

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 12.

BOSTON, MASS., 17 DECEMBER, 1886.

THREE CENTS.

World's Tandem Record

— FOR 24 HOURS —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

* MARLBORO' * TANDEM *

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

THE

AMERICAN CHAMPION

STILL IN THE LEAD.

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

—IN THE MARVELLOUS TIME OF—

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

A WORLD'S RECORD,

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

THE AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE,

—AND—

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

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

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

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

—MANUFACTURED BY—

GORMULLY & JEFFERY,
CHICAGO - - - - ILL.

CATALOGUE FREE.

THE CYCLE

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

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 17 DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 12.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.



One Year, by mail, post-paid.....\$0.75
Six Months..... .50
Single Copies..... .03

Specimen Copies free.

Every bicycle dealer is agent for the CYCLE and authorized to receive subscriptions at regular rates. The paper can be found on sale at the following places:—

Boston, CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., cor. Washington and School Streets. Tremont House news stand. At every cycle warehouse.

Philadelphia, H. B. HART, 811 Arch Street.

ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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

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

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

WITH the first of January all the memberships in the League will expire. It is fair to presume that many hundreds will not renew, and it is safe to say that of these very many have purchased the League uniform. Each year the number of non-members who wear the uniform will increase, and there is no way to prevent it. Is it not unwise, therefore, to encumber the getting of the cloth with useless red-tape? The League should make it possible for members to get a very fine quality of goods at a low rate, but it cannot possibly restrict the use of any cloth to those who are in its ranks.

THE *Bulletin* says that it does not intend to follow our advice. We are very sorry, for we think advice of some kind is very much needed in the office of our esteemed contemporary.

AND now comes one who writes to the *Bulletin*, and suggests that all wheelmen be made eligible to membership in the L. A. W. That solitary vote at Buffalo is bearing fruit in abundance.

THE CYCLE writes that it has been reflecting on the statistics recently published

by us, and has come to the opinion that though it often has more matter in it than a certain one of its contemporaries, still that paper is frequently ahead of it. In order not to be outdone by any one, the CYCLE has decided to come down in its price to seventy-five cents a year. We trust that this move will prove a popular and profitable one, for we recognize the fact that the CYCLE has won its spurs, and has an excellent reason for existence. — *Bulletin*.

The above is one of the spurs that we have won. Such things spur us on to greater achievements.

CHRISTMAS AT CLOVER HILL.

BY COLIN GRAY.

LAP I.

CLOVER HILL is a pleasant place in summer. In winter it loses none of its charm. It is situated far from the roar and bustle of cities, and for many generations it has been sleeping quietly under its great trees and in its environment of hills and forests. Clover Hill is an honest old country house, where the genius of hospitality is enthroned, and reigns in perfect, undisputed sovereignty.

Our Christmas there was decidedly gay. In addition to the noisy family of growing girls and boys, and Uncle Joshua and Aunt Dulsy, we had Capt. Bombshell, of the army, and Miss Araminta Dorsay—both “from town.” Miss Araminta used to write her name D’Orsay on her enameled visiting cards, but this nobility was doubted by her intimate friends. At Clover Hill, however, it was heartily conceded.

I went to Clover Hill in response to the following invitation penned upon the most delicious of note paper by the young lady who always played the part of amanuensis of the family:—

DEAR WILL,—We’re going to have a Christmas frolic at Clover Hill, and you must certainly come. Come on your bicycle if you possibly can, for I know you will enjoy the ride hither, and if the roads remain as they are perhaps we can take a little run during the day. I have been riding a great deal this season, and I want you to see how I have improved. My riding suit is lovely, and I want you to see me in it. We all expect you, and the family send oceans of love.

In haste, your friend,

HENRIETTA FARMILOE.

Who could resist such an invitation? Certainly not I. The season was a very open one. It was the fifteenth of December, and no snow had yet fallen. The fellows of the club were improving every opportunity to get out upon the road, and looked upon every ride as their last. It was some fifty miles to Clover Hill, and there was a good chance for me to get there awheel if I started at once. There was not a day to lose. I felt that a vacation could do me no harm, and so I determined to spend a fortnight with my relatives. I immediately closed “Coke on Littleton” with respectful ceremony, made that gentleman a bow, packed a valise, and despatched it by ex-

press to Clover Hill, mounted my wheel and was off.

Nothing of importance occurred to interfere with the pleasure of my ride. The roads were hard and the weather was not cold. It felt like snow. It looked as though snow would soon fall. It was not “too cold to snow,” as the country people say; in fact it was so warm that I felt that I must get to my journey’s end in one day, or be caught on the way in a snow storm. This thought gave power to my legs, and I did not loiter on the way. About a mile of road lay between me and Clover Hill when I felt a cold drop upon the end of my nose, and immediately the air was full of white flakes. This did not disturb me in the least, for I had not far to go, and I had no hope to use my wheel beyond the ride to Clover Hill.

I arrived at the house in good form, and having kissed all my cousins who came out to greet me, and shaken hands with all the guests, I asked quite naturally after another member of the household, whose name was Henrietta. I delayed my question for some time, and only propounded it when I saw that my silence threatened to appear singular; the reason for which lay in the simple fact that—perhaps—it may have been—I might have been mistaken, but I thought—I thought that I was in love with Henrietta. She was nowhere visible, and it seemed to me that a dozen pairs of eyes would centre on my bashful countenance as soon as I propounded the interrogatory. At last, however, I assumed a lounging position before the great fire of roaring logs, put my thumb in the armhole of my waistcoat, and said, carelessly,

“Hem! By-the-way, Uncle Joshua, where’s Henrietta?”

I think a suppressed chuckle ran through the circle of juveniles, and one youthful individual, named Stephen, was heard to ejaculate indistinctly something which was smothered by a laugh. Of course I took no notice of the youngster, and received from Uncle Joshua, who was reading his paper, the information that she had gone out for a ride on her tricycle. “She’ll get caught in the snow,” said he, “but I guess she’ll come out all right. She wanted to get one more ride before the snow came down, but she promised not to go far, and we may expect her at once.”

As he spoke, one of the youngsters at the window shouted, “Here’s Henrietta, and she’s all white with snow!”

Of course, as a mere matter of politeness, I rushed quickly to the door to greet her as she came along. How pretty she looked. Her riding suit was a light grey, trimmed with red, and it fitted her graceful form perfectly. On her head was a jockey cap, from beneath which the young lady looked like another Di Vernon. A thousand ringlets, more or less, of the glossiest brown hair, danced gayly around a pair of the fresh-

est and rosiest cheeks, half concealing the dangerous blue eyes which sparkled like two stars of evening beneath snowy brows.

As I came to the door she was just unstrapping from the handle bar a huge bundle of Christmas presents, which she had purchased at a neighboring town. Then occurred one of those mishaps which will occasionally take place with the best-regulated young ladies. The maiden essayed to shake hands with me without releasing her bundles, which she now had in her arms, and, simultaneously to dismount from the machine. The result of this vast proceeding was that she lost her balance, and in the midst of a shower of paper parcels flying about, I found one of the handsomest young damsels I had ever known clasped in my arms, and lying upon my breast.

She hastily extricated herself from my arms, and, with a hurried laugh and some blushes, ran up the steps; but I don't think she forgot a little circumstance which I chanced to remember, that two cheeks had come closely together — some brown ringlets mingled with the dark hair of a youth; this, I say, Miss Henrietta probably remembered; for when I followed her, and our eyes met, she blushed, and then tried, unsuccessfully, to laugh.

I believe I blushed too, but, as Captain Bombshell approached at the moment, twirling his moustache, to make his compliments, I was relieved from the damsel's eyes, and very soon the incident was forgotten.

LAP II.

Captain Bombshell was paying his addresses to Miss Araminta, who had come to see her former schoolmate, Henrietta, and the military gentleman had doubtless supposed an old country house an admirable place for pressing his siege.

Captain Bombshell was an army man, sir. He had seen a good deal of the world, sir; for which reason he was a prime authority in the great scheme of the season. This was a fancy ball on Christmas night; and with the arrival of about half a dozen young ladies, and as many young gentlemen, commenced the grand discussion on the momentous subject of costume. Here it was that Captain Bombshell's prodigious knowledge of other lands — of sunny Italy and beautiful Spain — came into grand request. He had been among the banditti of the Apennines, by Jove, sir, and had hobnobbed with the best of them; he had danced the Bolero beneath the skies of Andalusia with the dark-haired Spanish señoritas; he had been the partner of the Italian *contadinas*, perhaps as many as a thousand times. If his poor knowledge of these countries and their inhabitants would be of any service, said the gallant Bombshell, bowing and twirling his huge moustache with a smile, he begged the ladies to command him. The captain was a companionable and good-humored warrior — eminently so; therefore, by universal consent, he was directed to assume the part of a ferocious bandit, having first faithfully promised to behave himself in character and look very fierce.

Among the rest were flower-girls and Morning Stars, Indian maids, and gypsies; the moral virtues — Hope, and many more; English barmaids, Spanish señoras; an Autumn, a "Folly," and a Night strewed

with stars, and the gentlemen were no behindhand. They represented Highlanders, with plaid and tartan; sailor-boys; romantic pirates of the Ægean, after the fashion of my Lord Byron's heroes; and many other personages. Comic characters were duly mingled; my bicycle uniform and likewise the riding suit of Henrietta were pressed into the service, though the owners declined to wear them. At the task of arranging all these costumes every hand and tongue was busy. My own dress was speedily determined upon, and gave little trouble. It was simply the uniform of buff and blue — top-boots, cocked hat, sabre, and all — which my hard-headed old grandfather had won during the Revolution, and left as a legacy to his family.

We had a hard time preparing two costumes for two gentlemen, however; and these I shall now give a word to. The first was the dress of a British army officer, to be worn by a certain Mr. Wilsonby; the second was the dress of *Jemmy Twitcher*, the part taken by my friend Sam Towers.

Stately Mr. Wilsonby! I see him now, as I muse — the coldest representative of wealth and "blood" — the chilliest iceberg I ever encountered. And to presume to court Henrietta! — in which slight observation, or exclamation, you may probably discern the grounds of my opinion of this gentleman. But other people said of Mr. Wilsonby just what I did. I never saw anybody that liked him. He was about thirty years of age, tall and erect in his carriage, with a stately coldness in his manner; and, if report did not belie him, as much coldness in his character. He seemed never to lose sight of the dignity becoming "a man of his position." He possessed a splendid estate adjoining Clover Hill, and he had a lot of distinguished ancestors of whom he said a great deal. Certain it is that Mr. Wilsonby plumed himself loftily upon his "blood," not to mention his wealth, and the general impression left by his conversation was the very great kindness he did you in entering into conversation at all. This gentleman had come to the determination to take to himself a wife — or, rather, a mistress of his household — and had pitched upon Henrietta to fill this honorable position. When I came to Clover Hill he was paying her his addresses in a dignified way, and when we were introduced his manner seemed to say, "I am pleased, sir, to know any connection with my future wife, sir; and shall be happy to serve you, sir."

Now, for Sam Towers. But upon reflection I decline attempting any description of Sam Towers. It would be as easy a task as to take the photograph of a sky-rocket at the moment of explosion. Wherever Sam was there was mirth, and laughter, and uproar. All the girls quarrelled with him for his impudence, and then burst out laughing at his mock apologies; all the men listened to him, as an audience will to a great comedian, ready to applaud, and scenting the humor on his lips before he spoke. His jests, his stories, his practical jokes and caprices were the never-failing food for mirth; all applauded and laughed — all but stately Mr. Wilsonby. That gentleman regarded Mr. Sam Towers as a sort of jester, without "dignity" or "blood," and, what was far worse, *poor*; he therefore treated him with well-bred conde-

scension and lofty politeness — a proceeding which caused Sam on more than one occasion to turn his head away and utter a suppressed chuckle, in which every one ended by joining.

Such was our Christmas party; and I need not tell you that a hundred devices were thought of to kill the time. Among the rest there were numerous sleighing parties, and upon one of these excursions an amusing incident occurred.

LAP III.

It was Mr. Wilsonby's sleigh — a magnificent affair, drawn by four fine bays — and some half-dozen young ladies had been graciously invited to be of the party, Henrietta among the rest, as a matter of course.


Mr. Wilsonby graciously proposed to me at the last moment to occupy a vacant seat; and, ripe for fun, I got in, and the sleigh darted off, with a deafening jingle of bells.

Have you ever been compelled to ride "bodkin?" Perhaps you are not familiar with the term, which may be peculiar to our country. It consists, then, of being placed between two young ladies in a vehicle — crowded, compressed, squeezed down, overwhelmed — the victim of female wrappings and wide-spread skirts — the mere caricature, for the nonce, of a boasted lord of creation! Mr. Wilsonby had doubtless desired me to occupy another seat, beside himself; but a gay young beauty having cried out, "Come and sit by me, Mr. Seaton!" I had obeyed, and found myself the victim of the young lady in question and the damsel at her side, no other than the smiling and blushing Miss Henrietta. Mr. Wilsonby regarded the arrangement with ill-suppressed dissatisfaction, but was obliged to submit, and so I found myself reduced to the humiliating position of a "bodkin," although precisely under the circumstances which I should have selected.

Miss Henrietta's curls rippled across my face with every breath of wind; her rosy cheeks were not disagreeably distant; and by some accident I never assisted her in securing her fur wrappings, as they fluttered in the wind, without encountering a small hand belonging to the young lady. In the brilliant sunshine now she looked supremely lovely, and her blue eyes fairly danced with delight, as the sleigh darted onward, the rapid footsteps of the horses on the well-beaten road keeping time to the music of the bells. There was such an expression of innocent pleasure in the beautiful face — something so kind, and truthful, and maidenly in the curve of the young lip — that a certain person who was not a thousand miles off, uttered an unconscious sigh, and tumbled down a precipice some thousands of feet deeper than that other one from which he had fallen, helpless and a disarmed captive. I began to think mournfully of the slender chance I had of ever marrying; of the advantages possessed by my wealthy rival; and the result was something decidedly like melancholy. A single glance at the sweet face again drove away, however, all my sadness; and at the same moment a burst of laughter from the bevy of girls attracted my attention to an object which completely routed from my mind anything resembling seriousness.

This object was Mr. Sam Towers, wrapped in an immense sheep-skin, mounted on a

THE CYCLE. THE CYCLE.

 **75** 

CENTS A YEAR.

Single Copies, THREE Cents.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$1.00.

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

flour-barrel affixed to a pair of crazy sleigh-runners; and this rickety turn-out was drawn by a mule with rope harness, the head of the miserable donkey being decorated with a cluster of tin plates and cups, which gave forth pleasant music on the way. Mr. Sam Towers drove with extreme dignity and gravity — with the air, indeed, of a man who is proud both of himself and his equipage — and a crowd of the juvenile members of the household, who were, one and all, his huge admirers, followed him, splitting the air with cheers in his honor. The driver made a graceful gesture of thanks, and cutting his mule, dashed on toward the sleigh in which we sat laughing.

The race continued for a quarter of a mile — always in front of the great portico, in which a crowd of shivering young ladies stood, shaking with mirth more than cold; and then the day's proceedings were suddenly brought to an end in a manner wholly unlooked for. Mr. Wilsonby had half turned with a stately air toward the ladies, and was not looking to the road, when suddenly the entire party were hurled ten feet from the sleigh, and buried in an immense snow-drift. The origin of the accident was very simple. The banks of a small stream

which crossed the road had been washed clear of snow, the runners struck upon the hard earth, and, in consequence, the hinder end of the sleigh, which was very lofty, toppled over, very nearly on the backs of the horses. A charming young lady, known as Miss "Opera Shoes," was "revolutionized," Sam Towers said; another as lovely — Miss "Rose in Bloom" — discovered herself running back to the sleigh, from a bank some ten yards distant, to know if her friends were hurt; and the rest, including Mr. Wilsonby, Miss Henrietta, and myself, were landed in a great mountain of snow to the left.

Henrietta was not hurt; by the strangest of accidents I had received her in my arms — there seemed to exist a species of fatality for that sort of thing — and when she rose to her feet, pale and frightened, more for her companions than herself, she would have fallen again had I not passed my arm around her, and so delivered her to her young lady friends.

The horses had not taken fright, and we were soon gliding along again, Mr. Towers following with gay and airy grace in the rear; but during the rest of the ride I think Miss Henrietta appeared somewhat chary of her

words, and avoided my eye. Doubtless she suspected the accidental nature of these chivalric rescues on my part — from tricycles and sleighs — but assuredly without any reason, for my only merit, or demerit, was being near at the proper moment and performing my — duty.

On our return the ride was a subject of a flood of comment and laughter, but I did not hear Miss Henrietta allude to one of the incidents.

LAP IV.

The days fled gayly onward, and Christmas at last drew near at hand. The costumes for the fancy ball were all finished; and Henrietta, with the assistance of her friends and the young men, applied herself to the task of decorating the old homestead for the joyful occasion.

No sooner had she given the signal than an immense uproar commenced among the youthful members of the household. At last their eminent merits were recognized, their services were needed, and they entered upon the task with ardor. Marshalled in a small army, under the generalship of their beloved chief, Sam Towers — who left Capt. Bombshell, though he was an army man, sir, com-

pletely in the background — the juvenile part of the company made a desperate onslaught into the forest, and ere long they were seen returning with huge boughs of cedar and pine, resembling indeed, Macduff's army, when the wood of Birnam came to Dunsinane. In the van Sam Towers bestrode in a dignified attitude his venerable donkey, and this unfortunate animal now bore a moving cedar forest.

The evergreens were thrown down in the hall, and a hundred hands were soon busy making wreaths. On the ensuing evening, when the toil was over, some magical hand seemed to have touched the hall. The goblin king of the forest might have been suspected of a decided partiality toward Clover Hill. Everywhere wreaths, festoons, zigzags, garlands — on the walls, the ceiling — above the pictures, the windows and the doors — there was not a single spot where evergreens could go, which the hands of the young girls and their assistants had not decorated. In compliment to Capt. Bombshell, Miss Araminta wove a very fine representation of a cannon in evergreen, and Miss Henrietta very skilfully made a huge League badge in green, with rings of gold and the letters "L. A. W." cut from silvered paper. It was a forest palace, where old Winter might have reigned in imperial majesty; but the great fires would have melted the icicles on his beard, and the uproarious glee would as certainly have added to his face some more wrinkles — wrinkles of joy and laughter.

And then, with this new preparation for the season came the question, Could not something more be devised? So many dresses were prepared, why not have some *tableaux*? nay, some dramatic scenes? It was Mr. Sam Towers who proposed this, and the proposition was hailed with delight. What could be acted? It might be a medley, Mr. Towers said, in which pirates of the Mediterranean should carry off ladies of the court of Louis XIV., and in the midst of the abduction a British officer might appear — last of all an American, who should conquer them all, and bear off the lady in triumph!

Mr. Sam Towers proposed this magnificent plot of a drama with great modesty, but his proposition was immediately greeted with tremendous applause; and when he promised by the same evening to have all that was necessary written and ready, the general approbation was displayed by prolonged clapping of hands. Sam placed his hand upon his heart, bowed with bashful confusion, and, taking my arm, drew me out of the room.

"I say," said Sam, in a low tone, as we sat down to smoke in the library, "we can make some fun out of this."

"How?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. We'll bring your bicycle and Henrietta's tricycle in. The pirate will carry off the court lady, and the British officer will rescue her, and the American will win her at last. Do you comprehend?"

"Certainly: and your scheme?"

Sam proceeded immediately, with many chuckles, to explain. Henrietta was to act the countess, Mr. Wilsonby the British officer, and I the American. The countess was to be riding along a mountain road when a pirate should rush out and seize

her. He is in the employ of a British officer who wants the lady for his wife. The private will bind the lady, *à la* Mazeppa, to the handle-bar of the tricycle and ride off with her to the British officer. The British officer also rides off, and the American appears in the distance and gives chase. He catches the officer, and they fight with foils. The American disarms the British officer, grabs the countess, and there you are.

"But suppose he conquers me?" I said, laughing.

"So much the worse, my boy," said Sam, with great nonchalance; "that's your lookout."

"But, Sam!" said I, "your piece is all rot. Court ladies don't go riding along mountain roads on tricycles; you can't strap a lady on to a handle-bar; you can't represent a ride on a small stage; and, moreover, wheelmen don't carry swords nor foils."

"Don't you be at all alarmed," said he, "and don't you throw cold water on my play because it is n't true to life. We've got to use what we have. We've got to have a mountain road and a pirate to make things romantic. We can let Henrietta stand on the foot rests, and pass a strap around her waist and the handle-bar. We can take the chain off the tricycle, and let the officer pedal very fast, for if we get motion it's all we want. And we've got to use foils, because that makes the best stage combat; and we've got a pair up in the attic. You just leave it all to me, and I'll get up a drama that will curdle your blood, if it does seem a little out of the common course of things."

This speech, as may be imagined, did not lead to further objection upon my part; and when Sam enlarged, with great eloquence, upon the pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from the expression of Mr. Wilsonby's face when he was disarmed, I found myself unable to further oppose his plan, and so acceded to it, with a vague sentiment, however, that we should both feel very foolish if the conclusion was not just what we expected, — if I was "conquered before the eyes of my lady-love."

"That being arranged," observed Sam, "let us get to the writing."

And seizing a pen, this versatile genius began scratching away with tremendous ardor, and scarcely any pause. In an hour he had produced one of the most remarkable dramatic works which perhaps the present century or any other ever witnessed. Time and place were mingled in a confusion utterly inextricable; the same characters swore in Latin, English, and French; oceans were to be traversed in an instant; and England, Asia, and America were mixed up in one great mess, which would have driven a geographer to frenzy. Having placed at the head of his MS., in conspicuous letters,

THE PIRATE OF THE ÆGEAN, OR THE BEAUTIFUL TRICYCLIENNE.

(A Drama in five acts, by S. Towers, Esq.)

the author modestly read it to me, and then bore it to the more awful ordeal of the drawing room.

To describe the burst of applause which

greeted the first reading of this great five-act tragedy would be wholly impossible. The young army, who had tarried to hear it before retiring, seemed overcome with uproarious admiration; and young Stephen, the lieutenant under Captain Towers, was not content until he had climbed upon the back of his commander's chair, and given a deafening cheer in his honor.

Every one accepted his or her part with alacrity, with the exception of Mr. Wilsonby and Miss Henrietta. These two personages held out for some time, but at last were also conquered. Mr. Wilsonby acquiesced finally with a sort of haughty dignity, and Henrietta with a blush. Was the young lady thinking of the stage direction in the drama, "Carries off the Countess in his arms?" Perhaps she began to think that the fates were against her, and I was destined eternally to be close at hand with outstretched arms. At all events, she reluctantly consented to take the part of the Countess. Sam Towers promised to arrange everything, and so the drama was a fixed fact. First, the fancy ball with *tableaux*; then dancing, then the terrific tragedy! It was almost sublime, sir, said Captain Bombshell, twirling his moustache; was it not, Miss Araminta?

And Miss Araminta, with a languishing glance, replied that it certainly was.

(To be Continued.)

THE *News* publishes the following table of wheel revolutions to the mile:—

| Diam. of wheel. | Rev. per mile. |
|------------------------|----------------|
| 36in. wheel revolves.. | 560 |
| 38in. " " .. | 530 |
| 40in. " " .. | 504 |
| 42in. " " .. | 480 |
| 44in. " " .. | 458 |
| 46in. " " .. | 438 |
| 48in. " " .. | 420 |
| 50in. " " .. | 403 |
| 52in. " " .. | 387 |
| 54in. " " .. | 373 |
| 56in. " " .. | 360 |
| 58in. " " .. | 347 |

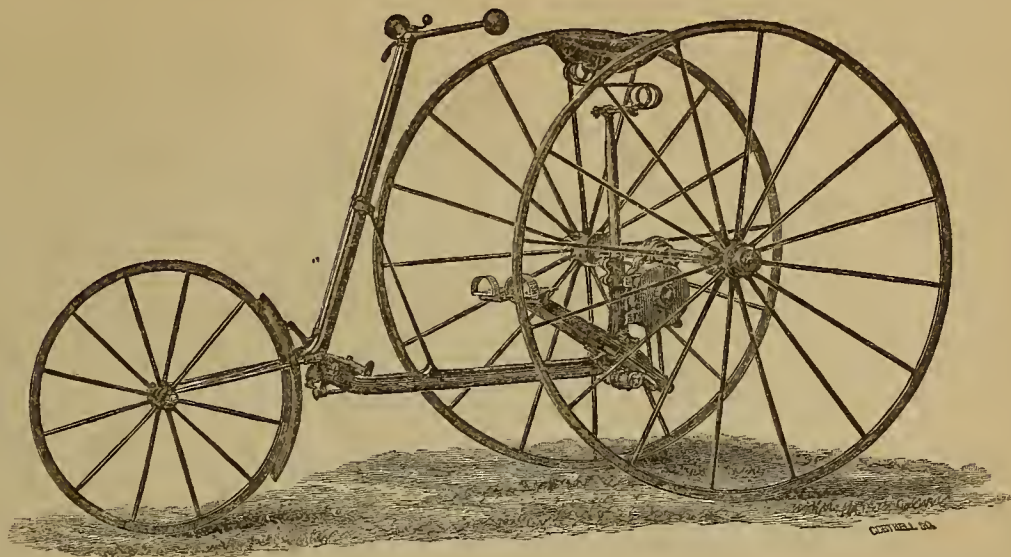
Before the society of arts, last week, Prof. Thomson of the Thomson-Houston Electric Lighting Company, presented his apparatus for the welding of metals by electricity. The method consists simply in forcibly pressing together the pieces and passing a heavy electrical current through them. The resistance to the passage of the current offered by the joint heats it to the melting point, and the weld is completed in quicker time than it can be described.

The uses to which the process is applicable are numerous and of great importance. It may serve for uniting wires for telegraphic and other purposes, for butt-welding tubes, for making and repairing wheel rims, etc., for welding chain links, for the manufacture and repair of all sorts of tools. The apparatus consists of two heavy clamps to guide the pieces to be joined, and convey the current, which is produced by an induction coil of special form, which produces currents of very great volume but of low electro-motive force.

WE will send the *American Wheelman* and the *CYCLE* to any address for one year for the sum of \$1.00.

THE ELLIOTT TRICYCLE.

WE present, this week, a cut of the Elliott tricycle, which has been prolific of so much discussion in the wheel world. The picture tells the story of its detail better than words could represent it. The makers tell us that they have secured an extra fine lot of second growth hickory that has been seasoning for twenty years, and the hubs that will be used were turned out ten years ago. This gives good assurance that the wheels will not go to pieces, nor the parts work loose. In their search for material, the makers came across a large lot of stock that was gotten out in 1869 for the bone-shakers, but it was of such poor quality that it was wholly unsuited to their purposes. Some thousand machines are now in process of manufacture, and the company will be ready to supply all demands for the spring trade.



FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

THE feminine point of view is located on a bed of sickness this week, and is therefore very much circumscribed. I know that my readers will excuse brevity this week, and I write only that my absence may not cause remark. Under such circumstances as those in which I am now placed, we realize more than at any other time the value of friends, and I have to acknowledge the reception of many messages of regard and good-will, besides more substantial favors.

MY keenest disappointment has been that I was forced to forego the pleasure of participating in my club ball, for you must know that I am a member in good standing on the honorary list of our local club, and the annual ball occurred last week.

LOUISE and Maud went, and it is almost as much pleasure to hear them talk over the affair as it would have been to participate. They have the bloom of youth on their countenances, and they enter into such things with all the enthusiasm incident to that happy epoch.

I DON'T know that the ball-room is more fascinating to them than is the open country viewed from the wheel; but if they dance as well as they ride, they must indeed enjoy a condition of things which brings pleasure in all seasons of the year.

I CANNOT transcribe all that they have told me, but I gather that a certain Boston man waltzes divinely, that another young man from beyond the borders of our city is the embodiment of all that is gentlemanly and graceful, and that the enjoyment of the evening was "heavenly."

ALL these things force upon me the thought: Why do not the young people who dance in winter, find their amusement on the wheel in summer? With many of them it is dance, dance, dance, the year round. In the fashionable ball-room of the city in winter, and in the halls of the summer resorts in the hot season they thread the mazes of the quadrille, and whirl through the rhythmic waltz. Who will be the missionary to

tell these young people that the wheel has fascinations beneath which such pleasures pall? The wheel does need a missionary, for the outside world takes to it slowly, and those who do enter the fold of cycledom come in with many misgivings. I am afraid the price of the pleasure restrains many, and I am in hopes to see this difficulty removed at an early day. I hope the time may soon come when the clubs can call a run into the country for ladies and gentlemen, and get as large an attendance as they now get in the dance-halls.

I NOTICE that Rose Meadows, of *Wheeling*, withdraws her column during the non-riding season, on the plea that there is nothing to write about. I will agree with her that it is no easy task to summon one's ideals when not under the inspiration of the wheel; but the papers are read even more in winter than they are in the summer, and it is just then that the editors put forward their strongest endeavor.

I WANT to say just one word of congratulation to the Massachusetts Club for the efforts they are putting forth in the interest of the ladies. The ladies' nights at the clubhouse, I am told, are the most successful of all the social events of the club, and I am glad to know that they are to be continued.

DAISIE.

SPOKES SPEAKS.

"CLUB POLITICS" was the very suggestive title to a half-column matter recently observed in Rowe's organ, the *Lynn Bee*, copied from H. P. Merrill's cycle columns of the *Springfield Union*. The article in question hinted that Mr. Henry E. Ducker would not accept the presidency of the Springfield Bicycle Club for 1887. Well, when one comes to think of it, Henry's bed has not been one of roses, by any means, and a harder worker no club ever had, and a more abused man never laid claim to being a cyclist.

HENRY E. DUCKER may have his faults, like other mortals, but in my mind a shrewder tournament manager and organizer does not exist to-day. Being present at Springfield during and previous to the last

tournament, I had ample opportunity to study the inside and outside workings of the pioneer American racing organization. Henry E. Ducker would undoubtedly do much better if he had full sway, but he seems to be handicapped by the more conservative members of his club. It is not generally known that Mr. Ducker was on the point of taking steamer to England during the fright of "no English amateurs," but such is the case. The irrepressible Ducker came within a jiffy of fetching a shipload of foreigners for his "only tournament."

WELL, if Mr. Ducker should refuse to run for his club's presidency, he may retire with the assurance that his masterly management has been efficient in the highest degree; and if such a man as Ducker should receive the directorial reins (and be allowed to drive alone), no complaint such as made in the English press by Wood and James will trouble the club any more. A good man to succeed Mr. Ducker (if he should determine to take a well-earned rest) is Mr. Sanford Lawton, the genial treasurer. A better man and a more popular man does not exist in cycling Springfield. With a few pointers from Ducker, Sanford Lawton will give us a great annual tournament.

Now that the question as to Rowe's validity to the title of "champion of the world" has arisen, a circumstance that happened at Springfield (in 1884) goes to show that the world's championship is but a fleeting shadow. The race between—or for the mile record between—Howell and Prince was, I believe, announced to be also for the one-mile championship of the world. Prince won it in wonderful time (2.39) for that year, but his title was disputed immediately, as Howell had beaten him in other races. I think the only way to find out who is the best man from one to twenty miles (which should be the proper distance) is to bring all the best men together, and let Howell, Woodside, Rowe, Hendee, and Wood loose in contest. Woodside will meet Howell in contests from one to fifty miles. The distances will be probably one, five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty. The winner of three out of five to take stakes. I have every confidence that Woodside will win the last three



SAFE, PRACTICAL *and* FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

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

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

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

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

NEW CATALOGUE READY.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.

Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

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

SINGER'S CYCLES.

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

APOLLO

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

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

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

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

— SEND FOR CATALOGUE —

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

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, CHALLENGE, SAFETY AND IDEAL.

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

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

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

of any kind, send stamp to

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,

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

LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN
AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



races, which will give him a firmer grip on the world's championship than any other man. Where will the races be run? Well, London, Leicester, Wolverhampton, Aston Lower Grounds, and a fifth place if necessary. Woodside will remain at Dunduain House, Coleraine, Ireland, for at least two months previous to commencing active training; and while at home will do a little work on the cinder path he constructed on his father's estate in 1881, which his people say is still in good condition. He will also do a little road riding in order to keep strong. It is my intention to run down to my country home on the borders of Wales, and direct our campaign with the aid of a Londoner from that point. About six weeks rest in the country will just about do me, then my face will be turned towards the cinder path once more. To the many inquirers I would say that W. M. Woodside was born in Philadelphia in 1861. It is probable he may be accompanied by a fast amateur to foreign shores.

W. J. MORGAN.

CYCLET'S.

THE OFFICIAL'S ROSETTE.

THE gay rosette! the gay rosette!
I've had it on, and can't forget
The perky thrill of conscious pride
That seized me when the badge was tied
Upon my brow — ah! no, my breast
The place my orisflamme found rest —
How angry jealous Jones did get,
When first he saw my gay rosette!

And Arabella, dearest love,
As guileless as the cooing dove,
Had whispered sweetly in my ear:
"You only want a bonnet, dear!
And then how charming would you be —
Do let me fetch you one and see!
Pray drop that nasty cigarette,
The ash will dust your gay rosette!"

How small boys' tongues can wag so free
Is darkly veiled in mystery —
Twelve grinning imps ne'er left my back,
Till safely landed at the track;
And rusty trebles shrilly sang
Vile canzonets of wicked slang;
Repeated oft — I hear it yet —
"Oh, crikey! twig his gay rosette!"

I tried to walk with absent air,
As if I knew not it were there;
But ever and anon would look
With anxious eye towards the hook —
That is, I should have said, the pin,
But rhyme just stopped it coming in —
No base deceit shall cause regret,
When thinking of my gay rosette!

But what I did that happy day,
Or what I was I could not sav;
The people cheered — I fancy me —
I bore myself so gracefully.
I've had my picture done in oil,
And wear in that a sunny smile,
My storest clothes, and you can bet,
More prized than all — my first rosette!

— F. F. S. in News.

"OH, that's all right!" Is it? Well, then send in your subscription.

WE want you on the list, and the money 'll not be missed.

WE shall give you stories and news and gossip, and tell you about the new wheels.

AND all this for seventy-five cents. Don't you hesitate any longer, but send your subscription right in.

BOSTON wheelmen are going down Corey Hill just now. You go down on a toboggan easier than you go up on a cycle.

A GREAT many people are down on the cycle. A great many more are getting down on the toboggan.

PIERRE LALLEMENT, the inventor of the the velocipede, is now in the employ of the Sterling Cycle Co.

THERE was a young man in the city,
Whose old bike was an object of pity,
Loose spokes it had got,
Not one, but a lot,
And the thing smashed him up in a jiffy.

No, friend *World*, we don't object to a discussion of the amateur question in the *Bulletin*. Let it be discussed. We do object to statements regarding the aspect of affairs on the other side of the water, which are incorrect and misleading. We do object to a member of the abolitionist clique using the *Bulletin* in the interest of a few men in England who would break down the amateur law.

LADISH, of the *American Wheelman*, is getting the ideas of leading cyclers on the amateur question.

TANDEMS will be heavier next year. It may be that they will be as heavy as the sociable yet, for the sociable can be reduced a good deal in its weight without impairing its strength.

THE guide-book to Canadian roads will be issued in March. It will contain 144 pages of closely-printed matter.

"*Der Radfahrer*" publishes very fine pictures of Canary and Kaufman, both of whom are now exhibiting in Germany.

WHEN the snow is on the ground city riding is better than country riding. Those wheelmen who ride to business despite the snow always select the streets that they avoid in summer.

THE Surrey Machinist Co. promise a new rear-driving safety, fitted with ball-head and eccentric adjustment of the chain. All of their bicycles will have the new ball-bearing head that the company make.

J. K. STARLEY, who has made an adjustable ball-bearing that gets around the Bown patent, has patented it in this country, and assigned it to the Pope Mfg. Co.

THE Mill-dam is now the resort of the *slippers* over the snow. In winter it feels the press of the cyclists' *rubbers*. What boots it that Boston is the centre of the shoe trade?

WHY not send a copy of THE CYCLE to your wheeling friend for a Christmas present. It will remind him of your remembrance every week in the fifty-two.

WESTFIELD wheelmen are making ladies' nights very popular. The local club has a membership of 100, and their social gatherings are very informal and unqualifiedly enjoyable.

AND now Harry Cornish, who was Hendee's trainer during the season, is managing a toboggan slide for the Hartford Wheel Club. Ten to one he will shout "Get on there!" as the toboggans go by.

"SHALL we or shall we not join the L. A. W.?" This question will come before the Springfield Club at its next meeting. They should remember that they can work for reform inside the fold better than they can if outside.

It is announced that Henry Goodman has established a cycle cigar store at Hartford. We can imagine that cycle cigars will have plenty of "go" in them.

THE following comes from a man who has positive ideas: "You are a confounded fool. What did you come down in price for? Your paper is worth all that you asked for it, and you have been fool enough to let your rival's gibes affect you. You ought to bag your head." Such little ebullitions are received for all that they are worth.

THE following is a list of patentees of inventions pertaining to cycling, to whom Letters Patent were granted 7 Dec., 1886: R. G. Britton, Springfield, Vt., velocipede; J. Gibbons, West Troy, and C. D. Meneeley, Albany, N. Y., velocipede; W. J. Lloyd and W. Priest, Harborne, England, tricycle; E. J. Winey, East Orange, N. J., (2) bicycle and lamp.

THE front wheel of the Star will be increased to half the size of the driving-wheel next year.

"IMITATION is the sincerest flattery." Our e. c. of t. s., which means our esteemed contemporary of Tremont street, will publish some stories.

T. A. CARROLL, president of the Lynn Cycle Track Association, has accepted the position of agent for the Heeler's Assembly, K. of L., and he will retire from an active interest in wheeling matters.

IT is said that Chief Consul Bidwell, of New York, has a plan which is being intelligently and legally pushed, and that it will fall like a thunderbolt from a clear sky on the heads of those who deny wheelmen the right to ride in the parks, and end the question in favor of wheelmen. Let the bolt descend.

THE second annual road race promoted by the *American Wheelman* will take place immediately after the League meet.

FRED MORSE, of St. Louis, has invented a new handle, which is described a cross between a T and a spade. The Pope Manufacturing Co. will adopt it for their wheels.

THE Lynn Cycle Club will hold a grand ball and exhibition on New Year's night.

WM. VINAL BURT, formerly of Stall & Burt, is now a fire insurance agent, located in the Equitable. Two men once located at "bicycle corner" now smile from behind desks under the roof of the Equitable — Papa Weston and Billy Burt.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents.

FOR a year's subscription!

WHAT'S the matter with that price?

WE club the CYCLE with the *American Wheelman*, or the *Wheelman's Gazette*, for \$1.00 a year.

L. S. C. LADISH, John S. Rogers, E. R. Stettinius, and Lindell Gordon, are the owners and managers of the *American Wheelman*.

CAPT. W. M. BREWSTER, of St. Louis, made a riding record of 4,275 miles the past year. This averages over 500 miles a month, counting his riding months only.

A. T. STEPHENS, of the Missouri Club, received the club gold medal for the best riding record of 1886. His mileage was 4,178 miles. Capt. Brewster's position made him ineligible to competition for the medal.

THE *Bulletin* and *Post-Dispatch* are having a lively tilt over the resignation of E. R. Stettinius, secretary of the Ramblers. The former says it was a press of business that led to the resignation, and the latter says it was induced by a spiteful reflection on him in the *Bulletin*. And there you are!

THE Columbus (Ga.) bicyclists want Percy Stone and Whittaker to run off their race on that track. This invitation would give them a chance to "have at each other" any time this winter. Percy says he will race there willingly. Whit. is now to be heard from.

HARRY ETHERINGTON, proprietor of *London Wheeling*, has been sued for libel by G. Lacy Hillier, for reproducing in *Wheeling* a recent article in the *Wheelmen's Gazette*, in which Hillier is called an "imbecile" and a "fop." — *Union*.

A. G. HILL, president of the Florence (Mass.) Cycle Club, and a member of the board of officers, L. A. W., was elected Mayor of Northampton 7 Dec. His election was a victory for the reform and temperance parties, and in his own district (Florence) there were very few votes cast against him.

THE Lynn Club made Woodside an honorary member, and now Morgan, who is Woodside's manager, asks the Springfield Club to do the same.

A BICYCLE weighing but 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb, with a tin saddle, has been constructed in England for a racing man named Travers.

THE Springfield Club is still debating the question of salaries for the officers. A vote has been taken in favor of a reduction, but it will come up again at the next meeting on a question of reconsideration.

THE Springfield Club is going to do the fair thing by those who subscribed to pay off their indebtedness in 1883, and will pay back all who came forward at that time. The club will have a series of dances, and give up its annual ball.

THE Secretary of the L. A. W. announces that he is ready to receive applications for life membership.

THE Citizens, of New York, entertained the Citizenesses at their new club house, 22 November, and now there is an air of sanctity about the place never felt before.

AND now the "Owl" has pirated the League Badge. If we should say "Rats,"

we suppose the owl would come off its perch; but we will not badger it.

THE Facile makers announce a new tricycle and a rear-driving safety. The tricycle has two small wheels in front, and the feet work on levers attached to a rod which runs to and turns a crank on the axle of the large rear wheel. The "Skipper" safety is modeled after the Humber safety, and has a lever and crank appliance like the Facile.

IRISH bulls are world-famous, and, perhaps, deservedly so; but is there no such thing as an English bull? A well-known agent in the north of England had the following sentence on his printed list: "All future lists cancelled." This is a fact, as also the following: A branch manager for a large cycle firm, seeing a new machine of another maker, exclaimed, "Copying again! Copying again; that's just the way with that firm; they have made the very thing we are going to make." — *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*.

THE following advertisement appeared in a metropolitan daily lately: "For Sale, a tricycle belonging to a lady requiring to be enameled and trued. Apply to —."

A WHEELING chappie recently told a spirited girl, whom he had been making sheep's eyes at all the evening, that the rim of his front wheel was like his love for her. "How's that?" asked the sprightly maiden. "It has no end, pretty one." "Thanks very much, dear boy. It also correctly resembled my love for you." "Oh, how's that?" asked the chappie, overjoyed at having made a mash so successfully. Quoth the maiden coyly: "It has no beginning." Then the music started, and another partner claimed his dance.

THE representatives of the two clubs who have undertaken to secure increased park privileges for New York riders, Messrs. E. J. Schriver, Jr., and F. W. Kitching, of the New Yorks, and Messrs. O. L. Moses and F. A. Egan, of the Ixions, were to have appeared before the Park Board at its last meeting, to learn the fate of the petition submitted some time since. Unfortunately, owing to a misunderstanding as to the time, the committee failed to come together; but two of its members, accompanied by Mr. Alfred Conkling as counsel, had a long talk with the Park Board. Mr. Borden was decidedly opposed to any change in the present arrangements, Messrs. Beekman and Crimmins were non-committal, and Mr. Powers was decidedly in favor of granting increased rights. No satisfactory settlement was arrived at, but after some correspondence, Commissioner Crimmins agreed to propose at the next meeting, that the park be thrown open as an experiment during the next few months. — *Wheel*.

SPEAKING of the new Wheel Board of Trade, one of the dealers said, the other day: "It is what we have long needed. There are many abuses in the cycle trade which cannot be corrected by any other means than through a board of trade. In the past there has been more or less rivalry between the different firms, each working for its own interest, regardless of everyone else, and this eagerness to promote one's personal interest has oftentimes resulted in downright personal injury. Take, for in-

stance, our agents. A man may write to us stating that he has become tired of selling a certain make of cycles, and would like to sell our machines. Now it may be, and has in times past happened, that the reason this agent wants to make a change is because he is in debt to the other firm. One of the objects of the board will be to prepare a black list, on which will appear the names of all bad bill settlers. Another object will be to settle the matter of discounts. The way the dealers are cutting one another has been a terrible loss to all of us. Of course, the acceptance of records and other union matters will all be attended to. I suppose the rule will be that if any dealer fails to live up to his agreement he will be expelled from the board."

H. G. KENNEDY, the Denver (Col.) Wheel Co.'s repairer, has contrived a new pedal that will give a small wheel any desired reach, so a rider of a 56-inch machine can have the same reach on a 48-inch. Its advantages are ease in mounting from the small size of the machine used, and power on hills and in sand, there being no dead centres to overcome. The arrangement resembles a stirrup hung on a pedal pin and attached to the crank. It will permit of a fancy rider's having a machine for fancy riding and road use all in one. — *American Wheelman*.

FAED advises that a tricycle be pulled up hill, rather than pushed. He says: "Dr. Stoney's daughters invariably have their tricycles provided with a stout cord, rigged up on the top of the steering-wheel fork, which serves as a tow-line. To insure true steering, a length of flat iron rod is secured under the lock-nut of the steering-head, like a head-lamp bracket would be, and this projects forward for some six or nine inches, so that the wheel will follow the direction in which the cord is drawn, steering the tricycle in the course pursued by the person towing it, without any tendency to eccentric visits to adjacent ditches. A loop in the free end of the cord takes a short piece of smooth wooden stick, facilitating comfortable draught, and enabling the rider — or tower — to pass the line round his arm, over his shoulder, or in any other position he fancies most agreeable. Upon remounting at the top of a hill, the line is quickly rolled up and hitched on to the nearest convenient part of the frame."

INSANITY has increased over sixty per cent. in Massachusetts within the last six months. The cause has been a mystery to medical men, but to me it is plain; and if the Reverend Abbot don't stop that pun factory of his in the *Cycle*, he will have the balance of the State in the same condition as this sixty per cent. of increase. Homœopaths follow the motto of "*similia similibus curantur*," or "like cures like," which belief is also expressed in the more homely adage of "taking some of the hair of the dog that bit you." The doctors in the State Asylum of Massachusetts adopt this rule. When any patient is particularly violent, they now resort to a new remedy. Instead of the old shower-bath and straight-jacket, they simply threaten to read them extracts from the *Cycle*, and the patient is immediately reduced to the utmost submission. In extra violent cases they produce a copy of the

Cycle and show it to the patient, and there is not a case on record where it has failed to curb the most violent maniacs. — *The Owl, in Bulletin.*

THE CYCLE will not deny the impeachment; but when it comes in this form from one who is a chief among punsters, we will be Frank enough to say, don't do it Egan.

A FRIEND of mine, who nearly always wears knickerbockers, appeared on the street the other day in long trousers. I stopped him and asked the reason of the sudden change. "Keep it still," he whispered, "for the sake of the wheel, but I am looking for a boarding-house." "Well," said I, in amazement, "what's that got to do with your shorts?" "Just this," he answered; "you see the landlady, if she saw my knickerbockers, would say, 'He's a bicyclist, and consequently has an awful appetite'; and away would go my chance of getting that room. No, I'll wait till the agreement is all made before I let her know that I tone up my digestion with a good spin." — *Spectator.*

WHITTAKER is confined to his bed. He caught a severe cold while riding the other day, and it settled in his bones and muscles, so that he is unable to stand on his feet. As soon as he is well he will be placed in charge of the sundry and repair department of Gormully & Jeffery, a responsible position, as this firm monopolize the Western trade in matters of difficult repairs.

THE minstrel entertainment of the K. C. W., Brooklyn, 9 Dec., was eminently successful. The programme was a remarkably good one, ending with the farce, "The Unhappy Pair."

GORMULLY & JEFFERY are busy making stock for the expected demand next season. The upper loft of the new building is a much higher room than any of the others, and will be used for storage. They propose to crate the machines as they are finished, so as to be able to ship immediately on receipt of order. The atmosphere is kept uniform by an elaborate system of piping, and the finish will therefore remain unharmed. It takes three engines to run the pressure plant, aggregating one hundred horse. Gormully & Jeffery will never build a racing wheel, probably. While they believe in sustaining race meets, realizing that they make bicycle riders, they cannot see that a track reputation will do the reputation of their roadsters any good. Whittaker's time for the first ten miles of his famous twenty-mile run on the road, was twenty-nine minutes one and four-fifths seconds. The Champion he uses has been run over twenty-five hundred miles at the speed he travels in training, and is as good, apparently, as ever — a staunch showing.

THE PATH.

NEW YORK, 4 DECEMBER. — Games of the Seventh Regiment. *One-mile Bicycle Race.* — E. Valentine, 40 yards (1), 3 9/10. A. B. Rich, scratch (2). *Three-mile Race.* — E. Valentine, 125 yards (1), 10.20 1/4. C. F. Berhaus (2).

FARIBAULT, MINN., 25 NOVEMBER. — *Twelve-hour Race in Rink.* — Fred Straub

(1), 139 miles, 3 laps; Louis Fleckenstein (2), 138 miles, 3 laps. Track seventeen laps to the mile.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 25 NOVEMBER. — *Twenty-Five-mile Road Race.* — F. A. Elwell (1), 1.37.20; L. R. Lazelier (2) by a length; H. A. Adcock (3) by ten lengths.

OMAHA, NEB., 11 DECEMBER. — The six days forty-eight hour bicycle race, for the championship of the United States, closed here at 10.30 o'clock to-night (Saturday), and was won by John S. Prince, who made seven hundred and sixty-seven miles and nine laps, beating the record made in Minneapolis last month by twenty-seven miles. Frank Dingley of Minneapolis covered seven hundred and sixty-five miles. Albert Schock, of Chicago, seven hundred and fifty-six miles: Tim Hardwick, of Kansas, seven hundred and forty-six; and E. H. Bullock, of Omaha, six hundred and seventy-two.

MONDAY next the six-day bicycle race projected by W. J. Morgan starts at Minneapolis. All the pro's will enter.

THE CLUB.

THE Chelsea Cycle Club held its first social on Wednesday, 8 December. There was a very large attendance of wheelmen, including Chief Consul Hayes, of Massachusetts; Captain Peck, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club; President Maxwell, of the Somerville Club, and representatives from clubs in Boston, Malden, Melrose, East Boston, and other surrounding cities. The hall was decorated with good taste. From the centre of the ceiling was hung a full nickelled wheel, and below this was a lantern alight and the club colors, and from the chandeliers depended small cycle wheels. Captain Frost was floor director, and he was ably assisted. J. Howard Richardson furnished the music. The Order bore upon its front a special design, made by W. M. Johnson, of Boston, showing a wheelman on a scorch.

THE fourth annual ball of the Binghamton, N. Y., Club was held on 5 December, and was the social event of the season. Eighteen dances were on the order.

THE annual meeting and supper of the Manchester Bicycle Club occurred 4 December, and the following officers were elected: President, Frank O. Moulton; secretary, Herbert S. Fish; treasurer, Clarence E. Temple; captain, H. M. Bennett; first lieutenant, John Newton; second lieutenant, Daniel Price; bugler, William Price; color bearer, Clarence D. Palmer. The club has recently leased a suite of rooms in the Opera block, which are now being fitted up for the accommodation of the members. It is expected that the new headquarters will be ready for occupancy about 15 December. Eight members of the club have wheeled 11,800 miles since the previous election.

At the annual meeting of the Union County Wheelmen of Westfield, N. J., held 6 Dec. 1886, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Fred A. Kinch, Jr.; secretary, Arthur N. Pierson; treasurer, Albert Farrington; captain, Frank S. Miller.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE SHOE.

The Perfect Shoe for Cycling.

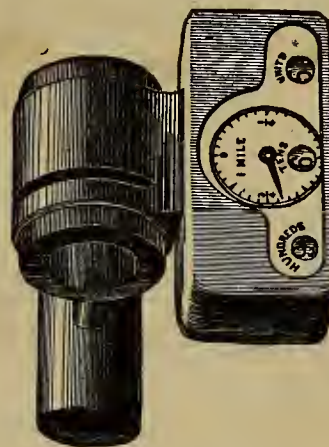
Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium,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

STRICKLAND & PIERCE,

156 and 156 1/2 Summer Street,

BOSTON.

English Anti-Rust Nickel Paste. — Transparent. By applying a thin coating of Paste to nickelled or bright parts, they can be kept in a damp cellar without rusting. You can also use machine in rain. Agents, please send address. One box by mail, post-paid, 25 cts. Send money by postal note or 2-cent stamps. Address only, STANDARD MFG. CO., 42 South Main Street, Box 696, Fall River, Mass.



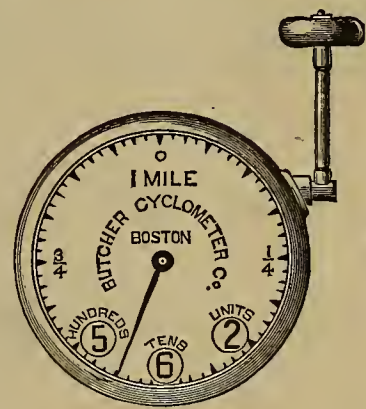
Our 1886 Pattern

Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by

Mail on receipt of Price,

FIVE DOLLARS.

PATENTS

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

N. L. COLLAMER . . . Patent Attorney,

Room 47, St. Cloud Building,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE
COLUMBIA
CALENDAR
FOR 1887.

A SEPARATE SLIP FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

A WORK OF CONVENIENT ART,
FOR OFFICE, PARLOR, OR LIBRARY,
FULLY EQUAL TO ANY DOLLAR CALENDAR IN THE MARKET.

The Calendar will be sent by mail, prepaid, securely packed, on receipt of twelve 2-cent stamps.

THE POPE MFG. CO.

597 WASHINGTON STREET, - - BOSTON.

12 Warren Street, NEW YORK. ———— BRANCH HOUSES ———— 115 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.