset, starting from Hitchin, Eng., at 9:30 A. M., July 1, covered 231 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles on a tricycle in 24 hours on a Marriott & Cooper's automatic steerer, 40-inch wheels, geared to 60-inch. This is a best performance on record.

The following is the list of the machines in use on the "Big Four" tour, so far as reported to the secretary: Expert Columbia, 38; Columbia light roadster, 7; Rudge, 20; Victor, 9; Star, 6; Apollo, 4; British Challenge, 2; Extraordinary, 3; Royal Mail, 5; American Club, 3; Vale, 2.

Mr. C. D. Kershaw, the adjuster of a large manufacturing company, at Cleveland, O., has within the last 14 months, in the regular discharge of his duties, ridden one bicycle over 11,000 miles, and during that time the occasional filling of the little oil-can constituted the entire running expense.

Zacharias & Smith have taught a gentleman with but one hand to ride a Star. He has mastered the machine successfully, so much so that he entered his club race recently. Also a man with one leg about three inches shorter than the other, and a hunch-back besides. He learned to ride well, and has sailed for Panama.

Among the Clubs.

WEEDSPORT (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB will hold its second annual tournament Wednesday, August 12. The following events and prizes will take place: 1, Half-mile novice, open; first prize, silver goblet; second prize, racing suit. 2, One-mile club championship; first prize, championship medal; second prize, gold toothpick. 3, One-mile dash, open; first prize, individual caster; second prize, Duryea saddle. 4, Half-mile time race, time 1.50, open; first prize, Buffalo saddle; second prize, silver napkin ring. 5, Two-mile, open; first prize, silver ice pitcher; second prize, Spalding cyclometer. 6, Slow race, 100 yards, open; first prize, silver goblet; second prize, Buffalo tool bag. 7, One-mile championship, Cayuga county; first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver cake basket. 8, One-mile, without hands, open; first prize, silver shaving mug; second prize, bicycle hose supporter. 9, Five-mile record, L. A. W. members only; first prize, gold medal; second prize, case silver nutpicks and cracker; third prize, silver napkin ring. One-mile tricycle, open; first prize, king of the road hub lamp; second prize, cigar case. Consolation race, one mile; first prize, racing saddle; second prize, Lamson's luggage carrier; third prize, Buffalo whistle. Entrance free. Entries close Tuesday, August 11, and should be sent to W. R. Brook, secretary, Weedsport, N. Y.

THE BERKSHIRE COUNTY WHEELMEN will hold their annual tournament at Pittsfield, August 13. The events and prizes will be as follows. 1,

Half-mile bicycle race, flying start, open to all; first, \$20 medal; second, Butcher's cyclometer. 2, Five-mile bicycle race, B. C. W. only, Colonel Auchmuty challenge cup. 3, Two-mile bicycle race, open to all; first, \$30 ice pitcher; second, \$20 table lamp. 4, One-mile bicycle race, boys of 18 years of age and under; first, \$10 medal; second, \$5 medal. 5, Three-mile bicycle race, record, open to all; first, \$40 diamond ring; second, \$20 steel engraving. 6, Five-mile bicycle race, open to all; first, \$50 silver tea service; second, \$35 lacquer brass smoking set; third, \$15 field glass. 7, One-mile bicycle race, tug-of-war, four men each, \$25 engraving. 8, One-mile bicycle race, open to all; first, \$25 medal; second, \$15 pair vases. Competitive military prize drill; first, \$50 sword; second, \$30 belt. All cycle entries close August 6, 1885, to P. W. Jones, secretary, and are \$1 each event.

THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB has issued a handsome lithograph announcement of its approaching tournament, from the Milton Bradley Co. It has a bicycle track and a large wheel for a background. At the upper left hand corner is the famous "Doodle" Robinson badge. Upon the track is Chambers riding a tricycle, and neatly grouped upon the central portion of the picture are striking portraits of Hendee, Sellers, Howell, Prince, Woodside, Keen, Higham, Cook, Stone, Brooks, Dolph, Frazer, James, Burnham, Miller, and Corey.

THE WAKEFIELD BICYCLE CLUB will make a tour of two weeks early in September, taking a week's tour along the North shore the first week in September, where it has hired a cottage at York beach, and will spend the second week at Springfield to witness the races. The club is in a very prosperous condition, having now twenty-two active and three associate members, and the prospects are bright for a much larger number. The present club-rooms are not large enough, and before fall they will have enlarged them to twice their present size.

THE OLD DOMINION WHEELMEN, of Richmond, Va., was organized on the 24th inst. They start with a goodly number of members and have very promising prospects. They will join the L. A. W., and committees are looking for a club house and suitable uniforms. The officers are: E. V. Williams, president; J. S. Butler, vice-president and lieutenant; A. K. Schaap, captain and bugler; M. S. Edmonds, standard bearer; A. H. Meyer, secretary and treasurer.

THE GENESEE BICYCLE CLUB will issue a handsome programme advertising the tournament September 3, *a la Buffalo*.

THE BAY CITY WHEELMEN, of San Francisco, have upwards of forty men.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

BAY CITY WHEELMEN (San Francisco)—President, Thos. L. Hill; vice-president, S. F. Booth, Jr.; secretary, H. Housenorth; treasurer, F. E. Johnston; captain, F. R. Cook; first lieutenant, E. Mohrig; second lieutenant, C. Thompson; bugler, J. A. Little.

BIJOU BICYCLE CLUB (South Framingham, Mass.)—President, John W. Gorman; vice-president, O. L. Fuller; secretary, O. L. Fuller; treasurer, F. D. Lincoln; captain, H. T. Fales; first lieutenant, M. Rice; bugler, J. W. Gorman.

GENESEE BICYCLE CLUB (Rochester, N. Y.)—President, Robert Thomson; vice-president, A. B.

Rapalje; secretary, William Horcheler; treasurer, Frederick E. Cowan; property clerk, Geo. B. White; executive committee, C. J. Conolly, Henry Goetzman, Wm. W. Kenfield; captain, Louis C. Piper; first lieutenant, Wm. Horcheler; second lieutenant, Chas. J. Lund; bugler, Thos. B. Mooney; color sergeant, Harry F. Sprague.

LYNN (Mass.) CYCLE CLUB—President, Frank Lindsey; vice-president, S. S. Merrill; secretary, Frank Whitney; financial secretary, C. F. Fox; treasurer, W. A. Rowe; captain, Emerson G. Gordon; first lieutenant, Charles Wilson; second lieutenant, Frank West; color bearer, George Butler; bugler, S. S. Merrill.

MONSON (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, G. L. Keeney; vice-president, W. F. Buffington; secretary and treasurer, W. A. Squier; captain, A. L. Squier.

THE KENNEBEC COUNTY WHEELMEN (Augusta, Me.)—President, G. E. Dunton; captain, Harry E. Stone; lieutenants, Fred Hall and Arthur Pinkham; secretary and treasurer, M. E. Campbell.

WAKEFIELD (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, C. P. Knight; vice-president, E. L. Heath; secretary and treasurer, G. O. Sheldon; captain, B. A. Parker; lieutenant, A. T. McKay; club committee, consisting of the president, secretary, and F. G. Nichols.

RACE MEETINGS.

COMING EVENTS.

August 1—Tricycle road race of the Boston Bicycle Club.

August 3—Tricycle road race of the Boston Bicycle Club.

August 5 to 26—Clerical Wheelmen's Canadian tour.

August 5—Peoria Bicycle Club tour starts from Rock Island.

August 12—Second annual meeting of the Weedsport Bicycle Club.

August 13—Annual race meeting Berkshire Co. Wheelmen at Pittsfield, Mass.

August 26, 27 and 28—Meeting of the Central Bicycle Club, of Reading, Pa.

August 27 and 28—Annual races Cleveland Bicycle Club.

September 2 and 3—Tournament of the Connecticut Bicycle Club at Hartford.

September 3—Tournament of the Troy Bicycle Club.

September 5—Tally-ho coach run of the Boston Bicycle Club along the North shore.

September 8—Ten-mile amateur championship race at Springfield, Mass.

September 9—One-mile professional championship of the world at Springfield, Mass.

September 8, 9 and 10—Grand international tournament of Springfield Bicycle Club at Springfield, Mass.

September 17—Tournament of the Genesee Bicycle Club, at Rochester, N. Y.

September 19—Tally-ho coach run to Lake Massapoag by the Boston Bicycle Club.

September 22—Race meeting of the Providence Bicycle Club.

October 3—Annual 100-mile cycle road race of the Boston Bicycle Club.

FORT SCHUYLER (UTICA, N. Y.) WHEELMEN.

Date of Meeting, June 30 and July 1. Track, fair, clay; 2 laps to the mile; Weather, cold.

OFFICERS.—Referee, Dr. A. G. Coleman of Canandaigua, N. Y.; Judges, A. P. Gardner of Utica, N. Y., W. J. Eynon of Ann Arbor, Mich., F. J. Bayliss of Binghamton, N. Y.; Timers, C. H. Schieler of Utica, N. Y., F. J. Meyers of Utica, N. Y.

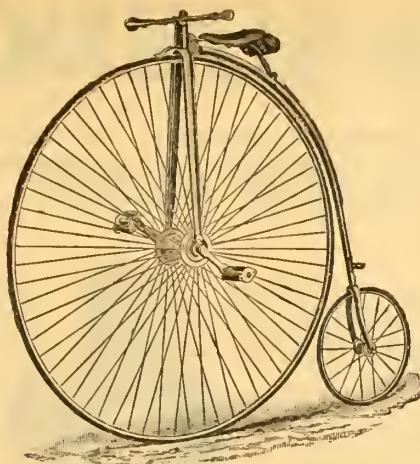
TUESDAY, JUNE 30.

Half-Mile.

A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y., Time, 1.26 4-5
J. Powell, Smithville, N. J.
T. R. Finley, Smithville, N. J.

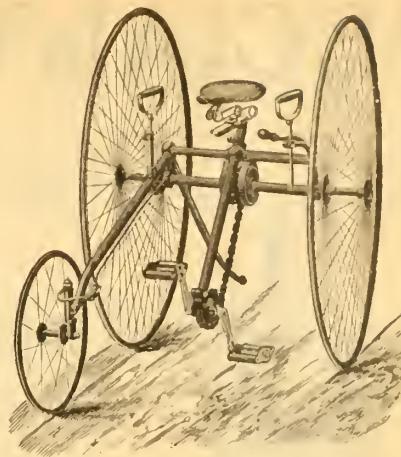
One-Mile (Oneida Wheelmen Only).

C. H. Metz, Utica, Time, 3.08 2-5
F. J. White, Rome, N. Y.
H. R. Van Size.



EXPERT COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

This machine has had the practical test of three seasons; it has been ridden by every size and weight of rider, on all kinds of roads, in every State in the Union, under all supposable conditions. It is presented for the fourth season.



COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE. FIRST SEASON.

Needs no mud-guard; can be passed through an ordinary door-way; adjustable crank-throw; gear-wheels can be changed without machine work.

Only 1% OF WHEELMEN ARE RACING MEN. 99% RIDE ON THE ROADS.

WHEN ABOUT TO PURCHASE A MACHINE,

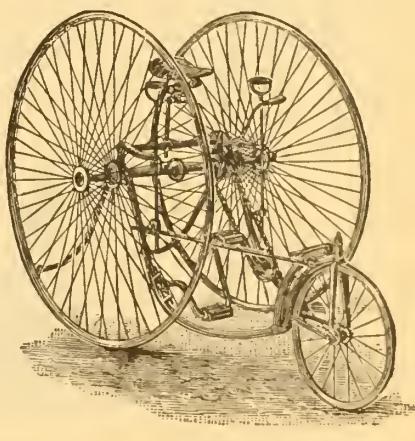
Choose That Which has the Best Reputation for All-Around Use; Which Seldom Needs Repairing; Which is Thoroughly Staunch and Reliable for Long-Distance Tours; Which is in More General Use in the United States than All Other Makes of High-Grade Bicycles Combined; Which has Never Worn Out, although Scores are To-Day in Use which were Made Seven Years Ago.



COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER.

FIRST SEASON.

A Genuine Light-Weight Bicycle. Resultant Spokes. Weight of 51-inch, ready to ride, 36 pounds.



COLUMBIA THREE-TRACK TRICYCLE.

This machine is offered for the third season, as a thoroughly reliable and practical roadster.

"I have ridden it in all kinds of weather, on every conceivable kind of road, over gutters, cobble-stones, in slush three inches deep, on the ice, and now I have at last ridden on the top of a gas-holder. I ride up over curb-stones six inches high with ease, by lifting the steering-wheel high enough to clear: in fact, I begin to think that I can ride it over anything. I have never had occasion to tighten the adjustment of the bearings but twice, and there is not a loose spoke in the whole machine: and to-day, after riding 2,000 miles, I consider the machine to be practically as good as ever."

W. H. MILLER, President Buckeye Bicycle Club.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, January 7, 1885.

STANDARD COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

The "old reliable" steed has entered upon the eighth season. It is presented upon its merits and popularity already acquired. It is too well known to need illustration or description.

Illustrated Catalogue Sent Free.

THE POPE MFG. CO., Principal Office, 597 Washington St., Boston; Branch Houses, 12 Warren St., New York, 115 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

SPECIALTIES OF THE RUDGE.

As Ball Bearings are now of the greatest importance to machines, we have great pleasure in calling your attention to these famous bearings. They have been made to revolve over six million revolutions without incurring any perceptible wear, or shaking loose of any of the parts.

FIGURE 1.

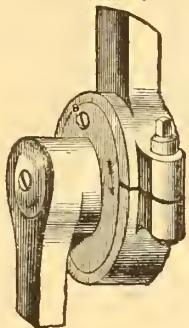


FIGURE 2.

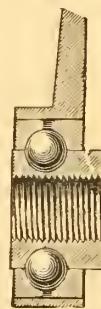
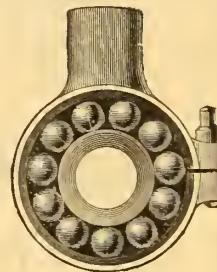
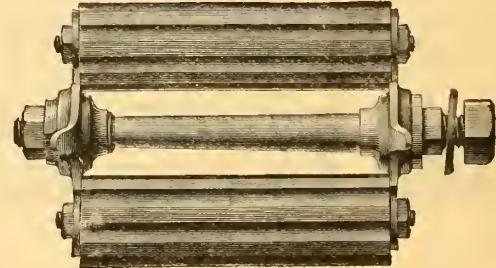
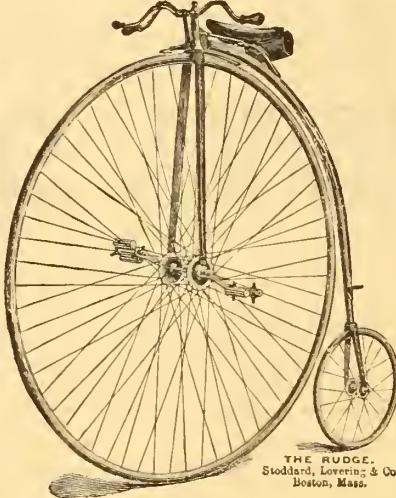
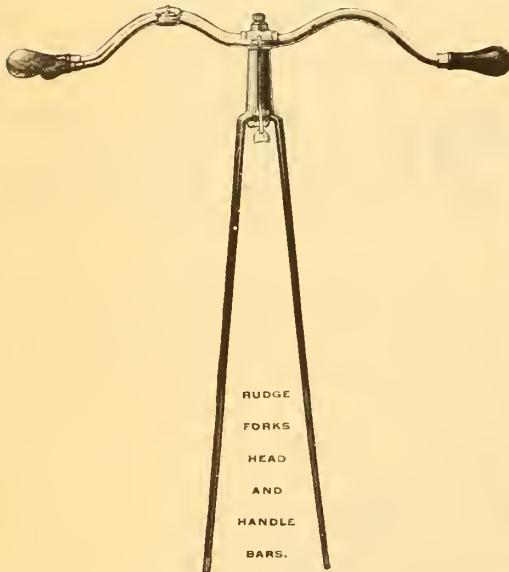


FIGURE 3.



ADJUSTABLE PATENT FRONT BEARINGS.



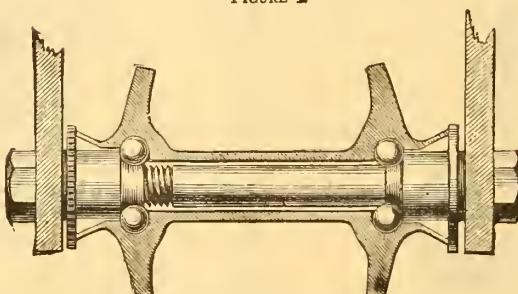
RUDGE BALL PEDAL.



RUDGE BALL PEDAL PIN.



RUDGE SPOKE PROTEC.



ADJUSTABLE PATENT BACK BEARINGS.

The annexed cuts will show a few of the specialties of this truly magnificent bicycle and the patented improvements, which are owned exclusively by MESSRS. D. RUDGE & CO., and are to be found only on machines of their manufacture. It is safe to say that no machine in England enjoys a more enviable reputation than the celebrated Rudge, which combines the results of the past experiences of the OLDEST AND LARGEST BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD, and is unequalled for perfect workmanship and finish. It is perfection of its kind in style, material, workmanship and careful attention to details. These points, together with the patent improvements, make the RUDGE the most desirable bicycle on this or any other market for those who want a bicycle of the very latest pattern and best quality.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS,

STODDARD, LOYERING & CO.

Nos. 152 to 158 Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.

METHOD OF ATTACHING RUDGE SPOKE TO THE HOLLOW RIM.

SPRINGFIELD!**WELL! WELL!! WELL!!! HERE WE ARE!****Fourth Annual Tournament of Springfield Bicycle Club,
HAMPDEN PARK, SEPT. 8, 9, AND 10.****RACING MEN,****HONOR AND GLORY AWAIT THEE!****❖ LIST * OF * PRIZES ❖****FIRST DAY—Tuesday, September 8.**

EVENTS.	CONDITIONS.	WHEELS.	FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.	THIRD PRIZE.
1-mile Professional.	Handicap.....	Bicycle	\$50 Cash.....	\$30 Cash.....	\$20 Cash.
10-mile Amateur....	Championship	Bicycle	L. A. W. Gold Medal.....	L. A. W. Gold Medal.....	L. A. W. Silver Medal.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open.....	Tricycle	Vase Lamp, silver hammered and applique	Candelabra, Plaque, and Clock, chased and applique	Stevens 10-inch Bicycle Rifle, with case.
3-mile Amateur.....	Open.....	Tandem Tricycle	Two Gold Medals	Two Venetian chased Smokers' Sets, gold lined	Two Cigar Boxes (hold 50), oxidized old silver.
5-mile Professional.	Open.....	Safety Bicycle..	\$100 Cash	\$66 Cash	\$40 Cash.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open.....	Bicycle	Lakin Cyclometer, gold plated	Vase Lamp, oxidized and silver applique.....	Vase, old silver.
1-mile Amateur.....	3.10 Class.	Bicycle	Tea Service, silver embossed.....	Candelabra, Plaque, and Clock, chased and applique	Stop Watch.
3-mile Amateur.....	Open.....	Bicycle	Fishing Set, fly rod, basket, landing net, etc.	Vase Lamp, silver and oxidized	Gold Chain.
3-mile Professional.	Record.....	Bicycle	\$75 Cash.....	\$45 Cash.....	\$30 Cash.
5-mile Amateur.....	Record	Bicycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Tea Service, Indian chased and applique	Water Set, Italian chased.

SECOND DAY—Wednesday, September 9.

EVENTS.	CONDITIONS.	WHEELS.	FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.	THIRD PRIZE.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open	Bicycle	Gold Medal.....	Nut Bowl, Indian chased and applique.....	Stevens 10-inch Bicycle Rifle, with case.
1-mile Professional.	Championship	Bicycle	Sweepstake—One Prize, \$300 Cash.	Water Set, Persian chased and Roman gold inlaid	Diamond Pin.
3-mile Amateur.....	Open.....	Safety Bicycle..	Gold Watch	Stop Watch	Card Receiver, Venetian chased, old gold.
½-mile Amateur.....	1.30 Class.	Bicycle	Jardiniere, richly decorated	Gold Chain.....	Fishing Set, fly rod, basket, landing net, etc.
3-mile Amateur.....	Record.....	Bicycle	Tea Service and Waiter, fluted, pearl finish	\$150 Cash	\$75 cash.
10-mile Professional	Open	Bicycle	\$150 Cash	\$100 Cash	Gold Chain.....
5-mile Amateur.....	Record	Tricycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Gold Chain.....	Silver Vase, with richly decorated glass.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open	Tandem Tricycle	Two Stevens 15-in. Bicycle Rifles, with cases	Two Stop Watches	Two Silver Inkstands.
5-mile Amateur.....	16.00 Class.	Bicycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Water Set, intaglio chased, old silver and gold finish	Plaque, gold variegated.
3-mile Amateur.....	Handicap.....	Bicycle	Gold Watch	Gold Chain.....	Lemonade Set, gold finish and inlaid.

THIRD DAY—Thursday, September 10.

EVENTS.	CONDITIONS.	WHEELS.	FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.	THIRD PRIZE.
1-mile Professional.	Open	Safety Bicycle..	\$50 Cash.....	\$30 Cash	\$20 Cash.
10-mile Amateur....	Record	Bicycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Gold Watch.....	Tilting Ice-Water Set, hammered, pearl finish.
5-mile Amateur.....	Open	Tandem Tricycle	Two Umbrella Stands, copper, silver applique	Two Sconces, gold and oxidized finish	Two Fruit Dishes, silver and cut glass.
3-mile Professional.	Open	Bicycle	\$75 Cash	\$45 Cash	\$30 Cash.
1-mile Amateur.....	Open	Safety Bicycle..	Gold Medal.....	Silver Watch	Lakin Cyclometer.
3-mile Amateur.....	9.10 Class.	Bicycle	Springfield Prize Cup	Mantel Vase, Venetian chased and applique.....	Mirror, gold and oxidized old silver.
3-mile Amateur.....	Open	Tricycle	Gold Watch	Vase Lamp, old silver, Venetian chas'd and embos'd	Plaque and Easel, complete, hammered silver
1-mile Amateur.....	Handicap.....	Bicycle	Mantel Vase, Venetian chased and oxidized	Fruit Dish, gold and oxidized.....	Smok'g Set, cop'r and sil'r, han'd and applique
5-mile Professional.	Handicap.....	Bicycle	\$100 Cash	\$60 Cash	\$40 Cash.
1-mile Amateur*....	Consolation	Bicycle	Tea Service, snowflake and engraved.....	Nut Dish, gold lined.....	Water Pitcher, Venet'n chas'd old sil'r, gold lin'd.

*Fourth Prize, Stop Watch. Fifth Prize, Cigar Box holding 50 cigars.

All Events have Three Prizes, where there are Four or More Starters. ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 2. Entry Forms, Blanks, List of Prizes, etc., furnished upon application. Address

SANFORD LAWTON, Secretary Springfield Bicycle Club, Springfield, Mass.

SPRINGFIELD!

COOLEY'S * HOTEL,

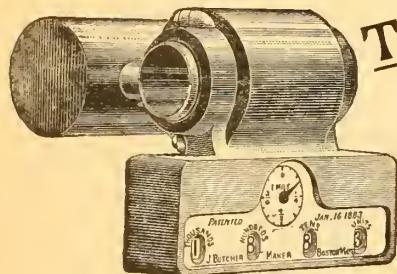
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Conveniently Located near Union Depot. First-Class in Every Respect.

PRICE, \$2.00 TO \$2.50 PER DAY.

J. M. COOLEY & CO., Proprietors.



THE BUTCHER CYCLOMETER IMPROVED FOR 1885.

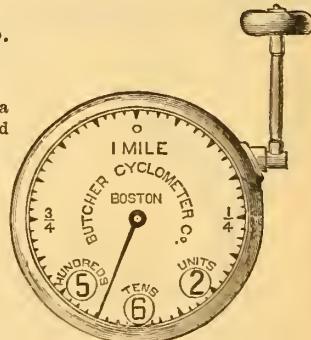
Can be read from the Saddle and used with a Hub Lamp.

PRICE \$10.00.

This Cyclometer has been greatly improved since last season by the use of a new style of movement which is much superior to the old, both in pattern and workmanship.

The Butcher Petite Cyclometer

Has been in use for three months, and has been proved perfectly reliable. Weight 2 ounces. Price \$5.00. For Bicycles Only.



BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

NOS. 6 AND 8 BERKELEY STREET, - BOSTON, MASS.

◇ SPECIAL * NOTICE ! ◇

WANTED, at once, Responsible Firms to take up SOLE AGENCY for AMERICA for the "ROVER SAFETY" Bicycle, the "METEOR," "ROVER DESPATCH," SOCIABLE and TANDEM Tricycles, the "COVENTRY CHAIR," etc., etc.

Illustrated Price-Lists, with Testimonials, Free on Application.

STARLEY & SUTTON,

"METEOR" WORKS, WEST ORCHARD, COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

Two-Miles for Stars.

H. Maxwell, Rome, N. Y., Time, 8.00 1-5
G. L. Prescott, Rome, N. Y.
C. H. Broadbent.

Three-Miles, Class Ten Minutes.

H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., Time, 9.58 1-5
J. C. Uldein, Utica,
T. R. Finley, Smithville, N. J.

One-Mile Novice.

W. B. Childs, Utica, Time, 3.15 2-5
F. S. Nicholson, Rome, N. Y.,
F. E. Manahan, Utica

Three-Mile State Championship.

A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y., Time, 11.12 3-5
H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., " 11.13 2-5

One-Mile Club.

W. B. Childs, Utica, N. Y., Time, 3.09 2-5
J. C. Ublein, Utica, N. Y., " 3.11
W. W. Nicholson, Utica, N. Y., " 3.19

Five-Mile Record.

H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y.
F. H. White, Rome, N. Y.
E. P. Baird, New York City.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

One-Mile Open.

A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y., Time, 3.04 2-5
J. Powell, Smithville, N. J., " 3.06
H. S. Wollison, Pittsfield, Mass.

One-Mile Tricycle.

J. G. Knowlton, Kansas City, Time, 3.00 4-5
L. Kemmelohr, Utica.

One-Mile Tug of War.

Fort Schuyler Wheelmen.
Rome Bicycle Club.

Three-Mile Open.

A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y., Time, 9.54
J. Powell, Smithville, N. J., " 9.56 1-2
H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y.

One-Mile Boys.

S. Nicholson, Utica, N. Y., Time, 4.09 4-5
D. Jones, Utica, N. Y.
E. H. Martin, Utica, N. Y.

Two-Mile Open.

J. Powell, Smithville, N. J., Time, 6.45
A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y., " 6.48
H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y.

One-Mile Without Hands.

H. S. Wollison, Pittsfield, Mass., Time, 3.36 1-5
T. R. Finley, Smithville, N. J., " 3.44
J. G. Knowlton, Kansas City.

One-Mile—Time, 3.24.

E. P. Baird, New York City.
W. B. Childs, Utica, N. Y.
W. W. Nicholson, Utica, N. Y.

Five-Mile Handicap.

H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., scratch, Time, 17.44 2-5
F. H. White, Rome, N. Y., 20 seconds, " 17.52 2-5
G. H. Illston, Hartford, Ct., scratch.

One-Mile Consolation Race.

W. W. Nicholson, Utica, N. Y., Time, 3.42 2-5
H. K. Van Size, Utica, N. Y.
W. A. Townsend, Rome, N. Y.

A good meeting, well planned and carried out; but suffered financially from lack of patronage.

CANADIAN WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Date of Meeting, July 2. Track, cinder path; 2 laps to the mile.

OFFICERS.—Referee, Burley B. Ayers of Chicago; Judges, H. S. Tibbs of Montreal, Leland O. Howard of Washington, D. C., and Will C. Marvin of Ovid, Mich.; Timers, H. Ryrie of Toronto, and C. H. Hempinstall of St. Thomas; Starter, J. G. Hay of Woodstock; Clerk of Course, J. H. McLeod; Secretary, D. A. White; Attendance, 6,000.

THURSDAY, JULY 2.

Half-Mile Dash.

G. S. Lon, Montreal, Time, 1.31 4-5
T. Fane, Toronto.
W. S. Chisolm, London.

Three-Mile Record.

F. Foster, Toronto, Time, 9.52
T. J. Campbell, Toronto.
Time by Miles, 1st,—3.09 3-5; 2d, 3.19 4-5; 3d, 3.22 1-5.

One-Mile Championship.

H. W. Clarke, Woodstock, Time, 3.00 2-5
H. P. Davies, Toronto.
G. S. Lon, Montreal.
Time by Quarters,—1st, 44 3-5; 2d, 44 4-5 3d, 45 1-5; 4th, 46 1-5.

One-Mile Tricycle Championship.

A. T. Lane, Montreal, Time, 4.18 3-5
J. Clench, St. Catharines.

One-Mile Bicycle.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 3.04 1-5
F. Foster, Toronto.
T. Fane, London.

Five-Mile Championship.

H. M. Clarke, Woodstock, Time, 16.55 2-5
H. P. Davies, Toronto.

One-Mile Safety

A. T. Lane, Montreal, Time, 3.18 4-5
A. E. Dance, St. Thomas

Two-Mile Novice.

Andrew Patterson, Thorold, Time, 7.04 1-5
F. M. Knowles, Toronto.
A. E. Chestnut, Woodstock.

Five-Mile Open.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Time, 16.35 1-5
L. D. Munger, Detroit, Mich.

Half-Mile Without Hands.

H. Williams, Woodstock, Time, 1.42 2-5
D. B. Holden, Montreal.

Ten-Miles Open.

H. P. Davies, Toronto, Time, 33.43 4-5
F. J. Campbell, Toronto.
H. Biette, Woodstock.

The meeting was held on the grounds of and in connection with the Woodstock Amateur Athletic Association.

BUFFALO (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB.

Date of Meeting, July 3. Track, clay, 1 lap to the mile.
Weather, fair. Wind, very strong.

OFFICERS.—Referee, Abbot Bassett of Boston; Judges, Dr. N. Mahlon Beckwith of New York, Henry E. Ducker of Springfield, Mass., Dr. J. E. Donelson of Buffalo, N. Y.; Timers, O. N. Whipple of Springfield, Mass., J. H. Isham of New York; Starter, George Dakin of Buffalo, N. Y.; Clerk of Course, Frank E. Drudlard of Buffalo, N. Y.; Attendance, 3,500.

FRIDAY, JULY 3.

One-Mile Club Championship.

J. S. Hedge, Buffalo, N. Y., Time, 3.10
C. W. Adams, Buffalo, N. Y.
R. J. Cant, Buffalo, New York.

One-Mile L. A. W. Tricycle Championship.

E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 3.45
Neil Campbell, Niagara Falls, " 4.23 2-5

One-Mile L. A. W. Bicycle Championship.

George M. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., Time, 2.44
G. E. Webber, Smithville, N. J., " 2.44 3-5
J. Powell.

Three-Mile.

W. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, Time, 9.34 2-5
A. B. Rich, Brooklyn, N. Y.
C. J. Lund, Rochester, N. Y.

One-Mile Professional Exhibition.

Asa Dolph, New London, O., Time, 3.04 2-5
E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., Time, 5.57 4-5
W. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, " 6.00

The meeting of the L. A. W. was held in connection with the Buffalo Club, the League having decided the one-mile bicycle and one-mile tricycle championship.

ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS

TWENTY-FIVE MILE PROFESSIONAL.

Although the weather last Saturday evening (July 18th) was of an unsettled description, nearly 2,000 spectators assembled round the track at the Aylestone Road Grounds to witness the decision of the fourth race for the twenty-five mile professional championship. The event is one of the four championship contests promoted by the directors of the Aylestone Grounds Company, and the trophy consists of a magnificent silver belt, value £30, with a similar amount in cash

prizes. The first two races for the belt were won by Battensby, but on the 23d May last, Wood sailed home in front of his opponents, thus preventing the North-countryman from securing the trophy outright. Additional interest was concentrated in the race under notice, owing to the champion signifying his intention of taking part in the struggle, and notwithstanding that Wood defeated his formidable rival in the ten mile championship last month, Howell was looked upon as an almost certain winner of last Saturday's race. In addition to Howell and Wood, James, Lees, Battensby, Birt, and Hawker put in an appearance for the race, which resulted as follows:—F. Wood, Leicester, belt and £15 (1); R. Howell, Coventry, £7 (2); T. Battensby, Newcastle, £5 (3); F. Lees, Leicester, £2 (4), T. Birt, Northampton, £1 (5); A. Hawker, Leicester (6); R. James, Birmingham (6).

It was after seven o'clock before the men went to the starting place, and when the pistol cracked James forced his way to the front, and cut out the work at a fairly good pace, followed by Wood, Howell, Battensby, Birt, Lees, and Hawker. At this time the rain had cleared off, but a strong wind blew across the ground, and this materially interfered with the progress of the riders, especially when ascending the hill. The first mile was accounted for in 3m. 8s., and up to the fifth mile (16m. 13s.) no change occurred in the relative position of the contestants. Half-way through the eighth mile James retired, and Howell being left in possession of the lead, cut out the running at a moderate pace up to ten miles, which distance was recorded in 34m. 3s. A lap later Birt went to the front, and from this stage, for a dozen miles, the race progressed in a monotonous fashion until approaching the twenty-fourth mile, when Hawker challenged for the lead, but Birt stalled him off. In the following lap, however, Howell went ahead, followed by Howell and Wood. Entering the last mile, Wood spurred to the front, with Howell at his heels, and directly afterwards the last-named rushed ahead in order to secure the inside berth. Entering the final lap, the champion was clearly in front of Wood, Lees being third, Battensby fourth, and Birt and Hawker close up. Ascending the hill, Howell drew away with a four lengths advantage, which he held until nearing the turn on to the straight, when Wood, by a splendid effort, began to close up. A magnificent race along the straight followed, Wood securing the verdict by a few inches. Battensby was third, ten yards in the rear, whilst Lees was three yards in front of Birt for fourth position. Time, 1h. 26m. 18s. Mr. A. Seaton officiated as referee and timekeeper, and J. Ward was starter.—*Cyclist.*

FIFTY MILE AMATEUR.

The seventh annual contest for the 50-mile amateur championship, organized by the N. C. U., was organized at the Crystal Palace, London, on Saturday, July 18. A large entry of twenty-four had been secured for the event, and of these only seven failed to answer to their names, including Webber, and the safety rider, Engleheart, who has not yet recovered from the effects of his fall at Coventry. Charley Wilson—the ground man—by constant attention had got the path into first-class trim, and it was only the strong wind that prevented record for the full distance being beaten. As it was, a new table of records will have to be compiled for the 29 to the 38 miles inclusive. The racing, after a few miles had been covered, was confined to English, Gatehouse, and

Nicolas, with Potter and Hale a lap in the rear. Owing to a family bereavement, G. L. Hillier was prevented from acting as judge, and that office was performed by W. Pye-English. An unfortunate *contretemps* occurred with regard to the third man—Hale undoubtedly filling that position—but the lap-scorers awarded it to Nicolas. This seems a pity, when the N. C. U. is on its trial, as it were, that these mistakes so frequently happen. Two laps from the finish Nicolas eased up, dead beat, and Hale passed him, and went after the leaders, but it proved a hopeless chase, English spurring away on the bell ringing, and beating Gatehouse by 40 yards, Hale 150 yards further off. Details:—

The following was the list of officials:—

Judge.—W. Pye-English (in the absence of G. Lacy Hillier).

Umpires.—D. D. Bryson (London, Scottish, and N. C. U.), C. W. Coe (Brixton Ramblers and N. C. U.), Major-General L. R. Christopher (Uxbridge and District and N. C. U.), A. J. Hills (Biggleswade and District and N. C. U.), W. E. Maverley (Pickwick and N. C. U.), W. Pye-English (C. T. C. and N. C. U.), M. D. Rucker (London and N. C. U.), and Robert Todd (Stanley and hon. sec. N. C. U.).

Laptakers.—T. G. Ackland (South London T. C.), R. L. Philpot (Brixton and N. C. U.), Algernon Prout (Hornsey and N. C. U.), and A. R. Sheppie (Hornsey and N. C. U.).

Timekeepers.—G. Pembroke Coleman (London and N. C. U.), and E. R. Shipton (London and N. C. U.).

Starter.—G. S. Venables (Norwood Safety B. C.).

Clerk of the Course and Hon. Secretary to Amateur Championship Race Meetings.—E. S. Wallis-Roberts (Rovers and N. C. U.), N. C. U., Office, 17 Ironmonger Lane, E. C.

The following were the times of each mile, with the leader:—

MILES.	TIME. h. m. s.	LEADER.	MILES.	TIME. h. m. s.	LEADER.
1	0 3 3	Gatehouse.	26	1 22 8	English.
2	0 6 12	Nix.	27	1 25 26	"
3	0 9 19	Potter.	28	1 28 45	"
4	0 12 25½	English.	29	1 31 5	"
5	0 15 34	"	30	1 35 21½	Nicolas.
6	0 18 22½	"	31	1 38 42½	English.
7	0 21 34	"	32	1 41 11	"
8	0 24 30	"	33	1 45 43½	"
9	0 27 44	"	34	1 49 10	"
10	0 30 49	"	35	1 52 32½	"
11	0 34 0½	"	36	1 56 2	Gatehouse.
12	0 37 19	Gatehouse.	37	1 59 43	English.
13	0 40 30	English.	38	2 3 21½	"
14	0 43 40	"	39	2 7 5	"
15	0 46 52	"	40	2 10 16	"
16	0 49 57	"	41	2 13 36½	"
17	0 53 12½	"	42	2 16 59	Gatehouse.
18	0 56 29	"	43	2 20 28	"
19	0 57 49½	"	44	2 23 55	"
20	1 2 47½	"	45	2 27 43	"
21	1 5 50½	"	46	2 31 38	"
22	1 9 5	"	47	2 34 59	"
23	1 12 25½	"	48	2 38 27	"
24	1 15 37½	"	49	2 42 0	"
25	1 18 51½	Nicolas.	50	2 45 13½	English.

Gatehouse's time, 2h. 45m. 19s.

English rode 37 miles 155 yards in two hours.

TWENTY-FIVE MILE TRICYCLE.

A blazing hot day, despite a strong southwest wind, was Saturday the 11th July, 1885, and the black cinder dust of the Crystal Palace track blew merrily away from the wheels of the Roman chariot-looking vehicles on which most of the racers for championship honors disported themselves, viz., the Humber-type of tricycle. It was not a day which at first blush appeared likely to be a day of records, but, as an old rider on the course said, the wind blew where it was wanted, and the pavilion gave shelter when it had to be

faced. Whether his theory was correct or not, in practice record was badly beaten.

For this there were 20 entries and 13 starters, viz.—G. Gatehouse (1), R. H. English (2), H. C. Sharp (3), C. Cousens (4) F. S. Buckingham, A. Nixon, J. E. L. Bates, R. Cripps, C. H. R. Gosset, J. Lee, S. Lee, P. T. Letchford, and A. J. Wilson. In a long race the positions of the men in the earlier stages are but of little interest, and certainly bear no meaning as regards the ultimate result, and in the race under notice the only remarks we have to make are, that there being some very inferior men as regards pace competing, an advance guard consisting of Cripps, English, Gatehouse, J. Lee, S. Lee and Cousens was speedily formed, the other competitors coming along in batches, and as regards Nixon, Gosset, and some others, in singles. Eventually the race resolved itself into a match between English and Gatehouse. The only exciting part of the race from pistol-fire to bell-ringing being the spurts for lead at the miles, which were given as follows:—

MILES.	LEADER.	M. S.	MILES.	LEADER.	H. M. S.
1	English	3 8	13	English	0 44 19
2	J. Lee	6 21	14	Gatehouse	0 47 45 3½
3	Cripps	9 38 3½	15	"	0 51 4
4	"	13 4	16	"	0 54 34
5	English	16 24	17	"	0 57 58
6	{ Lees and English	19 51	18	English	1 1 35
7	Gatehouse	23 18	19	"	1 5 11 3½
8	"	26 51 2½	20	Gatehouse	1 8 42
9	"	30 25 3½	22	Gatehouse	1 16 3 2½
10	"	33 59 4½	23	"	1 19 41 2½
11	Cripps	37 26	24	"	1 23 19
12	Gatehouse	40 51	25	"	1 26 29 2½

English's time, 1h. 26. 32s.

17 miles 986 yards were ridden in the hour.

ONE MILE TRICYCLE.

For this there were 22 entries, but only 13 starters, the result of the preliminary heats, which were drawn for, being:—

First Heat.—H. C. Sharp, Acton (1); A. E. Langley (2); H. G. Priest (3). Time, 3m. 52s.

Second Heat.—S. Lee (1); R. Cripps (2); J. Lee (3). This was a splendid race between "London" Lee and Cripps. The "Claycross" Lee led until the bell rang, then away went S. Lee and Cripps to the front, and, after a ding-dong finish, Sydney secured the first in 2m. 59½s., and for a heat held record. Won by a length.

Third Heat.—P. Furnivall (1); P. T. Letchford (2); A. J. Wilson (3). Wilson was passed in the second round. When the bell sounded Furnivall from second place went to the front, but nearing the dressing-room Letchford again spurred and got level, but Furnivall responding promptly came away and won in 2m. 58½s., thus securing record for the "Genuine Humber." Won by three yards.

Fourth Heat.—G. Gatehouse (1); R. H. English (2). This needs no description. Both the men were equally mounted on "Automatic Humbers," and Gatehouse led from start to finish. Time, 3m. 02s. Won by a length.

Fifth Heat.—J. P. Grigg (1); C. Cousens (2). Both were Kildare men, and the "Whisper" went forth from a corner of the crowd as they passed. Cousens led until a quarter of the way round the last lap, when Grigg came away and won by a length in 3m. 55s.

Second Round.

Sixth Heat.—P. Furnivall (1); S. Lee (2); H. C. Sharp (o). Sharp went off with the lead at a great pace, followed by Furnivall, Lee lying last. This continued till the bell rang, when away went Furnivall and Lee, leaving Sharp hand over hand.

They were racing neck and neck at the dressing-room, but Furnivall, with one of his wonderful final spurts, came away and won by a length one of the most exciting wheel struggles on record. Time, 3m. 14s.

Seventh Heat.—P. T. Letchford (1); G. Gatehouse (2); J. P. Grigg (o). Letchford hung behind Gatehouse, evidently going easy, and came away in the third lap and won easily in 2m. 59½s.

Final Heat.—P. Furnivall, Berretta (1); P. T. Letchford, Finchley (2); S. Lee, Kildare (3). Letchford cut out the pace, followed by Furnivall and Lee in Indian file. The first spurt was made by Lee when approaching the dressing-room in the last lap but one. He, however, failed to pass them, and his chance was over, for the two leaders, racing neck-and-neck, occupied the course when the best part of the last lap was being traversed. The excitement was immense when, after some tremendous riding, Furnivall and Letchford ran over the tape a dead heat in 2m. 59½s., the quarters being 46½, 1.30, 2.15½, and 2.50½. In the run off Philip Furnivall beat Percy Letchford by a foot in 3m. 52s., and became amateur tricycle champion of England at one mile. The run off was also a splendid race. Letchford was leading on the causeway, near the dressing-room, just before bell-time, when Furnivall suddenly spurted and got the lead before the Finchley man could quicken sufficiently to keep his inside lead. Tearing round the last lap at a great pace, Furnivall was not again passed.

ONE HOUR'S "SAFETY" CHALLENGE.

Improvements in bicycles, tricycles, and accessories continue, but perhaps nothing on wheels has made such rapid strides in public favor as the "Rudge" Safety, which, on the racing path and road, has distanced all other safeties, therefore we were not surprised at finding both Battensby and Grose selecting one of these mounts for their one hour's match, which came off on the Sydenham bicycle track yesternight (Thursday). In the twenty miles "safety" championship competition, decided on May 2 last, at Leicester, it will be recollected Battensby and Grose finished second and third respectively, close up to Richard Howell, who secured premier honors by covering twenty miles in 1 hour 3 min. 5½ sec. The close fight between the two on that occasion doubtless led to the match under notice, although it really emanated from a challenge issued by the Tynesider offering to ride a "Safety" against any man in the world, for £15 a side. After the signing of the articles the two made good their deposits in our hands regularly, and trained carefully for the job, therefore it was anticipated a fine performance would be shown by the winner. However, both the weather and the path was against them at the time fixed for the start, for though fine overhead there was a boisterous wind blowing, and the track was very loose on the surface.

The following are the mile times:—

MILES.	M. S.	MILES.	M. S.		
1	Battensby	2 50 4-5	11	Battensby	34 2 1-5
2	"	6 7	12	"	37 31 1-5
3	"	9 17 4-5	13	"	40 22 2-5
4	"	12 23 3-5	14	"	43 55 1-5
5	"	15 34 3-5	15	"	47 4 1-5
6	"	18 40 3-5	16	"	50 13 3-5
7	Grose	21 52 2-5	17	Grose	53 24 3-5
8	Battensby	25 1	18	Battensby	56 31 3 5
9	Grose	28 6 4-5	19	Grose	59 41
10	Battensby	31 15 2-5			

Distance covered on the hour—19 miles 21½ yards; Grose a foot ahead.—*Sporting Life*, June 19, '85.

A SUMMER OUTING.

BISONLAND INVADED—THE SOLITARY CLUB AT LARGE—COURTESY OF WESTERN WHEELMEN—IMPRESSIONS.

 A TRAIN on the only road which charges extra for carrying bicycles took the club to New York from Stamford, Ct., on July 2, and, late as it was for attending the meet at Buffalo, on arriving at the West Shore depot, we found three other cyclers bound for the same Mecca, one of whom was Mr. Chas. Schwalbach, of the King's County Wheelmen, whose invitation to ride with his club in the grand parade next day, we gladly accepted.

At last our train pulls out and we have a succession of beautiful views of the Hudson, as the road winds along the shore, as if to show us the best in store. Now we pass long lines of brick-yards, and in the gathering shadows of evening, the horses continue their monotonous rounds at the clay-mixing machines, which with the boy driver perched up behind, remind us of the cider-mill pictures in old almanacs.

Much of the way there is a towering rocky bank on one side and charming river pictures on the other, which were greatly enjoyed by the passengers. Out beyond Cranston's a hot journal caused a halt, and afforded an opportunity for many to "gather daisies, white daisies, by the way." Now the old river grows narrower, and the highlands more bold and imposing; objects on the farther shore grow more distinct, even in "the dusky twilight," and the ships' lights begin to twinkle in unison with those alongshore.

The crowded condition of the cars prevented our enjoying the scenery to the best advantage, and provoked a scathing remark from a jolly "Boston Courier man" to the effect that this was the "worst Shore Line" he ever saw. He left us at Cornwall. There are memories of spring chicken and coffee at Kingston, where the hot-box car was left, and we had less delay along through western New York.

At Canajoharie—so unpronounceable and puzzling to our pretty fellow-passenger—a burning building attracted attention, and lighted up the town grandly.

Near Syracuse are great salt works, and acres of the territory are covered with the evaporating pans or tanks. Here the railway skirts Lake Onondaga for some distance, and the outlook even by night was weirdly interesting. How suggestive the name is of the aboriginal dwellers on the lake's shores; of birch bark canoes, wigwams and council fires, and the many legends told of swarthy braves and maidens in the days of long ago.

Now we run alongside the famous old Erie canal, which has seen ninety years of service, and most of its slow-going boats move at the same rattling pace as of yore, although a few are now driven by steam. Their colored lights seemed to be stationary out there in the fields, as the train rushed along. Toward morning the lake country mustered up a chilling rainstorm, which harmonized with our feelings, for the aforesaid pretty passenger left us in the ghostly blue glory of Syracuse's electric light.

Under a clearing sky we entered Buffalo, and walked and rode up to the Genesee House, where was no end of wheels; but as the whole matter of the meet has been written up, we will not mention our six or eight hours in the city. An invalid sister's beckoning hand called us away from Buffalo and Niagara attractions, and we took a train for Erie, on which we found two Erie wheelmen, who next day, the glorious 4th, accompanied us to Ashtabula, Ohio, 44 miles, and never did Victor, Expert, or Rudge drive easier or with much more satisfaction than did ours, and the run through that fine old Pennsylvania and Ohio farming region will be long remembered. The courteous bearing and hospitality of these two Erie cyclers (they even bribed the landlord to refuse our silver) to "a stranger from the Nutmeg state," are gratefully acknowledged, and are laid up against them. *Vive la Fairbairn and Stafford!* Our friends returned by train, and we wheeled on six miles to Saybrook and put up at the Saybrook House, among friends and familiar scenes of our boyhood days.

Long to be remembered among the delights and diversions of Fourth of July week, was a morning run awheel from Saybrook, O., to Andover, twenty-six miles, over good clay roads. The fact that over twenty years have passed since we went over a part of the route, and thirteen since the rest, gave the outing particular zest to us, and not the least of interest was the short call we made at the once dear to us old homestead, where in boyhood's years we lived care-free lives, and as happy as the days were long, in what to us now seems a "summerland of song"—at least the sun and the birds seemed trying to make it so. The familiar old home buildings have vanished and given place to smarter modern structures, that from our may be selfish point of view are intruding upon this good old ground we had hoped to find unchanged. They are photographed upon our memories, however, and the present vandal owners cannot rob us of them. The great sentinel elm, on the corner, has been spirited away, as have the old fences and many of the greening and pippin trees in both orchards, which in the old days vied with each other in furnishing the best collection of apples. Now a noisy railroad has torn its way quartering through the old farm, and despoiled it of much of its charm of meadow and pasture land. A mile down the road we look in vain for the old red school-house, thoughts of which bring up such a troop of recollections, and find that it, too, has been supplanted by a white and ghostly substitute in such unfavorable contrast to the one of "auld lang syne," that, were it not for such an ever present and delightful steed as the one we mount and hurry away on, we might have had an attack of the—well, blues.

To the southward we go through a fine farming country where much attention is given to supplying milk for the cheese factories so frequently seen by the way. One of the largest is at Andover, where, in the season, now at its height, they make fifty-two cheeses and two hundred pounds of butter daily. Little rude platforms with great tin or iron cans to contain milk are out in front of every house we pass, and as a sort of trade-mark tell so much of the farmer's industry. It may be inferred that we accepted the sweet and nourishing draughts of milk so freely offered by those hospitable people, who were apparently glad of a chance to examine and talk about the wheel, which in many cases was such a "wonder-

ment." On through Jefferson and Dorset, to our destination the Victor carried us, and we only regretted we had not more time for the road and less for the railroad.

Down here in the Pymatuning valley lives Mrs. Schuyler Colfax, and a charming part of a favored old State she has settled in. The country is a little rolling, well watered, very fertile, and abounds in fruit of all the usual kinds grown in this latitude. In broad pastures by the roadside herds of cattle graze, and shorn sheep group in evident comfort in the shade of trees, since losing their thick coats. Touring awheel through such a country, at certain seasons of the year, is to us the most satisfying use we can make of the cycle.

"STAMSON."

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

The scribe is under lasting *Outing* obligations to "Fifty-one."

Dr. E. N. Judd, of Greenwich, is one of the latest converts to wheeling.

The Stamford Wheel Club issued invitations to all unattached riders hereabouts, to their lantern parade on the 21st.

Vice-president MacKee of the S. W. C. and the popular proprietor of the Brunswick dining rooms, is down with the Victor bi. fever. Only one thing can cause his recovery.

On every trail that we traveled in the Bison country we saw evidence that THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE "gets there," and heard only the best of words for it.

Two Columbia light roadsters and four Victors have lately come to gladden certain wheel-stricken hearts, and are likened to "rays of electric light among a lot o' taller dips," so well are they liked.

Three of our riders have bought smaller wheels than they rode last season, and ride with added comfort, which more than offsets the "glory of tiptoeing a big machine, especially on hills or stretches of heavy road.

The S. W. C. lately had a most delightful run to Coney Island, taking a three hours' sail from Stamford to New York, which the Solitary Club regrets having missed, owing to its chief officer being on a bison trail at the time.

For the positive cash benefit we received in excursion rates and free carriage of a certain fifty-inch Victor, during our late ramble westward, we beg space to thank Burley B. Ayers and the L. A. W. in the best and plainest English we can muster.

"Two yaller curs" made a combined attack upon "Fifty-one" recently, and gave him a painful header. This place is in consequence threatened with a canine cholera of the most epidemically fatal character one can conceive of. We second the motion!

Pleasant local runs by moonlight are in order at this writing. Those that afford most frequent views of the Sound's glittering water and silently shifting sails are most popular, and the proximity of the Solitary Club house to "the ever sounding sea" generally renders it possible for the members to get there. No remarks from the bugler of the S. W. C., please.

"STAMSON."

The L. A. W. numbers 5,000, the C. W. A. less than 1,000. In Buffalo, the L. A. W. had 600; in Woodstock, the C. W. B. had 300. Not a bad showing for our little frost-bitten country, is it?—*Canadian Wheelman.*

THE BIG FOUR'S TOUR.

Ask a wheelman how it is he obtains the greatest pleasure from his wheel, and you will be pretty sure to receive the reply: "Why, from touring, of course." A few there are who bound the pleasures of cycling by the racing path, but the number is as one to a thousand. The quiet Sunday run or holiday tour is full of delight to the true wheelman. Cycling is above the plane of a mere sport. The bicycle is a practical vehicle of rapid transportation, and affords the most delightful of out-door recreation and healthful exercise. Every year the number of tours doubles. The greatest of all cycling tours was that of the "Big Four," which was finished at New York last Friday evening, when a hundred odd cyclists wheeled into that city, every one sunburned almost beyond recognition, greatly benefited in health, frightfully dirty, and very happy. Never before was held a cycling tour in which so many participated; never was one better managed, and never was one more thoroughly enjoyed.

An account of how the first week of the tour was passed by the wheelmen was given in *The Globe* of July 16. Their sojourn among the Thousand Islands on the river St. Lawrence proved most delightful. Until Monday noon they remained at Round Island. Then they chartered a steamer, and sailed about the islands, landing at Alexandria bay for dinner. The manager of the local skating rink had papered the town with flaring bills announcing that the "Big Four" would give an exhibition drill at his rink. On that afternoon his rink was packed as it never was before. The wheelmen knew nothing of this, and were astounded when, after dinner, they were informed that they were expected to exhibit themselves. They protested that they knew nothing about drilling, and did not visit the island for any such purpose. But the manager implored so feelingly that twelve of the Boston men took pity on him and volunteered to do what they could. So, araying themselves in their red coats, big hats, and all their gaudiest apparel, they pushed their wheels into the rink and climbed astride of them, four during this operation taking headers towards a common center. Then began the drill, which consisted of riding around the hall three times in single file, twice in double file, taking three different styles of headers, and finishing with a grand collision dismount.

After the drill performance the steamer was again boarded and headed towards Clayton, where special cars were waiting to convey the tourists to Amsterdam.

Having the cars to themselves, the wheelmen felt no restraint, but seemed to consider it their duty to make as much noise as possible. Exhaustion, however, finally conquered, and at 12 o'clock all save half a dozen Boston men were sleeping soundly. These six men arose, and securing a lot of burnt cork, went through the cars, artistically decorating the face of every sleeping tourist. Then they yelled and woke them up. It was very funny the way the awakened cyclists for a few minutes enjoyed the ridiculous appearance presented by one another, each blissfully unconscious that his own face bore any unusual decoration. There were no more attempts at sleeping in that car, and Amsterdam was reached at 1.30 A. M. The headquarters were made at Hotel Warner, and the tired wheelmen hurried off to bed as quickly as possible.

They were the next day to cycle down the Mo-

hawk valley to Albany, but the rain came down, and they were forced to take the train. The only disagreeable feature of the tour was the weather, which was very unfavorable, and spoiled many a good ride.

The morning hours were passed at Amsterdam, the wheelmen disconsolately sitting around and wondering how the weather could be so mean, writing home to dear ones or playing pool. This quietness soon palled upon the Boston men, and it was with a yell of delight that they greeted the suggestion that they go out and buy some cow-bells and have a parade about town. In less than half an hour the town's supply of cow-bells was exhausted. Those who could not obtain cow-bells purchased sleigh-bells, and fastened them to their legs. Thus supplied, they paraded about town, creating a din most horrible, and terribly frightening the inhabitants. The noise so disturbed the editor of the local paper, who was concocting a leader on the present as compared with the hereafter of the potato-bug, that he rushed madly after the chief of police and tried to induce him to arrest the whole crowd. But the policemen had more sense than the editor, and refused to interfere with the boys' fun. On a racket the Boston men always took the lead.

Tuesday night was passed at Albany, where the local cycling club entertained the visitors hospitably. The Albany Club has the finest house of any cycling club in America, excepting those of the Massachusetts and Boston clubs.

The weather concluded to favor the cyclists the next day. All were heartily glad to once more mount their wheels, and the day's ride proved the most enjoyable of the tour. The route was over the old post turnpike, up and down innumerable hills, and then through the beautiful valley of the Hudson.

A halt was called at almost every farm-house along the route, and the residents relieved of everything drinkable about the premises.

At every town along the route the tourists were given an enthusiastic reception, the inhabitants turning out in Sunday attire and lustily cheering the wheelmen as they passed. Flags were hoisted on all the village commons, and if any man in town had a cannon he brought it out and blazed away. At one town a cannon was set in the road, pointing directly towards the advancing wheelmen. They were riding very fast and did not see the gun until close up to it. Then the leaders made a wild swerve to the right, upsetting a number of those behind, who fell in a mass a few feet from the cannon's mouth. Fortunately the fuse went out before reaching the charge, and the wheelmen were unhurt. The owner of the cannon was terribly frightened at the result of his stupidity and hurried off home with his cannon without firing it.

Dinner was served at Kinderhook. The afternoon ride was through the Hudson valley, and as there were less hills than during the morning the pace was much faster. The receptions along the route during the afternoon were even more enthusiastic than those of the morning. At Stockport they were met by Joshua Reynolds, L. A. W. representative for New York, who had a brass band in waiting and escorted them to his house, where he entertained them most hospitably. Several score of the village young ladies were there and made things delightful for the wheelmen, presenting each with a *boutonniere*. Each of the young ladies wore a badge formed of

the tourists' colors, and after much persuasion were induced to pin them on the breasts of the cyclists. Hudson was reached just before dark, and the steamer taken for Prospect Park, Catskill. A grand time was expected at Catskill, as it was known that the management of the hotel had made extensive preparations for a grand ball, and that all the ladies for miles around were sure to be present. The ladies were all there and the preparations were all made; but, owing to the baggage-wagon horse dying, the wheelers' baggage did not arrive until after 12 o'clock, so there was no dance that night, as it was, of course, impossible for the cyclists to dance in their dusty riding suits.

The next morning a special steamer carried them across the Hudson to McKinstryville, where they mounted their wheels and set out for Poughkeepsie, thirty-five miles distant. Arrangements had been made for dinner at a hotel in Rhinebeck. The proprietor agreed upon a certain sum for which to furnish dinner, but the night before, thinking he had the wheelmen where they could not escape from him, he wired to Manager Ayers that he must leave double the amount agreed upon. The tourists of course refused to consent, and arrangements were made for feeding the wheelmen at the young ladies' seminary at Rhinebeck, and the promise was given that the young lady students would wait upon them. The change proved most agreeable to the wheelmen, and they unanimously voted that they enjoyed nothing more on the whole trip than they did the dinner at Rhinebeck. The girls were very pretty and very entertaining, and when the wheelmen departed they left behind about all their badges and hat decorations.

The roads from Rhinebeck to Poughkeepsie were the best met with on the tour, and a lively race was maintained. A few miles out the local cycling club met the tourists, and escorted them into the city. After supper steamer was taken for West Point, where they arrived after 1 o'clock.

Friday morning they again embarked on their special steamer and sailed for Irvington, from where they wheeled to New York city, disbanding at the Grand Central Hotel.

Considering the length of the tour and the rough roads traversed, it is remarkable that so few accidents occurred. The only serious accident was the header taken by Fred Jenkins, editor of the *Wheel*, which dislocated his knee. The machines also stood the test remarkably well. All the leading makes, both foreign and American, were represented, and the way they held together shows the great improvement which has of late been made in the construction of bicycles. Among the machines used were thirty-seven Experts, seven Columbia Light Roadsters, twenty Rudes, four Apollos, and six Stars.—*Boston Globe*.

SCENE AT THE SPRINGFIELD MEET.—*Maud*—Don't they look nice going 'round in a circle—so graceful! *Papa*—Ugh! they'll look very graceful just now if there's a spill. In my young days we had no such whirligig nonsense. *Maud*—What did you do, papa, when you were a young man? *Papa* (gruffly)—If we couldn't afford a horse we were content to walk. *Maud*—Oh, but a "walking meet" would be a very tame affair—such a sameness about the individuals. Now bi's take much wider range, and enable you to see so many nice—nice— *Papa*—So many nice what, *Maud*? *Maud* (with emphasis)—Bi's, of course, pap, eh?—*The Seaside*.

SINGER'S CYCLES!



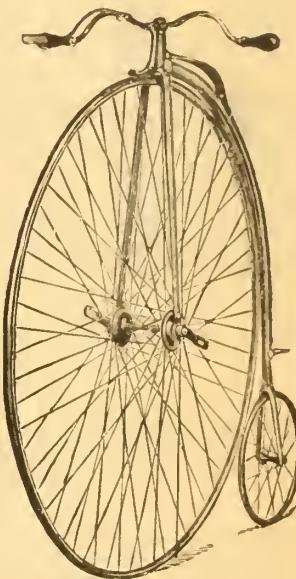
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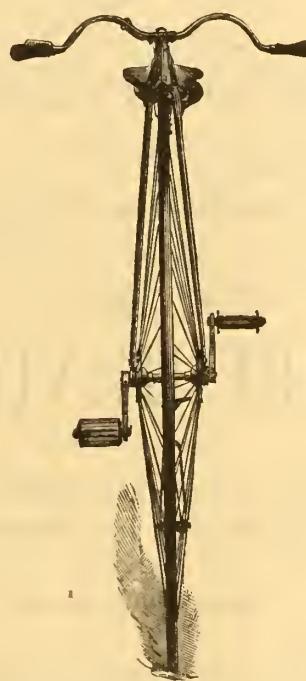


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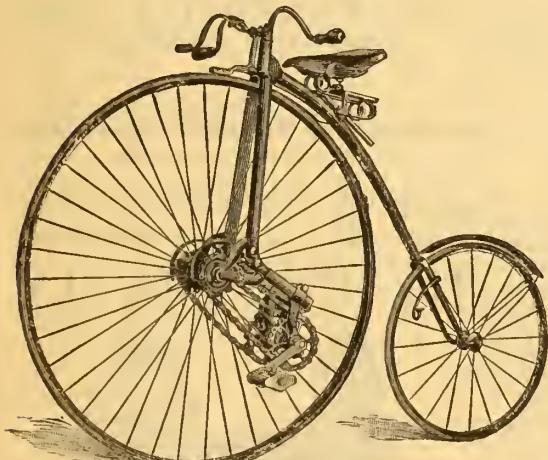
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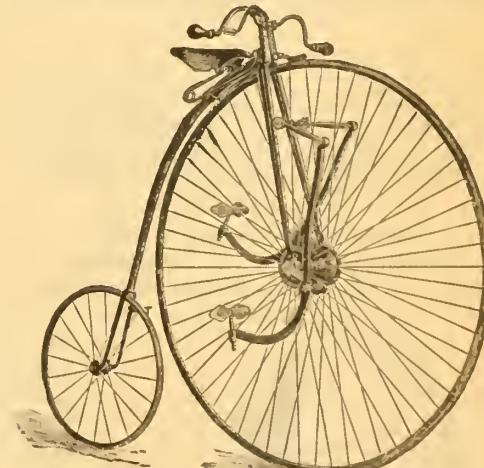
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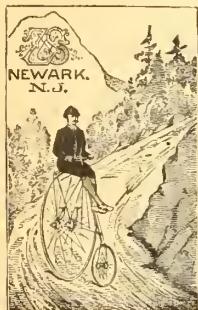
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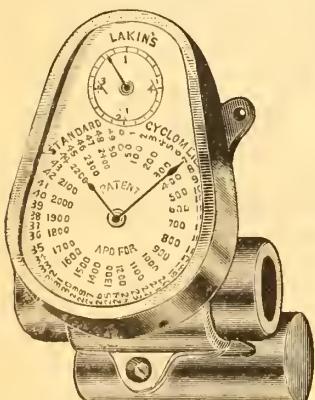
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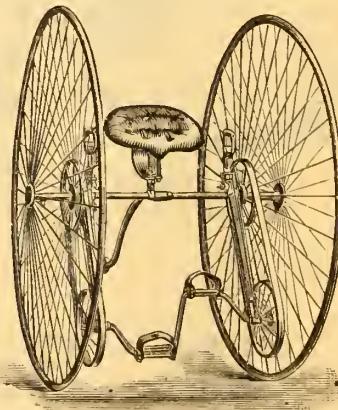
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TO YOSEMITE VALLEY ON WHEELS.

[This is an account of the trip taken by Messrs. Ernest and Walter Rideout to the Yosemite Valley, April 12-26, 1885.]

We started on the morning of the 12th of April; Walter mounted on his new President, and I on my old Expert, that had been through many a campaign.

We took passage from San Francisco on the steamer "Herald" for South Vallejo (the road to that point being in very poor condition at this season of the year). When I arrived on board I had the pleasure of finding my berth already occupied, a cyclist's luck, so I did the best I could with a second-best one.

John C. Quinn, one of the Bay City Wheelmen, accompanied us on the boat and rode with us to North Vallejo, where we parted, and then began our journey in "earnest," as Walter expressed it.

We left North Vallejo at about 9 o'clock, the road, seemingly, being in a very fair condition, but when we reached the 4-Mile House (which is 6 miles from where we started, by cyclometer), the roads became very bad. From the 4-Mile House to Cordelia, or Bridgeport, we walked most of the way, and not very good walking either.

Nothing of importance occurred during the "walk" except that Walter scored three headers, the last one bending his handle, which, however, was soon straightened. We reached Bridgeport at 12.28, cyclometer registering $17\frac{3}{5}$ miles. After dinner we started for Suisun. We found the roads in excellent condition, and made Suisun, distant 6 miles, in 45 minutes. From Suisun to Elmira the roads are fairly good, and it is a very pleasant ride, if you can manage to keep on the main road, but there are so many side tracks that every few minutes you run against a farm gate, and have to go back and begin again. We made Elmira, $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Suisun, at 4 P.M. We passed on from Elmira to Dixon (the roads being rather poor), where we arrived at 7.05 P.M. We stopped at the Arcade House for the night, and early next morning were on our way to Sacramento. We arrived at Davisville at 9 A.M., and stopped to inquire for the route to Sacramento. We started on what we were informed was the best road and after about a half hour's good riding we met a boy who told us to our unspeakable pleasure(?) that we could never make Sacramento by that road, and advised us to cut across the fields and try the top road. He seemed a good-natured chap and we stopped, at his invitation, and filled up with milk, after which we proceeded to follow out his directions.

Great Scott! how I would like to have that chap now!

The road seemed all right for a few miles, but we soon struck a flat open country, and our closest scrutiny failed to discover more than one wagon track. Where would it lead to, that was the question puzzling us then. We determined to stick to it, however, "if it took all summer." We belonged to the Bay City Wheelmen, and when was it ever heard that they succumbed to a few petty trials? Surely we were determined not to lead the way.

After a few more weary miles we came across some men hunting something or other, I don't know which, but think it was "other"; at any rate they didn't find it.

We inquired where we were, and found the road was about two miles north of us. We started to go there and the ground began to get softer and

softer, till our wheels got so muddy that we could hardly push them. We at last reached the road. It was a road! We cast a ballot as to what mode of conveyance we should get over it, and the vote stood unanimous for walking. After some walking we came to a bridge—even the bridge was bad—the end was entirely burned away, leaving a gap of about five feet from the bank. After some athletic performances we managed to gain the other side, and heaved a great sigh of relief—mine was for some more milk—as we were beginning to get a tremendous appetite. We concluded, however, to go on, and after half a mile, O horror! we came across a stream with no bridge at all.

We had to strip and carry our machines across, and then went back and brought over our clothes. We then continued our walk (I think, however, we dressed first), and about half a mile further repeated our previous performance at another stream. In a little while we had the pleasure of wading still another. (I would advise any cyclist going up that way to bring along his swimming tights, as after the first performance it begins to get monotonous, dressing and undressing.) This last stream did not look so bad, so I started in to wade, and at the first step went up to my knees in mud, let alone the water on top of it. My wheel stuck fast in the mud, and it required our united strength to get it loose, which we finally managed to do, and carried it across the stream. We concluded to carry Walter's machine above our heads and save it from the mud, mine being a horrible looking object, with the mud almost solid between the spokes. After crossing this last stream the roads began to get better, that is, the mud was only a little ways above our ankles. After about a mile or so of such a road we beheld in front of us a solid road. You may judge of our delight, as I cannot express the joy that filled our breasts; hunger and everything else were thrown to the winds as we once more felt the solid earth gliding under our silent wheels. Oh, what a comfort it was, tired as we were from our long walk! We felt (at least I did) as if we could have ridden all night. We managed to reach Sacramento by 3 P.M., completely used up.

Whoever may chance to read this would do well to take my advice, and not follow out instructions from "a knowing small boy."

Every one stared at us in our muddy clothes, and on such looking machines (they were nickel-plated when we started on the journey).

We had some friends at Sacramento, where we immediately repaired, and, after a bath and exchange of clothing, were somewhat conciliated with our hard luck, Walter declaring that it was a huge joke and we had better not give it away to the boys. I think we had what is called a cyclist's appetite that evening, having had nothing since morning except the milk at "the bad boy's" house.

After supper we gave our machines a bath with the garden hose and put quite a new aspect on them, and after oiling we thought they would see us through another day. Our day's travel, including swimming, walking, mud-wading, and, least of all, riding, was cyclomatically 26.5 miles.

Next morning we felt refreshed and started on our way to Stockton at 7.25 A.M. Being advised to take the lower road (lots of advisers) we did so, and found it very good for a short distance, when it became horrible—ruts as deep as our little wheels, so we concluded to do some more walking.

Walter tried to ride and did some very fantastic dismounts, scoring eight headers since the beginning of our trip (I kept an accurate tally). His machine, however, did not suffer, except by bending the handles and pedals, and an injury to one crank, which necessitated shortening both.

We met several friends along the road who gave us some "small boy's" advice about cutting across the fields to the upper road; but we had had a little experience on that subject, and now sought to be wise. We kept straight ahead, and told all we met who wanted to give advice to go to the devil—that we knew where we were going.

We strayed off on some by-path, losing about 2 miles, but otherwise we had a very pleasant walk-ride to Elk Grove, distant 18.8 miles from Sacramento, where we arrived at 11.50 A.M., and stopped for dinner.

We left Elk Grove at 1.50 P.M., and reached Galt at 3.20 P.M., distant 12.7 miles, the road being in good shape. After 10 minutes' rest we started for Woodbridge, which we made at 4.20, distance, 7.8 miles. After a few moments' rest we started for Stockton. The roads were good for about 5 miles, when they became very poor. We made Stockton at 6.35 P.M., distant 15.4 miles, total day's ride being 54 7 miles.

Stockton is the point from which to take the road to the Yosemite Valley. We went around by Sacramento more to visit friends along the road out at that place than to include it in the route to Yosemite.

We spent one day in Stockton repairing our machines and visiting friends, and early next morning were ready for our ride to the Yosemite.

We found the road to Farmington, our first stopping place, very good. Farmington is distant 17.4 miles from Stockton; we arrived at 10.15 A.M. We pushed on to Knight's Ferry, distant 20.4 miles, where we arrived at 2.55 P.M., the roads being very fair. Bicycles were a rare mystery here, and the town "turned out" to gaze at us. Walter said he wished his knickerbockers were a little mite longer, as some of the fairer sex cast sidelong glances at his manly nether extremities. However, we stood the test manfully, "and still they gazed, and still their wonder grew, that two small boys could ride on such machines."

We were terribly thirsty after the ordeal was gone through, and we sat down on the sidewalk (?) and a man brought us out a pitcher of water (!) and a glass, and we refreshed ourselves.

We made Cloudman's, or John Curtain's, at 6.30, where we stopped for the night. In the evening we sat beside one of those old-fashioned fire-places, and it so reminded us of home and all we had left behind, that as soon as the snake stories were finished, we wrote letters home to let them know what a good (?) time we were having, and wishing they were along to enjoy the fun.

They told terrible snake stories, but when we gave, as our actual experience, the story of our tire coming off going down a mountain grade, and its being replaced by a "rattler" lying in the road, they were thunderstruck, and swore we had the best of them.

We started early next morning, at 7.10, for Chinese Camp, distant about 8.3 miles; the air being rather chilly, as we were "getting up in the world," we started out at a good pace, but rough roads and tough hill-climbing makes slow progress. We arrived at 10.20 A.M., and found the place, much to our surprise, inhabited by white people; but it is a very dirty looking place, and

can't boast of more than one painted house. We didn't stay long, as we had a good deal of work before us to reach Priest's, our next resting place, distant 13.4 miles, which we did at 4.55. It is all up-hill from Chinese Camp—one hill in particular is a terror—it is 3.1 miles long by cyclometer, and is almost perpendicular, being, of course, impossible to ride either up or down.

After a rest at Priest's we pushed on to Garata's or Groveland, 3.1 miles, where we arrived at 6.05, and stopped for the night; our day's travel being 25.8 miles.

You may judge of the roughness of the country by the slow time made between the various points, but the scenery made up for the work. Between Priest's and Groveland we had to cross the Tuolumne river three times, wading it twice, and the third time taking the ferry (fare 25c.) at Jacksonville.

On the road we had to pay toll, 50c. a head, which is exacted from every one, whether walking or riding. We had almost slipped by the toll-keeper; I was ahead and had got through all right, but when the dogs saw Walter they barked furiously (he must have cast one of his heavy stage glances at them), so there was nothing for it but to pay, as the roads were too rough and the dogs too large for a chase.

We met some miners on the road near Jacksonville, which is a mile or so this side of Groveland, who were civil enough to ask us to take a drink, but on being refused by us (the stuff was too strong to ride on) they kindly invited us in to dinner. We did not refuse. While at dinner it rained some, but not enough to amount to much.

We left Groveland at 6.30 A. M., and there being no place between there and Crocker's, distant 23.9 miles, we took our time, often stopping on the road to admire the grandeur of nature, for which this district is so celebrated.

We reached Crocker's at 3.40 P. M. Crocker's is a very nice place, being beautifully situated. Here a stranger is treated with all the civility he may require, and after such a rough ride as we had experienced we appreciated the attentions bestowed upon us to their full extent. The meals were the best we had had since leaving Stockton, and prices very reasonable for such an out of the way place.

Early in the morning it began snowing, (we were way up in the mountains it must be remembered,) and we had to wait till about 8.45 A. M. before starting, and after we had got fairly under way it began again, coming down quite heavily, so that we were obliged to seek refuge in a deserted log cabin by the roadside.

My cyclometer must have been affected by the cold, as it stopped working after leaving Crocker's. From Crocker's to Crane's Flat is 8 miles, and one mile beyond that is the summit.

After that is a descent of 14 miles into the valley. We couldn't ride much on account of the snow. It was very cold; we were almost frozen one time. Ice formed all over the machines, hanging on the spokes, and blocking the wheels so they couldn't move. We had to dig it away with our knives. After traveling some time in this sort of weather the roads became clearer, and we were enabled to ride. Suddenly in turning a bend in the road we came upon the valley. We knew it at a glance, and we recognized the various points of interest for which this famous valley is noted.

Nature seemed to have exerted herself to her utmost and concentrated all her charms in this one small valley. And after our long and arduous

journey, toiling over rough mountain roads and through fierce snow storms,—many a time risking our necks, and wishing we were safe home,—to come upon beautiful nature smiling so lovely at our feet we felt amply compensated,—we were, indeed, too full for utterance, and could do nothing but gaze in amazement.

After recovering our senses somewhat we continued our descent, having yet 4 miles of the steepest of roads before we reached the valley.

We soon came in sight of Bridal Veil Falls. It is one of the best known as well as most beautiful objects in the valley, and Walter and I could not refrain from giving a lusty cheer, and after exhausting our small vocabulary between us in delightful expressions, we remained in a silent ecstasy till Walter broke in upon my poetical thoughts by, "Say, Ern, if you're going to look at that ditch over there all night we'll never get in the valley—I'm hungry."

I cast a withering look at one who could talk in such a strain before such a picture; but the last word had its effect, and I simply said, "lead on."

We had to make good use of our brakes in our descent from the Summit, and they were actually half worn away when we arrived home.

We were just about congratulating ourselves on reaching the valley when Walter's machine fell under him with a broken backbone and threw us into despair, as we thought it hardly possible that there was a blacksmith in the valley. We took turns carrying the machine, and as luck would have it, ran right against a blacksmith shop.

Our entrance in the valley caused quite a ripple of astonishment, and we were the heroes of the hour. We registered at the Barnard House, where they put on heaps of style, too much in fact—rather hard on a bicyclist's appetite.

Next morning we visited Mirror lake, the gem of the valley, and saw the beautiful reflections of ourselves and the surrounding country. Neither the glowing harmony of Byron, nor the exquisite pencil of Raphael, could have adequately delineated the incomparable splendor of that radiant scene.

As the sun rose over the surrounding cliffs, that beautiful poem flashed across my mind:—

" Soon did the portals of the East unclose,
Then all the waterfalls and mountain floods
Shouted with joy, and up the mountains rose
A solemn anthem from the bowing woods,
And morning's misty curtains rolled away;
The clouds in their superb apparel shone
As o'er the mountain tops the Lord of Day
Rose like a gorgeous monarch from his throne,
And shed fulgence on the lake below."

You may imagine the beauty of the scene when it makes a cyclist verge on the poetical.

After lingering around Mirror lake a short time we scaled the Glacier point (which was covered with snow), whence we could see the Vernal and Nevada Falls and almost the entire valley, and we felt somewhat like a traveler preceding us, who exclaimed, "My God! Self-convicted as a spendthrift in words, the only terms applicable to this spot I have wasted on minor scenes."

When we returned to the valley we found our blacksmith had completed his job, and seemed very proud of it, charging \$5. It was a very clumsy piece of work, and I told him I was afraid it would not stand; it was the best we could get, however, and we had to be satisfied.

I had the honor of inscribing my name in the same autograph album that Generals Grant and Hayes and various other men of note, besides myself, had placed theirs.

Our total ride to the valley was 251.9 miles; the distance from Stockton is but 118.9 miles.

We left the valley Tuesday, April 21, at 6.50 A. M., and made Crocker's at 3.30 P. M. I find the distance by cyclometer, which thawed out in the valley, to be 23 miles.

As Walter's machine seemed to be giving way at the place where it had been fixed, we concluded to remain here for the night.

We left early next morning, expecting to make Chinese Camp that night, and would have done so if the tire of Walter's little wheel had not stripped off when within 6 miles of Groveland. We tied it up with strings, and at Groveland cemented it firmly with candles. We concluded to remain here for the night, and was up betimes in the morning and on our way, but had not proceeded far before Walter began to vary the monotony by headers; in one of these he bent his handle-bar, and in attempting to straighten it we broke it in half. We walked to Priest's, where we spliced on a jury handle-bar with a piece of timber and rope. It did very well, but as he couldn't use the brake we had to walk down the hills.

I took one header by running into a soft spot, but lighted on my feet and caught the machine before it touched the ground. We made Chinese Camp at 1 P. M., and Curtain's at 3.36, where we had some milk, and then pressed on to Knight's Ferry, arriving at 5.45 P. M., where we stopped for the night. After a good wash-up and oiling (of the wheels) we felt refreshed, and no doubt the wheels did too. We sat on the front porch a while and listened to coyote stories from different inventive geniuses until they got too strong for us, when we retired.

We got an early start next morning at 6 A. M., and had gotten about a mile out of town (?) when, as I was pushing up a hill, I pushed a pedal off. I pushed on with one pedal about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, and when coasting down a hill I snapped off my right handle-bar. Seeing that things were beginning to get kind of one-sided, I dismounted and put on a wooden handle.

We then pushed on 5 miles further (I with my one pedal) till we arrived at a farm-house where we had dinner coming up. Here I secured (besides our usual allowance of milk) a carriage-bolt, which I fastened in the crank for a pedal, and so we rode to Farmington. Walter discovered that his backbone was going to cave soon, so he took the train from Farmington to Stockton. I exchanged one of his pedals for the carriage-bolt and wheeled to Stockton.

I had gotten about a mile when my head became tight, not from the milk, but from want of oil (I refer to the head of the machine), and as Walter had all the oil with him I was obliged to dismount at a farm-house, where I also got a piece of pie and a glass of water (the water was good) and secured some oil.

I arrived at Stockton at 2 P. M., and having met Walter we took the train home. So ended our trip; one which I shall long remember, and hope soon to repeat, though not *via* the "small boy Sacramento route."

The entire distance we traversed on wheel was 369.1 miles, and occupied just two weeks.

ERNEST RIDEOUT.

The *L. A. W. Bulletin* and SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE'S combined circulation is larger than *all* of the other cycling publications in the United States combined.

WILLIAMSPORT TO ITHACA

THE JOURNEY FROM RALSTON TO ITHACA,
PASSING THROUGH CANTON, TOWANDA, AND
SAYRE—WHAT WAS SEEN ON THE WAY.

During the short time we stop at Ralston, we notice a very large tannery surrounded by recently constructed tenement houses. Ralston is an old and well-known summer resort, and is much frequented during the season. It has well-kept hotels, and affords many accommodations to visitors. McIntyre station is one mile above, but the town of McIntyre is situated on a high elevation, a mile away, and was formerly a mining town of 1,000 inhabitants, composed of Scotch and Irish. There are a few substantial buildings, but it consists mainly of shanties. There are several well-arranged streets, which were generally filled with scores of friendly dogs, and children of all ages, but composed of one class. Owing to the supply of coal becoming exhausted, the town was deserted and the mines abandoned. The engines, machinery, mining implements, and everything of value, have been removed elsewhere. The road, four miles to Roaring Branch, is very good. There are one or two bicycles at this place, fine accommodations, etc. We arrive next at Carpenter, over five miles of excellent riding. There is a wheelman at this place, a good fellow, a courteous member of the L. A. W. Passing on to Grover, a distance of three miles, we now realize that we could do speedy justice to a good dinner without very much urging, so we telegraph to the Canton House for dinner for two half-starved wheelmen. We are now working with one object in view—namely, dinner, soon arriving at Canton, a distance of forty miles from the start, at 12 o'clock, in splendid condition, but very hungry. After being refreshed with a cold water sponging, and enjoying a short stroll, upon our return to the hotel we start with alacrity at the first sound of the bell. Once seated within the dining-hall, three tired waiters are kept actively employed for a half hour, supplying us with a full repetition of each course, which, it is needless to say, would promptly disappear when within our reach. After strenuous efforts this corps of able-bodied waiters finally succeed in satisfying our demands for the inner man. With contentment plainly depicted upon our faces, we repair to the parlors, where a delegation of wheelmen are in waiting to receive us. After a hearty and informal introduction the party indulge in a short ride around town, which has fine streets, many elegant residences, and several thousand inhabitants. Canton has a large trade from the agricultural districts, and derives its main support from this source. Now, turning in the direction of our destination, being accompanied by our newly-made friends for the first five miles, upon arriving at the top of a high hill there is a distinct view of the country for several miles ahead. There is an exchange of compliments; farewells are spoken; we separate from our friends, going in opposite directions. They return to their homes, and we ride over twenty-six miles of the best roads imaginable, through a rich farming district. These farms differ greatly from any we have passed during the day. The houses are large and well finished; the barns are commodious and nicely painted; the fences are all of the improved kinds; and, in fact, the very horses seem to work willingly and the men cheerfully. There is a general air of prosperity, comfort, and order that is really refreshing to the ordinary ob-

server. The stock are well fed, and do not impress one as if they were out wistfully looking for a square meal. For a wonder there is no railroad for twenty miles, but there is a well-established stage route, making daily trips, conveying mail, freight, and passengers. A stream called Towanda creek flows through the land. There are no mountains in sight; it is an open valley, with no woods, and few hills. At intervals we pass by villages composed of houses painted white, with green blinds presenting a cosy appearance. A place called West Franklin affords excellent accommodations for lodgings and well-served meals, thirteen miles, or half way between Canton and Towanda. Another pleasant feature is that nearly every house has a well of water at its front. There is a cup placed for the convenience of travelers. This act plainly shows the kind hospitality of the people.

Towanda can be seen in the distance—passing the interval. Drawing near the suburbs, and running down Main street to the central part of the town, we dismount at the Ward Hotel, opposite the Court House. We are given a hearty welcome by the genial proprietor, and receive considerable attention when it becomes known that we rode from Williamsport since morning on our bicycles, covering a total of seventy miles from 6 A. M to 6 P. M. without accident. After partaking of the evening meal with much gusto, we were interviewed by gentlemanly representatives of the local press, to whom we briefly related some items of interest, mentioning a few ludicrous incidents of the day. Towanda is the county seat of Bradford county, Pa. Court being in session, there was great excitement and interest felt in a case of a man on trial for murder, which was committed during a drunken brawl in a saloon at Sayre, seventeen miles away. During court proceedings the town is usually crowded with people from a distance. It has about 5,000 inhabitants, and possesses much wealth. It presently occurs to us that friends and relations reside here whom we can agreeably surprise by an unexpected call. The evening is well spent with old acquaintances in a very sociable and enjoyable manner, recalling many pleasant reminiscences, discussing the present, and speculating as to the future. Accepting a pressing invitation to remain all night, at a late hour we retire to our couch to dream of road races—bicycle *vs.* horse, in which the athletic cyclist easily defeats the noble horse; of coasting down the mountain side, passing picturesque rocks, water trickling from their crevices, forming rills by the wayside, supplying rustic water-troughs in some shady nook, by green mossy banks, whose velvet-like covering is suggestive of ease to the weary passer-by; through clearing, dotted with many hues of beautiful and fragrant flowers, where May-apples abound in profusion, undisturbed by human hand. Coasting on down, this pleasant ride is suddenly disturbed by the fierce growling of a huge dog crouching at the feet of the most beautiful vision of rare loveliness ever created. This fair being is standing in graceful wonderment, with bare and dainty feet, her large, startled blue eyes gazing inquiringly, with purity and innocence plainly depicted in their depths; she holds a water-pail in one hand, the other slightly upraised to quiet the monstrous, savage brute. The sweet lass came for water drawn from the cool, deep spring, her faithful companion promptly giving the alarm upon our approach. With enraptured gaze and fast-throbbing hearts we hasten to apologize for causing the least alarm. A bewitching smile overspreads her handsome, child-like face as she is about to reply, when there is a loud and prolonged rattle from the alarm clock at the head of our bed, and we are awakened to a sense of reality, although not so pleasant as the unreal, yet full of prospective pleasure to our unburdened minds.

After a substantial breakfast and an early start we leave Towanda, following the Lehigh Valley Railroad *via* Ulster, which is six miles over hills, but hard roads—no sand—with the river in sight. We pass through to Athens, a nice village, with one long, well-kept street. Here are large furniture factories, which make this an industrious little place. Two miles more, and we arrive at Sayre. Here are massive brick car-shops and locomotive works covering many acres, making a vast and valuable property belonging to the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. Hundreds of expert workmen find steady employment within these walls. There are separate buildings for each specialty. The machine shops are very instructive to the visitor, and the great hidden power which propels so much intricate machinery throughout the vast structure is indeed wonderful. The wood-working department is very complete, and is run systematically in all its branches. The blacksmith shops are well supplied with improved machinery. An immense hammer driven by steam strikes a several ton blow, and quickly reduces a large bar of iron to the desired dimensions, while the blow furnaces are perfection in their workings, heating in a short time great bars of iron to a white heat; also the steam-fitting and boiler works do not escape without interest, while the immense round-house, where locomotives are in all stages of repair and completion, is decidedly interesting. The paint shops afford quite a study. Here skilled artists decorate handsome and well-constructed locomotives. Stepping into the engine rooms, where the large and powerful engines concentrate their united strength to put in motion the vast machinery, is deeply impressive and very suggestive of the depth of man's ingenuity.

Sayre is a comparatively new town, pleasantly located in a broad, level valley midway between Athens, Pa., and Waverly, N. Y. It is the desire of those living in the three towns to extend out and eventually unite the whole, forming a large city. Herdic coaches run during the day four miles from Waverly *via* Sayre to Athens.

Resuming our journey, we pass through East Waverly, and follow the Geneva, Ithaca & Sayre Railroad *via* Lockwood, Van Ettenville, Spencer, Newfield, and Ithaca, a distance of thirty-seven miles, through a narrow, well-cultivated valley. The first half of the way is a gradual but continuous up-grade, the balance of the trip being down grade.

The scenery improves as we approach Ithaca. The entire route is accessible to bicycles. While within a mile or two of Ithaca, we hugely enjoy a road-race with a team of well managed but high-spirited horses, which are speedily left in our rear. Upon our arrival at Ithaca we are kindly received by Capt. Howard and a few members of the Cornell University Bicycle Club. Capt. Howard has a record in that section as a fast rider. We remain with kind friends during our stay, and the following day we are invited to a steamboat excursion on Cayuga lake, which proves very refreshing, and full of pleasure. The party returns

by moonlight, and there is plenty of music, singing, and dancing until a late hour. Upon the succeeding day a small party of ladies and gentlemen visit the University and museum; also gain admittance to the famous Fisk mansion, which cost a mint of money—five hundred thousand dollars. The view from this mansion is rare and magnificent. The lake scene by moonlight is especially grand. Its former owner died, and the property has been in litigation for several years, and is at present in the hands of the courts. It would be difficult to describe the interior of this valuable structure, as there is such an exhaustive amount of rare and skilled workmanship displayed throughout; in fact, no part of its handsome furnishings have been slighted in the least. Nothing left undone that unlimited wealth could buy, but the saddest, the most bitter part of all, was the untimely death of its wealthy and generous-hearted owner, who died before the completion of what was to be her home. She was buried from its unfinished walls.

Ithaca is delightfully situated on Cayuga lake, N. Y., which is frequently the scene of closely contested boat races between expert oarsmen. Stately summer residences line the banks overlooking the lake. The town has 12,000 inhabitants, and ought to be incorporated into a city. The walks are nearly all of fine flag-stone. The drives are of the best kind, and richly shaded by well-grown trees.

In order not to weary, we will not give a further description, but at some future time will describe the roads in Lycoming county.

DR. H. L. MUNDY.

OHIO CORRESPONDENCE.

"What's the matter with the champion city's club?"

Again and again were the wheelmen who attended the Ohio division meet at Springfield, July 20 and 21, called upon to demonstrate their appreciation of Springfield's hospitality by responding to the above query with a mighty "They're all right."

Wheels were there all sizes and kinds, from the loftiest and gracefully proportioned 64 to the smallest and insignificant camel-back boneshaker. And riders! Here a greater diversity existed than in wheels; of them some

"Were in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

One couple that swaggered up the grandstand steps were clad in Knickerbockers that must have been dipped in the same dye-vat that ham sacks are colored in, stockings of a flaming red, these with a zebra convict-striped shirt, and rusty straw hat completed the ill-fitting dress of two as odd-looking and conceited characters as ever rode a wheel. Of course, the largest majority were uniformed in a manner that called forth only expressions of admiration and applause.

The first morning was devoted to the transaction of League business and election of officers, Mr. T. J. Kirkpatrick as chief consul occupying the chair. In pursuance with the changes in the L. A. W. by-laws Mr. Staley was elected to the combined office of secretary and treasurer. The date and place of holding the next meeting was placed in the hands of a committee of three, who are to decide and make known the time and place by January '86.

In the afternoon the first series of races took

place at the fair grounds. They were largely attended, especially by the country people, who were probably induced to come, from the unusual stir created by the large number of wheelmen touring from all directions into Springfield. In the evening the "Big Six" band discoursed sweet music at the Grand Opera House for the wheelmen's benefit.

Next morning witnessed an unsurpassed display of about two miles (double lines) of glittering, dazzling wheels, headed by a mounted orchestra. The necessarily slow pace, with the hot sun beaming full upon us, put us in excellent condition to properly enjoy an abundant lunch spread on the hill-side below Wittenberg College. Here then took place the eagerly looked-for hill-climbing contest. There were five entries and two prizes. W. H. Wetmore and Ward B. Perley were the victors in the order named. The ascent was about three hundred feet up a graveled walk leading to the college steps. Mr. Perley, who dismounted about ten feet in the rear of Wetmore, was going at an excellent rate of speed, which bid fair to carry him to the top, when his front wheel dropped into a rut and secured his defeat.

The following is a programme of the races:

FIRST DAY, JULY 20.

W. C. Connor,	<i>One-Mile Novice.</i>	Time, 3.20 3-4
H. G. Wagner,		" 3.25 4-5
K. A. Pardee,	<i>Five-Mile State Championship.</i>	Time, 19.00 3-4
W. C. Connor,		" 19.02
L. W. Wainwright,	<i>Two-Mile Race, 7.00 Class.</i>	Time, 6.44
C. Howland,		" 6.44 3-4
G. Webber,	<i>Half-Mile Dash, Open.</i>	Time, 1.29
K. A. Pardee,		" 1.29 4-5
A. J. Whittaker,	<i>Three-Mile Record.</i>	Time, 11.16
W. F. Knapp.		
Clarence Howland,	<i>One-Mile Tricycle.</i>	Time, 3.59 1-4
E. G. Barrett,		" 3.59 4-5
J. D. Pugh, Jr.,	<i>One-Mile Bicycle, Without Hands.</i>	Time, 3.24 1-4
W. H. Wetmore,		" 3.24 4-5

SECOND DAY, JULY 21.

Cleveland Club.	<i>Club Drill.</i>	
G. F. Snyder,	<i>One-Mile Bicycle, 3.20 Class.</i>	Time, 3.16 1-4
L. W. Wainwright,		" 3.18
Karl A. Pardee,	<i>One-Mile Bicycle, State Championship.</i>	Time, 3.18 1-2
E. F. Landy,		" 3.19
Clarence Howland,	<i>Half-Mile Tricycle.</i>	Time, 1.56 1-5
A. M. Crothers,		" 1.59 2-5
A. J. Whittaker,	<i>Five-Mile Bicycle, Record.</i>	Time, 18.14 1-4
G. F. Snyder.		
G. Webber,	<i>Half-Mile Bicycle, L. A. W. Championship.</i>	Time, 1.33 1-2
P. N. Myers,		" 1.37 4-5
K. A. Pardee,	<i>Two-Mile State Championship.</i>	Time, 8.08 4-5
W. F. Knapp,		" 8.09
S. P. Hollingsworth,	<i>One-Mile Bicycle, Consolation.</i>	Time, 3.29 4-5
G. Kepsay.		

SCRAPINGS FROM THE FELLOES.

Ex-Vice-President W. H. Miller was there.

Crumley's fancy riding was excelled only in gracefulness.

Captain Davis, from Indiana, was there with

his 236 avoirdupois. He was the heaviest man in the parade.

The Kenton Club, of Covington, Ky., was well represented, and made a handsome appearance in the parade.

Cincinnati's pride, Ned Landy, was not in the best condition for racing; nevertheless he captured a medal.

One of those inquisitive fellows counted the wheels, and then averaging their value at \$125, estimated the total sum at \$60,000.

Warner Galway, one of the fliers entered, must have made an error and brought his wrong baggage. He appeared on the track with a camera in place of his wheel.

P. N. Myers, of Covington, who holds the championship of the South for one-mile races without hands, suffered his first defeat at the hands of J. D. Pugh, of Cleveland.

The L. A. W. racing board officers should thoroughly investigate the charge of being paid amateurs, brought against Messrs. Whittaker and Webber. It was plainly visible either of these gentlemen were capable of winning any race in which they participated.

GEN. GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

Back on the bluffs of the murky Ohio, some twenty-eight miles from Cincinnati, I discovered the object of my search and tour. The railway had transported me from Batavia, Ohio, and from there my wheel carried me over very fair roads to Point Pleasant, about a twelve-mile spin. Wheeling into the town from the right, I found the old cabin wherein the idol of the American people, the savior of his country as Washington was its founder, Ulysses S. Grant, first saw the light of day. A plain, unpretentious, one-story 20 x 22 wood building, with a large, old-fashioned brick chimney on the outside, and the remnants of another still visible, there was nothing save the tender associations surrounding it, to claim a stranger's attention.

The house and vicinity are in just about the same state as when 63 years ago Grant was born. Through the kindness of the present owner, after making known my errand, I was taken into the room in which the immortal Grant breathed his first innocent breath. We entered by a door on which is still preserved a part of the old latch, a room 8 x 19, and was shown the exact spot where stood the bed. The inside of the house is unchanged, the upper floor dressed on the lower side being the only ceiling.

Bidding adieu to my host, who, by the way, informed me that he had received many tempting offers for the old homestead, one from the Union Club of Philadelphia, who propose to have it removed and located permanently in Fairmount Park, I returned to Batavia, thence to Bantam, where I sought out the venerable uncle of the dead hero, Samuel Simpson, brother to Hannah Grant, the general's mother, who proved to be a kindly, white-haired, yet well-preserved man for his age of 89 years, and much interesting information was gleaned from the old gentleman.

Another adieu, and I silently guided my wheel to the nearest railway station, where countless yards of black drapery and flags at half-mast mutely told the tale of woe and universal grief felt by the people here, who love to cherish the memory of Clermont County's noblest production.

WILHELM.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

Sale and Exchange.

We have opened a department of sale and exchange 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 newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The charge will be *one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order.* Initials and abbreviations count as words. Remember, it will only cost you 32 cents for 32 words, and such an announcement will be widely read by wheelmen.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in THE GAZETTE.

A LOT of new Suspension (\$3) hog-skin Saddles for sale at \$1.50 each. THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ABARGAIN!—Coventry Rotary Tandem, 1885 pattern, perfectly new, never having been ridden; ball pedals, Harrington's cradle springs, with all improvements; warranted; price \$210; original cost, \$239. THE ESSEX CYCLE WORKS, No. 69 Roseville Avenue, NEWARK, N. J.

AGREAT CLOSING-OUT SALE!—Entire stock, consisting of Standards, Experts, Stars, Unions, and English Bicycles, also Rudge Tandem and Victor Tricycles, at *positively slaughtered prices for cash only.* One 52-inch Columbia Light Roadster, good as new. Enclose stamp stating wants. NEW YORK BICYCLE AGENCY, P.O. Box 2434.

BICYCLING WORLD and THE GAZETTE for one year, price \$2. Address this office.

BARGAINS—60-inch Yale Racer; all nickel but wheels; ball bearings; \$65. 58-inch Yale Roadster; all nickel but wheels; ball bearings; \$65. 56-inch Yale Roadster; all nickel but wheels; ball bearings; \$65. Sociable Convertible Tricycle, \$125. 52-inch nickelized Expert, \$100. 50-inch Standard, \$50. A. W. GUMP, DAYTON, OHIO.

COLOMIA—52-inch Standard, all nickel excepting rims, good running order, vulcanite handles; machine perfectly sound; \$65 buys it. CASTLE BICYCLE AGENCY, CASTILE, N. Y.

ECLECTIC SHORT-HAND is briefer, easier written and read than any other system. Send for circular to E. W. HARVEY, SPARTA, WISCONSIN.

FOR SALE—48-inch new Ideal; \$55. ALBERT CHAPEN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 42-inch new Special Star. MARTIN BRECK, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—48-inch Ideal; good as new; \$50. C. W. WAGNER, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

FOR SALE—One 51-inch new Special Star. WILBUR WINANS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch new American Challenge; \$65. MARTIN BRECK, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 53-inch new K. finish Columbia Light Roadster. C. W. HUTCHINS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 52-inch new Rudge Light Roadster; taken in trade; \$125. C. W. HUTCHINS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch Harvard, painted black all over; good order; \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Kangaroo Bicycle, used only a very few times; \$100. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Some 40 pairs of second-hand pedals, price from \$1.50 to \$3. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—50-inch nickelized and enameled Spalding Light Roadster; cost new \$132.50; price \$115. JOSEPH RAFTER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Our entire stock of Bicycles, Tricycles, and sundries, at prices to suit. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—50-inch full-nickelized British Challenge, excellent order; price \$85. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch full-nickelized American Club; cost new \$152.50; price \$90. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—New Victor Tricycle, latest pattern; has never been run; \$140 cash will buy it if ordered at once. C. W. HUTCHINS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 38-inch nickelized and painted Ideal; fine order; new this season; \$25. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE CHEAP, as I have no use for them, one pair of good second-hand pedals, Hill & Tolman bell, Columbia hub lamp, and tool bag, all in good condition; will sell the lot for \$7.50. RALPH DAVIDSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Cheylesmore Tricycle, with ball bearings; cost new \$150; in good order; \$60. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 52-inch Special Harvard; nickelized and enameled; as good as new; \$100. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One Victor Tricycle; late pattern; used only a very little; just about as good as new; \$115; CHARLES WHIPPLE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch full-nickelized British Challenge; ball bearings to both wheels, and in excellent order; \$90. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Some twenty new and second-hand Children's Bicycles and Tricycles, at prices to suit. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One double English Tricycle, for two children from 7 to 11 to ride; cost new \$60; just about as good as new. C. B. WELLS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 48-inch full-nickelized Star Bicycle, in first-class order; has not been ridden over 25 miles; price \$100. Address A. H. E., P. O. Box 111, NORWALK, CT.

FOR SALE—One 54-inch Matchless Bicycle, nickelized and enameled, and in excellent order; price \$80. THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—A nice lot of second-hand Acme bicycle stands; expressed to any address on receipt of \$1.00. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—56-inch Harvard, full-nickelized except painted wheels; in fine order, and shows wear only a very little; \$80. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Expert, full-nickelized, with cow-horn handle-bar; new last season, and in fine order; \$100. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 56-inch full-nickelized Sanspareil, with dropped bar; must be sold at once; the best offer over \$70 will be accepted. GEO. W. HOWARD, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Royal Mail, with direct spokes, full-enamed; new last season, and in excellent order; a bargain; \$85. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—50-inch Royal Canadian Bicycle, ball bearings to large wheel, plain to rear; bright and painted; hollow forks; a bargain; \$45. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—48-inch standard Columbia; ball bearings; full nickelized except wheels, which are enameled; in fine order; \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch new American Star; full enameled; rocker pedals; tool bag and tools; must be sold at once; the best offer over \$70 will be accepted. HARRY WINANS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—51-inch American Star Bicycle, plain finish, Stall & Burt saddle, with tool bag and tools; in excellent order; price \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Sanspareil, wheels enameled, balance nickelized, dropped handle-bars; been run about 100 miles; in fine order; \$90. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR 35 CENTS in postage stamps THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., will respond to any address a pair of the Crescent Stocking Supporters, which are the best.

FOR SALE—One double English Tricycle, for two children from 7 to 11; cost new \$60, and is just about as good as new; \$30. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—A 54-inch full-nickelized British Challenge Bicycle, dropped handle-bars, Duryea saddle, and Overman ball pedals; in fine order; will sell for \$125. Address BOX 1096, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—53-inch Premier; wheels nickelized, balance enameled; dropped bars; ball bearings to both wheels, and pedals; in fine order; \$67.50. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—48-inch Standard Columbia, nickelized; cost new, last fall, \$117.50; run less than 10 miles; owner has no time to use it; \$75. For particulars, address J. F. CANON, WHITESTONE, LONG ISLAND.

FOR SALE—52-inch Yale Racer; cow-horn bars; enameled wheels, balance nickelized; cost new \$150; used only a very little; comparatively as good as new; \$110. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—NEW SUNDRIES.—Wilkinson Continuous Alarm, Star American Saddle, Hollow Vulcanite Handles, Second-hand Butcher Alarm, Crank American Saddle, Hub Lantern, etc. Any offer considered. Address E. O. WINTERROWD, FLAT ROCK, IND.

FOR SALE—One 52-inch Shadow; full nickelized except wheels, which are bronzed; ball bearings to both wheels, and cost new \$135; has been used only a very little; \$90. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—56-inch Rudge Light Roadster, 1885 pattern, enameled and nickelized, ball pedals, Buffer saddle; has not been ridden 50 miles; guaranteed perfect; cost \$150, price \$125. Address RUDGE, 152 Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.

FOR SALE—58-inch Royal Challenge, ball bearings, hollow fork, tool bag and tools, and bell; comparatively as good as new, having been run only about fifty miles; price \$80. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch Harvard; full enameled with Harrington's enamel; cradle spring; dropped bars; ball bearings to both wheels; Hancock tires, and in fine order; price \$80. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 51-inch full-nickelized (except felloes) Star, new this season; has only been used a little, and is in fine order; rocker pedals; Hill & Tolman tool-bag and tools; \$70. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch British Mail, full-nickelized except felloes, ball bearings to both wheels, dropped handle-bars, Hancock tires; been run about 25 miles; cost \$150 new; will sell for \$115 cash. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 54-inch American Star, full nickelized except felloes, power trap attachment, rocker pedals, Hill & Tolman bell; cost \$116; new, and has not been taken out of the crate; \$85 cash will buy it. FRANK LAGAN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Carver Tricycle; been run about 25 miles; good as new; cost new \$180; this machine has ball bearings throughout, and is made by one of the best English manufacturers; \$100 cash will buy it. CHARLES WHIPPLE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 54-inch Columbia Light Roadster, with dropped bar, enameled wheels, balance nickelized; cost new \$150; been used only a very little, and in excellent order; \$100 cash will buy it. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

GIVEN AWAY—Premiums for Subscribers. See our list and obtain some of the best Bicycling Sundries extant. Address this office.

KANGAROO BICYCLE FOR SALE—new this season and in good order; \$85. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

QUEEN NEW 54-INCH VICTOR BICYCLE FOR SALE. JOSEPH RAFTER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

QUEEN nickel Burley adjustable saddle, good pair of pedals, and Hill & Tolman bell; will sell all for \$6. FRANK LAGAN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

QUEEN 56-inch Harvard for sale, painted black, ball bearings to both wheels; in good order; \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

QUICK SALE.—Special Facile, 40-inch, enamel and nickel finish, ball bearings all over, cradle spring, tools, etc.; perfect condition, run few miles; cost \$130.50; price \$110 net, crated; a bargain. Owner purchased larger Facile. Address FACILE, care G. W. Wilkinson, 28 Pemberton Square, BOSTON, MASS.

SEND \$1 to the AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., and receive a box of those L. A. W. cards, which are the neatest card made. Send full directions.

SEND \$1 to the AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., and receive a pair of heavy all-wool bicycle hose, sizes 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 11; the blue and black are ribbed and the brown are plain.

STARS.—51-inch, all nickelized but rim, \$60. 54-inch, nickelized, including rim, rocker pedals, power traps, dropped bars, Z & S. step and tool bag, S. & B. saddle, in excellent order; cost \$145; price \$80. NEW YORK BICYCLE AGENCY, P. O. Box 2434.

THOSE thinking of purchasing bicycles will find it for their interest to write to the AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., and state what size and kind they require, and about what they want to pay.

VICTOR TRICYCLE, new last October, 1884 pattern, in excellent condition, with McDonnell cyclometer and bell, \$125. Offers considered. E. N. BRISTOL, No. 29 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

WANTED—54-inch Expert; must be in good condition; will not pay over \$50. Address BOX 94, NEW CASTLE, PA.

WRITE to the AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., for special prices of new Bicyclic sundries.

WANTED—A 50- or 52-inch Bicycle in exchange for a sail-boat (at Lake Mahopac). Address E. H. ABRAMS, CROTON FALLS, N. Y.

51-INCH American Star, nickelized except rim, very easy running, good condition; new last season; \$60. I want a 48-inch. R. S. ROYCE, JONESBORO, MASS.

54-INCH American Star, standard finish, rocker pedals, power traps, etc.; in perfect condition; price \$60. ESSEX BICYCLE WORKS, 69 Roseville Av., NEWARK, N.J.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

HENRY E. DUCKER, President.
SANFORD LAWTON Secretary.

Organized May 6, 1881.
Incorporated January 23, 1884.

W. H. JORDAN, Vice-President
CHARLES A. FISK, Treasurer.

FOURTH ANNUAL BICYCLE * TOURNAMENT ! OF THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.



HAMPDEN PARK,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER 8, 9, AND 10, 1885.

LIST OF RACES.

FIRST DAY—Tuesday, September 8.

- 1—One-mile Professional Bicycle Handicap Race.
- 2—Ten-mile Amateur Bicycle Race; Championship of the United States.
- 3—One-mile Amateur Tricycle Race.
- 4—Three-mile Amateur Tricycle Tandem Race.
- 5—Five-mile Professional Safety Bicycle Race; wheels not over 40 inches.
- 6—Half-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Open.
- 7—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, 3.10 Class.
- 8—Three-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Open.
- 9—Three-mile Professional Bicycle Record Race.
- 10—Five-mile Amateur Bicycle Record Race.

SECOND DAY—Wednesday, September 9.

- 1—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Open.
- 2—One-mile Professional Bicycle Race; Sweepstakes Championship of the World.
- 3—Three-mile Amateur Safety Bicycle Race; wheels not over 40 inches.
- 4—Half-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, 1.30 Class.
- 5—Three-mile Amateur Bicycle Record Race.
- 6—Ten-mile Professional Bicycle Race, Open.
- 7—Five-mile Amateur Tricycle Record Race.
- 8—One-mile Amateur Tricycle Tandem Race.
- 9—Five-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, 16.00 Class.
- 10—Three-mile Amateur Bicycle Handicap Race.

THIRD DAY—Thursday, September 10.

- 1—One-mile Professional Safety Bicycle Race; wheels not over 40 inches.
- 2—Ten-mile Amateur Bicycle Record Race.
- 3—Five-mile Amateur Tandem Tricycle Race.
- 4—Three-mile Professional Bicycle Race, Open.
- 5—One-mile Amateur Safety Bicycle Race; wheels not over 40 inches.
- 6—Three-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, 9.10 Class.
- 7—Three-mile Amateur Tricycle Record Race.
- 8—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Handicap Race.
- 9—Five-mile Professional Bicycle Handicap Race.
- 10—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Consolation Race.

ENTRANCE FEES.

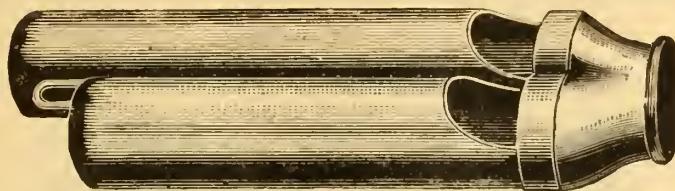
AMATEURS—All $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile and 1-mile events, \$1 each event; 2-mile events, \$2 each event; 3-mile and 5-mile events, \$3 each event; 10-mile events, \$5 each event. PROFESSIONALS—1-mile and 3-mile events, \$3 each event; 5-mile events, \$5 each event; 10-mile events, \$10 each event. All races must have at least three men to start, or the number of prizes will be reduced.

Entries Close September 2, 1885.

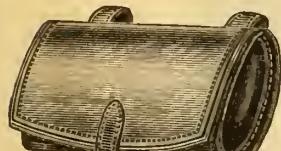
THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

THE BUFFALO DUPLEX WHISTLE.

With Bar
and
Chain.
Nickled.



Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of 75 cents.

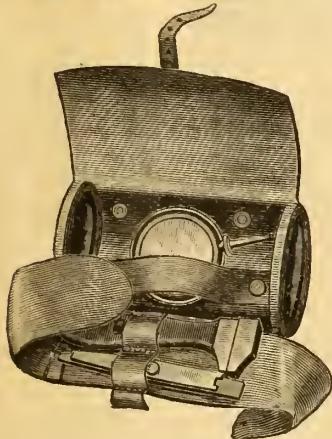


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SMALLEST, NEATEST, HANDIEST.

Hand-Made. Best Material. New Design. Malletum in Parchment. Tools Cannot Rattle.

Price, post-paid, \$2.00.



"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING."

"The most complete and shapely."—N. MALON BECKWITH, President of the L. A. W.

"It has the merits of neatness and capacity."—WILL. R. PITMAN, Captain Ixion Bicycle Club, New York.

"It is a little beauty, and the best work I have ever seen."—C. H. POTTER, R. C., C. T. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

"The neatest and most convenient Bag ever made."—J. W. VIVIAN, Captain Charlestown (Mass.) Bicycle Club.

"I consider it quite an improvement on the Handy Tool Bag."—W. H. MILLER, President Buckeye Bicycle Club, Columbus, Ohio.

"I had discarded Tool Bags on account of the inconvenience and bother. I shall use your Bag, as it is so easy of access and neat in appearance."—W. G. E. PIERCE, Captain Chicago Bicycle Club.

BULL & BOWEN,

(Successors to BULL & HAYNES,) DEALERS IN BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES,

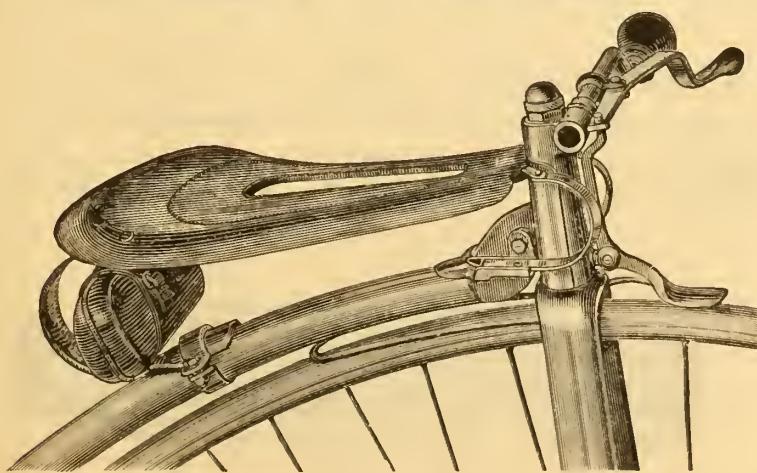
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REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Western New York Agency for THE RUDGE.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE PERFECT HYGIENIC BICYCLE SADDLE.

NOW READY FOR THE MARKET.



PATENTED MARCH 17, 1885.

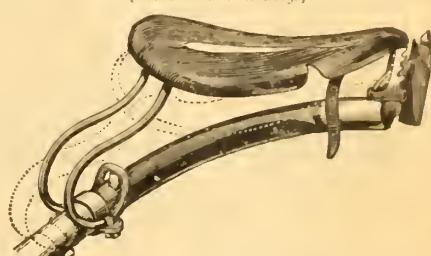
No metal frame or tree. Springs at both ends completely compensating all jar and jolt. No pressure on perineum and no danger from bicycle riding with this Saddle. Only perfectly hygienic Saddle made. Thoroughly tested last season and fully perfected. Finest material ever used in a bicycle accessory. Furnished only in full nickel. Retail price \$6.00. Liberal discount to the trade. Orders filled promptly. Send for descriptive circular. Manufactured by

T. J. KIRKPATRICK, Springfield, Ohio.

THE LILLIBRIDGE
BIFURCATED AND UNIVERSALLY ADJUSTABLE

❖ SADDLE ❖

[IMPROVED FOR 1885.]



Is adjustable in height, width, and tension. Is bifurcated to remove pressure from the perineum and allow adjustment in width. Positively the easiest and most perfect Saddle ever made. Removes all vibration and jolting.

"It is what I have been looking for these half dozen years."—C. A. HAZLETT, Portsmouth, N. H.

"To try your Saddle is to buy one." "They sell like hot cakes."—NEW HAVEN (CT.) BICYCLE AGENCY, per Tyler.

"I would not take \$50 for mine if I could not get another."—T. S. RUST, Meriden, Ct.

Price: Nickled, \$5.00; Japanned, \$4.00.



THE NEW SAFETY BAR

Is greatly improved, simplified, and strengthened. The lock cannot be damaged by accident, nor will the bar work off when left out of adjustment.

Price, Nickled, with Brake and Lever, \$10.00.

Ask your dealer or send for circulars.

FREEMAN LILLIBRIDGE, Rockford, Ill.

L. A. W. BADGES.

For Gold Badges of the Official Design,
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C. H. LAMSON,
201 Middle Street, Portland, Maine,

THE SOLE AUTHORIZED MAKER.

Send for Circular.

Pat. Sept. 13, 1881.



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Comfortable, strong, neat, durable. Try a pair and you cannot use any other. Only \$4.00. Send regular measures.

R. A. PUNNICKY,
98 West Avenue, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



* BICYCLES-EASY PAYMENTS *

Bicycles \$8 to \$160, Tricycles \$7.50, Velocipedes \$3 and upwards. Columbia, Victor, Facile, American Challenge, Otto, and other Bicycles sold on the installment plan without extra charge except for interest. Send for large, new, Illustrated Catalogue of Wheel Goods, including many novelties in sundries and implements of our installation plan,—of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Many in the Atlantic States are finding it to their interest to deal with us. Freight equalized. Second-hand wheels handled. GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 7 G Street, Peoria, Ill.

* NOVELTIES IN SUNDRIES *

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

GRAND
BICYCLE TOURNAMENT!

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Providence Bicycle Club,

—AT—

Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

—ON—

Tuesday, September 22, 1885.

RACES CALLED AT 2:30 O'CLOCK.

Prizes Aggregating \$500.00 Will Be Given.

PROGRAMME OF RACES.

- 1—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Open.
- 2—Two-mile Amateur Tricycle Race, Open.
- 3—Half-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, for boys under 14 years of age.
- 4—Three-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Open.
The party winning the most laps in this race is entitled to a prize, as well as the winner of the race.
- 5—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Championship of Rhode Island.
- 6—Two-mile Professional Bicycle Race, Open; \$50 to first, \$35 to second, \$15 to third.
- 7—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, College Championship of New England.
- 8—Half-mile Amateur Tricycle Race, Open.
- 9—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Championship of the Providence Bicycle Club.
- 10—Half-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Without Hands, Open.
- 11—One-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, for Star Machines only.
- 12—One-mile Amateur Consolation Race.

ENTRANCE FEE, \$1.00, except in Boys' Race, which is 50 cents.

ENTRIES CLOSE Saturday, September 12, 1885.

No race unless two or more start. Races under the L. A. W. Rules.

All communications should be addressed to

GEO. R. McAUSLAN, Sec.

P. O. Box 1046. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Gilmore's Opera House and Hotel Gilmore



This Hotel is situated in the business center, DIRECTLY OPPOSITE BICYCLE CLUB ROOMS, has One Hundred and Fifty Large, Airy Rooms, heated by steam and supplied with running water, and has an annex fronting on Court Square specially adapted for families and permanent boarders.

TERMS, \$2.00 PER DAY

D. O. GILMORE, Proprietor. FRANK PAYNE, Manager.

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REPAIRS! * REPAIRS!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. CHARGES LOW. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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DUPLEX WHISTLE, WITH CHAIN.

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VALUABLE * PREMIUMS. *

The Premiums named below will be given to any one sending us the required number of subscribers at 50 cents each for one year.

Value of Premium. Number of Subscribers.

VEST-POCKET PISTOL,	\$1.00	4
THE PERFECTION HEATER,	1.00	4
THE BUFFALO TOOL BAG,	2.00	8
BUTCHER AUTOMATIC BICYCLE ALARM,	2.00	8
GEM PISTOL,	2.00	9
SINGLE-SHOT PISTOL,	2.50	11
THE PERFECTION BELL,	3.00	12
WATERBURY WATCH,	3.50	12
AMERICAN SADDLE,	4.00	15
PERFECT HYGIENIC SADDLE,	6.00	20
BULL & HAYNES' LONG-DISTANCE SADDLE,	4.00	22
THE SPALDING CYCLOMETER,	5.00	24
8-Inch Barrel OLD MODEL RIFLE,	10.00	27
10-Inch Barrel BICYCLE RIFLE,	10.00	42
BUTCHER CYCLOMETER,	12.25	47
12-Inch Barrel BICYCLE RIFLE,	13.25	49
15-Inch Barrel BICYCLE RIFLE,	15.00	59
18-Inch Barrel BICYCLE RIFLE,	16.50	67

The Rifles offered above are manufactured by J. STEVENS & CO., and for excellent workmanship and accuracy in shooting cannot be excelled.

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Remember, THE GAZETTE is now in its third year, with an established reputation, a circulation larger than any other cycling paper published, and acknowledged by the press and public to be the par excellence of wheel publications.

Bicycle Clubs, you can secure for your members a copy of THE GAZETTE for JUST 2 1-2 CENTS PER MONTH! Think of it! How do we do it? Send in the names of each and every club member, and the rate is only 30 cents per year.

ONLY 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

THEY SAY

VICTOR CYCLES WIN!

The facts on which these rumors are based are:

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ONE-FOURTH MILE,	38 SEC.	GEO. M. HENDEE.
ONE-HALF MILE,	1 MIN. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ SEC.	GEO. M. HENDEE.
THREE-FOURTHS MILE,	1 MIN. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ SEC.	GEO. M. HENDEE.

ON THE ROAD

FIFTY MILES,	3 HRS. 44 MIN.	W. A. RHODES.
ONE HUNDRED MILES,	8 HRS. 28 MIN.	COLA E. STONE.

There must be something in it.

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