

# The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 8.

BOSTON, MASS., 19 NOVEMBER, 1886.

FIVE 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.

# WORLD'S RECORDS.

NOW, GENTLEMEN:— We fail to see why records made on a 22-pound Racing Wheel, and on a track with an exceedingly smooth racing surface— we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a Roadster (a differently constructed machine), even though the latter be made by the same company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be SIGNIFICANT.

## THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

to-day holds every World's Record on the road above 25 miles to 300 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **STILLMAN C. WHITTAKER**, at Crawfordsville, Ind., Oct. 18th and 19th. The run was made on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the times:—

		Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
50	(About 4 minutes behind his previous World's Record. . . . .)	2	59	50 $\frac{2}{5}$
100	(25 minutes ahead of the World's Record, and over a minute better than Ives's Springfield Track Record. . . . .)	6	1	15
150	. . . . .	10	28	52
200	. . . . .	15	13	30
300	(About 24 minutes better than the best World's Track Record. . . . .)	23	46	16 $\frac{3}{5}$

The latter magnificent record is about 41 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by Munger, about 19 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 13 miles better than McCurdy's, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however.

If you want the **EASIEST RUNNING ROADSTER** in the **WORLD**, you must come to us.

## GORMULLY & JEFFERY

*Manufacturers of the AMERICAN CYCLES,*  
CHICAGO, ILL.



# THE CYCLE

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

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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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.

*New York*, ELLIOTT MASON, 12 Warren Street.

*Philadelphia*, H. B. HART, 811 Arch Street. GEORGE D. GIDEON, 6 South Broad Street.

*Baltimore*, S. T. CLARK & Co., 4 Hanover Street.

*Chicago*, POPE MFG. Co., 115 Wabash Avenue. JOHN WILKINSON & Co., 77 State Street.

*Washington*, H. S. OWEN, Capital Cycle Co.

*St. Louis*, ST. LOUIS WHEEL CO., 1121 Olive Street.

ABBOT BASSETT . . . . . EDITOR

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

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

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Two years ago it was contended that the polo interest would destroy the amateur law, but the law is very much alive to-day, and polo is struggling for existence. This year the promateur was the agent for killing out the amateur law, but the promateur is dead and the law is still there. The question of its abolition came up in the council meeting of the N. C. U. a few weeks ago, and twelve votes were recorded against the law out of a hundred that were cast. Of these twelve voters, six are on the staff of *Wheeling*, and one is a particular friend of its editor. There seems to be some life in the law even in England.

FEW wheelmen will be found in the ranks of the prohibitory party, if the result of its triumph is to be the closing of all the best hotels. Touring wheelmen in some of the places in Eastern Massachusetts have been seriously annoyed by the fact that hotels have been closed because it would not pay to keep them open without a license. And wheelmen are not often patrons of the bar, either.

ENGLISH dealers are discussing the matter of discounts to private purchasers, and a trade association will be formed in the North of England, to regulate all such things, and to protect the trade. A circular calling for a

meeting of dealers says that at least five out of six depots have been unable to show any profit on the year's trading.

BOSTON dealers are discussing a protective trade association also, and there is little doubt that one will be formed here. There are many evils that have arisen that can be corrected by the co-operation of the dealers.

THE dealers have signed a paper in which they agree not to accept road records against time except where pacemakers have gone the entire distance, and checkers have been placed at each point where distance could be cut off. Nothing is said about cyclometers, and yet a good cyclometer is a better check upon a man than any other agent. It tells just how far the man has gone, and if distance is cut off the fact will be shown. In riding around a block where the road is measured in the centre, a man steals distance every time he takes the inner sidewalk, and he gains it all the time that he is riding inside the road centre. Cyclometers should not be the only reliance, but they should be one of the evidences of a record.

THE editor of the *Bulletin* has been estimating the amount of matter in the cycling papers. The CYCLE has never claimed much for itself, and it is willing to go on record with its contemporaries just as the *Bulletin* places it. We give the table:—

	Total number of pages.	Number of pages Reading Matter.	Number of words of Reading Matter.
<i>Recreation</i> ,	16	{ 9 1-2	13,500
" cycling matter only,		{ 5 2-3	8,000
<i>The Wheel</i> ,	10	5 1-3	8,500
<i>Bicycling World</i> ,	16	7	9,500
THE CYCLE,	14	8	11,500
<i>The Bulletin</i> ,	20	10	24,000

MR. BUTCHER, of the Butcher Cyclometer Company, has shown us the new spoke cyclometer which the company will put out for 1887. The circular case and dial plate is the same as that used on the present spoke cyclometer, but the movable arm has been discarded and in its place is a square enclosed channel running at a tangent with the case. In this channel is a heavy weight which is sure to fall from the upper to the lower part as the wheel turns, and in its fall it moves the wheels of the cyclometer. The thing promises well, for any one who sees

it will be convinced that the weight must drop and the works must move. This device allows the case to be sealed tightly, and there is no fear of water getting in. Mr. Butcher has in the new instrument gotten over very many of the objections to his first spoke cyclometer, and we believe he has hit the right thing. Patents have been allowed, and contracts for making parts of the cyclometer will be awarded at once.

THE end of the League year is at hand. Prepare to meet your dues. The organization ought to have 15,000 members next year.

## MASSACHUSETTS HOTELS.

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES has issued the following list of League Hotels for Massachusetts:—

NAME.	HOTEL.	L. A. W. RATE.
Arlington,	Arlington House,	\$1.50
Brighton,	Albany House,	2.00
Chelsea,	City Hotel,	1.50
Clinton,	Hotel Oxford,	1.60
Danvers,	Danvers Hotel,	1.50
E. Braintree,	Vaughn's House,	1.00
Fall River,	Dean Hotel,	1.50
Fitchburg,	Fitchburg Hotel,	2.00
Florence,	Florence Hotel,	1.25
Framingham,	Central House,	1.50
Gardner,	Windsor House,	2.00 to 2.80
Gloucester,	Pavilion Hotel,	2.00
Greenfield,	Mansion House,	2.50
Holliston,	Hollis House,	1.00
Hopedale,	Hopedale House,	1.50
Hyde Park,	Mrs. Stevens, River st.,	Meals, 35 cts.
Leominster,	Leominster Hotel,	2.00
Lynn,	Hotel Boscobel,	3.00
"	" Oxford,	1.50
Marlboro',	Central House,	2.00
Milford,	Mansion "	2.00
Magnolia,	Willow Cottage,	2.00
New Bedford,	Mansion House,	1.75
Newburyport,	Merrimac "	2.00
North Adams,	Richmond "	2.00
North Attleboro',	Wamsutta Hotel,	1.50
Palmer,	Nassawanno House,	1.75
Pittsfield,	Berkshire "	1.50
Quincy,	Robertson "	2.00
Salem,	Essex "	2.00
Turner's Falls,	Farrin "	1.80
Waltham,	Prospect "	1.80
Westboro',	Whitney "	1.80
Weymouth,	Cushing "	1.00
Worcester,	Lincoln "	2.50
Whitman,	Bates "	1.50
Lowell,	American "	2.00
Lawrence,	Franklin "	2.00
Wakefield,	Noyes' Hotel,	Meals, 35 cts.
Brockton,	Hotel Belmont,	2.00
Wales,	Wales Hotel,	1.00
Springfield,	Haynes "	2.50
Auburndale,	Woodland Park Hotel,	3.00
Northampton,	Norwood Hotel,	2.50

Members of the L. A. W. will be required to produce their membership ticket to obtain the above rates.



## OVER THE HANDLES: A TALE OF TWO WHEELS.

BY W. McILWRAITH.

*(From Cyclists' Year Book. Begun in issue for 12 Nov.)**Agnes Lester, Glasgow, to Bessie Drummond, Dumfries.*

"... Mr. Penner has at last ceased to be our patient, and has advanced to the rank of friend. He comes pretty often in the evenings, and being very fond of music, we spend many pleasant hours together. Now, Bessie, don't jump to conclusions; I know what this looks like to a susceptible female of your highly imaginative texture. But let me assure you there is nothing but friendship between us. He, of course, knows nothing of my previous history, and I know very little as to his. He is at present studying for the bar, and is evidently very accomplished and clever—and withal, possessed of strong common sense, which all accomplished and clever people are not.

"Would you believe it? He has, after all that has happened, again taken to bicycling. He says he has now thorough command of the machine, and enjoys nothing better than a run into the country,—except, perhaps, he adds with a smile, hearing a certain young lady play Beethoven. I take this as a hint, open the piano, and my *quondam* patient is happy for the time.

"I wonder what he thinks of me. He knows that I have pupils for the pianoforte, and I suppose he looks upon me as merely a hard-working little governess. I like to encourage him in the supposition, for I know thereby that I shall see him in his true character.

"He says he has no desire to be very rich, and looks upon life very much as upon bicycling,—the great thing being to keep perfectly upright, not to go at a dangerous speed, steer straight, and keep a good balance. . . ."

*Bessie Drummond, Dumfries, to Agnes Lester, Glasgow.*

"... I laughed a quiet little laugh all to myself, when I read your epistle. 'There is nothing but friendliness between us.' This you say, and this I doubt. Why? Never mind. Only,—when a young lady writes to me, and I find the greater part of her letter taken up with one young man in particular, I say to myself, 'Where there is so much smoke, there must be fire.' This is not a lugubrious warning, my dear Agnes, for I know I can trust your head and heart in a matter of this kind.

"And now, to be confiding in return. I, also, am very much tormented by the visits of a male biped. This biped is a big, good-humored specimen, of about six feet by two, with a merry pair of eyes that would charm melancholy from a poorhouse, and a laugh that is the essence of sweetness itself. He is one of those large-hearted, generous souls that nature sends as a sweetening flavor among the tasteless or sour elements of this big pie—the world. He, like your devoted 'friend,' is a bicyclist; but what a machine he *does* ride! I think he calls it a 'fifty-eight,' but whether that means stones in weight, or revolutions in the minute, or something else, I don't know. I only know that he can whiz along the road at a pace that leaves cabs and carriages far behind.

"He does n't care much for classical music. If I were to play Beethoven to him he would most likely say, 'Beethoven's been a boy and no mistake. His music's the stuff for pianoforte makers—bangs the piano all to bits. Don't your arms feel tired? No! Then let's hear "The land-lubbers lying down below, below, below," and I'll give you a chorus.'

"But in spite of all this he is simply adorable. He praises bicycling up to the skies, and says there is more 'wheel' than 'wo' in it. . . ."

"P. S. Bob and I are going out for a stroll this evening. He asked me this morning in a manner that was a little nervous, and I have been restless all day. I feel he is going to say something to-night, and (this is a profound secret, dear Agnes) I know beforehand what it is. . . ."

*James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.*

"... My dear Bob, my heart is so full that I must unburden it to somebody or burst. You are the only one to whom I would think of doing so, and it is needless for me to even hint to you that this letter is strictly confidential.

"I am deeply in love, Bob, over head and ears. That is the confession I have to make, and now that it is made, I feel inclined to pitch this letter into the fire. I shall let it stand, however, and trust to your sympathetic nature.

"It is the young lady whom I have written to you so often about, and who cared for me so generously when I met with the accident.

"I have just returned from spending the evening with her, and my head and heart are in a whirl. If you are in love yourself, you may have some idea of my sensations, but not otherwise.

"I rode over to her place on my trusty steed,—which I prize all the more because it threw me on the pavement before her house,—and found her as usual, bright and smiling, in the parlor, busy with some fancy work. I wish you could see her, Bob. The first glance is sufficient to show you that she is a woman of exquisite breeding and refinement, and the more you know her, the more the excellence of her character appears. She is at present, as far as I can see, engaged in teaching the pianoforte; but it is perfectly plain that she has been brought up in the best society.

"What her story is I do not know, nor shall I inquire. She may of her own accord tell it me some day—I shall never be rude enough to ask. I think, however, it must be of a sorrowful nature, for she looks at times sad and absent-minded, as if former memories pressed upon her mind.

"To-night was spent as usual, in talk, music, and in partaking of a little coffee. Margaret spends most of her time with us, and a very kind, shrewd old lady she is; but whether relative or servant, I have not been able to fix in my own mind. To-night she had gone out, and, relieved of her presence, I gave myself up to my enraptured feelings, and hinted by word and look the state of my affections. I have for a long time seen that my presence is not disagreeable to her, and to-night, more than ever I was convinced that I occupied at least a corner of her heart. At our parting I had the temerity to kiss her, with an endearing

word, and though she started a little and blushed, I could see that she was not displeased.

"I rode to my lodgings at a rate which startled many a passer-by, and made the policemen look as if they thought I had better be 'taken up,' for furious driving.

"Briefly, Bob, I shall bring matters to a head directly, and if I am not successful, why—there will be one man's life robbed of its zest and purpose. . . ."

*Robert Lithgow, Dumfries, to James Penner, Glasgow.*

"... I won't chaff you, dear Jim, regarding your love affair—I can't; you're decidedly 'spoony'; I'm decidedly ditto. So I can heartily sympathize with you, and wish you all the success you deserve.

"I'm a little ahead of you, Jim, in this respect. I am engaged—have been so for two days—and during that time I have been in such a state of exhilaration that I have been spinning about at a breakneck pace on my D. H. F., working off steam. At present I feel as if I could give Keen half a dozen laps in fifty miles and beat him clean.

"I took Bessie out for a stroll on Tuesday night, and after skirmishing about the subject for a considerable time, I managed at last to make the fateful query in what, in spite of all my courage and manliness, was a very sheepish way. Bessie was as nervous as I was, but she managed to reply in the affirmative, and the thing was done.

"Now, Jim, go you and do likewise. Screw up your courage to the 'popping' point, and go in and win. . . ."

*James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.*

"... I was very glad to hear of your happy condition, and tender you my hearty congratulations. Your path appears before you—a bright and smiling one; mine at present is somewhat overclouded.

"You know the state of my feelings toward a certain young lady, and as I have already told you, I have all along felt certain that she had a previous history different from what might be imagined from her present position. I have just found out a little of it, but not from herself.

"Last Friday, being free from all engagements, I started at an early hour for a day's ride. I was in capital spirits; the weather, though cold, was calm and bright, and I anticipated a day's thorough enjoyment.

"My forenoon's ride I need not describe to you, for you know the district well. Suffice it to say that at one o'clock I dismounted before the only inn in the little Highland village of Shaighsheen, and ordered dinner.

"I had just finished, and was turning round to toast my toes at the roaring fire—half peat, half coal—when two men entered, evidently farmers or cattle dealers. The one spoke with a broad Scotch accent, the other was decidedly Highland. Their conversation was at first occupied with nothing but 'beasts,' 'cattle,' 'sheep,' 'wool,' state of the market, and other kindred subjects which monopolized their minds and tongues, but after the second 'haufmutchkin' the conversation took a turn.

"Any words o' Sir Robert reducin' his rents this tairm? Times has been sae bad



o' late that something o' that sort wad need to be dune.'

"Nane whateffer. Indeed, he's been less about Tweedielands this last three or four months than he has been for some years whateffer. An' he'll leave the whole manangement to the factor — an' you know what sort o' a man *he* is."

"Whaur did he gang tae?"

"Nopody knows. Mrs. Phershon — that's the housekeeper — says he's never peen himsel' sin' his niece left the place."

"This niece, I learned from their conversation, had been the favorite of the whole district, and her leaving the place was evidently looked upon as a great misfortune. Why she had left, was a matter of doubt, the only thing definitely known being, that Sir Robert and she had had some difference."

"Feeling interested by this time, I chimed in after the manner of Dickens' young man, 'wanting to know, you know.' I elicited the fact that this Sir Robert Pengrew was a fire-eating old admiral, retired from service, as hot in temper as capsicum berries — that he was the richest proprietor in the county; that the whole of the village in which I then was, belonged to him; that his mansion was four miles distant; that his motions at present were most erratic; that he seemed possessed of some demon of unrest; that he often rode into Glasgow at a pace which half killed his horses; and that this state of matters had been, in the opinion of the people, caused by the estrangement of his niece, who had always been, up till her late departure, as the apple of his eye."

"By the time I had drawn out this information, we had become very friendly, and I ordered a round of whiskey for my friends and a glass of beer for myself."

"I was holding the glass in my hand, looking meditatively through the rich brown fluid into the fire, when I carelessly asked, by way of keeping up the conversation, —

"And this Miss Pengrow, she had been a great favorite of Sir Robert's before this quarrel took place?"

"Her name's no Pengrew. You see, Sir Robert had nae brithers an' only ae sister, an' he was terribly fond o' her. When she deed, a short time efter her husband, he took the wee dochter — a' the faimily they had — an' brocht her up as his ain. So that she doesna bear the name o' her uncle — her faither's name was Lester."

"My glass fell with a crash and broke in pieces on the fender."

"For one brief moment I was completely stunned, but the queries of my companions as to what was wrong, and the hurried entrance of the landlord, brought me to my senses, and I passed the thing off as best I could."

"This little *contretemps* interrupted the conversation for a little, but I resumed inquiries in a seemingly careless, off-hand way. I managed to get a description of Sir Robert's niece, and was confirmed beyond doubt that my sweet little governess of Glasgow was none other than the heiress to the broad acres of Tweedielands."

"My dear Bob, my feelings at present won't bear analysis — bewilderment pervades my whole being; but I feel in a dim sort of a way that this day's revelation has snatched Miss Lester from my grasp, and placed her on a pinnacle to which I can never attain."

"I left Shaighsheen Inn and rode out of my way to gain a glimpse of Tweedielands Mansion. It is evidently the county-seat of a man of great wealth, and as I turned away from it sadly, I felt as if I had left my happiness behind me."

"I rode steadily all the afternoon through an increasing fall of snow, and put up in Suildhu for the night."

"I write this part of my letter from this place, but will not finish it till I reach home to-morrow night. I expect a stiff ride to-morrow, as the ground is now completely covered with snow, and the wind howls dismally round the building. Everything is cold and dreary and miserable, like my heart and hopes, now that I know whom I have been worshipping. . . ."

*Agnes Lester, Glasgow, to a friend abroad.*

"... You are surprised, no doubt, that I should date this letter from Glasgow, and not from Tweedielands, but the fact is I have left the old spot, and have taken furnished lodgings in a quiet street of this city, having no one with me but dear old Margaret, who, as you know, dandled and nursed me when a child, and who has cared for me ever since the time when, left without father or mother, I came under the guardianship of my uncle."

"You are acquainted with uncle's headstrong, unreasonable temper, and how, when he takes a thing into his head, he will carry it out in spite of all opposition. And you are also aware of the fact that he has looked forward for years to the possible union of the estates of Tweedielands and Cricklade through the alliance of Frederick Spoddely with your humble servant. This has been his ambitious dream, and Frederick, at his frequent invitation, stayed at Tweedielands for months at a time, much to my disgust, for I have no liking for the son of our neighboring proprietor. Sir Robert viewed with ever-increasing impatience and anger my evident dislike for Frederick, and several times spoke to me on the subject. At first I said very little, but, as it became more irritated and unreasonable, I plucked up courage to speak my mind, calmly and determinedly."

"I can never feel anything but gratitude to my dear uncle (though we are at present completely estranged) for his thoughtfulness and tenderness in bringing me up as he did; but I cannot, let the consequences be what they may, agree to his wishes in this matter. He has a warm heart, as you know, but his infirmity of temper leads him to say and do things which, however sorry for afterwards, he will in nowise retract."

"When I had conveyed my determination to him his anger completely gained the mastery, and he told me that as long as I persisted in it there could be no communication between us, and that some other residence than Tweedielands must be looked out for me."

"How I did suffer all that week! And I have suffered a great deal since. I loved the old place so much — every room, every nook in it and round it had some tender remembrance connected with it, and I loved uncle so much in spite his infirmities. When I drove away he merely gave me a stiff bow. I could see that he, however, as well as I, felt the pang of separation, but I knew too

well his stubbornness would not allow him to show it."

"He allowed Margaret to accompany me and sends her salary regularly every quarter. As for myself, the interest of the money left me by poor father is more than sufficient for my wants. In order to occupy my time, and keep me in a busy frame of mind, I receive one or two pupils for the pianoforte."

"So, Nelly, you must cease to think of me as an heiress; but do not, I beseech you, cease to think of me as a very loving, though distant, friend. . . ."

*James Penner to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.*

(Continuation of former letter.)

"From Suildhu there stretches southward a long, bleak expanse of moor, and this morning, when I looked out across it from my bedroom window, I half formed the determination to ride to the nearest railway station, ten miles off, and take the train home. But second thoughts came, over my hot and steaming breakfast-cup, and I made up my mind to push my way home in spite of all obstacles."

"It was quite calm when I started — everything lay very still and white. Only the sky looked preternaturally black against the snow-covered mountain-tops."

"I rode manfully for more than two hours, making one or two involuntary dismounts during that time. About noon the wind came whistling down from the north, scattering in its way an ever-increasing fall of snow. Fortunately the wind was straight behind me, and for some time I made pretty good speed. By one o'clock I was on the lookout for a place called Tomniul, but as time went on, I saw that somehow or other I had strayed from my way. The storm was increasing, and the wind came in gusts that made my riding of a most uncertain character. I tried to obtain information of my whereabouts from my pocket map, but I could only make a random guess. No house was within sight, and all the comfort I had was that I was upon a road, and that the road must lead somewhere."

"I took once more to the saddle, and, coming to a long slope, I put my legs over the handles and kept a bright lookout ahead. A horse came in sight, standing alone shivering, with his back to the blast. About twenty yards before I came to him, and while looking at him, and not at the roadway, my machine bounded against some obstacle in the snow, and I went flying over the handles. I landed on my feet, but the impetus was so great that I fell forward on the road."

"On regaining my feet I examined both myself and my steed, and found nothing wrong. I went back to discover the cause of my sudden dismount, and found to my horror a man lying half-hidden in the drifting snow. I lost not a minute in laying my machine on its side, in catching the man by the shoulders, and in pulling him into a half-sitting, half-lying position against the low sod fence by the roadside."

"He was quite unconscious, and the extreme pallor of his face made me think for a moment he was dead. On examination, however, I found that he was still alive, but that he had evidently lost a considerable amount of blood from a wound in the leg."



Fearing that his life might drip away with the blood, I took my handkerchief, rolled it lengthwise and tied it into a loop around his leg, and twisted it as tightly as possible by means of my spanners, making, in this way, not a bad substitute for a tourniquet.

"Near at hand was a small turf hut, used for I know not what, and having entered it, I found the floor covered with very damp rushes mixed with hay. I made up my mind to place the unfortunate man inside, and so shelter him from the keen blast until such time as I could procure help. A few minutes sufficed to do this, and then the problem presented itself—Where should I ride for help?—back the way I came, or straight on? While deliberating, I surveyed my patient. He was evidently a gentleman of some means; his appearance, in spite of a very rugged, self-willed countenance, proclaimed this. I then remembered his horse, and I knew that I would have a much better chance were I on his back instead of on my bicycle. I therefore made an attempt to catch him, but the animal shied when I approached and trotted off downhill, disappearing in a short time.

"After a minute's further consideration, I mounted and rode straight back in the teeth of the storm. As far as I could see, I stood a better chance of meeting with help by going back than by proceeding. I remembered passing a farmhouse an hour and a half previous, and I determined to make for it.

"The blast was keen and bitter, the snow blinded me, my machine staggered about like an intoxicated spider; but the thought of the man lying on the damp rushes of the hut, with the life nearly out of him, nerved me to efforts I could not otherwise have made. Before I had ridden a quarter of an hour, I was perspiring profusely, in spite of the freezing wind that did its utmost to keep me from going ahead.

"A furious gust coming down a narrow glen, the mouth of which I was passing, laid my steed and myself prone in the ditch. I found it impossible to remount in the face of the gale, so, turning my back on it, I mounted going with the wind, and once fairly in the saddle, faced round again. I clenched my teeth, pulled vigorously at the handles, and laid myself on the top of the front wheel, managing thus to keep going, but that was all. The fierce sweep of the snow-laden tempest bit my face and ears most painfully, and I gasped for breath, tottered, and fell. This was repeated time after time, till I was almost in despair. I felt faint and giddy, my hands were benumbed and bleeding from numerous cuts, both the near handle and crank were badly bent, and I had to take to walking, pushing the machine before me. Farther on, at the head of a slope, I remounted and faced the blast once more.

"I went at it in a dull, dogged, half-despairing fashion, tumbled, remounted again, and lay for several minutes amidst the snow in a strangely indifferent, drowsy condition.

"How I reached the farmhouse I have no distinct idea, but I remember knocking at the door in a very benumbed and dazed condition, and in staggering in at the door on its being opened without saying a single word.

"There was no need, for my appearance proclaimed my necessity, and I was hurried into the warm kitchen, deposited in a large

arm-chair, and forced to swallow some hot whiskey and water.

"I recovered immediately and told the people why I had come, urging them to set out at once if they did not wish to bring back a corpse instead of a living man. I described the place—the farmer recognized it at once—and in a few minutes he had set off in his gig, with a man-servant, a pair of blankets, and a flask of brandy. I felt so weak that, after getting my hands sponged and cleaned, I ensconced myself between the blankets, and in a few minutes slept the profound sleep of utter exhaustion.

"I am still in the farmhouse. I write this before the big kitchen fireplace, using the folding leaf of the capacious arm-chair as a writing desk. Donald MacGregor, my kind-hearted, large-limbed host, sits opposite smoking, with a large collie basking in the heat of the fire at his feet. The 'guidwife' is busy with the household affairs, and occasionally peeps into a small bedroom, leading off the kitchen, with a very sympathetic look, for the man whose life I have been the means of saving is lying there.

"And who do you think he is, Bob? None other than Sir Robert Pengrew, the uncle of Miss Lester...."

(To be continued.)

## CYCLES.

NOVEMBER days this year may well be called fall days. The rain has been falling almost constantly.

DAISIE missed one chance at a jokelet. The young man she writes about proved himself an apt scholar and also a good tooter.

STANDARD records are very scarce this year. The Racing Board has accepted a few. The best times made are not records.

A MIXED run of bicyclers, tricyclers, and tricycles is on the tapis for Thanksgiving Day in Chelsea.

When our runs the ladies grace  
They should always make the pace.

THE Ramblers of Chelsea held a social assembly on the 10th inst. Some seventy-five couple were present. The club honored our fair correspondent "Daisie" by dedicating a schottische to her.

LOOK out for our Christmas story.

"How can I prevent my lamp from going out?" said a cyclist. "Why, stay at home," said a friend. "Your lamp will not go out if you don't."

THE matter of a track is being agitated in New Orleans.

A TRICYCLER came out of the reservoir and turned too suddenly. His machine went over and became a wreck. "Nothing like a good break," said he, as he viewed the wreck. The moral of this is that speeding around corners can be avoided by applying the brake.

THE following joke has been sent into us. It is so very bad that we use it as a horrible example of what a man can do if he sets out to. Why should n't wheelmen take to tobogganing in winter? They are used to bargaining for wheels in summer.

HILLIER has been trying the "Swift" safety bicycle made by the Coventry machinists, and he pronounces very decidedly in its favor. Gaskell will have one on view at a very early date.

THE Massachusetts Club gave its first entertainment of the season at its clubhouse Saturday evening. The affair proved very enjoyable, and it is intended to have some sort of an entertainment every Saturday evening during the non-riding season.

IT is a question in Washington whether or not Mrs. Cleveland is learning to ride a tricycle. Certain it is a tricycle has been taken to the White House; the gates of the grounds have been locked, and mysterious laughter has been laughed. It may be that the President is taking this form of active exercise to reduce his extra weight; but it is generally expected that Mrs. Cleveland is the one interested, and her appearance outside on the machine, which is fashionable in Washington, is waited with a good deal of curiosity. — *Record*.

THE *American Wheelman* has sent requests to one hundred of the most prominent racing men for their opinion on the question of abolishing the amateur rule, and will next month publish the result.

A CORRESPONDENT writes of a new tricycle to the *Cyclist* as follows: "It outstrips all I have ever seen. I could not have conceived it possible to make a tricycle run with such ease. *It is like moving my feet up and down in a cask of butter.*"

THE annual "draw," or lottery, which interests English cyclists, will take place this year at Boulogne, France. Tickets sell for a shilling each, and the prizes are tandems, tricycles, and bicycles. The English laws against lotteries compel the transference of the lottery to French soil, though the prominent cyclists of England, including the leading newspaper men, are interested in and will supervise the drawing.

THE St. Louis wheelmen were not successful in getting through the proposed amendment to the State constitution providing for a road tax of fifteen cents on every one hundred dollars valuation. The vote went very strong against it.

JOHN O. BLAKE has resigned the chief consularship of Illinois, and Burley B. Ayers has been appointed. In a case like this the president can well afford to put on Ayers.

FOR wilful and gross libels on George Lacy Hillier, "The Bard," the English correspondent of the *Bicycling World*, cannot be surpassed. — *Cyclist*.

MR. HILLIER has not had fair play on this side of the water. He is not altogether bad as some journals would have us believe.

THE Citizens, of New York, will hold a ladies' reception on Monday evening, 22 November. There will be an entertainment and refreshments in addition to the social features of the occasion.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company will move on 1 Jan., to the corner of Arch and Franklin streets. The company has leased the entire building.

THE New York wheelmen cast their influence at the last election in favor of Henry



R. Beekman, democratic candidate for the office of president of the Board of Aldermen, who pledged himself in favor of equal rights for the horsemen and wheelmen in New York. He was elected, and much good may come to wheelmen in consequence.

STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER rode twenty miles in the hour, at Crawfordsville, Ind., on 3 Nov. He started at the twenty-five-mile point on the Potato Creek Road, and finished at the five-mile stake. Three Waltham chronographs were used, and the start was made at two o'clock precisely, and he finished twenty miles in 59.35 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

A. J. BENTLEY, of Brown University, starting from Providence at 4.30 A. M., has ridden to Everett and returned to Providence at 8.30 P. M. He went through Boston in both directions, the total distance being 116 miles. Three years ago, F. W. Reynolds, a Brown student, made the round trip in ten hours.

THE Union County wheelmen will pay two hundred dollars toward building a cinder path from New York to Philadelphia.

ALL exertion is accompanied by the waste of our muscular system. The more exertion the more waste. Record breakers always appreciate the truth of the saying: "Haste makes waste."

WE want a copy of the *C. T. C. Gazette* for September. Can any person supply us with one without sacrifice to themselves? If so, please forward to our address.

THE Chelsea Cycle Club met Tuesday evening and apportioned the work of preparing slips for Consul Hayes' road book. They propose to have the Chelsea roads well described and the distances correct.

CHARLEY FRAZIER was seen on Monday trudging homeward with a gun over his shoulder, two opossums in one hand and three rabbits in the other, a number of hunting dogs trotting after him completing the picture. Star Charley does like hunting. — *Recreation*.

THE Columbia tandem promises to be one of the leading machines of 1887.

SHOULD N'T wonder if we saw Stevens before we saw Karl's book. The colonel will have one more machine in his collection of curiosities at the warerooms.

G. P. MILLS, of Liverpool, has covered 6,157 miles in eighty-two rides, from 1 Jan. to 9 Oct.

FRANK HACKSTAFF is just back from the East, and says he noticed during his stay one important difference between the Eastern and the Western cyclist. Around Boston, when strange wheelmen meet on the road, they salute. Here, in nine cases out of ten, they either go by silent as statues, or, if one nods and waves his hand sociably, the other boorishly makes no response. — *Spectator*.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company is to leave its old quarters and come down town.

PRESIDENT DUCKER says that he doubts if Whittaker's record will stand, owing to the lack of pacemakers. It does n't much matter now, for McCurdy took the most effective means to dispose of it.

LIST of late cycling patents compiled by N. L. Collamer, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. : F. B. Jeffery, Chicago, Ill. (2), bicycle and lantern-hanger; J. A. Lamplugh, Birmingham, England, luggage carrier; Theo. Zanger, Buffalo, N. Y., velocipede.

A NEW wrinkle in advertising has been shown. "Furnish us with engagement cards for our dance and you may put an advertisement on them." Several clubs have got their cards for nothing this year.

MASSACHUSETTS Club officials are compiling records, and they hope to show a very large mileage for 1886. They have got a man down in Philadelphia who rides all over America, and runs up a very large mileage. Perhaps a Philadelphia club can show larger figures than the Massachusetts Club. We'll risk our judgment on the latter.

AND now the gymnasiums will attract wheelmen. We have put one up in our office and propose to devote the spare minutes this winter in getting ready to win the editor's race next summer. We want to get up muscle enough to ride a wheel geared up to about a hundred, and then look out for us.

AND now they tell us that the Ahl Bros. are going out of cycling. We can't believe cycling will go out of them. Ralph was the first American to break the three-minute record for a mile, and Leonard has given us some pretty work on the road. The cycling fever does n't ooze out at the finger-ends of such enthusiasts as they have been. We believe they will be found Ahl right on the cycling question.

IT is said that the Pope Manufacturing Company will have nothing more to do with promateurs. We believe it. There will be no promateurs next year.

TWENTY men applied for membership in the League last week. This is a pretty good showing for so late in the year.

THIS year will soon go out. It lives now only among the embers, and soon both the Dec.- and Nov.-embers will be extinguished.

THEY used to tell us that a circle had no end. And yet Stevens' circle around the globe will soon have an end.

A. L. ATKINS received a handsome ulster from his fellow-clerks at the Pope Manufacturing Company, as a present before his departure for California.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Globe* says that since he took to cycling he has gained twenty-five pounds. Gracious! How lucky it is that not all of us are affected that way by riding.

FAED has sent us his latest work, which is entitled "Two Trips to the Emerald Isle." It includes "A Racing Trip to Dublin" and "A Touring Trip to Killarney." The book is in pamphlet form and sells for a shilling. Faed contributes the text, which tells the story of the two trips in an exceedingly interesting manner, and Geo. Moore has added a large number of very good illustrations which help out the story amazingly well. Published by Iliffe & Son, London.

A NUMBER of the Boston Club found the ride from Boston to Gloucester too much for them, and they took the train at Lynn. And now they are claiming that the ride is

too hard a one for ladies. And yet every lady pushed through in the recent run to the North Shore, not one of them took a train, and not one of them was unduly tired. Moreover, two of the ladies rode from Newburyport to Boston on a bitter cold day, the last one of the tour.

WITH reference to the vile word recently appearing to define the new species — promateur — the sooner it is gone the better. The word amateur comes from the sense of loving a pursuit for its sake, and the new definition should be built up in the same way. The root of the word is lost now. Either "amapro," "profama," or "profam" seems better, and I prefer the first, for it seems to indicate a love of the profession, without the pluck, may it be said, to join their ranks. — *Cor. Cyclist*.

THE New Orleans Bicycle Club has nearly completed the arrangements for the erection of a clubhouse. It will be two stories high, containing wheel, billiard, and reading rooms, and all other conveniences needed to make the place attractive to the members. It is proposed to have the front constructed of pressed brick, and indeed if the present plans are carried out it will be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

WE have received from Finlay A. Macrae, Hon. Sec. of the Records Committee, N. C. U., an official certification of the records made by G. Lacy Hillier for 51, 52, 53, and 54 miles. The fact that other figures were published in the first accounts is explained by attributing them to mistakes that are always incident to hurried reportorial work.

WE have been reading, this week, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's little book with the following title: "Two Pilgrims' Progress from Fair Florence to the Eternal City of Rome. Delivered under the Similitude of a Ride, Wherein is Discovered the Manner of Their Setting Out, Their Dangerous Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired City." Mrs. Pennell tells the story of the ride in a very interesting way, and Jo uses his pencil to the best advantage in illustrating it. The various incidents of the journey are set down in graphic language, and the descriptions of places along the route are very entertaining. Charles Godfrey Leland furnishes a charming poetical introduction, and to him the book is dedicated. The book is published by Roberts Bros., Boston, and sells for \$2.00.

Outing is going to send another man around the world. This time it is Captain F. A. Claudman, of Newburyport, and he will travel in a thirty-foot yawl. He is now preparing his boat for the voyage, and will start in about ten days for Panama. He will cross the isthmus with his boat on a freight car, and will proceed thence up the whole west coast of North America, and so on, crossing Behring's Strait, down to the Asiatic continent, around to Suez, through the Mediterranean to Gibraltar. He will return home by way of the Shetland Islands, Iceland, and Greenland, occupying at least two years and possibly three in his journey.

B. R. AKE called in to see us the other day, and told us about a dream that he had. He dreamed that he was dead and standing at St. Peter's gate waiting to get into heaven.



There was a large crowd in waiting, for St. Peter was very particular, and propounded a series of questions to each applicant. As Ake came nearer, he heard some of these questions, and they interested him not a little. His immediate predecessor claimed that he was a wheelman, and therefore entitled to enter.

"Have you been a good fellow, and have you made any records?" said St. Peter.

"Yes."

"Did you belong to the League?"

"Yes."

"Did you subscribe to all the cycling papers?"

"I did; that's what brought me here."

"Then you can go in. But stop a minute. Did you ride on the sidewalks?"

"Occasionally, when there was no one around."

"Then you have no business here. Go to my neighbor across the way, and get a position with the goats."

This was enough for Ake. He turned on his heel and started for earth to tell wheelmen what would be expected from them. But he woke up on the way back, and so he wanted us to tell wheelmen to be careful where they ride.

It is of course evident to every bicycle rider that it is much easier to ride a mile than to walk same distance. Now, the real explanation of this fact is that in walking the body is raised by the legs one inch in every step. In riding, the weight of the body is carried by the machine, and also assists in its propulsion. The legs direct the weight, and at the same time add their muscular force to the weight of the body, the conditions of the test being a comparatively level track. In case of making ascents of more or less inclinations, the above conditions are reversed, as the weight of the body must be lifted — the weight being in proportion to the elevation — with the muscles at greater disadvantage than in walking. — *Cor. Globe.*

A. A. McCURDY, the Lynn bicyclist, who rode 304½ miles within twenty-four hours last Friday and Saturday over the Boston Bicycle Club course, was in town last evening to secure the approval of his records by W. H. Selvey, who is a member of the A. C. U. Racing Board for district No. 1. McCurdy brought with him certificates from the officials who had charge of the event, and claims records from 150 to 305 miles inclusive, also the twenty and twenty-five-mile road records. The signature of Mr. Selvey was obtained, and Mr. McCurdy returned to Boston to lay his certificates before J. S. Dean (chairman), of Boston, and A. A. Glines, of Newtonville, the other members of the Board. McCurdy is now a professional, owing to having been paced in the recent event by Wiswell, who will be remembered as Hendee's former trainer. The A. C. U. will soon take action on the matter, and declare McCurdy a professional. It is said that McCurdy is to attempt right away the subjugation of the one-hundred-mile track record on the Glenmere track at Lynn. He expects to be successful. — *Springfield Union.*

RIDERS of Kangaroos and Safeties can have one consolation, they can keep on good terms with themselves. Professor Stone

tells a story that ought to prove this. He was taking a party the other day over the "Tesson Road," described in last week's *Spectator*. Coasting down a hill they came to a mule team. When Hawkins, who was leading, went by on his fifty-inch, Mr. Mule just pricked up his off ear a little, but when the Professor followed on his fifty-two both ears went up, and on Andrews suddenly appearing on a fifty-four His Muleship waltzed to the other side of the road, but was prepared to advance until Joe Williamson loomed up on a fifty-six, when the mule, with a loud bray, as if to ask, "What in thunder's coming next?" disappeared into the ditch, and when last seen was trying to persuade the driver to let him go over the fence. — *Spectator.*

WE commented briefly a few months ago, upon the new uniform of the L. A. W., and, more out of curiosity than aught else, submitted it to some well-known experts for their opinion. This we append, seeing that our American readers may be glad of the unbiased views of critics who even now have no conception of the identity of the article upon which they were asked to pass judgment. Their final remark, if we are rightly informed, has already been verified to the letter: "We have carefully examined the pattern sent, and are of opinion that it is an ordinary Yorkshire or low Scotch tweed, its value being four shillings per yard (it fetches two dollars per yard in the States.—ED.) if fifty-six inches wide. As a tourist or traveling suiting we think it would wear well and be strong, but we do not think it well adapted for cycling. Being an entirely different article, it cannot be compared with the C. T. C. cloth, a pattern of which you enclose. It will, we think, stand the friction of the saddle but poorly, and it will not retain its color well." — *C. T. C. Gazette.*

THE Massachusetts Division officers will dine at Young's on the evening of 4 December, and while around the festive board they will discuss questions of interest in League matters.

#### FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

A DEAR friend of mine has told me a little story that might be used to advantage as the basis of a novel, but I am not gifted with novel-writing ability if Violet Lorne can be believed, and so I will give you the narrative in all its simple details.

HE was a wheelman and she worked in a telegraph office. I wish that I could say she rode a tricycle, but the truth must be told at all hazards. She did not ride and she had no inclination so to do. He and she were devoted to each other, but the parents of the young lady objected to a marriage between them and soon forbade them to see each other. But love laughs at locksmiths, and it smiles at all attempts to defeat the consummation of its purpose. There were clandestine meetings and many subterfuges were resorted to.

BUT there was no law to prevent his riding by her house, and no parental mandate could forbid him to blow his whistle that she might know that he was near her. Scarcely a night passed that she did not hear the "toot, toot" of his whistle, and her little

heart leaped within her as she received the signal. But, alas! there are many wheelmen and all whistles sound alike, and she found that she was often deceived and led to believe that some cyclist signalling to a pedestrian to look out for him was the particular wheelman of her affections. This would not do. She set her little wits to work and soon met the difficulty and mastered it.

THEY met soon afterwards and then she unfolded her plan. "It's very provoking, Harry, that I can't tell your whistle from those of the other bicyclers, and I want to arrange a code of signals with you."

"That'll be nice. Shall I give three, four, or five short blasts?"

"Oh, that will never do. They'll all suspect it is a signal of some kind, but if you vary the length of the blasts, no one will think you are doing anything more than warning people out of your path. Now if you should do this, I should know you were near me." So saying she blew upon the whistle and made it speak in long and short blasts, that may be represented as follows: —

"That sounds all right, but I will have hard work to remember the order of the short and long blasts. How shall I learn the signal?"

"You can learn it well enough when I tell you what it means. First a long blow, then a short and then a long, that means 'K.' Then a short and long, that means 'A.' Then one long, that means 'T.' Then a short one, that means 'E.' And now you have

K — — — A — — — T — — — E —

Don't you see? It's the Morse alphabet that we use on the telegraph."

"Oh! let me learn that by heart. You must write it down for me."

"I'll write it for you, Harry, and then when I hear the signal I shall know that you are sending it."

" — — — — — "

CAME the signal a few nights after this. The family were gathered about the evening lamp and doubtless heard the whistling, but to them it meant no more than the frantic efforts of some passing wheelman to make people aware of his presence. But one heart fluttered as the message came to her, and that evening was endowed with more pleasure for one at least of the company.

" — — — — — "

CAME later, and then she knew that he had returned from his run. How sweet the notes seemed to her. She had never known before that there was so much music in a wheelman's whistle.

THAT evening found its fellow in many others. If it occurred to the elder people that there was a deal of whistling by the passing cyclers, it did not weigh with them and they thought no more of it. One evening a friend of Kate's, who was also an operator on the telegraph, was spending the night with her and the secret was nearly exposed. As the signal came through the night air the young lady caught it and cried, "Kate! Why who's calling Kate in that way?"

"I don't hear any one calling Kate," said



paterfamilias, but, as he said it, a look was interchanged between the young ladies and the secret was saved.

"I thought I heard some one calling from down-stairs, but I think I must be mistaken," said the newly-made confidant, and the matter was dismissed. Kate had to tell the whole story that night after they had gone to bed, and they listened together for the signal as it came later when the wheelman returned. It faithfully came and then "Good-nights" were said, but not till Kate was told that she was the dearest girl in the world and her scheme the cutest.

SOON the scheme was elaborated, and Kate arranged a set of signals which she mailed to her true lover, and these being duly committed, there came through the air of night numberless little endearing terms translatable only by the one for whom they were intended. "Good-night" was said by blowing "G" in the telegraphic code; "I am waiting for you at the old place," was easily carried with the dots and dashes representing "W." Thus they kept up constant communication, though they met at rare intervals.

It was not long after this that Harry succeeded in removing all the objections held against him by Kate's parents, and the two are going to be married next month. To this day the secret of the signals has not been exposed, and the old people cannot see why the two did not forget their love after so long a separation.

DAISIE.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

### HERRING'S SOLUTION.

*Editor Cycle:* As offering a solution to the present difficulties of the amateur question, I beg to submit the following proposition, viz.:

*That the parts of the present definition of an amateur which prohibit his competing with a professional be stricken out, and the rest of the definition be retained.*

When I first conceived the above idea, I contemplated writing a somewhat lengthy argument, in which I intended to show, that the part of the definition which I propose to strike out, is but a survival of the old theory of amateurism, as exemplified by the "Mechanic and Artisan" clause in the English amateur definition of some years ago, which would doubtless, had it not been timely abolished, have mollicoddled the amateur from the face of the earth. I also intended discussing all the objections to the adoption of my plan which might occur to me, and pointing out the advantages to be gained by it. I am probably not the best person to object to my own proposition, therefore I shall await the objections of others which, if based upon reason and brought to my notice, I shall endeavor to answer. Therefore the only thing remaining for me to do is to point out the advantages to be gained, which I shall endeavor to do as briefly as possible, restricting myself to the most obvious and important.

1. Public interest in cycle races will be much greater. This is obvious, as it has

been proven that the more classes we separate riders into the less interesting the racing; *ergo*, for racing to attain its greatest popularity, we must do away with all subdivision. This will enable the promoters of race meets to give more races and better prizes, an advantage to the amateur, the professional, the makers, and the public.

2. This proposition does not abolish the amateur (no proposition can), but places him in the same position as the amateur in cricket, foot-ball, lacrosse, base-ball, and various other sports where the amateur question does not continually thrust itself forward as a destroyer of harmony, personal liberty, and good sport. The amateur, under the revised definition, gets the credit which he deserves for being an amateur, which is all he wants.

I think, in this connection, it would be well if the custom prevalent in English reports of cricket matches, of prefixing "Mr." before the names of amateurs, and omitting the same before that of professionals, were adopted in programmes and reports of cycle races.

3. This would also do away with the temptation which now besets makers' amateurs to set sail under false colors, and will, I think, induce them to throw off the mask and become openly what they really are, professionals, as they would gain nothing by dissembling, except a little credit from those who did not know them and would probably lose a good deal of lucre, and to a professional at heart the former would be valueless as compared with the latter.

4. As for there being any degradation in competing with a professional, the idea is absurd. There may be some degradation in being a professional bicycle rider, but I fail to see where he occupies a position to be looked upon more askance than that of any other entertainer of the public. The position, it is true, does not call for very high intellectual abilities, and many of our professionals are not at the top of the social scale; but I opine that they will average quite as high a social test as the majority of our so-called amateurs. No man need treat a competitor in a bicycle race as a companion and an associate, unless he chooses; and I think we will find that other things will weigh besides speed on a bicycle when a man makes such a choice. The truest and purest amateur, I think, is the man who is always willing to throw aside all social prejudice when he enters a race, and accept a defeat, if necessary, gracefully, even from his own valet. If he wishes special advantages accorded to him on account of his wealth or family, beyond what these give him anyway, then he is not an amateur, but a hog. Under this definition clubs may still give events "open to amateurs only," and those ultra-exclusives who cannot debase themselves by riding against a "common professional fellow," may still have the opportunity afforded them of disporting their manly forms before their lady friends.

I will add that in the case of an amateur competing where money prizes were offered, he should, under penalty of losing his status, be required to show to the satisfaction of the L. A. W. Racing Board, or the N. C. U. Executive:

1. That he communicated his intention of competing as an amateur to the proper

authority before the race. The proper authority would be, I presume, in the case of the L. A. W., the chairman of the Racing Board; and in the case of the N. C. U., the secretary of the same.

2. That he did not receive the money offered as a prize, and that he did not receive a trophy of greater value than might be fixed as the limit of value for amateur prizes. I will now close by saying that I intend sending a copy of this letter to every cycling paper known to me in this country and England, and requesting that you, whether you find space to publish it or not, will at least express your approval or disapproval of the proposition propounded, and if the latter, the reasons for the same. Yours fraternally,

W. C. HERRING,

*Ixion B. C., L. A. W., and C. T. C.*

NEW YORK, 13 Nov. 1886.

### PENCILLED JOTTINGS.

THE cold, snappy breezes, forerunners of Thanksgiving, blowing down Newbury street, have caught up and deposited upon the secretary's desk three resignations to the Massachusetts Club.

Two of these, old riders will notice with regret, are Ralph and Leonard Ahl, veterans who date back prominently to the racing days of Lewis T. Fry.

THE other is A. L. Atkins also an old seventy-niner, who goes to California for his health.

TALKING of Lewis T. Fry reminds me that when the amateur times at the Springfield races were published, it raised a desire in him to re-enter the ranks and make the pure amateurs travel a good deal faster than they were going.

OWING to a change of mount from a Star to a crank, President McCausland, of the Jamaica Plain Club, who was looked upon as a sure winner in his club's road race, did not enter, as his unfamiliarity with the crank machine might lead to his defeat.

THE London Bi. Club decided not to invite a representative of *Wheeling* to its annual dinner, because that paper takes a different view of the amateur question from that held by the club.

THE above action only places the L. B. C. open to ridicule and derision, for the honor of dining with the club was not sought after by the paper, and it was a matter of great indifference to them whether or not such an invitation was extended.

APROPOS of the amateur question, does it ever occur to the readers of this paper that the easiest way for the League to protect its amateurs, would be for it to request them to suppress the eagerness with which they snap up promateur jobs?

THE Jamaica Plain Bicycle Club will soon be augmented by the addition of the West Roxbury Club, which will join in body. The



# WORLD'S RECORDS.

NOW, GENTLEMEN:— We fail to see why Records made on a 38-pound road Racing Wheel, and on an exceedingly smooth racing surface — we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a real Roadster (a differently constructed machine), even though the latter be made by the same Company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be SIGNIFICANT.

## THE AMERICAN STAR

to-day holds the World's Record on the road above 100 miles to 305 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **ALFRED A. McCURDY**, near Boston, Nov. 5 and 6. The run was made on a 50-mile surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the Times:

Miles.								Hours.	Min.	Sec.
50	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	04	00
100	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6	28	25
150	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10	24	30
200	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	14	35	00
250	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	18	58	00
300	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	23	38	00
305	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	23	57	45

The latter magnificent record is about 46 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. Record by Munger; about 24 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 18 miles better than McCurdy's own record, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however; and 5 miles better than Whittaker's record, made on straightaway sandpapered roads.

If you want the **EASIEST RUNNING ROADSTER** in the World, you must come to us. The STAR has beaten the World on the Road every time it has competed

**FASTEST** { **ON THE ROAD.**  
**UP THE HILL.**  
**DOWN THE HILL.**

### H. B. Smith Machine Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE AMERICAN STAR CYCLES,

SMITHVILLE, N. J.

**W. W. STALL - - 509 Tremont Street, Boston,**

AGENT FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY.



club, in order to accommodate its increasing numbers, will enlarge its club rooms.

THE East Cambridge Cycle Club will hold another of its enjoyable progressive euchre parties, Wednesday evening, 1 Dec.

THE Pope Mfg. Co., who have been cramped for room in their present building for the last two years, has decided to move, the probable location being Franklin street, cor. of Arch.

THE Chelsea Bi. Club will run a special car to Scollay Square, at the conclusion of their dance, for the benefit of visiting wheelmen.

THE Columbia calendar for '87 will in general style be similar to that of last year, but the designing and lithographing will be a decided improvement.

IN the March number of *Outing*, Joe Pennell entertains the readers of that magazine with a bright sketch of his Italian tour.

THIS morning an Italian artist, a friend of mine, who had been reading a copy of the magazine containing the above sketch, came in and expressed himself as utterly disgusted with it. He says that Pennell describes Lucca as a place of retired hand-organ grinders, which would no more apply, than to call Massachusetts the home of the cow-boy. There are also other points which he says are open to contradiction, and he speaks on the authority of being a native.

R. I. DYRRH.

#### RECORDS ACCEPTED.

THE Racing Board L. A. W. has accepted the following records:—

HARTFORD, 9 SEPT. 1886.

*Tandem Tricycle.*

$\frac{1}{4}$  mile, Bidwell and Jackson, 44 $\frac{3}{4}$

SPRINGFIELD, 14 SEPT. 1886.

*Tandem Tricycle.*

$\frac{1}{4}$  mile, W. E. Crist and P. S. Brown, 41 $\frac{1}{5}$

$\frac{1}{2}$  " " " " 1.26

$\frac{3}{4}$  " " " " 2.05 $\frac{1}{5}$

1 " " " " 2.46

SPRINGFIELD, 18 SEPT. 1886.

*Tandem Tricycle.*

$\frac{1}{4}$  mile, W. E. Crist and P. S. Brown, 40 $\frac{3}{5}$

$\frac{1}{2}$  " " " " 1.19

ROSEVILLE, N. J., 21 OCT.

*Tandem Tricycle.*

4 miles, L. H. Johnson & H. A. Walcott, 13.19 $\frac{2}{5}$

5 " " " " 16.46 $\frac{2}{5}$

6 " " " " 20.35 $\frac{4}{5}$

7 " " " " 23.45 $\frac{5}{5}$

8 " " " " 27.13

9 " " " " 31.01 $\frac{2}{5}$

10 " " " " 33.59 $\frac{5}{5}$

#### THE PATH.

F. DE CIVRY has been making new tricycle records for France as follows:—seven kilo-

meters, 5.55; five kilometers, 9.55; seven kilometers, 13.57; ten kilometers, 19.56.

IN the annual fifty-mile road ride of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club, G. F. C. Searle beat G. Gatehouse by about five yards. These two men rode side by side till within two hundred yards, when Searle spurred and finished as above, in 3h. 50m. Gatehouse rode the last part of the distance suffering agonies from cramp. On stopping he had to be assisted from his machine.

SAYS W. J. Morgan: The failure of Mr. Woodside and myself to receive definite news from Mr. J. W. Atkinson, London *Sporting Life*, regarding the leasing of Agricultural Hall, London, for a six days' contest may, however, postpone our visit probably two or three months, as we understand the Mammoth Paris Hippodrome now shows daily for an indefinite period in the old six-day bicycle building.

ON the first day of the Minneapolis six-day race, eight hours, Morgan covered 127 miles 4 laps; Merrill, 127 miles 1 lap; Hingham, 126 miles 3 laps; Schock, 125 miles 3 laps; Dingley, 126 miles 1 lap. Eck retired after the second hour. Morgan broke the one-hundred-mile record of Prince by twelve minutes, making it 6.12.42 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Morgan won the race, making 740 miles and one lap. Schock came in second, ten miles behind.

PRINCE has at last beaten Schock, for, on 30 Oct., he undertook to cover fifty miles at Omaha to less than 49 for Schock, and succeeded in winning by a fifth of a lap.

#### THE CLUB.

AT the semi-annual meeting of the Vermont Wheel Club at Brattleboro, recently, O. A. Marshall was elected president; F. L. Shaw, vice-president; Leslie Scott, secretary and treasurer; Fred Reed, captain; C. R. Crosby, first lieutenant; Ed. Gordon, color bearer; O. R. Leonard, S. W. Kirkland, and F. H. Houghton, club committee.

THE East Hartford Wheel Club has elected officers as follows: J. D. Candee, president; H. H. Smith, vice-president; J. J. Grace, secretary; William H. Rhodes, financial secretary; L. A. Tracy, treasurer; William Harding, captain; E. A. DeBlois, first lieutenant; H. H. Chapman, second lieutenant; George Pratt, color bearer. Mr. Charles G. Lincoln was chosen president on the first ballot, but declined to serve a second term. The club committee appointed was: L. A. Tracy, R. P. Judson, F. E. Eaton, H. H. Chapman, Charles Gorman.

THE Nonantum Cycling Club of Newtonville is to give six sociables in Cycle Hall, 17 Nov., 1, 15, 31 Dec., 12, 26 Jan. A mock trial is also to be held.

THE Marblehead Ramblers were organized last week. The officers are: President, B. C. Roads; captain, C. W. Ware; secretary and treasurer, J. D. Paine. Headquarters in Puritan Hall.

ACTIVE club men are now engaged in trading tickets for dances. You come to our dance and I'll go to yours. This leads to an interchange of courtesies that is very pleasant.

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THE REPUBLICAN is an earnest advocate of temperance, of social simplicity and purity, and of all the good causes that help to make life better. It is not merely a journal of news, but undertakes to instruct and entertain its readers by the publication of a rich variety of literary and miscellaneous matter, embracing home and foreign correspondence, stories, poetry, book reviews and notices, religious selections and discussions, special articles and compilations for the farmer and the mechanic, for women and children, dramatic, art and society notes, etc.

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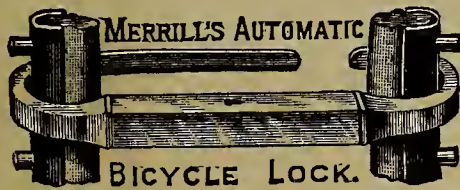
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### MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY**, customer for Wright & Ditson bicycle, 46-inch, nearly new, \$15; also Victor tricycle, good condition, \$55; correspondence solicited. Address, COLUMBIA BICYCLE AGENCY, Box 596, Fall River, Mass.

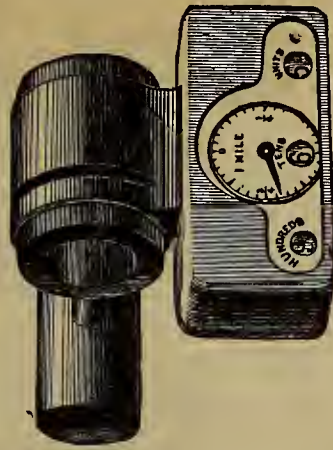
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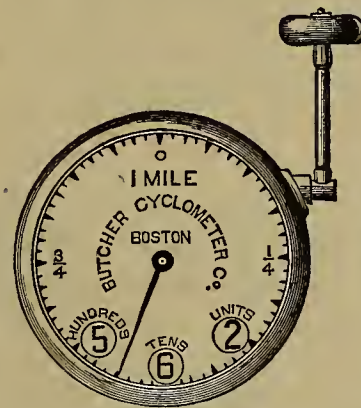
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FRED. BRIGHAM.

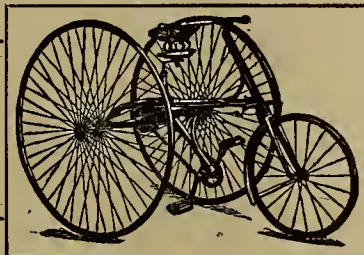
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