

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

VOL. VI.—No 12.—WHOLE NUMBER 142.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1884.

Subscription, \$1.00 a year.
Single Copies, 5 cents.



The latest subscription enrolled for "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," at the close of business hours on June 9, was numbered 1369. A fifth name has been received from Australia, and two also from New Zealand; while London has added three notable patrons to the list: E. R. Shipton, editor of the C. T. C. *Monthly Gazette*, and the long distance riders, E. Tegetmeier and H. R. Reynolds, Jr. Both of these gentlemen have prepared interesting summaries of their "records" for insertion in the book, and it appears from these that the former rode 42,577 miles during the decade ending with 1883. His record for that year was about three times greater than on any previous year, and amounted to 10,053 miles on 230 riding days, and he took at least one day's ride of 100 miles or more on every month of the twelve, his longest ride being 154 miles. The record of Mr. Reynolds shows 48,250 miles for the seven years ending with April last, and this distance represents 15,150 separate miles of roadway. His riding in 1883 amounted to 8,380 miles, of which the longest day's record was 184 miles (on a tricycle). His longest ride of all (from London to York, 201 miles, in 21 hours 43 minutes) was taken in 1882, when his total record for the year was 8,700 miles.

The recent discussion on the subject of paid vs. genuine amateurs is a timely one, though I regret that there can be found any one so poorly informed or purposely blinded as to defend the presence of the former on our cinder paths. They are a disgrace to the sport, a discredit to the wheel, and an unfair competitor against the ordinary amateur. Better we never had a record than that men should be paid to make them. They destroy instead of promote racing, because the honest racing man, finding himself thus handicapped, cares not to ride or train, finding both amount to naught against their paid competitors. The Harvard Club deserve credit for discovering unintentionally the remedy for this evil, in instituting "invitation meetings," though it is unfortunate that they did not employ the chance thus given them to protect the genuine amateur. I shall have further to say on this subject, and shall present the case of Mr. Geo. Hendee in the proper light, and not as it has been done.

The Ixions are having designed for them a massive lamp in Caucasian bronze, to be presented to the first man in their club to enter into matrimony. The lamp will stand about three feet high and will bear upon its surface the club badge in silver, three inches in diameter. Mr. James L. Burdett will be the recipient of this handsome testimonial of his clubmates' esteem. It seems to me, though, that a club who have so long made a boast of its bachelorhood are adopting rather a wrong principle to thus set such a handsome premium upon marriage, as they will thereby cause more of their members to desert single for married blessedness.

I am fast collecting a dazzling array of masculine beauty, through being the favored recipient of photos of my cycling friends. The last additions are those of Belden, of Hartford, and Potter, of Cleveland. The more I gaze at these pictures the more I am convinced that if I was a lady I would marry none but a cyclist, and were I to see them all I should probably be driven insane trying to make a choice.

There is one advantage more in joining the League that never existed before. Each entry now will receive in return therefor an autograph of my dearly beloved Stephen Terry, the new Treasurer. He signs it "Terry's" urer, but that's only his financial *nom de plume*.

The Ixions have born to them a new racing man in the person of Mr. S. C. Clark. He has received his club name of "Ginger," and will henceforth be known as "Ginger" Clark upon the racing path.

Capt. Pitman has shaken the dust of the Quaker City from his feet, and is once more a resident in New York. He has contracted a severe dose of "Rudge" fever, and upon this new mount once more feels himself one of the elect.

A noticeable collection of metropolitan wheelmen and racing men will be seen at the K. C. W. races on Saturday.

On the 5th of June Karl Kron finished a twenty days' tour of 765 miles, by riding from Easton, Pa., to Newark, N. J., seventy-one miles of rough and hilly roads. He started from New York at 9.30 A.M. of May 17, and journeyed through Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore to Washington, which he reached at 10 P.M. of the 21st; distance, 240 miles. On the 25th he rode thence to Warrenton, Va., 48 miles, and so to the caverns of Luray and the Shenandoah Valley, down which he came to Harper's Ferry, after climbing over two ranges of the Blue Ridge. His route then led through Hagerstown, Gettysburg, York, Lancaster, and Allentown to Easton; and as less than 100 miles of the entire circuit had ever been traversed by him before, the tour will supply materials for a new chapter of "X. M. Miles on a Bi." Having made a continuous trail on the earth's surface of 898 miles (without any essential repetitions of roadway), Kron's new bicycle, "No. 234, Jr.," may now be considered as fairly initiated. It has had but two falls as yet.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

BOSTON, June 16, 1884.—What in the name of all the cycling gods has become of the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, that mighty semi-occasionally published New York journal? Near a month has passed since the *Amateur Athlete* had the honor to be made the official organ of the League, and as yet nothing has been heard from them. We are really anxious to see the paper published by so enterprising a firm as that of Baird & Company, the company who so successfully worked a free advertising scheme on the cycling press by inducing them each to publish a couple of columns of different proposals for accepting the official organship. If the young men

show as much energy and originality in conducting the organ as they did in getting up the proposals and preludes, the League will indeed have secured a treasure. However, we mustn't criticise the sheet until it has had a fair trial. There still continues to be much dissatisfaction expressed here regarding the officers not deciding to have the League publish its own organ, as it is claimed they were instructed to do so by the members present at the meeting.

There is no use in growling any more about the matter, however, as the thing is done and cannot be undone; so we might as well be content with what we have, and not make ourselves unhappy by vain regrets.

To-morrow will be a lively day with our local wheelmen, as meets and excursions have been arranged for by all the clubs. Our holidays are of so infrequent occurrence that when we do have one we try to enjoy it as much as possible. The 17th of June has always been considered as the best holiday of the year for cyclists, and if the weather is favorable, to-morrow will prove no exception. The Ramblers started Saturday afternoon with some forty members and guests on their much talked of tour to Portsmouth and return. They arrived at Portsmouth last evening, where they were to remain until this afternoon, when they were to ride to Amesbury and to-morrow return to Boston. The Ramblers have put their usual push and energy into this run, and undoubtedly it has proved a very enjoyable affair for the participants.

I have heard much comment on my last letter regarding the amateur and professional business, and about the fraudulent advertisements of some cycle manufacturers. Most every one, however, agrees that what I said is nothing but the truth, and all join in hoping that before long some change for the better will be made in these matters.

I notice a note in the last issue of THE WHEEL, in which you speak rather despairingly of the property of the League in Massachusetts, owing to the small attendance at the recent meet of the Division. Now it is not at all fair to judge of the interest in League affairs by the number at that meet, for, as I said before, no one knew of the event until the day before it occurred, and many did not hear of it until after it was all over; so it is not at all strange that such a few were present. The interest in the League here is undoubtedly on the increase, and if I am not greatly mistaken, before another year passes there will be over a thousand names on the membership. The road book which the Division are about to issue will do much to help the cause along. All we need to secure a large membership is to show to unattached wheelmen what benefits are to be derived from the association, and there is no better way than by a publication of this kind.

The Harvard College boys are greatly worried because occasionally some wheelman takes a spin on their new track, in spite of the numerous warnings they have received to keep off. It is said that the guilty parties are members of the Cambridge Club, and consequently the feeling between the two leading clubs of that city is not of the best.

The June meeting of the Newton Club was held last Tuesday evening at Stall & Burt's. Besides making a few slight changes in the constitution and by-laws, no business of importance was transacted.

President Hayes, of the Cambridge Club, contemplates making a several weeks' trip to Cuba, in a few days.

The Bostons are good ball players, besides enthusiastic cyclists. They have arranged for a match between their associate and active members to come off shortly.

The Bay State Wheel Club, of South Boston, are beginning to show some activity in wheeling, and have called runs for every Sunday, on which all wheelmen are invited, regardless of their club membership.

Our ex-Chief Consul, Mr. E. K. Hill, is getting up his muscle, preparatory to a tour in England, by riding up the hills, and through the sands along the north shore.

The Boston Bicycle Club will in a few weeks have a tricycle road race from South Natick to Boston.

The Cunningham Company have secured the release of the machines seized by the Custom House officials, by giving a bond for \$6,000. The case is shortly to be tried in the courts.

A revised edition of the catalogue of the Pope Mfg Co. has just been issued, and contains a complete description of all the machines manufactured by this company.

The *Herald* refuses to accept either the New Haven or Springfield times as records, and sets at naught the action of the League in the matter.

THE ROADS OF ALABAMA.

Editor of The Wheel: Thinking a few notes from this State relative to the condition of the roads for bicycling and the number of bicyclers here would be interesting to you, I will endeavor to enlighten you as far as my knowledge extends.

The number of bicyclers is rather limited, I think about 20 in the entire State, with about half as many machines, they being pretty well scattered through the State. There are four machines here, but we have a good prospect of increasing this number soon.

The roads are, as a general thing, good. We have taken several trips from here to Wetumpka, Ala., a small town about sixteen miles distant, and returned the same day without any particular inconvenience or accident. Although the road was quite hilly a portion of the way, it was not enough so to cause but one dismount.

One trip I made alone to this place last fall (I believe it was in September) in two hours and five minutes. This was the actual running time. I had to dismount at the ferry, which occupied some 15 minutes. The return trip only occupied a few minutes longer than the outward one. The difference was that in going I was compelled to walk and push my bicycle up a very steep hill, and in returning I rode on the step, and by exerting all of my strength in my hand on the brake lever, I was able to keep from being run away with. This road is hardly a fair sample of the roads here, it being a little hilly, and a little more dusty than the average one. The greatest objection is sand beds, which occur at intervals, and defy one to ride through them. Sometimes these sand beds extend for several hundred yards at a stretch, and unless there is a path on one side of the road, or a space which is covered with grass, the weary bicyclist must invariably walk. Several of us took a merry trip over to West Point, Ga., accepting a hearty invitation from the genial Frank

Lanier, Jr., and brother, the resident wheelmen there, to visit several cotton mills situated through the country adjacent, at intervals of 5 and ten miles. West Point, though in the State of Georgia, is almost on the line between Georgia and Alabama, and consequently our trip was made mostly in this State. Leaving West Point at nine o'clock A. M., we rode about thirty miles during the day, and returned at about four P. M. We found the roads in splendid condition, they being hard and smooth. The scenery in this part of the State is not to be excelled by even Florida scenery itself. We have an abundance of tall pines, enclosing numerous inland lakes, with deep clear water.

The woods as a general thing are covered with a thick layer of pine straw, which is compact and hard enough to afford a pleasant ride wherever there is no undergrowth. For hours I have ridden through these woods, enjoying a cool breeze and a dense shade, when just outside the sun would be almost unendurable.

At this place we have a beautiful shell road 3 miles in length running out to Picket Springs, a king of summer resorts, with the regulation lake, etc., and is the popular drive, which affords a beautiful ride. I believe there is a road of this kind also at Mobile which is 15 miles long, and has the advantage of being alongside the sea, as well as of being five times as long.

We also have a Fair association, which owns an extensive park, with a mile track in it, which we are tendered the use of.

FRANK X. MUDD.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., May 29, 1884.

IN MEMORIAM.

Bohunkus, we have parted. Alas! alas! Grief and I sit down to mourn thee and memory sobs her sadful lay. Thou hast gone from me. We have parted, and oh! Bohunkus, we may never meet again. Never, Bohunkus, never. Isn't that a dreadful word, Bohunkus?

And then my grief is sharpened to poignancy, Bohunkus, by the suddenness of our parting. We had no long last run. No farewell spin beneath the blazing sun, in the soft crepuscle or under the golden stars or witching rays of the harvest moon. I led thee not forth from thy stand in woeful sadness and rode thee forth and back slowly and mournfully, nor fell on thy neck and washed thy dust stained forks with affection's parting tears. Nay, Bohunkus! Would I had the consolation of such deeds. But our last ride was our worst. Thou wert out of sorts, Bohunkus, and I did naught but revile thee and speak cussfully to thee, and my thoughts were full of evil and vindictive intent towards thee.

You were contrary, Bohunkus, and I out of temper; you would run into holes and heighten your abominable squeak and force me to believe you were about to drop to pieces.

When I vowed to sell you, Bohunkus, indeed I did not mean it. That is! not so soon, Bohunkus, not so soon. Alas! alas! That we should have parted in anger. Thou always wert an easy going machine. Forgive me, Bohunk, forgive me.

As I sit here in the calmness of the calm following the violence of my grief, the melodious bells of memory stop their sobs and sound a requiem.

I loved thee, Bohunkus, and I love thee still. Dost thou remember our first ride, when I made four unsuccessful attempts to mount thee in the presence of six hundred spectators, and then a news boy held thee until I gained the saddle, and then—oh! Bohunkus, it was mean of you. You rushed down the smooth incline of Calvert street, bump, smash against the rough cobbles of German street, and as I raised myself from the dust and dirt of the car track, I beheld thee in the gutter. What a night that was. We began at eight, and it was eleven o'clock, Bohunkus, when, dusty, bloody, wet with perspiration, I finally rode thee one square over the cobbles without a tumble.

Since then we have been inseparable, through rain and fair weather, up hill and down, sand and shell roads, mud and stones. I have been sometimes cruel to thee. Thy ragged tyre, indented rim, twisted handle bars, and bent spokes bear mute but certain witness thereto. But I loved thee.

Thou hast thy idiosyncrasies. Thy sudden trick of lifting up thy little wheel and casting me from the saddle was a piece of playfulness I never admired. And thy mulish

refusal to pull hills when spectators were around was very, very mean, Bohunkus. And that villainous squeak you took a fancy to about six months ago was a piece of diabolicalism, Bohunkus, to which I never thought you would stoop. But I loved thee. Thou hast passed into other hands, Bohunkus; may they treat thee with more gentleness. May thy old age be as peaceful as thy youth was stormy. If thou affordst the pleasure to thy new master that thou hast me, then wilt thou have done thy duty well. Farewell, Bohunkus, farewell; I shall never forget thee. In the warmest corner of my heart thy shrine is now standing. Thou wert my first machine. Thou taughtest unto me the secrets of thy profession. Thou wert my first love. Can I love another? Time alone can determine. But I shall never cease to love thee, Bohunkus, and I shall never forget thee. Never, never!

SECRETARY.

A TWO-SPEED GEAR FOR TRICYCLES.

After long and careful experiments with five different speed and power tricycle attachments in different forms, we have completed one which seems to us satisfactory, and have it ready in sufficient numbers to supply it on our new machines, and to any Columbia tricycle.

The Columbia power-gear is of simple construction; is applied to the crank-shaft; is operated by a handle, easily accessible at the left hand of the rider as he sits on the tricycle; is certain and effective in its operation; reduces the speed, and so increases the power for hill climbing about one third, and is made of the finest material and with the finest workmanship, and so as to avoid all unnecessary added friction by its use.

The advantages of a power-gear are so well understood by tricycle riders that it is unnecessary here to explain them. It may not, however, be so obvious to all that a power-gear has the advantage of a speed-gear, because by its use the normal or unmodified leverage and speed of the machine remains dependent upon the same direct action as if the power-gear were not on the machine, and the machine is used so much more on levels and down-grades and slight inclines, that it is undesirable to make any added friction or loss of power through connections for this riding, while the power-gear in use on stiff grades or rough pieces of road gives an advantage of leverage so much that the little unavoidable loss of power is best placed upon the machine when the gear is in use.

We are also happy to announce that for this second season we are able to produce our Columbia tricycle at sufficiently less cost to us to enable us to keep the price down to the same figure,—\$180.00,—with the power-gear attachment included, and also to sell the Columbia tricycle, without the power-gear attachment, at \$160.00.

The Columbia power-gear will be applied to any Columbia tricycle at our factory, at Hartford, Conn., for \$25.00,—the extra \$5.00 being necessary to cover the expenses of new parts and extra mechanical work in putting it on, over the expense of putting it on at the time of building the machine.

Our power-gear adds but a trifle to the weight of the machine, and makes but a slight change in the appearance.

This change in price will take effect on and after the second day of June, 1884, and the power-gear will be ready during that month.

THE POPE M'FG CO.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Editor of The Wheel: In answer to your request for communications regarding roads, etc., which we travel in our trips, allow me to add my tour of February 22d, 1884, into Montgomery county, Md.

You may have a score or more descriptions as the unrivaled road out 7th street to Brightwood, and thence to Silver Spring. At this time of the year, close upon the copious rains of this month, the road between Brightwood, Silver Spring, and Sligo was badly cut by the monstrous wood and hay wagons, winding down these roads in long trains, some of which carry singly four tons or 8,000 pounds. From Sligo we turn northeast on to a good pike, which takes us through a wavy country. After climbing an eighth of a mile of hill to the east of Sligo, we get a view of more than a mile of road, an almost un-

broken coast. After that comes the tug of war for about a mile of rise, but very rideable, because of the hard-worn and well made pike. After that we alternate climbing and coasting hills, of which but one may require dismounting. We pass through Four Corners, a settlement of a very few houses, which, if any sign at all, indicates either a poor soil or an indolent people. In fact, the whole region, as far as Bone Mill, two miles this side of Ashton, made upon me the impression of a country scarcely above the average slovenliness and poverty of modern Egyptian village life. Is this perhaps one of the first fruits of prohibition, as local opinion has caused here in Montgomery county? These are side notes, but still they have some bearing upon the route. After Four Corners comes Burnt Mill, also a small settlement, with a mill, a store, and a wheelwright's. Coleville, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles further, could not look worse if El Mahdi had sacked it. The road leads through the same undulating country. About a mile this side of Coleville, the telegraph branches off to the right, while the pike continues due north. To follow the telegraph, which probably leads to Baltimore, would at any time prove a hard task, as the road is a dirt road and a new and a poor one at that. The best road to Baltimore would be as far as Ashton, thence six miles over a dirt road to Clarkeville, when the pike is again reached, and there is smooth wheeling into that city. The Brookeville pike is not completed for about ten miles, and would consequently be less practicable than the road suggested. From Ashton into Baltimore is but 13 miles.

Two miles before you reach Ashton the rise and fall in the road is more gentle, and we meet long stretches of level road as fine as cyclers' hearts can wish. Bone Mill is situated here. A new people and a new region begin to greet us, contrasting as strongly with the country left behind as day and night. Every house seems just to have had the finishing touch of the maker's hand; the well kept grounds, the fine stock, we meet on the road, the sober yet gentle air, and the cheerful "Good morning" of the passer-by are all in keeping with the surroundings. One or two of the mansions still have the old-time slave quarters standing neat and clean, detracting nothing from the aristocratic bearing of the residences. Indeed, I question if the one time occupants of these quarters have as comfortable homes to-day.

The road now carries us into Ashton and through it. This is the first village I have ever seen in which not one edifice of neglected appearance externally mars the harmony and cleanliness of the group. The whole country up to Sandy Spring, and somewhat beyond, bears this character. It is a large and extended Quaker settlement. The village of Ashton has about fifty families, a smithy, a tinner's, a large store, and a school house. The churches are at Sandy Spring, though both the white and colored Methodist clergymen reside in this place. Sandy Spring is much smaller than Ashton. Through Mechanicsville, we turn south again and are in the 7th street road home, over an excellent but more hilly pike than the one on which we came. From Washington to Sligo is 8 miles; thence to Burnt Mills, 3 miles; thence to Coleville, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; thence to Ashton, 7 miles; thence to Mechanicsville, 3 miles; and thence home 19 miles; altogether $43\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which I made on a tricycle.

SARTOR,

Member W. C. C. and L. A. W.

HOW TO RUN A MEET.

Editor of the Wheel: Permit me to say a word through your columns in reply to the doubtless kindly meant instructions on "how to run a meet" offered by the Washington "Friend" in your last. In the first place, perhaps, the gentleman would not himself object to taking time from his business to "secure half fare from R. R. lines" and "aid of the military"; also arrange the races on the scale he proposes, purchase the prizes, "advertise in the most prominent manner," make "great efforts to secure a large number of entries," write the necessary (and by means unconsiderable) batch of letters, and keep the expenses within a \$200, that three weeks before the meet was, as far as the League Treasury was concerned, *non est*. Verily, one small man with a big pen can make many happy suggestions, but when it comes to actual work, the same small man doesn't appear.

Truly yours,

GEO. D. GIDEON, chairman R. B.

CHICAGO GOSSIP.

Editor of the Wheel: At a meeting a few days ago several Northside wheelmen started a new club to be known, at present at least, as the "Dearborn Cycling Club." The following officers were elected: F. W. Gookin, President; D. P. Wilkinson, Vice-President; H. F. Fuller, Secretary; John Wilkinson, Treasurer; J. O. Blake, C. C., of Ill., Captain. Among those proposed as charter members may be mentioned Miss Florence Fuller, who was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers by Mrs. Huck for being the first young lady tricyclist in Chicago. Rev. W. J. Petrie Maj. Dunell, Drs. Gregory and Wassal, Messrs. Cady, Stone and Forrest, of Chicago, Dr. Weston and Mr. Hall, of Highland Park, Mr. Crocker, of Hinsdale. It is the special object of this club to promote cycling with the ladies.

The Chicago Bi. Club, with its usual energy, is preparing for the "second great tour," which will eclipse anything of the kind ever before attempted, by trying its capacity for road riding as follows: Wheel to Evenson, 12m., train to Waukegan, 24m., next day wheel to Chicago, 36m. This will be a good trial, for the roads are not very good.

At Hinsdale three weeks ago there were no bicyclers, where I visited the place on my wheel now there are twelve wheels over 50 inches, and a great number of smaller ones. Thus the fever attacks our unprotected villages—the roads are good, (perhaps I had better add to a "Canada tourist"), and the scenery delightful.

The greatest event of the past week was the contest at the Casino Roller Skating Rink between Messrs. Canary and Wood for \$500 stakes and the championship of the United States for fancy riding. Both contestants did marvelously well, but Mr. Wood's performance was sadly marred by his specially constructed machine, his lack of grace and repose, the bad arrangement of his acts, and the effort he often manifested. Mr. Canary used the ordinary bicycle, and with such perfect ease that it was restful to see him. Mr. Blake, the referee, decided in favor of Mr. Canary, and I believe all are satisfied with the decision. Before the contest the Chicago and Armory Bicycle Clubs gave a parade, two of the latter club being surprised by the smooth floor took falls; no injury done, however.

H. F. FULLER,

Sec'y "Dearborn Cycling Club."

Lib. "Chicago Bicycle Club."

Chicago, June 17, 1884.

THE GREAT THREE DAYS' TOUR-NAMENT.

Tuesday, June 17th.—The great tournament at Philadelphia was successfully inaugurated by a series of races unequalled for their brilliancy and close competitions. The track at Jumbo Park, corner of Broad and Dickinson streets, is of hard clay, with a surface second to none. Elliptical in shape, with the corners well banked up, it afforded a means of record breaking which was promptly embraced. In the opinion of many experts, it is without doubt the finest in America. The arrangements for the public and spectators, are very satisfactory. A large grand stand erected on the east side of the track affords ample seating accommodations for the public, while a convenient double stand has been erected for the officials and press men. Around the inside of the track festive lemonade stands refresh the parched throats of the multitude between heats, and the deceptive and sportive peanut affords ample entertainment for the numerous small boy. A band of music in the centre tempers the parched air with cooling music. To-day was a perfect day for racing, although a trifle warm; the lack of wind was conducive to fast time, as will be seen. Already prominent wheelmen are beginning to throng hotel corridors. The Colonnade Hotel is of course the central point. Here are registered President Beckwith, Chief Consul; Dr. N. P. Tyler, of New Haven, and wife; V. M. Haldeman, of Marietta, Pa.; A. H. Overman, of Chicopee; S. T. Clark, of Baltimore, and a host of others who have flocked to see the sport.

About two o'clock the wheelmen began to congregate on the grounds in numbers. Bikes and trikes were plentiful, and the grand stand began to fill up with the fair sex and their escorts. The sun poured down unmercifully and the mercury climbed up to 92 degrees, and persistently stayed

there. At 2.15 the races were called by Referee Gideon, and run off rapidly, with the following results:

One Mile Scratch.—Asa Dolph first, time 2m. 50s.; Chas. Frazier second, 2m. 51½s. A beautiful start was effected, Dolph springing into the lead, with the others well bunched. At the end of the first lap Frazier drew up level, and the pair raced away from the rest of the group. At the half mile Frazier was leading, with Dolph at his heels. At the three quarters (timed by our representative in 2.10, one second faster than the record) both men were even. Dolph, in response to the cheers of his friends, let out a link, and with a brilliant spurt took the lead. On the back stretch the Star rider made his effort, but the Ohio man had considerable left, and landed a winner by about two yards, in time equaling the best on record.

One Mile Tricycle.—Edward P. Burnham first, time 3.18¼; A. G. Powell second, time 3.18½. At the pistol fire Burnham took the lead, and was never headed, although Powell made a game effort on the home stretch, and at one time was level. Burnham had considerable spurt left in him, and won handily.

Two-Mile Scratch.—Edward P. Burnham first, time 5m. 48s.; Asa Dolph second, time 5m. 48¼; Chas. F. Frazier third, John Brooks, fourth. A blanket would have covered the contestants at the finish. This race brought out a fine field of starters, and was hotly contested. Burnham took the lead at the start and held it to finish, although several changes took place behind. The race for place was virtually between Brooks, Frazier, and Dolph. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout, the men being vociferously cheered. At the mile the watches registered 2m. 58s; and it looked as if the record would suffer. The next two laps brought no particular change in positions, but when the bell rang for the last lap, Dolph, who was riding last in the quartette, spurred to the front and made a game struggle for the lead. Round the turn they came, first one and then the other showing ahead. Burnham, however, led the group, and digging his feet in his pedals, landed a winner by about two feet, capturing one of the most exciting races we have ever seen, his time being 1.41-ss. faster than the record made at Springfield by A. H. Robinson.

Special Five-Mile Scratch Race between Samuel H. Crawford and John A. Green. Samuel H. Crawford first, time 17m. 14-3-ss. John A. Green second by a foot.

It will be remembered that at the race for the five-mile championship of Pennsylvania these two were the only competitors. Crawford unfortunately buckled his wheel, and in the opinion of most of his friends thereby lost the race. Since then efforts have been made to bring them together, without success until now. Green took the lead at the pistol fire, and led for three miles, when Crawford showed his long neck in front. The next mile brought no change in the position. On the second lap of the last mile Green drew up level, apparently to test his opponent, but fell back until the bell rang, and he spurred but could not get by; Crawford riding with good judgment to the finish.

The Professional Competition fancy riding narrowed down to an exhibition by H. W. Higham.

Ten-Mile State Championship.—Geo. D. Gideon first, time 36m. 11s; John A. Green second, time 37m. 32s. This was virtually no race at all; Green was doubtless tired from his five-mile race, and was satisfied to let Gideon do as he pleased. Gideon at the pistol fire started ahead, evidently bent upon making a record; but after the fourth mile he abandoned the idea and rode easily to the finish, lapping Green twice. His time by miles was as follows: 3m. 4½s.; 6m. 14s.; 9m. 34s.; 13m. 18s.; 17m. 19½s.; 21m. 33½s.; 25m. 11½s.; 29m. 6½s.; 33m. 9s. This concluded the afternoon's sport.

The cars leading out Broad street were well filled with a merry crowd in the evening and the prospects of a large attendance were gratifying to the managers. The grounds were lighted with lamps placed at intervals of twenty feet on both sides of the track, and the fitting forms of the racing men on the back stretch looked weird and ghostly to the extreme. The novelty of open air racing at night was a success, and the sport thoroughly enjoyed by the large and appreciative audience. The events were run off promptly and in good order, the officials being men who are accustomed to their duties.

Ten-Mile Professional Race.—J. S. Prince first time 31m. 10¾s.; W. M. Woodside, second time 31m. 11s.; H. W. Higham third; W. J. Morgan, fourth. H. McInnis broke his machine on second lap and was forced to retire.

This was really a most interesting race and probably as square as that class of racing can be. There was not that room for combinations as at Springfield. Prince and Higham are good enough friends and Woodside and Morgan chum together. Between Prince and Woodside considerable feeling exists as to who is the better man, and "Woody" evidently intended to win if possible. At the crack of the pistol Woodside sprang for the lead and set a rattling pace. Prince fell in at his heels, with Higham third and Morgan last. These positions were unchanged except in the ninth mile, Morgan took the lead and secured the record for that distance. All the times for the intermediate distances were inside of the American record, except the tenth mile, which, being run in 3m. 5s., fell outside. The race was virtually in the last quarter, and when the bell rang for the last lap, Prince drew up level with Woodside. Gradually he forged ahead, and on the home stretch by a clever spurt broke the tape about two yards ahead of the group. The times for each mile are as follows:

MILES.	NAME.	M. S.	PREVIOUS REC.
1	Woodside,	*2.57	2.59
2	"	*6.00	6.11½
3	"	*9.07	9.30
4	"	*12.19	12.40½
5	"	*15.29	15.51¾
6	"	*18.35	19.02
7	"	*21.46	22.15½
8	"	*24.56½	25.27½
9	Morgan,	*28.05¾	28.30½
10	Prince,	31.10¾	31.06

* Best Professional record in America.

One Mile Race Without Hands.—C. H. Chickering first, time 3m. 9¼s.; Thos. R. Finley second, 3m. 19s. This was another victory and record for the Star. It will be remembered at Springfield that Burt Pressy covered one mile without hands in 3m. 11s., much to the surprise of all, and it was not unexpected when Chickering took the lead with consummate ease increasing the distance between himself and competitors at every stroke, and finishing 100 yards ahead of the others. His time, which is the best on record, is as follows: Quarter mile, 50s.; half mile, 1m. 35½s.; three-quarter mile, 2m. 22s.; mile, 3m. 9¼s.

Half Mile Dash.—E. P. Burnham first, time 1m. 25s.; C. F. Frazier second, time 1m. 25½s. Burnham took the lead at once, and a very pretty race ensued between him and the Star exponent. The quarter was run in 44s. A pretty struggle ensued down the home stretch, but the man from Newton was equal to the occasion, and landed a winner by almost a foot.

Two-Mile Race for those who had never beaten 3m. 20s. Two heats. First heat.—John Brooks first, time 6m. 3s.; Frank M. Dampman second, 6m. 24¾s.; Edward Kohler third. Second heat.—Louis J. Kolb and George Weber, dead heat, time 6m. 17¼s. Final heat.—George Weber, first, time 6m. 16s.; Louis J. Kolb second by three inches. This was the most exciting and stubborn race of the day, and was marked by a number of protests against competitors who it was claimed had previously ridden within the time limit, and for a number of fouls. The field of starters was very large; fourteen appearing at the scratch, they were placed in two heats. In the first was Brooks, who had ridden two miles in about 5m. 50s. earlier in the afternoon, and whose previous record was in such doubt that he was not allowed to start in the final heat. He won easily, making the first mile in 3m., and the second in 3m. 3s. In the second heat Kolb and Weber had a hard struggle from start to finish, ending in a dead heat. In the final, these two worthies again raised the excitement to a boiling pitch by making such a close finish that it took a long time to decide which was the winner. The great difficulty was to intelligently judge between the Star and the crank wheel, but the judges finally gave it to the Star man. In the meantime the crowd surrounded the stand, and made Rome howl for the time being.

Two-Mile Tricycle Race.—E. P. Burnham, first, time 7m. 11¼s.; A. G. Powell second. Only these two well known pedal-

ers faced the starter, but Burnham proved the stronger, although Powell made a game effort for the lead. Thus closed the first day of the tournament, which was a complete success in every way.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18.—To-day another slaughter of records was the prominent feature of the great tournament. The attendance unfortunately was quite light, and Philadelphia's reputation as a sport loving city has suffered in consequence. To allow such magnificent exhibitions of skill, pluck, and muscle as to-day's races proved to be, to go on without attracting more than a couple of thousand people, is a downright shame. Even the wheelmen, whom it is natural to suppose would heartily endorse the tournament are scarce. All present are pleased with the races, but there is a sad lack of hearty support, which must be discouraging to tournament managers. The weather was all that could be desired, the track though slightly cut up was still fast, and the records consequently suffered. One of the most dastardly tricks ever perpetrated in American bicycling annals was discovered this morning. Three of the fastest racing machines were disabled by the tires being chopped out in chunks, bolts being drawn and nuts loosened. Fortunately it was discovered in time to prevent any serious accident other than depriving Gideon and several others of their mounts, and compelling them to ride smaller or strange machines. A reward of \$100 was immediately posted, and it is hoped the practice stopped.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the first race was called, and the others followed in rapid succession.

Two-Mile Amateur Race for those who had never won a first prize.—Frank W. Kohler, first, time 6m. 26¼s.; Fred. Smith, second, time 6m. 27s. A pretty race with five starters, the only feature being a brush between the leaders on the home stretch.

Five-Mile Tricycle Race.—E. P. Burnham, first, time 17m. 55¼s.; Geo. D. Gidem, second, time 18m. 52s. A. G. Powell stopped. Burnham as usual cut out the pace with a good prospect of cutting the record, which he did in the third, fourth, and fifth mile. Round they went in one, two, three order with no change of position until the seventh lap, Gideon moved up into second place. Three laps further on Powell dropped out. Burnham gradually drew ahead and won easily. The time by mile was as follows:

MILES.	M. S.	LEADER.	RECORD.
1	3.37	Burnham	3m. 31¾s.
2	7.12	"	7m. 5¼s.
3	*10.48	"	11m. 21s.
4	*14.23½	"	15m. 10 1-5s.
5	*17.55¼	"	18m. 35½s.

* Best American record.

Five-Mile Amateur Race.—A. Dolph, first, time 15m. 18½s.; John Brooks, second, time 15m. 20¾s. C. F. Frazier and Geo. D. Gideon stopped and E. S. Stevens of Vine-land, as usual, fell. At the crack of the pistol, Brooks took the lead, with Dolph and Frazier at his heels, with Gideon about ten yards in the rear. In this order they finish the first mile, covering the distance in 2m. 59s. On the next mile Dolph took charge of the procession and crossed the tape in 6m. On the third round Brooks shook a reef out of his jib, and sailed into port in 9m. 8s., beating Palmer's three-mile record by 9s. Pursuing the even tenor of his way, four miles was reached in 12m. 16¾s. Suddenly Dolph found he had business ahead, and went there to secure the contract, with considerable success, landing a winner by two yards in the excellent time of 15m. 18½s. The score sheet exhibited these figures:

MILES.	LEADER.	M. S.	PREVIOUS REC.
1	Brooks,	2.59	2m. 50s.
2	Dolph,	6.00	5m. 48s.
3	Brooks,	*9.08	9m. 17s.
4	Brooks,	*12.16¾	12m. 30s.
5	Dolph,	*15.18½	15m. 26¾s.

One Mile Obstruction Race.—John A. Green, first, time 4m. 14s.; C. H. Chickering second, Finley fell. The obstructions consisted of two platforms about six inches high, with abrupt inclines, and were as well calculated to break a man's neck as anything that could be devised. Only three star riders faced the scratch, the other crank entry, L. J. Kolb, sensibly withdrawing. Chickering took the lead, and ran over the obstructions safely in the first lap, with Fin-

ley close behind him. On the second lap Chickering, who was riding very fast, was unable to check his speed and ran full tilt against the plank, his machine turning a complete somersault, and landing him fifteen feet in advance. Finley was too close to escape, and followed suit. Both men were considerably bruised and shaken up. Chickering secured another machine, and finished the race, but Finley did not. We trust this style of racing will be left out of future programmes, as nothing can be gained by it and much lost.

Two-Mile Amateur State Championship.—A. G. Powell first, time 6m. 53s. Edward Kohler, second, time 6m. 53¼s.; J. A. Green, third. Green started off at a funeral pace, and the race was without interest until the last two laps, when Powell rushed for the lead and cleverly captured it.

One-Mile Amateur Race for Boys Under Sixteen.—Thos. R. Finley, first, time 3m. 23s.; J. G. Fuller, second, time 3m. 24s. This was a very pretty race, each one in turn taking the lead. Finley apparently had recovered from his terrible fall, and spurred prettily at the finish.

The tug of war race was between the Quaker City Club and the Star Club of Smithville. All the contestants rode stars, and the race was easily won by the latter, who rode three abreast around the track. This closed the afternoon performance.

The evening of the second day brought the same slim audience, and the strains of the four tuned band wailed in consequence. The racing was up to the standard, and several records were broken in the professional race. The feature of the evening was the performance of Frazier, who lost his heart in the afternoon five-mile race, and was inclined to go home. He finally decided to try his luck in the three-mile race, and won that handily. This so elated him that he ran away with the ten mile prize later on, and became a favorite again. Dolph was exceedingly unfortunate in the last race of the evening, and twisted his crank at the first lap. With this exception everything passed off smoothly.

Three-mile Amateur Bicycle Race.—Chas. F. Frazier first, time 9m. 22s.; Frank M. Dampman second, time 9m. 27 1-5s. Frazier clicked along merrily on his Star, reeling off the miles in 3.07, 6.18, and 9.22. Dampman made a good race for second place.

Five-Mile Professional Race.—John S. Prince first, time 15m. 19s.; W. M. Woodside second, time 15m. 19¼s.; H. M. Higham third; W. J. Morgan fourth. Woodside bent on record breaking, started at a fine gait, making the half mile in 1m. 27 1-2s, and the mile in 2m. 56s. He slowed somewhat on the next mile, completing the distance in 6m. 1s. The third mile was covered in 9m. 7 1-2s., and the fourth in 12m. 17s. On the last lap Prince made his expected spurt, and won after a close brush at the finish. The improvement in Morgan's riding was a matter of general comment, and he is no longer "left out," as at Springfield. The time for every mile is the best on record for professionals in this country.

One-Mile Amateur Ride and Run Race.—C. H. Chickering, first, time 4m. 37s.; Louis J. Kolb, second, time 4m. 40s. The men started in the run, mounting at every 220 yards and riding that distance. This made 8 mounts in all. Chickering took the lead and forged rapidly ahead. Finley and Kolb fought hard for second place, but the latter outran the feather weight on the last lap.

Ten-Mile Amateur Bicycle Race.—Chas. F. Frazier, first, time 32m. 23s.; E. P. Burnham, second, time 32m. 23¾s.; A. Dolph, third. Dolph immediately took the lead, but called out that his pedal was bent at the half mile. An effort was made to have him change machines, but he kept on, although at considerable disadvantage. Burnham was also out of sorts, having eaten something that did not agree with him, while Frazier ran along in good spirits, apparently unmindful of the cares of this world.

At the mile, Burnham had the regiment in charge, and two miles showed no radical change in position. On the third mile Dolph executed a flank movement, and the watches registered 9m. 40 1-2s. The fifth mile brought Burnham again to the front in 16m. 6s. only to change places at the sixth. The seventh, eighth, and ninth were headed by the Newton man, but on the last lap Frazier went by with a tremendous rush that placed him twenty yards ahead of the others. Dolph and Burnham had a beautiful spurt at the finish, the latter winning second place by a wheel.



Subscription Price - - One Dollar A Year
Clubs of Six - - - - Five Dollars
European Subscriptions, - - - 5 Shillings

Published every Friday Morning, by
THE 'CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Box 444, 21 Park Row, N. Y.,
and entered at the Post Office at second-class rates.

New York, June 20, 1884.

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TOURING.

To many the coming of summer is hailed with delight. It means to the wheelmen long days of unalloyed pleasure in the enjoyments peculiar to the wheel; the prospects of a quiet ride in the cool of the evening, together with the return by moonlight, are such as to make the toil of the day seem light in pleasant anticipation. The extension of such pleasures to a trip of several days is of such a character as to merit the attention of all in search of a profitable mode of spending one's vacation. To our mind the quiet tour with one or two congenial companions is by far the acme of pleasure in wheeling. The great meets, the monster race meetings, all have their special field of usefulness, and benefits accrue from the contact with wheelmen of more distant localities whose ideas vary with the sections represented. The meet is a constant kaleidoscopic whirl of entertainment; new faces are encountered, and old friends brought together. There is a succession of events rapidly following one another, but in a few short days it is all over and one returns home tired and with a feeling that he has not accomplished all he intended to, nor even all he resolved to see.

On the other hand, the possibilities of a quiet tour with a genial party, as are booked for the Chicago and Kennebec tours, are such as to compensate doubly for the expenditure of time and money. The graphic description of these events as they transpired have served to whet the appetite of the uninitiated, and to rekindle the enthusiasm of the veteran. The small and select party can necessarily afford more opportunities for social intercourse than a mass of wheelmen where numbers are the first consideration. The intimacy that can spring up in a day's acquaintance is wonderful, when one considers the conventionalities of modern society. The little incidents of the trip, a helping hand in a case of disaster, all go to form the elements of an acquaintanceship pure and simple. The writer recalls an incident

where the loan of a wrench was the starting point of a friendship that has lasted for years. Straws show which way the wind blows, and little things often have a great significance.

It is not our purpose to enter into details in regard to the possibilities of touring. We have merely spoken in a general way of the pleasures to be derived from a trip on the wheel, with a word of general advice to those that can spare the time to employ the same in touring. Our roads may be a source of disappointment to some, but nothing makes more hardy riders than a week across country over unknown highways. The constant sticking to one route is wearisome in the extreme, as well as monotonous. The mind ceases to derive any benefit from such riding; the scenes are always the same; no caution is needed, as the location of each pebble becomes a matter of instinct. But place the tourist on an unknown road and his faculties are on the alert, his mind is constantly diverted to the changing panorama of nature and the varying conditions of the road bed, and he will at the end of a day's run, although tired, feel that he has accomplished something besides merely covering a certain number of miles. The possibilities of touring are as yet undeveloped. Let us see what each of us can do towards extending the knowledge of our highways to our brethren, by practical experience this season, and illustrate the ability of the wheel to accomplish what is spoken of it.

STATEN ISLAND AND LONG BRANCH RUN OF THE "CITIZENS"

Flushed with the great success of the Decoration Day run, the L. A. W. Consul for Staten Island arranged with Captain N. M. Beckwith to have the Citizens Club enjoy on the 14th inst. a day's wheeling over the fine roads and interesting country of the county of Richmond, S. I.

A circular was sent out with complete details of an elaborate scheme which included a continuation of the trip to Long Branch the following day. It was to be a big thing on wheels!

But though enthusiastic cyclists, the "Citizens" are nearly all business and professional men, who find it difficult to take a whole day for pleasure; so when the responses came in there was rather a poor showing for so large a club.

However, the projectors thought ten or a dozen would enjoy the first day's sport, and with an increase of about the same number, they would make a fair sized party, the second day at the Branch.

The three preceding days were rainy, but Saturday was fair, though the sky was somewhat overcast in the early morning. The soil of the Island being sandy, and the principal roads macadamized, they were dry, hard, and in splendid condition after the storm. But in some way the impression had spread that the run would be "off" on account of the weather, so when the Consul met the boat that was expected to bring the "Citizens," one solitary member, with an air of determination that was almost pathetic, rolled his wheel down the gang-plank.

When the Consul recovered from his disappointment and surprise, sufficiently to become an animated interrogation point, he learned how matters stood and that probably several members would come down in the afternoon.

Under the circumstances he was so glad to see even one man, that like the minister, who always endeavored to preach particularly well on a rainy Sunday to reward those who braved the storm, he determined to give this single representative the greatest possible pleasure.

So away they started, and after an enjoyable trip over the best and most charming roads, and a trial of speed on the Athletic Club track, returned with sharp appetites to St. Mark's Hotel for luncheon.

No other wheelmen having put in an appearance, tennis was indulged in to pass the time. Just as the game was at its height the club call of the Citizens brought it to a sudden standstill, and behold, there through

the foliage glisten the nicked wheels, and sweeping around the curve comes gallant Capt. Beckwith on his lofty mount followed by two sturdy henchmen!

Almost the first inquiry was, "How soon can we have something to eat?" "Immediately if not sooner!" was like music to their souls, and the great capabilities of the new comers in the matter of disposing of things edible having been given full scope, and their reputations fully sustained the party adjourned to the Consul's cosy quarters.

A chat and a smoke with a running banjo accompaniment formed a pleasant prelude to a fine run across the Island, and a visit to Fort Wadsworth, returning in time for dinner.

At the hotel was found a later delegation, including the wife of one of the men, and a jollier or pleasanter party it would be hard to gather. It is a very usual and commendable custom that obtains in the Citizens club for the members to take their wives when they go for a little outing a-wheel.

In the evening the wheelmen were introduced to the young people of the house and an impromptu dance indulged in which lasted well on towards midnight.

The next morning bright and early the Citizens were off for Bergen Point, where the train was taken to Matawan. On board were some of their clubmates and the size of the party had now reached very respectable proportions.

Even after all the rain the roads were too dry to be in their usual splendid order, though they still afforded fine wheeling.

Owing to a recent change in the time table, Matawan was reached at noon, two hours later than was anticipated, and when the men wheeled into Red Bank, they were so hungry they could have bitten into a tin plate. But by experience they knew it was no place to stop for dinner, so a halt was made just long enough to get something liquid, while a few recklessly indulged in ice cream, and then they pushed on over the fine stretch of the Rumson road to Sea Bright. It was nip and tuck whether they could get to the Peninsula House before the hour for dinner had passed, and the uncertainty did not well agree with the hollowiness of their epigastric. It might have been a cold day for the boys had not two Kings County wheelmen, who had met the party on the train and continued on it to Red Bank, ordered dinner for the expected Citizens, so that when they arrived it was ready and waiting.

It was a mighty good dinner, too, and how we did put ourselves outside of it! Then, at peace with all the world, a stroll on the beach was thoroughly enjoyed. The surf was particularly fine and so heavy that no steamers landed at the pier; so the return was made by rail from Long Branch. The entire affair was very enjoyable and a great success, and the only regret was that there were not more of the club to enjoy it with us.

ARIEL.

FROM THE CLUBS.

JANESVILLE, WIS., CLUB.—Organized Monday, June 9, with the following officers: President, John Livingston; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Bursell; Captain, Chas. F. Glass; First Lieutenant, F. N. Webster; Second Lieutenant, F. J. Burr.

MT. VERNON, O.—The wheelmen of Mt. Vernon organized Monday evening, 3d inst., under the name of "Mt. Vernon Wheelmen." The election of officers resulted as follows: Dr. W. A. Baker, President; W. H. Crumley, Secretary; W. H. Disney, Treasurer; H. C. Plimpton, Captain; and W. C. McFadden, Lieutenant. The club has secured comfortable club rooms and propose joining the League.

Sec'y.

NORTHAMPTON.—The annual meeting of the Northampton Bicycle Club, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, resulted as follows: President, Louis B. Graves; Secretary and Treasurer, L. L. Campbell; Captain, E. E. Davis; First Lieutenant, W. S. Howard; Second Lieutenant, T. W. Sharkley; Bugler, J. A. Ross.

Fraternally

L. L. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.

MASSILLON.—The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: C. M. Russell, President; Jas. R. Dunn, Captain; Karl F. Miller, Senior Sub-Captain; A. H. Coleman, Guide; E. L. Arnold, Standard

Bearer; W. K. Warwick, Secretary and Treasurer. Our membership list has been augmented by Doctor H. C. Royer, who, on his application being presented, was unanimously elected a member of the club. The prospects for the club seem quite bright for the coming season. Some of the members expect to attend some of the meets, and all our members are more enthusiastic than ever. With best wishes for the success of the L. A. W. for the ensuing year, I am

Yours fraternally

W. K. WARWICK,
Sec'y M. B. C.

RANDOLPH.—At the annual meeting of the Randolph Bicycle Club, held March 3d, 1884, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. L. Rathbone; Vice-President, J. L. Smith; Secretary, O. M. Jeffers; Treasurer, C. D. Appleby; First Lieutenant, F. L. Seager; Second Lieutenant, P. C. Adams; Bugler, E. E. Potwin; Ex. Committee: the President, Captain, Secretary, *ex officio*, B. A. Bartlett, C. C. Thompson. The club starts on its second year with plenty of enthusiasm and with the determination to keep bicycle affairs hereabouts at fever heat. We shall soon add several members to our club; have "hung our sign upon the outer walls" of the Wentworth Block, where our headquarters are situated; have just purchased some splendid new uniforms; have projected an excursion a-wheel during the month of June, and are continually striving to let the public distinctly understand that we are "on deck."

Very respectfully

O. M. JEFFERDS, Sec'y.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

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"The Joys of Life," Emile Zola's new book, is in press, and will be shortly published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is the great literary curiosity of the season, being a grand novel of passion, whose powerful interest lies in its truth and pathos. The heroine's experience, while fraught with sorrow, yet has its bright side, and throughout her career she fully realizes "The Joys of Life," from which circumstance the work takes its name.

The Kings County races take place tomorrow. The best way to reach the grounds is to take the cars across the bridge and the DeKalb avenue cars direct to the grounds.

Mr. Richard Garvey, of St. Louis, who has been identified with the Duryea saddle for such a while, stopped in New York a few hours on his way home. Mr. Garvey has sold out his brokerage business and embarked entirely in the bicycle business, having been re-elected President of the Missouri Wheel Company.

The best record for a mile is 2 m. 50 s., made at New Haven by Geo. M. Hendee. His performance at the Harvard races was excellent, but not the American record for that distance.

The enterprising proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla are the first in the field with a campaign card, giving an excellent lithographic portrait and sketch of James G. Blaine, the Republican Presidential candidate. The back of the card also gives the last electoral vote, the new apportionment, and other valuable information. Copies may be had by sending stamp to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mr. J. H. Adams, who started from Land's End on Saturday, May 17, at 5.20 A. M., arrived at John O'Groat's on Saturday, May 24, at 5.05 A. M., thus accomplishing the distance—about 930 miles—in 6 days 23 hours 45 minutes, and beating all previous records, including those of Keith-Falconer, Nixon, and Lennox, by from three to seven days. Mr. Adams rode a 46-inch "Facile" Safety bicycle. Mr. Goodwin, of Manchester, who started from Land's End on a 38-inch "Facile" twenty-four hours in advance of Adams, also rode the entire distance in 8 days 15 hours, thus beating all records but the above.

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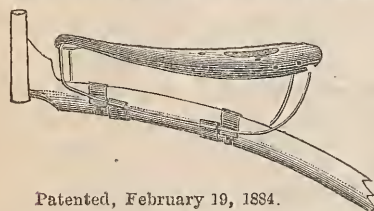
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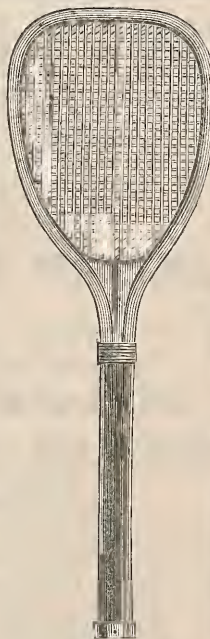
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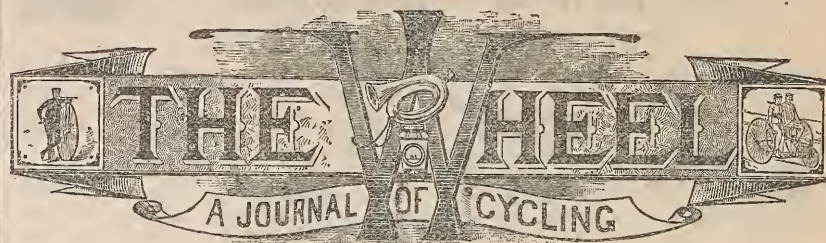
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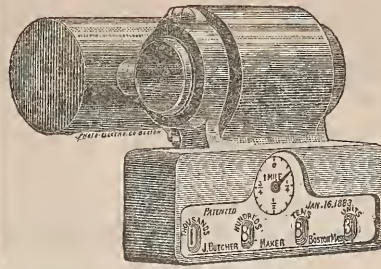
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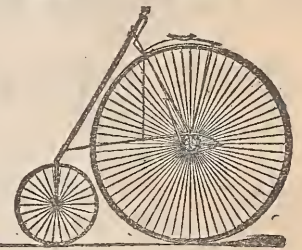
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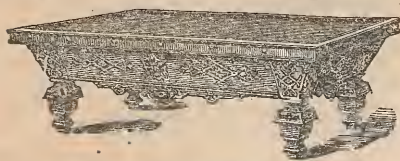
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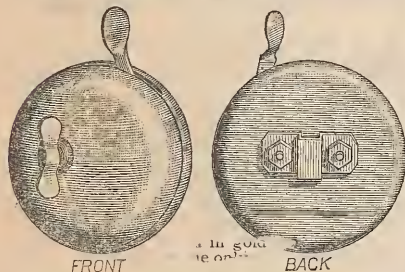
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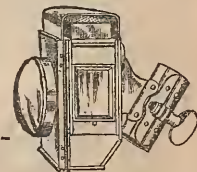
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