

THE Bicycling World

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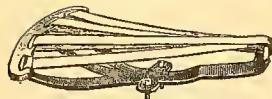
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A 50-INCH "Standard Columbia," in good order, with lamp, bell, etc., for sale at a bargain. Address "Standard," at this office.

CURRENT CALAMO

OUR "Horse Accidents" are too much for us this week.

The Atlantic City (N. J.) Review says: "Bicycles frighten very few horses here."

Two riders on one bicycle have been attracting attention in the streets of Chelsea, Mass., lately.

LOUISVILLE riders give their machines pet names, the latest, Mr. Dunnake, christening his "Minnie."

We learn from the *New York Times* that "a letter carrier in Cambridge, Mass., makes his rounds on a bicycle."

A STATE bicycle tournament will not be held at Albany 10 August; it is an advertising hoax.

AFTER the report of the referee in the Central Park test case, we shall expect *Puck's* artist to reproduce "The Judgment of Paris."

Two bicyclists in Newport lately had a collision, in broad daylight, in an open street. It smashed the vehicle of one and the ribs of the other.

Two Newburyport wheelmen intend to start from that city, 27 August, for Boston, via Salisbury Beach, Haverhill, Lawrence, Salem, Chelsea. They will return by a more easterly route, the whole distance laid out being 122 miles.

AND now bicyclers in New York are requested to refuse to pay any charge for transportation of their machines when riding on the Central Railroad, and if charge is persisted in, to take the number of the conductor or baggage master, and forward the same to Mr. Dawson Underhill, New street, New York City.

AFTER sitting seventy-two minutes looking at the ceiling, with his pen over his ear, and his hands behind his head, the other day, our Busy Man abstractedly asked if "Marblehead bicyclers ever took marble-heads?" and then became normal, and put two and a half hours' good work into the next hour, and thereby earned our forgiveness.

PERSONAL

EX-CAPTAIN H. S. MANN, of the Boston, has returned to his bicycling with newly awakened enthusiasm.

W. M. BAKER, JR., of Boston, bicycled from this city to Newburyport, 27 July, between the hours of 6 A. M. and 10 A. M.

BRO. REVELS, the wide-awake bicycling editor of the *New York Sunday Courier*, was in town this week and gave us a pleasant call.

JOHN BOLTON and F. W. SHERBURNE, of Barre, Vt., have been wheeling from that place to Albany, and intend taking Boston in their circuit before returning home.

E. F. BRADFORD and JOHN F. LOW, of the Chelsea Bicycle Club, started 29 July, via Portland steamer, for a wheel tour through West Maine and the White Mountain regions.

EX-CAPTAIN H. S. MANN is now on his famous cutter yacht "Enterprise," Rear-Commodore P. Abody, commanding, on the Newport coast. Capt. Main should remember that he now has a splendid opportunity for missionary work, and that commodores who can ride so gracefully and don't ride ought to be made to ride.

MR FRANK W. WESTON is substituting for the proposed English tour a well-earned vacation on board his schooner yacht "Mist." The first visiting wheelman who does not find the latch string hanging over the taffrail should report the fact at this office; always remember that

"The night is uncertain, — and the morn perhaps, — When a Mist settles down in the harbor."

We called at the Massachusetts General Hospital, corner of Blossom and Allen streets, Boston, last week, and saw Mr. Fred N. Bosson, of the Massachusetts and Chelsea Bicycle Clubs, who, it will be remembered, we recently recorded as having broken his hip by a fall from a bicycle, at Ipswich. Mr. Bosson is convalescing as rapidly and comfortably as can be expected, and is in the best of spirits. He protests that his accident was not a result of reckless riding; that he had run the hill safely, and was on level road when he met the three trotting horses; that they crowded him too near the gutter, and that his rear wheel must have tripped, and his legs being over the handle, he came down with full force and weight upon his feet. He extends an invitation to members of his clubs and other friends to visit him. He is in Ward B, room 6, and is permitted to receive callers daily, Sundays included, from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.

THE painful suicide of Fred. H. Browne, ex-captain of the Chicago Bicycle Club, and more recently sub-captain of the Milwaukee Bicycle Club, at Oconomowoc, last Tuesday, excites much regret from his many friends in Chicago and vicinity. He was a most genial fellow, and one would suppose him to be the last man to commit such an act. Mr. Browne was the pioneer bicyclist in Chicago, and was celebrated in this section of the country as the most graceful, elegant, and skilful rider. Considering his bright, cheerful disposition, connections, and many friends, his sad death is all the more shocking. STENO.

WE are just informed by the publishers that "Sturmey's Guide to Bicycling" is out of print, but that a new edition will be issued in a few months. A new edition of the "Indispensable Bicyclists' Handbook" has just appeared.

THE bicycle is harder to break than a two-year-old colt. The way to break it, though, is to get right on and ride; most anybody will help you up and call a doctor. — *Lowell Journal*.

CINCINNATI is the slowest city in the country to become "enthused" over bicycling. Other cities of its size number their riders by the hundreds, and do all they can to encourage the exercise; while here the riders, besides having the poorest streets and roads to overcome, are attacked on all sides by authorities who are too narrow-minded and prejudiced to see that bicycling has come to remain, and is certain to become as popular in this country as it is in England, where over 250,000 bicycles are in use, over 50,000 being owned in the city of London alone, where they are ridden by all classes of people in every branch of business. — *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

THE LONGEST DAY'S TRICYCLE RIDE ON RECORD. — Mr. W. T. Cunningham, of the Temple Bicycle Club, and Percy G. Hebblethwaite, of the Dewsbury Bicycle Club, left Wisbech on Friday morning, 8 July, for Barnet, where they had supper with Mr. Turner and Mr. Fox, respectively captain and secretary of the Stanley. Afterward they left for Hitchin via Biggleswade and Henlow, arriving there at 6.10 on the morning of the 9th. This made 139 miles in less than twenty-four hours. Hebblethwaite was mounted on the 6-inch "Omnicycle," on which he rode second in the T. A. Championship; Cunningham on a "D. H. F. Premier." This is record distance for a tricycle, the previous best being by Frank Allnutt, of Redhill, also on an "Omnicycle."

FINCHLEY TRICYCLE CLUB. — Four members and two lady tricyclists rode to Shenley on 13 July. The somewhat hilly journey was made by the whole party without a dismount, the ladies riding all the ascents, including Barnet Hill, in splendid style.



As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclists generally, and aims to be a clear, comprehensive, and impartial record of all bicycling events in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, business meetings, club meets, social events, personal items, inventions, varieties of manufacture, routes, and all information of interest or value to wheelmen. From foreign journals there are throughout the year selected such items and articles as are of interest in this country. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids, will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 5 AUGUST, 1881.

THE HORSE.

ALL the testimony given in the Central Park test case, 19 July, in relation to the effect produced on horses by the appearance of the bicycle, goes to show the urgent necessity of some law regulating the use of those animals in public thoroughfares. In the first place, no livery-stable keeper ought to let a spirited horse to a lady or a stranger, without adequate vouchers for the person's courage and competency in the management of the animal. Second, a severe penalty should be incurred by the owner or driver of any horse which has exhibited unmanageable fright at any harmless object on the highway, who again brings the animal upon the public thoroughfare. The average horse is a stupid beast, at best; and that quality, combined with his activity and wonderful strength, makes him especially dangerous under the guidance of a timid or unskilful driver. When frightened, he can only be governed by fear,—fear of his driver; and in nine cases out of ten the driver himself is too scared to quell the animal by the counter-fright. Another source of danger from even tractable horses lies in the recklessness of drivers. The New York *Herald*, of 26 July,

published a strong article in relation to this matter, showing that the hospital ambulances are kept in constant active service daily, bringing in the victims of careless and reckless driving alone; and in nearly all the cases the perpetrators of the crimes are teamsters and expressmen, and drivers of cars and other public conveyances.

The use of the horse in cities for business purposes, labor, expressing, and public conveyance, should have been abolished at the advent of steam locomotion. In this age of steam and electric invention, there is no longer any excuse for retaining the horse as a motor and force in practical business economy. Except for sport or pleasure, he is a nuisance. He keeps our streets in a filthy condition, producing an unwholesome stench in moist weather, and a poisonous dust in dry weather.

Maudlin sentimentality has too long paraded the beast as the "noblest" of the animal kingdom. Romance, as in the case of the "noble red man," has clothed him with mythical virtues and deluged the centuries with fables about his gratitude and intelligence; in the last he is below the camel and the elephant, and in both qualities the dog far surpasses him, as he does in courage. In short, the horse, like the hand fire-engine, has outlived his usefulness in the city, and like that once popular institution, should be relegated to the historical department of centennial parades.

The Golden Rule, Boston, contains an account of a lady in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., having been knocked down and seriously injured by some reckless bicyclist, with attendant circumstances very discreditable to the latter. The driveways in the park are not open to bicycles, but they are allowed on the foot-paths; which condition of things is just the reverse of what ought to be. If the circumstances of the accident as we have the account are correct, that wheelman, if a club man and League member, should be expelled from both organizations.

LITERARY and artistic bicyclists have now an opportunity to both distinguish and enrich themselves, as well as the community, by entering into the prize bicycle essay competition announced in our last issue. It is the intention of the Pope Manufacturing Company to

publish the prize article and sketches in some standard periodical, something in the style of President Pratt's "Wheel around the Hub," in *Scribner's* last year; the object being, of course, to enhance and spread the knowledge of and interest in bicycling in this country. From the fact that Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is on the board, we infer that articles in verse may be admitted to the competition.

EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

Boston to Lake George.

A REQUEST has been sent me to give through your columns a description of my trip to Lake George, with distances, condition of roads, and so forth. The ride was not taken with the idea of reaching my destination either by the shortest route or in the quickest time possible; it was my vacation, and my idea was to take it easy and enjoy the country, and to make plenty of stops at places of interest, so my running time would be of little interest even to any one intending to take the same journey. The start was made from Boston, on the morning of 7 July, the first day's run being to Providence, which was taken in a rather roundabout manner, making a distance of fifty miles. These roads are so well known that nothing need be said of them. The next day being rainy, a run was made to Cranston, four miles, between showers, and later on took the Plainfield turnpike, which was described as being the best route to Willimantic. But this road was never intended for bicycling: the sand was very deep, and this the rain had turned to a very bad quality of mud, and it was only for short distances that riding could be had in the by-paths or gutters. Twelve miles of this was quite sufficient, as the farther I went the worse it became, and hills were added to bad roads. Leaving the pike for the nearest railway station, Hope by name, three miles distant, I had a pleasant run, but found on arriving that there was no way to get from there to Willimantic, this being the terminus of a branch road; but that four miles farther on I could get a train at River Point, which woul'l leave in twenty-six minutes. The time was short for a strange country, but I decided to try for it. Up a flight of thirty stairs, and away at a ten-mile pace. Passed through the village of Phoenix, and saw a depot on a side street. Rushed up to the platform only to find another station on the branch road; River Point, three quarters of a mile farther. Another station came to view; up a steep hill and on to the platform just the minute the train was due. What was my indignation to find River Point a quarter of a mile away, and just then to hear my train whistle as it left the station. No one had told me of the intervening stations, so I felt that it was a cold day for me. Having some three

hours to wait, I went back to Phoenix, and telephoned with Mr. Howard, of the Providence Club, who lives here, and was informed that had I taken another road I might have ridden directly here in about two hours. This was consoling after the six hours I had spent getting here. Ran across Rev. L. A. Pope, who was making parish calls on his wheel, but who kindly stopped and took me across country by a good road to Centerville, where I took the late train, arriving in Willimantic at nine o'clock. Here Mr. Adams, the pioneer whelman of the place, met me at the depot, and next morning ran out with me ten miles to Hebron. The roads were hilly and sandy, and the morning very warm; we were three hours making the ten miles, walking nearly half the way. From Hebron to Middletown, twenty-two miles, was an interminable succession of hills, many of them half or three quarters of a mile in length, and seldom any riding distance, on top or in the valleys. Five of these hills were not only too steep to ride down, but so much so that I was unable to hold my machine back, with the additional weight of the multum, and I was obliged to invert the wheel, and with little wheel in the air, trundle it down hill à la wheelbarrow. The glimpses of the Connecticut Valley obtained from the tops of some of these hills were almost worth the day's hard work, and at six o'clock I reached Middletown Ferry, rather tired, but on the whole, rather glad of the experience of a day on the Connecticut hills. Crossing the ferry to Middletown, took a short rest for supper, and in the evening rode to Meriden, eight miles, where I was to spend Sunday with friends. Left Meriden 4 P. M., 10 July, and found good roads to Hartford, eighteen miles, where I spent the night, and owing to rains next day, remained till 4:30 P. M. Visited the Weed factory in company with Mr. Penfield, whose courtesy to me during my stay in Hartford shows the strong bond of sympathy the wheel carries with it, and which I found all through my trip was quite enough to take me, a total stranger, into the society of good fellows wherever I stopped.

From Hartford to Windsor, six miles, was made through a clayey mud, which might have made good riding on a dry day, but was far from agreeable after a rain. Here I passed the night at the only hotel, and which I cannot recommend; the fare was not fit for a dog. Tuesday found fair roads to Windsor Locks, six miles, and from here they improved all the way to West Springfield, fourteen miles, being ridable the whole distance. Had intended to dine at Springfield, but getting by mistake a mile by the bridge before finding my error, kept on to Holyoke, eight miles. Here the roads were level and hard, and were by far the best I had found since leaving the suburbs of Boston. My forenoon run of twenty-eight miles made me ready for the good dinner which I obtained at the Holyoke House, which I reached at

12 M. Mr. Clark, the pioneer of Holyoke, looked me up, having seen a strange whelman passing through, and offered to keep me company part way to Northampton. We left the hotel at 3:30, and after a run over the river to Hadley and return, and through the town of Holyoke, we started for the afternoon run. To Northampton, nine miles, found fair roads; two or three hills and some sand, but nearly all ridable. Mr. Clark referred me to Mr. Meekins, of Northampton, to give me the best road to Greenfield, which he kindly did. Mr. Meekins has ridden several years, but is just now without a wheel. Left Northampton 13 July, 8:45 A. M., taking the road through Hatfield, where I took some three miles of good sidewalk, meeting only two or three people,—the roads being too sandy to run in. From Hatfield to Deerfield found roads sandy most of the way; but by path riding, and running on the edge of potato and grain fields, managed to ride nearly the whole distance. At North Deerfield, seventeen miles from Northampton, stopped to dine with Mr. J. W. Champney, whom I found at work in his studio on a fine painting of Ophelia, intended for the coming Mechanics' Fair Exhibition. Three miles more of good roads brought me to Greenfield. My intention had been to run to Brattleboro', and then to strike west for Bennington; but at Northampton and Greenfield everybody advised me to go west from the latter place, instead of going farther north, which would be twenty miles out of my way, and would give me rougher roads. I was referred to Judge Aiken's sons, of Greenfield, as the riders of the place, who could give me the needed advice. One of the gentlemen I met, and he confirmed all I had heard. So through his advice I ran to Shelburne Falls, nine miles, and took train through the tunnel to North Adams. This went rather against my conscience, as I had intended riding the whole distance; but finding I should have to walk both up and down a distance of twelve or more miles without any riding, decided it was wise to save strength. Thursday, made a short day from North Adams to Bennington, eighteen miles. A good many hills on the last half, but groves and pleasant farms, enough to make even hill-walking agreeable. The hills, which before this I had found of hard quality, and ridable, although often very steep, became here very deceptive, and the first one I struck taught me a lesson. The upper part of this one looked inviting, and a passing farmer said it was an easy descent; so I put on brake and started, back-pedalling at the same time. But after an eighth of a mile of this, and having passed several "thank-yermarms," a sudden sweep of the road brought me to realize its quality. Going at a good pace I plunged into three inches of sand interspersed with round stones, which with the steepness of the hill and the abrupt curve made me lose control of my machine, and I took a violent header. No harm done, but a

slight bend in the rear fork, and the multum straps, which all broke away and left me with no way of fastening it on. As I walked along trying to invent some way of fastening it with nothing to work with, a carriage with two horses drove up in a most unexpected manner, we being some miles from any village. The ladies very kindly handed me the strings which tied their luncheon baskets up, and so put me on my feet again. One of the ladies remarked that she was visiting on Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, last May, and saw eight hundred bicycles in a procession. This was enough: she had been to the Meet; we were old friends at once. Arriving in Bennington at noon I was obliged to stay the rest of the day to wait for my mail, which I had had forwarded to me from Brattleboro'. So I spent my time in visiting the old cemetery and other places of interest in the old town. Left Bennington the next morning at 8 A. M.; rode through North Bennington and White Creek to Cambridge, eighteen miles of fine hard roads, no hills, no stones. From Cambridge to Greenwich, nine miles, rather hilly, but pretty good. Stopped here for dinner, and after an hour's rest went on to Schuylerville, five miles, deep sand and dust all the way; could not ride more than a quarter of the distance. From Schuylerville to Saratoga, twelve miles, the first six was fair, then deep sand for three miles, when I reached the boulevard, which for the other three was very good. My day's ride of forty-four miles had been a mixture of the best and worst; but I came in fresh, and spent the evening seeing Saratoga. I inquired at the hotel and of the stable keepers for the best road to Lake George, and they all agreeing that the direct road was good, I innocently started. After four miles of gutter riding and sand walking, I was surprised by a whelman pursuing me at high speed, and calling for me to wait. Who should it be but Capt. McNair, who had seen me pass his house a mile and a half back, and fearing it was some one who had mistaken the road, had donned his suit and given chase. He said if I had gone over by the Hudson River and taken the river road I might have ridden nearly the whole distance, but that this road had never been ridden. But I disliked the returning, which would give me at least twelve miles extra riding, and the captain himself hardly advised it, thinking I could get through the way I had started, so I pushed on. But the sand grew deeper and deeper as I went, until it became all walking and no riding. I reached a farmhouse in time to escape a severe thunder-shower, after which the farmer was to drive a wagon to Glens Falls, six miles, and I was glad enough to put my wheel in behind, and ride with him into town. The distance from Saratoga to Glens Falls is, by this road, seventeen miles; by the river road about twenty-one miles. At Glens Falls I hunted up Dr. Chapin, the only rider there. He has owned a

wheel some two years, and makes professional visits on it, but as yet has no companions. He tells me that his practice ground is a half-mile trotting track, and his only choice for riding lies between this and the nine miles of corduroy road which I rode over later to Lake George. The doctor ran out two miles with me, but a stiff head wind drove him back, and I proceeded alone to Caldwell, where I arrived at 6 P.M., the twenty-six miles taking all day. My wheeling trip virtually ended here, for on Monday I took boat for Baldwin at the northern end of the lake. Here I mounted once more, and ran to Ticonderoga, two miles, and dined. In the afternoon took a run to the old fort, some two miles beyond the town, and after a few hours spent in visiting the places of interest, returned to the hotel, where my wheel soon became the centre of attraction, it being the first one that had ever been there. Left for Albany on the 9.12 P.M. train, connecting with the 2 A.M. on the Boston and Albany road. Here I was met with the new regulations of the Boston and Albany, and was taxed two dollars for the transportation of my wheel. Arriving in Boston at 9.25 A.M., I finished a trip which, although including some rough experiences, I shall always feel to have been one of my pleasantest reminiscences of wheeling. W.B.E.

In Connecticut.

Editor Bicycling World:—June 10, I made a run from New Britain to Essex, Conn., thirty-seven and a half miles; time, seven hours, twenty-five minutes. From New Britain to Middletown, the road is generally good, with only a few hills; but when I left Middletown I had to climb a very long hill. From the top I had a good ride of nearly a mile, when I struck the meanest piece of road I ever met; and some of the meanest people too. At one house I wanted to buy a drink of milk, but they would neither give or sell; and to cap all, they would not even allow me to get a drink of water at their well. I gave them my blessing and mounted, and rode to the next house and got a drink of water. But they would not sell or give me any milk, although they had two nice pails just from the barn. Perhaps they all thought I had been weaned. After getting over the mountain, on the Haddam road, I found sand all the way to Chester, nearly fifteen miles. I do not think I rode five of this fifteen miles. It is the poorest road that I have found anywhere I have ridden my wheel in this State. From Chester to Essex, I found a good road, and I got along nicely. I only had one mishap on the trip. I was riding along the edge of the road in Higganum, and ran into a sand-hole, lost my balance, and made a fly switch into the ditch alongside the road. I would warn riders not to try this road from Middletown to Saybrook. They will find it much more pleasant to take the cars over the Connecticut Valley Railroad. I kept

count of horses I met on the trip, and out of thirty-one, I only found one horse that was really afraid of my wheel; and this being a section of country (except Middletown) where there are no riders, I think it is a good showing. I met one old Dutchman, a milk pedler, and a good, honest fellow, with no chalk and water in his cans, who thought his horse was going to be afraid. Says he, "You vill vrighten mine horse." I got down from my wheel, and when he drove up, he says, "You vas a goot feller; you don't vant to vrighten mine horse." "Oh no," says I, "that would be bad for you."—"Yah, yah, he vould tip me oud quick. Vat you call dot ding?"—"It is called a bicycle."—"So! a bicycle; dot vas nice. Vas it hard work?"—"No," says I, "but makes me hot and dry."—"So!" says Dutchie, "von't you have a trink of milk?" Now, I did not think he would take the hint; but as he did, I, of course, improved the opportunity, and had a very nice drink. Handing back the can cover, he says, "vant some more?" I thanked him, but declined. "So," says he, "have more if you vant em." I told him I must go, and bade him good by. "Yaw, good by; you vas a nice feller: you don't vant to frighten mine horse." This was the pleasantest incident of my trip. I started at 4.30 A.M. from New Britain, arrived at Essex at 11.55 A.M. Stopped at Higganum for breakfast, and also at Chester for bowl of bread and milk, which used up about forty-five minutes of the time.

CHARLES PEARSONS.

RACES

A BICYCLE RACE, twenty-five miles, took place 24 May at Sydney, Australia. It was won by Lister, who covered the distance in 1 hour 19 minutes 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

CANONBURY CLUB.—The members of this club decided their twenty-five mile annual race for the championship and gold medal at Alexandra Park, 14 July. Return: J. C. P. Tacagni, 1; A. Richards, 2; J. J. Cone, 3; T. Edwards, 0; T. Neave, Jr., 0; A. J. Wilson, 0; winner's time, 1 hour 30 minutes 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; Richards, 1 hour 31 minutes 56 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; Cone, 1 hour 33 minutes 36 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. The win was a very popular one. Tacagni won, having two years in succession.

MISS ELSA VON BLUMEN, the female pedestrian and bicyclist, contested against running and trotting horses at the Cary Driving Park, Binghamton, N.Y., 25 July, the lady riding one mile, and the horses being driven one and a half miles. Miss Von Blumen won, coming in three seconds ahead of the nearest competitor. Time, Miss Von Blumen, one mile, 5 minutes 22 seconds; trotting and running horses, one and a half miles, 5 minutes 25 seconds. T. A. Hayward, of Susquehanna, Pa., gave an exhibition half-mile spurt after the race.

THE HARTFORD WHEEL CLUB had their monthly run at Charter Oak park Saturday, 30 July. The track was quite heavy, but taking everything into consideration the time was as good as could well have been expected, and the sport was thoroughly enjoyed. The races were made for the three club medals, but as so few were present they decided to have but two classes, and consequently only two races. The following is a list of entries and the time made. First class: Clark Lawrence, 3.27, 3.37; Thomas Waite, 3.31, 3.44. In the second race, for the second and third class medals, Hitchcock and Waite collided, and Stebbins easily took the prize. Following is the time: Louis Hitchcock, 3.38, 3.50; Arthur Waite, 3.40, 3.54; George Stebbins, 3.43, 4.01, 3.51 $\frac{1}{2}$. The first medal was awarded to Clark Lawrence, the second to Louis Hitchcock, and the third to George Stebbins. Four riders came from East Hartford yesterday afternoon, and did some good exhibition riding after the regular race. It is expected that the club will do some excellent work at the meetings in September and October, but during August little will be done. It is to be regretted that these meets are not better advertised, so that all lovers of the sport may be enabled to enjoy them.

Coming Events.

6 September. Worcester, New England Fair bicycle races.

5 October. Brockton, Brockton Bicycle Club races.

September. Sacramento, Agricultural State Fair, bicycle races.

22 September. Franklin, Pa., Venango County Agricultural Society's second annual fair, bicycle parade, and tournament.

1 and 2 September. Gouverneur, N.Y., annual fair of the Gouverneur Agricultural and Mechanical Society Bicycle races.

14 September. New Jersey State Fair. Bicycle races at 3 P.M., at Waverly, N.J., Wednesday, 21 September, 1881. The following events are on the programme: First race, one mile; championship of New Jersey: open to residents of New Jersey only; first prize, gold medal; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10. Second race, two miles; first prize, value \$30; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10. Third race, one mile (handicap), 100 yards limit: first prize, value \$30; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10. Fourth race, one half-mile dash, best two in three heats, distance at 50 yards: first prize, value \$25; second prize, value \$15; third prize, value \$10. A silk banner valued at \$25 will be given to the club presenting the best general appearance and most proficient in road drill; open to all; not less than nine men allowed to compete. These races, with the exception of the first, are open to all amateurs. The committee reserve the right to reject any entries. Fee \$1.00 for each event. Entries close 14 September, and should be sent to Fred Jenkins, editor *The Wheel*, 75 Fulton street, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE

Portsmouth, N.H.

Editor Bicycling World:—The many wheelmen who have walked through the long stretch of sand at Seabrook, between Newburyport and Hampton, on the otherwise excellent road from Boston to Portsmouth, will be pleased to learn that a new route has been explored by Consul A. J. Philbrick, of Salem, who reports that the sand can be avoided without going a number of extra miles through Amesbury Village, which was the route explored and laid out by him, Capt. Pope, and the writer for the three days' run of the Boston clubs to Hamp-

ton Beach last September. After crossing the chain bridge over the Merrimac, he took the second right road, where, if the tourist searches awhile, he can find a sign-board inscribed "Portsmouth, 18 miles." The road runs by the Rocky Hill meeting-house to Hampton. The Rockingham Club propose to have a run after the new route, and will publish a detailed description of the road for the benefit of visiting wheelmen. The consul here, having no more worlds to conquer in his allotted territory, has, with two other officers of the club, been encroaching on the shore borders of Maine. On Saturday, they made an excursion to Mount Agamenticus, in York, and found fair riding on roads heretofore deemed impassable for wheelmen. They propose to make a pioneer trip to Portland on Saturday next. Wheelmen who intend to visit York Beach should take their machines with them; for besides the pleasure of running on the hardest beach on the coast, they can bicycle nearly to the base of Mount Agamenticus, and the walk up the foot-paths is an easy one. The view from the top is unsurpassed. The mountain being but four miles from the sea, above which it rises 673 feet, and the only elevation for miles around, it commands an unbroken view of the seashore from Cape Elizabeth to Cape Ann, and an inland view of a comparatively level extent of country, dotted with cities and villagers, and encircled by the Blue Hills of Strafford, the Ossipee Mountains, the four-toothed summit of Chocorua, and Mount Kearsarge at North Conway. Still farther to the north is distinctly visible the Franconia Range, surmounted by Mount LaFayette, to the east of which Mount Washington looms up, surrounded by the numerous peaks of the Jackson Range, a hundred miles away. The bicyclists attracted considerable attention from the half-civilized basket makers who live in the huts near the base of the mountain, many of whom had never seen or heard of "them things" before, and were very inquisitive as to how the "devils on trucks" could come upon them so silently, or climb into the seats. One old lady, more intelligent than the others, and who evidently read the papers, caused the astonished wheelmen to make a sudden halt by asking, "Are they Columbias?" and in exchange for a detailed description of tricycles and marine bicycles which she called for, rewarded the bicyclists on their return trip with larger bouquets of pond lilies than they could carry. The only exciting incident of the 40-mile run was the charge on the president by a furious ox which was loose on the road. At sight of the party he tried to demolish a stone wall, and only half succeeding, he made a vicious plunge at the mounted bicyclist, who quickly came down on the opposite side considerably scared, and found the backbone of his fifty-six considerably scarred where the ox exchanged the paint for a portion of his horn. An inch lower charge and the

bovine would have worn off a sixty-spoked wheel for a head gear, and the honored head of the club would have been — Well, the ox was considerate and we will not speculate.

The last monthly meeting of the club was held at the Wentworth, in Newcastle, after partaking of an excellent supper, to which they were invited by the captain, who took this pleasant method of celebrating the completion of his five-thousandth mile of road riding. During the evening, an exhibition of trick and fancy riding was given by Master Girard, in the open space in front of the hotel, which is lighted by electric lights. The club pride themselves upon the graceful expertness of this young amateur, who can just run a 36-inch wheel; and yet in a fortnight from his first trial he gave a public exhibition of over twenty different acts, having had only occasional practice on a borrowed bicycle. He astonished his teacher by immediately learning to ride and mount, and then, much to his dismay, coasting down a steep hill "legs over." He quickly learned all the vaults into saddle, landing therein with one foot over handle, vaulting in from hub of rear wheel, and performing many double acts, the last of which is standing on the pedals in front of large wheel, and propelling it while riding backward, as his companion sits in saddle and steers. He has captured nearly all the feats performed at Music Hall on 30 May.

If wheelmen desire comfort on long rides, they should invest in a Burley saddle, cradle spring, rubber handles, long handle bars, a take-me-too, and a homely yet comfortable helmet.

A part of the marine bicycles here have been fitted with chairs by the inventor, and they can often be seen, being propelled against our strong tides by the lady friends of the club members, who are awaiting anxiously the completion of the "Sociable," to be propelled by two. The sister of the inventor recently made an afternoon trip of thirty miles without unusual fatigue.

If the horse-accident correspondents of the WORLD are at all faithful, the subscribers may soon expect it and its double supplement arrayed in a new font of brilliant type. Even one issue of a local paper in this small city had recently three serious and one fatal accident.

All of the New Hampshire consuls of last year have been reappointed by the directors, and have received their new certificates; that of Consul Davis, of this city, is numbered 1, he being the first L.A.W. consul appointed in the United States.

The size of the sidewalk committee which assembles to see the tricycle operate is diminishing as the novelty wears off, but the committee will soon be increased when the "American Star" arrives.

TELZAH.

Montreal.

Editor Bicycling World: — One great drawback we in Montreal, and in fact all

through the Dominion, have to contend with, is having to wait so long after giving our order before we can get our machines out from the old country. This waiting, as you can readily imagine, is very impatiently submitted to, especially by those who have the "fever" very bad. However, next season, judging from present appearances, we will have several regular importers, all of them carrying full stocks, from which there will be no difficulty in at once filling all orders. Another disadvantage we are under is not having a competent mechanic to do our repairs; by "competent," I mean one who thoroughly understands bicycles, not simply as a piece of machinery, but as a bicycle. However, I dare say that when the demand becomes somewhat stronger, it will not be long before the supply comes to the front. Of course we have plenty of machine shops here, but most of them look upon a bicycler as legitimate prey, and charge "accordin'." Fancy charging \$1.50 for straightening a handle bar that was bent about one fourth of an inch!

There are several unattached riders in our city. Imagine if they once enjoyed the pleasure of riding with others, they would at once and forever forswear lonely riding. I quite agree with President Bates about extending club privileges only to members of other clubs, unless, as he said, there exists some valid reason why the rider does not belong to a club. We managed to have one moonlight ride this month, despite of old St. Swithin, and went out to Lachine, nine miles. I noticed on the way out that the horses seemed much more afraid of the bicycles at night than they did in the daytime. We met one man driving a nice, spirited horse, and it was difficult to say at first who was most frightened, man or beast; however, our captain whistled us off, and taking the horse by the head, soon calmed the fears of both. It was suggested to the driver that we should bring a machine up to the horse, and let him smell it and become better acquainted with it, and let him see that there was nothing "uncanny" about it. This, however, the driver, in trembling accents, declined. It was then proposed that we let the *driver* smell a machine. This also, strange to say, he refused; and on he drove, muttering between his teeth something about "how very quick he would have us off the street, if he had his own way." Our "Growler" said, "Oh! of course he would sooner put us to all this blooming trouble every time he meets us, you know," and he glared through his spectacles at the retreating carriage in a manner that was positively alarming. Our captain merely said, as we mounted and rode on, "Eh! but yon's a muckle sumph," — whatever that is. All went smoothly for some time, until, in going down Mackay Hill (a nasty, rough, and steep hill), our bugler came a fearful cropper, and lay flat on his face, with his machine on his back. However, his bugle escaped damage, which was

very consoling. Our very efficient whipper-in was the first to reach him and lift the machine off and help him up, and he (W. I.) could only be restrained by force from denuding himself of a tremendous surcingle he wore around his waist, "for the benefit of my poor back," and which he confidentially assured the bugler would prove a sure and speedy cure for sundry bruises on knees and elbows received from the fall. However, the bugler managed to ride along without the aid of the belt, as far as Blue Bonnets, nearly five miles out, when his machine, which had been cracked by the fall, broke down, and he suddenly found himself again in the lap of mother earth. He had to tramp it home from there, and if he had waited he would have had a companion in trouble, as on the way back from Lachine "Hungry Tommy" managed to break his hind wheel at just about the same place, and of course had to tramp it in.

By the by, were you aware that we have a real live bugler? Yes, sir, and he is a good bugler, too, and practises very hard, and in fact makes the corner of Manse and Ontario streets a spot to be avoided by all peace-loving citizens. I am credibly informed that several parties living in the same row, with a tendency to, but a desire to overcome profanity, have moved to the extreme west end of the city. Oh! he is a "bully" bugler.

One of our fellows, as soon as he leaves the city on any of our rides, forgets the English language completely, and speaks nothing but French, which he flatters himself he is just the proper person to do. Not long ago we were out on a new road, and not feeling very sure of our way, our Frenchman undertook to question a lad as to which road we should take; and after talking to him for about five minutes in the choicest Parisian French, fancy his feelings when the lad answered, "*Je ne parle pas Anglais*" (I do not speak English). He did not recover for several hours. More anon.

MONTREAL, 27 July, 1881.

K. K.

Waltham, Mass.

Editor Bicycling World:—The club have their weekly runs as usual on Saturdays, taking a quick spin, for practice in roading, of from ten to twenty miles, with as few dismounts as possible. We find this practice of fast club riding does more, perhaps, toward perfecting the boys in roading, than anything else. Knowing the usual gait of club runs, they practise diligently all the week, that they may not "get left." But of course such riding is no help toward perfection of drill, simply a striving for good roadsters. And we have a goodly number of them. Mr. D. Nash Mitchell, of our club, rode to Newburyport and returned, in a day, a distance of one hundred and five miles without much fatigue, and he is one of our new riders. And you know what Stall is for roading; simply magnificent. The tricycle fever is spreading rapidly

out here, several gentlemen owning machines, and roading over the country in good shape, the favorite out-of-town ride being toward Salem, where one of our gentlemen rode some time since, with his five-year-old son on an extra seat behind. Seeing your chapter of horse accidents reminds me that we had a ludicrous one here last night. A horse became frightened at a double or "sociable" tricycle, and jumped through a rotten board fence into a market garden, carrying buggy and driver with him, without, however, doing any damage, except to the fence and vegetables of the gardener. The young ladies come out on three wheels once in a while, and enjoy themselves hugely. We have been very free from serious accidents; I think my broken leg confined me the longest of any of them. I am able to hobble around with a cane now, and had a tricycle ride this evening, doing most of the work with my sound leg. If I am not able to ride a bicycle next summer, I shall have a tricycle and work it with a leg and a half. Many of the Boston riders will learn with regret that the popular Prospect House, consulate hotel for Waltham, is closed indefinitely. The owner of the building refused to sign the petition for license, consequently the hotel got none and is closed. The Central House will give same terms to wheelmen as the Prospect did, and I shall probably appoint it as an L. A. W. hotel. Some of the Massachusetts boys will remember their breakfasts out here with pleasure. I hope they will start the house again, but is doubtful. So much for our liquor laws,—we lose a good hotel.

HENRY B. COLBY,
Sec. Waltham Bi. C. and Consul L. A. W.
WALTHAM, 29 July, 1881.

Webster, Mass.

Editor Bicycling World:—We have just formed a club here. We have at present only seven members, but hope to increase the number before long. Our president, Samuel Slater, has been for the past two years a member of the Providence Bicycle Club, and our captain, John E. Brown, was, until we formed our club, a member of the Worcester Bicycle Club. We have a meeting to-morrow to decide fully upon our suits, and there is some talk among the members of having a bugler. We have some excellent roads here, the one from Webster to Worcester in particular. The distance is a good sixteen miles, and our youngest member, who rides a 48-inch Columbia, made the distance in a little over two hours, after having his machine about two weeks. Four of us went to Southbridge on the 24th. The roads were in very bad condition, and we were two hours in covering the eleven miles. The sand was ankle deep almost all the way, but we were fully repaid for our long journey by the reception we met with from bicyclists in Southbridge. Six of them turned out with us about eleven o'clock, and we had a lovely run of five or six miles. On

our return to the hotel, the club gave us an excellent dinner, and rode out about three miles with us in the evening, when we started for home. The day was one of the pleasantest we ever spent, and nothing could exceed the kindness of the Southbridge men. We hope to have the pleasure of entertaining them at an early day.

H. C. Bowen has invited the Webster and Southbridge Clubs to his park, at Woodstock, Conn., on the 20th of August. He offers a medal or a silver cup to the best rider. The matter will be discussed at our meeting to-morrow.

L. N. WILSON, Sec.

WEBSTER, MASS., 27 July, 1881.

Salem, Mass.

Editor Bicycling World:—Considering how dependent the comfort and pleasure of the wheelman is upon the nature and variety of the roads, it is surprising that so little of interest on this subject—at least to the devotees of the wheel in Boston and vicinity—appears in the WORLD. There are two well-known routes from Malden to Salem, and points beyond; one via Lynn and Swampscot (15 miles); the other through Wyoma Village, Lynn, and Peabody (14½ miles). Frequent trips having rendered both of these somewhat monotonous, I made some explorations recently, in hopes of discovering a third, and have found that a wheelman going over the old Newburyport turnpike can reduce the distance to 14½ miles. The road, which runs through the woods for a considerable distance, is delightfully cool and shady, and is, in the main, an excellent one for the wheel. The hills, of which there are three or four, are all short, but should be descended with care, as they are generally stony, with beds of sand at the bottom. Leaving Malden square by Salem street, keep on through Maplewood till Broadway (1½ miles) is reached (J. Walton, Goodman & Co.'s grocery store on corner), turn to the left and follow direct road for 6 miles to South Lynnfield, with its churches and country store. Here, following directions on the signboard, take right-hand road for Peabody and Salem. PEDAL PUSHER.

SALEM, 30 July, 1881.

Boston.

Editor Bicycling World:—I have a suggestion, an objection, and a question to offer on three several points observed in reading your last two issues. First, in regard "to keeping the stockings up," and avoiding any pins or suspenders from shoulder or waist, as recommended by others, it seems to me that it would be a very effectual as well as simple plan to have a loop of tape or elastic sewed to the stocking below the upper bottom of the breeches at the knee, and secure it on that. Even merely to pinch up the stocking and pass it over the button, if there is room enough, I find to answer the purpose entirely. The foregoing goes to show that I am a bicycler in

good "standing," as to leg apparel; and I would object to such stale allusions to "boots," etc., as appear over a feminine *nom* in your paper of the 29th. Also, I think the writer does not pass for a lady any better by applying a coarse and inappropriate nickname in the rather malicious description obviously intended for myself. If it is some wheelman belligerently disposed toward me, let him come out from behind the petticoats. The question I have to ask is: What can be the meaning of your Milwaukee correspondent, of the previous week, when he tells of three men climbing "a long angle of forty-eight degrees"? on the bicycle, evidently. The extremest theoretical estimate is but forty-five degrees, — and perhaps "Lydia P." knows about that.

JUVENIS.

30 JULY, 1881.

Worcester, Mass.

Editor Bicycling World: — The ideas of President Bates in regard to the "unattached" seem to strike the riders in this vicinity quite favorably. Said a prominent horseman, a few days since: "Nothing is to be feared from bicycle riders who are members of clubs, for they are directly responsible to some one for their actions. If any serious trouble is caused by bicycles, I think it will be irresponsible riders who are unattached."

There is one thing that I think deserves the consideration of bicycle clubs, and it is this: What is to be done where unattached riders copy the uniform of a club in their town or city, in some cases even to the buttons on their coats, and sail under the club colors? Is it not in the province of the League to take measures to protect clubs in such cases, where all parties are members of the League? Is it not a little rough on a club, who after having put out \$500 or more for uniforms, are obliged to stand by and see their peculiar style of cut and combination of colors appropriated?

There is one club that will enter a protest against any such party who applies for League membership, or renewal of membership. At present, our only remedy will lay in a change in our uniform.

ÆOLUS.

WORCESTER, MASS.

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent sends us the following: "Henry H. Bentley, of the Local Telegraph Company, started July 28 on a bicycle tour of four hundred miles. He started from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the road to Boston Corners, a point where the State lines of New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut meet; thence up Housatonic Valley through Berkshire Hills to Pittsfield, to Great Barrington, to New Lebanon, thence as far as Bennington, Vt., returning to Boston."

"HOOSIER," an Indianapolis correspondent, reports a very melancholy and unaccountable apathy among wheelmen in that city. He says: "Ever since the State tournament last spring our city has

not been troubled with the bicycle fever. The club which we thought we had organized has had but one successful meeting, and this year it has not had enough vitality to attempt one; in fact, it is never spoken of by members. Our streets are nearly all rideable throughout the year, but we have no fine roads. We have about eighteen gravel roads radiating from town of from two to two hundred miles in length, — all rideable, — and we have about one wheel per road, but can never get more than three together at once. Last Sunday I went down to Greenwood, a village eleven miles south. On the way I met a farmer and his wife, driving an apparently seventeen-year-old plug with top buggy. The road was level (we have no hills), straight, and had a three-foot embankment on my left. When within thirty feet of me the plug pricked up his ears, jumped over the embankment, upset the buggy, and spilled the people in the mud at the bottom of a ditch. Three dollars and a square inch of court-plaster would cover the damage. How should I have acted?"

SECRETARY R. P. RANDALL, of the New Orleans Bicycle Club, writes from Louisville, Ky., under date of 27 July, that Capt. A. M. Hill and he are on a general tour, will visit the different clubs on their route, and expect to reach Boston about three weeks later than date. He adds: "The New Orleans Bi. Club now numbers fifty-nine active members, in addition to which, there are several applications in waiting to be acted upon; we have a fine practice hall of seventeen laps to the mile, and are negotiating for a square of ground on one of our principal thoroughfares, on which will be laid a fine shell track of six laps to a mile; and in a short time we will have the electric light. The club furnishes practice machines to enable members to learn to ride who do not own machines yet; due care is taken to save the learner from unnecessary tumbles. Only a few members own machines at present; but of those that learn to ride, all that are able will at once get machines."

"BICYCLER" writes from Charleston, S. C., under date of 27 July: "We have as poor roads for bicycling as any I ever saw, — there being only three that we can use with any kind of comfort. First, there is King street, running directly through the city from South Bay to Line street. This street is paved with Belgian blocks for about two and half miles. Second, from Line street runs "The Shell Road," which is very good indeed, and is three miles long; at the terminus of which is the Three-Mile House, where we get lemonade, eggs, etc. From the end of "The Shell Road" we have a beautiful corduroy road (only safe to travel with Cradle or Burley's Skeleton). Last comes our Battery, which was the best road of all until our respected chief of police prohibited our riding there. Now we ride in the street around the Battery. Sullivan's Island Beach, four

miles from city, affords a lovely riding place, and which we all take advantage of when the tide and moon suit." Our correspondent further sends us a newspaper clipping which shows a lamentable state of prejudice or stupidity in the Charles-ton police department.

THE secretary of the Columbia Bicycle Club, E. C. Stanley, of Attleboro, Mass., sends us the following, clipped from a local paper: "Men go to and fro in our streets unconscious that feats of strength or of intellect are being performed. Yesterday, Harry Tufts, of the Columbia Bicycle Club, North Attleboro', sat still on his machine three hours, from 9.15 to 12.15, and only complained of being hungry. The greatest feat of the kind previously performed was by a Baltimore wheelman who sat two hours and thirty-seven minutes, and at the end fell fainting from his machine. Hurrah for Tufts!" Mr. Stanley adds: "Tufts is also a fine fancy rider: he rides on his front wheel, the same as Chandler, and does every trick that was exhibited at the L. A. W. Meet in Boston. Our club will give a grand race about the last of August; we shall give valuable prizes, and expect to have a 'big time.'"

F. A. MILLER, president of the Susquehanna Bicycle Club, in a recent letter says: While riding in the suburbs today, I "coasted" a short hill, and an urchin exclaimed, "Look at it! Look at it!! and he ain't pumping it at all!"

"REG," of the Montreal Bicycle Club, sends us the following club items: Maitland is going to take the championship belt, so they say. I hope he may, but at the same time I would like to see him pushed a little more than he has been in the past monthly competitions. He ought to beat his fastest time, and will if he is forced, for he has the right stuff in him. . . . Trotter is the coming fancy rider, and deserves encouragement. I would suggest a prize for the best fancy rider, to be competed for monthly. Although a trifle impatient under the restraint of club discipline, he is about the most plucky rider in the club.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

CHAMPION CITY BI. CLUB, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO. — Am glad to inform you that our city at last boasts of a bicycle club. A few evenings since an enthusiastic twelve met and perfected an organization, to be known as the Champion City Bicycle Club. Rules and by-laws were adopted, and the following officers elected: President, J. S. Crowell; secretary and treasurer, D. E. Barnum; captain, T. J. Kirkpatrick; lieutenant, Frank S. Cook; bugler, Paul Staley; club committee, J. G. Jacobs, Wilbur Gunn, and M. Crothers. A costume of gray throughout, with white helmet hat, was decided upon. At our last meeting three new members were admitted, and the entire club will join the L. A. W., adopting the League badge. As yet we have had no club runs,

but will as soon as uniforms are completed, when we expect to compare favorably with the clubs of any of our sister cities.

D. E. B.

KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN, Brooklyn, N. Y. At a meeting of the Kings County Wheelmen, 21 July, F. H. Douglass was elected secretary, in place of Edward K. Austin, resigned. It was voted to have a picture taken of the club at the fountain, and a run on Staten Island was arranged for an early date.

F. H. DOUGLASS, Sec.

PROVIDENCE BI. CLUB. — *Editor Bicycling World:* At a meeting of the Providence Bicycle Club, held Saturday, 16 July, it was voted, that the thanks of the club be tendered to the publishers of the *BICYCLING WORLD* for the very handsome buglet presented them this day.

JOHN A. CROSS, Sec.

PROVIDENCE, 23 July, 1881.

San Francisco.

At a meeting of the San Francisco Bicycle Club held 14 July, Messrs. James W. Kerr, Morris Feintuch, Eugene K. Sykes, and Harrison A. Jones were elected members. The communication from the State Board of Agriculture inviting the club to participate in a bicycle tournament was taken up; and should satisfactory arrangements be made, from twelve to sixteen gentlemen will participate in the events, which will probably take place next September in Sacramento during the State fair. On motion of Charles A. Butler, the secretary was instructed to respond to the above communication. The committee on invitations to unattached amateur riders reported that on account of the indefinite postponement of the races by the Fourth of July Committee, caused by the attempted assassination of the President, a messenger was employed to notify those who were invited to participate in the elementary evolutions preparatory to the drill, that it had been postponed, and the committee was discharged. Finkler, chairman of the committee on halls, reported that Mr. Warshauer offered quarters in the Windsor for the purpose of holding meetings; and the report was unanimously accepted, and a vote of thanks tendered Mr. Warshauer. James Sanderson, of the Olympian, was, by acclamation, elected to fill the vacancy on the club committee. From the secretary's semi-annual report, it appears that the club was in most flourishing circumstances, financially and numerically. One of the club members is composing a characteristic song for brother wheelmen, to be sung on "moonlight meets.".... A number of wheelmen were out early 17 July, morning, speeding through the Bay District park, looking remarkably well in their neat, new club uniform. Unfortunately for the complete success of the first airing, the new uniform had a tendency to distract the riders and to swerve

their attention from their course, and in consequence headers were frequent. A movement is on foot for a sporting programme at the State fair, which has already been considered by the bicyclists. Eight members of the club, Messrs. Sykes, Finkler, London, Martin, Feintuch, Jones, Sub-Capt. Butler, captained by Mr. H. C. Eggers, took another spin 24 July, covering about thirteen miles coasting on the Cliff House road. The wheelmen attracted much admiration while returning in pairs to the point of starting. The distance travelled, as shown by the cyclometer, was thirteen miles. After disbanding Finkler crossed the bay with his wheel to enjoy the salubrious climate and excellent streets of Oakland, and was entertained by Dr E. S. Belden, a brother wheelmen. The recent accident on Tyler street, which was said to have been caused by a bicycle, was occasioned, the bicyclists claim, by a small boy on one of the small modern machines.

New Britain Notes.

L. DOIG, president of the Wheel Club, will sail on Wednesday, 27 July, per steamer "Algeria," for London, England, where he will reside, continuing in the employ of the Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Company, of New Britain. George Corbin, sub-captain, has sold his new Harvard 52-inch wheel to a party in Torrington, Conn. He contemplates purchasing another wheel soon. Fred. Arnold has been spending a few days with his wheel in and around Providence, R. I. He reports having had a pleasant trip. F. H. Johnson went to Thompsonville, Conn., Saturday, 23 July, riding home from there Sunday. He reports fair roads, but very dusty. Racin' on the Plainville track in the dark hardly paid. Result, three broken wheels. But there was lots of fun. Mr. Minor enjoyed his run home. Messrs. George Stearns, George Corbin, Ed. Dwight, and Charles Pearson took a very pleasant trip through some of the adjoining towns on 17 July, returning home via Shuttle Meadow Lake. In coming down a hill at the south end of the lake, Mr. Pearson got a very bad fall, caused by running into a rolling stone and his tire coming out of the felloe of his large wheel. The hill is quite steep, and he was under good headway, and sprained his left wrist and injured his right shoulder, but broke no bones. His wheel escaped with a broken handle bar. It was a very narrow escape from a more serious injury. After walking to the Lake House, the tire was soon tied on, and, exchanging wheels with Mr. Dwight, the party were soon home. Excepting the accident to Mr. Pearson, it was very pleasant trip, — distance twenty-eight miles.

MR. R. LINCOLN LIPPITT. — Bicyclists will remember that a few weeks ago a controversy sprang up over the disposi-

tion of the Jesse Howard medal; that Mr. R. Lincoln Lippitt won, and was awarded the medal by Mr. Howard; and that, because of some alleged irregularities, he was hastily expelled from the Providence Bicycle Club. Mr. Lippitt resented the action of the club; the question was put into the hands of a board of referees, who have rendered the following decision, completely vindicating him: —

To Albert G. Carpenter, Esq., President of the Providence Bi. Club, and to R. Lincoln Lippitt, Esq.:

The referees, to whom was submitted the question "whether Mr. R. Lincoln Lippitt has in his relations to the bicycle club conducted himself in any way so as to call for expulsion from membership" therof, have, after a full hearing of all charges brought against him, their evidence in support thereof, and Mr. R. Lincoln Lippitt's defence thereto, and a careful consideration of the same, decided, and they so report, that they find nothing in Mr. R. Lincoln Lippitt's conduct, judged both by the special rules of the Providence Bicycle Club and by the general principles which should govern the conduct of gentlemen, which called for or in any degree justified his expulsion from said club. Respectfully submitted,

JOSEPH E. SPINK,
ALLEN T. JOHNSON,
RICHARD B. COMSTOCK, Referees.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 14 July, 1881.

NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

[*We invite readers and correspondents to contribute questions, notes, suggestions, etc., to this department.*]

Editor Bicycling World: — I would like to know what is the best oil for a bicycle lamp. I have had trouble in finding oil that will give a brilliant light, and not smoke or go out on riding over the least bit of rough road. I see the English lamp manufacturers recommend Colza oil. I cannot get it here. Is it any better than the oils we have?

DARKNESS.

Editor Bicycling World: — Will some one give information on the road and route from Springfield, Ohio, to Sandusky, and oblige by writing to W. H. REED, 295 George street, Cincinnati, Ohio?

Editor Bicycling World: — Will you please give the address of the manufacturers of the "Star" bicycle through your paper? I should like to hear from bicyclers who have ridden both the "Star" and the common bicycle, which they prefer.

E. J. T.

Editor Bicycling World: — I notice in all accounts of bicycle races that the time is given, but the size of wheel is omitted. Now, I think this is a great mistake; for a bicycler may be trying to make a good mile or two at a private trial with a 50-inch wheel, and he may have seen some article on a bicycle race, giving the time which was made with a 56-inch wheel with ease, and all the while he is becoming discouraged because he cannot come nigh the same time; while if the size of the wheel was given, all might compare the time with their own if they wished. I wish (if it meets with your own views) to draw the attention of bicycle reporters to this one thing, asking them to add the size of wheel to their reports.

R. C. PEARSON.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., 20 July, 1881.

Mr. Editor: — To my thinking, the supporter sold for the purpose is the best

device for keeping the stockings up. If necessary, they can be worn under the shirt, and if drawers are worn, a small opening can be made just above the knee, through which the ends are passed before attaching the stockings.

Will some wheelman kindly send me a description of the best route from Boston to Providence, sufficiently minute to be followed by one totally unacquainted with the roads in that direction? By so doing, they will earn the thanks of

A SALEM WHEELMAN.

P. O. Box 190.

Editor Bicycling World: — I would like to hear through your columns from some practical wheelmen relating to the most appropriate and simple whistle signals for the following: *Fall in, Mount, Single File, Two Abreast, Four Abreast, Increase Speed, Decrease Speed, Dismount or Fall, Distress* — (from the rear).

The above for use by a club.

WOODSIDE.

Editor Bicycling World: — I should like to know the best route between Boston and Baltimore; and if any of your readers have ridden over the route or any part of it (which no doubt they have), I should like to hear from them regarding roads and hotels, and any other information they could give me. H. H. D.

223 W. CANTON street, Boston.

MR. A. J. EDDY, of Flint, Mich. writes us to know what has been done about the championship races for this country, and suggests that either the mile or two-mile race at Worcester, in September, be made a championship.

L. A. W.

Amateur bicyclists everywhere are cordially invited to join the League of American Wheelmen.

Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs when the entire active membership joins. Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to *Dillwyn Wistar*, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to *Kingman N. Putnam*, 54 Wall Street, New York City. Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.

Applicants should notice names as published in the BICYCLING WORLD, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made.

Bicyclists generally are requested to notice the names also, and inform the corresponding secretary (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies.

Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the league by inviting desirable bicyclists to join.

Circulars, etc., regarding the league will be sent to any address on application to the corresponding secretary.

The rules of the league are given in full in the BICYCLING WORLD of 2 October, and may be obtained by sending 10c. to the office of the WORLD. It is very important that every mem-

ber should be familiar with these rules, and they will not be published in book form at present, as the organization is not yet perfected.

Badges are to be obtained by any member on his forwarding his full name and address and membership number to the Treasurer, with a deposit of \$2.00 for solid silver, or \$1.00 for nickel-plated badge.

APPLICATIONS.

Editor of the Bicycling World: — The following names have been proposed for membership in the League of American Wheelmen, and are sent you for publication, as required by the Constitution.

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,
Corresponding Secretary, L. A. W.

MANHATTAN BI. CLUB. — Additional: Charles B. Barril, Orange, N. J.; Robert Barril, Orange, N. J.; F. A. Coleman, Windsor Hotel, New York City; Joseph L. Falk, 25 West 58th street; George W. Falk, 27 West 58th street; Nathan Hobart, 53 Leonard street, New York City; Wm. D. Hobart, 62 Leonard street, New York City; H. S. Jones, 129 Chambers street, New York City; Henry H. Meyer, 38 Exchange place, New York City; R. V. Schuyler, 189 Broadway, New York City; James W. Wallace, 55 West 38th street, New York City; William M. Woodside, 120 West 45th street.

MISSOURI BI. CLUB. — Thomas Mier, president, St. Louis Swimming School; Richard Garvey, vice-president, 407 Chestnut street; Thomas H. Drew, secretary and treasurer, 819 St. Charles street; George G. Bain, captain, 2107 Park avenue; George Oeters, 915 Chouteau avenue; Arthur Young, 3130 Chestnut street; Fred Beckars, 915 Chouteau avenue; E. H. Gregory, 3531 Washington avenue; Joseph Gazzam, — all of St. Louis, Mo.

HILL CITY BI. CLUB, HILLSBORO', OHIO. — John R. Callahan, Walter D. Ayres, Frank J. Bridwell, John D. Bell, Albert Matthews, Rush E. Evans, Harry Glenn, George W. Bowen, already a member of the L. A. W.

THORNDIKE BI. CLUB. — Additional: Leland Cole, Elmer Wood, Edward Wood, G. Woodbury Foster, Arthur Holden, Frank Hitchings, — all of Beverly, Mass.

UNATTACHED. — Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.; Dudley C. Hasbrouck, box 760, Peekskill, N. Y.; Waldo P. Johnson, Shawangunk, Ulster Co., N. Y.; Daniel Lees, 246 Adams street, Frankfort, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAMPION CITY BI. CLUB. — Additional: Ed. C. Leffel, John P. Taylor, M. M. Hedges, — all of Springfield, O.

THE address of the Toledo consuls, Messrs. W. F. Dewey and W. F. West, should read, in care of Taylor, Rogers & Co., Toledo, O., instead of Cincinnati, O., as erroneously published in the BICYCLING WORLD of 15 July.

In our list of applications 22 July, "New Brunswick Bi. Club" should read,

"Brunswick Bi. Club, of New Brunswick, N. J.".

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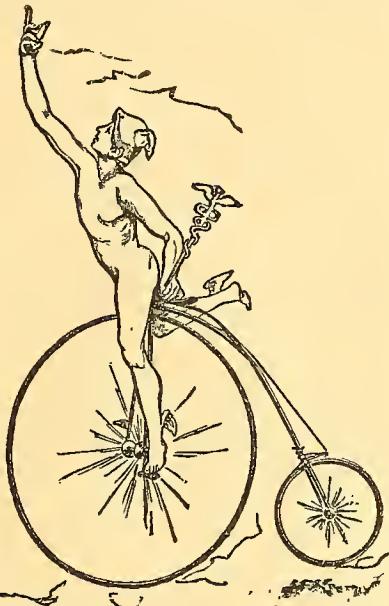
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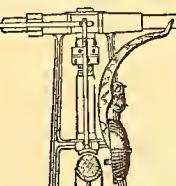
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