

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. No. 3.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MARCH, 1889

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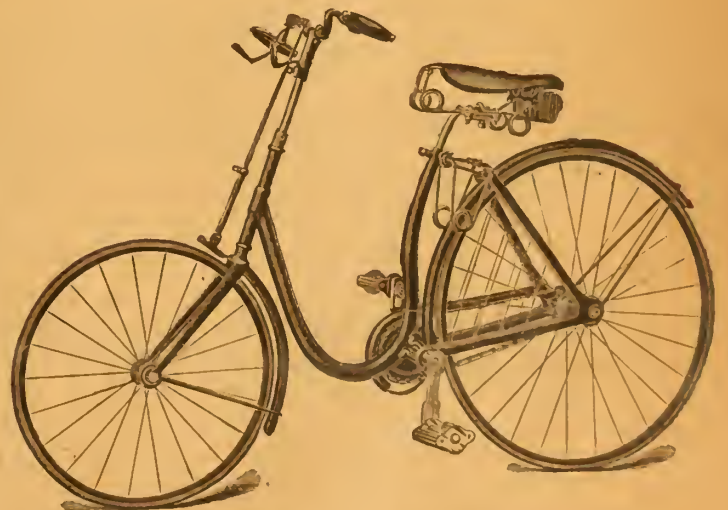
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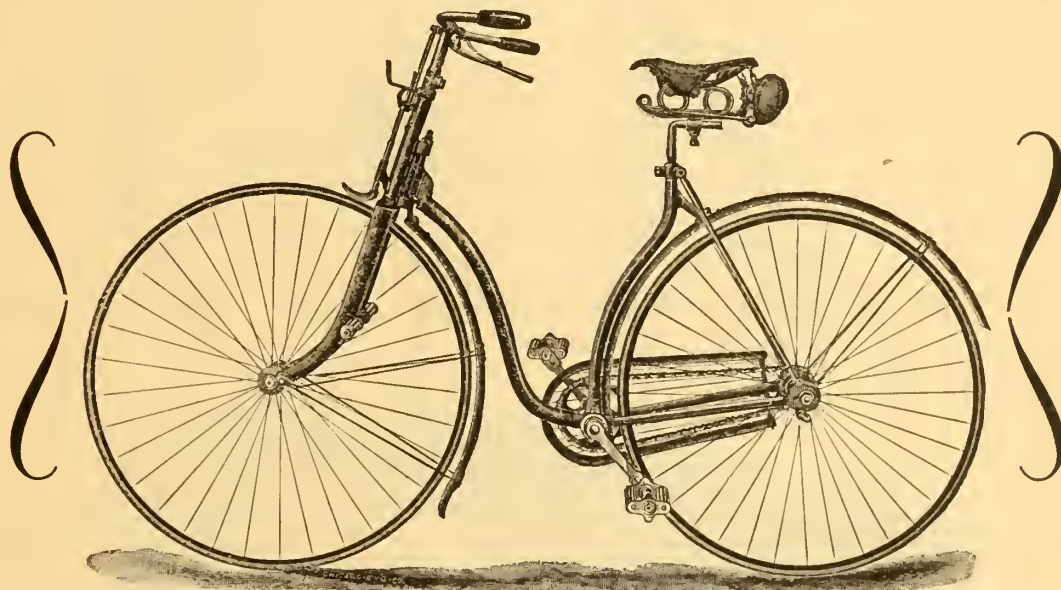
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—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MARCH, 1889.

No. 3.

THE INDIANA WHEELMEN'S TOUR.

"The sundry contemplation of my travels
In which my often rumination wraps me."

—As You Like It.



IT MAY be truthfully said that the wheel is a May-flower, carrying the dyspeptic to the port Health, where he can certainly worship according to the dictates of his own appetite, and never can this fact be more practically illustrated than by a party of wheelmen on a journey.

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old maxim, and a good one, but, to avoid a meaningless grin, there must be just cause for hilarity, and it may be assumed that a party of fifteen or more cyclers will include a not inglorious Nat Goodwin, or a fairly good Arlie Latham. Then, under the strengthening influence of the exercise in the bracing country air, and the good fellowship so common to the sport, with the mirthful congeniality inspired by

the would-be comedian, how can the text fail to be a true one?

A State tour is an annual affair with the Indiana members of the League of American Wheelmen, and they indulge themselves with a week's outing as surely as the year rolls 'round. This feature was inaugurated in 1884, and annually since, a similar affair has been carried to a successful termination. Nor was the fifth annual behind the others in point of success, considering, of course, the number of participants and the pleasure experienced.

Between forty and fifty chartreuse colored badges, adorning as many scrap books, attest the truth of this statement, while much may be learned from a "from-start-to-finish" rider if he be allowed to turn the pages, pointing out the mementoes of the ride, explaining the points of interest surrounding each, and an extra hour might be pleasantly occupied in the perusal of the newspaper notices concerning the tour as published by secular and cycling press.

The gravel roads of Indiana are justly famous, while the turn-pikes that cross the bluegrass State are of more than ordinary excellence. These inducements, together with the promise of a glimpse of "God's Garden Spot," exercised no little influence in gathering at the starting place in Indianapolis, on July 8, 1888, as jolly a set of missionaries as ever turned a pedal, numbering perhaps thirty, and representing almost as many towns as well as four States of this great and glorious Union. There was variety of uniforms, wheels, ages, weights and complexions, and, on that quiet Sunday morning, a casual observer of a religious inclination might have found cause for reflection on the increased depravity of the human race and the consequent desecration of the Sabbath.

But little of interest can be put in type as occurring between Indianapolis and Morristown, twenty-five miles to the East, but each participant attaches much importance to these first few miles, as the entirely new scenery and the party, with whose members intimacy is yet to be acquired, possess a charm hardly to be described, and

which is, if we may believe one who ought to know, to be experienced by the non-wheelman only in his first dream of love.

The habit for which the cyclist is so strongly condemned by mine host is given a chance for exhibition at Morristown, and is accordingly exhibited. Some one remarks that his appetite is the result of the habit of always complimenting the spread, but certain results justify the conclusion that such compliments are an expensive luxury, which, the landlord thinks, might be omitted, or, at any rate, somewhat abbreviated. After dinner the time is fully occupied in getting better acquainted, and, little by little, the conventionalities are dropped and acquaintanceship assumes the phase of easy familiarity.

The comedian is, as usual, a source of information, and, with his assistance, everybody soon knows an easy name for each associate.

The man from Columbus is known as "Goatee;" the Tipton man is called "Whiskers," Vincennes sends the "Politician," from Rushville come the "Cap," "Charity," who gives the others all they want to do to keep his pace, and "White Wings," so called because he never gets tired. "Faith," who is confident of his ability to climb all the hills, "Hope," always on the look out for better roads, and "Joe, the Kid," all hail from Marion. The fastest named individual is the youngest of the party, being but seventeen years of age, and his rare good nature makes him a general favorite. "East Lynne" comes from Crawfordsville, and Cambridge City sends "Jamie," while Madison is represented by "Sap" and "Arnica." From Terre Haute are registered the Chief Consul, Owen, Bart and Bush. "Nick, the Scorchers," of Newport, is here in all his glory and little else, for that racing suit is a remarkably close fit. "Delphi" is



"PRINCE CHARMING."

named for his place of residence, and the "Bard" is claimed by Lebanon. "Nick, the Scorchers," soon finds his match in "Prince Charming," of Boston, Mass., and Illinois offers up "Tom" and "Bob," who hail from Grayville. The "Tough" and the "Scribe" represent Louisville, Ky., and complete the list of starters.

At 4 o'clock the "Cap" blows his whistle, and all are soon headed for Rushville, fourteen miles eastward, but an unaccommodating shower develops into a more unaccommodating rain, and the firmer footing, offered by two miles of cross ties, is readily accepted, when, the dirt road having been passed, the pike is again resorted to, but that two miles of bumping is continued in dreams while the rain comes steadily down on the roof of the Windsor Hotel, in Rushville, all night long, with its continuous and monotonous drip. The rain was incessant on Monday, and the noon train bore to Cincinnati cyclers twenty-seven and cycles twenty-seven—fifteen of the latter forming an unbroken line from door to door of the smoking

car. A little harmless fun was enjoyed by the non-cycling passengers during that seventy-mile ride, watching the pranks of the pedal-pushers. The good nature with which practical jokes were taken was a subject of comment, and the impromptu performances were as interesting as they were novel and original. An aged German, who, it is said, had indulged to a certain extent just previously, undertook to convince the tourists that his idea of political economy was the only practical one, and endeavored to pledge every man to the support of his favorite presidential aspirant. Not being successful, he indulged some more, and then made a speech. His argument convulsed all in hearing, and it is safe to infer that, if growing fat depends on one good laugh, all who listened to this particular Teutonic disciple of Demosthenes are destined to an enormous physical growth.

The rain continuing to fall in torrents, the original intention to change cars at Connorsville, for Brookville, is abandoned, and fares



ERNEST MORAWECK.

are paid to Cincinnati, thereby missing an unusual treat in the shape of a banquet, to take place on Monday night, and projected by the cyclers of Brookville as a compliment to the tourists. The brass band feature is entirely lacking at Cincinnati, which is reached at 3:30 P. M., and the only herald of approach is the calliope whistle, in two volumes, operated by the gallant "Cap."

As the twenty-seven wheelmen march silently, single file, into the Palace Hotel and stack wheels in every convenient place in the rotunda, kindly comment is rife, and, as usual, proves to be the forerunner of the interrogation point. The more experienced know what is coming, and are prepared, so that in a very few minutes a great many questions have been answered.

The "Cap" and "White Wings" seek their express packages with unsatisfactory results to the former. It has not arrived, and he is doomed to exhibit his fatted calves to the wondering and admiring gaze of the Cincinnati small boy. His fertility of resource asserts itself, and he determines to at least have company in his great misfortune. Acting on this determination, he collects the company and delivers himself thus: "Boys, I would like for you to pay particular attention to what I have to say to you. Some members of the party, who are not as fortunate as the rest of us, have no citizens' dress with them, and have requested that we who have will defer putting them on until to-morrow. By that time the novelty of their situation will have worn off, and they will not appear ill at ease. So, if we go anywhere together to-night, remember all will wear the cycle costume."

His orders are strictly obeyed, but it is a noticeable fact that, as soon as his grip arrives, he hastens to change his attire. Thus did his intrigue work upon the trusting hearts of about twenty of America's foremost exponents of cycling.

Whoever attempts to enumerate the many amusements indulged in by the bicyclers during that three days' sojourn in the Queen City of the West must needs have an enlarged vocabulary and the patience of Job.

Soon after the arrival, local riders extended greetings to the visitors, and after supper the entire party proceeded to the Highland House, where, as a cycling scribe puts it, "they enjoyed the opera and such other luxuries as the place afforded." Or, in the language of the poet, they

"Mixed the sweet music of Auber
With the Nightingale's music by Shear."

"Prince Charming" became infatuated with one of the airs of Nanon, and his continued humming of it so impressed "Nick, the Scorchers" with its sublimity that he felt it a duty to assist in its ren-

dition whenever he caught the sound, and also whenever he didn't catch it.

The schedule time for retiring was hardly observed as closely that night as it might have been, but, for all that, all were astir early Tuesday morning, and another day of sight-seeing was in progress. The Zoological Gardens, the Centennial Exposition, and the base ball game, each had its share of admirers, while others preferred to inspect the bridges, parks, and other places of interest about the city.

The arrival of fifteen wheelmen from Brookville, Ind., increased the total number of wheels to nearly fifty, and the capacity of the hotel lobby was taxed to its utmost for cycle storage. After using his wheel, the rider would carefully seek a place where it would be possible to get it again without inconvenience, only to find a dozen or more surrounding it upon his return.

In the evening the boys separate, some going to the theaters, some to the numerous pleasure resorts, while others enjoy their cigars and converse at the hotel.

Wednesday is the last day of the stay in Cincinnati, and thirty of the tourists participate in a twenty-five mile run in the suburbs, under the guidance of local riders. The return is made by way of Elm street, and under the arch connecting the Music Hall with the the Exposition Annex. Two blocks of glistening wheels, with continuous arches of colored gas globes on either curb, produce a striking effect, and attract considerable attention from the passers by, some of whom venture kindly remarks as the wheels hurry past.

The wheelmen are ready for dinner after their run, and zest is added by the menu cards bearing an illustration relative to the sport.

The time passes rapidly, and at 10 o'clock all repair to the wharf, where a tedious delay is enlivened by an incident worthy of mention, as it is the only time in the "Cap's" history that he is known to have lost his temper.

While on a foraging expedition among the boxes and bundles of freight, "Charity" and "The Tough" found an old hoop, the remains of a tobacco hogshead, and, coming suddenly upon the "Cap" from the rear, encased his two hundred and fifty pounds within it, shattering the short clay pipe which had been his inseparable companion from the start. He could not stand the loss of a handful of Lone Jack without a row, and the chase he gave the miscreants was a revelation to even his most intimate acquaintances. The exercise had the effect of restoring his customary good nature, and "Richard is himself again."

The boat left Cincinnati two hours late, arriving at Maysville, Ky., at noon, Thursday, six hours behind time. This delay prevented the contemplated record run of sixty-six miles to Lexington, and, because of the steep grades and heavy head wind, only "Charity" and "The Tough" cared to continue to Paris that night, the rest remaining at Blue Lick Springs, twenty-four miles from the start. All were delighted with this charming summer resort, and appeared much interested in the accounts of Indian battles that occurred near there in the time of Daniel Boone.

Blue Lick water is valuable for its medicinal qualities, and the knowledge of its peculiar properties, it is said, brought animals of many kinds to the place to drink the water and lick the salty ground, while the springs were yet unknown to the white man. It seems hardly credible that this spot, with its many evidences of culture and prosperity, was the scene of one of the bloodiest of the battles which gave to the State the name of "Dark and Bloody Ground."

While lying upon the grass, engaged in conversation, "Goatee," who thought of the water as a beverage rather than a tonic, remarked that he had taken four drinks of whisky to relieve him of the taste of one drink of the water. This brought "The Scorchers" to his feet at once, and "Goatee," understanding the look of inquiry which his face assumed, said: "Don't get excited, Nick. Compose yourself and sing Nanon. The antidote is a failure."

The absence of "Prince Charming" was unnoticed until he was seen in animated conversation with the landlord's daughter, to whom he had just been introduced. The ease with which the "Prince" became acquainted with the ladies at the hotel created great surprise and possibly a little envy among the less fortunate cyclers, but, with his characteristic magnanimity, he presented his companions, and sounds of revelry were soon being wafted on the sum-

mer breeze to the opposition hotel, two hundred yards away. Conversation on the piazza lasted until half past 10, when all retired, voting "Prince Charming" as agreeable as he is handsome.

An early start and a ride of one hour and ten minutes took all to Millersburg, fourteen miles, to breakfast. Not having time to inspect the female academies of the place and get a square meal too, it was decided to contribute to the receipts of the hotel and continue to Paris, the county seat of Bourbon. This place gives to the world that article of liquid merchandise, bearing the name of the county, for which the entire State is famous. After a short stop at Paris, a start is made for the metropolis of central Kentucky, eighteen miles away. It is the best stretch of the entire trip, and can easily be ridden without a dismount and with but little exertion.

Glimpses of Nature's flower bed have been frequent since entering the blue grass region at Blue Lick, but this eighteen miles surpasses everything yet seen, and has been well termed the "Garden Spot of the World."

Drooping spirits revive as the spires of aristocratic Lexington are seen in the distance, and the prospect of something to eat increases the pace. Many points of interest are passed on the way to the Phoenix Hotel, and the hour which intervenes before noon is spent in viewing the more notable features of this blue-blooded town.

In the rotunda of the court house is seen the great work in marble—"Triumph of Chastity," by Joel T. Hart, Kentucky's most famous sculptor. The statue of John C. Breckinridge and the monument of Henry Clay, as well as his old homestead, Ashland, are visited. The accommodating Lexingtonians, who had joined the party at Cincinnati, cannot do too much for the comfort of their guests, and "Prince Charming," "Nick" and the "Scribe" drive out to Ashland in a carriage provided by them.

Mr. McDowell, the son of the proprietor, takes pleasure in showing the beauties of the estate, and invites an inspection of the stables, where the celebrated "King Rene" and "Dictator" are cared for. At his direction these noble animals are led out by a groom and inspected, while the host repeats a string of records that makes "Nick" stare in amazement. As the carriage is reached, each visitor receives a handsome catalog of the place, and, on the return ride, "Nick" resolves to study the records it contains so that the brother of a certain young lady in Newport may never again have cause to doubt his knowledge of the trotting track and its celebrities.

Verily, the foremost citizen of the blue grass State is the horse. Horse records are familiar to the natives, and no one has a keener appreciation of speed than the average Kentucky "Colonel," so, when told of the rate of speed ordinarily attained by the tourists, he expresses some surprise. When told of a mile in 2:29½, and of twenty-two miles within the hour, he is astonished, and expresses a doubt as to the validity of the records. Upon being informed of the existence of the National cycling organization and its strict racing rules, he questions no further, but invites the cyclist to a test of the "pure stuff," and expressions of friendship are exchanged as the horseman's Bourbon clinks against the wheelman's milder beverage.

Lexington is famous for other products than those noted in the foregoing, but, as has been said by a recent writer, "of the bravery of the men, with a discretion that amounts to valor on our part, we will say nothing to the contrary, and the fair women of this fair city can, as ever, speak for themselves."

At 2 o'clock the cyclers reluctantly bid adieu to the capital of Fayette county and, one hour and fifteen minutes later, the advance guard rides into the stylish little town of Nicholasville, where a stop is made to enable those in the rear to come up. Memories of a beautiful girl, who, but one year ago, was a bright particular star of Nicholasville's social world, no doubt incited the melancholy so noticeable in one or two of the Kentucky boys. The recollection of happy hours of friendship in the years past, served to put them in a thinking mood, and their reflections were not displaced by more cheerful thoughts until well on the way to Shakertown.

The scenery along this route amply compensates for the rough riding necessary after leaving Nicholasville, and the best pen will fail to do justice to the beauty and grandeur of the hills and valleys of the Kentucky river. Winding around one of these bluffs, with legs over the handle-bars, and with eyes fixed upon the turns ahead, the pace-maker suddenly rushes upon a scene of extraordinary beauty and calls a halt. The most exacting critic could have nothing but praise

for this landscape. The riders and their wheels are bunched upon one of the hardest of macadamized roads with a hill looking up, up, up, on one side, and an apparently bottomless valley on the other. The hills beyond the valley are covered with the greenest and densest of foliage. The sun streams over the hills from the Western sky, and lights the valley and its Eastern slope with a glow of splendor. Under the influence of a gentle breeze, the foliage sways just enough to animate the picture and emphasize each line of beauty. Amid all this glory—the silence broken only by the murmur of a dripping spring beneath the shrubbery—the wheelmen stand as if enchanted. With such scenes accessible is the cyclist's enthusiasm surprising?

An adjoining county has been characterized by an eminent statesman, the "Crystallized Smile of the Almighty," and the expression is an apt one, for if any land has been especially favored of Providence, it is this.

Crossing the Kentucky river at Brooklyn, a sharp grade of three miles is surmounted with difficulty, and, one mile from the top of the hill, the quaint and curious Shaker settlement is reached. This place, locally called Shakertown, but known to the post office department as Pleasant Hill, is the home of a religious sect which holds its property in common. The people are peculiar in dress and speech, wearing the plainest clothing, and addressing everybody by their first name. The latter peculiarity is applied to guests as well as to the members of the community, even the most ordinary titles of respect being avoided in their conversation.

The Shakers are considered fanatics, but the many commodious and substantial buildings, and the hundreds of acres of fertile land owned by them are evidence that their zeal has in no wise impaired their sagacity in business matters. Their hospitality is proverbial, and the tourists are warmly greeted.

Twenty-two names are added to the visitors' list, and being reassured by an inscription reading, "You are expected to eat all on the table," scruples are laid aside and the hungry wheelmen indicate by their actions that the announcement is accepted literally. "Joe" gets as much potato salad as his diminutive anatomy can encompass, and "Jamie's" coffee habit receives a fresh impetus. After supper, all adjourn to the reception room, and the last one in finds twenty-one cyclers stretched upon the floor discussing their surroundings.

The "Politician" wants to smoke, and is directed to John Smith, who gets the cigars from a little store-house in the corner of the yard. This is the most important building in the town, serving, as it does, for post office, store, and many other purposes known only to the Shakers. "Goatee" must have a shine, and John Smith produces the blacking and brush from the same place. "White Wings" wishes to make some inquiries, and is told that John Smith will furnish the information. The wheelmen are not slow in recognizing the importance of John Smith, and he is treated with great consideration.

Before breakfast, next morning, fifteen of the party walk two and one-half miles for a view of the Cincinnati Southern Railway Company's high bridge over the Kentucky river, and, the sight being a magnificent one just at sunrise, they are fully repaid for the exertion. The bridge is a cantilever structure, and, according to official report, its length is 1,125 feet from cliff to cliff. Two tapering iron towers support the central continuous girder, which is 525 feet in length. These towers are 375 feet apart, and rest upon stone piers imbedded in the river. The girder projects equally beyond each tower to the extent of 75 feet. The two end spans, of 300 feet each, are hinged, and rest upon rollers on the rocks of either cliff, allowing for expansion and contraction with the change in temperature. The rails are 276 feet above low water, and 36 feet higher than a similar bridge at Niagara Falls.

Upon the return from the bridge John Smith officiates as cashier at the settlement, and a start is made for Harrodsburg. The delay at Maysville having thrown the party behind its schedule at Blue Lick, Lexington and Shakertown, it is found necessary to alter the course in order to reach Louisville on time.

The original intention to visit Danville and Lebanon is therefore abandoned, and Harrodsburg, Perryville and Springfield are decided on as the most practicable route by which to reach Bardstown before night. The distance is fifty-five miles, which, after the sixty-

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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P. C. DARROW has severed his connection with the GAZETTE.

In the April number of the GAZETTE will appear a complete illustrated, novelette by CHAS. A. PERSONS entitled, WIP VAN RIMPLE.

We are, as a nation, progressing toward refinement. The wheelbarrow is now called the unicycle, still it is just as hard to run as it was under the old name,

A Hungarian officer named Szerkremesky, who is a very enthusiastic cyclist, recently rode 20 miles in less than two hours. The fact that his name followed him on a wagon robs the feat of half its éclat, as it were.

We have made arrangements with VERAX to publish a series of articles from his pen, on the cycling clubs of Chicago. The first will be on the Lincoln Cycling Club, and will be fully illustrated with original pictures. It will, in all probability, appear in the April number.

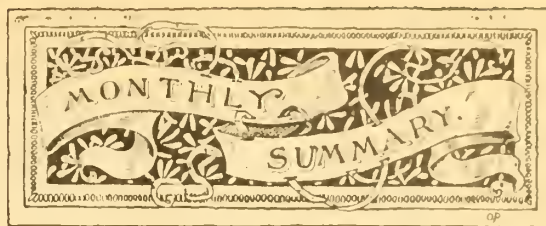
It is said that the Spaniards have the bicycle fever, and that there is a great demand for cycles. They will find great pleasure in the wheel if they are satisfied to use it as it was meant to be used. But if they attempt to fight bulls on it, they will discover that they have struck a steed that cannot be trifled with.

If you want to study the immense variety of expressions of which the human face is capable, you should bend your gaze upon the mobile countenance of a professional cyclist after he has been beaten in a "fake" race, when the previous understanding had been that he should "do" the other fellow.

Mrs. Makchay (reading in a college paper about her son John's marvelous record as a sprinter)—Sakes alive! An' what's a sprinter got tew du with eddication, I'd like t'know.

Farmer Makehay (reassuringly)—Oh, that's nothin' but college slang, Samanthay. It means he's a chip of the old block.

The World of Feb 22 contains about seven pages descriptive of the recent meeting of the L. A. W. held in New York February 18. It was decided to assess each member fifteen cents, that being the only way of overcoming their present financial embarrassment. The election of officers resulted, as usual, in favor of the eastern divisions, CHARLES H. LUSCOMB, of New York, being elected President; JAMES R. DUNN, of Ohio, First Vice President; SANFORD LAWTON, of Massachusetts, Second Vice President; and W. M. BREWSTER, of Missouri, Treasurer.



FROM FEBRUARY 15 TO MARCH 15.

California. Oakland wheelmen had a race meeting Feb. 22.

Colorado. First annual ball of the Social Wheel Club, Denver, was held Feb. 10.

Maryland. Fourth annual reception of the Maryland Bicycle Club was held Feb. 13.

Massachusetts. Annual banquet of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club was held Feb. 17. The eleventh annual dinner of the Boston Bicycle Club was held Feb. 23.

New York. Kings County wheelmen held their annual reception Feb. 28. Universal Cycling Club's reception, at the Brooklyn Institute March 1. Tenth annual banquet of the Buffalo Bicycle Club, Feb 22. Annual meeting of the National Assembly, L. A. W., at New York Feb. 18.

Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania Bicycle Club gave a smoker Feb. 22.

COMING EVENTS.

May 24.—Tournament at Woodstock, Ont., Canada.

July 4.—Illinois Division meet at Ottata.

DECISION AGAINST SIDEWALK RIDING.

FEB. 12 as Judges Coffee and Berkshire, came out of the State House grounds, in Indianapolis, a careless wheelman who was scorching on the sidewalk ran into them, Judge Coffee was rather seriously injured, though at present writing he has entirely recovered, while Judge Berkshire's injuries were slight.

A case had been before the Supreme Court of Indiana for some time as to whether bicycle riding on the sidewalk was legal, or not, and this accident hastened the decision which was rendered Feb. 23 by Chief-Justice Elliott, to the effect that a person who rudelessly or recklessly rode a bicycle against a man standing on a sidewalk, was responsible in damages for an assault and battery. The Court in his opinion declared, that inasmuch as bicycles are vehicles, and as sidewalks are exclusively for the use of pedestrians, no one has a right to ride a bicycle on a sidewalk.

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

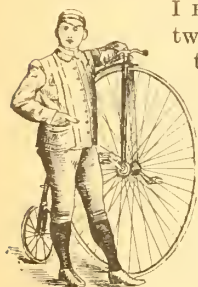
'Tis going boys, 'tis going
The streams once more are flowing,
The woodbirds' song
Sounds loud and long,
The crocus sprouts are showing;
The hours of evening lengthen,
And buds and blossoms strengthen,
While soft and still
Through vale, o'er hill,
Both life and light are glowing.

'Tis coming boys, 'tis coming,
I hear the soft wheels humming,
And off we ride
And down we glide,
Beneath the trees, where, drumming
Woodpeckers notes are waking
Songs of their own, sweet making
Which speed the tale,
O'er hill, through vale,
That summer joys are coming.

CHRIS. WHEELER.



HOW I CAME TO RIDE.



I HAVE a vague recollection of away back in eighty two or three, reading in some paper a description of the peculiar exhilaration and pleasureable sensation of bicycle riding, and it lead to wishing to read more about the strange vehicle, and I sent for a catalog, to see how they were made and what they cost.

There had been a couple of bicycles in town for some time, but it never occurred to me that I should have one; in fact the supposed cost of one seemed then the greatest obstacle in the way. Then, having moved a little out of town, it seemed that it would be a paying investment to have some sort of wheeled vehicle on which to ride to and from business.

A friend, who lived a mile away, had gone gliding past several times and the ease with which he maintained his balance, and skimmed along gave me an idea I could do so too. The fact that he wished to sell his old Standard and get a new Expert, made it all the easier for him to wheel around the block and call for a chat with me on the

of cycling have increased, and are with me at their fullest until there is a change for the better in road making throughout New England, for, on my little wheel I ride almost the year round.

It is my belief that such regular and healthful exercise out doors will lengthen our days in the land, for is surely adds to our pleasure and comfort, and affords joys never known before.

If we can induce our fellow men who are yet outside the charmed circle, to become cyclers, we will do them a service that will be of lasting benefit to them. The same may be said respecting the ladies, for many of them need the exercise more than men do, and it is hoped that now that they have a bicycle made expressly for their convenience, they will buy it and try it by the thousands.

Cycling proves in nearly every case to be the only pastime that wears well, and that is not given up as too expensive, violent or detrimental to health; although it can be, and is, overindulged in by the thoughtless, at times.

For the most comfort of mind and body in touring, the cycle easily leads all other methods of locomotion. STAMSON.

Mrs. Swift went to market the other day on her tricycle. The eggs had to be bought over again.



THE NEW STAR SAFETY.

subject that, was all important to him, and that, from my apparent interest, would soon be to me.

The cold facts in the case are that after about three, half hour lessons he had me so I could mount and ride, if the road was sufficiently crooked. Of course the dismount was a flounder off sideways, when ever I escaped a header. Owing to my natural caution, I probably had fewer headers the majority, but I planted a few, and know to this day where the first one was taken.

Mrs. Stamson, probably like nine out of ten of the gentler sex, objected strongly to my buying "such a ridiculous thing," and—sh—the one I used, to see if I could ride it, was "only borrowed," even after I had owned it for some time.

Notwithstanding the deception I had practiced—which was in a good cause—the world and life looked brighter, for the effort of getting to and from business was easier than to walk to the trains, and vastly more comfortable for I could start when it best suited me.

Even in the early days and on an old ordinary, the charms of the varied landscape seemed to come out stronger than when I used to indulge in pedestrian jaunts, and nature's pages seemed to reveal more, and that too, in a pleasanter way, for on the wheel one can see so many more miles, within a given time, than when strolling on foot. Since becoming a rider of a lower and safer wheel, the joys

THE STAR SAFETY.

WE take pleasure in presenting to our readers a cut of the new safety placed on the market by the H. B. Smith Machine Co., in which the principal of the lever driving is applied the same as in the full sized Star machine.

The machine is driven from both sides, unlike safeties on which a chain is used. The front wheel is 30 inches in diameter and the rear wheel is 32 inches.

Hints to owners of new machines—See that *all* the nuts are tightened up; the makers are not given to using the wrench forcibly. Keep your bearings tight, and deluge them with oil; this has a beneficial effect on a new bearing. Inside ball bearings should always be protected from the wet. A little worsted wound around the axle will do this. Ball bearing heads should always be kept tight, but do not forget that it is possible to get it too tight. A split neck is not an unknown occurrence from this cause.

Some of the English cycle papers use the term "wheelist." This is stretching the thing just a little too far; and, if the dictionary is to be filled up after this fashion, there will soon be need for another Webster.



NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

383. Jan. 9. Henry Thomas Bassett, for improvements in cycle brakes.
439. Jan. 9. George Douglas Leechman, for improvements in and relating to driving chains.
449. Jan. 10. Charles Thomas Crowden, for improvements in velocipedes.
468. Jan. 10. James Cottrell, for improved driving gear for velocipedes.
516. Jan. 11. William Salt, for improvements in or additions to bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
524. Jan. 11. John Harrington, for improvements in saddles for velocipedes.
543. Jan. 11. John Richard Hudson, for improvements in cranks and pedal motions applicable to bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
551. Jan. 11. John Thomas Lane, for propelling tricycles and other vehicles by the combined action of gravitation and spiral springs.
563. Jan. 11. John William Grover, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.
572. Jan. 11. Thomas William Girling, for an improved device for securing lamps to velocipedes or other vehicles and for like purposes.
647. Jan. 12. James Andrews Abbott, for improvements in tricycles.
754. Jan. 15. G. Harper, improvements in bicycle and tricycle wheels and tires.
776. Jan. 15. I. W. Boothroyd and P. L. Renouf, London, an improved method of mounting cranks, pulleys and similar objects on shafts or spindles, particularly applicable to velocipedes.
808. Jan. 16. J. Cheshire, H. Payton and C. N. Baker, Birmingham, improvements in or connected with the driving gear of tricycles, bicycles and other similar machines.
821. Jan. 16. J. Harrington, London, improvements in saddles for velocipedes.
842. Jan. 16. J. K. Starley, London, improvements in and relating to parcel or luggage-carrying velocipedes or the like.
846. Jan. 16. B. Witherby and J. C. W. Stanley, London, improvements in or relating to velocipedes and attachments therefor.
975. Jan. 18. W. G. Young, London, an improved mechanical motion suitable for driving velocipedes, lathes and other like machinery.
- 1,009. Jan. 19. G. Hookham, Birmingham, improvements in or additions to elastic wheel tires, and in means of fixing the same.
- 1,084. Jan. 21. J. Bourdin, London, improvements in velocipedes."
- 1,093. Jan. 21. A. Adams, London, improvements in combination saddles and springs for velocipedes.
- 1,105. Jan. 21. W. P. Walker and C. T. Crowden, Lewisham, apparatus for carrying watches on velocipedes.
- 1,152. Jan. 22. H. Robins, Dublin, preventing the feet slipping on the pedals of tricycles and bicycles, called 'Robbins' improved adjustable toe-clip.'
- 1,174. Jan. 22. C. S. Stone, London, improvements in rubber tires for wheels.
- 1,274. Jan. 23. G. L. Morris and W. T. Wilson, London, improvements in or relating to velocipedes.
- 1,297. Jan. 24. C. M. Linley and J. Biggs, London, an improved stand for erecting and repairing bicycles and tricycles.
- 1,298. Jan. 24. C. M. Linley and J. Biggs, London, improvements in tricycle and bicycle construction.
- 1,307. Jan. 24. H. Newman, Birmingham, alarm or call whistle

for bicycles, tricycles, etc.

1,318. Jan. 24. T. Devoil and B. Barton, London, improvements in lamps as applicable to velocipedes.

1,348. Jan. 24. A. Ashly and L. S. Haskins, London, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

1,378. Jan. 25. T. W. Girling, Brighton, improvements in cycle bell or gong.

1,400. Jan. 25. J. L. Watkins, London, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

1,231. Jan. 23. James McDonald Boyd, an improved brake for bicycles and tricycles, the same being applicable also to the wheels of other vehicles.

1,427. Jan. 26. Johann Wilhelm Threagarten, improvements in velocipedes.

1,437. Jan. 26. Enoch Stych, an improved detachable crank and spindle applicable to all cycles.

1,488. Jan. 28. Frederick Spencer Laurance, an improved safety bicycle stand.

1,500. Jan. 28. Richard Martin Presland and Ernest Henry Glover, applying electric light to cycles.

1,584. Jan. 29. George Greenham, improved bicycle rest.

1,614. Jan. 29. Richard E. Bowen, improvements in bicycles.

1,650. Jan. 30. Frederick Albert Nunn, an improved method of producing rotary motion in sewing-machines, lathes, tricycles and other machines.

1,714. Jan. 31. Silas Hall, improved musical appliance and steering or guiding device for cycle or other wheeled conveyance.

1,778. Jan. 31. Luigi Armani, improvements in bicycles or velocipedes.

1,778. Feb. 1. William Henry Prestwich, an improved nut for fastening fixed movable studs for bicycle and tricycle treadles and for other purposes.

1971. Feb. 4. M. H. Spear, London, improvements in velocipedes.

2057. Feb. 5. W. Blackley, London, improvements in foot-rests for bicycles and tricycles.

2062. Feb. 5. W. Jones, London, improvements in bearing cones for velocipedes and other vehicles.

2994. Feb. 6. W. Lund, Manchester, improvements in odometers for velocipedes and other similar vehicles.

2185. Feb. 7. A. W. Kitson, improvements in the steering of safety bicycles and tricycles.

TAKE PLENTY OF EXERCISE.

A DRAMA OF TO-DAY, IN ONE ACT.

Scene: Office of a pompous doctor who knows it all. Enter a tired man who drops into a seat, and says that he wants treatment. The doctor puts on his eye-glasses, looks at his tongue, feels his pulse, sounds his chest, and then draws himself up to his full height and says: "Same old story my friend. Men can't live without fresh air. No use trying it. I could make myself a corpse, like you are doing, if I sat down in my room and didn't stir. You must have fresh air. You must take exercise, and brace up by staying out of doors. Now I could make a chemists shop out of you, and you would think I was a clever man, but my advise to you is to take to cycling. Cycling, sir! cycling, and plenty of it."

"But doctor—"

"That's right, argue the question. That's my reward. Of course you know all about my business. Now will you take my advice? Take long rides every day, several times a day, and get your blood in circulation."

"I do ride doctor, I—"

"Of course you ride—I know that—but ride more. Ride ten times as much as you do now. That, and nothing else, will cure you."

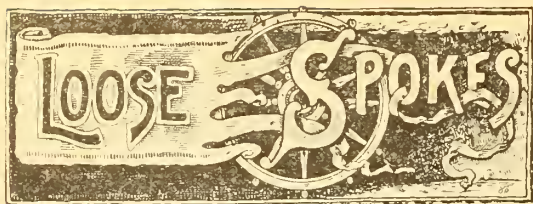
"But my business—"

"Of course your business prevents it. Change your business, so that you will have to ride more. What is your business?"

"I ride a carrier tricycle for a butcher, fourteen or fifteen hours a day."

"My friend, permit me once more to examine your tongue."
—*Bicycling News.*

The cry-cycle—A baby carriage.



The Harlem Wheelmen, of New York, held a reception March 13.

The Official Department of the *World* should be classed as "dry" goods.

The Main Division L. A. W. will hold its annual meet at Biddeford May 30.

The Rutherford Wheelmen have changed the name of their club to the Rutherford Field Club.

Stillman G. Whittaker has arrived in this country. On landing, he at once left for Chicago.

The New York *Herald's* English Sunday edition is distributed with the aid of carrier tricycles.

The Tryon road bill, now before the Ohio Legislature, is being pushed by the cyclers of that state.

The spring meeting of the Board of Officers of the C.W.A. will be held at Toronto, Canada, April 19.

"For wheel, or for whoa," is a good motto for the young bicycler but it is the "whoa" that makes the most trouble.

Financial soundness is promoted by the use of the bicycle. There is nothing like it to teach a man how to keep his balance.

Blind boys in the Pittsburg Asylum for the blind are being taught to ride the bicycle by Dr. Campbell, superentendant of the institution.

A sporting paper gives directions "How to Make the Blood Circulate." Their method is not the old way of calling a prize fighter a liar.

Crank Pin—If, as you say, you object to turning your bicycle upside down to get it properly cleaned you had better stand on your head, it wont hurt you.

When you see a man with his nose pealed it isn't safe to jump at the conclusion that he has taken a header from a bicycle. He may have called some man a liar.

After all, when you come right down to the point, the Americans excell all other nationalities in athletics. They can ride more miles in the street cars without getting tired than any other people in the world.

Uncle Harry.—Well Johnnie, and how do you like to ride on Uncle Harry's knee?

Johnnie.—Oh, it was very nice but I like to ride on brother Will's bicycle lots better.

From one of our French exchanges we learn that cycling played a prominent part in the recent election in Paris, no less thirty bicyclers having been engaged by one newspaper to collect the results of the count from the different sections.

"Roll on ye frosts and spend your rime and hoar!
O, despot Winter sway your substance through!
Full soon the hour when summer reigns once more,
And we enjoy her ecstasies anew."

The man who always insists upon telling the exact truth, finds himself a sort of nine-spot, when he gets mixed up with a lot of wheelmen, and the sooner he gets out of the habit the sooner will he

enjoy himself to the full extent of the law.

The cyclor on viewing his wheel after its winter rest—
"A reformation I would have,
That is, a cleansing of each wheel,
... that yet some rust doth feel."

—R. Lovelace.

Lord Wolsey, of the English army, pronounces the bicycle a military instrument of great promise. The only objection we have to the bicycle is that it doesn't kill a man outright, but leaves him to crawl around on the surface of the earth with a crooked back, a skinned face, and so many arnica plasters on his joints that he can't sit down to his meals.

The result of a number of experiments made by Professor J. W. Sanborn, of the Missouri Agricultural College, are valuable to wheelmen. They show that on a moist dirt road a force equal to 487 pounds was necessary to move a load of 3665 pounds, or 57 per. cent more than was needed to move the same load on a gravel road having an incline of one foot in twenty-eight.

Now is the time, in particular,
When the festive young rider bicycular,
Strikes the stone rockular,
In a way jocular,
And, loosing his pose perpendicular,
Alights on his northeast articular.

"Senator" Morgan recently went into a drug store: "Can you give me," he asked the clerk, "something to quiet my conscience, that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" The druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood and rhubarb and epsom salts, with a dash of castor-oil and gave it to him. Since then he hasn't thought of anything except schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

George Moulton, a German mechanic, residing in New England has just patented a mechanical boy that walks up and down hill, regardless of the condition of the roads, and pushes a load of passengers or freight. The machinery is at the head of the figure and is moved by electricity. At present the mechanism makes too much noise—which does not decrease its resemblance to a real boy—but otherwise the model works perfectly, and pushes a weight of 150 pounds at the speed of a fast walker. A lever through the right arm starts or stops the figure; another through the left arm, turns it in any direction desired. Whether it will have any practical value or not we cannot, at present, say.

The Parsees, among the other athletic exercises of Western origin that they have taken kindly to, have not overlooked cycling. Several of the more active members of the community may be seen any day in the year on bicycles or tricycles, skilfully threading the crowded thoroughfares of the native town, or whirling rapidly along the more open suburban roads. But the Hindoos have not followed their lead in this matter, and what has been done so far in the way of cycling in India is by no means enough to satisfy the author of a pamphlet recently issued. The writer of the said pamphlet, who seems from internal evidence to be a Parsee doctor, recommends tricycling and bicycling very strongly, as about the best preservative of health in India for young and middle aged persons of both sexes. According to his pamphlet, cycling, if pursued with moderation, would seem to be the real secret of health in India. The advice given in the pamphlet is on the whole very sensible, and will, we hope, be followed by many of natives to the advantage of their digestion and their figures.

A TALE OF WOE.

Hark! hark! hear the hounds bark,
The profesh are coming to town;
An eight mile track—from daylight 'till dark—
They'll ride—around and around.

Hark! hark! hear the profesh bark,
The manager's skipped the town;
'Twas on the sixth day—just after dark—
And the country he's now traveling around.

SOME ADVENTURES OF A SOCIABLE.

BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

CHAPTER I.



I'M A sociable, and I'm as near as possible six years of age. A good, useful machine of the roadster order; nothing in any way showy about me, having been built more for comfort than looks, more for safety than speed. For all that, my appearance is in no way against me, and, as you will have reason to note hereafter, I have on more than one occasion proved that I can, if necessary, and when well ridden, "show a clean pair of heels" to some of the best of 'em.

Oh, yes; I can quite believe that, as you scan me over with those critical eyes of yours, you find it very difficult to understand that so staid and respectable-looking a cycle as I could possibly have had any adventures in the general meaning of the term, suggesting, as it does, difficult ascents, daring descents, hairbreadth escapes, and rattling finishes. Well, my dear knowing reader, you are wrong; all abroad in your estimate of me if you think I have no story to tell. I've several, and the principal one—the one I chiefly pride myself upon—I take it, quite entitles me to a prominent niche in the Temple of Fame. A race? you suggest. Well, perhaps; but none of your common everyday cinderpath shows. Not if I know it! Don't think you're dealing with a "pro." I don't rattle my bones to pieces, strain my bearings, and wear my tires out, for the sordid desire of getting possession of a paltry pot of gilt-lined pewter, presented with the due amount of smirking condescension by Mrs. Snobington, wife of Snobington, M. P. for our division. No; there's nothing of that about me, thanks. I don't have to race for a living. Pleasure's my game—not profit. I don't come from that breed of machine at all. Rowdiness I positively abhor, and I'm nothing if not respectable.

He was altogether a fine young man, my first owner—Charles Lopes—well-made and well-looking, with a bold, straight-forward eye, and a frank, big-hearted way with him. It didn't take him long, when once inside the show-room of the great Coventry maker to find out that I was just the cut of thing he wanted.

"Something safe and strong, you know, yet not too heavy," he told the man that showed him round.

"I know, sir; leave it to me, and I'll fit you. Ain't far wrong, sir, maybe, if I begs to suggest as you might 'casionally be havin', the company of a lady on your hexcursions, sir, consequently don't want nothin flyaway; same time something easy managed and 'andsome. I see, sir."

They were getting very near me by the time the loquacious assistant had concluded his knowing little speech; and as I stood there, clean and glittering, among my shining brethren, I could see by the cock of his right eye that I was the one he had marked out for Mr. Charles Lopes.

"I don't want any of your invisible-spoked spidery affairs, nor yet a lumbering old boneshaker—a good medium sort of a machine; and now that I've said that," added Mr. Lopes, sharply, "you ought to know what to give me without any more bother. You needn't trouble your head about my companion, thanks."

The young man with the long tongue took his smack in the face as though he was quite used to such snubbings, and silently walked up to me, and singled me out for the young gent's inspection.

"That's the machine you recommend, is it," said Mr. Lopes.

"That's it sir." He spoke now as though a piece of his tongue had been lopped off.

Then I was taken out into a yard sort of a place, level and cindered, that adjoined the premises.

"Just get on with me, please, to let me see how it runs."

I believe I felt a little glad when, after the trial was over, Mr. Lopes said I would do. I can safely say that I was indeed very proud to think that I should have been picked out from so many as just the thing. A pleasant glow galloped through all my points as I stood in the open air with the strong sunlight glittering against my spokes, and when through the open door of the office, where my purchaser had gone to pay for me, I caught the amount for which

he had there and then to write a check, I grew prouder and more pleased still; and I remember thinking what a deuced lot of money it was to give for a mere luxury like me. "What a lot you must think of me, Charlie, my boy!" I said to myself. It was a very familiar way to speak of a gentleman I had only seen a few minutes before, I know; still, from the moment I heard him put down such a big sum for me, and with quite the air of a millionaire prince, too, I felt kind of drawn toward young Lopes, for I knew that I'd got into the hands of some one who was both rich and respectable—not that the two always go together, my friend, by a very long way—but from the way he carried himself when he first got on the saddle, I somehow realized on the spot that Charlie was a gentleman, for we of the wheel family, you must know, are much the same as horses, insomuch that we form our estimate of those that mount us by the way they sit us and ride us. The truth is from the very first day I saw Charlie Lopes I took as violent a fancy to him as I have reason to believe he took to me.

I'm a bit battered now, and a trifle shaky, but it has all been in his service, bless him! and old and out of gear as I am, I know this, that I shall never be neglected, Charlie will never let my old bones rust. I shall glitter on to the end, and my old body will glow and glow again whenever it may be that his dear hand—or hers—touches me.

CHAPTER II.

Just the other side of Hammersmith Bridge, as everyone knows, is that delightfully-situated and eminently respectable portion of suburban London known as Castelnau. This irreproachable convenient neighborhood—the convenience of its distance to Charing Cross, I may here remark, being fully recognized by many more or less brilliant lights of the music hall, the theater, etc., much to the annoyance, I am bound to confess, of those inhabitants to whom the rolling of cabs in the small hours is a nerve-irritant of the worst order—well, this neighborhood is composed of two long, irregular rows of a now pretty, now pretentious, and now altogether perplexing style of villa, each villa being remarkable by way of its possession of *something*—it is quite immaterial what the something may be—startlingly different from its neighbor.

Quite unnecessary for me to add anything more in this connection, save to say that it was in one of these villas the well-to-do young bachelor, Mr. Lopes, usually took up his quarters when his inclinations led him to sojourn for some part of the year within easy hail of London. And at that very important period of the young man's life when I appeared on the scene, his respected landlady, Mrs. Tintlepod, had for her neighbor that most crotchety, curious, and cross-grained old curmudgeon, Jimmy Figsby, better known in the vicinity, on account of his general appearance and certain reprehensible habits he was wont to effect, as "Old Snuffy," and who, when not tending a certain half-dozen ragged and long-necked rose-bushes that grew in his front patch of garden, was invariably engaged in tending, with still greater care and enthusiasm, a nose that for its bulk and bloom rivalled, by a very long way, the blossoms with which it shared the untiring attentions of Mr. James Figsby. By one of those inexplicable freaks of nature that we very often see in these cases, Old Snuffy had had given to him two very charming daughters—dark-eyed red-lipped damsels, who from the very hour of their leaving school and assuming the positions of young ladies, had both inspired the youth and manhood of Castelnau with more or less desperate and, at the same time, very tender passions. But if there was one thing that roused Old Snuffy's ire above all others, it was the bare idea of anyone "a-hanging around his gals," and many a side-splitting episode could be chronicled in setting forth the history of the clandestine loves of Celandine and Clarinda Figsby. However, to make a long story short, it will be quite sufficient for me to say that some months before I became in any way associated with the family, Miss Celandine, a year the elder of the two fair sisters, rendered reckless by her father's cruel behavior toward herself and the only young man she had ever loved, and ever could love, had one fine evening perpetrated a quiet and lady-like "bolt," what time the rubicund and snuff-embalmed organ of the paternal ogre was giving forth its usual after-dinner music.

From that hour Celandine Figsby—now no longer Figsby, but sweet little Mrs. Funkleberry—and old Figsby had never spoken. The enmity between father and daughter was, indeed, a bitter and

lasting one. And the somewhat sad fact must be added that, really and truly, right down in her heart, Clarinda most decidedly was in full accord with little Mrs. Funkleberry. No one knew this better than my master, Charlie Lopes, and from what I gathered very soon after coming to Castelnau, this ardent young man, over head and ears, over collar and tie, in desperate, distracting love with Clarinda Figsby, had firmly made up his mind to make full use of this strong bond of sympathy between the two sisters. Snuffy was obdurate, he knew; no use approaching *him*—stern, stony, implacable old monster.

Now and again, for an odd hour or so, while the ogre was indulging in one of his protracted and noisy spells or sleep, young Charles and Clarinda would mount me and enjoy, with my aid, a "quite too lovely time," as the love-sick Clarinda would say. It was very wonderful how proficient she soon got in the use of the treadles. And how beautifully they worked together—she and Charles! Artful Charles! He knew what he was about, and he was glad beyond all expression when one fine day he awoke to the fact that his darling pupil was quite ready to undertake the great task he had in view for her. Clever Charles, too! The dear boy had arranged it all so well, and had got the disowned Celandine to enter so fully into his plans.

Mrs. Funkleberry resided with her husband in one of the nice little secluded streets off the Fulham Road, and somewhere in the select and quite fashionable neighborhood of Walham Green. According to the well-matured arrangements, concocted after a good deal of thought by the knowing Charles and the experienced Celandine, Clarinda and her lover were to do a respectable sort of elopement from the precincts of the paternal ire at about 6 o'clock on a certain morning to be hereafter decided upon. And said respectable elopement was to take place by means of your humble servant, *me*—the sociable.

CHAPTER III.

In due course the great, the all-eventful morning arrived—a quiet grey dawn, with more than a suspicion of the usual river haze hanging around the sleeping neighborhood of Castelnau.

Very noiselessly Charles took me forth from my little shed at the end of the little garden. Very tenderly I bade a stifled good-bye to the happy zinc-roofed home I might never see again, for well did I know the risky and extremely dangerous nature of the errand upon which I was engaged.

A low musical whistle from her loved one brought the sweet Clarinda from the tiny back door of her father's premises, and behind which she had been eagerly, breathlessly waiting for the glad summons from about the somewhat early hour of 1 A. M.

A moment more, and there was a quick, hurried, though intensely fond, embrace between the lovers, and then—they had mounted, and I and they were off to Gretna—no, I mean Walham Green. Clarinda and Charles were to be made one that morning, through the kindly offices of a certain Rev. Mr. Seamysydes, but, in the first place, 16, Eva Grove, the residence of Clarinda's sister, was the destination we had to make for. Once there we knew we were safe from the clutches and the influence of Old Snuffy, who had, in his bitter wrath against the Funkleberrys, sworn an awful oath, with glaring eyes and clenched hands, to the effect that "never would he sully his body or jeopardise his soul's salvation by entering the door of 16, Eva Grove, and never would he hold converse or communication with any person or persons who had ever entered that self-same abode of sin and disgrace.

So once with Mrs. Funkleberry and we knew we should be all right.

It was a somewhat strange coincidence that just at the very moment we started, what should pull up at the Figsby gate but Chalker, the milkman's tricycle, clad in all the clattering bravery of quart, pint and half-pint milk and cream cans. Strange, indeed, was this, but stranger still, and most unfortunate, was the turn of Fate that brought Figsby pater to his bedroom-window just in time to see, with furious, flaming glance, his young and only remaining daughter being borne from the home of her father by "that whipper-snapper Lopes."

In less time than I take to tell it, and before we had properly got under way, Old Snuffy had rushed from his room, and, with a recklessness born only of his overpowering and desperate rage, had

jumped with astonishing agility into the saddle of the milkman's tricycle, and started in hot pursuit of myself and the eloping lovers.

We had just time to catch sight of the look on Chalker's face on finding his machine and milk-cans spinning down the road under the direction of Snuffy, and then we settled down to race for Eva Grove and the Funkleberrys.

Old Figsby, although he must have been acting under sheer instinct, rode like a demon; and a more ludicrous sight than he appeared, with no covering save that afforded by his hastily-donned nether garments, it is impossible to imagine. I, steady respectable sociable as I was, fairly shook with laughter. But at the same time I must own to a feeling of no little anxiety, knowing, as I did, that unless we reached Walham Green before being overtaken, the game was up.

And, to tell the truth, Snuffy for the time being seemed to be possessed of some strange and devilish power that lent the shaky old tricycle which he rode the wings of some weird, swift-flying bird. And how glad I was that my dear Charles and the fond Clarinda in front, driving me along with a strength that only their combined loves could have given them—how glad I was that they could not see how fast our pursuer was coming upon us.

On we went, and on—on he came! Thank God we had now got over the rough cross-roads safely, and were now entering Putney. Once over Putney Bridge, I thought, and we shall get away.

Walham Green Church in sight—hurrah! But we are not yet safe. Contrary to all expectations, old Figsby is still keeping up—and is *gaining on us*. Something must be wrong.

Something is wrong. Here, within a few yards of the coveted goal, Clarinda has collapsed. The dear, the fond, the noble Clarinda has had to give up.

What's to be done?

My poor Charles looks round, and I shall not easily forget his face when he discovered how near to him was the furious Figsby. Then the brave young fellow seemed to partake for the next few moments of a great supernatural strength, and he rode me so that I became like a thing not of this earth. But the very devil was in old Figsby too, and he was at our heels.

A volley of foul and gory-patterned curses swept in a storm from between his vile lips as the two machines flew on with barely five yards between them.

Had all things been equal we might easily have beaten him, but the dead-weight of the collapsed Clarinda handicapped us to a terrible degree.

The perspiration was flowing from poor Charles's face in such streams that I felt the dampness sink into my very spokes; and the gusts of hot breath that blew on to my hind wheels from the gasping Figsby struck me like a sirocco.

It was an awful ride—awful to think of, awful to write about.

But one way or the other it must soon end.

Twenty yards before us was the turning into the Grove—only twenty yards! But so intense was our desire to reach our refuge that the distance seemed like twenty miles.

The morning air blowing cool and fresh on the fair young brow was quickly bringing the sweet Clarinda to herself again—but, on the other hand, Figsby's machine was so close to us that its tires were grazing mine.

As Charlie and I felt the loathsome touch a shudder of horrible fear shook us each to the core. Close—locked together almost—the two cycles spun round the corner, and there at her gate, awaiting us, stood Mrs. Funkleberry—the lovely Celandine.

It was now or never, and I thanked Heaven that Charlie seemed to realize what at this particular juncture a great effort would mean victory! freedom.

And gallantly—gloriously was that effort made. In that one masterly spurt Charles Lopes's muscles became as strong and hard as metal, the young limbs lifted me along as though they had been great iron levers. I simply leaped under the tremendous pressure that was thrown upon my treadles, and in that last superb struggle Snuffy was left behind as though he had remained standing still.

The gate of 16, Eva Grove, was thrown open, and in another second the now revived Clarinda was borne by the strong arms of her lover triumphantly into the Funkleberry's front sitting-room.

They were safe; the terrible race was over, and the elopement of

the second Miss Figsby had been gallantly effected. Compelled to remain outside, I was, of course, a witness to the indescribable exhibition of wrath that followed on the part of Mr. Figsby. Falling, rather than dismounting, from the saddle of the milkman's tricycle, he staggered to the gate that had been securely barred against him, leaned over it one moment in a sort of limp fury, then fell backward with the dull thud of some huge lifeless carcase; and foaming at the lips, chattering out ever and anon some choice but uncanny curses, he lay there beaten and panting—a grim, green and ghastly spectacle.—*The Magazine of Sport.*

FANCY RIDING.

You may learn to mount a horse, how to hold your head, shoulders, hands and feet, and how to dismount by means of a dummy, and you may learn to row on dry land, but there is no substitute for a bicycle.

You must mount and fall off, mount again and take a header, and keep on mounting until you can spin along on your steed with as much safety and as little fear as if you were seated in a rocking-chair at home.

The first thing in learning how to ride a bicycle, is to ride it safely—that is, to keep a straight course, a sharp lookout for obstacles, and have such thorough command of the handle-bar as to be able to turn at right angles, if necessary and to be able to come to a full stop almost instantly.

After all this is mastered, the rider may spin along at race-horse speed if he can. But this does not satisfy the ordinary rider. It is exercise, to be sure, but it grows monotonous, and therefore fancy riding has been introduced.

What is fancy riding?

Well it is anything difficult or out of the usual run. To ride the unicycle is fancy riding, and that recalls a singular story of its origin.

Some years ago an Italian named Scurri hapened to buckle the hind wheel of his bicycle. In his efforts to get it straight he broke it; and being a poor man and not a good mechanic, he was unable to mend it, and so resolved to do the best he could with one wheel. Day after day he practiced, and became more expert with the one wheel than he had been with two; and having in one day ridden fifty miles, he took to the circus with his unicycle, and it has since been a great favorite with fancy riders.

An ordinary feat of fancy riding is to get a good start, and then throw both legs across the handle-bar and let her go. Another difficult feat is to disconnect the handle-bar, and drive the wheel while standing upright on the pedals. This can be done much easier on a unicycle than on a bicycle.

A very difficult, and at the same time, rather dangerous feat is to give the machine an impetus, and then stand erect, one foot on the saddle and the other on the handle-bar as a guide. We fancy our readers will practice a long time before they can attain to that skill.

One position is to lean over until the little wheel does not touch the ground, and, in that position, drive forward and backward.

Another position is to stand on the little wheel, hold the handle-bar with one hand and work the pedal with the other.

Still another position is to sit on the pedals, guide the machine with the hands, and drive the wheel with the muscles under the knees.

A simple fancy movement for a beginner is to drive the wheel forward in a serpentine track like an elongated letter S. When this is performed by a line of wheelmen, say eight abreast, on a broad road, the effect is very pretty. But the road must be fairly level and smooth, otherwise there is risk of breaking the wheel.

To mount by the pedal is a fancy movement. It is effected by walking along upon the left hand side of the bicycle, and just before the left pedal reaches the lowest point, the left foot is placed upon it and springing from the the other foot while holding the handles, the saddle is reached, and the right foot pressed upon the pedal on that side, which is then commencing to ascend. When neatly done, this movent is very effective.

Remaining stationary in the saddle is done by turning the wheel to the left at an angle of about forty-five degrees when moving very slowly, the balance being maintained by pressure upon the pedals, according to which side the weight inclines.

To raise the small wheel from the ground and ride on the large one requires considerable practice but it can be done. It is still more difficult to ride backwards in this position, by reversing the pedal movement. This can only be done on a crank machine.

Other fancy movements are vaulting into the saddle from either side; mounting in front and turning around in the saddle; riding side saddle; and dismounting by throwing either leg over the handles from one side to the other.

Of course the average rider can hardly hope to to attain proficiency in all these movements, and professionals who make fancy riding a specialty, will continue to excel. Some of the movements done in circus rings are simply marvelous.

A well known professional rider, after doing many wonderful things, winds up his entertainment by taking his machine apart piece by piece, while at full speed, and finally making his exit on the bare wheel.

Ordinary wheelmen had better leave this feat severely alone.

WILLIAM ALVA.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

Boston Bicycle Club, of Boston, Mass.—President, E. C. Hodges; Secretary and Treasurer, Joseph S. Dean; Captain, Dr. W. G. Kendall.

Bloomfield Cyclers, of Newark, N. J.—President, T. D. Palmer; Secretary, L. C. Haskell; Treasurer, F. C. Van Auker; Captain, J. V. L. Pierson.

Detroit Bicycle Club, of Detroit Mich.—President, C. A. Lightner; Vice-president, A. F. Peck; Secretary, George E. Lane; Treasurer, Joseph Bresler, jr.; Captain, P. N. Jacobson; First Lieutenant, F. H. Whelden; Second Lieutenant, R. C. Traub; Standard-bearer, A. D. Bowlby; Bugler, J. H. Ames.

Hudson County Wheelmen, of Jersey City, N. J.—President, George H. Earl; Secretary, C. V. Tuthill; Treasurer, Carman Nicholls; Captain, Ed J. Day; Lieutenant, Dr. H. A. Benedict; Second, J. L. Robertson.

Indianapolis Wheelmen, of Indianapolis, Ind.—President, Josh Zimmerman; Vice-president, Ed Eads; Secretary and Treasurer, Tom Hay; Captain, T. W. Keck; First Lieutenant, Chas. Vantilburg; Second Lieutenant, Will Devore.

Oberlin Bicycle Club, of Oberlin, O.—President, F. B. Mason; Vice-president, T. E. Tenney; Secretary-Treasurer, C. W. Savage; Captain, R. D. Goldsby; First Lieutenant, B. M. McDowell.

Philadelphia Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, Pa.—President, Harold R. Lewis; Captain, William C. Smith; Lieutenant, Louis H. Watt; Secretary-Treasurer, Horace A. Blackiston; Trustees, Thomas Hockley, George E. Bartol, F. S. Harris, William Uhler, William Morris, T. W. Burt, W. P. Bement, W. H. Arrott. House Committee, G. N. Osborne, Chairman; T. J. Borden, Dr. C. B. Warden, F. Bement and W. H. Woodard.

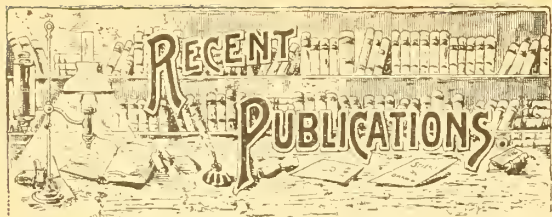
Ramblers, of Hyde Park, Mass.—President, W. F. Mitchell; Secretary and Treasurer, E. E. Abbot; Captain, Robert E. Grant; First Lieutenant, William W. Scott; Second Lieutenant, Edward H. Gallup; Color-bearer, Peter W. Hussey; Bugler, Edward N. Frost.

Rhode Island Wheelmen, of Providence, R. I.—President, J. L. Speirs; Vice-president, C. H. Tucker; Treasurer, C. I. Campbell; Secretary, B. T. Bruce; Captain, H. L. Perkins; First Lieutenant, N. H. Gibbs; Second Lieutenant, J. C. Davis; Tricycle Lieutenant, G. R. McAuslan; Club Committee, O. M. Mitchell, J. O. Davis; House Committee, A. F. Titus, S. L. Cooke, C. I. Campbell; Librarian, N. H. Gibbs.

St. Louis Cycle Club, of St. Louis, Mo.—President, Geo. H. Lucas; Vice-President, W. A. Todd; Secretary, E. L. Mockler; Treasurer, F. W. Wrieden; Assistant Treasurer, H. W. Greenwood; Captain, E. N. Sanders; First Lieutenant, J. W. Hart; Second Lieutenant, D. Barnard; Third Lieutenant, R. Hurck; Color-bearer, J. B. Pomarde.

The Aeolus Cycling Club, of Chicago, Ill.—President, George Kaester; Treasurer, H. Freeman; Secretary, E. Weinberger; Captain, Thomas Bray.

The natives of Calcutta ride the bicycle bare-foot.



Bicycling World. Vols. 16 & 17. Bicycling World Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.

THE WITNESS OF THE SUN, by Amelie Rives, will appear in *Lippincott's* for April.

The Magazine of Sport, a high class literary monthly published by Iliffe & Son., London, has ceased to exist.

The March issue of *The Cyclist & Tourist* will contain an illustrated article by the late Brandon Lewis of Lafayette Ind.

WASHINGTON AS AN ATHLETE, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is a

very interesting paper, found in the *March St. Nicholas*,

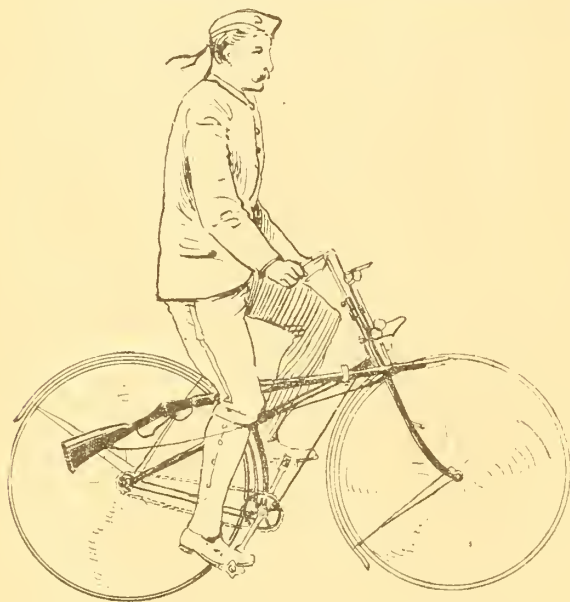
HARRY IRVING'S *PLUCK*, by J. W. Davidson, was commenced in No. 13 of *Golden Days* and *CHEPSA*, by Ralph Hamilton, was commenced in No. 14.

ARDIS CLAVERDEN, a serial by Frank R. Stockton, commenced in No. 21 of Collier's *Once A Week*, one of the brightest and best weeklies we know of. The opening chapters are very interesting.

The Stanley Show number of *The Cyclist* contained 128 pages and a supplement; *Wheeling*, 88 pages and 2 supplements; *Bicycling News*, 60 pages and 2 supplements; *The Scottish Cyclist*, 24 pages and a supplement; *Scottish Sport*, 16 pages; and *Sport & Play* issued a 28 page supplement in addition to their regular edition.

We have received a copy of Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co's., catalog for 1889. It is a very neat looking pamphlet of 80 pages and cover and contains full descriptions and prices of the 12 different kinds of machines they make. In the back part is 13 pages of testimonials from riders of their wheels, showing that they have many warm friends in all parts of the country. A copy may be had on application.

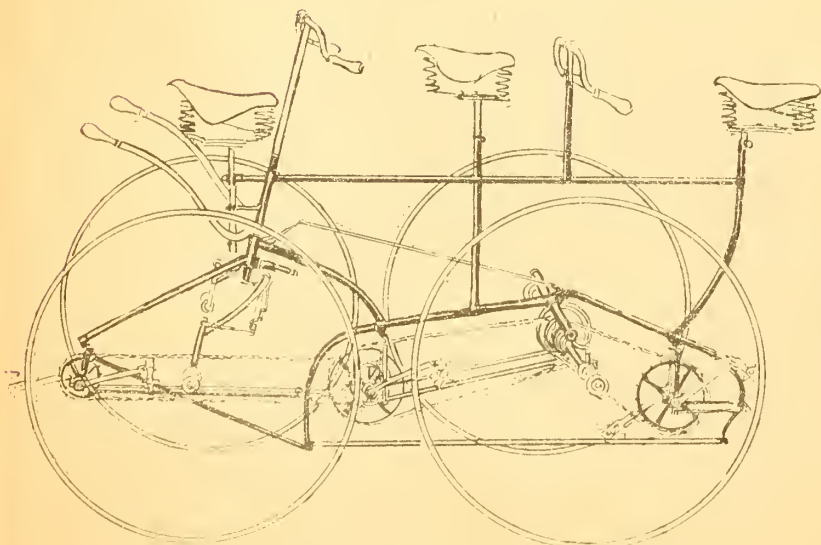
SOME OF THE NOVELTIES OF THE STANLEY SHOW.*



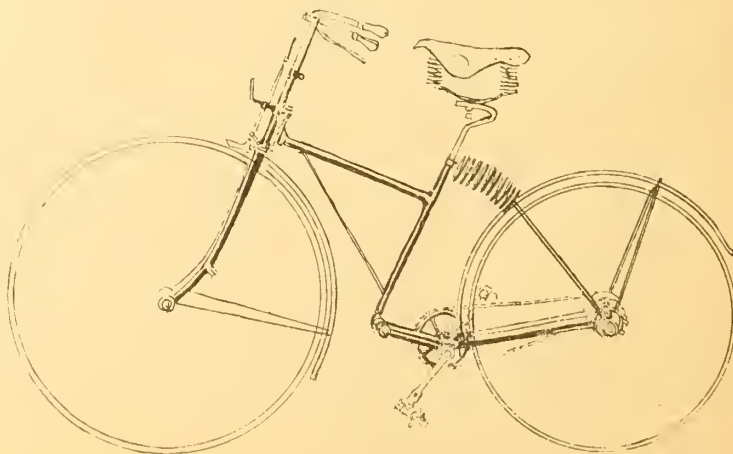
THE "ROSEBURY" MILITARY SAFETY.



THE "NOTTINGHAM" SOCIABLE.



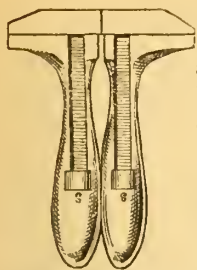
THE LIGHT PHILLIP'S TRIPLET QUADRICYCLE.



THE "BRITISH STAR" SAFETY, SHOWING NEW FRAME.

* SEE PAGE 22 OF FEBRUARY GAZETTE.

LEARNING TO RIDE.



TO ACQUIRE the art of cycling is not such a difficult process as it may appear. Anyone can manage it in six hours, and many have succeeded in half that time. To begin with, you should procure a small-sized bicycle having a high handle-bar, so that the knees will not strike against it. One of these machines may be hired from any cycle dealer for a dollar or so a week.

Take it to some smooth, wide road, if possible where there is a gentle decline. Grasp the handles firmly and place the left foot upon the step. Hop with the right leg, and, when you get up a little speed, stand upon the step as long as the machine will run. When it slows down you will have to dismount from your perch and repeat the process. When the machine tends to fall to one side, steer with the handle-bar in the same direction, and it will right itself again.

At first it will be difficult to balance on the step for more than a few yards, but within a half-hour you will be surprised at the progress you have made. It is not advisable to sit upon the saddle until you can guide the wheel safely from the step, and if it be small enough you will have no difficulty at all in transferring yourself from the step to the saddle. There is no additional difficulty in maintaining your balance in the latter position, but when you fall off there is more trouble in mounting, and besides, you are not in as good position for saving yourself as if you were on the step. The assistance of a friend to help you in times of difficulty will considerably shorten the time required for learning, unless he be one of the kind who likes to rattle you by unnecessary coaching.

After two or three hours of practice upon this small wheel you will be able to try a larger one, one that will fit you comfortably, and it only remains for you to learn how to mount and dismount. To perform these well is one of the most difficult tasks the beginner has before him; a vast number of old cyclers can only manage them indifferently. In learning how to mount you should commence, if possible, upon a wheel not more than four to six inches smaller than your full size. First place your left foot upon the step, and hop for a yard or so upon the right, until you get up speed; then stand upon the step and lean well forward. Place the right leg upon the saddle and practice running the machine in that position for a little while before actually getting on. The fact of altering the position of your leg will make it difficult to keep your balance for a little while, but a quarter of an hour's work will get you over this.

To get into the saddle get up a good speed and place your leg on the saddle, so that the knee is three or four inches beyond the leather; then lean upon your hands firmly, and instead of shoving the right leg forward, turn upon it, so as to bring the left side forward, and slide into your position; fix your foot upon the highest pedal and then on the other, and drive on the machine. You must lean well to the left side, and keep the right foot as far as possible from the wheel. The mistake usually made by inexperienced riders is trying to get into the saddle without leaning to the left, and as it is not possible to do this on your full-sized bicycle, they have to jump slightly off the step, with the usual result of taking a header over the handles. The hands and right leg must be alone used to lift the body from the step to the saddle; no jerk whatever must be made with the left off the step. When you are past being a learner, instead of hopping on the right leg catch the saddle in the left hand and run along at the right hand side of the machine, then bring the left foot upon the step, and at the same moment spring upward off the right, and get from the step to the saddle as already described. This style is very easily acquired, and has very many advantages over the old fashion of hopping along on one leg. It looks better. You can mount even against a stiff hill, and as good speed is got up there is next to no chance of falling. It is not half so hard as it looks, as the backbone guides the foot, and if once acquired it is never forgotten.

There are, of course, many fancy ways of getting into the saddle, such as vaulting in, or mounting by the pedal. These should only be attempted by expert riders, as in performing feats of this kind you run considerable risk of breaking up both yourself and your machine. To be able to dismount rapidly and easily is a most im-

portant matter. There are several ways of accomplishing it. First place the instep and toes of the left leg across the backbone a little below the spring, or wherever your leg reaches to conveniently, then press on the handles and upon your leg, and jump off to the left side; always have the bicycle falling slightly to the side at which you are getting off. This is a good plan for beginners, as it is pretty safe, the only thing to be guarded against is the liability to put your foot upon the wheel instead of the backbone; you will always be right if you raise your foot well.

Another method which is much neglected by riders is what is known as "over the handles." It is easily learnt, and safe, and I feel quite confident that if it was better known, riders, when they do come down, would mostly land upon their heels instead of upon their heads. It should be learnt for both sides, but I need only describe the process for one. To get off to the right side swing the left leg over the handle, and when it has just passed the center grasp the bar again with the left hand, so as to keep the guiding right. Turn the wheel a little to the left, and with a slight jump off the saddle you can land lightly upon both feet. I have known riders to run over dogs and escape through being expert in this process of dismounting. It makes no matter if the machine be falling; it will rather help you, while in almost any other style of getting off, if the machine be going over while you are in the act, you are almost certain to come to grief. Some riders, in dismounting from a bicycle, place one hand upon the neck of the saddle and vault out; others step back from the pedal when it is near the top, and land with a foot at each side of the machine. An old-fashioned style is to get back to the step and thence to the ground.

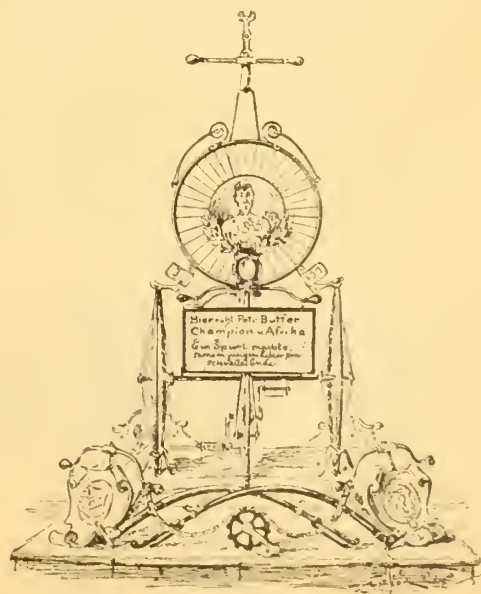
By far the most popular and best style of dismounting is to step off to one side when the pedal has just reached the bottom of the stroke; you alight gracefully, and with great ease. Before you reach the ground the pedal begins to ascend, so that your weight slows up the machine. It is often said that this strains the pedal and cranks, but it is not so, as you only put about quarter the weight on which they have to bear when climbing a steep hill.

If you have an opportunity I would strongly advise you to learn in one of the riding schools attached to our city cycling depots. You will get on quicker, and become more proficient in any given time than you are likely to by practicing at home. It is quite possible to learn upon a full-sized machine, but you will be more certain to damage it and yourself than if you begin upon the smaller one.

I love, I love to see
Bright steel gleam through the land.
'Tis a goodly sight."

—Eliza Cook.

WHY NOT?



MONUMENT RECENTLY ERECTED IN GERMANY IN MEMORY OF A BICYCLE RIDER.

UNCLE KERLUMBIA'S PHILOSOPHY.

AROUND our club house there hangs an old negro man who seems to be as fond of the sport of wheeling, though he cannot ride, as many sportsmen are of hunting, though that is all they do. No evidence is ever given of their having found anything. But "Uncle Kerlumbia," as the boys nick-named him, seems as devoted to the club, as any dog ever was to his master, and much of that order, too, forever displaying that sincere attachment which forbade his leaving us to follow any one else. In winter he would keep the big oak fires always burning in the wide, old-fashioned hearth, shut the doors when left open, and keep the rooms of our house always clean and tidy. He had a boy named Bill, whom he made clean the wheels of the many members, scraping the mud from them in the winter, and oiling and polishing them in the summer. We tipped them pretty regular, and their earnings grew to be several dollars a week. Their familiarity with the ways of wheelmen and wheels in general grew quite rapidly, and Uncle Kerlumbia got to advising us in a way that caused much amusement. One evening, we were all gathered in the rooms; there was a cherry fire, roaring in the hearth, and we had otherwise prepared for an hour or two of solid enjoyment, when Uncle Kerlumbia dropped in, propped himself up in the corner, and delivered himself thus:

"Hit ain't de man on de inside alluz git across de line fust. No sar; dat is, less hits de slow race. An' hit aint de man on de biggest wheel who gwinter git home fust, neider. You got ter look out fer de man dat don't do much talken, but saves his win'.

"Don't you let nobody fool yer 'bout dese t'ings wid de liddle wheel trothen 'long en front. Dat Bill ub mine straddle un last week, an' he aint wan'er set down sence. Deys des like some mules whut kant kick up behine, but am powerful handy when it come ter getten up en front. De mens whut makes em say dat dey don't tak' no headers, but dey don't say nothen 'bout backers.

When you young mens go ter de race meet, don't yer getskeered ub de man what tells yer how he can run, an all dat trash, caze he am mighty sho' ter git sick fo' de races begins. An' don't you git skeered ub de feller whut rides dat Robar safety, cause he tell yer how wile he rides, an' dat he runs all ober de track. He am only atter getten yer to gi' 'em mo' room, so he can run by yer. Tell 'im yer sorter wile rider yersef, an' at de same time, don't you let anybody bluff yer wid one ub dem six-foot racers wid de ball-bearen handle-bar, an' un'dultrated spokes, and vulgarized cranks. Ef yer get er chance po' er little mustard shot in de hub ub his wheel, while he am in de room, getten ready fur bizness. Den in de race you'll miss him putty soon.

"An' den erbout dat safety man ergin. I hear tell er one dem fellers dat had er big gyear fer racen, an' er littl' un fer hill climen. He gwinter put on de big un; den you go get dat udder one fer yo' wheel, but put it on his'n, an' karry bac' de littel un. When he fine out bout de tric', he'll be so far behine yer cud'nt smell 'im if he was er goat.

"An' den ergin, when yer hear folks say, 'longside de track, 'bout de fust quartah pole, 'who dat feller whuts lofen 'long behine? He done got beat quick!' You sot yoursef on one pace, an' keep er look-en erhead, an' hole yer win'. Bout time yer putten in yer bes' licks down de home stretch, an' yer hear dem fellers whut spurt at de start, blo'en hard behine yer—den some folks gwinter say—'dar now, slo' hos done win de race.' "

C. A. P.

Of all bicyclers the "scorcher" is most to be dreaded. He's hot. He generally rides alone and it is then that he does the wonderful things that he tells about, with so much modesty, in the shape of hill-climbing, running away from fast horses, riding long distances with one leg, awful headers, and so forth. The scorcher is to cyclers what the bunco man is to ordinary mortals—his value is according to the confidence you put in him, and when you think you've got him you're left.—*Texas Siftings*.

The American Lead Pencil Co., of New York, have as fine and varied a line of lead pencils and pen holders as there is on the market. All in need of goods in this line are advised to ask their stationer for American Lead Pencils.

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DE REBUS GRAVIBUS.

MATHEW ARNOLD thinks that Americans see things very clearly, and though I am unacquainted with him, I suppose he must have formed his opinion from some spirit congenial to mine, whom, unfortunately, I have not yet succeeded in finding; therefore, without further apology I will give my views on some of the most weighty topics of the day about which most of my friends hold erroneous ideas.

I lately saw by the newspapers that there were two bills before the Indiana legislature, the one to prohibit bicycles from traveling on the highways, and the other to permit cattle to do so. These two bills commend themselves to all enlightened people who have the welfare of their country at heart. Cows and oxen are harmless creatures, and greatly enhance the beauty of the landscape, while bicycles are unmitigated nuisances to elderly people, and preventers of the manners and morals of youth. Even if a cow should become belligerent, once in a while, one could at least hit back, and possibly get the better of her, but I have always found that when a bicycle forcibly encounters me the bicycle seems to do all the hitting.

As one of the many instances illustrating the vicious effect the bicycle has on youths who bestride it I may mention the following: John Tobbins, whom I had known from infancy as a pleasant and accomodating young fellow, bought a bicycle. Two days afterwards, I was walking along a narrow lane, when I saw him approaching on the thing, and such had already been the blasting effect on his temperment, that he kept wobbling from side to side, evidently trying to occupy all the road and not leave room for anyone else.

I stood in the middle, watchind him with pitying eyes, and perceiving, when he was about ten feet off, that he was looking on the ground and did not see me, I gave a playful whoop. He looked up a little startled, and then after careering from side to side, so as to mislead me into thinking he would pass me by, he deliberately charged upon me with his bicycle, knocked me on my back, and, not content with that, he jumped over the handles of his infernal machine right on me, almost transfixing my abdomen with his bullet like head, the effects of which blow I feel to this day.

It must be remembered that it was only *two days* since the young man first set foot on one of these dangerous vehicles and already he was assaulting one of his oldest friends. I shudder to think to what a state he will have fallen in two years. Of course he said he did not mean to hit me, but if such had been the case, why, after throwing me to the ground, did he brutally jump on me, me, who had always regarded him as the apple of my eye?

The knights in the good old times before diabolical whirligigs were invented, could not, it is said, rise from the ground when in armor, which leads me to think that I am of noble descent, in spite of my name, for it is only with extreme difficulty that I can rise unassisted, even without any armor, from a prostrate position, so, despite my indignation I had to be helped on my feet, but I regard John Tobbins as a lost spirit.

No, the bicycle has got to go or I shall.

With the true modesty which always accompanies great intellect and high descent (for proofs of which see above) I have long seen and admired the spirit of art and beauty which ever animates a well dressed Englishman.

Look at him!

He is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and as to the ridicule which is cast upon him, it is but the snarling of the envious mob.

His eyeglass has been sneered at as an affectation. Nothing can be further from the truth. The single eyeglass is useful, very useful. For some true soul, who may be thirsting for knowledge as I once thirsted, I will say that it is principally used to look through, besides which it gives a noble, almost indescribable look of calm superiority to the face.

Again, his delicately pointed shoes and columnar collar have not escaped the slander of obscure hacks, and even thus it is with every garment which adorns him. But what—oh, my readers—can be more noble than to suffer in the sacred cause of art? We admire the Spartan youth, who, after appropriating his neighbors tame fox, rather let it know into his vitals than reveal his theft; how much nobler is it to sacrifice one's feelings for a beauty, compared with which the beauty of Apollo is out of fashion.

Let us now pass to another question which has been troubling me exceeding of late. It seems to me that remonstrants against that infemine monstrosity "Female Suffrage" should all stick to some one argument. Now some of us say, that women should not vote because they are inferior to men—which is no doubt the fact—others again think voting would unsex all good women, while some say only bad women would vote and good women could not be induced to. Many say no women would vote, while others, that all women would spend their time electioneering, and lobbying, and office-seeking, and so have no leisure for falling in love and so constituting a happy home.

This last argument is already proven to my satisfaction, for I have found that gradually, for the last twenty years, ever since the pernicious doctrines of female suffrage have been preached, young ladies have been less and less given to discussing sentiment with me, although my mature wisdom and more interesting conversation must more than make up for whatever I lack in youthfull silliness.

I have studied this subject for several weeks until I know all there is to know about it and I have come to the conclusion that were women to vote, the evil effects following thereupon would be different in different States, according to climate and situation. Thus, in Massachusetts I have calculated that no woman would vote, while in Virginia all women would immediately forsake their homes and go wandering all over the country, not leaving a single happy home in that unfortunate State.

When my calculations of all the States are compleated I shall give them to an anxious public.

But for the sake of annihilating the suffragists with less trouble, let us adopt one line of defence, or rather, of attack, for they are so unreasonable that if one of us says one thing and another the opposite, they can't see that this only makes assurance doubly sure.

KAY BEE.

RACING TERMS AND DEFINITIONS.

- First*—Adam.
Last—Cobblers.
Wins—Four aces.
Loses—A bluff when called.
The Field—Potter's.
Beaten—A Drum.
They're Off—Lunatics.
A False Tart—A mud pie.
The Home Stretch—The one to get your hat on after an evening with "the boys."
A Driving Race—Trotting.
The Rail—A scolding wife.
Left at the Post—The starter.
A Foul—A duck-er chicken.
The Judge's Stand—On their feet.
Dead Heat—110 degrees in the shade.
A Tie—A four-in-hand.
A Handy—"capper"—A bunco steerer.

A SOURCE OF DANGER TO WHEELMEN.

WE QUOTE the following from a physician who has made a special study of hernia, and can therefore be considered authority on the subject:

"I would most earnestly call the attention of all wheelmen to that most dangerous custom of wearing belts drawn tightly about the waist to support the pants, or even where they are laced tightly, or where there is any constriction about the waist whatever.

Many wheelmen are leading sedentary lives, especially the older riders, and are not physically in a proper condition to put forth the very severe muscular exertions which all wheelmen are called upon to do, and one of the dangers which I wish to particularly call attention to is that of causing hernia, or rupture.

I know of two cases of hernia caused directly by the severe exertions put forth in climbing steep hills. One of them was a particularly strong, healthy and robust young man, and I am quite confident that the indirect cause of those hernia was the wearing of tight belts. The young man alluded to above has always been very active in outdoor sports, very fond of lifting, and made it a common custom to put forth his utmost strength whenever opportunity offered, and he never had any tendency toward such a result until he began bicycling, which brought about an entire change in form of dress. When any person puts forth his strength in lifting, (hill climbing is merely a form of lifting), the abdominal muscles are called strongly into play, and if, by belting or other means, they are prevented from expanding and increasing the circumference of the waist, their force is then directed toward forcing the abdominal contents downward, and thereby greatly increasing the chances of causing hernia.

The clothing should always be loose about the waist. As suspenders are inconvenient to wear, and very uncomfortable in hot weather, I would suggest as the simplest, and I think the best, way of holding up the pants is by means of a band sewed around the inside of the flannel shirt, with buttons sewed through the shirt and band and then the buttonholes made on an extra band on the inside of band of pants, the same as little boys' waists and pants are joined.

I sincerely trust that no one will misconstrue this article as condemning wheeling; no one believes in it more thoroughly than your humble servant. I am writing from experience, not hearsay, and I would desire all wheelmen to give heed to my warning and so avoid a source of danger."

The Rochester Wheelmen debated the question as to why does a bicycle stand up while rolling and fall down as soon as onward motion ceases? The answer, which was decided as being correct, was: "The bottom of the wheel can have no side motion because it rests on the ground, and the bottom is constantly becoming the top and the top the bottom. If the upper part of the wheel gets any lateral motion it is checked by being brought round upon the ground again, before the motion has too much influence."

THE QUICK MINDED CYCLER.



MY LOVE.

My love to me is always kind:
 She neither storms nor is she pined;
 She does not plead with tears or sighs,
 But gentle words and soft replies—
 Good earnest of the thoughts behind.

They say the little god is blind,
 They do not count him quite too wise;
 Yet somehow he, could bring and bind
 My love to me.

And sweetest nut hath sourest rind?
 It may be so; but she I prize
 Is even lovelier in mine eyes
 Than food and gracious to my mind.
 I bless the fortune that consigned
 My love to me.

B. L. D.



TO MY OLD WHEEL.

My poor old ordinary wheel,
 They say you've had your day,
 And that no more in good old style
 You'll hold a regal sway;
 They say the new born fad I see,
 On road and path and hill,
 Will for all future time, the place
 Of my old servant fill.

I'll not believe it; still I'll hold
 My firm belief that you,
 Will yield no palm to that which has
 For boast, that it is new;
 I'll not forsake the steed that for
 Past years has borne me well,
 Or slight its worth for that new fad,
 Great tales of which they tell.

There's beauty in thine honest form,
 There's service good and true,
 More beauty than lies in the steed
 They'd put in place of you;
 I will not change my mount until,
 There comes that day, when o'er
 These roads and paths I know so well,
 Thou can'st not bear me more,

CHRIS WHEELER.

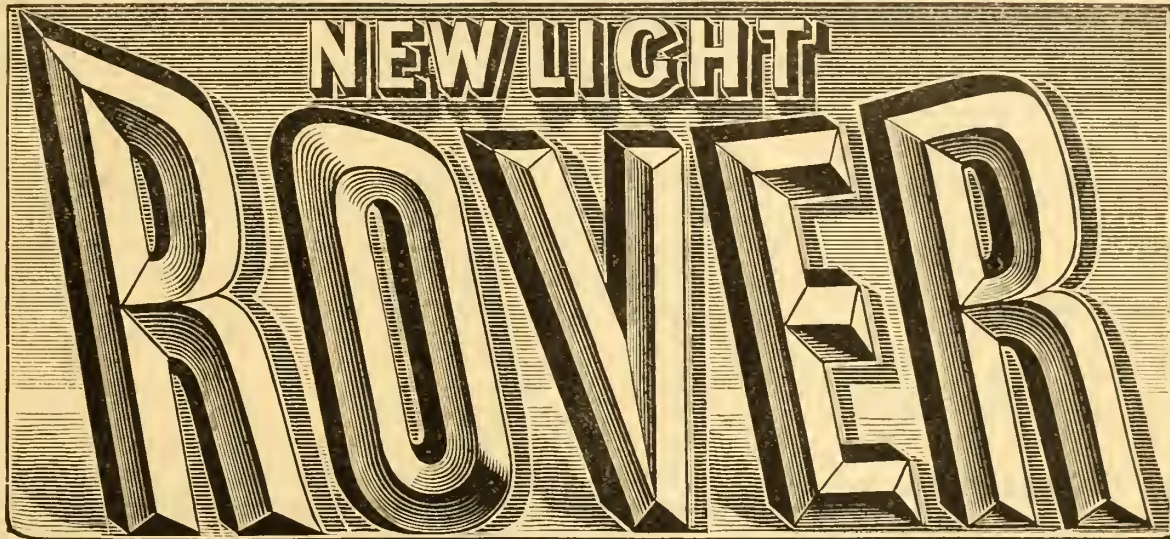
GRAY EVENING.

The evenings' gown of gray
 Sweeps over the sighing grain;
 She comes with her tender smile,
 As the sunset's glories wane;
 And the flowers nod to her,
 And the grasses kiss her feet,
 And she sings to the weary day
 A lullaby, low and sweet:
 Sing soft, sing low,
 O, evening gray;
 Hush thou to rest
 The weary day.

The morning was very fair,
 And she laughed for very glee;
 And the blossoms, waking, breathed
 Of love and of hope to me.
 But love and hope have waned
 As the sunset colors wane—
 O, evening, come, for the day
 Is athrob with fevered pain!
 Sing soft, sing low,
 Sweet evening gray!
 Lull thou to rest
 The heart-wrung day.

C. P. S.

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