

THE

WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND., DECEMBER, 1888.

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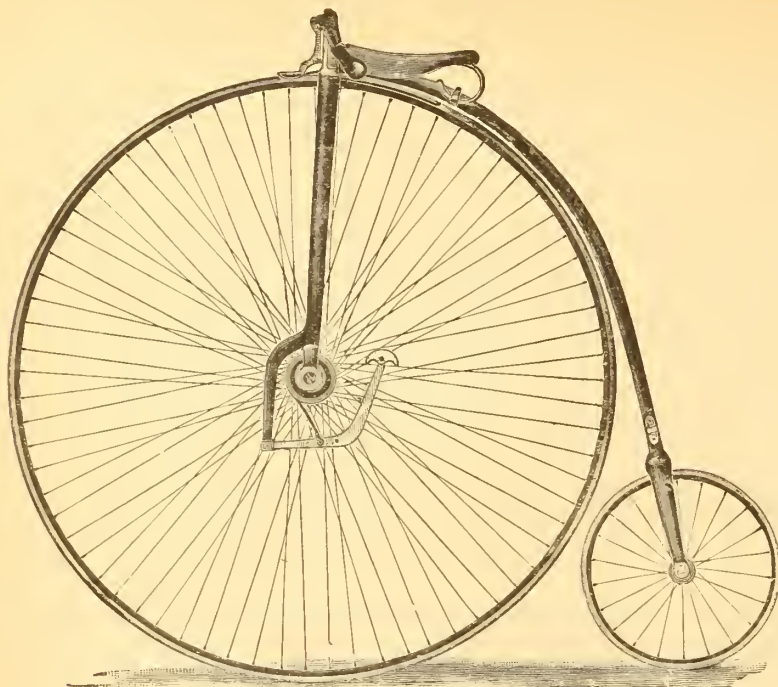
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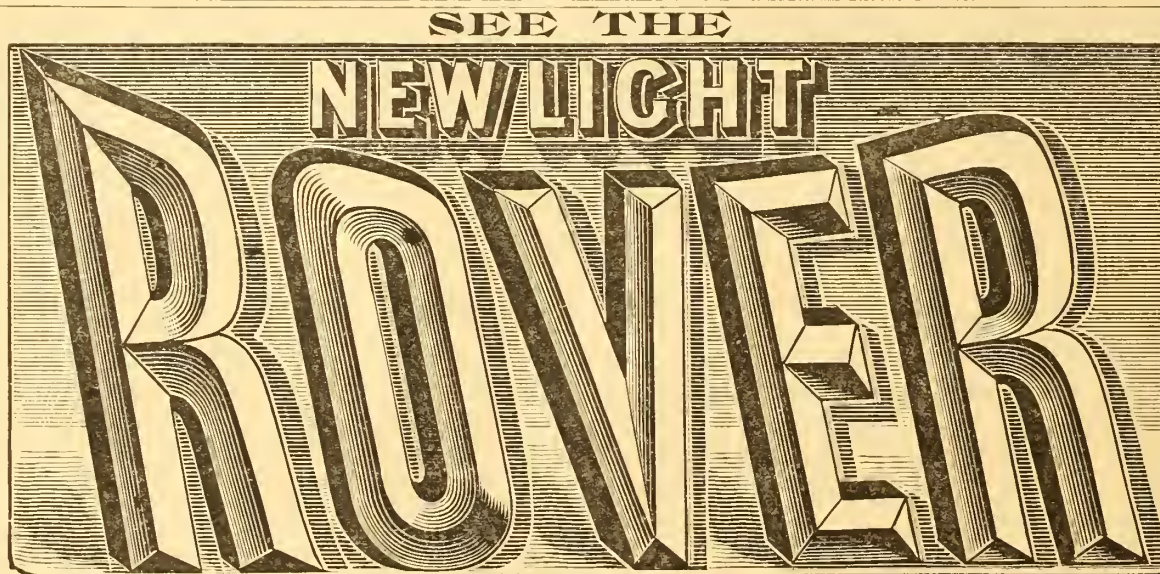
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—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 12

Our Home-Made Trip to England.



FOR TWELVE years I had been a reporter on the *Parkville Daily Gazette* and through all that time I had never taken or even asked for a vacation. It is true that there had been a vacation of three weeks due me every summer, but some unfortunate combination of circumstances had always arisen to cheat me out of it. The other reporters always took their vacations regularly enough; I was not so fortunate. Once the Rasseltown riots broke out on the very eve of our departure for the Adirondacks, and of course the whole force had all they could attend to, as the whole country were for a while fixed on Parkville and its manufacturing suburb, Rasseltown. Once it was a five million dollar fire, and again it was an unexpected turn in a gubernatorial campaign that brought the tug of war at our very doors; and so on through the whole category of unforeseen incidents or accidents, I called them, that go to make the life of a reporter the uncertain quantity that it is. Although the head editor never seemed very reluctant in asking me to postpone my vacation, as fast as different emergencies would arise, the fact that he never postponed it to any definite time or thought of the delayed vacation after he had once set it aside, made it very embarrassing for me. As fast as one man's time was up another man was off, and so on all through the summer. For two reporters to leave at once, was an improbability that my acquaintance with the austere habits and methods of the head editor, led me to set down as an impossibility.

It was on the fifth anniversary of our marriage that my wife, remembering how we had been cheated out of our vacation the summer before, by the untimely development of a Parkville church scandal of national notoriety, arose to the emergencies of the occasion and insisted on my demanding my twelve three weeks' vacation all in one lot and that we take a tandem tour of England. Twelve times three would give us thirty-six weeks or nine months, to say nothing of the interest really due that would be eight and nine-tenths days more, figuring it compound at six per cent. Nine months and nine days was ample time in which to make a foreign tour, and a tandem ride through England struck me as being a remarkable brilliant thought on my wife's part.

We had ridden a tandem tricycle for a little over a year and ever since we had first mounted it and taken a little run around town, we had always yearned for a longer ride next time. So it was our rides had extended out further and further over the beautiful roads around Parkville till we had thoroughly investigated every nook and corner within a radius of fifty miles, we both in the mean time becoming quite enthusiastic, and I may say expert tricyclers. It is perfectly natural then, that my wife's suggestion struck me as being a most happy one and I hastened to overcome my native timidity, as I had often had occasion to do since joining the ranks of the reporters, and began to frame a letter to the head editor containing my request for a vacation of nine months, eight and nine-tenths days.

This was early in April. So early that the exact date of the letter was April 1st. This fact, together with the extreme singular nature of the request that followed, caused my superior to look at it as an April fool joke of a most novel character, which supposed usurpation on the part of the duties of the "funny editor" was not relished by

our methodical head and it was this fact that led to my being called up before him personally. When I told my wife about it afterward, she said that was probably the most fortunate thing that could have happened, for if the head editor had replied by letter he would likely have refused to grant the request entire. As it was, on my explaining to him the complete seriousness of my demand and rehearsing again the fact of twelve years vationless work, he admitted the justness of my claim, and said I could take a leave of absence for nine months beginning with the first of July, and providing I could find a proper man to take my place during my absence. The matter of interest on the delayed time he was not prepared to grant, as such a thing was, he said, utterly unheard of; so I did not press the question, notwithstanding my wife and I both decided it only a fair business-like way of settling the matter.

My letter to the head editor was dated April 1. Our request was granted April 4. This left us four months less four days in which to get ready for our novel trip, which was little enough time indeed, so my wife said. With my twelve years service as a reporter at a fair salary and my wife's economical habits, we had managed to put in bank quite a neat little sum for just such an occasion as this, and now that the occasion had arrived we determined to make our money go as far as it would and get all the enjoyment out of it that was possible. "We won't pay out a dollar," said my wife, "but what we get some pleasure out of it; and there won't be any pleasure that a dollar will buy, but what we'll have it."

Tricycle riding, we both decided, was ever so much cheaper than railroad traveling, and the fun to be got out of the two were not to be compared by any right-minded person. It is strange how soon a person will forget a long period of drudgery, as soon as the prospect for a change comes; make the change as short as you will. Not only that, but we both decided we would be willing to come back and spend twelve years more of common-place, if we only could have three month's repetition to the delightful novelty we were confident was in store for us. Looking back over my twelve years' work as a reporter, there was one thing that worried me more than everything else together, and that was my seeming inability to make folks take things as I meant they should be taken. For instance, my most seriously pathetic articles were passed around as samples of reportorial wit and refined humor. My most truthfully written reports were invariably "blue-penciled." "You draw too much on your imagination," said the head editor; "facts are what we want; go in for facts; leave probabilities alone." So profiting by experience, my reports were always made truth appearing by a smattering of fiction, and my serious matter made more so by a dash of humor. I was never obliged to reverse the operation for fiction and "funny business" were out of my domain. But I must not forget what I started out to tell about.

"Of course," said my wife, "we want to gather all the information we possibly can before hand, for a trip of this sort." So we discussed the various methods of acquiring English touring information. My wife knew a lady whose brother or cousin or some other relative had once traveled with a bicycle in England and she was sure he was a member of the C. T. C., and that he found it ever so much an advantage in traveling. The next day I sent in two applications for membership in the C. T. C., together with subscriptions to *The Bicycling News* and *The Cyclist*. These, together with some

large county maps of England that we borrowed from an English neighbor, served as a first-class means of self-instruction. When the first installment of the papers arrived we took turns reading parts of them to each other, skipping all uninteresting items, such as race meeting reports, champion challenges and editorial criticisms on some of the other papers, we carefully discussed, with the aid of the map, all reports of tours, runs, etc., in whatever part of the country they might be. So it was, in the course of six weeks or less, we had laid out a pretty accurate route of the trip we proposed taking. My wife prepared the time table and schedule which was a model in its way. Every day was to see us over just so much ground. Every night was to find us in such and such a place. Even the very taverns we were to stop at were set down. Once we were to stop at the "Lion" at Ripley, but a casual item in the *Cyclist* extolling the excellence of the lamb chops at the "Lion" caused us to change our proposed patronage to the "Boar's Head." "I never could relish lamb chops," said my wife, "and I am sure if they would serve them the morning we would be there, they would spoil my enjoyment for the day, no matter how excellent they might be." So we became in time perfectly familiar with all the details and peculiarities of our proposed route, and not a circumstance that was worth noting was left unnoted.

It was arranged that I should keep an accurate diary of our travels, with a view, my wife said, of writing a book for publication. I have always believed that my wife had an over-estimated idea of my literary abilities, and although I was not at all averse to keeping a diary for our own special satisfaction, I told my wife it must be with that distinct understanding, and none other.

The ill luck that had attended my twelve previous proposed vacations did not desert me on this my thirteenth, and unlucky thirteen was the unluckiest of them all. On the morning of the third day before our departure, the Parkville Savings Bank and Fidelity Co. opened business with closed doors. The Parkville Savings Bank and Fidelity Co. held all of our savings. The blow was a heavy one to me. I hastened home to tell my wife. I feared she would be utterly overcome by the misfortune.

"Anyway we have the tandem and the vacation left," said she, "and, if we can't go to England, there's plenty of places we can go to."

I felt relieved. There was no denying the truth of this remark. "How fortunate," she continued, "you did not buy our passage tickets yesterday, as we proposed doing."

I admitted the fortunateness of the circumstance, for I could see the total uselessness of going to England with no other assets than a second-hand tandem and the return coupon of a steamer passage ticket. Nevertheless, it occurred to me that it would have been still more fortunate had we started four days earlier, as we had *not* proposed doing.

The evening of the day of the Bank failure my wife met me on my return home with more than usual animation. I at once scented something in the air, but thought best to wait till she got ready to tell me rather than ask her what was up.

It came when we sat down to supper.

"Dearest," said she, "you remember what Emerson says about the imagination?"

I replied that I did not, but that I could imagine what Emerson would say about the imagination.

"That's just like you," she said. "Well, I remembered that he said something on the subject and I have been reading up and I believe that by a judicious use of the imagination we can take our English tour right here at home and enjoy it just as much as if we were in England. I am sure you have enough imagination, my dear, if you would only think so, and I try to think that I have."

At first I was tempted to laugh. Then I saw how earnest my wife was in the matter, and how disappointed she would be if I didn't fall in with the plan. Besides, I could really see no harm in humoring the idea, as my wife's ideas generally turned out good ones. All this ran through my mind before I said a word. When I opened my mouth it was to consent.

"And you must keep the diary the same as we set out to do: that will heighten the illusion. How much more delightful it will seem riding down the old Parkville Turnpike if we only imagine we are scorching to Ripley."

To all of which I gave my unqualified consent.

* * * * *

On the afternoon of July 6 we arrived at a little crossroads settlement hot and dusty. It was our sixth day out and we were only ninety miles from home. We had conscientiously followed the plan we had set out to follow, and, strange as it may seem, it was a complete success.

It was much more interesting and romantic to wheel at nightfall into Leominster or Biggleswade and stop at the best tavern in the place than it would have been to ride into Jimtown or Gibbs' Corners and put up at the only "hotel" in town.

At one place where we had to ford a creek and my wife stood on the axle of the tricycle while I pedaled wet-legged across, it was the most fun in the world, all because the stream was the Avon and not Wiggles Run.

All this was very interesting and recreative, and, knowing that my wife enjoyed it hugely, I really believe I could have enjoyed it too if it hadn't been for that confounded diary I was obliged to carry and post up every evening after supper. While my imagination was sufficient to call Jimtown Leominster, or Gibbs' Corners Biggleswade with hot breath, when it came to petting the same down in cold black and white, it took on an air of prevarication that I did not like. Nevertheless, as my wife insisted upon it, and as she always personally superintended the transcribing of my notes, I saw the uselessness of objecting. "Who, besides ourselves, will ever see them?" thought I. For some inexplicable reason my wife's schedule, previously arranged, failed to correspond with our actual riding distances. Stretch our imagination as we would, we could not stretch our riding distance to anything like the figures laid out.

So it was the end of the first week found us some eighty miles behind our advertised schedule, as I facetiously termed my wife's timetable.

This eighty miles we agreed to divide up and add to each day's distance on the diary so that we could begin the new week afresh.

"We will have no trouble hereafter," said my wife, "as I have allowed much less distance each day after the first week, supposing we would then be more tired, when really I feel more like riding now than I did at first. Besides," she went on, "we can ride to-morrow, which is Sunday, and so save some distance on each of the other days, as I have allowed no time at all on Sunday on our schedule."

This concession on the part of my wife of part of her religious views about Sunday riding impressed on me more than ever the sacredness of keeping that diary, and keeping it correctly.

As we rode up to the store and boarding-house at Dobbs' Mills on the evening of the sixth day, we were, as usual, the center of all eyes. It was not till we had retired to our rooms that we could help feeling but what we were some kind of "freaks." When I returned to the front porch, some half hour after, I found the town had a later attraction than myself, and that I was nowhere.

In the center of a little crowd in front of the hotel I saw the newcomer. He was a cyclist, too, so it was but natural he should attract my attention quickly. If a stranger at Dobbs' Mills was entitled to receive attention in proportion to his travel-stained and generally wind-blown condition, then this man surely deserved all the attention that was lavished upon him. A strange mixture of mud and dust covered him from head to foot. His bare arms and ankles were black from the sun, and his left arm was bleeding from a probable fall. With a quick, sharp voice he ordered some one to brush off his clothes, some one to tie up his arm, and some one else to take charge of his wheel. Then he went in and up stairs.

Later in the evening I was seated again on the porch enjoying an after supper cigar when a man walked leisurely out and took a chair along side me.

"Nice country, this, we're traveling through?" he said, and as soon as he spoke I recognized him as the dusty stranger who had lately arrived by bicycle. He was considerably cleaner than when I saw him last, and the jacket he now wore completed the disguise.

After I had said "yes," he said: "We notice those things more than other travelers, I suppose."

I didn't exactly fancy that collective "we," but as there was really nothing in his bearing or remarks to take offense at, I gave another "yes." "We professionals," he went on, "have such a tough

time generally that when we strike a road like this here I call it a snap." Then, as if it had escaped his memory all along, he jerked out, "Who you riding for?"

I told him if he had asked me *what* I was riding for I would say for my pleasure and health, but as for whom I rode, I rode for no one except myself and possibly my wife.

He gave a slight whistle and went on, with what I thought an unnecessary emphasis on the "I." "Well, I am a professional record breaker. It's nothing to be ashamed of, though some people in the same line of business don't want to have it talked about. These 'makers' amateurs' and amateur records make me sick."

My curiosity was now aroused, and I asked him to tell me exactly what was a professional record-breaker and a maker's amateur and amateur records.

He looked me all over, from head to foot; then he said: "A professional record-breaker is a man who makes a record for a given distance. That is, he puts in the best time ever made for that particular distance, and when he does that he gets his pay and waits for some man from some rival concern to do a little better. Then his maker comes back at him and offers him big pay to come under the other man's figure. I do this by a fraction of a minute and get my pay and wait for another lowering on the other side and then sail in again. This way we can make a coveted record last us all season."

I thought that it must be a profitable business as well as an exciting one, and I said so to the stranger, who turned and looked me sharply, and I thought suspiciously, in the face.

"It would be a profitable business," he said, "if we were not troubled with these confounded makers' amateurs and thieves. But when a man's records are stolen from him—actually stolen—you cannot call his business profitable, can you?"

I said I thought that under such circumstances a business might be called anything but profitable.

"And the worst part of it," he went on, "is while I am engaged in making one record I find another being stolen from me. What would you think of a man who would steal a cross-continent record?"

I told him I thought the man who would do such a thing would have to be very dishonest.

He looked at me as though he had some doubts as to whether I was serious or not, and continued: "Dishonest, well, I should say he would be. Downright dishonest. A man who steals a mile record that it takes a few minutes to make or break is bad enough, but how much worse is a man who fakes up a cross-continent record it takes months to break again?"

"Now I am employed by a respectable house to ride a record across the continent, and as soon as I do that, me and a partner of mine is going to do a tandem record from ocean to ocean for the same house."

"Now, I just happen to find that some one else is onto this tandem snap and is tryin' to work in ahead of me. That's all right. As long as it's fair and square I ain't no kicker. But if them parties fake up a record I think we can't beat, all I can say is we're going to make 'em prove it. That's all, sir; we are going to make 'em prove it." So saying, he arose and walked hastily into the hotel office.

When I returned to our room a little while later I found my wife anxiously waiting for me.

"Do you know," she said, "that you left the diary on the dining-room table and that if I had not happened to think of it, it would have been lost for good?"

I could not help thinking what a good thing it would be if it had been lost for good, but I did not say so.

"As it was, I remembered where you left it," she went on, "and ran back into the dining-room after all had left. It was lucky I went back, for when I stepped in a man was bending over reading what you had written. I know he was a sneak thief by the way he acted, and I am sure if I had not come in just then he would have stolen it."

"You talk as though the diary was a pocketbook," said I.

"I am glad it was not a pocketbook, for then I am sure we should never have seen it again."

We started quite early next morning, but early as it was my queer acquaintance of last evening had left some two hours earlier. At exactly 4:02½ said the landlord. I did not understand then how he had the time down so pat. Neither did I understand why, on our mounting, did he walk up to me with open watch and pencil and request that I certify to the correctness of our leaving time on a scrap of paper he held. Both these things bothered me as we rode down the pike.

Our riding directions for that day were very meagre. We had got into a thinly settled part of the country, farm houses were growing far apart and towns ever so much further.

It was necessary, in following the directions we had received to Pixleyville, to ride half way around a large sized hill, or group of hills rather, that had appeared in the dim distance early in the morning. Between two of these raises my wife noticed a peculiar opening off the road, a little, well-packed by-way that looked as though it might lead to something. Into this she proposed we should turn.

"Who knows?" she said, "perhaps it may lead to some pleasant farm house, where we may get a chance to rest and eat a comfortable meal."

I turned the trike in, although I had not much faith in my wife's theory; but after wheeling a hundred yards or so we came upon an old-fashioned farm gate, nearly covered with shrubbery and bushes. Back of this we could see the farm house. Not very much of it, it is true, for the whole affair was nearly overgrown with vines and mosses.

We dismounted at once, and, after pulling the trike into the shade of the hedge, we opened the gate and walked up to the house. Everything about the place was in the best order, but not a soul was to be seen. We decided we would search at once for the owners and ask them if they could not give us something to eat. My wife was greatly delighted at the prospect. "Perhaps," she said, "they will even take us to board. You know we had about settled to spend a week in Northumberland, and I am sure we could not find a more truly North of England villa anywhere than right here."

As my wife was speaking, we turned the corner of the house and came upon a man busily at work upon a bicycle. As little as we were looking for this sign of civilization in this rural retreat, the surprise at first was a trifle startling. But there was a bicycle, sure enough, with its handles tied up to a low overhanging limb, and a man a man at work on it with his back toward us. So surprised were we that we stood and watched him. He was at work, but he was not repairing the bicycle. In fact he seemed to be trying to put it in need of repairs. He had an old nut wrench with which he was knocking the enamel off the forks and backbone, with an occasional jab at one of the spokes. Then he would give the wheel a vicious whirl for a minute or so and when it came to a rest he would carefully examine the cyclometer in the hub and compare it with some figures in his note-book. He also had an old butcher-knife with which he slashed away indiscriminately at the tire.

When he saw us, he appeared a good deal startled and somewhat angrily inquired what we wanted.

"We want," I said, in a dignified manner, "to know if we can have some luncheon at your house."

"Well, you can't," he replied, "now you know."

"But we have brought our luncheon with us," said my wife. This was not strictly true, for we had eaten our last mouthful nearly four hours before.

"Well," he said, "take it away with you again," and once more he gave the wheel a ferocious turn.

Discouraged by this rude reception of a perfectly proper inquiry we moved away; but before we had gone a dozen steps my wife stopped me.

"Do you know who he is?" she said.

"No," I replied, severely, "I do not know who he is, and, from what I have seen of his manners. I shall not cultivate his acquaintance."

"Why," she went on, without noticing my tone, "he is the sneak thief who wanted to steal your diary in the hotel dining-room last evening. I am sure of it, by the peculiar way he stoops over to look at that cyclometer."

As soon as my wife said this a great flood of light burst upon me. I had not recognized him before, partly on account of my own lack

of observation, and partly because he had not turned fully upon me. Now it came to me. He was my queer acquaintance at the hotel last evening, the professional record-breaker.

As soon as I recovered myself I went back promptly to the man.

"You are the professional cross-continent record-breaker," I said, "and I am going back to Parkville to expose you."

He turned white as a ghost, and looked thoroughly used up.

"Don't be too hard on me, professor," he began, "I am a poor man, and have to work hard for a living. Besides, remember we are in the same lead, so to speak. Keep it dark, professor, and I'll do the same for any queerness on your part."

Perhaps it was his forlorn manner, perhaps it was my naturally sympathetic nature, perhaps it was his appeal to my vanity in that title "professor," but I promised not to expose him unless he was engaged in doing something actually illegal; and then I asked him what he meant by saying we were "in the same lead."

"Ain't you riding for a record?" he asked incredulously.

"Certainly not," indignantly interposed my wife.

"Well, that's a nice way you have for queering a chap, I must say," he went on. "Didn't I read in your book as how you had made one hundred and sixty-eight miles yesterday, and also as how you expected to be to London by to-morrow night. Why, London is over Ohio a good three hundred and twenty miles from here, and if riding them rates ain't riding for a record, what is it? It surely ain't riding for fun, not leastwise from my way of looking at it."

I did not know what explanation to make. The whole misunderstanding was evidently due to that absurd diary of ours, and no one could understand that without our going back into affairs we did not care to talk about to every one. I looked at my wife; she was looking at me. As our eyes met we both burst out laughing. This turn of affairs somewhat reassured the record-breaker, who was leaning dejectedly against a tree. He interrupted us at this point.

"I will tell you the whole truth and throw myself on your mercy. This whole affair is for exhibition purposes. I left Parkville four days ago, on this bicycle, to ride to San Francisco. I rode square the first three days; indeed I did, professor. But last night when I met you and your tandem, it occurred to me right off that you were following and watching me, and that put me on my guard. When I saw you leave that book of yours on the dining-room table, I was glad enough to read it and find out what you were up to. Soon as I see them dates and distances I tumbled to the fact that you were cross-continent record-breakers too. Well, you see, your times are better than mine, so I run in here where a relative of mine happens to live, and resorted to a little expedient I had intended to postpone till I was well out of civilization's reach on the boundless plains of the West. As it is, you have tumbled to my racket and I might as well own up. Don't give me away, professor, for I am a square rider generally, and besides, I'm a poor man and have to ride for a livin'."

"Then you don't really cross the continent a-wheel?" I inquired.

"I wouldn't cross them plains and deserts and mountains out west," he replied, "for—for—well, you see, I had it fixed so that would not be necessary. After I had got far enough to be out of the whirl of society that surrounds us here in the East, I intended to run into some quiet spot, tie up my wheel, run my cyclometer up to the necessary figure, give my bicycle sufficient rough usage to look reasonable, tackle a train and ride till within easy distance of my next checking station.

"Don't you think your relatives who live here," said my wife, changing the subject, "might take us to board for a few weeks?" There was the least bit of a tone of coercion in my wife's voice.

The record-breaker looked us both over very carefully and finally said that he "reckoned they would."

We had a good luncheon, prepared by Mrs. Hoehandle, whose husband was the record-breaker's first cousin, she informed us. We also had a good dinner and a first class bed in a little room over the parlor. In fact, so pleased were we with the Hoehandle's accommodations that we determined to spend three weeks of our vacation here, at least.

That evening I finished posting our diary, and I determined that should be the last of it. I noticed that the record-breaker was also busy writing. He worked hard, but he apparently spent more time chewing his pencil and erasing than he did in writing. Later on he

came over to where I was sitting, and said, in a differential way:

"I judge you are a literary man."

I told him I was a reporter. I did not have the courage to deny his appellation. He went on:

"I am writing an account of my trip for one of the New York story papers, and later on to appear in book form in the Seaside Library. I am not a literary man myself, and I have a great deal of trouble in making it sound right. I wish you would go over it and tell me how to fix it right. Publishers are so awfully particular, that you can't be any too careful about suiting them."

I told him I would be glad to look over what he had written.

I soon found that the story could be improved by various grammatical corrections and by the addition of certain imaginative and picturesque details. After half an hour's study I told the record-breaker that if he would throw his manuscript away, I would write a new story for him which would be vastly better. At this he seemed very much pleased.

The next morning the record-breaker left us to continue his way. He promised to mail us each day his stopping place and enough facts to make a basis for my narrative. I, in return, promised to wait till he should have accomplished his journey and stop on his way back East by train.

Weeks passed away. My wife and I were having a delightful time at the Hoehandle's, such a quiet, pleasant time that we had quite forgotten our disappointments at the beginning of our vacation. At last our record-breaker reached San Francisco, having knocked one day, four hours and twenty-three minutes off all previous records. When he stopped at the Hoehandles a week later his story was ready for him.

We sent it away. Soon a letter came from the publisher. He was warmly enthusiastic in his praises. "It is just what what we have been looking for," he wrote, "and as soon as this story is finished we shall want another from you." The record-breaker was delighted and insisted on my taking half of the liberal remittance the letter contained.

When the first installment appeared in print, it called forth at once the most lavish praise. The record-breaker's name was in every mouth. Everyone was talking about the man who could ride a bicycle across the continent in such wonderful time and then write such a remarkably vivid description of the trip and its details.

So great was its success that he not only secured a contract from the publisher for a six months' sequel to run after the first twelve months' story was printed, but he also secured engagements for three summers ahead. These engagements consisted of a bicycle trip to Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, a tour through Kamchatka and Northern Siberia, and a trip on a water bicycle up the Yang-tse-Kiang River. The literary part of all this he at once delegated to me.

After a while our vacation came to an end.

When we went back to Parkville at the expiration of my leave of absence, I presented myself to the managing editor, who asked me, very kindly, if I had had a pleasant trip and how I enjoyed England. I answered that we had had a very pleasant trip. He remarked that England was a great country.

I replied that it was a great country, and offered him my resignation, telling him I had found a line of literary work that suited me better than reporting. He accepted my resignation very politely, and expressed the hope that I would be more successful in my new line of work than I had been at reporting.

When I told this to my wife, afterwards, she said that there was no doubt but what I would be, for as long as I stuck to facts as I did when a reporter, everyone took them for either fiction or exaggeration; while as soon as I entered upon a work of the imagination, so peculiar was my style that everyone took it for the most carefully adhered to facts.

"It is just as well, after all," said my wife, "for I am sure it is ever so much easier to sit at your desk and imagine how things ought to happen than to have to run around at all hours day and night to find out what things really do happen." P. C. D.

It does n't hurt a man's back half so much when he falls off his bicycle and lands flat on his back, as it does to bend over to black his shoes.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

The League Presidency.

AT FIRST it seemed as though we would have a sort of triangular fight for the League Presidency, but one by one the various candidates dropped out. First, CHARLES H. LUSCOMB, who signed his death warrant, as far as this position was concerned, when he sent out his circular letter to the L. A. W. members of the State of New York, advising them to support David B. Hill for Governor. Then HERBERT W. HAYES announces that he will, for business reasons, leave for Brazil in January next. This practically leaves the field open for GEORGE A. JESSUP, who, in our estimation, is the best man that can be selected for the position.

As in all probabilities MR. JESSUP will be the next President of the League, a few facts in regard to his career and character may not be amiss. He was born at Montrose, Pa., Feb. 5, 1838, and was educated at Montrose and Homer, N. Y. He served with honor and distinction in the late war, and at its close was appointed Assistant Assessor of the International Revenue, and Assessor's Clerk, which position he held till 1871. Since then he has been engaged in the banking business at Scranton, Pa., and is at Present President of of the Scranton City Bank. He is also Treasurer of the Scranton Illuminating Heat and Power Co.

MR. JESSUP has for some time been an active cyclist, has been President of the Scranton Bicycle Club for four years, and Chief Consul of Pennsylvania for two terms. He is held in very high esteem by all who know him.

A Harrisburg man whose spine was so weak that he was unable to maintain an erect position, has been furnished by a surgeon with a metallic backbone and now his spinal column is stiffer than ever. Before Rowe everlastingly disgraced himself in the recent hippodroming, he should have employed the surgeon aforesaid to make an operation on him so as to have had sufficient backbone to withstand the Senator's tempting offer.

An article in one of our esteemed contemporaries tells "How to Ride a Bicycle." A canal boatman who happened to be seeking a little gentle exercise, after reading the article tried to mount one, and, to his great surprise, didn't succeed any better than if he had never seen it. Maybe he didn't try on the right make of wheel.

It is said that Kluge, the well-known racing man of the Hudson County Wheelmen, owes his success upon the road and path to his profession as a paper-hanger. It teaches him to thoroughly "size up" the abilities of his opponents, and thus defeat them by taking advantage of their weaknesses.

Now is the time of the year when the cyclist benevolently gives his old knee breeches to the poor.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM NOVEMBER 15 TO DECEMBER 15.

Alabama. Races at Opelika Nov. 29.

California. Among the other sports held in San Francisco Thanksgiving day were several bicycle races ridden by local riders. At the Sportsman's Club festivities held at San Diego, Thanksgiving day, a one mile bicycle race was included in the program.

Colorado. Social Wheel Club's five-mile handicap road race was held Nov. 25.

Connecticut. New Haven Bicycle Club's reception and entertainment, at New Haven Opera House Nov. 28.

Delaware. Wilmington Wheel Club held races at Union Park Thanksgiving day.

Georgia. Tournament at Columbus Nov. 21, 22, 23.

Illinois. Quincy Bicycle Club held a ball at the Guard's Armory Dec. 6. Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago, entertainment "Athletic and Smokenstio" Nov. 20. Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago. Literary address by Rev. E. J. Petrie, Nov. 27. Bert Meyers, of Peoria, made a run of 289 miles on the Chicago Boulevards Nov. 21. Peoria Bicycle Club held their Thanksgiving run over a course of about 15 miles.

Kentucky. Louisville Cycle Club held a club run to Mt. Washington Thanksgiving.

Louisiana. The cyclers of New Orleans will participate in the coming Mardi-Gras festivities. They will endeavor to portray the character of Mother Goose's melodies astride of bicycles.

Massachusetts. Cambridge Bicycle Club's house warming Nov. 13. The Thorndike Bicycle Club, of Beverly, held a fancy dress ball and costume party Nov. 16.

Missouri. Cycle Club races at Forest Park, St. Louis, Nov. 29.

Nebraska. In connection with the Thanksgiving sports held in the Coliseum, at Omaha, Several bicycle races were run, Eck, Prince, Louise Armando, and several local sports participating. There is talk of a horse vs. bicycle race being held in the Coliseum, Omaha, some time during this winter, particulars, however, have not yet been arranged.

New York. Members of the Huntington, Long Island School, formerly opened their new rooms Thanksgiving evening. Kings county wheelmen held a century run Thanksgiving. John Bensinger did the best work of the day, making 102 miles and finishing at 8:30 P. M. One and two-mile bicycle handicaps at 23d Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, Nov. 24. Prospect Harriers' ten-mile bicycle handicap, Brooklyn, Nov. 29. Riverside Wheelmen's reception at West End Hall, New York City, Dec. 13.

Pennsylvania. The new officers of the Allegheny Cyclers' Club are as follows: President, A. R. Neeb; Captain and Treasurer, C. C. Taggart; Secretary, R. A. George, First Lieutenant, F. G. Lenz; Second, W. A. McConnel. The Lancaster Bicycle Club opened their new club house on Oct. 9, and the members gave an enjoyable reception to a large number of their friends. The South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia held their annual ten-mile road race Oct. 13, five starting, and the winner being E. G. Kolb, whose time was 42m. W. C. Furnelton and Harry Mayer engaged in a ten-mile safety bicycle race on the Lancaster Pike, Philadelphia, Oct 20, the former being successful in 39m. 20s. The team road race between Wilmington and Reading was run Nov. 3, Wilmington winning with 19 points to Reading's 17. Nov. 6, the *Sporting Life* 100-mile amateur road race was run, Frank Dampman winning in 7:20:17, breaking the record. Banker Bros., of Pittsburg, made a mile on a tandem bicycle in 2:38, Nov. 25. South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia celebrated their second anniversary and opening of their new club house Dec. 4.

Tennessee. The second heat of the ten-mile handicap race was held at Memphis, Thanksgiving day, W. A. Whitmore, scratch, winning in 41:30.

Texas. Hugh J. Blakeney, of Dallas, has been appointed Chief Consul. Bicycle races at San Antonio Nov. 22. Third annual tournament of the Dallas Wheel Club was held at Dallas recently.

Virginia. Several members of the Norfolk Cycle Club had a race at the driving park, Thanksgiving day, to decide who should own the prize cup recently presented to the Club, A. A. O'Neill winning it.

Wisconsin. There is some talk of re-organizing the old Milwau-

kee Bicycle Club, but as yet no definite steps have been taken. A five-mile bicycle race was held at Waukesha Thanksgiving day.

FOREIGN.

Australia. T. W. Busst, of Victoria, now holds the title of 10-mile bicycle champion of Australia, having won it at the centennial championship meeting of the Australia Bicyclists' Union held at Sydney recently.

England. G. P. Mills on Oct. 23 rode a tricycle one hundred miles on the Great North Road in 6h. 58m. 54s., beating the record previously made by E. Hale. He rode 50 miles in 3h. 12m. 50s.

Coming Events.

Dec. 17.—Twelfth Regiment Games at Armory, Ninth Avenue and Sixty-second street, New York. Two-mile.

Dec. 17.—Chelsea, Mass., Cycle Club's reception.

Dec. 17.—Long Island Cyclists' Union's musical and literary entertainment at Y. M. C. A. Hall, Brooklyn.

Dec. 24.—Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago. Medical address by Wm. T. Belfield, M. D.

Jan. 16.—Lecture by Thomas Stevens at Indianapolis, Ind.

Jan. 25-Feb. 2.—Stanley Show at Crystal Palace, London, Eng.

Feb. 8.—Entertainment and reception of Manhattan Bicycle Club, at Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York City.

A few months ago the American Team was called "All wool, and a yard wide." It has since been "worsted" several times.

How's This for a Record?

J. H. SHURMAN, of Lynn, after waiting till everyone else had finished record breaking on Eagle Rock Hill, took a whack at it Nov. 18, with the following result:

Trip.	Finish.	Round Trip.	Trip.	Finish.	Round Trip.
	H. M. S.	H. S.		H. M. S.	H. S.
1	9 03 05	13 05	13	11 55	17
2	9 16 30	*13 25	14	12 13 20	18 20
3	9 30	13 30	15	12 33	19 40
4	9 42 20	*12 20	16	12 50	17
5	9 56 35	*14 15	17	1 07 40	17 40
6	10 11 45	15 10	18	1 23 35	15 55
7	10 26	*14 15	19	1 38 55	15 20
8	10 40 20	*14 20	20	1 56 45	17 50
9	10 53 45	*13 25	21	2 17 47	20 55
10	11 08 05	*14 20	22	2 36 30	18 50
11	11 23 20	15 15	23	2 54 20	17 50
12	11 38	*14 40	24	3 14 15	19 55

* Beat's Coningsby's round trip time.

It will be seen by the above that Shurman beat Coningsby's record for 13 trips by 12m. 57s. Coningsby's time was 3.17.57, while Shurman did the 13 trips in 3h. 5m. The finish was made at 3.14.15 P. M., and Shurman's riding time was 6.24.15.

The timers were E. J. Desker, F. Brock, F. P. Prial.

Considering the tremendous feat, Shurman showed up pretty fresh at the finish.

His mount was the Springfield Roadster, and we doubt if this record established by Mr. Shurman will be beaten for some time to come. Certainly 1888 will not see it bettered.

Illustrated Advertisements.



OUR GOODS ARE WARRANTED NEVER TO BUCKLE.



New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipeds and attachments from Nov. 6 to and including Dec. 4, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

392,349. Nov. 6. Emmet G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., Portland, Me. Velocipede.

392,523. Nov. 6. Herbert S. Owen, Washington, D. C., bicycle.

392,557. Nov. 6. Gideon Haynes, Jr., Hingham, Mass., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., Portland, Me. Handle-bar for velocipeds.

Nov. 6. Frank Armstrong and N. W. Vandegrift, Bridgeport, Conn. Wrench.

392,821. Nov. 13. Albert H. Overman, Newton, assignor to the Overman Wheel Co., Boston, Mass. Saddle for bicycles.

392,889. Nov. 13. Charles W. Sponsel, Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Overman Wheel Co., Boston, Mass. Bicycle.

392,973. Nov. 13. William E. Smith, Washington, D. C., assignor to the Smith National Cycle Manufacturing Co., of Colorado. Bicycle.

393,044. Nov. 20. Otto Unzicker, Chicago, Ill., assignor to Adolph Shoeninger, Chicago, Ill. Velocipede.

393,230. Nov. 20. Percy D. Hedderwick, Acton, England. Brake for velocipeds.

Nov. 20. Charles M. Kiihr, Buckmann, Minn. Snow velocipede.

Nov. 20. D. A. B. Bailey, Potsdam, N. Y. Wrench.

Nov. 20. Wm. E. Smith, Washington, D. C. Bicycle frame. Design patent.

Nov. 27. Harvey Browne, Brandt, O. Bicycle.

Nov. 27. Andrew J. Cogley and J. S. Kendig, Lancaster, Pa. Lantern.

Nov. 27. Malcom A. Norton, Hartford, Conn. Velocipede.

393,837. Dec. 4. George Kibb, Amsterdam, N. J. Bicycle.

New English Patents.

15,131. Oct. 22. Enrico Ciotti, Portland Place, for improvements in locomotion of velocipedes and other vehicles.

15,302. Oct. 24. Joseph Cottrell, Liverpool, for improvements in tricycles and other velocipedes.

15,308. Oct. 24. Barnett George Price, Birmingham, for improvements in lock nuts for velocipedes.

15,325. Oct. 24. Arthur Edward Scrope-Shrapnel, and John Kemp Starley, London, for improvements in velocipedes.

15,348. Oct. 25. Thomas Warwick, Frederick Warwick, and Edward Warwick, Birmingham, for improvements in tubular fork sides for use on bicycles, tricycles, and other vehicles.

15,378. Oct. 25. John Appleby, London, for improvements in lamps for cycles and other carriages or vehicles.

15,409. Oct. 26. Thomas William Deane, Manchester, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

15,488. Oct. 27. Frederick Malcolm Dossor, London, for improvements in and relating to tandem safety bicycles.

15,709. Oct. 31. Hermann Adolph Reimhold, London, for improvements in wheels chiefly designed for velocipedes.

15,726. Nov. 1. Henry Waterson, Warwickshire, for a new or improved apparatus for the continuous holding on, securing, locking, or releasing at will, the brakes of velocipedes or other carriages.

15,779. Nov. 1. Frederick Malfait, London, for improvements in apparatus for equalizing the power used where uniform revolution is to be imparted to a wheel or axle, as, for instance, in driving tricycles.

15,821. Nov. 2. Henry Hewins, London, for improvements in the construction of pitch chains for driving cycles and other ma-

chinery.

15,890. Nov. 3. William Fisher, London, for improvements in stands for holding bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes during stationary or preparatory practice on the said bicycle, tricycle, or other velocipede, and for other purposes.

15,937. Nov. 5. Arthur Pickard, Leeds, for improvements in bicycles.

15,950. Nov. 5. Benjamin Riley Mills, London, for improvements in safety bicycles.

16,170. Nov. 8. James Williams, Bloxwich, for an improvement in bicycles and other velocipedes.

16,259. Nov. 9. William Dunsmore Bohm, Middlesex, for improvements in bicycles.

16,288. Nov. 10. John James Kear and Henry Edward Kear, Bristol, for improvements in velocipedes.

16,312. Nov. 10. Henry Green, Birmingham, for improvements in forks suitable for use on bicycles, tricycles, and other vehicles.

16,313. Nov. 10. Thomas Williams, London, for an improved bicycle.

16,445. Nov. 13. George Townsend, London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

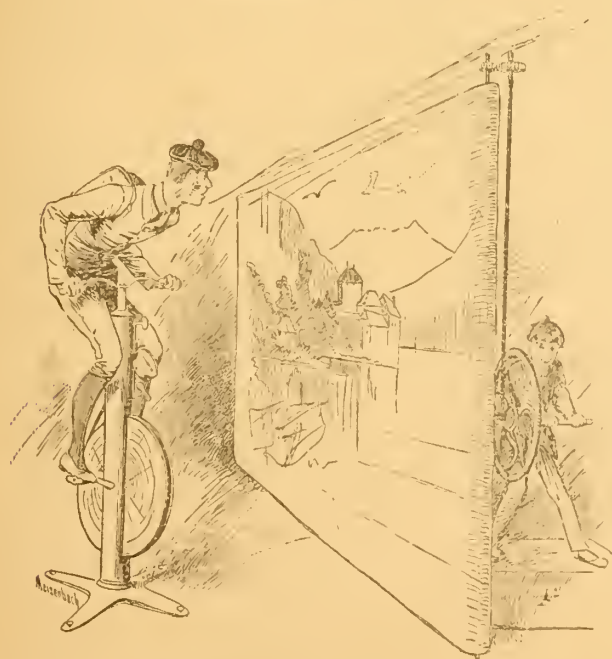
16,524. Nov. 14. Richard Nagel, London, for improvements in pedal mechanism for velocipedes.

16,544. Nov. 14. George Wright, London, for improved steering apparatus applicable to safety bicycles and tricycles.

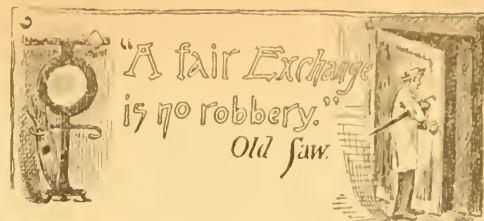
16,616. Nov. 15. Friedrich Paul Alwin Vietor, London, for improvements in cranks, especially a tread-crank for velocipedes, the pedals of which rotate elliptically.

There is a vast increase of cycling subjects among the Xmas cards of this year. Perhaps one of the prettiest I have seen is one brought to my notice the other day. It is published by Raphael Tuck, and bears for its legend, "When the cat's away, the mice will play." A very tall bicycle occupies the center of the card, on which a very charming maiden is perched sideways, the wheel being held upright on each side by another charming damsel. The drawing is good, and the whole thing very spirited and pretty.

An Englishman who has lately been teaching in France, invented while there a curious device in the way of a tricycle. The machine is an ordinary road one, only it has a regular mast and sail, by means of which, on the level and even up grade, the machine has been kept in motion without the action of the pedals.



HOW A CLEVER WHEELMAN CAN TAKE A TOUR DURING THE WINTER. BY CHANGING THE SCENERY, TRIPS CAN BE MADE IN ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY, AT PLEASURE.



The laws against gambling are now so strictly enforced in Philadelphia that lambs are no longer permitted to gambol on the green in that city.—*Drake's Magazine*.

Miss Bunker Hill—Do you have much Indian summer in Colorado? Major Wester—Yes, we have a great deal more Indian summer than you do here in the East. "I wonder why that is so?" "Because we have got more Indians, I reckon."—*Texas Siftings*.

Bicycling News contains particulars of a Cycling Dramatic Company. It consisted of six ordinaries, four safeties, four tricycles for the ladies, and a carrier for baggage. They rode from town to town as their engagements required, and the experiment proved a great success.

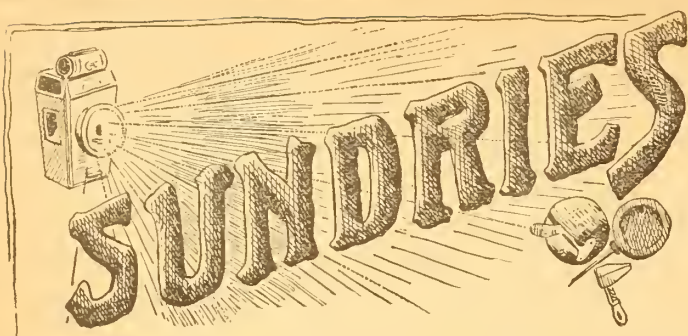
We fully intended to write at the end of the season a poetical paragraph about the decease of summer, the sorrows of approaching winter, and the saddening effect of falling and dying leaves; but here we are almost at the end of November, and we've been so busy that nothing of the sort has been launched on the cycling world. We thought such nice things as these would put to shame a year the like of which we have never before experienced since we commenced to appreciate fine weather as a help to cycling. It would be a farce now to write about anything but winter, so we shall merely gaze sadly on a couple of boxes in which fair flowers were sent up from the country in order to cheer the dreariness of a London office, and look forward to next season, which should in the natural order of things be so fine and warm as to feel out of place in a country like England.—*Bicycling News*.

George B. Thayer, in the *New York World*, writes that he took his first "European" header as follows: That afternoon, just before reaching Montelimar, I took the first fall of the whole trip of over two thousand three hundred miles. I was riding along at a twelve-mile-an-hour gait when a long-haired, miserable-looking dog ran out of a house to accompany me for half a mile or so. There was nothing uncommon about that, nor did I mind it much, for the dogs are so thick in Southern France that it was nothing unusual to have three or four at once barking at me as I rode along through the more thickly settled portions of the country. But this dog, singly and alone, brought me to the dust after a ride so long without a tumble. Whether the dog got careless and ran too close to the front wheel, or whether, in turning slightly, I bore down upon him, I shall never know; but I do know that, going at the high rate of speed I was, I suddenly struck, full length, on my stomach, in the road, 'way ahead of the machine, dog and everything. I could not at first realize what had happened, but when I saw the dog running for home, with a reproachful look in his face, I knew I had done something to, at least, hurt his feelings.

Breaking a Bicycle Record.

FRED CONINGSBY, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, succeeded Saturday, Nov. 24, in an attempt to establish a new record at climbing Eagle Rock Hill, near Orange, N. J., on an ordinary bicycle. The record as it formerly stood was four round trips, without a dismount, in 55 minutes, 55 seconds. This time was made by Coningsby himself a week ago. The road was in perfect condition yesterday. Slowly up the hill the rider went, and back he came a-flying for eight successive trips. In the ninth he was compelled to dismount half way up the grade. His time for the total eight trips was 1 hour, 53 minutes and 47 seconds.

The Philadelphia Bicycle Club has twenty-five lady members.



A great cycle show will be held at Leipzig, Germany, in February, 1889.

The Stanley show of 1889 will occupy a space of 32,000 square feet.

Be sure and send for a title page and index for Vol. 3 of the GAZETTE.

The Philadelphia Bicycle Club is to hold informal sociables throughout the coming winter season.

The *Gentleman* for November contains, we notice, a paper entitled "Through Germany on Wheels."

It is related that Senator Morgan has sought the seclusion of a relative's orange grove at Jackson, Miss.

What is the difference between a 24 hours' scorcher and his time-keeper? Why, the one rides the time, the other times the ride.

How to Enjoy a Bicycle or Tricycle During the Winter is the attractive head lines of an article going the rounds of the English cycling press. Upon reading it you are advised to pawn your wheel at the cycle pawn office.

Title page and index for Vol. 3 of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE will be ready for delivery in a few days, and will be sent free to every one sending a stamp for postage.

For the health and strength that are beauty's own
That are stamped with Nature's seal,
Are securely bound and circled round
By the spokes of the flying wheel.

Copies of Vol. 3 of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, beautifully bound in cloth and stamped with gold will be ready for delivery in a few days. This volume has a complete index. Orders should be sent in at once, accompanied by \$1.50, the price per copy.

Mr. Joseph Heidorf, of Rutland, Vt., is now perfecting an ice bicycle. By the time the water congeals he expects to have it ready. His first trial will be on Lake Bomoseen, and then if it pans out well, he will give it a trial on the Hudson River.

Parachutes have been introduced for the purpose of allowing a graceful descent to mother earth from a height, little wonder that the idea of attaching them to the rider of the ordinary bicycle has struck cyclers who ride "those nasty high dangerous things" (extract from the private correspondence of our family nurse). No less than two correspondents this week draw a parachute as a convenient accessory to the bicycle, so we give our readers the benefit of the suggestion in case any of them are overcoming the mysteries of learning to ride, in which case, no doubt, anything as a bar to rapid progress earthwards will prove acceptable.

It has been left to Dr. Stephenson, of the Woolwich Volunteer Medical Staff, to show what may be done in ambulance work by cycles. That gentleman has mounted an ambulance detachment on bicycles, which carry a stretcher, surgical haversack for dressing, and a large supply of beef tea, milk, and other necessities for the wounded, together with the means of cooking quite equal to the regulation transport. And what is more, Dr. Stephenson says that

the cycling ambulance, if signaled for, would reach the wounded in a fourth of the time the ordinary transport would occupy. Perhaps the state of the roads would have something to do with this time of transport, but the new development is decidedly interesting.

One more suggestion for a tandem bicycle reaches us from J. B., and as it is distinctly novel we will try to describe it roughly. It consists of the front wheel of a Rover-type safety and the driving wheel of an ordinary linked together by a long tube, the big wheel being placed in the rear. No. 2 rider sits as usual on the "ordinary" saddle, while his companion straddles the backbone at a point halfway between the two wheels. The front man's pedals are connected with the hub of the driver by a very long chain, stays running from the bearings carrying his pedals to the back wheel, and also to the front wheel head. The result is rather a taking looking machine, though we fear it is impracticable on account of the steering.

Cycling, it seems, is to play its part in the colored, if not always artistic, cards of greeting which have become such a feature of the nineteenth century Christmas. A sketch before us depicts "a coming champion," who consists of a very minute boy in sailor costume perched on the elevated saddle of an ordinary bicycle boasting a height hitherto unknown in the history of cycles. The machine is supported on one side by its owner, while an old gentleman assists by holding the opposite handle. Rational principles are quite absent in the build of this 1888 mount, for a back wheel of about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, a crank of about four inches, and a handle-bar of a broom-stick-like length are fitted. Otherwise the picture is decidedly good.

A correspondent has been writing to one of our exchanges, and pointing out so many frightful dangers attendant on cycling that the boldest wheelmen might well quail. And really, if half he says is true, we should feel inclined to follow the example of the Arab who sold his faithful steed, and offer our machine at an alarming reduction. We, however, venture to think the dreadful warnings of our contemporary hardly justified. The difficulties and dangers of cycling are greatly exaggerated in the minds of most people who have not had experience with the wheel, and therefore judge only from appearances. It is a popular notion that the wheel is only adapted to athletes, that great strength, muscular development and endurance are necessary to the successful prosecution of its pleasures. This is entirely wrong. As an exercise, bicycling is equal to any athletic sport, bringing as it does, all the muscles into action, and many are the cases of dyspepsia and failing health that have been entirely cured by its use. The effects are felt first by the beginner in the shoulders and back and about the sides and abdomen, and many other muscles of the body not used in walking are brought into play and developed.

In these days when the cycle has been brought to absolute perfection, and the pursuit of wheeling has lost its novelty and become universal, it is pleasant to unearth from the records of the past the quaint comments of our forefathers on the earliest bike—the clumsy and rude prototype of the modern machine. Here is a cutting from an English magazine of nearly seventy years ago, *apropos* of the pedestrian hobby-horse, the introduction of which really marked the birth of present day cycling: "We have just had the pleasure of seeing a machine denominated the pedestrian hobby-horse, invented by a Baron von Drais, a gentleman at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden, and which has been introduced into this country by a tradesman in Long Acre. The principle of this invention is taken from the art of skating, and consists in the simple idea of a seat on two wheels, propelled by the feet acting upon the ground. The riding seat or saddle is fixed on a perch upon two double-shod wheels running after so that they can go upon the footways. To preserve the balance; a small board covered and stuffed is placed before, on which the arms are laid, and in front of which is the little guiding pole, which is held in the hand to direct the route. The swiftness with which a person well practiced can travel is almost beyond belief—eight, nine, and even ten miles an hour can, it is asserted, be passed on good level ground. The machine, it is conjectured, will answer well for messengers, and even for long journeys. It does not weigh more than 50 pounds, and can be made with travelling pockets."

Cycling for Ladies.

"WHAT will Mrs Grundy say?" Such is the usual exclamation with which one is met on suggesting to one of the fair sex the pleasure and benefit to be derived from cycling. Yes, Mrs. Grundy is a terrible bug bear to the feminine mind, and the dread of her almost unanswerable fiat has nipped many a long-cherished scheme in the bud. The influence of Mrs. Grundy, however, is gradually waning, and as regards cycling, the many advantages to be urged in its favor have won the day, for which consummation the wheelwoman has reason to be sincerely grateful to those bold pioneers, who, regardless of the look of high-bred astonishment on the faces of their social *confreres*, and the caustic remarks passed on them by the general public, calmly went on their way, and lived down ridicule and censure. At the present day no one can assert that cycling is not fashionable, for there is hardly a royal court in Europe where the silent wheel has not found its way.

"But it is such hard work," is the next objection. Never was there a greater mistake. It is, taken altogether, infinitely easier than walking, and, unlike the latter, the after results are almost *nil*, for the weight of the body is carried, and has not to be lifted at every step, as in walking, and all the muscular power can be used simply and solely for propulsion. There is no need to be strong. The most delicate girls can often pedal fast and well, and we know of instances of ladies who would be quite exhausted after a walk of a few miles, who could ride sixty or seventy miles of rough, hilly road, and arrive at their destination quite fresh. We have seen a girl ride with ease up a hill which many a strong, able-bodied man could not surmount. Strength is good, and, where the rider possesses it, so much the better, but skill and experience are more than a match for mere muscle, and a delicate girl may possess both and be able to ride fairly long distances without the least fatigue or over-heating. Even those who possess neither strength nor skill can acquire, by practice, the power of riding with comparative ease, as compared with walking, and will thoroughly enjoy a quiet spin of ten or fifteen miles. To give some idea of what may be done, I may mention that 100 miles in the day has frequently been ridden by a lady, and the late Mrs. Allen, of Birmingham, England, covered on one occasion the enormous distance of 200 miles in the twenty-four hours. Of course, such a feat would be far beyond the powers of ordinary riders, and, in fact, would most likely prove injurious to anyone, but constant and steady practice should enable the very weakest to ride twenty, thirty, and even forty miles in the day, and those who are especially strong or skilful could ride seventy or eighty miles without being fatigued or suffering any injurious results.

The next question which occurs to the feminine mind is, "Is it becoming?" "Will I look well on a tricycle?" etc. The majority of lady riders know little of cycling as an art, and, consequently, ride with too short a stretch, too long cranks, or in bad style. There is no prettier sight than a well and suitably dressed girl who has acquired a neat and effective style, on a suitable machine.

In regard to choosing a machine we would say there are only three types of machine suitable for a lady—the loop frame, the two-track, and the direct steerer. The first is heavy, slow, and the vibration from the small front wheel is considerable. It has not a redeeming feature. The two-track is heavy, slow, the steering is unsteady, and it is a bad hill-climber, but it makes but two tracks and, accordingly, where the road is worked like a gridiron into longitudinal ruts, good going can be obtained where a three-track would be plowing through loose stones. It has an open front also, which renders mounting and dismounting easy—taking it altogether it is a cumbrous, uncomfortable, and unsatisfactory machine, though somewhat superior to the loop frame. The direct steerer is light, fast, strong, safe, comfortable, simple in construction, a good hill-climber, steers beautifully, and is so made that the rider is in a position to exert her full strength, the arms assisting, and doing their fair proportion of the work. In appearance it is also the nicest looking machine, and a graceful rider mounted on one looks most fascinating. The difficulty of mounting and dismounting has been urged against this type, but it has been enormously magnified, for the feat—if feat it be—can be perfectly mastered after a few trials, and looks neither ungraceful nor unbecoming. The only other objection is, that the results of a fall may prove more serious, but this

also has been exaggerated, for though seemingly cooped in, if an accident does happen the rider is generally thrown clear, and the danger of a fall occurring is much smaller than on any other type. The direct-steerer, therefore, should be the choice of every lady, no matter what her advisers may say to the contrary, and having fixed the type I shall enter more fully into the details. For a lady, weight is a most important consideration. In mere brute strength she is, of course, inferior to the male sex, and the difference must be made up, not only by *finesse* and correctness of style, but also by having less dead weight to carry. A woman is generally much lighter than a man; she also rides slower, avoids scorching, and rarely, if ever, coasts a hill at top speed. Therefore, a lady's tricycle will stand as well as a man's ten pounds heavier, and the difference, although it seems slight, represents a considerable reduction of the muscular power requisite for propulsion. For good roads, from forty-five to sixty, and for indifferent, from sixty to seventy pounds, is about the correct weight for a lady's direct-steerer, but it must be treated fairly if it is expected to last long, and above all, the owner should avoid lending it to friends. The driving wheels should not be lower than 32-inch, nor higher than 40-inch, and anything between 26-inch and 30-inch will do for the steerer. Seven-eight inch rubbers for bad roads, and three-quarter inch for good, will be found most satisfactory, and a band-brake is the best, and it should be carefully tested to see that it is thoroughly effective. We consider free steering better than automatic, but this is a matter of taste. The dress-guard should be of *papier mache*, or, better still, of leather; and the beginner should be very careful that there is not the smallest spot unguarded where the dress may catch in the chain, or an awkward accident may occur. Unless the rider has slits cut in her shoes to catch the rubber of the pedals, she should use square rubber pedals, and in any case she should have ball pedals, as such are cleaner than cone, and not so calculated to soil the hem of the dress; but even ball pedals should be carefully wiped after oiling, and, in fact, this plan should be adopted with every portion of the machine which is likely to soil the dress. The gearing is a very important consideration. The driving wheels can be geared to any height by having extra teeth on the lower cog-wheel, and by this means the wheels may be made to turn once and a half say, while the feet revolve but once, or *vice versa*. The driving-wheels may be geared down, and while they complete a full revolution the feet may have to complete more.

We learn that A. A. McCurdy, the once famous professional or hippodromer, it's all the same, has deserted from Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, where he enlisted some time ago. He was caught while attempting to escape and confined in the guard house under sentence of death, but he escaped Oct. 20, and is still at this writing at large. The government has, however, offered a reward for his apprehension and it is hardly likely he will remain at liberty very long, and when he is caught, it's "Good-bye Mac."

The males of many households generally suppose that their women folk are to sit sewing day after day when not looking after the meals—while they go off for a health-giving ride on bicycle or tricycle into the country. Now we ask in the name of such long-suffering sisters, is that fair? Fathers and brothers, to you we leave the answer, only remarking that if the oft-quoted "all work and no play" is applicable to "Jack," it is equally so to "Jill."

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of the English Scientific Society of Cyclists has conceived a great idea; nothing less than a grand muster of English cyclists, to be held in the spring of 1889, the venue being Windsor Park, and the object to show the strength of English cycling, and to be reviewed by Queen Victoria.

A correspondent sends us the following tips for winter cycling: Bind your cuffs round with string to keep the wind out. Curl the tongue up, press the tip on to the roof of the mouth; the keen air will then not strike so directly on the throat. A great many never think of these little things.

Vice-president H. W. Hayes leaves for Para, Brazil, Jan. 1, under a few years' engagement with a large Boston commission house.

A European Cycle Tour.

MR. FRANK A. ELWELL, of Portland, Me., issues a very attractive and comprehensive circular on his proposed European cyclers' excursion to start from this country in May next. The following route has been selected: *Ireland*.—Cork, Fermoy, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Carlow, Dublin. *England*.—Liverpool, Chester, Birmingham, Coventry, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, London, Brighton, New Haven. *France*.—Dieppe, Rouen, Versailles, Paris, Fontainebleau, Melun, Joigny, Montbard, Dijon, Auxonne, Dole, Poligny. *Switzerland*.—Geneva, up Lake Geneva to Villeneuve, Aigle, Gessenay, Thun, Berne, Lucerne, up Lake Lucerne, (make trip to top of Rigi), Brunnen, Zug, Wädenschwyl, Wesen, Rapperschwyl, Zurich, Schaffhausen, Basel. *Germany*.—Strasbourg, Baden-Baden Heidelberg, Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne; from here steamer will be taken part or whole of distance to Rotterdam, where the tour-proper will end, leaving members free to carry out any private scheme of travel. Steamer can be taken here for England (6 hours), and rail to Belgium, France, or Northern Germany.

The party will be limited in number, not more than 25 being taken. Among those who have already decided to go are, F. H. Palmer, H. S. Higgins and F. A. Elwell, Portland, Me.; Rev. Chas. E. Fessenden, Summit Hill, Pa.; H. J. Foulks, Vincennes, Ind.; Louis P. Miller, Corning, N. Y.; Jas. E. Beal, Ann Arbor, Mich.; P. Howard Reilly, New York City; Fred Weibens, Hartwell, Ga.; S. L. Breed, Lynn, Mass.; W. F. Street, Cairo, Mich., and there are any number of others who are, as Mr. Elwell puts it, "on the fence."

It is more than likely that Mr. Elwell or some of the party will write up this tour for the GAZETTE.

Loose Spokes.

"Och, Dago, Oi've got a great schame. Let's get that naagur, Sambo, and organize an American brass band. Oi'll take all the money, and you will take all the glory, and Sambo can do all the worick!" He had heard of Senator Morgan.

* * *

An effort is now being made in Philadelphia to organize an across-the-continent tour for next season. It will be composed entirely of Philadelphians, and if successful in inducing enough wheelmen to take the trip, a start will be made early in the summer, selecting the Southern route in preference to the Northern one, which will afford much easier riding and less tramping across the desert regions.

* * *

There are about 200 cyclers in Kieff, a large town in the South of Russia, and the spirit of sociableness has taken hold of them and induced them into applying to the Governor-General of Kieff for permission to form a cyclers' club, but the Governor-General refused to grant this permission, accompanying his refusal by a private remark that "he does not see the necessity of a cycling club in a place where there are so many clubs." Well, there is nothing like a free country.

* * *

An ingenious contrivance is shortly expected to endow street life in Munich with additional interest. The machine is in appearance like a comfortable cab, is set upon three wheels, the front one, as in a tricycle, being used to steer by. A metal box or cistern behind contains a supply of benzine oil, from which, while the machine is in motion the gas required in the motor is generated. A quart of oil is all that is required for a drive of ten miles, which can be accomplished in an hour. The vehicle holds four persons.

* * *

A funny incident is told by an English paper—that is, funny to all but the person most interested—happened to an Irish safety rider some time back. He was on his way down hill when he came across and rode over the iron hoop off a cask. This threw him somewhat heavily, and as it was after dark he was unable to understand the reason of his fall. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when a bystander came running up with the said hoop, remarking that the bicycler had dropped part of his machine on the road. Where the iron had come from he did not attempt to explain, but no doubt he thought it one of the wheels.

Recent Publications.

Behind Closed Doors., by Anna Katherine Greene. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York, N. Y.

Confessions of a Young Man., by Geooge Moore. Brentanos, New York, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.

Divided Lives., by Edgar Fawsett. Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.

Divorced., by Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren. Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, N. Y. and Chicago, Ill.

Echoes From the Blarney Stone, and Other Rhymes, by W. C. R. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill. Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Memories of Men Who Saved the Union., by Donn Piatt. Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, Ill., and New York, N. Y.

Napoleon Smith. Judge Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

Poems of Passion., by Ella Wheeler. Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, N. Y. and Chicago, Ill.

Schiller Calandar for 1889. Nims & Knight, Troy, N. Y. Cathcart, Clelland & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Star Crossed; The Life and Love of an Actress. Judge Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

The Art and Pastime of Chellng., by Gerald Stoney and R. J. McCredy. Irish Cyclist and Athlete, Dublin, Ireland.

The George Elliott Calendar for 1889. Nims & Knight, Troy, N. Y. Cathcart, Clelland & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Graysons., by Edward Eggleston. Century Co., New York, N. Y.

The Professor's Sister., by Julian Hawthorn. Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, Ill. and New York, N. Y.

The Sunshine Calander for 1889. Nims & Knight, Troy, N. Y. Cathcart, Clelland & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Wheelmen's Gazette. Vol. 111. Darrow Bros., Indianapolis, Ind.

Lippincott's Magazine for January will contain the complete novel, *HALE-WESTON*, by M. Elliott Seawell.

The *Century* for December contains another of George Kennan's interesting papers on Siberia, and three complete novelettes, besides the usual miscellany of matter.

Betford's Magazine for December contains the complete novel, *THE QUEEN OF THE BLOCK*, by Alexander L. Kinkead, in addition to its usual attractive miscellaneous matter.

St. Nicholas, that charming magazine for boys and girls, has, as usual, a very fine Christmas number. Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Mrs. Burnett and other favorites being numbered among the contributors.

The Stage is a new theatrical paper published in Philadelphia. It is very handsomely gotten up and presents, each week, on its front page, portraits of different popular actors and actresses which are excellently executed.

The *Arkansaw Traveler* has changed its dress, and, commencing with No. 1, Vol. 14, it will appear with about four pages of illustrations each week. None of the established departments will be neglected, Opie Reed's original sketches remaining the leading feature.

Under the title of *THE ART AND PASTIME OF CYCLE RACING*, R. J. McCready reprints over a dozen articles from the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* in pamphlet form. They are, on the average, very instructive for a beginner and many old riders might be benefitted by reading it.

Calendars for 1889 are now on the market, and this season are, if anything, more charming than ever. The old idea that art and poetry should be kept distinct and separate from cold dates and figures is surely overcome, as any one can tell by examining the elegant specimens of this line of artistic novelties as published by Nims and Knight, of Troy, N. Y. Hidden among charming landscapes and enwreathed with classic verse, the columns of figures which tell of the days and years are now to be found on every wall.

RANK INJUSTICE.—"What did the men stop for, George?"

"They made a false start and have to go back to the tape again."

"Oh, George, and the man we are betting on was so far ahead! I don't think that's fair."

The Centercycle.

SOME paper lately mentioned this as one of the novel machines of English make, and that it was a very easy one to get up hills on.

As to the novelty of it, that is admitted, but how one can push a three-track, five-wheeled machine up hill at all without a horse to help, is more than we can see.

The specimen we saw one day near Horsham, England, was a fifty-inch crank wheel in the center of four wheels about twelve inches high. The "outfit" must have weighed 75 to 90 pounds, and it would take about that many £ to hire us to ride the thing a week.

The rider of it said it was hired, and as he seemed disposed to loiter about the house where he was found, we concluded that the machine was an excellent one to "make frequent stops with."

Somehow we never could spare vim enough to drive more than two wheels at once, and they must not have chain gears, either, for we have tried them to our satisfaction.

Your centercycle might do for "Cholly" or "Henwy," or some parties from that "set" to play with in the "bawk yawd," but we propose to humor our doubt that any sure enough cyclist ever rides such a contrivance.

'Tis to be hoped that the days of experiments will be over soon, and people will settle down to some good, easy-going machine like the one that has for years been ridden by STAMSON.

An Improved Attachment for Bicycles.

A SIMPLE and cheap attachment for bicycles or tricycles, whereby they may be run upon ice or snowy ground, is illustrated in our advertising columns, and has been patented by Mr. Herman H. Holtcamp, of New Knoxville, O. A runner or shoe is arranged for connection with the small wheel of the vehicle, the shoe being attached by means of a clip on an adjustable bracket, whereby the runner may be used in connection with wheels of different diameters. To the large wheel are secured as many attachments as may be necessary, each of which consists of a cylindrical metallic plate, lined with leather or other slightly yielding material, and having flanges which extend outward from the side of the cylindrical section. This section is arranged so that it may be passed over the rubber tire and the felloe of the large wheel, and on its inside are two projections extending toward the hub of the wheel, adapted to receive a clamping bolt, by which the attachment is clamped to the wheel. The two outward bottom flanges of this cylindrical section are placed at either side of the center of the tire, in order to allow for the regular operation of the ordinary form of the bicycle brake, the small wheel being lashed to the backbone of the bicycle. With this attachment the vehicle may be freely used on ice, or heavily packed or frozen snow, while the attachment may be connected to or removed from the bicycle in a very short time. The whole combination, made of steel may be sharpened for special feats on very smooth ice.

Inexpensive Touring.

MR. GEORGE B. THAYER, the well-known cycle enthusiast of Hartford, Conn., has contributed to the *Post*, of that city, an excellent paper on the cheapness of wheeling on the continent. He states that to one who has been through the Trossachs of Scotland and the cathedral towns of England, who has ridden up the Rhine and climbed half a dozen or more of the Alpine passes of Switzerland, and has spent nearly a month each in the cities of London and Paris, the cost is found to have been little more than it would have been to have continued in the dull routine of home life. His expenses in England, though the hotel life is more costly than on the continent, did not average over \$2 a day.

Through Belgium and Germany they were but \$1 a day. A wheelman travels so independently that he is not always obliged to stop over night at the larger cities, and I often could avoid them by riding eight or ten miles farther to some small inn. I found plenty of good food and a comfortable bed for half the money. Such a mode of traveling does not allow of the putting on of any great amount of style, but my chief ambition was to see rather than be seen by men. In London there are plenty of good, respectable, private boarding places to be found for \$1 or \$1.25 per day. To find them one needs only to inquire of some friend who has made an extended stay in London, or to apply to some American living there. In Paris I found better accommodations, if anything, than in Lon-

don. Many of the English and German wheelmen use little sleigh bells fastened to the handle-bars as warnings to pedestrians, but in Switzerland, where the noise of running water drowns all other ordinary sounds in so many localities, I found that my shrill whistle even was insufficient, and nothing but the most throat-splitting yell would clear the road of the numerous pedestrians. In Paris, the wheelmen have adopted the tram-car horn, an instrument with a rubber bulb for forcing the air through, and really one blast from these pneumatic levers is enough to lift a whole regiment out of the road.

Jack Prince's New Venture.

OMAHA, Neb., will soon have a new place of amusement, the Coliseum. It is located at Spruce and Twentieth streets, on the cable tramways line. The building is 300x170 feet, and is in every way fitted for its purpose. The bicycle track is a beauty, 20 feet wide, ten laps to the mile, as certified to by responsible civil engineers. Inside this track is a horse track 17 feet wide. The space inside this track will be converted into a swimming bath, which will have a portable covering. Every description of gymnastic apparatus has been ordered. In the southeast corner of the building will be a restaurant, in charge of a competent chef. In the southwest corner will be a Turkish bath-room. The building will comfortably seat 10,000, while on special occasions arrangements can be made to accommodate 15,000. The entrance will be very handsome, being 30 feet wide, with quite elaborate woodwork. The bicycle school will be in charge of John S. Prince, and the riding school will be looked after by Marve Beardsley, who has been with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show the past year. The cost of the building is \$30,000, all the stock being taken by Omaha's prominent business men. The building will be lighted by gas and heated by McLaughlin's patent chemical heaters. A six days' professional race is being arranged for, in which Prince, Dingley, Eck, Whittaker, Woodside, Morgan and Schock are expected to participate.

Annual Meeting of the Overman Wheel Company.

THE annual meeting of the Overman Wheel Company was held Friday afternoon at the office of Chamberlin, White & Mills, Hartford, Conn. The officers of the company reported a very prosperous year.

The capital stock was increased from \$100 000 to \$125,000.

The following directors were elected: A. H. Overman, E. C. Hodges, Luther White, C. E. Mitchell, George D. Seymour, Rodney Dennis and E. S. White.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors A. H. Overman was elected President, E. C. Hodges, Vice President. H. R. Mills was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and W. C. Overman Assistant Treasurer.

From the *New York World* we learn of the peculiar adventures of Ashley B. Johnson, of Canandaigua, N. Y. It appears that he was recently arrested for stealing a bicycle, and when brought before the court told a very pitiful story of the abuse he had received at the hands of his mother-in-law, and which drove him to steal the machine. If Mr. Johnson had stolen the bicycle to leave that part of the country on, in all probabilities he would have been leniently dealt with by the court, but the facts show that he sold the stolen bike and played draw poker with the proceeds, so there is very little chance of his being acquitted.

Final arrangements have been made in Omaha, Neb., for a six-day race between Marve Beardsley, the champion long distance rider of the world, who will ride fifteen horses, against Prince and Eck, on bicycles. The latter will change every hour, and the horseman change horses every mile for six days of eight hours each. The race commenced at 2:30 P. M. Dec. 10, at the Coliseum in Omaha.

At Coventry, Eng., 15 employes of Singer's Bicycle Works have formed a brass band to perambulate upon a 16-wheeled 'cycle. They play while propelling themselves, and a sixteenth man, seated in the rear, steers the enormous machine.

The South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia had to postpone the opening of their new club house, which was to have taken place Dec. 4, on account of the work on the house not being finished.

Odds and Ends.

Baltimore cyclers are assisting the authorities in the matter of seeing that cyclers carry lamps after dark.

Birdie Munger is at present working in a carriage factory at Connersville, Ind. The cold weather is hard on the profesh.

A. Kennedy Childe has been appointed superintendent of agencies for the Warwick Cycle Manufacturing Co., of Springfield, Mass.

New Orleans is to have a great cycling lantern-parade during the coming Mardi-Gras festival. The scheme ought to be a successful one.

It is coming near the time when all local L. A. W. members should commence to think of saving up for their little dollar contribution.

John Mason, of the Illinois Cycle Club, recently made 277 miles inside of 24 hours on a safety bicycle. The 300 miles within 24 hours may some day crop up.

Committees to look after the social side of club life during the off season ought now to be in order. Nothing like keeping up club spirit during the slack period.

The tandem bicycle has come to stay, and the future may see the tricycle and the tandem tricycle take a back seat, while the safety bicycle and the tandem safety bicycle go right ahead.

The Russian military authorities have followed the example of the War Department of England and France and have made arrangements for the introduction of cycles into the army of the Czar.

It is generally allowed that the late road-sculling tournament in New York was a failure. It could not very well be otherwise; not much in the way of time could be got out of the machines used in the contest.

Two new trick riders have come to the front in the antipodes. Miss Nellie Donegan, aged ten years, and her brother James, aged four, are astonishing the natives in Australia with their proficiency as fancy riders.

In five months, Mr. George B. Thayer, of Hartford, has covered over 2,600 miles in Europe on his bicycle. He took his first header at Montpelimar, in France, after riding over 2,300 miles, and it was all caused by a dog.

It appears from what the manufacturers say, that the year passed in cycling trade circles has been an unusually good one, equal in every respect to 1887, in which year the volume of cycling business was considered phenomenal.

Whittaker's broken the record once more,
O, won't the English "profesh" feel sore!
How they'll wish that Stillman would take a rest,
Or lose himself in the wild, broad West.
But record eradicating "Whit" won't quit.

We learn from the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle* that Senator Morgan has been in that city trying to induce the amusement committee of the exposition there to hold some professional races in connection with the other sports. The Senator is evidently unknown in Georgia, as the article referred to mentions him in the highest terms, a thing they would not be likely to do if they knew him.

The friends of Miss Maggie Kirkwood, of Maplewood, Mass., very properly claim for her the best record of any lady tricycler in New England. She has pushed her tricycle over 1,800 miles of road during 1888, and she has an ambitious sister who has rolled up a score of 1,100 miles during the same time. Miss Kirkwood's record is taken from a cyclometer, and is, therefore, likely to be more correct than those estimated by map measurements.

It is very amusing to notice in our English exchanges the solemn way with which the champions of the ordinary *vs.* safety keep up their discussion. Ever since the dwarf cycle came into prominence the wordy war has waned and waxed, but never entirely stopped

Such discussions are to a certain extent very interesting and must be of inestimable value to the manufacturer. But taken from a purely rider's point of view, what Mr. A. and Mr. B. says to the effect that the safety is a craze, a fad, or that the ordinary is doomed, is absolutely of no value as an opinion. The safety is not a fad, nor a temporary craze, and the ordinary will prove a very active factor in the cycle business for many years to come. As we before have applied a homely saying to this subject and to the disputants, "Both are wrong and both are right, and both are very impolite."

Another decided novelty in the wheel line, which appeared in Philadelphia last week was the Rucker tandem, belonging to Messrs. Will and John Dotter. The appearance of this machine, which has been delayed from time to time owing to various causes, has been anxiously looked for by the local riders, who have been inclined to doubt its practicability. The first sight of the tandem, however, dispelled this idea and convinced the most skeptical that the practical utility of the machine was beyond question. Briefly it consists of the two large wheels of ordinary bicycles, from which the backbones and rear wheels have been removed, connected by a tubular steel bar, with universal knuckle joint. There is thus a perfect immunity from headers and relieved from the friction of the real wheels the machine showed great speed. Up Belmont-avenue grade the two riders led the van on the last club run of the Pennsylvania Club to West Chester, and the hardest riders among the scorchers were hard pushed to keep up with them. The machine was similar to that ridden by Percy Harris and Hal Mueller, of New York city, at the Buffalo tournament.

Now-a-days I never practice, and even my most difficult tricks, such as turning a somersault over a chair placed in the middle of the rope, and landing with my feet on the other side of it, are usually performed without premeditation, just as the whim seizes me. This enables me without effort to vary my programmes at every performance, and prevents them from becoming monotonous to me. I could remain a year, or even longer, without ever setting foot on a rope and then go on and tread it as safely as though I had been in constant practice. As an illustration of the slight amount of practice required for a new trick I may mention my bicycle act. Some years ago, when bicycles were somewhat of a novelty, it struck me that I could utilize one in my performance, and accordingly had one constructed according to my direction, with a groove in the wheels to fit the rope, but otherwise of ordinary fashion. I ordered it to be sent to me some time before the performance, so that I could try it, but it came just as I was making ready to appear. I was as pleased as a child with a new toy, and, mounting it at once, I rehearsed successfully in view of a large audience, who probably thought I had been practicing for months.—*Extract from an interview with Blondin, champion tight-rope performer of the world.*

A correspondent writes to the *British Medical Journal* as follows: "Will you, as representative of our profession, express an opinion on the use of bicycles or tricycles for suburban practitioners to work their practices with, instead of the more generally employed horse and carriage? In these times, when there is a scarcity of money, owing to so much competition, etc., economy must be studied. Does it not seem, then, rather a pity that everyone—especially those not well off—should be bound to follow the fashion, well established though it be? A carriage is a very desirable possession, and most pleasant for travelling, and doubtless adds to the dignity and position of the owner, but when one cannot afford the expense, and it becomes necessary to cover the ground quickly, the only alternative appears to be a cycle of some description or other, for hiring an equipage is certainly no saving to the pocket. Therefore, if you will kindly make a comment on the propriety of adopting this mode of conveyance, I think many, as well as myself, would be glad of the opinion." To which our cotemporary replies as follows: "We are aware of more than one excellent practice in the suburbs in which the partners use tricycles, and can see no possible objection to them. Many clergymen now use tricycles, and some ladies of fashion. We know of no reason why medical men, who frequently use them for purposes of health and pleasure, should not also put them to use in their professional journeys where they find it convenient to do so."

Smithkins and the Hoop-Snake.

To the incredulous and knowing ones that may glance at this tale, let me address a few words of explanation to the effect that the little town wherein the strange events narrated took place is strictly temperate in ways and vices, and the time of action was both too late for hard cider to be obtainable, and too early for sweet cider to be made. To the many of you that already know Smithkins, the hero of my story, it is superfluous to explain that, though a trifle eccentric, with many queer notions, and facts about wheels and wheeling, and given to the consumption of countless cigarettes, he is always temperate in his potations and a youth of veracity. Smithkins is what in country phraseology we term a "Fall boarder," in distinction from the early or summer variety. He had been obliged to take a late vacation, and, though coming to a hilly country to pass the few weeks allotted him, had, like a true wheelman, brought his wheel with him, determined to enlarge his hill-climbing powers while opportunity offered. He is an old and careful rider, short and thick-set in stature, and bestrides an ancient Expert of much the same shape. This wheel has been his faithful companion on many a long and tiresome jaunt, and if Smithkins is to be credited, has exhibited on many occasions an almost human intelligence, and he never tired of relating the incidents taking place at those times when listeners can be found. One instance will suffice. Time, was one dark night not long since, and place a long, steep hill between this town and the nearest county seat. The wheel not being provided with a lamp, Smithkins was cautiously feeling his way down the hill, not daring to ride at any great speed, when his wheel stopped and refused to proceed an inch further. Not in the sudden, determined way so peculiar to many a rider, that permits the occupant of the saddle to continue on through mid-air but in a timid, gentle manner, permitting dismount in the orthodox way. On his alighting to learn the reason of this strange performance, directly ahead he found a bad washout, to attempt which was dangerous for both wheel and rider. Once lifted over this obstacle, the wheel moved as easily as ever, and Smithkins sped on his way rejoicing. In view of this fact alone—which he is willing to make affidavit to—the part taken by the wheel in the events narrated may not seem so strange.

Like all country towns, this one has the usual quota of pretty girls, and on one of the most promising samples, residing in the part known as "New Boston," Smithkins had for some time cast a favorable eye. People living on the roads leading there had grown quite accustomed to seeing Smithkins flit past at least twice a week, and in time when the moon lent her countenance, much more often than that.

On these jaunts Smithkins carried, either strapped to his luggage-carrier, or slung over his shoulder, a small, light, single-barreled shot-gun. He claimed it was for hunting, and on one or two occasions had brought in and exhibited partridges of an infantile appearance, claiming to have shot them while riding along. Those that knew more of his ability as a sportsman scouted the idea, and suggested that he possibly might have run over them in the road and afterwards shot them. Knowing Smithkins's mortal antipathy to snakes of all kinds and sizes, which the country people had thoughtfully fostered by filling his only too receptive mind with strange legends regarding the black-snake, particularly the species known as the "hoop-snake," distinguished by the white ring around the neck and enormous constructive power. I fancied the gun might be carried largely on their account, and jokingly hinted as much to him one day. Smithking contemptuously answered, "Great Scott! do you suppose I fear any snake, black or white, when mounted on my wheel? Why, I'd be out of sight in less than a minute."

"Just you wait till a 'racer,' (another name for the hoop-snake) gets after you," replied I, "and you'll have to get a pretty rapid gait on that old Expert!"

"Oh, we'll see about that," said Smithkins, "when the time comes for the snake to appear," but looking a little concerned in spite of the air of bravado he had put on.

One rainy morning, not long since, I had sauntered out to the farmhouse where Smithkins was boarding, thinking to kill time by talking "wheel" as all riders are prone to do, and perhaps entice him into a day of touring, should the roads ever permit. The sound

of hammering drew my steps in the direction of the barn, and as I entered the ever open door I was a little surprised to see Smithkins carefully fastening to the side of the barn what looked to me like a large and highly polished rim, with one white ring encircling it. The next thing that met my eye was the Expert leaning against the barn wall, and wearing a dejected aspect largely due to the large wheel being "buckled," and the handle-bars at a different angle from that originally intended for it by the manufacturers.

"What are you doing with that rim?" said I. "Going to practice some new fancy riding without spokes? And what's happened to the Expert? Any more washouts?"

"Oh, rim be buckled!" said Smithkins. "Do you mean to say you don't know a *snake skin* when you see it? Here I've worked all the morning stuffing this to keep the shape perfect!"

I looked again. Yes, it was a snake skin, fully six feet in length, and nearly as many inches in circumference, while the white ring showed it to belong to the dreaded "hoop-snake" variety.

"Where did you get that?" said I, "shoot it while riding through some swamp?" unconsciously hitting near the facts of the case.

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale," he replied, "but help me get this wheel into shape again and I'll give you the whole story."

"There may hang a tail," said I, still gazing at the snake skin, "but where's the head?"

"Ask the gun," said Smithkins, assuming a melodramatic, dime-museum air, "that far around with fragments strewed the road." "But come, the appearance of my wheel makes me weary."

It was the work of but a few minutes to put that in more presentable shape, but the handle-bars we found stood in need of the friendly service of some blacksmith before it would be of much use in steering. Taking seats on convenient stools, Smithkins produced a box of what I think were the strongest and poorest cigarettes I ever smoked, and handing me one, said, "Well, I'll give you the true and unvarnished facts, and perhaps you can elaborate on them enough to make something readable for some cycling periodical."

"Anything for an item," said I, "but be careful how you impose on my trusting and credulous nature. All readers may not be aware of your reputation for truthfulness."

"Oh, stow that," said Smithkins, in a frivolous way that jarred slightly on my feelings. "I must talk a little, myself, if I'm to tell this story."

"Go on," said I, "I'm dumb as an oyster."

"You know," said Smithkins, blushing slightly, "that I have friends in New Boston? I thought so. Well, last Tuesday was such a fine day, the roads looked so hard and smooth, that I thought no time more favorable for a call, especially as a full moon would light my way back. I left here about 5 P. M., reaching New Boston at 6:30, and after a pleasant evening, which I need not enter into details concerning, at about 8 o'clock started homeward." An incredulous look from me—"Well, it might have been nearly 10," he added, as if by an after thought. "The night was simply glorious, everything being flooded with a golden radiance from the regent of the heavens, and as I sped on I could not help smiling softly to myself," and here Smithkins showed signs of losing himself in pleasant reverie.

"Oh, give us a rest," said I, heartlessly interrupting his meditations. "Keep that for your feminine friends. How do you think I can put anything like that in cold ink on unfeeling paper?"

"Where was I?" said Smithkins, rousing his faculties. "Oh, I had got nearly to Bear Swamp. Well, everything went finely until the point where the grade begins to pitch down towards that long hill this side of the swamp near what is called Little Switzerland. You know what a hill that is, about a mile long and with countless turns and knolls. I had gradually getting ready for this hill, dreading it a little, and at the same time trying to watch the beauty of the moonlight on the valley at my left, when suddenly the bicycle gave a start like a thing of life, and swerved toward the right side of the road. At this I roused myself and looked down, when, to my horror and disgust, I saw a long undulating black form gliding beside me in the road, as if desirous of company. I'm not fond of coasting by moonlight, and usually prefer to keep my feet on the pedals on such a hill as that one, but this time all fear of hills was forgotten. Swinging my feet over the handle-bars in a hurry I took a firm grip of the brake-handle, and, as the wheel felt the first pitch of the road,

could not restrain from singing out, 'Good-bye, my snake, good-bye.' As if in reply to this taunt, the snake simply rolled itself into a wheel by taking tail in mouth, and began to 'coast' beside me. You may believe me or not, but I could feel my hair rise as much as a Pompadour cut would allow it to, and it's a wonder it isn't grey this morning.

"Why didn't you shoot him?" said I.

"To tell the truth," replied Smithkins, I had too many other things to think of on that journey, and haven't been coasting long enough to do fancy acts like shooting snakes with 'hands off.' On and on we went, rounding corners and flying over knolls at a tremendous rate, the snake easily keeping abreast of me, and seeming to bound in the air at every knoll. With all my fright, for I won't deny that I felt a trifle nervous, I couldn't help thinking his skin must be splendidly enameled to stand that trip, and you can see for yourself there isn't a cut or scratch in it. Near the foot of the hill, which we were rapidly approaching, there is a bad place on the right hand, down which it would be almost certain death to plunge. As well be killed one way as another, thought I, and exerting all my strength, I turned the wheel full on my creeping companion. The tires of flesh and rubber seemed to grapple with each other, and the moment after I was picking myself up in a dazed sort of way from a soft bed of sand Providentially placed there. As I slowly arose my hands met the gun which had swung round in front of me, and for the first time in my mad ride I realized it was with me. Snake and wheel were so badly mixed I hardly dared fire, but getting closer saw there was no danger, the snake being held with a vice-like grip between the tire and the backbone, while he exerted all his strength in an attempt to crush the spokes. Perhaps you thought that wheel we have been putting in shape was 'buckled' by a header? Not at all; simply bent by the snake's struggles. With one shot I ended the now unequal struggle, and, with a long squeak of relief, my wheel sank gently in the dust. The walk home, leading the wheel, which would hardly pass through the forks, and was burdened with the weight of its assailant, was a long one, and you may imagine I kept a careful watch for more companions of the same sort."

"Well, said I, it's a strange story, and I'm glad you come out so luckily. but I can't see what forced the snake to attack you in that way."

"That puzzles me, too," said Smithkins, "but I have thought he may have taken the bicycle for another hoop-snake."

"Did you say you were singing?" inquired I, as part of his first remarks occurred to me. (All his friends know the delusion Smithkins labors under in regard to possessing a voice.)

"Yes, a little," said he, regarding me suspiciously, but what of that?"

"That settles it," said I, struggling with my emotions, "the snake was charmed."

"Possibly, said Smithkins, but I still cling to the hoop-snake theory, and it's a good one. At any rate, when I go to New Boston again it will be to return by daylight. Better the society of rats and mice than such friends as ours on the wall there!"

By this time the rain showed signs of letting up, and declining another cigarette, I wended my way homeward, pondering on what I had heard 'unconscious cerebration,' in view of Smithkins's antipathy to snakes, might explain the sudden moves of the bicycle away from the snake, but that point in psychology is too deep for me. Smithkins returns to New York before long, and will present the snake skin to the club for an ornament, unique in its way. Any doubting Thomas can there inspect it, and glean what little details I may have omitted. Needless to say that the faith of Smithkins in his Expert beams brighter than before, and not even the most elegant of full-nickel Light Roadsters would tempt him to part with it.

L. B. G.

College Professor—Mr. Wheeler, can you give me a definition of a philosopher?

Mr. Wheeler (*A racing man, with a grudge against the handicapper*)—A philosopher is a man who starts from scratch with a man ten seconds faster than he is, just to show the handicapper how little he knows about his business.

The mercury never gets heated in its race to lower the record.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.



THE DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER ANCIENT TABLET SIMILAR TO THE ABOVE IS ADDITIONAL PROOF THAT THE ANCIENTS WERE WHEELMEN.

--See Page 162.

A correspondent writes in the *Australasian*: "To the experienced wheelman there is really very little danger in bicycling, for old riders may drive their wheels four or five thousand miles in a year without accident, but the novice or learner may meet with a good many mishaps, and sometimes encounter marvelous escapes from, I might almost say, sudden death, chiefly through bolting down steep hills. Old riders generally shudder when they see novices flying down moderately steep declines with feet spread out off of the pedals, for they know too well that if the wheel were to strike a stone the rider would probably be hurled over the handles and turned two or three somersaults with the machine before stopping. I can never forget my own experience, and the lifelong lesson I learnt through my machine running away with me. I was being blown along in fine style by a strong northwest wind on my way down from Kyneton. I spun down the hills with legs outspread, and the wind's force almost carried me up the rises. However, on reaching the top of a rise I saw that steep down-hill road before me, which dips and dips again, going straight as an arrow for two miles down to the plains below. My brake was weak, and before I realized the fact the bicycle was bolting. In an instant my feet lost the pedals. At the first dip the machine seemed to sink from under me, instantly acquiring a lightning velocity, which raised a cutting wind, watered and dimmed my eyes till I could scarcely see. Momentarily expecting to be dashed to the ground, I clung to the handles. The strain was intense, and when the machine bounded down the second dip it could not have been traveling less than forty miles an hour. Then the pace gradually diminished till, away down on the plains, I was able to catch the pedals and dismount to recover my scattered senses."

The Persian Army and the Bicycle.

WHENEVER I read of bicycles being used for military purposes, as they are now in several European countries, it reminds me of the amusing way in which a single bicycle once upset the dignity and discipline of an entire army corps. The bicycle I refer to, as the reader will readily surmise, is the famous wheel that carried me around the world. The army corps consisted of about ten thousand soldiers, and were the choice regiments of the Shah of Persia's army.

These troops were performing garrison duty in the city of Teheran, the Shah's capital, during my stay there for the winter. They used to assemble every other morning in the big military maidan to drill and pass in review before the King and his staff. This maidan was a perfectly smooth, level square of about two hundred acres, which was walled completely in by alcoved walls and barracks. An arched gateway led into the maidan, and at the entrance stood a guard of four soldiers.

The Commander-in-chief of the army was the Naib-i-Sultan, one of the Shah's uncles. He was a genial Persian officer, who, hearing that I had already ridden the bicycle before the King, sent me an invitation to come down one morning and ride it on the maidan, so that he and his brother officers might see it.

Such a curious thing as a bicycle had never been seen in that country before, and everybody in Teheran was wild with curiosity to see me ride. I used to take a spin occasionally on the suburban roads, and the people had come to know me by the expressive title of the *Asp-i-ahen* Sahib (Horse-of-iron Master).

When I first received the Naib-i-Sultan's invitation, for some reason or other I couldn't very well go, and so excused myself until a more convenient occasion. A few mornings afterward, however, I happened to be out riding, and attracted by the sound of martial music inside the military maidan, I thought I would wheel in and see the review. Instead of offering any objections to my entrance the guards grinned good-humoredly as they saw me coming and presented arms as I rode in. Although I had, from previous experience with small bodies of Persian soldiers elsewhere, discovered that my appearance on the wonderful *asp-i-ahen* was pretty sure to create confusion, I was hardly prepared for the reception that awaited me in the maidan. The whole garrison was distributed about the grounds in squads, companies and regiments, manœuvring and drilling to place themselves in readiness for a grand review before the Shah. The monarch was expected to arrive in about an hour.

A company of sharpshooters practicing firing at imaginary foes while lying flat on the ground sprang to their feet as they saw me ride through the gateway. "The *Asp-i-ahen* Sahib!" they shouted; "the *Asp-i-ahen* Sahib!" The officers were evidently as delighted at the opportunity of seeing me ride as the soldiers were, and made little effort to keep their men in line. Other companies and regiments took up the cry, and before I fairly realized the commotion I was causing, from hundreds of martial throats all over the maidan went up the cry, "the *Asp-i-ahen* Sahib."

The whole army corps was delighted. In their eagerness to see, many of the soldiers broke ranks, and the long, straight lines of uniformed men were at once thrown into dire confusion. Even the regimental bands, which but a moment before were in full blast, at once degenerated into discordant squeaks and toots, and finally ceased playing.

At first I thought that the wisest thing I could do under the circumstances would be to retire as quickly as possible. Seeing me make a movement as if to do this, however, our friends, the sharpshooters, began shouting, "*Yokshida, sahib! yokshida! yokshida!*" (all right, sir! all right!); and as some of the officers seconded their men in shouting "*yokshida,*" I concluded to ride for them, anyhow.

Near at hand was a regiment of infantry whose arms were stacked in a long row in front of the ranks. Following up this line, I circled in and out between the stacks of muskets set up at about twenty feet apart. This serpentine ride produced a great impression upon the minds of the Persian warriors. In their ignorance they regarded the graceful evolutions of the bicycle as it circled round about their stacked-up arms, a most marvelous performance, and their delighted acclamations of "*Yokshida! yokshida!*" might have been heard a mile away.

What if the King should arrive and find all this confusion instead of the troops drawn up in proper order for review? I thought; and

so prepared to make good my retreat, and give the officers a chance to get their men in order again. But at this juncture up dashed an orderly on a gray charger with a request that I ride with him to the Commander-in-chief and staff on the far side of the maidan. Of course I readily consented to go, though not without sundry misgivings as to my probable reception, seeing that I had thrown the whole review into chaos, right in the Commander-in-chief's presence.

Taking a zigzag course through the squares and platoons, we found the Naib-i-Sultan inspecting the Shah's favorite regiment of Cossacks. Instead of finding fault with me for my intrusion at such a time, the Commander-in-chief was as delighted as any of his soldiers at the opportunity of seeing me ride. Some of his officers could talk English, and they asked me all about the bicycle and its uses. I told them that in the English and European armies they had begun using bicycles for scouting and carrying dispatches. The Naib-i-Sultan laughed as though he could hardly swallow such an extraordinary soldier as soldiers riding on wheels. He laughed a good deal more heartily and looked around at his officers when I suggested that he ought by all means to mount the regiment of Cossacks on bicycles. After seeing me ride, he admitted that the Cossacks would make a brave display mounted on nickel-plated bicycles wheeling about the smooth maidan, but he shook his head amusedly at the idea of them scouting over the Persian deserts on wheels.

During the interview with the Commander-in-chief, the line officers had managed to get their regiments into formation again, and the bands struck up as lively as before. It was now about time for the appearance of the Shah, and so I placed the bicycle in one of the alcoves of the wall and waited to see the review. Presently a noisy fanfare of trumpets announced the approach of the monarch, and the Naib-i-Sultan and his staff dismounted and stationed themselves in an expectant attitude near the gate.

Every officer bowed his head nearly to the ground as the Shah entered, riding on a splendid Arab horse, and then they escorted him to the reviewing stand.

The most interesting part of the review was the exercise of the Cossacks, soldiers mounted and uniformed after the pattern of the famous Cossacks of the Russian army, and drilled by Russian officers in the Shah's employ. These soldiers stood upright in their saddles as their wiry little horses galloped swiftly past the Shah, and tossed their muskets up in the air and caught them. After this they galloped wildly past again, this time sitting in the saddles. As each rider passed the King, he would toss his woolly hat to the ground ahead, and then, without in the least slacking his speed, fling himself over to one side and pick it up as he swooped by.

These facts were truly skilful performances, but both the Cossacks and their comrades in the infantry, and even the Commander-in-chief of the army, considered my simple feat of riding the bicycle far ahead of anything done by the former. I knew better than this, but allowed them to think as they pleased. THOMAS STEVENS.

An ordinary bicyclist playing Romeo to some fair Juliet by moonlight—the balcony or elevated garden wall on which she stands being reached by means of the saddle of the machine—is the subject of a cover of *La Rivista Velocipedistica*, of Paris, before us. In scene one, he approaches his fair; in scene two, he is in the act of reaching the summit of the wall; in scene three, he and she are mixed up somewhat, an imp in the background being depicted as about to spoil everything by means of a hooked stick; in scene four, all is chaos, for the youthful demon has done his work, and separated the lovers by bringing Romeo heavily to earth.

The day of cycling romances is pretty well over; but now and then one hears a story which is well worthy to figure in one of those obsolete specimens of cycling literature. One was told the other day of a Scotch lady who rides a tandem with her husband, and greatly enjoys it, but has never cycled alone till on one recent and memorial occasion. Her husband chanced to cut his arm badly, and there was no doctor within miles. There seemed every fear that he might bleed to death before help could be obtained, especially as there was neither horse nor vehicle at hand. The wife, however, mounted the tandem, rode post haste for the doctor, and returned with him in time to save the life that seemed in such danger.



DECEMBER DAYS.

My lonely life, like the sea, rolls on;
The years like the breakers, are ever the same
As a cheerless day with a troubled dawn
See's the weary waste of the seasons gone;
To my conscious heart the throbbing waves
But echo a name.

My secret, too like the ocean's own,
Is burled deep in a troubled past;
My heart, like the billows, may toss and moan,
But forever unrevealed, unknown,
Must my long-pent grief remain
To the last.

In December days is a kindred mood
Such as never I find in Summer's sun;
With its sombre tones is my life imbued;
My joys and my griefs are alike subdued;
The vanishing year and my lifeless hopes
Are as one.

In strange accord with my sober thought
Comes the constant break of the cold grey sea,
And the perfect harmony I sought
To my mournful heart has nature wrought
The broken reed and the leaden sky—
They are meet for me.

Once these sunless days had but little charm;
I lived then, and revelled, in the spring-time alone;
But their piercing breath can as little harm
My dreary heart now as the sunshine warm;
For that which is gone neither brightness
Nor cheer can atone.

I bury the dreams of "what might have been"
In the constant toll of my busy life;
'Mid the great world's victims of want and sin
I have learned to forget the grief within,
And the merciless sting of those other days
I loose in its bustle and strife.

When these cold dreary winds of December come,
When the long tangled grass lies asleep on the lea,
When the seeker for rest and for pleasure is gone,
With a great sad joy I steal here alone,
And the sorrow my heart has secreted from man
I'll tell it to thee.

A BICYCLER'S SONG.

Oh, beautiful bicycle, noiselessly gliding,
How happy the wheelman when trav'ling with thee!
When high on thy saddle, he's fearlessly riding,
How grand and unsprung, thy motion so free!
While horsemen may gather and jockeys may scorn us,
Yet dearer the bicycle daily shall be;
And ev'ry true wheeman shall join in the chorus—
"Oh, bicycle, ever we'll rally to thee!"

When far from the city, where wild flow'rs are growing,
And through the green lanes where the violets hide—
While breathing the health-giving gales that are blowing,
How happy the wheelmen as gaily they ride!
And sharply the shining bell's musical warning
Rings out on the air as they rapidly move.
Oh! never Arabian coursers adorning,
Can win our true hearts from the steed that we love!
Then come, brothers, come! with our bicycles hasting,
No longer at books or at work let us stay!
No longer in cities the sunny hours wasting,
Let us skim with the birds, to the woodlands away!
The sunlight and breezes our strength shall restore us,
And health to the spirit our freedom shall be;
And ev'ry true wheelman shall join in the chorus—
"Oh, bicycle, ever we'll rally to thee!"



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

They say the longest days in June,
The shortest in December;
And yet I cannot think 'tis true,
Because don't you remember
How very short those days in June
When we two were together,
And how the longest day of all
Were in the winter weather.
What e're the almanac may say,
No matter what the weather,
The days seem long when we're apart
And shortest when together.

A. J. C.



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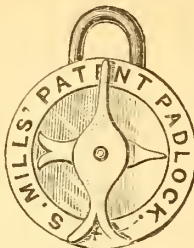
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