

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

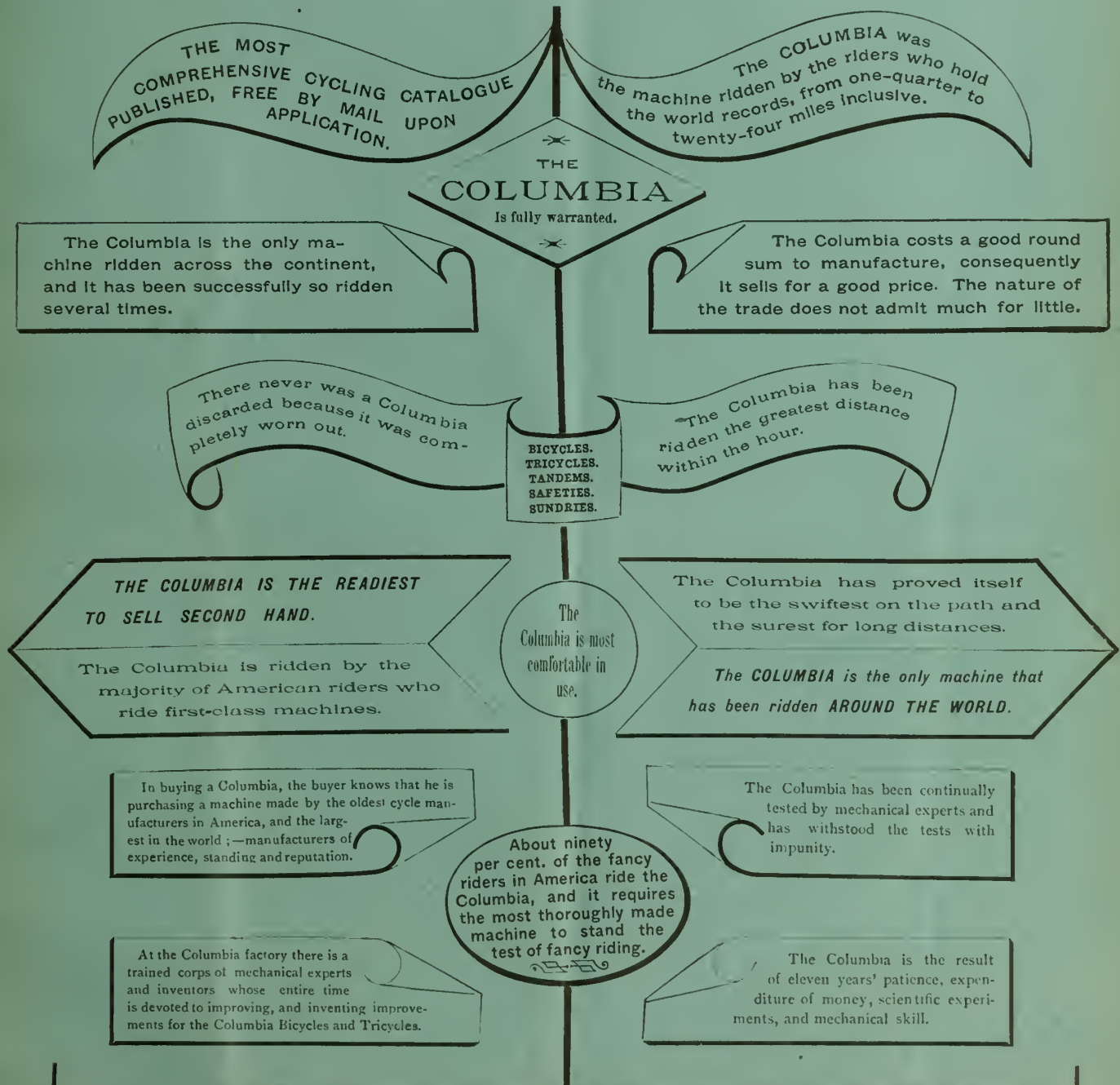
A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. 11. No. 9.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., DECEMBER, 1887.

Price 10 cents.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.



POPE MFG. CO.,

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:
No. 79 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

BRANCH OFFICES: { 12 Warren Street, New York,
291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

\$75 • THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER • \$75

(YOST & McCUNE PATENT.)

Invented by Riders of Experience. The Only Absolutely Safe Wheel Against Headers Made. The Best and the Cheapest. Do Not Buy a Wheel Before You See The Springfield Roadster.

No extra rake to fork.

No expense left out to warrant success.

No headers to "knock you out."



The clutch movement is noiseless and runs perfectly smooth.

The fork cannot be forced forward faster than the large wheel revolves.

Coasting Without Danger!

Hill-Climbing to Perfection!

Improved Clutch Lever

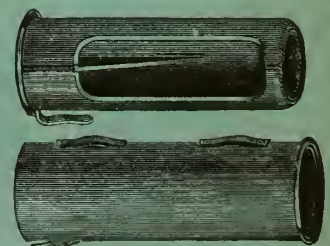


The above illustration shows the clutch from the inside, with the roller bearings and gripping mechanism. It is perfectly smooth and noiseless. No friction is added by applying the power. There is no waste of power. It grips at the slightest touch. No dead centers



Fish Adjustable Saddle

Known to be the best.



TOOL BAG,

As shown in the cut of the complete wheel. Made with separate compartments for oiler and wrench.

THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER, complete, with Enamel Finish, Nickel-Plated Trimmings, and Fish Adjustable Saddle, \$75. Diameter of front wheel, 50 inches; rear wheel, 20 inches. Made of the best weldless steel tubing and steel drop forgings. Warranted against defects in workmanship or material. All wheels fitted to suit the strength of the rider. None develop the walking muscles like the forward tread of THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER. The only safe and smooth coaster.

Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory. For further particulars, address

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. CO.

19 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Or JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, Sole Agents for New England, 147 Washington Street, Corner of Cornhill and Brattle Street, Boston, Mass.

GREATLY IMPROVED OVER 1886 PATTERN.
THE SAFEST MACHINE AND THE BEST HILL-CLIMBER!

THE * KING * BICYCLE

FOR 1887

WILL BE APPRECIATED BY ALL

AS A ROADSTER,

Because it is propelled by levers, giving a constant application of power so highly prized on sandy or muddy roads and in hill-climbing.

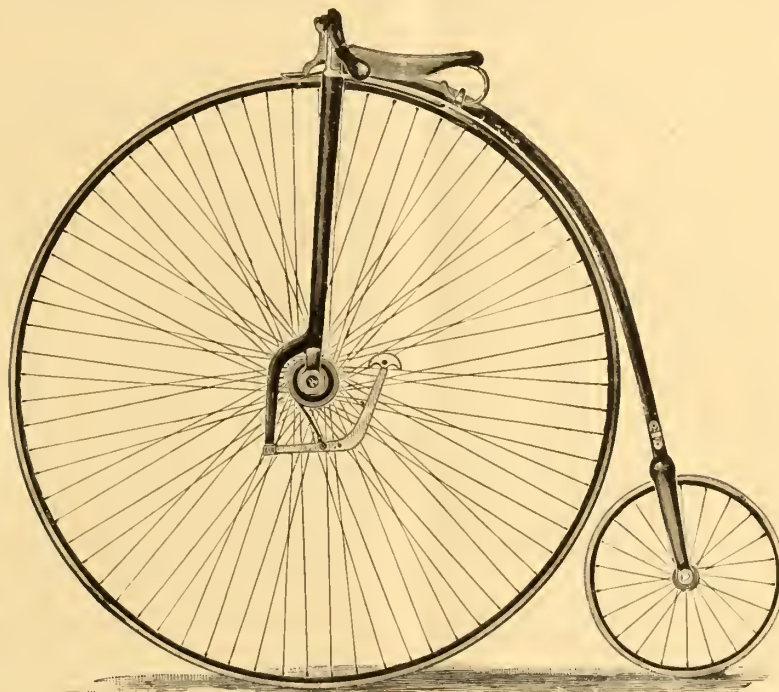
FOR SAFETY,

Because, the treadles being in the rear of the hub, there is an uplifting at the fulcrum in front, removing the danger of taking a header, and the fork cannot be forced forward faster than the large wheel revolves.

FOR EASE OF RUNNING,

Because the new adjustable anti-friction bearings in our high-grade machines run very easily, are very durable, and cannot roll together; and there are no parallel bearings to retard the revolution of the wheels nor cog-wheel friction to overcome in coasting.

Secured by United States Patents and Pending United States and Foreign Applications by the Inventor, Rev. HOMER A. KING, Springfield, Mass.



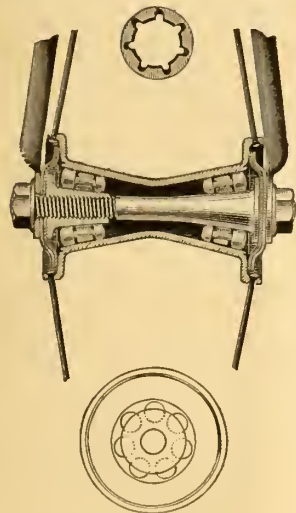
FOR INCREASE OF POWER,

Because the new motor, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands, enable the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals, and it can be set to sandy-road, hill-climbing, or racing speed.

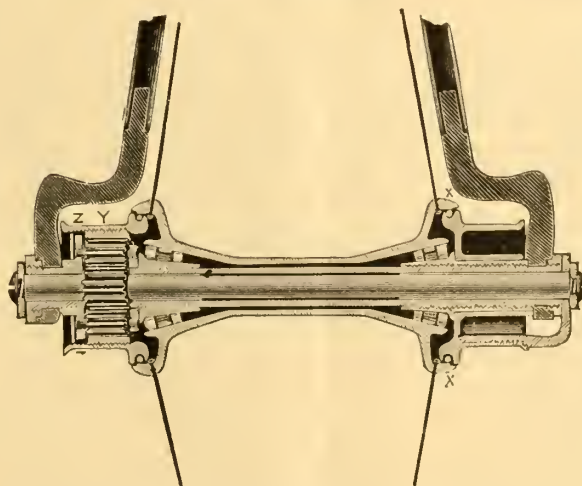
FOR ECONOMY OF POWER,

Because it is the only Bicycle in which the levers are raised without springs, the new motor raising one lever and foot automatically by the depression of the other lever, without retarding the revolution of the drive-wheel by the ascending foot, even by amateur riders, which on the crank wheel can only be avoided by expert riders.

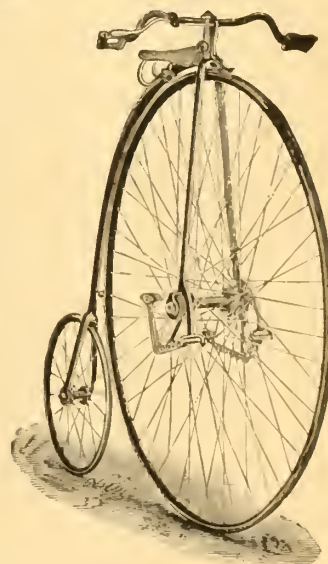
Heretofore noticed and advertised as "Springfield's New Bicycle," "The Springfield Light Roadster," "The Springfield Bicycle," etc., and the only Bicycle in the market ever invented or first built in Springfield.



View of bearings in rear wheel, and end view of adjustable anti-friction roller bearings and revolving collar which holds them in place. Full explanation in Catalogue; sent free.



Cut showing how the depression of one lever, turning one propelling drum forward, turns the other backward and raises the lever without contact with the driving wheel. Full explanation in Catalogue; sent free.



Front View, with spade handles.

☞ CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

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Enamel Finish, one-tenth Nickel, - - - - -
Enamel Finish, one-fourth Nickel, - - - - -
Enamel Finish, one-half Nickel, - - - - -
Full Nickel Finish, - - - - -

SOLID CRESCENT RIMS.
PARALLEL BEARINGS
To Both Wheels.
\$75
80
85
90

HOLLOW RIMS, HIGHEST GRADE.
ADJUSTABLE ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS
To Rear Wheel. To Both Wheels.
\$95 \$105
100 110
105 115
110 120

One-fourth Nickel includes Hub, Saddle-Spring, Handle-Bars, Brake, and Head. One-half Nickel includes also the Spokes of the large wheel. Full Nickel includes all except the Rim. We recommend and most riders order the \$110 style with anti-friction bearings to both wheels. A discount of 10 per cent. from third column prices is offered to any clergyman, or to the first purchaser in any county. Above prices are for 48-inch wheel; add or subtract \$1 per inch up or down. Spade handles, \$2 extra. Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.

THE KING WHEEL COMPANY, 51 Barclay St., New York.

THE BICYCLE HERALD AND EVANGELIST.—Single copy, 8 pages, one year, 15c.; 10 copies, \$1. The Herald contains the running record, progress of the art, cycling romance, and practical helps; The Evangelist is devoted to the Christian life, evangelistic work, temperance and reform, and a youths' department. Sample copy sent free. Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Premiums or liberal cash commission. Write for terms to ALBERT J. KING, 51 Barclay Street, New York.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

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In ordering observe the following rules and avoid unnecessary delay:

State the date you wish the subscription to each magazine to begin with, if you want all the papers sent to the same address or not, and let your remittance accompany the order.

	Issu- ed.	Reg. Price	Comb. with Gazette	Comb. with Record	Comb. with Both
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper	wk.	\$4.00	\$4.00	\$4.20	\$4.50
" " Illustrate Zeitung (Ger.)	wk.	4.00	4.00	4.20	4.50
" " Popular Mag zine	mt.	3.00	3.00	3.40	3.80
" " Sunday Magazine	mt.	2.50	2.50	3.00	3.40
" " Budget	mt.	2.25	2.30	2.80	3.25
" " Pleasant Hours	mt.	1.75	1.90	2.40	2.80
" " Illustrated Almanac.	an.	.25	.70	1.20	1.65
" " Comic Almanac	an.	.10	.55	1.05	1.50
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Scientific American	wk.	3.00	3.00	3.50	3.90
Scientific American Supplement	wk.	5.00	5.00	5.10	5.50
Architects and Builders Edition S. Amer.	mt.	2.50	2.50	3.00	3.40
Bicycling World	wk.	1.00	1.25	1.75	2.15
American Magazine	mt.	3.00	3.00	3.40	3.80
Popular Science Monthly	mt.	5.00	5.00	5.10	5.50
Cottage Hearth	mt.	1.50	1.50	1.60	2.00
Puck	wk.	5.00	5.00	5.10	5.25
Public Herald	mt.	.50	.65	1.10	1.50
Puck's Library	mt.	1.00	1.20	1.70	2.10
Life	wk.	5.00	5.00	5.10	5.25
Babyland	mt.	.50	.90	1.40	1.75
Little Men and Women	mt.	1.00	1.30	1.80	2.00
Fansy	mt.	1.00	1.30	1.80	2.20
Chataqua Young Folks Journal	mt.	1.00	1.30	1.80	2.20
Wide Awake	mt.	2.40	2.50	2.90	3.45
Harpers Weekly	wk.	4.00	4.00	4.20	4.60
" Magazine	mt.	4.00	4.00	4.10	4.50
" Bazar	wk.	4.00	4.00	4.25	4.50
" Young People	wk.	2.00	2.00	2.50	2.90
Century	mt.	4.00	4.00	4.50	4.90
St. Nicholas	mt.	3.00	3.00	3.50	3.90
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Judge Serials	q't.	.40	.75	1.25	1.70
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Book Buyer	mt.	1.00	1.30	1.80	2.30
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Golden Days	wk.	3.00	3.00	3.25	3.65
Arkansaw Traveler	wk.	2.00	2.00	2.40	2.80
Sport and Theatrical Journal	wk.	4.00	4.00	4.10	4.50
Peck's Sun	wk.	2.00	2.15	2.65	4.05
Christian Union	wk.	3.00	3.50	3.50	3.90
Spirit of the Times	wk.	5.00	5.00	5.50	5.90
Sporting Life	wk.	2.50	2.50	2.80	3.20
Texas Siftings	wk.	4.00	4.00	4.10	4.50
American Canoeist	mt.	1.00	1.30	1.80	2.20
Art Amateur	mt.	4.00	4.00	4.20	4.60
L. A. W. Bulletin	wk.	1.00	1.25	1.75	2.15
Clipper	wk.	3.00	3.00	3.25	3.65
American Angler	wk.	3.00	3.00	3.25	3.65
Turf, Field and Farm	wk.	5.00	5.00	5.10	5.50
Lippencott's Magazine	mt.	3.00	3.00	3.10	4.50
Family Fiction	wk.	2.00	2.00	2.50	2.90
Outing	mt.	3.00	3.00	3.25	3.65
X. M. Miles on a Bicycle, by Karl Kron		2.00	2.00	2.25	2.50
Wheelmen's Reference Book		.50	.70	1.20	1.50

If you want more than one of the above mentioned periodicals, send us your list and we will quote you special rates.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 9.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid, - - -	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid, - - -	25 cents.
Single Copy, - - - - -	10 cents.
Foreign Subscriptions, - - - - -	4 shillings.

G. S. DARROW, - - -	Editorial Department.
P. C. DARROW, - - -	Art Department.
DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.	
25 Sentinel Building.	Indianapolis.

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

The Wheelmen's Record has a larger paid circulation than any other cycling Weekly in the country.

The Wheelmen's Gazette has a larger circulation than any other cycling Monthly in the country.

THE RECORD and THE GAZETTE have a larger circulation than all the other cycle papers in the country combined.

Advertisers should take notice of these facts in making their contracts.

Monthly Summary.

FROM NOVEMBER 15 TO DECEMBER 15.

Colorado. C. C. Hopkins, of Denver, rides 12½ miles in the hour on a unicycle.

Connecticut. Harvard Bicycle Club hold a handicap race Nov. 19.

Indiana. George S. Darrow, editor of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD and the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, died Nov. 20 after a lingering attack of typhoid fever.

Illinois. M. J. Fenneson appointed local consul for Englewood. Run to Pullman of all the Chicago wheelmen, both club men and unattached, Nov. 20. Illinois Cycle Club hold their first paper chase, Nov. 25.

Louisiana. New Orleans Wheelmen hold a handicap road race Nov. 25. *Bicycle South* is merged into a sporting publication.

Massachusetts. A. Kennedy Child resigns his position with the Pope Manufacturing Co. C. P. Daniels, late trainer of the Columbia team, is employed in a Boston Gymnasium. Somerville Bicycle Club holds its annual ball Dec. 12. Mr. Murray formerly W. A. Rowe's manager, buys the Lynn cycle track. Pope Manufacturing Co's calendar for 1888 makes its appearance. Alphonse King rides his marine bicycle from Charleston bridge to East Boston, Nov. 25. Jamaica Cycle Club holds a hare and hounds chase, Nov. 25. Dorchester Club give a five mile boy's race, Nov. 25. Jamaica Club give an entertainment and dance, Nov. 29.

Missouri. Prof. C. H. Stone appointed local Consul at St. Louis, Dec. 5. Thanksgiving Day hare and hounds chase indefinitely postponed. Missouri Club hold their initial hop, Nov. 18. Chas. Barney appointed local Consul at Jolpin, Dec. 5. H. C. Stewart, of Kansas City, resigns his office as

representative, Dec. 8, as he will soon leave for Los Angeles, Cal. A. C. Stewart, of St. Louis, resigns his office as representative, Dec. 9; Robert Holm is appointed to fill the vacancy. A new club started in Kansas City by the name of United Wheelmen.

Minnesota. T. W. Eck accepts the challenge Percy Stone made, Nov. 3; Stone yet to be heard from. Frank Dingley breaks every indoor record from 100 up to 350 miles in twenty-four hours, Dec. 14. T. W. Eck breaks the 50 mile safety record.

New York. Citizen's Bicycle Club withdraw from the New Jersey Road Racing Association. Manhattan Bicycle Club holds a house warming, Nov. 21. H. D. Corey arrives in New York, Nov. 18, from his trip abroad and writes his annual, "What Harry saw in England" for the Boston *Herald* and cycling press in general. Long Island Wheelmen give a house warming Nov. 25.

Nebraska. Jack Prince opens a saloon in Omaha.

Delaware. Wilmington Bicycle Club hold their inaugural race meet, Nov. 24.

New Jersey. Kluge wins the New Jersey road race. Passaic County Wheelmen hold an entertainment, Nov. 28.

Ohio. Quaker City Wheelmen, of Salem, hold a masquerade ball, Dec. 16.

Pennsylvania. Case of cyclist against road hog for assault with a whip, decided in favor of latter at Philadelphia, Nov. 22.

England. Cowboys win in the race in Agricultural hall, London, between the cyclers Woodside and Howell, and the cowboys Beardsley and Bronco Charley. Mr. Woodsides, father of W. M. Woodsides, of the American team, died at his home in Ireland.

"Jones is getting to be a rattling good bicycle-rider."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he did a splendid mile yesterday. If it hadn't happened that Sam Brown was standing on the track, he would have broken—"

"What, the record?"

"No, his blanked neck."—*Puck's Annual*.

Our English exchanges in mourning for the depravity of the American cycle press in inserting reading notices in their columns without *adv.* after them, forget the fact that they are in nearly every issue devoting two and three pages to long articles, very cleverly worded which wind up with recommending the reader to use this or that cure-all. Of course many American papers do the same thing, but then they do not speak slurringly of the practice but look on it as legitimate advertising.

Jacksonville, Ill., America, must be a delicious spot to live in, from a cycling point of view, for we learn that a horseman, whose steed ran away at the sight of a bicycle and did some considerable damage, is suing the town for his expenses. He considers, if you please, that the city was guilty of neglect in not preventing the use of bicycles on the street.—*Bi. News*.

Our English cotemporaries will, no doubt, be more surprised yet when they read of the Philadelphia case in which the jury justified the cowhiding of a passing wheelman by a ruffian butcher.

Professor Proctor declares "that the earth is shrinking two inches a year"—at least so "the *Wheel*" says, and thinks Stevens' feat will be found much easier in the years to come. It causes us to think, and to come to the conclusion that Stevens had better send in his claim to the Records Committee at once, and get them to pass the time (we forget how many days he took) and the distance (we do not exactly remember the exact number of miles, yards, and feet he covered). Fancy, if some one turned up a few years hence, and declared that Stevens's record was a false one, as he had measured the distance round the world, and found Stevens at least half-a-mile out! Surely, too, in such a ride, some understanding should be arrived at as to what distance, if any, the track ought to be measured from the edge of the globe. No one could ride a machine a foot from the edge, yet that is the present allowance, we believe.—*Bi. News*.

We always used to think that cyclists, and cyclists alone, were the only users of the Queen's highway able to talk without end—and "gas" occasionally—about the places they had visited, the distance they had covered, and the times they had accomplished. We have had cause to alter our opinion, though. One day last week we chanced to get into a railway carriage with a couple of men of middle age who were discussing, very pleasantly, their own deeds, they both being owners of horses and with some considerable knowledge of the country round about London. What they had done in their time, as partially learned by us from their remarks, and not made *sotto voce*, would have made the hair of an ordinary cyclist stand on end, we fear, for they were still going on piling up the collection of experiences by a bigger tale each time when we alighted from the train. We begin to think, now, that cyclists are not such extraordinary individuals after all, now we have found another class with the same peculiarities.—*Bi. News*.



New American Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained

Patents granted of interest to wheelmen for the month ending December 6th, 1887.

372,429. November 1, 1887. T. O'Brien, New York City, velocipede. (2 patents.)

373,028. November 8, 1887. F. D. Randolph, assignor of one-half to R. Gordon, Plainfield, N. J., bicycle. Relates to head and spindle.

372,717. November 8, 1887. H. C. Swan, of Oshkosh, Wis., vehicle spring.

372,994. November 8, 1887. C. H. Veeder, of Calumet, Mich., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., of Portland, Me., velocipede saddle.

372,736. November 8, 1887. Emerson Ames, of Washington, D. C., screen for velocipedes.

373,202. November 15, 1887. Hermanus T. Frie, of Curacao, West Indies, tricycle. Embodies a rocking chair, which propels the machine by means of suitable gear, operated by the downward movement of said rocking chair.

373,171. November 15, 1887. W. S. Bullett, of Delta, Pa., vehicle spring.

373,267. November 15, 1887. W. I. Bunker, of Chicago, Ill., vehicle spring.

373,698. November 22, 1887. E. W. Stewart, of Kalamazoo, Mich., machine for forming vehicle seat bars.

363,570. November 22, 1887. G. Singer and R. H. Lea, Coventry, County of Warwick, Eng., velocipede.

373,980. November 29, 1887. David Horn, of Carterville, Ill., velocipede.

373,850. November 29, 1887. Harry M. Pope, of Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., of Portland, Me., velocipede.

374,287. December 6, 1887. T. Benfield, of Newark, N. J., bicycle step.

374,542. December 6, 1887. John Knous, of Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Me., velocipede fork.

371,911. Wm. T. Andrews, Williamsport, Pa., bearing for velocipede.

372,031. Henry La Casse, Auburn, N. Y., tricycle.

372,106. Frank J. Bayer, Du Bois, Pa., assignor to Edward Lease, same place, tricycle.

372,428. James O'Brien, New York, N. Y., velocipede.

372,429. Thomas O'Brien, New York, N. Y., tricycle.

New English Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Messrs. HUGHES, ELI & HUGHES, Patent Agents and Engineers, 76 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained.

13,608. William George Gibbins, of London, for improvements in cycles.

13,611. Thomas Rushforth Marriott and Frederick Cooper, of London, for improvements in rear driving, convertible tandem tricycles.

13,631. James Thomas Tilby, of Clapton, for improvements in self-acting guides for steering safety bicycles.

13,732. Thomas Charles Pullinger, of Greenwich, for improvement in pitch chains and wheels for driving bicycles and tricycles and for other purposes.

13,771. Valentine Hamilton Muller, of London, for a tandem bicycle.

13,802. Arthur Austin, of New Southgate, for improvements in the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles.

13,881. Samuel Watts and Richard John Powell, of London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

13,921. James Yale Johnson, of London, for improvements in cycles.

13,930. Thomas Wells Gorton, of Tamworth, Staffordshire, for tricycle.

13,932. Ardisoief Wilson, of Westminster, for a safety guard to an ordinary bicycle.

13,935. John Donkin, of Bournemouth, for applying similar power in raising the ascending pedal, as hitherto only applied to the descending pedals of cycles.

14,067. Isaac Ahronsberg, of London, for an improved driving gear for velocipedes.

14,102. Harry Lucas of Birmingham, for an improved anti-vibrating attachment for velocipede lamps.

14,165. Albert Theophilus Goody, of London, for improvements in, and relating to velocipedes.

14,236. Thomas Charles Pullinger and Henry Jelley, for improvements in adjustable ball bearings for velocipedes, and other purposes.

14,520. Alfred Easthope and Ernest Easthope, of London, for improvements in, and relating to velocipedes.

14,698. Charles Kingston Welch and Francis Boyle Bale, for improvements in velocipedes.

14,768. James Logan Watkins, of London, for improved attachments for fixing and regulating the position of bicycle and tricycle lamps.

14,765. John Boulton Brooks and William Fisher, of Birmingham, for a new or improved apparatus for holding, securing and locking the brakes of velocipedes.

14,867. John Keen, of London, for improvements in connecting pedals to velocipedes.

15,404. Robert Best Helliwell, improvements in bicycle, tricycle, and other wheels,

15,412. William Henry Blessley, improvements in the method of and apparatus for propelling cycles and other machines.

15,461. Ernest Easthorpe, improvements in velocipedes.

15,598. Edward Butler, improvements in hydro-carbon motors and in the method of their application for the propulsion of tricycles and other light vehicles.

15,612. Henry James Brookes and Richard Green, improvements in parts of frame for rear-driving safety bicycles.

15,698. George Salter and Charles John

Holdship, improvements in velocipede saddles.

15,712. Edward Mushing, improvements in velocipedes.

15,800. Franz Louis Rodel, improvements in treadle cranks for bicycles and other velocipedes.

Wide Awake for 1888.

The readers of this wonderful magazine for young people are so accustomed to good reading and pictures that they will wonder how it is going to be better than ever this coming year. But it is.

The new year has already begun with the holiday number just out—a truly great number, larger and richer, more varied, and therefore it must be better than ever before. And the publishers have a primer to send to those who want to know what *Wide Awake* is going to have in it in 1888.

The wonder is that such a library and picture-gallery can be got together for \$2.40 a year—a thousand pages and everything fresh and new—stories, history, travels, biography, sketches, anecdote, adventure—and all instructive as well as entertaining. Two worlds are drawn from to make such provision for the education and pleasure of our children.

So high is the best of our young people's literature nowadays that we are all of us glad to be young. Nine-tenths of reading people prefer it to what is written for them; for it has the rare merit of being easy as well as good.

We know of no Christmas gift so sure of bringing a happy response in a reading family, and with this in view we have made special arrangements with the publishers by which we are enabled to offer *Wide Awake* and the *RECORD* for \$2.90, or *Wide Awake* and the *GAZETTE* for \$2.50, or *Wide Awake* and both *RECORD* and *GAZETTE* for \$3.45.

The Glasgow Free Presbyterian is exercised in mind at the prevalence of Sunday cycling in its neighborhood, and calls upon its members to use their influence to, as far as possible, put a stop to the practice.—*C. T. C. Gazette*.

"My son did not I see you reading an account of a prize fight in the paper this morning?" "Yes, father, but I will never, never, do so again so long as I live—" "Never mind about that my son. I merely wanted to ask what you did with the paper.—*Burlington Free Press*.

It often strikes us as very strange the way one meets with cycling in unexpected places. The other day in Tottenham Court Road—a most uncycling neighborhood—we saw in a print shop a very good pencil drawing of "Richard Howell, professional champion bicyclist," side by side with W. G. George, the pedestrian. Howell was on his machine with one or two other bicyclists in the shadowy back ground, and was very well and naturally drawn—that is, as far as we could tell in the fleeting glance.—*Bi. News*.

The Bicycle and the Pup.

'Tis a bicycle man, o'er his broken wheel
That grieveth himself full sore;
For the joy of its newness his heart shall feel,
Alack and alas! no more.

When the bright sun dipeth the hills with gold,
That rider upriseth gay,
And, with hat all be-ribboned and heart that is bold,
Pursueth his jaunty way.

He gazeth at folks in the lowly crowd
With a most superior air;
He thinketh ha! ha! and he smilleth aloud
As he masheth the maiden fair.

Oh, he masheth her much in his nice, new clothes,
Nor seeth the cheerful pup,
Till he roots up the road with his proud, proud nose,
While the little wheel titeth up.

Oh, that youth on his knees—though he does not pray—
Is a pitiful sight to see;
For his pants in their uttermost parts gave way,
While merrily laugheth she.

And that bicycle man in his heart doth feel
That the worst of unsanctified jokes
Is the small dog that sniffeth anon at his wheel,
But getteth mixed up in the spokes.

—Omaha Chronicle.

Christmas Presents and How to Make Them.



ECONOMY is the road to wealth." This is not an original remark of our own, yet we step aside from the beaten path of journal-

ism to endorse its truthfulness. We have always advised the practice of economy, in others, and we could, if we cared to, cite several cases in which it was a direct means of the acquirement of riches.

The Christmas season which is at hand offers an excellent opportunity for the practice of economy. It is not always the present that costs the most that gives us the most pleasure, that is when we give the present. The beaded pin-cushion and the embroidered slippers, are they not always welcome? I wot they are. And so it is with many other little mementoes of the holiday season that may be fashioned by loving hands for the brightening of our homes and firesides.

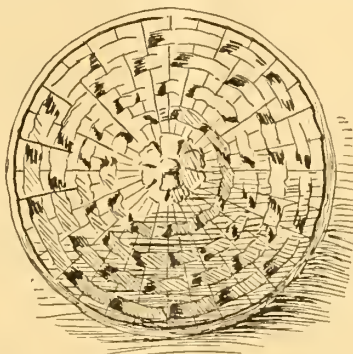
It is not the two-hundred-dollar plate glass mirror, or the high priced majolica jar, or the Alhambric cuspidor, or the peach-blow vase, or the seal skin sacque, or the steel-plate picture of Mrs. Cleveland that make a home, no it is none of these things. But rather it is the decorated plaque, and the hand-painted fire-shovel, and the crocheted tidy, and the large four-by-eight wall-paper fan that go to make a home what it is.

Following out this line of thought, the GAZETTE has, with the aid and suggestions of a prominent dealer in bric-a-brac and articles of vertu, arranged a number of articles that may be easily constructed by any bicycle rider, with no other instruments than a needle and thread, scissors, box of paints, saw, paper of tacks, some gilding

bronze, a ball of twine, and whatever else may be mentioned below. The wheelmen's bicycle or tricycle, of course, furnishes the balance of the materials.

The dealer from which the GAZETTE man took his suggestions said that bric-a-brac would, this year, be bracer than ever, while articles of vertu, would be their own reward, more than ever before. This shows how popular the sport has become, as we bicycle editors say.

The first article we would suggest is the decorated plaque. Every household in the land feels the need of just such a piece of furniture; but alas, how many homes are there which even the cheapest kind of a plaque is beyond reach. To make this plaque, take the small wheel of a bicycle



and three bolts of different colored ribbons a quarter or half-inch wide. Weave these in and out the spokes so as to fill all the vacant spaces. A little retouching enamel patted on here and there, greatly adds to the general effect, especially if light colored ribbon is used. In case the small wheel should not be large enough to meet the requirements or tastes of the donner, the large wheel may be utilized. If the wheel be tangent spoked, a small rosette, fastened at each crossing of the spokes makes a very pretty figure. With a little taste, and \$1.92 worth of materials, a plaque may be constructed equal, in every respect to the \$2.50 plaque of commerce. Thus effecting a saving of 58 cents per plaque.

Another article which is a necessity in all well regulated households is a wall pocket.

To make one of these, all that is necessary is the plain, ordinary tool bag of the sundry department. A border of narrow fringe around the edge and a few sun flowers or storks painted over the oiliest parts as deemed advisable. In case the tool bag is one of the "telescope" variety, the same process will produce a very neat article of scissors case.

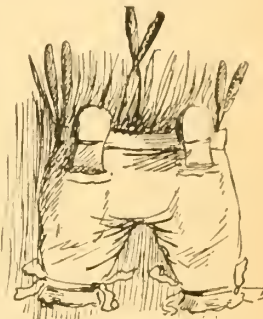
Another article that has all along been out of the reach of all but the rich is the baby jumper, as now constructed under the U. S. patent laws. This the GAZETTE hastens to place within the reach of its poorest subscriber. All that is necessary is a tricycle and a baby. With the aid of a sharp knife and a little profanity, remove the tires from the two large wheels; also remove the seat. Fasten the tires to the seat, also to a hook in the roof, or ceiling, if preferable. Then



fasten the kid to the saddle and the baby jumper is in complete working order. A Z. & S. bundle carrier is suggested as an excellent means of fastening down the kid.

If you have no bundle carrier, remember we give one as a premium for five subscribers to the GAZETTE.

Now run up in the garret and get your old pair of short pants that you were ashamed to give to a tramp, and we will show you how to make a real nice slipper case out of them. With a little pink ribbon, tie up the bottom of each leg. A little excelsior scattered around on the inside, gives *em bon point* and grace to the whole. Then tack the pants to the wall with a border of ripe grass and cat tails along the waist-band. The two hip pockets will hold the slippers.



Although not strictly a piece of bric-a-brac, an egg beater is a necessity in every house-

hold where they are addicted to the egg-nog or cream cake habit. For this purpose all that is necessary is a

rat-trap pedal with crank attached. Set the pedal rapidly revolving and bring it in close contact with the undressed hen fruit. One or two repetitions of the performance will bring the egg to the proper consistency. The pedals should be as clean as possible as many consider the flavor of cheap lubricating oil *bizarre*.

We might go on indefinitely and tell how an antique cross-bow might be made from a cow-horn handle-bar, how a decorated paper-weight, calendar and general reference book might be made from the ordinary hub cyclometer. How a student lamp might be made out of an ordinary tricycle lamp or a back-bone might be made into a handsome umbrella rack, but we have said enough to show that with a few cents worth of material and a little ingenuity, the economic wheelman may decorate his home for the winter and have Christmas presents enough to go 'round his large circle of poor relations.

Oh, yes, we came near forgetting, we imagine we hear some one ask, "what shall I do about my wheel next spring?" Gentle reader, that is where the beauty of this scheme of ours comes in. Don't you worry about next spring. Long before the Spring comes you are sure to be tired of the things you have made for yourself, and your friends will be glad to get rid of theirs too.





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Professional Racers, Scorcherers and Amateurs is the time you need a **Home Trainer** to keep yourself in condition. Don't store your wheel away to rust and do you no good, but get the

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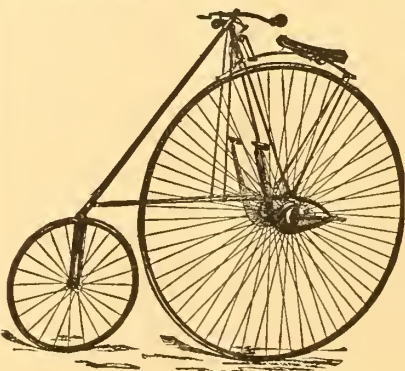
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The Wheel.

II. D. COREY'S OBSERVATIONS DURING HIS TRIP ABROAD.

HARRY COREY, the bright, energetic and popular exponent of cycling on the road, on the track and in the factory, has returned from another trip to the other side. As usual, upon his arrival home, he has kindly given his experiences for the benefit of those interested in his favorite sport, and they will be read with interest. This is his story: "I left New York Oct. 15 on the North German Lloyd steamship *Eider*. On reaching London I called on my old friend Sidney Lee, whose acquaintance I had made some four years ago, and whom I had met on every trip. He is manager of probably the largest new and second-hand establishment in the world, with headquarters at No. 60 Chancery lane, and his close connections with the cycling industry in all its different forms, representing, as he does, almost every reliable maker, renders him a particular valuable person to furnish information. After chatting with him a short time on the outlooks of the trade, and what had been going on during the past year, I walked down Holborn viaduct, where most of the English makers have their London houses.

"The first one I came to was Humber & Co., who are now a very large stock company, and manufacture all grades and kind of bicycles and tricycles.

"Their London manager, Mr. Rucker, is a particularly pleasant gentleman, and one of the best known cyclists in England. Since my visit to England last year Rudge & Co. had grown to such an extent that it was deemed advisable to form it into a very large stock company similar to Humber's, and this move was in process on my arrival in London. Branch houses were being established in all the different countries, in order to bring the manufacturers into the closest relations with the distributor of the factory's productions. Just beyond Rudge & Co. was the Coventry Machinists' Company, who have probably the largest showrooms in London. Mr. Bale, the London manager, is well known in this country, having been here several times in connection with the branch house established in Boston. He called my attention to a racing tricycle in the window, which was

A MARVEL OF LIGHTNESS AND STRENGTH.

It was of the Crippler type, the three wheels being each about 30 inches in size, and actually weighed less than 23 pounds. It was the lightest machine that I had ever seen, and I had no idea they could reduce them to this weight and preserve strength and durability. This particular mount had already several valuable records to its credit. I picked it up with two fingers, and suggested that he had better send it to America for some cattle king or gambler to hang on his watch chain. Gaskell, the former manager of the American branch, was out of town, and I did not have an opportunity to see him, but I understand that he was not connected with the bicycle business at present.

"In the ordinary bicycle, I find very little

change. I brought up the subject of ball heads to several of the largest makers, but they shook their heads and said: 'We got over that idea last year.' It can be compared to the two-speed gear craze of several years ago. In further conversation one of them remarked: 'There was a time when it was almost impossible to sell a bicycle unless it was covered with so called improvements of all kinds, falsely calculated to reduce the power. We found the riders demanding all sorts of novelties, which we were forced to adopt, but after the first year or so, we found the riders coming back with their machines, and wishing to exchange for the same machine of a simpler design.' A careful inquiry into this matter revealed the following facts: The rider believed that he had something different on his machine, and that every invention was an improvement, but found afterwards that it was difficult to keep it in repair, and he was only too glad to sell or exchange for a much simpler machine of an equally good make. 'It is impossible,' he said, 'to conduct a successful bicycle business, unless you pin your faith to two words, simplicity and durability.' I found that the general opinion among the most successful manufacturers, that those who had the simplest and most

MECHANICALLY CORRECT MACHINES,

were also the most successful in a commercial sense, for the more complicated you build a bicycle or tricycle the more expensive it becomes in the long run. One manufacturer told me that he had achieved his greatest success in building the simplest machine possible, and keeping up with the times, but never forcing them.

"I found that the bicycle business was gradually developing toward large firms, which was the result of the combination of several smaller ones. The cycling industry has been for a number of years a recognized branch of manufacturing, and to any sceptic who believes it is short lived I would respectfully refer him to 'Sturmey's Indispensable,' a book which would convince him very quickly that if anything, there was too much capital invested in the business.

"Larger rear wheels were being used on the ordinary, generally about 18 inches, instead of 16 or 17, as heretofore. Of course, in the high class light roadster bicycles, tangent spokes, ball bearings, hollow rims, ball pedals, etc., were the order of the day while in the roadster the direct spoke and solid rims predominated, otherwise it being the same. The kangaroo type of machine had fallen off considerably, and was succeeded by the new 'Rover safety' pattern. The peculiar construction of this type of machine gives it numerous advantages, without in the least detracting from bicycle action in propulsion, guiding and balance. It is safe in every respect, a header being impossible, the seat of the rider being so low that he feels as secure as when on his feet; in fact, his feet are only a few inches from the ground, so that if it were possible to fall no injury would arise. The wheels are of about equal size, the rear wheel being the driver by means of an endless chain, communicating from the hub to the

pedals, which are situated between the two wheels. The front wheel is the steerer, so that the power required to propel the machine does not effect the steering as in the ordinary bicycle. On this account, and the proximity of the rider to the ground, a learner can make himself master of the art of riding in a much shorter time and with considerable less danger than upon the ordinary bicycle. The seat and handles can be adjusted so that the machine can be altered in a few moments to suit the length of leg or arm of the rider. The weight is a little more than the ordinary bicycle, on account of its great number of parts. As a runner on level ground, its speed fully equals the ordinary bicycle; and as a hill climber it easily excels any type of bicycle—a fact proven time and again. As a machine for road use combined with speed, I point to the performance of Mr. G. P. Mills, who recently accomplished 294½ miles in 24 hours on this type of machine. This was his first attempt, but before the close of the year 1888, I predict that all records will be held on this pattern of safety.

"There are a great many patterns of the Rover type manufactured but they are almost all indistinguishable, the principal ones being the Premier, the Rudge, Singer's Challenge, the Humber, the Ivel, Marriot & Cooper's Ripley, the Whippet and Moore's Invicta. The last two are spring fork machines, which were calculated to

RELIEVE THE RIDER

from any jar, but my experience has been, so far, that the rider needs a machine shop with him to keep these last two in order, and the simpler you can make them the better. I find that the best thing to relieve the vibration on this type of machine was a comfortable saddle and the wheels fitted with good-sized tires, these two points, with the handles placed at right angles, would render the machine as free from vibration, and the steering as easy as on the ordinary bicycle. I believe that there is a great future for this type of machine, and should not be at all surprised if I should see our American manufacturers making them in great quantities next year. While I do not think that it would hurt the sale of the ordinary bicycle, it will open the pleasure of cycling to a great many who have been afraid to venture on a high machine, and professional men in particular will find it a great boon both as a means of conveyance and an exercise which combines safety and comfort with speed, with no more than the usual power required to drive the ordinary. This type of machine was used a great deal by physicians in preference to horses, and by artists and others who depend entirely on their hands.

"From what I could discover about the single tricycles, I found the Crippler pattern was at the present time the favorite, but I am inclined to think that the new tricycle of Messrs. Marriot & Cooper indicates a change for the better in a great many ways. This new machine is driven by a chain extending from a large rear wheel, which is the driver, to an axle suspended from a tube running in a vertical direction toward the front part of the machine. It is really the old Humber

pattern twisted round, with the two front wheels about 22 inches in size, but without its difficult steering. This tricycle possesses advantages contained in no other machine, and more will be heard of it later.

"I could discover no particular change in the form of tandems, with the exception of the Marriott & Cooper Olympias, which I believe will be heard from in the near future. The Crippler and Humber are still the leading types.

"In the matter of saddles and bags for machines, there is little that is interesting, as the American hammock saddle of the Kirkpatrick type is far superior to any English saddle there on the market.

"As a general thing the roads in England are very slippery and greasy, and tires come off there very much more easily than in the States. I inquired of a manufacturer if there was any remedy for this, and he said that the most satisfactory way they had discovered in the course of 15 years' experience was to carefully stick them on with Lodon's cement. He said that all sorts of patent schemes had been devised and different kinds of rims had been invented, but where a patent process is used, the chemicals usually rusted the spokes and left them in such a condition that they soon snapped off at the rim. The patent rims had worked well for a while, but it was found that the tires wore out very much quicker and were much more easily cut up, while it was not long before the tire stretched, and a piece must be taken out of it to fit the wheel tightly.

"I spent several days in Birmingham and Coventry looking up the different makers, and found much to interest me in various ways. The Rudge company were hard at work getting out their new sample machines, which were not ready, and in due time full details of their plans for 1888 will be given to the public. Singer & Co. are building two very large factories in addition to what they have already, and Mr. Singer, the head of the firm, informed me that they had not been able to keep up with their orders during the past year. The policy of Singer & Co. has been somewhat different to any of the cycle makers. This firm has built machines for road use solely, and I understand has never entered into open competition in a racing connection. How well this has paid them is shown by the fact that the productions are probably second to none in the cycling trade, and what many of the other makers spent in racing, Mr. Singer quietly puts into his pockets and lets his competitors do the fretting. Messrs. Hillman, Herbert & Cooper, the makers of the well-known Premier bicycles, are a particularly active firm, and they have in their employ one of the best fellows and riders in England, Mr. F. S. Buckingham, who is the proud possessor of thirty-four French marble clocks that he has won in various bicycle competitions. On a wet Sunday, if he has nothing particular to do, he generally winds them, which gives him employment for the day. He very kindly took me out on a Premier tandem, for a spin around Coventry, and the way the machine traveled was a

caution, it only weighing a matter of sixty pounds and geared to sixty inches.

"Coming back to London, I bade good-bye to my friends, embarked on the North German Lloyd steamship *Saale*, which sailed from Southampton on the 10th of November, and, after one of the roughest passages I have ever experienced, I was indeed glad to see the Statue of Liberty again in New York harbor.

"In a general way, I can say of my trip to England, that the cycle business is now conducted almost on the same lines as every other business, and the success of the manufacturer and agent depends on the quality and reputation of his goods. To a certain extent, the question of price enters into it, but, after all that is said and done, the prospective bicycle purchaser cannot help realizing very clearly if he is at all a judge of machines, that a cheap article is dear at any price. The reputation of the maker for quality and workmanship, simplicity of design and durability of material, does more to sell his goods than extensive or eccentric advertising, for, although he may do a good business with a novel machine for the first year or so, it is the following years, when the repairs come in, that he sees where he has made his errors, and then it is too late."

Ladies Tricycling in the Park.

GROWING POPULARITY OF THE SPORT FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

"Look at that poor lady in the invalid's chair," said a young girl in Central Park the other day, "How fast the man behind is pushing her. He runs so rapidly that his feet seem scarcely to touch the ground. The careless brute must be frightening her to death. Why! here's another pair and another! They seem to be trying to catch one another. Is it a race for the hospital, or what?"

"Them," replied one of the sparrow police, as he followed the fast disappearing objects with a jealous eye, "is the new-fangled tricycles for men as likes to take out their wives for an airin' on castors."

"You don't seem to approve of them," said a reporter.

"Well, I can't say they give us any trouble, except sometimes wanting to go on the foot-paths and rideways; I haven't heard of any horses being scared by them, or any accidents of any kind yet, and the rabble of boys and counter-hoppers that the commissioners promised us hasn't shown up to any extent. But we fought so hard to keep them out that we can't take kindly to them yet, altogether. More ladies are taking to it daily, though they like the parks better than the roads, and the more of their bright costumes and smiling faces the better, I say; for they all seem to enjoy the sport hugely. It's more fun, they say, than driving, and I suppose if some few of the upper crust was to take to it, it would be all the rage in no time."

A little inquiry leaves no doubt that women and girls in New York are fast being converted to the advantages of tricycling. Numbers of them can be seen in the pleasant mornings or early evenings along the asphalt under the shadowy boughs, down the wind-

ing path, with lover, brother or husband mounted behind at a convenient distance for whispering "soft nothings," discussing "pa's" antiquated ideas, or relating baby's latest or the servants' shortcomings. No danger of "headers" or falls is there, to interrupt the flow of ideas, or detract from the full appreciation of the scenery; no time is spent in learning to operate the machines; mounting and dismounting them is as gracefully and easily done as to a stool; no mud spatters the clothes; when the lady tires she may remove her feet from the pedals to a rest and let her athletic escort propel the machine alone; either or both can steer the machine. The exercise in moderation is peculiarly health giving, and the regulation speed in the park—seven or eight miles an hour—is easily attained and kept up for hours without undue fatigue. Everything seems to point, since the opening of the parks to wheelmen, to an immediate appropriation by women and girls of what has hitherto been regarded as almost exclusively a man's sport. In Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, some western cities, and even in Brooklyn women have shown their appreciation of the sport and large numbers of them are devotees of the wheel.—*New York Tribune.*

Song of the Anglo Maniac.

(TUNE—"When Johnnie comes marching home.")

When our English celebrities cease to roam,
Bravo, Bravo!
We'll give them a rousing old welcome home,
Bravo, Bravo!
They've been petted by baronets and lords,
Nobles and gentlemen by hordes.
We'll turn out in force, when they're on the boards.
When our English celebs. come home.

When James G. Blaine comes back again,
Huray, Huray!
We'll give him our votes, that's very plain,
Huray, Huray!
We never can understand it, quite,
How we've worried along, and come out all right
Without the aid of our Plumed Knight,—
Jimmy come back again.

Whenever Jay Gould gets back on the street,
You bet, you bet!
We'll get up a subscription and give him a treat,
You bet, you bet!
We'll give a rail-road, whatever its worth,
A city or two as a matter of mirth,
And to show our esteem we'll give him the earth,
Whenever Jay Gould gets back.

When Sullivan comes again this way,
Perlice, Perlice!
Oh, won't that be a gala-day?—
Perlice, Perlice!
We'll have a rousing old time and—well,
No feeble words of mine can tell
The vigor with which we'll greet John L.
Sullivan back again.

When Buffalo Bill comes back out west,
Who-oo! Who-oo!
Oh, won't he be a hero—"jest,"
Who-oo! Who-oo!
To see "Red Pizen" and "Dirty Joe,"
And "Hole in the Wall" and "Never Say No,"
We'll shell out our cash and take in the show,
When Buffalo Bill comes home.

When Senator Morgan crosses the sea—
Ah there! Ah there!
Oh, where will our other racers be—
Ah there! Ah there!
'Twill be a cold day for Billy Rowe,
And Whit, and Dingley will have to go,
And all of our flyers will be laid low,
When the Senator comes back home.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

"Where hills have been climbed, where great road races have been run, where wheels have been tested to their very utmost, THE VICTOR has been found at the front to tell its own story."-O. W. Co. Catalogue.



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"OLD COASTER" HIMSELF,
AND THEY DO SAY
THE TIRES STAY IN.

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BETTER SEE IT.

CATALOG FREE.

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OVERMAN WHEEL Co.

182-188 COLUMBUS AVENUE, - BOSTON.

STEEL WINGS.

A CYCLING ROMANCE,

By CHRIS. WHEELER, Author of "RHYMES OF THE ROAD AND RIVER."

CHAPTER III.

It is an open question, and one which every individual critic has the right to decide according to his own fancy whether the standard of beauty in the human face lies in the lines that are the vouchers for intellect and ideal elegance, or in the lines that are purely the product of nature and of love.

We left Florence sitting in her room in a meditative mood. Sitting thus with her head reclining on her hand, supported by her elbow resting on the soft blotter-pad on the table, and puzzling out, perhaps, some airy fancy conjured up by the new life which she was just entering upon, Florence Saxton would at that moment have presented a fair and striking study for the pencil of a Millais. Reared in the great Eastern Dependency, there was a delicateness about her person, which is often noticeable in those who by birth or parentage claim Western blood, but who, by life and breeding, have imbibed characteristics of the East. Particularly was this delicateness apparent in her face, which at once struck the observer as being remarkably engaging and even fascinating. It is an acknowledged fact that there is often a nameless something, which, in a face boasting in itself none of the distinguishing lines of what is termed beauty, classical or otherwise, still appeals to our sympathy, or, as the case may be, to our affections; a something which draws you instinctively to the possessor of it. Often it is an expression lighting up the whole set of features,—a sort of human nature special lumination; or it may be an expression affecting but one or two of the features; but in either case it is an expression which impresses you with the idea that the individual whom you are contemplating, though, strictly speaking, not beautiful, yet possesses something fully as potent as any acknowledged charm of beauty; for you feel drawn towards the possessor of the happy characteristics, perhaps even more strongly than if the lines of classic elegance found their fullest exemplification in the arch of the eyebrow or in the curve of the nostril.

Now Florence Saxton was not beautiful, in the strict sense of the term, or in the sense that a cold critical observer would base his opinion on, as to her right to be termed handsome. No. Most decidedly, she would not have stood the test of the every calculation on every little point, and the measuring of every distance and variation of contour, by which the student of the mallet and the chisel is wont to create his models of faultless excellence. Her eyes were large, and of a dark and speaking blue, of a darker shade, in fact, than is usually noticeable in England. There was nothing else, however, very remarkable about her features which would call for more than ordinary notice, except, perhaps, her mouth, and that portion of her face awakened attention only when she smiled; when the sweetness of the expression which played around her lips, and spread over her whole face, drew every one almost irresistibly to her. Her face lacked the roses which are a general attribute of the native beauties of the "Island Home," but the delicate skin and the expressive eyes made up for the lack of the characteristic British bloom.

Florence's early life had been of a nature that would have, but for the precepts and examples of a wise and loving mother, ill-fitted her for the trials and struggles of the world's strife, should she ever be called upon to engage in it.

Reared under the Indian sky from infancy, and accustomed to having her every want and wish attended to by other hands than her own, accustomed to be obeyed with a deference, which to many would appear to be abject servility, she had not, however, acquired those tastes for languid ease and self-gratification, which the education of a life spent in Calcutta and other Indian towns would almost certainly appear to inoculate. For her education in and familiarity with European life, and, though she was mainly indebted to her mother—more indebted to her than to the efforts of the best instructors who could be found in that far-away Eastern clime. Music and French, with a slight knowledge of, and a taste for drawing, were

about the only accomplishments outside of her English education with which she was conversant. With these, however, she was fairly well acquainted, but against her parents' wishes that she should also follow more showy but less useful studies, she had resolutely rebelled, thus reversing the usual order of things characteristic of young ladies of her age and discretion.

At first she did this, perhaps, from the least little bit of laziness, but afterwards, a sober questioning of how far such knowledge would be practically useful, had a great deal to do with her setting her face against acquiring brilliant accomplishments. Florence's was not the nature, however, when her judgment told her that something had to be attained, to shrink from using the means of acquiring the desired object, or reaching the end aimed at. On the contrary, she threw herself, after the first experimental essays, into the task, whatever it might be, with her whole heart and energy, and almost always ended by coming out of the struggle the undisputed victor.

In the matter of education, her brother had a decided advantage over her, as indeed brothers generally have. The Major had taken the earliest opportunity of sending his son to school in England, where, after several years at Rugby, the boy had proceeded to college, to acquire the advanced branches of study necessary to fit him for the career of an engineer,—a vocation which, from the time of his early youth, he had set his heart upon following.

But enough of Florence for the present. Leaving the Major to perfect his arrangements for an early removal from London, and leaving Florence holding her lately-penned letter in her hand, and dreaming the while over her past life and the sudden changes of the last few months, which had so altered the tenor of her life, and dreaming also perhaps, of pleasant days to come in the far-away country home in the land of her nativity. Leaving these our new friends thus, we will change the scene, as the magic-lantern man says, and see if we cannot cultivate the acquaintance of a certain personage whom we have already given passing notice.

CHAPTER IV.

Dressing up an old idea, we may say that some men are born with the conventional silver spoon in their mouths, other men make the spoons which they flourish so triumphantly, while some men flourish the spoons that are made by others. In the end it amounts to the same thing. As long as there are spoon users there will be spoon makers, and *vice versa*; and the only moralizing on the matter worth indulging in is to allow that there is something in luck after all.

It was the end of the term at Cambridge, and the grand old nursery of learning and culture was about to empty itself of its great congregation of careless seekers after erudition.

Along the lime tree walks of "Old Trinity," under the noble elms of "St. John's" down by the sleepy Cam, under the shade of the foliage which had whispered its disapproval over many a lazy lounge, and watched silently over many an arduous "stew," wandered fortunate cantabs congratulating themselves, and each other, on having escaped the dreaded shoals and quicksands of the examination hall. From the numerous groups and couples perambulating the confines of Trinity, let us pick out one, and try if we can not hear something that will interest us. Along one of the quietest walks are sauntering a couple of Undergraduates, evidently of the non-studious order, or rather of the average student class, their faces betokening satisfaction with themselves, with their luck, and with everybody else's luck. They were evidently discussing the result of a late examination, for one of them remarked to the other:

"Well, Guy, I am glad the term is up, and that we were both pulled through. It is more than I expected we would do."

"Spoken for both of us," replied his companion. "Throw honors to the winds, old fellow, or rather leave them for those who want them. But I say, Reynolds that man Saxton is a remarkably smart fellow, isn't he?"

"Why, of course he is; that is nothing new. We always counted Jack Saxton clever."

"Didn't you hear of his adventure yesterday near Round hill?" said Guy Somerville slipping his arm through that of his friend, as they strolled on down the walk. "I tell you Ashley, some fellows have luck."

"No, I didn't hear of the business, Guy; what of it? Has he hit on a new style of screw for an ocean steamer, or has he perfected a new brake for a bicycle, and set some fellow crazy explaining to him his new idea?"

"No, nothing of that sort, Ashley," said Guy; but you are aware that some of his crowd bicycled over to Roll's yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, I know all about that, they wanted me to go along."

"Well, at the railway bridge, half way there, they came upon some of the company's employees who were inspecting the bridge, which is said to be unsafe. An engineer was taking notes, and Saxton and the rest got off their machines to see what was going on. It so happened that some old duffer of a director who was present, took it into his head to ask the engineer some questions which puzzled the fellow, and he fumbled over the job of figuring the posers out. The corporation magnate was getting impatient, when our friend Saxton, who had heard the questions, hauled out his note book, made a few calculations, and, by George, told the old man what he wanted to know as easily and quickly as though he had been studying the whole thing for a month."

"That was Jack Saxton all over," said Reynolds. "What happened then?"

"Why, the satisfied querist exchanged cards with him, and, shaking his hand and bowing to the rest of the crowd, went off."

"But how does the episode particularly affect Saxton?" inquired Reynolds.

"Well, we are coming to that," answered Somerville. "Whom do you suppose the old questioner was? No one less than Weymarn, one of the largest stockholders of the company, well-known in London, and in New York, too, as a railway man, at least so Jamieson said this morning."

"And so then it looks as if Saxton can have a place at once if he plays his cards properly?" said Reynolds. "He's a lucky dog."

"Not more lucky than he deserves to be," said his companion. "Saxton is a worker and a good fellow to boot, and every one felt satisfied when he took first honors—none more so I believe than Carrington himself, whom you know we all thought was dead certain to come out ahead."

"Was not that all astounding though? The idea of John Saxton cutting out the great Carrington! I tell you old Tompkins was rather surprised at having two of his fellows scoop in everything."

"And 'Carrie' said he could not have stood any one treating him in that fashion except Saxton," said Somerville; "and I believe he likes Jack all the better since the 'exam'; the two are more together than ever."

"But what surprises me, Somerville, is this. That Saxton never appears to work hard, while Carrington always seems to be making himself up."

"You are right there, Ashley. He must have some stewing secret which I wish he would make over to me, so that I could knock around as I pleased, without running the risk of being 'plucked' every 'exam' with all the attending little pleasantries."

"Why, look here, Guy, for three days before his last examination, Saxton did little else but pile up runs for his eleven, to the dismay and discomfort of that Middlesex team, and lose I don't know how many sets at tennis to those Thompson girls, to the extreme disgust of that future light of 'the Church,' Jameson."

"But to recur again," said Somerville, "to the matter which we were speaking about. I mean the fact of Carrington not feeling sore over his being headed off by Saxton. I am not so sure that he felt so entirely unruffled about the matter as many would suppose. You cannot judge Ed. Carrington by his outward seeming."

"O, now Guy! I know for a fact," said Reynolds, "that old 'Carrie' did not feel in the least put out by being so unexpectedly walked over by presumably his best friend."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Ashley. In fact I know you are right, as far as his feelings go at present. You remember I said a few moments ago that Ed. felt more resigned to Saxton's beating him than he would have felt to anyone else serving him in the same manner."

"Why, yes," said Reynolds, "we all knew that."

"And perhaps I was wrong," pursued Somerville, "in supposing that he felt even slightly irritated at first, though it would only have

been natural for him to be put out of humor by his losing what he evidently counted on obtaining."

"He is not in the least put out about the matter," said Reynolds, "for Simpson—you know Simpson, of 'Christ's'; he is one of our bicycling lights—well, he told me that Carrington had asked Jack to visit him at Aldcombe, and when Carrington does a thing like that it means something."

"It does seem odd though to me, Ashley, that there is such an intimacy between those fellows. You say that Carrington has asked Saxton to visit him?"

"Yes, I believe he has."

"I did not know," said Somerville, "that their intimacy extended as far as that. I thought they had a mutual respect for each others abilities, and the fact of their being such good friends might be accounted for by both of them being interested in the same amusement—cycling."

"And those are the principal factors in cementing their friendship. Guy, you have just hit it," said Reynolds.

"It is only another instance then, Ashley, of dissimilar characters and dispositions forming close intimacies. There is Saxton, strong and robust, with muscles like a Hercules, and there is Carrington, good looking and tall, it is true, but slightly made, and, if not physically weak, at least almost feminine in appearance, and, as far as I can make out, as retiring and as bashful as a girl. Saxton on the contrary, is energetic and pushing to a fault, and he is a regular athlete."

"It may be just as you say, Somerville. It may be from this difference of disposition and general make-up that the two fellows entertain such a regard for each other. By the way, Saxton's people have returned from India. Was he telling you?"

"He did tell me they had returned to England and he seemed to be supremely happy over the event. His mother died some little time ago. You recollect how the occurrence affected him, just as he was working his hardest, too."

"Yes; working after his own peculiar fashion," said Reynolds.

"I did not expect very much from him after he received the news of his mother's death," continued Somerville. "You know how much he thought of her. But, as you said before, Ashley, Saxton works in a curious fashion. He is a fellow whom you get fooled about if you judge of his ability or chances by the extent of his apparent application to work."

"I never saw a fellow obtain such results with so little apparent labor," said Reynolds. "I wish to heaven that I could master things without expending pretty nearly all my vitality in the effort to acquire even the smattering of knowledge which I manage to get hold of. But is not this Saxton himself coming along?"

"Yes, so it is. Hallo! Saxton. How are you, old fellow?" Ashley and myself were just talking about you, and wishing we had some of your luck, or rather your brains."

"You might not acquire much, Guy, if you did become possessor of my stock of what you term brains; but how is it I have not seen either of you fellows riding lately?"

"Why, we've been working too hard, have we not Ashley?" said Somerville, laughing. "By the way, Saxton, I hear that you and Carrington are going to spend the summer together. Is that so? Enjoying bicycling, I suppose?"

"Yes; Ed. and I have laid out to do some riding this season. We both finish up here, you know, or at least practically we did finish up some time ago, and I at least must look out pretty soon for a position somewhere."

"You could have one in college here if you chose, Jack," said Reynolds. "I heard that you had been; or were about to be, offered a tutorship."

"That was a correct enough report, but such a life would not suit me, Ashley. I want something active, even if I have to leave the country to obtain it."

"Well, I am sure all wish you luck, old fellow. We will see you round here again, I hope, no matter what you decide on doing. I suppose you leave for home to-morrow?"

"Yes; Ed. Carrington and I leave early to-morrow. He intends taking a trip into Scotland, and if I see my way to accompany him, you may be sure I will do so."

"We may meet you, Saxton, 'i' the land o' cakes,'" said Somerville. "Perhaps at Rothesay or some place in that neighborhood, or maybe at Aberdeen, if we get round that side. Ashley and I will do some yachting this season."

"Well, until we meet under those circumstances, or until I pay you a visit during next term, good bye. I wish you both a pleasant vacation."

"Good bye, Saxton; good bye, old fellow. A pleasant trip and success in the future," replied the two friends, as Saxton walked away.

"Reynolds, I'm sorry we are losing Jack Saxton," said Somerville. "What will the 'eleven' do without him?"

"I am sorry, too, Guy; that he is so lucky as to be clearing out. What the dence are our tennis parties to do, and what will our craziest cyclists say?"

"Don't know, Ashley; but I do know what old Tompkins will say as he wipes off his glasses on first day of next term. He'll say: 'Two more of 'em gone,' and things will go on all the same. He won't give even that much thought to us, will he, Ashley, when we give old Trinity leg-bail?"

"I should think not, Guy. By the way, you say the Sylph sails four days from to-day?"

"She does. Good bye! and I hope we meet Saxton up North."

"I hope so, too. Good bye!"

CHAPTER V.

The matured fruit of a pleasant expectation often forms one of the landmarks whereby we can locate periods of our life, which would, without such index figures, fade away among the many forgotten incidents of our past.

Florence sat by the parlor window at Larch Hill one evening, and gazed down the walk which wound for about three hundred yards through an irregular avenue of beach trees, before it reached the gate opening on the road. The first hundred yards of the walk could be plainly seen from the house, as could also the last few yards where it terminated at the entrance gate; observation of the remaining portion was obstructed, at least from the house, by interposing trunks of trees and low shrubs. She was watching rather impatiently for her brother, whose baggage had arrived that morning, accompanied by a letter saying that he was on the road, and that, if everything went well, five o'clock would see him at Larch Hill. The letter wound up by saying that he would be accompanied by three friends, for whom food and lodging should be forthcoming, but that no provision was to be made therefor until his arrival.

This ambiguous information somewhat puzzled his sister, and anything but pleased the Major, who had calculated on having the first evening of his son's stay at Larch Hill as a kind of family reunion, for, since their coming to England, neither Florence or himself had seen much of Jack, owing to his close confinement at and attention to college, and to—as late information seemed to show—bicycling. Now, however, there was some prospect of having his society for at least a short period before he entered on the professional career to which he had devoted himself, and which would undoubtedly call him away from the vicinity of Bardsley, and, perhaps, remove him from England itself.

"I wonder, Auntie, who it can be that Jack is bringing home with him," said Florence, tapping musingly on the window-pane. "He mentioned once the name of a friend of his, a Mr. Carrington—Edward Carrington, I think he called him, who, he said, contemplated riding through the North of England into Scotland."

"I recollect John referring to a Mr. Carrington," said Mrs. Sinclair. "I think it was in his second letter, too."

"Yes, it was, Aunt; and Jack said that Mr. Carrington would start from Cambridge on his trip about the same time that he would leave for Larch Hill. He referred to this fact at length, I know, but certainly he did not mention a third or fourth party, supposing that he and Mr. Carrington should ride together."

"Perhaps it may not be a man, after all, whom John is going to bring here," said Mrs. Sinclair, as she plied her knitting most industriously, sitting close up by the table in the centre of the room.

"Then who or what can he be bringing, Auntie; not a lady, surely! for he is traveling on his bicycle, and if his friends accompany him, I cannot see how they can do so, except in a like fashion."

"That is very true, Florence, but I did not necessarily mean that he was to be accompanied by a lady, when I said that he might not have a gentleman companion. Jack has funny ways of doing things, and he may be bringing home here those horrid creatures which your father sent him from India."

"What horrid creatures do you mean, Auntie? You are getting more abstruse than ever. I did not think that any horrid things came from India."

"Why, I mean those detestable monkeys; and if such is the case, and if Master Jack carries them in his train, why, the whole party will be of a piece, one monkey riding on a wheel, and, like an organ-grinder in extra good circumstances, carrying two monkeys on his back."

"O, Auntie, you are too hard on Jack and his hobby. You ought to have seen enough of these bicycles to like them. I have only been in England for a few months, and I am in love with them already."

"In love with the bicycles, or with the bicycle riders, which?" said Aunt Em., almost maliciously.

"Maybe with both, since you are so particular," said Florence, half annoyed at her Aunt's pleasantry.

"There now, Florrie, I was only teasing you the least little bit," said Mrs. Sinclair laughing; "but, really, I do not think that it is quite gentlemanly for a young man to make a public show of himself on one of the new kind of hobby-horses, and I am sure that it cannot be any pleasure to fall about in the fashion that I have seen bicyclists almost invariably indulge in."

"Well, Auntie, boys will be boys, you know. They are always fond of danger, and if they are not, why, there is something wrong with them. It seems to me that a boy's nature must always lead him into some sort of scrape or danger; don't you think so?"

"In a great measure you are right, Florrie," said Aunt Em. "Yes, I think you are right," she continued, and she laid down her knitting and gazed contemplatively towards the window. No doubt she had had her own experience with gentle youth.

"Well, Aunt, said Florence, "I suppose if they thought that there was no risk attending bicycle riding, they would hardly take as much pleasure in the sport as they appear to take, and there would not be so many bicycles running all over the country."

"I remember the time when such devices would have been laughed at," said Mrs. Sinclair, musingly; "but times are changed. Indeed, I can almost remember when railroads first came into use. My, what a fuss there was!"

"O, Auntie, what a regular ancient you must be; but how I do wish that Jack would come. Here it is just five o'clock, and no Jack, and not even a sign of your friends, the monkeys. Really it's too bad."

"Who is this Mr. Carrington, whom you spoke of just now as being a friend of John's?" said Mrs. Sinclair, taking up her work once more. "I once knew a family of that name in London."

"Beyond that Jack has said, I know very little about him," replied Florence. "I remember that when writing to me once he said that this Mr. Carrington was his best friend at college, and, therefore, I should judge that he is a pretty clever fellow. Jack always looks out for clever people, you know, Aunt."

"Perhaps he is clever," said Aunt Em. slowly. "Perhaps he rides a bicycle very well, and does not get many falls, or endanger other peoples' lives, if he does not endanger his own."

"He is a bicyclist, anyhow, Auntie, whether he is a good one or not. Perhaps you are right, too. Maybe, after all, that is the mainstay of his friendship for Jack."

"If Mr. Carrington is of the family that I have knowledge of," said Mrs. Sinclair, "he comes of good parentage, old Robert Carrington was one of the largest landholders in Warrickshire, and his house in London was the resort of many men noted in politics and literature."

"And you knew all those people, Aunt, did you?" said Florence, with interest.

"No, my dear, I did not know them all, as I said before. I was intimate with the Carrington family, and through them I got to know a few of the noted people who formed a portion of their large circle of friends. Yes, the Carrington's were very nice people."

To be Continued.

A Review of the Cycle Trade for 1887

WITH A HINT AT THE PROSPECTS FOR '88.

In making up this review the editor addressed a letter to each of the leading bicycle manufacturers, asking them if they cared to have made public a general idea of their trade for last season and their prospects for the coming one. The result appears below, we have omitted all reference to wheel construction as neither the objects or limits of this article admit of its discussion, we will treat of that subject later. The review will doubtless be of interest to our readers.

We begin with the "oldest in the business,"

THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO., OF BOSTON.

They say that the season of '87 has, all in all, been the best yet for cycling interests, well fulfilling the predictions made at the beginning of the year. While in some centers, as is always to be expected, the interest has been less active than last year and trade in consequence has there fallen off temporarily, in the greater number of places there has been as much if not more riding than ever, and a corresponding demand for machines. The development of new territory, particularly in the West and South, has been considerably in excess of last year, and they have shipped more wheels to these sections than ever before.

While track-racing has had an off year, the benefit usually accruing to the trade from this as an advertising medium has been more than made up by the increase of interest in touring, a much more rational use of the wheel, and one which serves to bring it more practically before the public, which is to furnish us new riders and customers. This increase of touring, principally affecting as it does the regular type of high grade bicycles, has operated in their favor so far as their Expert and Light Roadster are concerned, and the appreciation shown of these machines, particularly the former for long and hard usage, has had for them the most gratifying results; and it will not be taken amiss for us to make the modest statement, that the working of both has been most creditable and satisfactory both to the rider and manufacturer. They say they have not yet seen a Columbia worn out, though their ten years in the business has offered them ample opportunity to, if they were in the habit of doing this. Durability is, they claim, one of the qualities going to make a high grade machine.

That it has been a good year for Tricycles and Safeties goes without saying. The increase of riders of and purchasers for these machines has largely exceeded any previous season, and in this connection it has been a matter of special gratification to them to find so many ladies and middle-aged men among their customers for '87. This class of riders exercise as much, if not more, careful discernment and judgment in the selection of machines than any other. The fact that they are beginning to ride more helps cycling in greatly.

Their out-put of Tandems has surpassed their expectations, and their machine has contributed largely to the notable increase of

tricycle touring. It has proved itself substantially a success.

They say. "It is early as yet to make any very definite fore-cast of the trade in general for the season of '88, other than to reason from the healthy state of trade now, and the well sustained interest in all directions. It is fair to assume that as a rule, our agents voice the feeling of the general body of wheelmen. Guiding ourselves by reports, and other indications and important facts not yet to be made public, we are already beginning to make preparations in all departments with a view to transacting a greater volume of business next year than we have ever before handled.

Our agents are almost uniformly hopeful for their next season, and having as a general thing very few machines to carry over the winter, will be prepared to absorb a good portion of our new stock of machines as soon as they are ready for the market. They are evincing considerable more interest than usual, as to what novelties we will have in addition to our '87 line, with which they can bait their traps in the spring, and we think their anticipations and hopes will be pretty well satisfied.

"It is clear that the regular type of crank bicycle will fully hold its own sales. The full roadster or Expert type, for all around work and long tours where absolute reliability is essential, the Light Roadster for use where a lighter mount is desired; for general use in any part of the country and for racing on tracks not smooth enough for the regular Racers.

We anticipate a continued increase in the use and sale of Tricycles and Safeties. Not only are ladies beginning to ride much more than formerly, but many men are taking to this type of machine. We shall give their demands a good deal of attention this winter, and shall come on the market at the beginning of next year even more fully and better equipped than we have yet, to fully satisfy all reasonable wants of the bicycling public."

* * *

THE OVERMAN WHEEL CO., OF BOSTON,

write us that it has been almost impossible during the past season to keep up with their orders. Their Safety especially has so taken with the wheeling public that it has frequently been impossible to supply the demand. These urgent calls on their capacity has ended in their building a large new factory at Chicopee Falls, Mass., where in the future the Victor bicycles and tricycles will be built. They assure their agents that in the future they will not have to wait as formerly.

They are now putting in the machinery necessary and when the plant is completed they expect to have as extensive a manufactory as any in the country. A special feature of the manufactory will be the experimental department, in which all new features will be carefully tried and thoroughly tested before being adopted. They have also put in special machinery for testing the strength of various parts, so that the finished machines may be consistent throughout.

They report prospects for next year unus-

ually flattering, a steady and healthy growth being noticeable throughout the country.

They will extend their line of goods next season in directions they are not as yet ready to specify. We predict for the Victor a very prosperous year.

* * *

When the

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG CO., CHICAGO, brought out their Champion last year, it immediately jumped into popular favor, not only on account of its low price but also on account of its sterling merits. This season an equally warm reception awaited their Champion Light Roadster. In consequence of the unavoidable delays that accompanies the introduction of all new machines they were a long time in catching up with their orders. No time this season though often running extra force, have they been able to accumulate any stock; the demand being so great that they are shipped as fast as they can be turned out. The tangent spoke and ball bearing head has proven a success on their Light Champion, while the Champion bearings have on all occasions proven their easy running qualities. Mr. Jeffery who is probably the oldest manufacturer in the country, personally superintends every detail of the construction which is done on the companies own premises. They are thus able to make the reasonable claim that nothing but the best of material goes into every part of the machine.

Their American Safety still holds its own and constantly grows in favor. For those who prefer comfort and safety rather than speed it is the wheel.

On the road and path the career of the American Cycles has been one of success. Their records are too well known to need repetition here.

They say that they are preparing many new features for next year's trade and that they will be on the market ready and able to meet all demands.

* * *

The New Mail was brought out this year by

WILLIAM READ & SONS, OF BOSTON, an entirely new wheel, made for them by the Ames Mfg Co., of Chicopee, Mass., and having the patents and points especially controlled by the Messrs. Read, namely; the Trigwell Ball Bearing Head, the "Perfection" Backbone and Forks, and the Warwick Thickened-Base Rim. This wheel has a very great demand all over the country, and is declared on all sides to be first-class in every respect. Every part is interchangeable and of the finest steel drop forgings. There seems to be no question but the Ball Head, as used on the New Mail, is a great advantage, especially for hill climbing. Messrs. Read have received, we understand, the highest testimonials concerning this head from many of their customers who are leading wheelmen.

The advantages of the Ball Head, Perfection Backbone and Forks and Warwick Thickened Base Rim are obvious to all practical wheelmen and every one who has tried the New Mail is loud in praise of their characteristic points.

Messrs. Read report a very large demand

for these wheels and that they could have sold many more, had they been able to put them on the market in greater quantities earlier in the year. They also expect a flattering demand for these wheels next season, and will be amply equipped for meeting such as soon as the season opens.

The Star bicycle as now manufactured by the
H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO., OF SMITHVILLE,
N. J.

has improved so over the old "coffee mill" of former years that one can scarcely see where more improvements in its direction can be made, yet we are told that the Star will be on the market next season with many new and valuable features.

As for the past year, the company report that they have been scarcely able to keep up with their orders, and at no time have they been able to accumulate a stock.

The striking originality of the Star bicycle will always cause a demand for it. Its riders are its most earnest devotees and with them it is the wheel of wheels. All will admit that for hill climbing the Star is faster and for general rough and tumble riding safer than the ordinary type wheel.

THE KING WHEEL CO., OF NEW YORK.
say that they have made and sold but few wheels this year owing to the continued delays at the factory holding their contract. They have now their tools and having placed the manufacture of their wheels in the hands of a manufacturer of long experience in the cycle business, they expect in the near future to be on the market in good shape.

THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CO., OF NEW YORK.

were also delayed early in the season in getting out their wheels. But when the wheel finally made its appearance everyone who saw it was at once struck with its complete originality. That the wheel is easy running goes without saying, while for hill climbing its recent performances in the East show that in that respect it has no superior. For a good lever driven ordinary the Springfield Roadster fills the bill.

RUDGE & Co.

We understand from a reliable source that Rudge & Co. contemplate opening their own house for the States, consequently very little change will take place in their agency, with the exception of transferring it from Stoddard, Lovering & Co. to themselves. It has been an open secret that this has been Rudge & Co's intention for some time past, as the bicycle business has been somewhat of an outside venture for Stoddard, Lovering & Co. The Rudge machines are well and favorably known in the States, and it would indeed seem strange if they did not take advantage of this outlet for the productions of their factory. We believe that Mr. H. D. Corey, the gentleman who has been so successful in placing the Rudge where it now stands, has been offered the position of American representative. It is quite likely

that a representative of Rudge & Co. will come to the States to arrange matters within a short time.

W. B. EVERETT & Co., OF BOSTON,
importers of Singer's Cycles, tell us that their business in bicycles, has, the last season surpassed that of any previous year. The well-known popularity of Singer's Cycles has been on the increase and this they attribute to the fact that the standard of manufacture has always been kept up to the highest possible grade. The perfect ball-bearing head, double ball-bearings to front wheels, and detachable handle bars, are prominent features with the Apollo cycles. Singer's perfect axle with four bearings is a strong feature of their tricycles.

They say that the increasing demand for tricycles and safeties in this country is something extraordinary and they feel sure of a very prosperous season next year.

SAMUEL T. CLARK & Co., OF BALTIMORE,
say they are very highly pleased with their business for 1887.

The New Rapid has steadily made progress where ever introduced and nowhere has it lost ground. All riders look to it as the perfect type of the true tangent wheel.

The New Rapid Light Roadster introduced this season is also fast becoming a favorite and has sold wonderfully well. The New Rapid Safety, rover pattern, has also proven an eminent success, for its hill climbing qualities as well as for its strength and durability.

The Quadrant tricycle, is too well known to need special mention here. It has proven itself a first-class machine, suitable for American roads. Although Messrs. Clark keep no racing team their wheels have figured very successfully in races all over the country. In England where they are perhaps, even better known than here, the New Rapid bicycles and Quadrant tricycles take a second place to none. Messrs. Clark will be on the market next season and they assure us that their wheels will be up to the times in every respect.

Racing Teams.

It has long been an open question, and one that we think will soon be settled, whether or not a racing team pays. Most of the bicycle manufacturers have during the past few seasons, kept on a regular salary, men to race for them and thus advertise their wheels. To a casual observer it would not seem that the salary of two or three professional riders would be a seriously large item of expense to a large manufacturing concern, but this, it must be remembered, is one of the smallest items that go to swell the expense account of a racing team. Add to the racers' salaries, the salary of a trainer, their transportation to all parts of the country, their board and expenses while on the road, the cost of the wheels they ride and a thousand and one other incidentals, and you begin to get at something near what it costs to support a racing team. We are told that one manufacturer has spent \$8,000 this year in

maintaining this luxury, and that two others have put at least \$6,000 into it.

As all items of expense in manufacture go in making up the cost of a bicycle, it stands that either every wheelman who buys a bicycle pays his share of this expense or else the manufacturers are so much out of pocket in the end.

Of course this kind of racing helps to advertise the bicycle, but whether it advertises it in proportion to the cost is another matter. Would not one-half of these sums put into legitimate advertising in journals of wide circulation prove more profitable? Would not an equal sum put into the improvements of highways in a particular section prove a better investment? Would not the same amount put into disseminating a knowledge of the rights and privileges of wheelmen bring greater returns in the long run? Or, again, would not a pro-rata amount taken from the cost of each bicycle sold be of more benefit to the wheelmen at large? We think an emphatic "yes" might be answered to all these questions and it will not be long before the large manufacturers will say "yes" too, and such a thing as a team of paid racers will be a relic of the past and put by with a host of other experiments that have been tried and found "not worth the trouble."

C. E. Whitten's New Bicycle.

Charles E. Whitten, of the firm of Merrill & Whitten, bicycle dealers, this city, has manufactured a bicycle after an idea of his own, which combines some of the merits of the Star and a crank movement. The machine is a decided novelty in appearance and action and is both safe and durable. The small wheel is in front, same as the Star, and the movement is a combination of crank and lever. Less movement is secured with greater leverage than with the ordinary crank machine, by a figure as closely resembling an oval as anything that can be named in comparison. On Mr. Whitten's bicycle the foot in traveling about 30 inches obtains the same power that it would travel about 38 inches to acquire on a crank machine. This movement has been patented and the invention may prove quite remunerative. The machine inspected by the writer is a 53-inch roadster and weighs 37 pounds. It has ball bearings all around, and the small wheel in front makes it equally as fast as the Star, while it weighs 18 pounds less than the Star of 1887. The manufacturers have expressed a desire to see the new invention and will soon be afforded an opportunity of so doing. If it proves to be superior in its way to anything now in the market, there will be some lively bidding for the patent. One manufacturer who has already inspected the machine, says it comes nearer his idea of a perfect wheel than anything he has ever seen. It is not only a practical wheel for road use, but is capable of attaining good speed. Mr. Whitten made a third of a mile on the Lynn track in 58 seconds, the second time he ever was on the machine, and therefore entirely unaccustomed to the new motion. The wheel is on exhibition at the office of Merrill & Whitten, 6 Andrew street.—Lynn Item.

The Captain's Story.

LAST winter I was traveling through the eastern part of the United States, visiting the cities and large towns in the interest of a prominent cycle firm.

I met the leading riders of each place and frequently accepted kind invitations from them to spend an evening in their homes, for I soon learned that it was decidedly more pleasant surrounded by the good-fellowship of a wheelman's family than loitering around a lonely hotel.

One cold, windy night found me in one of the larger New England towns. It was just the night to make one feel cosy, comfortable and confidential under the cheerful influence of a family fireside. I did not long hesitate to accept a cordial invitation to spend the night with the captain of the local cycle club.

My host was as near a perfect specimen of manhood as I have ever met, tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, and withal as handsome as one could wish. At his home he introduced me to his wife, a lady who evidently deserved a man like her husband. The evening passed rapidly with a lively discussion of cycling subjects, in which I found they were both much interested and well informed.

After a while he fell into a reverie and sat for sometime looking at the glowing coals. At length he looked up as a man waking from a dream. He begged my pardon, and said a night like the present always reminded him of a night several years ago which had been full of adventures for himself. I requested him to relate the circumstances, if they were such that he cared to do so. With his permission I will now give you the story in his own words.

My life till I was eighteen was spent on one of New England's hillside farms. At that age I sought employment of a different nature and I was soon settled here as a clerk for the firm in which I am a partner now. I was very ambitious, and during the first year I worked almost without cessation. When the year was out it was the first of September, and I found that the change and constant toil were making sad inroads upon my health.

I had been advanced in my position and had some leisure, so I began to look around for some means of regaining and keeping my health. Cycling was then a comparatively new sport. A friend called my attention to it, and after looking the matter over, I concluded it would be the best and most pleasant recreation I could find. In a few days I was taking regular rides each morning and I soon learned that I had found a capital remedy for the close work of the office.

In the latter part of October one of my employers came to me one evening and said he talked of purchasing a tract of timber land out about twenty miles from the town, he knew that I had worked in the woods a great deal, and wished me to go out the next day, look the tract over, and give him my opinion of how much timber there was on it. He said I could go out within a few

miles of the lot on the train and get a team there for the rest of the journey. I told him I would go and thank him for the day's outing besides. As the train did not go until late I proposed that I should go on my bicycle. He laughed at the idea of riding that thing forty miles in a day, but I convinced him that I could do it and enjoy the trip too. I got directions about the road that evening and was off in good season the next morning. The road was quite good and it was a model autumn day. I had a very pleasant ride and reached the little hotel a short distance from the wood lot some time before noon but decided to stop and rest a while and get my dinner before going to the woods. After dinner I got directions from the hotel keeper where to find the lot I wanted to see and set out for it. The lot was part of a large forest, one of the largest in this section. The roads were not excellent, being used only in winter, still they were rideable most of the way and I soon found the lot for which I was looking. It was a large one and I spent quite a while looking it over and making my estimate.

When I had enjoyed the solitude of the forest to my satisfaction I started for home. The influence of my surroundings filled me with thoughts of home and the loved ones whom I had not seen for over a year, I easily fell into a day dream while silently wheeling in and out among the monarchs of the forest.

At length I came to myself with the impression that I ought to be out of the woods. I looked around, but could see no signs of an opening, neither could I make out anything familiar in my surroundings. I went on for a little distance and was obliged to conclude that I was lost. I assure you the feeling that crept over me was anything but comfortable.

I listened for sounds of life and civilization but the silence of the forest was undisturbed. I did not despair for there was yet some time before dark, and there would be a good moon which I had depended on to ride home by. I did not know whether to keep on or retrace my steps, I finally concluded to try the latter. My bicycle made no mark in the hard, grassy roadbed so I had nothing to guide me and could not tell but what I was getting deeper and deeper into the forest.

It was soon dark and I was very tired,—it is wonderful how rapidly one will grow tired when he is lost and struggling to find himself. I doubt if a day's steady ride would tire me as much as those few hours did then. I presume it was not over one hour though it seemed to me like three or four. I hurried along as rapidly as I could through the gathering gloom until at last I came to a small woodsmans' cabin. I was thoroughly tired and discouraged and gave up getting out of the forest that night so I opened the door and went in. I was perfectly at home in it, for while at the farm I had frequently eaten my dinner in such a place and sometimes slept there. I gathered some fresh boughs for the bunk which was fixed against the farther side of the little room, stood my bicycle up in the corner at the head of the bunk, and would have thought myself well situated if I could have had a good supper.

As it was I lay down on the bunk, thankful for so comfortable a place to spend the night, and was soon sound asleep.

When I woke it was dark as Egypt and I could see nothing, but I had an impression that there was some one in the cabin. I had no idea how long I had slept or what time it was. I listened a minute or two for the sounds that had waked me but all was quiet. I had just concluded it was my fancy or the wind, which had risen and was howling through the trees when the door opened and a lady stepped in, the moon shown full upon her and I could see that it was a slight, girlish figure.

I was too much surprised to move or speak. She hesitated for a moment then asked, "Is Jack here?"

That moment a large, powerful looking man stepped out of the shadow in the room and stood in the light between me and the door. She drew back a little when she saw him but he quickly stepped between her and the door, then, speaking rapidly and passionately, he said: "Never mind Jack, he is all right now. Kittie, you I have long tried to get a chance to speak to you. You have evaded me, but now you must hear me. You know how I have long loved and worshiped you, how I would gladly turn my back upon my past life and commence anew with you. Will you not give me some hope that you will one day be mine?"

Without noticing his passionate words, she again asked, "Is Jack here?"

"Will you answer me?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said, "If you drive me to it. I will answer you as I have done before, I do not love you nor ever can, I will have nothing to do with you. I see it all now, you have decoyed me here, is that a proof of your love? Is it the act of a gentleman?"

"Kittie," he said, "I intended to be honorable with you, you spurn me, very good. Now let me tell you; Jack, nor any other person is within a mile of us. Promise to be my wife; I will trust you, and you may go home,—otherwise you spend the night here with me."

"Let me go sir," said she, as she started to pass him. He reached out to stop her and I thought it was an excellent time to introduce myself. I jumped out of the bunk, and a single step took me across the little room to his side. Before he had time to lay his outstretched hand upon the lady, I dealt him a blow that sent him reeling to the ground.

I then turned to offer the lady my services when, with a warning cry, she said: "Look out for him, he will kill you!" I turned back just in time to catch the gleam of nickel in the moonshine. I jumped to one side as a sharp report rang through the room. The flash had scarcely died away before I had given him another blow with all my strength, he went to the ground like a log this time and lay there, I wrenched the pistol from his hand and searched him for other weapons.

The lady had gone out and I now followed her with my bicycle. As I turned to close the door he slowly rose and the moonlight showed me his face, something in his features

struck me as familiar. I looked sharply at him for a moment, but with an oath he started for me; not wishing to meet him just then, I closed the door and hasped it.

The cabin was built of logs with no opening but the heavy door, so I knew he would be as safe for a few hours as if in jail.

As I turned from the door I was surprised to see the lady standing beside a tricycle. She noticed my astonishment, and explained that she had learned to ride while in the city and had found her wheel a pleasant companion while in the country.

She began to thank me, but I told her if she would show me out of the forest she would more than repay any little service I had been fortunate enough to render her.

She said her home was just a little distance from the edge of the woods, about a mile from where we were now, and asked me to accompany her there.

We were soon riding over fairly good roads and she explained her visit to the cabin to me. Her name was Kittie Clarke. Her father had retired from business three years before, when Kittie was fifteen, partly because he had made money enough, and partly hoping to take her brother Jack, who was falling into evil habits, from temptation. Jack, however, had not been very much inclined towards reformation and had found new companions for his revels, one of whom was Frank Fulton, the fellow I had encountered at the cabin.

He had attempted to make love to Kittie sometime before, but she would not listen to him and had said nothing about it. This evening about ten o'clock, a little boy who had frequently waited on Jack, had brought her a note from Jack asking her to come at once to the cabin in the woods and say nothing to anyone.

She had not hesitated a moment, supposing he had gone there to spend the night with drink and had taken sick. She wished to save him from his father's anger, so she quietly slipped out of the house, got her tricycle and came along to the cabin.

While she was telling me this I confirmed a suspicion which I had that she was very pretty and interesting. We reached her home as she finished her story.

Jack had returned while she was away and sat by the fire reading. He was astonished and enraged when he heard of his sister's adventure. He aroused the only able-bodied servant on the place while Kittie got me a lunch.

Jack, the servant and myself started at once to go back to see how the prisoner fared. The fellow's face was constantly before me but I could not recall where I had ever seen it.

When we reached the cabin we unfastened the door and went in. He was sitting on the edge of the bunk. When the light of our lanterns fell upon his face I recognized him in an instant. He was my step-brother.

He was several years older than I; my father had married his mother while I was a small boy; she was a noble woman, and was ever a good mother to me, but her son was sullen, vicious and wicked. My father pled

with him and his mother wept over him but to no advantage. He went on from bad to worse till a forgery scrape compelled him to leave his home. Quite a reward was offered for his arrest but the officers could not find him.

I stepped up to him, and speaking so the others could not hear, said; "John Lyford, I am surprised to meet you here." He turned as if shot, looked at me a moment, then, with an oath, asked who I was. I told him my name.

With a fearful curse he clenched his hands and started for me but memory, or our number changed his mind and he settled back. "Well," he said, "I suppose you will take the reward?" I told him I should not, for his mother's sake, if he would go to some other part of the country and try to become an honest man, he was welcome to go for all of me.

I explained to Jack that I had known Mr. Fulton in days gone by, and if he was satisfied, I should rather that he be allowed to depart.

Jack preferred for his own sake, as well as his sister's, to have the matter kept quiet, so he readily agreed.

I told Lyford he was at liberty to go. He started to leave us, then turned and in a low, husky voice asked me about his mother. I told him how his wild, reckless life had worn upon her and broken her heart so that she was an old gray-headed woman while yet young in years.

I thought I saw a tear upon his cheek as he turned and slowly went out of the cabin. I sincerely hope his life has been better since that night. I have never heard of him since.

I spent the rest of the night with Jack, took an early start next morning, and was in the office at the usual hour. I made my report to my employer, saying but little about my adventures.

I soon accepted a cordial invitation to visit the Clarke family, and a very pleasant visit it was. Jack was easily persuaded to promise his sister that she should never have occasion to worry over him again and I am glad to say that he has kept his promise.

To the Clarke homestead became my favorite run and, well, to tell it all at once, Kittie and I were married a year from the next Christmas. H. E.

We have the American agency for the special Xmas number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* and will sell them at 15 cents per copy. We can say it will be a very good number and of especial interest to Americans. It will be ready for delivery about December 20. Following is a criticism from the *Bl. News*:

The Christmas number of the *Irish Cyclist* promises well, for we hear that orders are rushing in for it, and it will put quite in the shade the efforts of former years. Every page of this year's number will be illustrated, and many original features will be found in the illustrations as well as in the letter press.

Remember 50 cts gets the GAZETTE for '88.

Sundries.

Do you want to change your mount next season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month, it will only cost you one cent per word.

* * *

The header joke is laid away,

Because its out of season,
While the home trainer joke has things its own way
For the very converse reason.

* * *

All of the English cycle papers announce extra fine Christmas numbers.

* * *

It is a mean man that will take to bicycle riding just to get the worth of an accident policy.

* * *

We are in receipt of the Pope Mfg Co's calendar for 1888 and congratulate Mr. Nathan C. Fowler, Jr. on his ingenuity in contriving it. Every wheelman should send for one.

* * *

It is said that the demand for the Christmas number of the *Century* magazine is so great that over half a million copies have been run off. This is undoubtedly the largest *Century* run on record.

* * *

Archibald wants to know if every time you see a bald-headed man you see a white dog. No Archibald, not always, but every time you see a ball-head bicycle you see a sensible wheelman.

* * *

First boarder.—Mrs. Hashford, would you object to having your chicken, here, elected a member of our club?

Second boarder, (interrupting.)—What is it, an old settler's association?

First boarder.—Oh no, its a bicycle club, and we like to get all the toughs into it.

* * *

To a Texas cyclist:—"What do you suppose they would think of a six-in-hand down your way?"

Texan.—"Well, that would depend; if the cards were all small suit, I suppose they would overlook the matter,—but if all six of 'em were trumps, I reckon he'd have to swing for it.

* * *

We have received an advance copy of the Xmas number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* entitled He-haw-watha. He-haw-watha is supposed to come to Ireland to find out all about athletics and cycling. He visits editor Meeredy and from him gets all the tips and calls on all the bicycle agents, etc. He then returns and proceeds to instruct the natives and tells them in a plaintive verse all that he has seen and heard. Much matter of the most general interest is introduced and it will no doubt prove very popular. Mr. French is the author. The illustrations are by Orpen:

We will be the American agents for this number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*, and would advise every wheelman to send us fifteen cents for a copy. It will be ready to mail about December 20 so you had better send at once.

The White Flyer.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LATEST TRICYCLE NOVELTY.

SINCE the beginning of the cycling era there has been no year complete without a presentation to the public of numerous improvements in 'cycles, differing in degree as to departure from the beaten track. Some of these improvements affect driving mechanism; some the brake, others the strength, weight, symmetry, and the materials used in the construction of a machine.

Last year the wooden wheeled tricycle put in a bid for popularity. The Springfield roadster was also a new departure, but the season of 1887 was not destined to close without something new for wheelmen to examine, criticise and judge. This has been true of every style of cycle.

The latest machine to which attention has been called, and which is now on exhibition in this city, is a new bicycle, styled the White Flyer. Is a decidedly novel and radically different from anything before the public, and it is sure to attract wide attention from the maker and wheelmen.

This machine was invented by Frederick White of Worcester, who, for the past six years, has devoted his whole time to improvements in this line. One machine after another has been constructed, examined, tested and improved upon by Mr. White, with the intention of eventually placing before the public a tricycle which should prove satisfactory in all details.

One of Mr. White's inventions is the "Cy-clone" tricycle, which figured in the last Corey hill climbing contest, and was driven up the hill both by Mr. White and Mr. C. O. Danforth of the Cambridge club. It was an object of interest to many riders, but did not satisfy the inventor, who has far excelled it in the new wheel.

The observer is at once impressed with the extreme simplicity and symmetry of the "White Flyer." The driving wheels are 40 inches in diameter, the steering wheel 26 inches, the wheel base 40 inches, the track 32 inches. It has the familiar bicycle steering apparatus and the brake is applied to the steering wheel. The machine is fitted out entire with roller bearings; the materials used are of the best, from the English weldless steel tubing to the material for bolts and screws; the axle is one piece of steel tubing. The weight of the specimen road machine is 75 pounds. It has a double driver without a balance gear. It is claimed by the inventor that by this mechanism the machine is driven straight ahead no matter what the obstacle may be in front of the wheels, whether sand, mud or a stone. In other words the steering wheel, being lifted from the ground and a block of wood being placed in front of one of the wheels, the machine can be driven over it, the power being automatically applied where it is needed. This can not be said of the balance gear since the power is applied to the wheel which is free to move instead of to the triggered wheel. It has the same advantages as the balance gear without its disadvantages.

It is in the driving mechanism that the greatest novelty exists and for which the most valuable claims are based. On the axle are two drums, forming the rings around the friction clutches; fastened to these drums are two steel wire cables one-eighth of an inch in diameter. These cables leave the drum in such a manner as to pass slightly upward and over two rolls provided with roller bearings, and thence perpendicularly down, and are fastened to the pedals. The pedals, which are provided with rolls, which in turn are provided with roller bearings, work directly up and down in V shaped grooves or stringers and as the rolls have a convex surface and roll instead of slide in the grooves, the result attained is practically that of a ball bearing.

One pedal raises the other by a reciprocating mechanism consisting of two gears, with a pinion fitted to the clutches; the only strain upon these gears is the weight of the pedal, and the slight weight which the rider allows his foot to exert on the pedal while being raised; this mechanism allows the rider to make any length stroke from one inch to the full stroke of 18 inches.

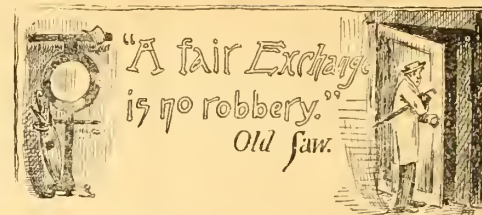
The claims of superiority advanced by the inventor are as follows: There is no loss of power or motion; there is absolute freedom from dead centres and dead points; a constant and direct relation between power applied and propulsion of machine. For example, when the pedal is depressed a certain number of inches, the clutch drum is rotated just as many inches. The rider being directly over the pedals, utilizes his weight in the best possible manner. This fact together with his ability to exert his power to the best advantage, enables him to climb a steep hill with little exertion.

The pedals can be used as foot rests in any position. In coasting hills there are no crans flying around, the rider simply stops working his feet, and can begin propulsion at any time without vain attempts to catch pedals. In matter of speed, the inventor claims much more than can be obtained by any mechanism. The machine is also well adapted to ladies and elderly gentlemen, who can regulate the stroke to suit their pleasure.

The cables are very light and have a guaranteed breaking strain of 1000 pounds; can be attached to or detached from the machine in a very few seconds. On a tour, when a hotel is reached, the cables can be detached, rolled up and placed in the pocket, thus preventing any one from riding away with the machine. There is no oil used on any parts front of the axle, thus preventing any soiling of clothes.

The machine will be placed on the market next spring, and a sample is now on exhibition at 61 State Street, room 3. As soon after as possible there will be built on the same principles a bicycle of the "Rover" type, a tandem tricycle, a ladies' tricycle, as well as racing machines of the different types.—*Boston Herald*.

"Dick" Howell commenced riding in 1879, and for any distance under twenty miles he is undoubtedly the fastest English professional rider living.—*Bi. World*,



The Irish Cyclist and Athlete is out with a new and rather tasteful heading, showing the various sports for which it caters.

The Sewing Machine and Cycle News has divided its paper into two departments; one exclusively devoted to cycling, the other to sewing machines.

The best illustration of the Cowboy vs. Cyclist contest is to be found in Saturdays' Illustrated London News, where a full-page engraving shows Howell and Bronco Charley racing round the top corner. The horse and its rider are full of life and action but the artist evidently did not think it necessary to give equal care to the drawing of Howell's machine. The forks appear to be about the thickness of a sheet of paper, while the driving wheel rubber is about 1½ inch if it is anything. George Moore's detail is always so correct that we are spoilt for the above kind of drawings.—*Cyclist*.

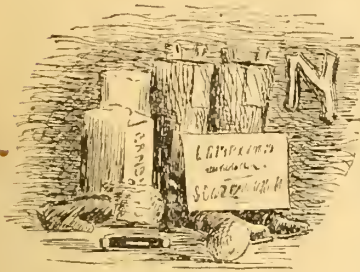
Cyclists are too apt to confine themselves to their own sport, are content to be well to the fore in wheeling without troubling themselves about other sports; consequently, racing men are idle for nearly half the year. This is a great mistake. Supremacy in any sport can not be obtained without physical excellence, and that physical excellence will gain distinction in other exercises.—*Sewing Machine and Cycle News*.

Somebody owning the name of Bianchi—I don't like to say plain Mr. or even Esq., for I can't imagine him anything less than a count, writes to the cycling papers suggesting that a subscription list be started in order to present W. M. Woodside with a souvenir in order to show "our appreciation of a plucky bit of riding as we have seen for many a day, and as a tribute to an American bicyclist who has proved himself an all-round good man, and made himself a general favourite." Excellent as the intentions of the distinguished foreigner are, no doubt, I can only describe his idea as bosh—if a commonplace individual like myself may be allowed to take the liberty of criticising the action of one so far above him.

Woodside, as well as Morgan and Temple, was doing his level best to fill his pockets last week, and everyone must know that he rode more for the "gate" than for the victory over a man and horse. Thus, those who subscribed to such a testimonial would be congratulating a man on the excellent way he looked after his own interests—a thing most men, and women too, can do well if they only get the chance. I do not expect to hear anything more of the Signor or his idea, for there is some common sense about in London.—*Scottish Umpire*.

What's the Matter with Pete and His Pap?

A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY GEO. S. DARROW.



ONE could ever tell what odd turn Scotty, the captain of the Ramblers, would take next, he was always taking so many. But when the club members received a postal from him one cold morning late in December, they were all free to confess that his last freak was about the oddest of them all.

The communication was a call for a club run and read:

**CLUB RUN:
FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.**
Start from Club House at 7 P. M. up
the River 5 miles, returning by moon-
light. [optional.]

The word optional in the corner of the card, was a mild concession on the captain's part that might have grown out of a realization of his own oddity,—at any rate it gave all who did not care to go an opportunity to remain away gracefully.

Christmas Eve at seven o'clock found quite a gathering of cyclers at the club house.

Excepting Scotty, not one of them had any idea of joining the run, but had come to see the rest off.

Scotty stood near the door and watched the arrival of each new comer with an appealing look. It was snowing lightly outside, and as one club man after another walked in, shook the snow off his coat and made some depreciating pleasantry about the run, the captain's face was something sad to see.

At last one came who neither shook the snow from his garments nor spoke disparagingly of the run.

It had stopped snowing, he said in reply to Scotty's anxious query. He was a small man, and known to the club as "Forty-nine," not on account of any connection with early California, but because his shortness of stature made it necessary for him to ride a forty-nine inch light roadster.

"I was afraid that maybe I'd be too late," remarked the comer.

"Hope I didn't keep you waiting."

"Oh, not in the least!" chorused half a dozen voices.

"Not one of them will go," the captain cried indignantly. "Not one of them! Don't you consider that a shame, Forty-nine?"

Forty-nine did, and he said so very elaborately. They all talked the matter over again, and at last he of the small wheel made a successful appeal to one, Jack, to take out the two-track tricycle.

So finally they started.

With lighted lanterns they picked their way carefully along the street, leaving behind them a laughing, noisy crowd of wheelmen, all of whom promised to wait fifteen or twenty minutes, till the travelers got ready to come back.

They waited fifteen minutes,—then twenty,—then an hour,—and finally went home, each one firm in the conviction that the three venturesome riders had met with some humiliating accident and were ashamed to return to the club room.

Meanwhile the cyclers had reached the river. Beneath their wheels lay a solid, level sheet of ice, smoother than any racing path, for the light snow that had fallen served only to remove an undesirable slipperiness of the surface.

Then away, away, the tricycle setting a hot pace and the bicycles

following. No ruts, no sand, no hills,—was it any wonder they swept by like the wind!

After a while the tricycle slacked its speed some and as the bicycles came up beside him, its rider called out: "Hello, there; how is it with you? I'm sweating like a race-horse, but my hands are just about frozen." The other two confessed they were in about the same fix.

Scotty called a halt and ran up the bank to see if there was any house in sight where they might go to warm themselves.

He came back and reported a light some distance up stream. "It can't be so very far from here; let's spurt for it."

Once more away they went, every one for himself and Scotty in the lead. When he came near to the house where the light was burning in the window, he stopped and waited for the others. A moment later Jack steered his tricycle up to the bank. They waited some time for Forty-nine but he did not come, but just as they were about to start back to look for him, he came up, laboriously trundling his wheel in front of him. He had taken a header and bent his handle-bar down till it almost touched the fork. "It didn't hurt me much, but the machine is so cold I'm afraid the bar will snap if I try to bend it back. Maybe we had better take this wheel in and get it warm, too."

So they scrambled up the bank, pulling their wheels after them, for it would not have been safe to leave any of them so far out of sight and hearing. A few steps brought them to the door of a little weather-beaten house in which a light was burning. A rap on the door brought a faint sound from within—a sound of some one moving about cautiously. Then the door opened and a little tow-headed figure stepped out and closed it after him, carefully.

"Good evenin', gentlemen," he said, "I'd like to be more perliter to you an' ask you in, but pap he's jist got to sleep, so I guess we'll have to do our chinin' out yhere."

"All we wanted," Scotty began, "was to come in by the fire a moment, but if your folks are asleep, let it go; we're not so very cold."

"I'll fix you up all right, 'cause there ain't ary other place you could go to hereabouts, without it was Uncle Billy's, away over yander."

"How far is it to Uncle Billy's?" asked Forty-nine, "we can just as well—"

"It's a right smart piece off, so if you'll be quiet about it you kin just as well slip around

to the back door and walk right in an' make yourselves at home, only don't make no more noise than you have to," adding apologetically as the three men started around the house, "Pap, he coughed so much last night, he didn't git to sleep none, an',—his eyes were growing used to the darkness, "what's them things you've got along with you, anyhow?"

"These are bicycles and this is a tricycle." It was Jack who answered.

"An' are you out ridin' them there things this yhere night?"

"Why yes, certainly."

"Well I'll be durned," and the boy turned and slipped quietly into the house.

In the back room the cyclers found a fire smouldering in a rusty sheet-iron stove. A few handfuls of light kindling soon revived it and the three gradually began to thaw out. They were colder than they thought, but the warmth soon began to limber up their fingers and their tongues as well.

They had been talking for some time in a low undertone of the oddity of their situation. Gradually Scotty had drawn out of the conversation, and now he sat meditatively contemplating the stove. "See here," he broke out suddenly, "this is a shame, an unmitigated shame!"

"Don't see where the shame comes in," retorted Jack; "I think it's fun,—the most unmitigated fun."



A LITTLE TOW-HEADED FIGURE STEPPED OUT.

"Oh, you're still talking about that, are you? Well, I'm not. I say it's a shame that a little fellow like that boy in there should be spending such a Christmas Eve,—out here all alone, except for his 'pap'. Why he has scarcely outgrown the jumping-jack and hobby-horse age, and yet I should judge from the little he said that he was sitting up with his sick father. What kind of a Christmas day do you suppose this boy will have to-morrow?"

"No, it's all wrong. This boy is not getting his share. I'm no socialist until it comes to Christmas Eve, and then, I guess, everybody is, more or less. It seems like Christmas is the time for dividing up equally, as near as we can."

Forty-nine was consulting his watch. "Only ten o'clock; not too late to begin making a Christmas," he said.

Then there was a whispered consultation; it was short and to the point. It was little use to scrub around in that neighborhood, they agreed, to find material for holiday festivities; so it was decided that Scotty and Jack should return to town and do a little buying.

There was but one objection to this plan, it came from Forty-nine. But Scotty answered: "You had better not try bending that handle for some time yet or you may walk back to town; besides, some one will have to keep the house open and answer questions about where the other two have gone in case that young man should come in here. You will have to invent your own lies, but make them reasonable, for that boy is no fool. Good-bye till we get back! And so they were gone.

The moon was up and not a breath of wind was stirring. It was an uninterrupted, exhilarating spin back to town. They left their wheels in the protecting shadow of a bridge and were soon in the midst of the hurrying, eager, happy crowd. O, Christmas! what other day of all the year can claim so many joyous couriers!

Two young men out of the busy throng entered a hat store and one less woolly cap was in the show window as they left. They passed on to a shoe store in the next block; there a long-legged pair of rubber boots came down from the shelves and walked out with them. So they passed on from shop to shop.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, he who had been left to play the watchful sentinel had proved unpardonably recreant to his trust. He had not fallen asleep at his post,—worse, much worse than that,—he had deserted. Be it known, in palliation of his offense, that he did well enough at first; he watched faithfully,—expectantly, till the inside door opened and the small boy tiptoed into the room. Somehow he had felt sure that the boy would come before long.

"Where's them other two," asked the urchin in a whisper.

"O, they just stepped out to ride around a little."

The boy looked at Forty-nine with a half doubtful expression that very plainly said: It may be all right, but I will reserve my opinion as to the truth of your statement until I have less to claim my attention.

He tiptoed up to the bicycle, eyed it admiringly for awhile, then struck a pedal and watched it spin, until finally it stopped. That made him feel more familiar with the wheel, and he pinched the tire in a dozen different places. Then a general inspection followed. When he had finished his examination of the wonderful machine, he turned toward the door with a whispered "good night," and was gone. Then Forty-nine knew that the necessity for watching that night had passed. He slipped out quietly, climbed the river bank and looked off toward the north. Some distance off he saw a small cabin outlined against the sky; no other habitation was in sight.

"That must be Uncle Billy's house that the boy spoke of," Forty-nine said to himself. So down the road he started, and stopping soon at the cabin door, knocked. No response came from within save a gentle snore; then he knocked again. This time there was an answer. "Who dar? Who dar dis time o' night?"

"Is that you Uncle Billy?" called an answering voice from without.

"Yes, boss; what you-all want dis time o' night?"

"That's all right, you get up and see," the same voice answered again.

This pre-emptory request called forth considerable good-natured grumbling from Uncle Billy, but nevertheless, the creaking door soon opened and the sleepy negro appeared.

"I came here on business," said Forty-nine; "it's business that's got to be attended to right away and by some reliable person, and I shouldn't wonder from your looks if you were just the one I wanted. Can you have a turkey cooked for me before morning and take it to where I tell you?"

"Reckon I could, boss," was the prompt reply; then as if upon second thought, "I haint got no turkeys out in de coop, but I reckon I could make 'rangements to git one 'fore mawnin'."

"And have it all cooked, too?"

"Make it nine o'clock, boss, an' I be shoo' to do it."

"Nine o'clock it is, then. Maybe five dollars will let you throw in a few baked potatoes or something of that kind. Here's the money."

Uncle Billy gave a low, happy chuckle as the bill slipped into his pocket. "Reckon you all's goin' to make Christmas for somebody, is you?"

"Yes, after a fashion. Now I'll tell you where to take it. You know that small boy that lives about half a mile down the river?"

"Who, Pete? Dat boy whose pap's got de consumption so bad?"

"Yes, that's he. Well, you take the turkey down to Pete's house just as early as you can and just open the back door and set it inside, that's all; only don't make any noise."

"Don't make no noise! Sho! you-all don't have to tell me nothin' 'bout how to act 'round Pete's house. Pete an' me's cronies, we is."

It was nearly midnight when the two wheels were pulled out from under the shadow of the bridge and loaded down as cycles were never loaded before. Then silently once more they glided up the river,—but no scorching this time!

Could any doubting child have looked out upon the river that night, all haunting doubts of Santa Claus would have been dispelled, for there he was; nay, there were two of him, all loaded down with Christmas gifts; but how oddly changed from what he used to be—no reindeer, no sled, in fact; but only a set of noiseless, flying wheels to bear him over the snow.

When the two well-laden wheelmen reached their journey's end they caught the truant sentinel just returning to his post. "Hello, there; where have you been?" they called out.

"O! I didn't want to be left out of the deal completely," Forty-nine rejoined, "so I just went out to hunt up a Christmas dinner." So he told his story briefly, ending up with, "And last, but not least, I found out the kid's name—'Pete'—though we might have known it was that by looking at him."

Entering the kitchen they unpacked their goods. The woolly hat and rubber boots were given the place of honor in the center of the table; then out came a pair of red mittens, a pocket knife with two large, strong blades, then a French harp—"Every boy can at least play 'Home, Sweet Home' on a French harp," Jack said—then came



ALL LOADED DOWN WITH CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

a base ball (to keep for summer), then a pound of fresh, crisp ginger-snaps and a great box of candy. "According to my recollection," said Scotty, "it takes a good deal of candy to make a merry Christmas for a boy."

The presents were soon arranged and a card laid on the table which read:

*Compliments of the Season,
Scotty, Jack and Forty-nine.*

Then the handle of Forty-nine's wheel was bent back to its original position and they were gone. But, oh! how much happiness they had left behind them!

* * * * *

The Christmas season was a busy week for young people. Few, if any, of the Ramblers had spent an evening at the club house, but on New Year's night several of them dropped in after finishing their calls.

Scotty, Jack and Forty-nine were there, and Scotty, as spokesman, was telling about their Christmas Eve experience. When he had almost finished, some eager listener cried out: "Now, what's the matter with Pete and his pap?" There was a loud, merry response, "They're all right!"

Just as the wild, hilarious yell broke forth, the door opened and an old colored man stepped inside. He waited a moment for the din to die away and then stammered, "is, is dis yher de place where ders three gemmens what rides dem dar what-you-call-'ems?"

"Why, Uncle Billy;" Forty-nine called out, "is that you?"

"Yes, boss; I's had a big time huntin' you-all, but I done got here, 'cause Pete said he'd be blegged to me if I'd do it."

"That's all right between us and Pete; we got as much fun out of it as he did." It was Jack who thus lightly waved aside all obligations.

"I reckon you all did, boss; but it would a done you-all good to see dat chile as I see 'im when I fotch de turkey ober in de mawnin'; deed it would a done you-all good." But dropping into a lower tone he continued: "I heerd you-all sayin' as I come in dat Pete an' he pap was all right. I hain't so sho' 'bout Pete; I'm 'feared he's goin' to have a tough winter befo' him, even wid his big cap an' de rubber boots an' mittens; 'deed I am. But Pete he want me to come an' tell you-all, he pap was all right; done bin all right since jes' befo' daybreak dis mawnin'."

A Bi-Play of The War.

"DURING the winter of '62, when I was with the Army of the Potomac, fighting was practically suspended. We camped on this side of the river and the Johnnies on the other, and we used to have some right good times together, in a quiet way. About once a week we would have a trade. Our side would appoint one man and the rebels would appoint one, and they would both go to some stump or other, about half way between the two camps, and do any trading for the rest of the boys. The Yanks always had plenty of manufactured truck, and the Johnnies always had a lot of tobacco, flour, coffee and such, and so we'd kinder even up by swappin'. Our boys generally sent me—I always was a purty good trader—and the Rebs most always sent a large, raw-boned galoot from Georgia, and was the curiosest feller. Sometimes he'd be just as close and graspin' as a miser, and then again you could gull him like an idiot. About the softest snap I had at him, I remember, was once when I traded him a paper of carpet-tacks for a four gallon jug of molasses. Rebel or no rebel, it almost made me feel mean for cheatin' him,

but I couldn't hardly help it, seein' that he was fool enough to want the tacks. Yes, sir; I never tasted better molasses than them four gallons was.

Well, besides that, we had lots of other kinds of fun. We had an old bull dog that we called Mack, in honor of the General. Mack he wasn't a handsome dog, but there was good stuff in him. After we cut his ears off there wasn't anything on four legs that he couldn't whip. Whenever a stray dog would come into camp we would name it Beauregard, or Jackson, or some such name, and then we'd sick Mack onto him an' see him chaw the other pup. Mack would kinder grab the other dog by the scruff of the neck and shake a little while, then he would grab a little lower down and give another shake, and so on, and by the time he got to the tail there wasn't enough of the other dog left to bury decently.

The time I cheated the Johnny from Georgia I told him about Mack. I used to kind o' work him up to feelin' good by tellin' him some story or other. He said that they had a whoppin' good dog in their camp that they called General Wade Hampton; he was a yaller dog he said, but he reckoned he could at least make it interestin' for Mack. So he promised to pitch him in the river and let him swim

over so that he could try his hand. The next day we caught sight of a thin, yaller purp with long, woolly hair; he was coming out of the bushes by the river and was wringing wet, so we knew it must be General Wade Hampton. One of the boys went off to find Mack and in a few minutes he came drawing him up. We pointed out General Wade Hampton and yelled in a chorus, 'Sick him, Mack.' Mack just went at him as if there was big money up; he grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, and then he let go again and looked kinder surprised; then he tried a second grab a little lower down an',— he dropped that and howled as though somebody had cut his tail off. He just tried one more grab and then he stuck his tail between his legs and started to sneak off. We didn't want a good fight to fizzle out completely, so we cornered the two dogs—sort of formed a ring around them and brought them together, but Mack wouldn't take hold again no way you'd argue, and the General, he seemed to be a naturally peaceable dog who only wanted to be left alone.

It was a curious case, an' all of a sudden it struck me that I'd like to see what there was about that Johnny dog that Mack was afraid of, and, by George, when

we looked at the brute real close, you may court-martial me if there wasn't more carpet-tacks in that dog's wool than there was fleas."

G. S. D.

No, Augustus, the quotation of Milton's "From morn till dewy eve he fell," does not refer to a young man's first day's experience on a bicycle. You want to read up on Paradise Lost.

* * *
Oh, I've been to the Strawtown races
And I havn't got a nickle,
Because I bet my sklekels
All on the wrong bicycle."

*Louisville pronunciation.

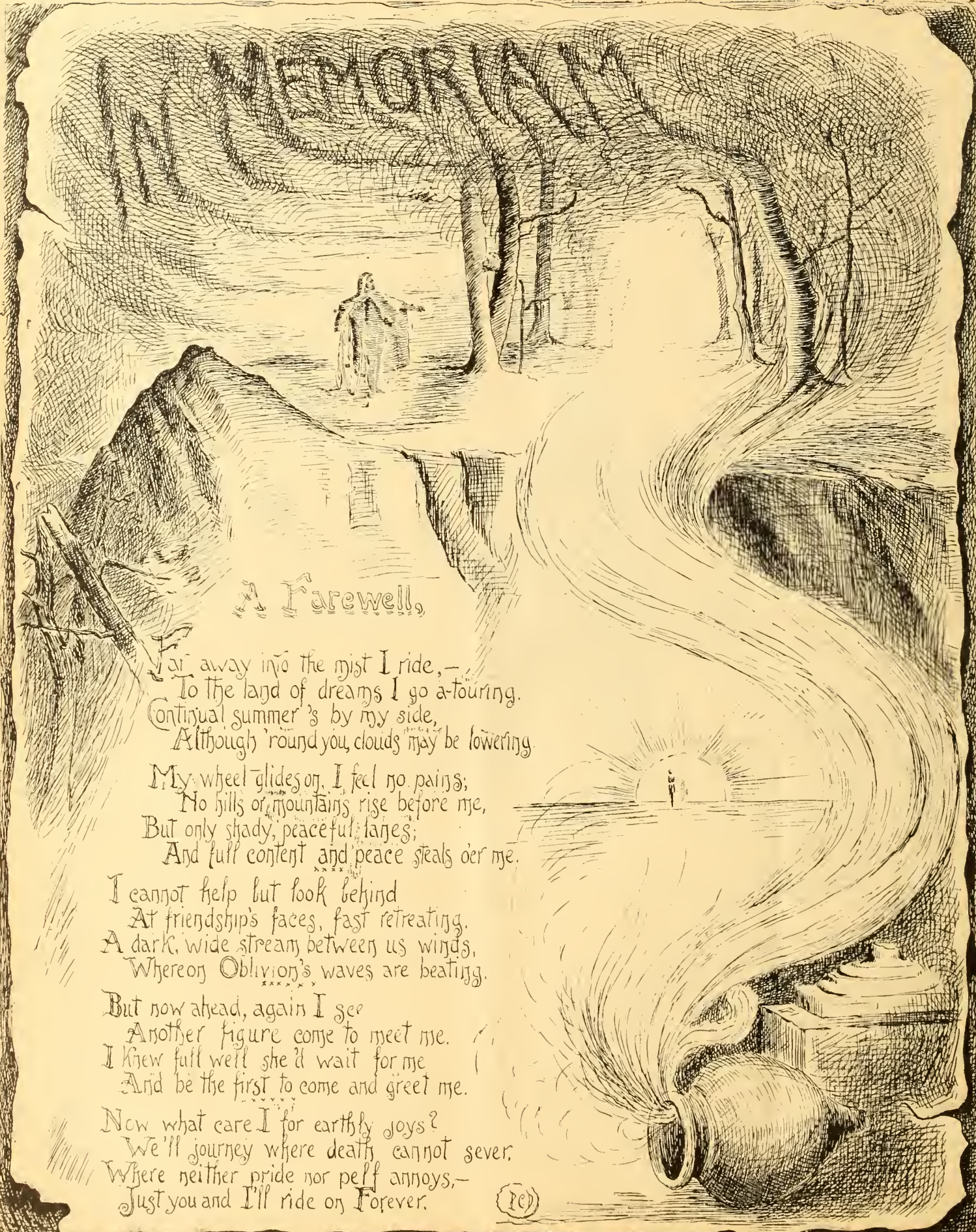
"Brother Tom says bicycle riding is splendid exercise for the calves. Grandma says it may be, but she can't for the life of her see how you would get them to stay on."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

* * *

When you see a man clad in a pair of knee breeches with a broken nose, a black eye and a green area of emptiness where his teeth used to be, do not imagine that he has been engaged in a physical debate with Jack Dempsy. He has simply been out for a morning jaunt on a vicious bicycle.—*Puck's Annual*.



"IS, IS DIS YER DE PLACE WHERE DERS THREE GEMMENS
LIVES WHAT RIDES DEM DAH WHAT-YOU-CALL-'EMS?"



A Farewell,

Far away into the mist I ride,—
To the land of dreams I go a-touring.
Continual summer 's by my side,
Although 'round you, clouds may be lowering.

My wheel glides on, I feel no pains;
No hills or mountains rise before me,
But only shady, peaceful lanes;
And full content and peace steals o'er me.

I cannot help but look behind
At friendship's faces, fast retreating,
A dark, wide stream between us winds,
Whereon Oblivion's waves are beating.

But now ahead, again I see
Another figure come to meet me.
I knew full well she'd wait for me
And be the first to come and greet me.

Now what care I for earthly joys?
We'll journey where death cannot sever,
Where neither pride nor pelf annoys,—
Just you and I'll ride on Forever.

JANUARY 1888



Outing



JANUARY 1888.



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