

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Vol. III.—No. 9.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JANUARY, 1886.

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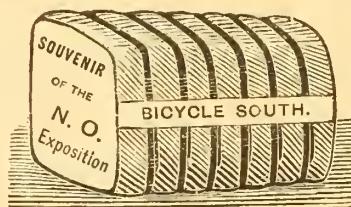
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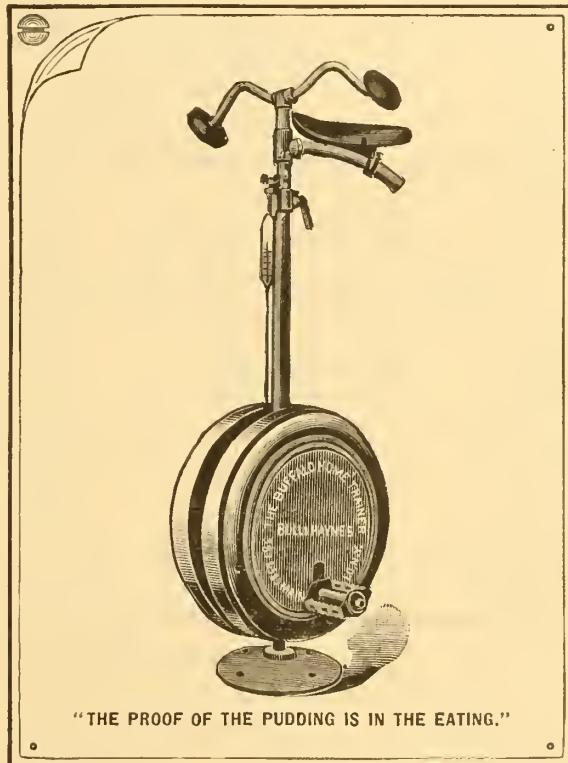
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The trade supplied by the American News Co., New York.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

DECLINE OF BICYCLING.

To begin with, there is no such thing, and, moreover, there will never be, the arguments of some of the English press to the contrary notwithstanding. Cycling has come to stay, just as did the wagon of hundreds of years ago, and the railroads of the present century. The wheel is a practicable machine, filling a hitherto unoccupied field of locomotion, and in a few years with improved roads can no more be dispensed with than our horses and wagons, which croakers said there would be no use for when railroads became thoroughly established. The decline of the once popular roller skating is cited as an instance; but the roller skate has no more business to be compared with the bicycle than a canoe has with an ocean steamship. The canoe is a fair toy and one calculated to amuse. Just so with the roller skate; in a rink with glaring lights, band of music, and plenty of the fair sex, the skate had its charms, but of fun there is an end, and one soon tires of the monotony of the rink. With the bicycle all is changed; we mount our steed, and away to the country, visit our friends at a distance, use it as an aid to our business,—in fact, we turn dull care and hard work into bright scenes and pleasure; we combine our work and pleasure in one, adding to our enjoyment and lightening our burdens; thus we toil on and ride day by day till we become so enraptured with the poetry of the wheel that we are apt to feel indisposed to put up our wheel even for the night's rest.

RECORDS.

President Bates in the December issue of the GAZETTE protested against allowing records against time to be compared with those made in competition—a wise and just protest. While wheelmen in England and America are striving for records and the legislative bodies of both countries are exercising the closest scrutiny to see that the records are honestly made, just the reverse appears in the National Trotting Association; there the horsemen are using all their ingenuity to escape a just record, and the National body is endeavoring to compel the trotters to secure their best records. A recent sporting paper says:—

"As time on the trotting turf is the base of the handicap, the general inclination is to start a horse in as many races as possible without cutting down the record. Every season horses are campaigned from one end of the country to the other without getting into the classes where they really belong. Look at 'Almeta.' For two successive seasons she has been trotted outside of the 2.30 list, and yet she was able, almost any good day, to beat 2.25. The National Trotting Association is using all of its powerful machinery to compel owners to shoulder records. * * * * *

For every single instance of starting a horse for the purpose of putting him into the 2.30 circle there are hundreds of instances of horses being started to keep clear of this list. Rules are not made to meet isolated or exceptional cases, but to govern the thousand and one transactions which come under the head of general practice."

There are two ways in which the difficulty complained of may be obviated. One is to get our men to race against time and thus get them down where our official handicapper can place them in their proper position. The truth has been heretofore that our men have run on the same principle that the horsemen have trotted their horses; to wit, to win and not get a record. We do not want this in cycling, we want racing such as the National Trotting Association will get when they abolish the pool box. Let us make it an object for our men to run fast and not a waiting race of the past, for fear of a record by the handicapper. The other way in which it may be done is for the official handicapper to use the time of the last quarter of the mile as the abilities of the men, and judge them accordingly.

THE ENGLISH WHEEL ANNUALS.

The Christmas number of the London *Cyclist*, under the title, "The Great S——, or a journey through Cyclonia," the first of the English wheel annuals to come to hand this season, is a magazine of ninety-eight pages, not counting the advertising department. The work is considerably marred by the advertisements being freely scattered about in the reading matter; in fact, it seems to be gotten up with the advertisements in view, for even the title page and index are backed by advertisements. Comparing "The Great S——" with "Our Camp," of last year, it is certainly not as creditable a production; but, aside from the fault mentioned, it is well gotten up and printed, and some of its plates are fairly good, but not what we would accept in a work of this kind in the United States. Moreover, to the general reader outside of the wheel world, much of the work is a conundrum needing an explanatory key to accompany it. A comic calendar of twelve full page lithographs with cycling predictions, part of which are very good, and about forty illustrations of the leading wheelmen are incorporated in the form of a dream book, of which we give specimens; accompanying the portrait of George M. Hendee is

the prediction, "If you dream of George M. Hendee, you will be a naturally favored rider, but vastly over-rated and puffed up by your injudicious friends, and totally unable to make good in public the professions of your superlative excellence;" and that of Sellers, "To dream of Sanders Sellers, your sudden burst into the front rank of sprinters will be so phenomenal that your speedy retirement from the path will be almost a national misfortune in the opinion of those who regard legs as everything in a man." Speaking of portraits, the authors are well represented, as we find them no less than four times in the work. The narrative is that the authors are banished from Wheeldom, and are compelled to travel through Cyclonia, and they relate their experiences in what must be to the wheelmen of England who know the nicknames of their brethren, a very enjoyable volume. It can be obtained in this country by addressing E. C. Hodges & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, 50 cents, post-paid.

"Wheeling Annual" is all that its name implies, and is not modeled after the conventional Christmas annuals. No love stories, but a complete encyclopædia of the cycling world for the year 1885. It contains forty-eight pages of reading matter, six pages of lithographs, numerous pages of advertisements, and all enclosed in the handsomest cover yet devised for a wheeling production. It contains "a racing retrospect of the year, complete record tables of the world, a chronology of the year, an account of the long-distance rides of the year, wheeling notes from all parts of the world, and thirty lithographic portraits of leading wheelmen of the year." These portraits are very fine, and are far ahead of any yet issued of our leading wheelmen, and reflect great credit on the artist. In fact, as a reference book, no wheelman can afford to be without it, and Mr. Etherington is to be congratulated on issuing a book so well gotten up, and so handy and useful withal. The "Annual" can be obtained at the office of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Price, 50 cents, post-paid. Our advice to all is to secure one at once.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

To combine art with utility is one of the goals towards which many strive but which few attain. It is even harder to reach and requires more time, brains, and money than to make a new record. That the useful and ornamental may be combined needs no better illustration than the artistic and elegant work in chromo-lithography and letter-press of the "Columbia Bicycle Calendar" for 1886, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, and distributed broadcast over the land. It is one of the most costly advertisements ever used in the cycling business and reflects great credit on the publishers. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip with a quotation pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent writers on both sides of the

ocean. The notable cycling events are mentioned; and concise opinions of the highest medical authorities; words from practical wheelmen, including those of clergymen and other professional gentlemen; the rights of cyclers upon the roads; general wheeling statistics; the benefits of tricycling for ladies; extracts from cycling poems; and much other matter interesting to the public in general, and the cycler in particular, appear from day to day. In fact, into a little measure is crowded in a highly attractive way the past, present and future of cycling;—a virtual encyclopædia upon this universally utilized "steed of steel." The calendar proper is mounted upon a back of heavy board upon which is exquisitely executed, in water-color effect, a charming combination of cycling scenes by G. H. Buck, of New York. A mounted bicycler in uniform is sounding the bugle-call while speeding past an echoing lake. In another view a party of bicyclers are enjoying a spin by the light of the moon. In another a sprightly and pretty and daintily attired lady tricyclist bears evidence of the delightfulness of this health-giving exercise. The letter-press was the work of the Springfield Printing Company of Springfield, Mass., printers of the GAZETTE. As a work of convenient art it is worthy of a place in office, library or parlor. Like most of the advertising issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company its advertisement is conspicuous by its absence. Only the word "Columbia" appears modestly in one corner, while hidden almost from view in small letters is "The Pope Manufacturing Company," while the daily slips to be torn off are entirely devoid of all advertisements. The following quotations on January 2 and 3, show the general style:—

We claim a great utility that daily must increase;
We claim from inactivity a sensible release;
A constant mental, physical, and moral help we feel,
That bids us turn enthusiasts, and cry, "God bless
the wheel!"

—Will Carleton.

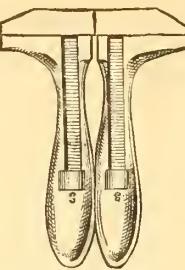
Dumb-bells are a nuisance, Indian clubs are a burden; walking when one is tired is not particularly a pleasure; but from the time I was first able to put my legs across a bicycle and go around the room of the Columbia Bicycle School by myself I have never had but intense pleasure every time I have mounted that machine.

—Rev. George F. Pentecost.

Taken as a whole the calendar may be termed a bicycle primer, for it is more of an educator of the general public in matters pertaining to the wheel than an advertisement of the Pope Manufacturing Company.

The Australian Cycling News in commenting on the Springfield meeting says: "In our next issue we hope to give a special account of this great race meeting, the greatest the world has yet seen. 10,000 dollars worth of prizes are competed for by the cream of the English and American racing men, and though Australia has not a representative, we hope by keeping the cycling world of Australia conversant with the famous events of the distant shores, that some effort will be made next year to have us represented at this world-wide carnival. The colonies, it has been frequently argued, have held their own—aye, more than held their own—against English and American rivals in cricket and aquatics, why should they not in cycling? Immortal in the annals of wheeldom be they who lead the way." The above has the right ring and we trust our Australian wheelmen will favor us with a flier who can do 2.26, for that is our mark for next year.

FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.



HE wretched weather continues, and the air remains moist and enervating. For four consecutive days last week we had hard frost, and a little skating was obtained; but a rapid thaw has left the roads as muddy and sticky as before. A few clubs keep up their

Saturday afternoon rides in a desultory way, and a few others have taken to carrying out club walks in lieu of rides; in the Liverpool district, too, the Anfield Bicycle Club displays a vigorous example by turning out every week with usually a score or more riders, ordinary runs alternating with paper chases on wheels. Cyclists living in the city and west end parts of the metropolis are enjoying the unique advantage of the many miles of wood-paved roadways which extend over their districts and which, being unaffected by the moist atmosphere, afford grand running during the evening, after the heaviest traffic of the day has ceased; but the great bulk of our wheelmen reside in the suburbs, where gravel and flint roads abound, and from which the only way into the country is by greasy macadam, tram-lined granite-set paving, or flint roads churned up by heavy cart traffic; whilst for them a run into the city for a spin on the wood or asphalt paving is rendered impracticable by reason of the barrier of rough granite-sets which surrounds the city on every hand. We have no halls nor rinks for riding in; consequently only the hardiest and most enthusiastic of our cyclists keep their wheels on the move during the winter months, the bulk of club men occupying their leisure hours in attending theaters, music-halls, and dances; some helping or listening at smoking-concerts organized by the clubs, and a muscular few indulging in foot-ball, cross-country running on foot, or gymnastics.

Formal dinners—which used to be regarded as an indispensable annual feature of every well-regulated club—grow fewer and fewer, most of the clubs preferring social little gatherings of their own members in private; but amongst those held during this past month it is noteworthy to chronicle the sixteenth annual dinner of the Pickwick Bicycle Club, which is a high-class club of first-rate riders, as vigorous in its sixteenth year of existence as at any previous time.

The annual general meeting of the Cyclists Touring Club, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, was attended by less than 100 out of a total 20,000 members. The principal business was to resolve upon a change in the club badge, in consequence of the present badge having been "pirated" by jewelers outside the club, who sold it to anybody at lower prices than were charged by the club. The new badge is to be in some mysterious way part and parcel of the ticket-of-membership; but as the patent and registration formalities are not yet complete, the exact arrangement is shrouded in gloom.

All attempts at establishing a cyclists' club-house in London have hitherto resulted disastrously; but there is now a scheme in embryo, which is being greatly favored by the C. T. C. council, for a high class soci' club-house to be built on the Victoria Embankment of the river Thames, combining the usual features of a general club with a department devoted to the C. T. C. offices, and possibly a C. T. C. social club in addition.

Lotteries of all kinds are totally illegal in this country; but of late years several cycling agents have essayed to turn a more or less honest penny by getting up such speculations at Christmastide, giving presumably old stock in the form of tricycles, bicycles, and sundries, as "prizes"; and notwithstanding the transparent fact that the profits made by the organizers cause the tickets to be of less value than they are sold for, the insane mania for lottery speculation has enabled enormous numbers of tickets to be sold. The police have already stopped several of these illegal enterprises, and it is to be devoutly hoped that the result will be a total cessation of all such disgraceful concerns next year.

At the December council-meeting of the National Cyclists Union, some questions were asked regarding the position of amateur riders who raced out of this country, as to whether riders who raced under the laws of the League of American Wheelmen would be liable to suspension; but it appeared from our honorary secretary's reply that the N. C. U. does not interfere with riders who race as amateurs in America or Ireland, but does interfere with riders who race as amateurs in any other country, or in this country if under any but N. C. U. laws. The only logical deduction from which is that what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander, seeing that the amateur laws of the Amateur Athletic Association are identical with the amateur laws of the N. C. U. but the amateur laws of the L. A. W. are not!

The N. C. U. has just followed the example of the L. A. W., by decreeing that no record made on a Sunday shall be accepted.

A further proposition with regard to records was that no record should be accepted unless made in a race under N. C. U. rules; this would have the effect of throwing out records made on the watch "against time"; but owing to some informality the motion was ruled out of order.

The result of the southern counties' Cyclists' camp and race meeting, held at Tunbridge Wells in August, is a cash loss of £78.9.7 on a gross turn-over of £265.10.10. This loss is wholly attributable to the race part of the scheme; the camp paid its way, but the races were very badly advertised in the locality, so that the gate money fell short of the expenses, even although the actual money paid for the prizes was only about half what was advertised!

The problem of how to prevent subsidized amateurs from racing continues to vex the minds of many worthy men, and a proposition to form a secret vigilance committee, whose function it should be to issue privately a black list of all men believed to be in the pay of bicycle makers, was on the point of being adopted; but some clubs stood out against the secret feature of the plan, and an alternative proposition is now on the carpet whereby the constitution of the committee will be openly avowed; the N. C. U. has also appointed special committee to report on the whole question; but there is a growing feeling of conviction that the thing will end in smoke.

At last we have a prospect of a solution to the difficulty existing for some months between the N. C. U. and the A. A. A.; nothing has actually been decided by the latter body officially, but from the utterances of prominent men it appears tolerably certain that the Athletic Association will withdraw its pretensions to rule cyclists, and we shall return to the *status quo ante*, the N. C. U. conceding a point in the shape of rescinding the sentences

of suspension passed upon men who have raced under A. A. A. laws. The concession is undeserved; but rather than let the interests of sport suffer, as they have suffered lately, the N. C. U. men are willing to stretch the point.

American riders are evidently destined to monopolize the world's records for path-riding; but if your Mungers and Iveses and Rhodeses want to eclipse our road performances some means of accurately determining the distances from place to place must be adopted. Cyclometer measurements are not regarded as worth a rap, in this country; and even milestone figures have to be carefully verified before a rider can get a claim to a road-record accepted; and you must, therefore, grant that we cut our own coats according to the pattern which we shall expect you to cut yours by, when—as appears probable—your figures for 100 miles and twenty-four hours reach those which we can boast of in this diminutive little island.

Please do not imagine that I gave you false information about the title of the *Cyclist* Christmas number. *Cyclonia* was to have been the title, but at the last moment it was changed to the more curiosity-inspiring name of "The Great S—." For obvious reasons, I say nothing about the literary matter; but it is allowable for me to remark that the illustrations to the book will be as keenly appreciated by American as by British riders, the series of twelve plates turning the zodiac to cycling uses being alone worthy a frame in the home of any cyclo. *Wheeling's* annual is not yet published, which is a curious circumstance when we remember how emphatically *Wheeling* abused the *Cyclist* last year for not publishing earlier; but nobody ever expects to find *Wheeling* and consistency coupled.

The Stanley show is to be managed this time by a joint committee of the Stanley Club and the leading makers. The date and place are not yet fixed; but it will most likely be early in February.

WAVERLEY.

LONDON, December 16, 1885.

While calling at Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co.'s in Boston, on New Year's Day, we had the pleasure of examining the "Genuine Humber" tandem which Messrs. Rudge & Co. presented to Mr. Corey (their manager) when recently leaving England. At our Springfield meeting the performance of English and Cripps on this style machine demonstrated the fact that it was quite as fast as the bicycle, and as a tandem it had no superior. The one which Mr. Corey showed us was a beautiful specimen of workmanship, and reflects great credit upon its makers. It had a number of improvements over last year's pattern, particularly the set rod between the two down tubes which prevented them from springing together and the chains loosening up, also the front handle-bar, which was adjustable up or down as the rider's arms required. The chains were neatly covered up with mud guards so that a lady's dress would not be soiled or injured in any way. We casually remarked that we would not mind a ride on the machine, and no sooner said than the machine was taken out on to Commonwealth avenue, and with its owner on behind we had a spin around some of the Boston roads. We enjoyed it fully as much as on a bicycle, and did not notice a great deal of difference in the muscle required for use in driving or the speed obtained. After our ride Mr. Corey took us to the Massachusetts Club house which we closely inspected.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



If the shades of some of Fenimore Cooper's defunct braves hover round the neighborhood of the three rivers which lie between the cities of Springfield and Philadelphia, they are no doubt exceedingly impressed with the fashions of locomotion most in vogue in this Nineteenth Century of ours.

This is Christmas time and we will be pardoned if we let our fancy run back to our childhood's days, and for once, forgetting that we are a child no longer, revel for a few moments in something akin to fairy land imaginings. What an abnormal "guttural ugh" would the renowned Uncas have indulged in if he could have been around last fall when Burley B. Ayers and his cycling braves took the trail to the North and East. How his proverbial stoicism would most undoubtfully have succumbed to the subtle influence of the "wheel." Well! times change and we change with them, and records change too; we must not forget that we have had proof positive of this within the last few months. Cycling has kept pace with the times, we must all admit that. Within the past few years and in this same old city of Philadelphia, whence at the present moment I am writing to you, the strides that cycling has made have been remarkable. And it is at this particular season of the year that this fact appeals most forcibly to me. More at this season than at any other I note the great difference between the cycling world of four years ago and the same world of to-day, at least as far as this city is concerned. It is often entertaining to indulge in a bit of retrospect, especially at a season such as this, more especially, when, though holiday time, adverse circumstances prevent our enjoying the said time after the fashion which the cyclo likes best. I wound up my last month's jottings with the intimation that perhaps in my next communication I should refer to club life in the Quaker City, and perhaps I can find no better subject to send you a few notes about. Yesterday was Christmas day and I find myself thinking of Christmas day four years ago, when I was new to the city, and though an old rider still did not own a machine. I remember seeing the enthusiastic cyclers who circled round on the asphalt walks in the neighborhood of the main building of the Centennial Exhibition—then standing—and wishing that I had my machine, and then making a resolve to get one when the riding season opened. There were comparatively few cyclers in Philadelphia at that time, and but few cycling clubs. Two or three organizations of this nature formed by early enthusiasts, had met an untimely end, and the "Philadelphia," "Germantown," and "Frankford," represented cycling club life in the Quaker City four years ago. What a change we have now! We have at present a dozen cycling clubs in the city, and many others scattered round in its neighborhood, and all in a fairly prosperous condition. The largest and most successful one,—started since the period I speak of, four years ago,—is of course the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, formed in 1882 as a sectional club, principally for riders residing in West Philadelphia, but rapidly coming into favor among others than West Philadelphians; it grew and grew, and taking members from all parts of the city, it, in an extraordinary short space of time, ranged up alongside the older clubs, and soon equalled them in point of membership and activity. In the early days before "Pennsylvania" was in existence, the "Philadelphia" and "Germantown" clubs divided the honors and labors connected with cycling in the Quaker City between them. "Philadelphia," through the agency of several of its members who could wag their tongues as well as their legs, did much towards impressing the park commissioners with a proper respect for the rights of cyclers. The Germantown Club, through its younger and more

was saying, bicycles and cyclers were abnormal productions of old Father Time, to the denizens of the Quaker City four years ago. They were the nightmare or rather the daymare of the park commissioners, and they were the abomination of all buggy riders. And yet there were not so many of them in those, comparatively speaking, early days of cycling in this locality. To myself, who had been used to seeing cycles and cyclers constantly and in all manner of places and situations for several years previously, the lack of wheelmen in a city of the dimensions of Philadelphia was a fact strange and but for one reason almost incomprehensible. And this one reason, which I came to the conclusion was the prime factor in causing the great dearth of cyclers in the city, was the extraordinary liberality with which cobble-stones were used in the paving of the streets. Judging from the plenty of cobble-stones, to my novice eyes a dearth of bicycles was but the inevitable result to this plan of paving adopted by the city fathers. The chief riding ground of that day in Philadelphia was the two or three mile stretch of asphalt pavement which extended round the, as I before said, then standing main building of the great exhibition of 1876. Although the park, thanks to the work of members of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, had just been thrown open freely to cyclers, still, when I first looked around at things cycling in the city, said cyclers, taking them as a body, excepting the very active members of the existing clubs, preferred to bowl round and round the main exhibition building on the smooth asphalt, to taking any very extended rides through Fairmount Park, or out "the Pike," then coming into favor among city cyclers as a riding ground. The old exhibition building and its asphalt walks are now things of the past, but even if the said asphalt heaven of the cyclo of four years ago existed now, it would hardly be patronized after the fashion that it was then. As I said before, times change, and we change, ideas change and records change, and the cyclo of to-day must do his hundred miles in one day, or else break some recognized record, or he considers himself a very poor votary of the wheel indeed. But to recur to the matter of our city clubs; as I said before, the three cycling organizations, "Philadelphia," "Germantown," and "Frankford," represented cycling club life in the Quaker City four years ago. What a change we have now! We have at present a dozen cycling clubs in the city, and many others scattered round in its neighborhood, and all in a fairly prosperous condition. The largest and most successful one,—started since the period I speak of, four years ago,—is of course the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, formed in 1882 as a sectional club, principally for riders residing in West Philadelphia, but rapidly coming into favor among others than West Philadelphians; it grew and grew, and taking members from all parts of the city, it, in an extraordinary short space of time, ranged up alongside the older clubs, and soon equalled them in point of membership and activity. In the early days before "Pennsylvania" was in existence, the "Philadelphia" and "Germantown" clubs divided the honors and labors connected with cycling in the Quaker City between them. "Philadelphia," through the agency of several of its members who could wag their tongues as well as their legs, did much towards impressing the park commissioners with a proper respect for the rights of cyclers. The Germantown Club, through its younger and more

enthusiastic membership looked after the racing and the long touring interests of cycling in relation to Philadelphia, while the Frankford Club, owing to its situation of comparative isolation did a little of everything and a great deal of nothing in particular, except as the cyclers of those days used to tell me,—blowing. "Gid," of the Germantown Club, was the great racer of those days, and his name was synonymous with all that appertained to proverbial "greased lightning." The commodious riding school of Horticultural Hall was but a dream then. No, it was not even a dream, Mr. H. B. Hart initiating all who wished to learn the use of the bicycle into the mysteries connected with said machine, in the room of the white-washed posts on North Broad street. Would-be cyclers of those days if they were spared a feast of wooden nutmegs, had to take their fill of wooden sweethearts; many a warm embrace did those old posts of North Broad street receive, when cycling was young in Philadelphia. Now, as I have already remarked, we have our dozen clubs, and our three riding schools. The Broad Street school was supplemented something less than two years ago by Mr. Hart, with the large and convenient "Park Rink" right on the verge of Fairmount. In this building, the Penn City Wheelmen, one of our newer and more active clubs, has its headquarters. Several other clubs have their club-rooms in the building, and the Philadelphia and Germantown Clubs, owing to the situation of their headquarters in the city, have annex rooms at the rink, with machine space, which proves a great convenience for many of their members. The first club in the city to obtain a complete building as a club-house was the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, and its example was followed some time since by the "Germantowners," whose house-warming is still a pleasant memory with city cyclers. All the cycling organizations of the city are in a fair way of doing well.

Some little time since the Pennsylvania Club became incorporated, and a few days ago, the Philadelphia Club also followed suit, so that we have now two incorporated bicycle clubs, and two cycling clubs having complete houses for their needs as clubs. With respect to the membership of our principal clubs, the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Pennsylvania Clubs have each about from fifty to sixty members. The Penn City Wheelmen have about forty members, and the remainder of the city clubs have comparatively small memberships. Perhaps the most eminently social of Philadelphia cycling clubs is the Germantown. A glee club and whist parties on Friday nights make the cosy rooms on Fairmount avenue an attractive spot for Germantown's members, and Friday night is the club's red letter night all through the winter of its discontent, or until spring shows her pleasant face once more, and "wheels" come out to look at the sun. The soul of music and sociability dwells in the Philadelphia, too, but for some reason or other it is less apparent in the Pennsylvania Club than in these others. Perhaps "Pennsy's" members are satisfied with their capital appointments, as far as mere riding goes, and do not feel under the necessity of cultivating the more social features of cycling club life. It is time to cut these jottings short for this occasion; they have already grown too long.

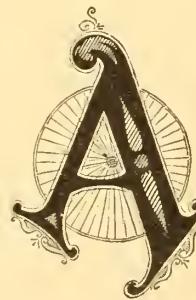
CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, December 26, 1885.

FROM THE ANTIPODES.

CYCLING IN SANDHURST, "THE SPRINGFIELD OF AUSTRALIA."

[A letter written at Sandhurst, October 21, 1885, by one of Karl Kron's correspondents, who has "gained the Australian record" by pledging twenty-nine subscribers to "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," gives the following interesting facts about the growth of wheeling in that second city of Victoria. It is situated 100 miles distant from Melbourne, the capital, and has a population of about 35,000, or a little greater than Springfield's. Though our own city was founded in 1836, Sandhurst was, as late as 1853, a mere settlement of calico tents in the wild bush, and was then called Bendigo by the gold miners who inhabited them.]



AUSTRALIANS having won for themselves distinction and fame in every branch of athletic exercises, it is not surprising that the latest development of these national pastimes—cycling—should find a place in the category. With the Australians, cycling events occupy a prominent position

in the "bill of fare" for their outdoor entertainment. No programme of athletic sports is complete without a cycling event, be it in the metropolis or far inland town, so popular have these wheel contests become.

Of the province of Victoria, Sandhurst, as the second city of importance in the colony, stands foremost in its support of cycling, whether it be track or road racing. As far back as fifteen years ago, cycle races were held in Sandhurst, on the now obsolete bone-shakers, when the hard struggles on that cumbrous piece of mechanism that comprised the "bicycle" of the day, was provocative of much spirited enthusiasm from the spectators, whilst they proved of immense fun to the small boys who vainly endeavored to outpace the hard-working competitors. But with the continued development in mechanical science, and the concerted energies of enthusiastic votaries, the scene has changed. It was not, however, until a club had been formed that the true import of the cycle was clearly manifested, though the advent of a new machine, a recent design, called forth a meed of admiration and wonder, but there was still an evident disposition to regard these new ideas with a degree of suspicion.

With the establishment of a bicycle club and the spectacle of six and eight riders turning out at a club run, a footing was gained in public favor, and a mutual recognition was apparent, which has since gone on uninterruptedly. The first bicycle club was established in Sandhurst, June 21, 1880, a meeting for that purpose being convened by Mr. W. J. Parry, who has ever since been prominently identified with the advancement of cycling in Sandhurst. The club was initiated with a membership roll of nine members, among whom, curiously enough to remark, was Mr. F. H. Shackelford, who has since then achieved the honorable distinction of *amateur champion* of Australia. The officers of the club were: Captain and honorary secretary, W. J. Parry; vice-captain, S. Keam; treasurer, L. London.

The club existed, with varying success, until early in 1883, when it became defunct. In December of 1882 a race meeting was held, which, as the cycling journal of the day said, "was a decided success; the day was fine, the racing good, the events varied, and the whole of the arrangements carried out punctually and satisfactorily to all concerned."

Among the most successful of the competitors at that meeting was the late W. J. Crowle, a most energetic rider, powerful and fast, having made his mark as a track rider. This poor fellow met a sad death November 14, 1883, through the tire of the front wheel of his machine becoming detached, causing him to be thrown with great violence, head foremost on the road. He sustained concussion of the brain, and expired next day, being twenty-seven years of age. The event cast quite a gloom over Sandhurst, and cycling in consequence suffered a check. Next came the Invincible Bicycle Club, but it did not exist long, Mr. S. Keam being the originator of it; when it was dissolved the majority of the members joined the Ramblers Bicycle Club, which was organized December 21, 1884. Then came the Eaglehawk Athletic Bicycle Club, and lastly the Sandhurst Cycling Club, June 12, 1884, the latter three being still in a flourishing state, notably so the latter two, each of which has a large muster roll of riding and honorary members, with fast track and road riders in their ranks.

The ordinary routine of club runs has been varied with road races, paper chases, race meetings and badge competitions, to say nothing of club socials and concerts, for, be it understood, the average Sandhurst cyclist likes entertainment, and that varied, too. The first club road race was held by the Sandhurst Cycling Club in October of 1884, over a distance of thirty miles, and was a decided success, a vast number of spectators turning out to witness the finish at Charing Cross. The second event was over the same distance, but starting at Inglewood, from which place the road was much better than from Elmore; this event was held on March 4, 1885. The third contest of this character was held by the Ramblers Bicycle Club on June 29, 1885, for amateur riders only, of the club; and the fourth event over the same ground—Inglewood to Sandhurst—but for the professional members, was decided on May 6, 1885. In each instance valuable trophy prizes were awarded to the first three men.

Then came a racing carnival by the Sandhurst Cycling Club, on July 1, 1885, at which the best riders in the colony competed, viz., Shackelford, W. J. C. Elliot, Con Dwyer, and W. W. Bloomfield, the trophy prizes that were offered for competition being costly and very chaste.

In November, 1885, a second carnival, held by the Ramblers Bicycle Club, was equally as successful as that held by the Sandhurst Cycling Club.

In addition to the provision made by the local cycling clubs for periodical competitions, cycling events also take place in January of each year, under the auspices of the Caledonian Society, and Eaglehawk Athletic Club; at Easter, by the Easter Fair Sports Committee; in March, by the St. Patrick Society; in April, by the *Eight Hours Demonstration Society*; in October, by the Miners' Association, and in December, by the Caledonian Society, so that Sandhurst wheelmen are well catered for throughout the year; hence there is no season for cycling, like the companion sport, cricket, or any other of the many favorite sports. There is no cessation; the wheel is on the buzz from January to December; club runs form a powerful incentive to cyclers on their wheels in tours so many of which are enjoyable. The run to Marong, eleven miles, a pretty country village, forms a very favorite resort for cyclers; the kind attentions of host and hostess Harley are something to be remembered. The Cherry Tree spin-

(nine miles) is another; also the Botanical gardens, Lake Weeroona, White Hills, Epsom Pottery, Eaglehawk, Lake Reanger, and a host of others well known to club men, form the features of attraction on the half holiday of the week (Wednesday) when cyclists gladly take the wheel for a run out into the country, and enjoy a mouthful of fresh air. In no small degree do these considerations account for the ever active state of cycling in the great gold city of Australia.

Of the three clubs now existing, the Ramblers Bicycle Club has a membership of upwards of seventy-five; the Eaglehawk Athletic Bicycle Club, a membership of twenty-nine, and the latest formed club, the Sandhurst Cycling Club, a membership of upwards of ninety. The latest computation of the total number of cyclists in Sandhurst made by myself, as V. C. A. consul, top up the respectable total of 300, comprising club and unattached riders.

Road races for members of clubs only have been held by the Sandhurst and Ramblers Bicycle Clubs respectively, two each, the former holding a very successful racing carnival July 1, at which Shackelford, Elliot, Bloomfield, and Con Dwyer competed.

News Notes.

May

27, 28 and 29,

Boston, Mass.

Sixth annual meeting

League American Wheelmen.

"Hal" hails from Philadelphia.

The Cleveland Bicycle Club has 79 members.

Philadelphia Bicycle Club has been incorporated.

A popular air with the ladies—"Sweet Tri and Bi."

The Springfield Bicycle Club is nothing if not generous.

R. Chambers has entered the employ of D. Rudge & Co.

Excuse our joy, but that \$500 was a gift worthy of honorable mention.

February 22 is the date of the annual ball of the Springfield Bicycle Club.

Penn City Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, intend to build a club-house.

The charter of the New Orleans Bicycle Club runs for ninety-nine years.

Says the *California Athlete*: "We recognize no equal on the Pacific Slope."

That cartoon in the November GAZETTE was too much for the *Bicycling News*.

Just think of it! one club in the next L. A. W. parade will have 240 uniformed riders.

"Those who laugh last, laugh best." Respectfully dedicated to the Coventry papers.

English wheelmen are sighing for the introduction of Zacharias & Smith's adhesive tire tape.

A. Kennedy-Child is an able gentleman, but his defense in the *Bicycling World* is a little weak.

Yes, we will all be in Boston next May and Massachusetts will be represented 1,000 strong.

Seven hundred wheelmen attended a recent "smoker" of the Jupiter Bicycle Club, London.

The *Spirit of the Times* shows considerable of the spirit of enterprise in its Christmas number.

The Coventry papers seem to be haunted by remorse and regret, and are greatly troubled therat.

Dan. Canary continues to astonish the Englishmen. He will visit France before he returns home.

Why not make Col. Pope marshal of our next L. A. W. parade? Ahem! Capital! Just what we want.

Rowe's record-breaking racer is on exhibition at the Boston salesroom of the Pope Manufacturing Company.

One of the marriage presents to Howell is a handsome piano given by the employees of D. Rudge & Co.

Every cyclist who has seen the Columbia Calendars for '86 declares them to be the best cycle advertisement ever issued.

President Ducker has won his first prize, and that was a second, won at the carnival of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club.

Lynn will be in the ranks next year with a monster meeting. The series will then read Springfield, Hartford, Lynn.

An advertisement of the nature of the Columbia calendar is one from which all dealers in cycling will reap an indirect benefit.

Dr. W. G. Kendall, of the Boston Bicycle Club, has covered 4,163 miles on his Rudge Light Roadster this year, and 677 on a tricycle.

The Pope Manufacturing Company will bring out two patterns of light tricycles this season, one for ladies and one for gentlemen.

Canary is engaged until March, 1886, and will give exhibitions at the Theater Royal, Bristol, during the run of the Christmas pantomime.

The Expert Columbia on which Hugh J. High rode over 6,000 miles is now on exhibition at the Pope Manufacturing Company's salesroom in Boston.

The *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* wishes to know what kind of a track our Hampden Park has that enables second-rate men to beat the best English records.

Boston, the "hub of the universe," will on May next show the world the grandest, greatest and most successful meeting of cyclists in the history of cycling.

The *Cyclist* of December 9, admits that a half-mile track like that at Springfield is some seconds faster than the quarter-mile tracks so much in vogue in England.

Send H. Etherington, 152 Fleet street, London, England, your photo., and in return receive one of Mr. Etherington, the energetic English wheelman and the firm supporter of American times.

"The Great S—" is not the Great Sturmy, nor the Great Springfield, nor the Great Secret; it must be the Great Something, however.—*Bicycling World*. If it is not the Great Success.

The Springfield Bicycle Club will undoubtedly offer at their next tournament the finest prize ever offered to amateur cyclists, and for a race which will determine who is the champion of the world.

Four of the leading ministers in Brooklyn are cyclists. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Rev. George R. Vandewater ride tricycles. Rev. George F. Pentecost and Rev. W. W. Davis ride bicycles.

"Hal" is to write a series of articles under the title, "Girls I Have Met." His inborn gallantry

ought to insure better treatment for the ladies than his victims of the steiner sex met at his hands.

"The City of Teheran," where Thomas Stevens is wintering, is described in the January *Century*, by S. G. W. Benjamin, ex-Minister to Persia, whose article in the January *Harper* is referred to elsewhere.

The new officers of the Pennsylvania Club are: Isaac Elwell, president (late secretary); Charles H. Harvey, vice-president; Samuel Cheyney, secretary; W. S. Harper, assistant secretary; Fred A. Brown, treasurer.

How to enjoy the wheel for 1886: First, join the L. A. W.; second, go to the L. A. W. meeting May 27, 28, and 29; and, last but not least, visit the Springfield meeting in September, and your cycling cup of joy will be filled.

The managers of the Italian railway system have eventually decided to allow cycles to be carried as passengers' luggage. This will be hailed with satisfaction by those tourists who are planning tours in this part of the world for next season.

Cinder paths are going out of date, and tracks are now being made of clay and gravel after the Springfield track. The new track at Rangiora, N. Z., is nearly finished and is expected to prove a fast one, being made on lines of the Springfield track.

The bicycle business of Messrs. Rudge & Co. has increased to such an extent, it has been deemed advisable to form the firm into a corporation. During the last three years, they have actually made and sold upwards of twenty thousand machines.

Business being dull at this time of the year, the record manufactory at Hampden Park, Springfield, is closed. An inventory of records will be taken, some needed repairs made, track improved, and it is expected to start up in the spring with renewed energy.

"There is honor among thieves" is an old saying, and there should be some among cycling editors. The *Bicycling News*, of December 4, rather oversteps the bounds of decency. But then, just give them rope enough and they will hang themselves as they did on the time question.

A peculiarity of the Oakland (Cal.) Club is that it has no constitution or by-laws to wrangle over. Moreover, it has no "dues," as there are no expenses. Whenever there is a "run" or a picnic the members "chip in" whatever they like and pay the bill. The plan works most successfully.

A young couple, married the other day at Vienna, have set a new fashion in honeymoons. Fired by a desire to emulate "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," they started on a wedding tour on a tricycle, and are now riding through Hungary to the great amazement of the natives.

Mr. Leni, the West Kensington, England, agent has issued a circular to the trade, complaining of the enormous tax, owing to the multiplicity of cycling papers especially, upon the class he represents—the agents—whose profits he contends are entirely swept away by the advertising necessitated.

Howell has been and gone and done it. He became a Benedict last Wednesday, when he was married to Miss Clara Heeley, the niece of his old backer, Mr. W. Atkins, of the Red Cow Hotel, Leicester. And we hope Mrs. Howell will enjoy

the annual pilgrimage of her husband to Springfield next fall.

Friends of Thomas Stevens, the round-the-world bicycle tourist and correspondent of *Outing*, now spending the winter at Teheran, the capital of Persia, will be interested in the illustrated article descriptive of that country, supplied to the January *Harper* by S. G. W. Benjamin, late U. S. Minister to Persia.

Through the courtesy of the proprietors of *Bicycling News*, we were allowed to insert an advertisement in the reading columns of the *News*, of December 4, for a common article of merchandise, and up to date, January 5, we have not received ONE reply. Truly its circulation and influence must be great.

Wheelmen are looking forward to their annual pilgrimage next spring (the L. A. W. meeting), when all will be able to shake hands with the Pope (of cycling), who has lately moved into his elegant new mansion. The ecclesiastical council will be presided over, not by the Pope, but by one of the lesser lights of cycling.

Grant Bell, the champion bicyclist of the Northwest, while asleep, walked through a window at his home, and fell a distance of twenty-three feet. His spine was seriously and permanently affected. Bell has been the champion bicyclist of the Northwest for some time past, and recently achieved a national reputation as a fast short-distance rider by twice defeating Woodside.

Harry Etherington was tendered a complimentary supper on Friday, Dec. 18, the occasion being the presentation of *Wheeling* medals to the holders of the world's records for 1885. It was a very enjoyable affair, and was presided over by Mr. A. Kennedy-Child, who fully carried out his established reputation of best of chairmen that the wheeling world has to-day.

A sorrowful sight of to-day is the *Cyclist* and *Bicycling News*. Ashamed of their past conduct, they don't know how to crawl out of this dilemma. Come! come!! gentlemen, why not come out like men, and own up that you were mistaken, and apologize for past misdemeanors? The cycling world will forgive you, and we think that the lesson of to-day will last a lifetime.

T. W. Eck, of Aurora, Ont., has taken up Robert Neilson, of Boston, for signing himself professional bicycle champion of America and Canada in his challenge to Prince, and challenges him to three races—10 miles, 100 miles, and 26-hour straightaway—for \$50 or \$100 a side each race and the championship of Canada, the race to be run in Chicago, Boston, or Toronto. Eck has put up his forfeit.

A six-days' bicycle race of twelve hours a day, open to all riders, will be run at the Washington rink, Minneapolis, Minn., commencing January 15. The track is eight laps to the mile with raised corners, and the rink is heated by steam and lighted by electric lights. The entries thus far are William M. Woodside, T. W. Eck, C. W. Smith of Milwaukee, Wis., and Mlle. Louise Armaindo.

In speaking of the makers' amateur question, and the proposed changes regarding the same, the *Bicycling News* says: "If the purifying process comes to anything, no amateur will be able to go to Springfield next year as an amateur unless he pays his own expenses, or obtains a special permit of some sort from the N. C. U. for his expenses

to be paid by his club—the latter a problematical affair at best."

A new cyclometer is being placed on the English market, the invention of Mr. C. V. Boys. In addition to being an unfailing register, it is fitted with a gong, which strikes at the end of each mile. It is a matter of impossibility for it to get out of order, while it is so fixed that the rider can see the dial from the saddle. It is being brought out by Mr. M. D. Rucker, whose name is sufficient guarantee that it is something good.

England has a new dodge which may be termed "sealed handicaps." By this scheme all the riders in a race start from scratch and ride the total distance, the allowance of the handicap being made known after the race is over. This arrangement would certainly secure a hot struggle from start to finish, every man doing his utmost to keep a long way ahead of everybody else. But just wait till the next Springfield meeting and we will show them a trick worth two of that.

Wheeling has awarded gold medals to the following record-breakers: M. V. J. Webber, 1 mile, 2m. 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; E. Hale, 100 miles, 6h. 39m. 58s.; J. Lennox, John O' Groat's trip, 6d. 16h. 7m.; F. Wood, 1 mile, 2m. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; R. Howell, 1 mile, 2m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; tricycle, P. Furnivall, 1 mile, 2m. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; S. Lee, 2 miles, 6m. 17s.; R. Cripps, 3 miles, 9m. 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Geo. Gatehouse, 25 miles, 1h. 26m. 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; J. H. Adams, 24 hours, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; T. R. Marriott, John O' Groat's trip, 6d. 15h. 22m.; Mrs. Allen, 24 hours, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Twelve medals in all.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for October, took no notice of the unjust and uncalled for criticisms of the Coventry papers, and did not intend to pay any attention to such petty nonsense. Then we were immediately accused of everything black, and abused by said papers because we did not defend Springfield times, so in the November issue we spoke out in an honest and manly fashion. We hit straight from the shoulder; result? We knocked them completely out, and now we are to have no end of abuse, which, as the Coventry papers say, is not argument.

Karl Kron having completed his own part of "X. M. Miles," he is now compiling the personal reports and riding statistics which have been prepared for the book by others; and he again asks us to request every such man to send in the exact date of his birth, for addition to the record. One object of this is to help fix the identity of each narrator, in the reader's mind; another is to show the average age at which men do their swiftest wheeling, or the greatest amount of it; and a third is to convince the outside public that this means of locomotion is not entirely restricted to children.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has at its different offices a fine collection of historic Columbias, resting on their honors in their old age, like old war chargers. At the Chicago house is Thomas Stevens's Standard Columbia used in crossing the American continent. In the New York branch stands Karl Kron's old "234," which has been used on nearly every road worth riding on in this country. At the main office in Boston are Standard Columbia 14, built in 1878, once H. E. Parkhurst's racing machine, which has traveled fully 6,000 miles; and Hugh J. High's Expert, on which he crossed the continent from Pennsylvania to Nebraska and return.

The November SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is a good number. It gives the record-doubters some hard knocks, and shows the *Bicycling News* (Eng.) how its cartoon *ought* to have been, and how things *will* be, no doubt, with said doubters. We are tired of the foolish opposition, and if they do not accept the records we shall not argue the matter further, as all the rest of the world acknowledges them. By the way, the GAZETTE copied our editorial on the subject, but by mistake credited it to the *Cycling Times*.—Philadelphia Cycling Record. Correct, brother; mistakes will happen even in the GAZETTE office. You see we are bound to credit some one with all the good sayings.

"Turkey" was the addition which Christmas time appropriately brought to the list of nations supporting the publication of "X. M. Miles on a Bi.;" for the Ottoman Empire then supplied to Karl Kron a subscriber from Angora, Asia Minor,—Mr. Henry Binns, who writes thus, November 27: "As correspondent of our British papers in Constantinople, I have supplied them with a series of articles about Thomas Stevens, giving all obtainable information as to his movements. These articles have been translated into the native papers throughout the country, thereby keeping up the general interest in the noted traveler. Numerous inquiries keep coming in to me regarding him, from his many well-wishers, not only in this city but in the whole surrounding districts." Mr. Binns subscribes to Kron's book for the sake of securing its 30th chapter, which will contain a summary of Stevens's ride from San Francisco, Cal., to Teheran, Persia.

Dr. Wm. G. Budington, of Brooklyn, who was a member of F. A. Elwell's Bermuda party last winter, has just returned from another trip to those islands, on which he was accompanied by Dr. A. G. Coleman, of Canandaigua, and ladies. While there they explored the roads on a Kangaroo, and a Columbia two-track tricycle, Dr. Budington riding the latter. They report the island as looking beautifully from the effect of recent heavy rains, which at first interfered somewhat with their riding. They were accompanied on all their excursions by Misses Coleman and Wilson, who followed in a carriage in which they conveyed Dr. Coleman's camera. Many fine views were secured. Dr. Budington has left his tricycle at Hamilton, as he intends returning with Mr. Elwell's party the 2d of March. From letters being constantly received by Mr. Elwell, it is evident that quite a number of ladies will follow the example of Miss Coleman and Miss Wilson, thereby adding greatly to the pleasure of the tour.

The following is the proposed route of the "Big Four" tour this year, date not yet determined upon, awaiting the dates of the next Springfield meeting: Niagara Falls, train to Rochester; *First Day*, Rochester, Canandaigua; *Second Day*, Canandaigua, Watkins Glen; *Third Day*, Watkins Glen, Elmira; *Fourth Day*, train from Elmira to Mauch Chunk—arrive at Mauch Chunk at 11 A. M., leave Mauch Chunk at 2:30 P. M.—Allentown, Pa.; *Fifth Day*, Allentown, Philadelphia, Pa.; *Sixth Day*, Philadelphia to Lancaster, Pa.; *Seventh Day*, Lancaster, Gettysburg, Pa.; *Eighth Day*, Gettysburg, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.; *Ninth Day*, Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Luray, Va.; *Tenth Day*, Luray, Staunton, Va.; *Eleventh Day*, Staunton, Natural Bridge, Va.; *Twelfth Day*, Natural Bridge, by rail to Richmond, Va.; *Thirteenth Day*, train to Norfolk, morning steamer for

New York; *Fourteenth Day*, arrive in New York in the morning, leave at 11 p. m., steamer; *Fifteenth Day*, arrive at New Haven 7 A. M., take train to Hartford, Ct.; *Sixteenth Day*, Hartford, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

A "home trainer" may be defined as a stationary bicycle. It has the backbone, the saddle, the handle-bar and the pedals of an ordinary bicycle but not the wheels. Its chief use is for practice by bicyclists during the winter and stormy weather, and dealers also find it convenient for measuring purchasers of bicycles and also for teaching beginners the motion of pedaling. One fast wheelman in Chicago, who took seven prizes at the races in that city last month, did all his practicing for that meeting on a Buffalo home trainer. There is only one other firm in the country, the Pope Mfg. Co., which manufactures a machine of this sort. A scale attached to the brake determines the amount of resistance, and a cyclometer measures the distance that the rider would have traveled had the machine been a real bicycle, while a bell rings for every quarter mile. To any club sending the GAZETTE 100 names at 50 cents each we will present one of these valuable machines for the club room. The names need not all be members of the club; all we want is 100 subscribers to the GAZETTE.

At a meeting of the University Experimental Science Association, a paper was read by Mr. Stanfield, which was a digest of the address to the mechanical section of the British Association by Mr. Baker, the engineer of the Forth Bridge in Scotland. He showed that a bar of iron, strained repeatedly to only a fraction of its breaking weight, eventually broke, after sometimes many million strains. Mr. G. Stoney then pointed out that this explained why the spokes, etc., in an old bicycle were more liable to break than in a new one. Every time the wheel revolves a spoke is tightened and loosened, and this repeated many times eventually breaks the spoke, although no one strain is sufficient to break it. In his old Xtra, which many will remember, a large number of spokes were broken, and nearly all of these broke after the machine had been ridden about 8,000 miles, or had made about 3,000,000 revolutions. He rode it altogether 15,000 miles, or about 5,500,000 revolutions, and it kept shedding more and more spokes as time went on. The levers also broke after about 8,000 miles, although never strained to more than one-quarter of their breaking weight.

Karl Kron's latest circulars (5,000 copies, printed November 12 as "a last call for dollar subscriptions") devotes its available margin to a free advertisement of other American books on cycling, "in the hope that the publishers thereof will do as much for his." We so far adopt his theory of the matter as to reprint his list of titles and prices of these publications, in the belief that the several publishers, seeing this notice standing week after week, will be fair enough to give a similar brief advertisement of our own paper in their books and circulars. "In and Around Cape May," wheelman's guide (Aug., 1885, pp. 100, eleven engravings, cloth bound, about 30,000 words); mailed on receipt of postal-note for 75c, by the author, John S. Webber, Jr., Gloucester, Mass. "Rhymes of the Road and River," by Chris. Wheeler (Nov., 1885, pp. 154, cloth, price \$2); Philadelphia: G. Stanley Hart & Co., 321 Chestnut street. "Road-Book of Penn. and N. J." (June, 1885, routes of 8,000 miles tabulated); sent for \$1 by E. M. Aaron, P. O. Box 916, Philadelphia. "Canadian Wheel-

men's Association Guide" (April, 1884, pp. 128, second edition, ready in '86); sent for 50c. by H. B. Donly, Simcoe, Ont. "Lyra Bicyclica: Sixty Poets on the Wheel" (second edition, March, 1885, pp. 160, cloth); mailed on receipt of postal-note for 85c, by the author, J. G. Dalton, 87 Boylston street, Boston, Mass. "Wheel Songs," poems of bicycling, by S. Conant Foster (July, 1884, pp. 80, nearly 50 illustrations, cloth, price \$1.75); N. Y.: White, Stokes & Allen, 182 Fifth Avenue Hotel. "A Canterbury Pilgrimage," ridden, written and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Penell (Aug., 1885, square 8vo paper, 50c.); N. Y.: C. Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway. "First Annual Hand-Book, 1884-5, of the Massachusetts Division of L. A. W.," by E. K. Hill (June, 1884, 21 routes, 36 pp.), sent for 25c. by H. E. Ducker, Springfield, Mass. "The Cyclist's Road Book of Boston and Vicinity (April 11, 1885, 41 routes, 24 pp.), sent for 15c. by the compiler, A. L. Atkins, 17 West Walnut Park, Boston, Mass. "The Wheelman's Hand-Book of Essex County" (April, 1884, 48 pp.) sent for 20c. by the compiler, Geo. Chinn, Marblehead, Mass. "Road-Book of Western New York" (June, 1885, 44 routes of 1,200 miles tabulated, second edition, ready in May, '86), sent for 2c. by Bull & Bowen, Buffalo. "The American Bicycler" (1879, second edition, 1880, pp. 226, cloth, price 60c.), by Chas. E. Pratt, Boston, Mass. "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (600 pp. of 400,000 words, cloth and gilt, 3,500 subscribers' names in appendix, to be issued early in '86), mailed on receipt of money order for \$1.50 by the author and publisher, Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, N. Y. City. "Around the World on a Bicycle," by Thos. Stevens; republication in 1887 of the illustrated articles printed each month by *Outing*.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

The slight snow falls in this long shore section, and their quick disappearance is doubtless due to our proximity to Long Island Sound, with its salt-laden breezes; and "this state of the weather underfoot" is a matter of great consolation to cyclers who belong to the ninety and nine who go not upon the racing path, and who may reside some distance from their places of business, as is the case with "every member of the Solitary Club." We have done our five miles daily, excepting two, early in December, when the wind and rain seemed to have gotten up a corner in blizzards. True, we wheel down the railroad track on a cinder path, part of the way, but the rest of the route is what the cap'n calls "rather pick-care-o'-us" wheeling. [He is given to large words, at times.]

"How safe and easy your wheel seems to run, Mr. Stamson," said the lieutenant's pretty young wife, as we called at their cosy home, recently, despite the frozen hubs and a bracing breeze. "Yes'm," we made answer, "as safe as a three wheeler, and of half the weight, not to mention its easy driving;" and she is only one of dozens of ladies who wish they could ride something lighter and easier to drive than the tricycle on our none too smooth roads. Our consul and leading wheelmen, we hope, are doing their level best in the matter of road improvement, and the dear creatures aforesaid may be able to exercise on wheels, in the near future.

Since a recent exhibition of Star riding, among the rest, by professionals, at the rink, several members of the header committee want to see

Stars, apparently not having had enough of them during their short though checkered career as riders of ordinaries, and the coming season, which most of those whose wheels are in swaddling clothes already look forward to, will see a still larger variety of cycles than are owned here now.

The nine-lived longevity of some of the old wheels we know of is remarkable, and shows that the early ones were honestly made, for about a dozen muscular men have learned on each one, and owned it successively, and the old veteran will come up smiling in the spring-time ready to wrestle with another army of "ride'er-or-die young men!"

While gliding along serenely homeward the other evening, we heard one of two young ladies whom we passed give voice to a long-drawn-out "O-o-o-o, if we could only do that!!"—and a rumbling wagon prevented our hearing anything further, but from the unmistakably earnest tone of voice, she really meant what she said. The line is pretty effectually drawn at the saddle atop of two wheels, but who can tell what inventive genius will produce in the years to come.

It transpires that the great protuberance that has for the past two years been forming upon the side of one of our most enthusiastic wheelmen, proves to be a roll of greenbacks that he has accumulated, instead of paying them out for railroad fares since he became a cycler. "Some people are mean enough for anything!"

Owing to inclement weather the Stamford Wheel Club did not make as much cash at their late entertainment as at a previous one, which netted them a handsome sum. "STAMSON."

Correspondence.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

In your November number appeared an article signed by Capt. Geo. I. Bechtel, of the Reading Bicycle Club, which might appropriately be termed a tempest in a teapot; and in which, with more spleen than courtesy, he accuses me of having made false statements in regard to his club. I say signed by Capt. Bechtel; for no one who knows Georgie would for one moment credit him with its authorship. There is a rumor in the air, that the club, in executive session, burned the midnight oil for many nights in wrestling with the pesky thing, and that, in consequence, the dearth of ideas amongst them since has been highly edifying. Gentlemen, you have my sympathy! The paths of literature are thorny ones.

My article was entirely impersonal, and it is useless for Mr. Bechtel to deny the main points. Every wheelman in town knows that dissatisfaction did exist among the club members, and that a number dropped out. That things are now serene, I am pleased to learn from his article. His claim that the club is "composed principally of professional men," (?) etc., caused a smile on the part of all who know the boys. Probably three or four of the members are over twenty-two or three.

Again: In regard to the two bicycles found in Penn Square, the extract was given exactly as printed in the newspaper, by which it had become public property. I fear the captain is giving the reins to his imagination when he states that the reporter "rectified the error." I, for one, saw no retraction published, nor has any person to whom I have spoken on the subject. So, as to the races at the county fair: All the newspaper notices led outsiders to suppose that they were held under

the club's auspices, and the programmes distinctly call for a "Grand Procession, 2.30 p. m., Capt. Geo. J. Bechtel," in which, as I stated before, about a dozen wheelmen participated. Cold type is an awkward thing to take water on.

Your correspondent has as little intention as desire of entering into a newspaper controversy with Mr. Bechtel. He has no jealousies or grievances against the Reading Bicycle Club (a number of whose members are his personal friends), nor would admission to that select organization add one iota to his worldly happiness. He is not even one of the "gloved-hands and cigarette" young men. He is merely one of those humble individuals—one of the great "unattached"—who would like to see our noble and health-giving sport diffuse itself more generally in those regions where prejudice still holds against it; and if the article in question succeeds in inducing more business-like methods, and a more elevated tone, among the members of the Reading Bicycle Club, it will not have been written in vain.

It is most amusing to hear the conjectures hazarded as to the identity of your correspondent. It was finally decided to be either W—, C—, McL—, P—, or one of the two D—s; rather a wide limit, you must admit; but, "Quin sabe?"

Messrs. Wilhelm and Bechtel rode from Lebanon to Reading—28 miles—recently, in two hours and four minutes. Considering the road, this is excellent time.

It is proposed that a series of records be made each season over the various roads leading out of Reading, to break which is to be the object of our road-riding cyclists. If you could see some of our roads, Mr. Editor, you would wonder that riders could be found to even attempt to make records on them.

The Reading Bicycle Club will hold a dress ball in the Grand Opera House on January 21st. The first two rows of seats in the parquet circle are to be reserved for ladies in evening dress, and as quite a number of visitors are expected from a distance, it will no doubt prove a success. The Ringgold Orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music, and a fine collation will be served.

Mr. J. A. Curtis, who has been seriously ill for some weeks, is able to be about again. Just before his illness Mr. Curtis escaped very fortunately from what might have been a serious accident. He was coming down Penn street on his wheel, and was attempting to pass between a street car and a horse and wagon backed up against the sidewalk, when the latter (the horse, not the wagon, please understand), threw his head violently around, knocking Mr. Curtis directly under the feet of the street-car horses. The rider escaped with a few bruises; but that bicycle—it was hard to tell whether it was intended for a set of bed-springs, a wire screen, or a scrap-heap. Discretion is the better part of valor, Arthur!

"CYCLE."

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:

Quite accidentally my attention has been directed to a statement contained in a recent issue of the *L. A. W. Bulletin* signed by Henry E. Ducker, in which I am credited with having made the following assertion on accomplishing my one-mile record: "My record will not be accepted by the Coventry paper, it being so much of a trade paper that they dare not accept it, as it is against the interest of their most ardent supporters."

Permit me, in justice to the journal referred to

as well as to myself, to respectfully inform you that so far as I am concerned the statement is a pure fabrication. Since the very commencement of my racing career I, in conjunction with my fellow English professionals, have at all times been treated with the utmost fairness by the Coventry paper; and occupying a leading position among professional bicyclists, I am in a position to state that no member of the fraternity could make so slanderous a statement against the *Cyclist*, which has always proved itself to be entitled to our greatest respect.

Trusting to your sense of fair play for the insertion of this letter, I am yours, etc.,

FRED WOOD,

Professional Champion.

LEICESTER, ENGLAND, Dec. 5, 1885

[We cheerfully publish the above letter of Mr. Wood's, and as we have no desire to enter into any controversy on the subject with Mr. Wood, who does not seem to be willing to substantiate in England statements made in America, we will let it stand as a question of veracity between us. We could say more, but the best interests of cycling do not demand it.] HENRY E. DUCKER.]

Offices of *Wheeling*,
152 Fleet Street, E. C.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:

Early in November I wrote to you denying the truth of a statement which had appeared in the *Bicycling World* on September 25th, to the effect that I had "thought my influence with the English fliers and the efforts I had put forth to get them over, was worth \$200 to the Springfield Club," etc. I characterized the paragraph in no unmeasured terms. At the same time I wrote to Mr. Abbot Bassett upon the matter, and to my letter I have received the following reply:—

[copy.]

"The *Bicycling World*,
"S Pemberton Square,
"Boston, Mass.,
"Nov. 5th, 1885.

"Dear Sir:—The item you have taken objection to came to us with a quantity of others from a man who sent us a number of such things after the tournament. We had every reason to believe that it was correct. Since the receipt of your letter denying the truth of the statement, we have looked up the matter, and we find that there was no truthful foundation to the report. We shall take pains to contradict it. It may not be out of place to say that a more courteous letter would have brought about the same result. We desire to do no man an injury. The writer of this has penned nothing regarding you since Springfield that you can object to; in fact, we have defended you against the assertions of contemporaries. We regret very much that the item appeared in our paper, and we also regret that you called our attention to it in such an ungentlemanly manner. I have written H. Sturmy to this effect.

"Yours, etc., ABBOT BASSETT.
To Harry Etherington."

I need not tell you that Mr. Bassett's letter has given me unqualified pleasure, as not only does it clear me of the imputation, but points out that, as I surmised, the "par" was not penned by him.

I would ask you to give me space necessary for this "withdrawal," and also to allow me to express, through your columns, my thanks to you and Mr. Bassett, and at the same time to apolo-

gize to Mr. Bassett if I, when somewhat mortified, should have written to Mr. Bassett in either a discourteous or ungentlemanly manner.

I am, sir, yours very faithfully,

HARRY ETHERINGTON,

Ed. *Wheeling*.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:

The Bay City Wheelmen held their second invitation hop the 3d inst. and it was a grand success in every way. The committee exerted themselves to their utmost and the result was everything went off most pleasantly. The hall was tastefully decorated with bicycles, and during intermission between dancing some of the would-be fliers thought they could show the girls a thing or two on the silent steed, but the floor was so slippery they all "dismounted quickly." I believe that's the way they put it now. No bones broken.

The weather lately has been very deceitful; splendid all through the week till Saturday, then rain till Sunday night. You'll have to send a new weather prophet out this way. We have everything all ready for a nice run, lunch sent by express to the appointed place, when the rain comes and we have to call a special meeting to eat up the grub, which is reshipped to the club-house. Hard luck, isn't it?

We are stirring up a little regarding the track question, though it is yet quite "visionary." We are also boozing up the L. A. W. "biz"; will have a state division next year sure. (Drink to our success New Year's.) There have two or three new riders sprung up lately, who will do some great things next year if we have a good track.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9, 1885.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:

The Thanksgiving party given by the Adrian Bicycle Club was an immense success, both socially and financially. We clip the following from the *Adrian Times*:—

"The party given by the bicycle club, at its elegant parlors on Maumee street last evening, was a social event of more than ordinary importance. The attendance numbered over one hundred and fifty, and embraced a great number of young people, both from this place and neighboring cities. Music was furnished by Hunt, which is guaranty enough. Supper was furnished by the Lawrence House, which is also ample commendation. The features of the affair throughout were exceedingly enjoyable and the club deserves all the approbation received from its admiring guests."

ADRIAN, MICH., Nov. 30, 1885.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:

In the last issue of your paper I read the following:—

"The *Bicycling World* looks for the downfall of the importation of English bicycles, owing to the excellence of our home-made wheels."

In the days of old, I remember reading squibs and articles in the *World* of a decidedly reverse tenor. Can it be that the proprietor of the *World* allows the stock he owns in a certain American wheel company to influence his views sufficiently to allow his paper to make an entire "change of base"? The time was, and recently too, that according to his idea, 'twas impossible to make a good machine in the land of his birth. Underground influence accounts for the milk in the cocoanut."

"MUGWUMP."

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY CHRIS WHEELER.

CHAPTER I. (CONTINUED.)

All this time Kate had been quietly listening to the conversation, but now turning to her sister, she said :

"Emma, I think you will alter your opinion about Jessie after you have seen more of her. For my part I am sure I do not wish to go to school or college and get finished off in a fashion that makes me think little of old friends."

"Pray do not be foolish, Kate," said her sister ; "cannot a person express ideas on a subject or about a person without laying themselves open to a lecture ? I talk about Jessie Thompson in a dispassionate manner, in much the same manner in which I talked to herself shortly after I came home, but she only laughed at me, and said that I ought to stand for the borough."

"In the interest of the great cause of the higher education of women, I suppose," said Kate, laughing.

"You are very funny, Kate," said her sister.

"O no, Emma, I never try to be funny. But would it not be fun, mother, to see sister Emma holding forth at some big meeting, on the women's right's question ? I just wish Jessie here now, how she would tease you, Emma," and Kate laughed aloud at her own imaginings.

"She or you might try to tease me," said Emma very composedly ; "but I think that I should not come off second best in a teasing skirmish."

"O I don't know about that," said Kate. "With all your cultivated self-possession and self-control, and your curbing of all outward show of feeling you cannot always be impassive, Emma ; try how you may I do not believe that you can."

"Well, you may believe it some day when you see it evidenced," said her sister. "Of what use is education if it does not teach you to know things, and to acquire qualities which those who do not seek them or value them must be content to do without?"

"I do not propose to argue the matter with you, sister," Kate answered, "but we will wait and see if some day our evenly-balanced and astute Emma does not take as big a tumble as any of the rest of us."

"Dear me, Kate, what has come over you ?" said her sister. "You are quite warm in the expression of your ideas to-night ; you will be getting very nearly as bad as Jessie herself. How the wind blows ! I do hope that Robert will not be so foolish as to ride that bicycle of his on a night like this."

CHAPTER II.

AN EXPLANATION.

The wind made no exceptions on the night of which we are speaking, at least as far as its attentions to persons and places was concerned. It showed not the slightest partiality to any one or anything in the neighborhood of Illston. Any individual who had the ill-luck to find himself out of doors was subjected to a buffeting and a general overhauling, which made him wish devoutly that he had not ventured outside the four walls of home, and determined him to get back there just as soon as possible. The boisterous air played round Squire Thompson's domicile with fully as much rough attention as it lavished on that of the rector of Illston, and if it made outsiders uncomfortable, it had certainly the satisfaction, or per-

haps the dissatisfaction, of producing just the opposite effect on the occupants of Beechgrove, as the Squire's place was called. The old gentleman was at home himself, sitting in what some people would have called his study, a long-stemmed pipe in his right hand, the *Telegraph* in his left, and his feet extended on a low carpet stool. Every now and then the newspaper would fall on the table before him, the long-stemmed meerschaum would travel from his right to his left hand, and then his "dexter flipper," as his hopeful son Ralph termed it, traveled to the table and secured possession of a tumbler of hot punch, which would in its turn undertake a journey heavenward to minister to the comfort of the owner of the great red fingers which encircled it.

The Squire felt comfortable, extremely comfortable, and could afford to hear with complacency the wind whistle and howl through the trees, and then striving, as it would appear, to rattle to pieces the window-frames of the old farmhouse. The room in which the owner of the house thus enjoyed himself was not a study, however ; Beechgrove boasted no such apartment. The chief claim which it could advance for being considered as the study, lay in its wealth of newspapers, its half-dozen sporting calendars, an agricultural cyclopædia, and one or two farming periodicals. This literary furniture was scattered about in every fashion ; indeed, to a visitor it would have appeared that the occupant of the room, whoever he might be, took a delight in seeing how he could best give the place an air of confusion which would shock any average mortal who boasted ideas of order or method. Two volumes of the agricultural encyclopædia formed a solid base on which the reading lamp contentedly perched itself. Hanging from the adjusting button half-way up the rod of the lamp, was a sporting calendar of unerring accuracy, in which the pedigree of almost every equine celebrity could with certainty be found. On almost every chair in the room lay a newspaper, and through the open backs of several small chairs standing near a side table were stuck several old weeklies in scientific wisps, while under the table was a promiscuous collection of dailies. On one side of the fire-place stood a desk closed and dusty, on the other a book-case which, having a curtain covered with dust hanging before its glass face, might have been filled with what it had been made to hold, or it might not, for all a visitor could tell. All round the room were scattered odds and ends of papers,—indeed, the whole apartment bore a strong resemblance to the sanctum of the literary genius who piloted the fortunes of the *Illston News*. The room was certainly more like the den of some newspaper manufacturer than it was like the study of a wealthy farmer. It was in this beautiful apartment that Squire Thompson loved to luxuriate, and it was as much as one's life was worth to attempt to give to the place even the semblance of a respectable appearance. Often had his daughter, who possessed more influence with him than any one else, striven to have "father's room fixed up," but invariably all attempts on her part in the interest of law and order were met by such strong evidences of distaste from the Squire, breaking out sometimes into positive bursts of wrath, that she was content, after a few trials, to give up the task of endeavoring to revolutionize the order, or rather the disorder of things in the room and leave the old gentleman to enjoy life

there after his own peculiar fashion. The peculiarity of Squire Thompson for having a room where he could lounge and revel in disorder did one thing for his daughter, which was perhaps not distasteful to her ; it gave her more time to herself than she otherwise would have had, supposing her father to have possessed a more sociable disposition than was characteristic of him. Invariably of an evening, except during the summer months, Squire Thompson would retire to this room of his, where, by himself or else in the company of one or two old residents of Illston, particular cronies of his own, he would while away the evening in a fashion similar to that in which we have introduced him to the reader. As we have just noticed, Jessie Thompson had, in consequence of this programme, a good deal of time on her hands, and also she had the whole house outside "the den" to herself, for with the exception of Mrs. James, the housekeeper, and the servants, her father and herself were the only regular occupants of Beechgrove.

Jessie was a bright, good-tempered girl of some twenty years of age, and from what the reader has already had the privilege of hearing respecting her in the study of Parson Small on this same night, he can judge pretty well what sort of a girl she was. We will see what she is doing while her father sits, and smokes, and sips, and awaits—vainly to-night—the arrival of Cripps or Tom Atkins, or perchance even of the rector himself, who frequently did himself the honor of paying the Squire an evening visit.

Jessie, being a lively and pleasing though otherwise altogether average kind of girl, had as many or more friends among the young men of the neighborhood than any other girl outside perhaps the rector's daughters. So, therefore, it is no surprise to us to-night as we look into the parlor to see it occupied by the young lady of the house and a gentleman. As she sat with one arm resting on the table and the other hanging down by her side, with her hand resting on the head of her favorite Laverack setter, she really looked most prepossessing, and so doubtless thought Mr. Robert Small, B. A., as he looked at her from where he reclined in his easy-chair. Ha ! sister Emma's surmises must be correct then, for there sits the veritable Robert in all the glory of cycling habiliments, and certainly, though his face does bear the least little indication of perhaps unusual gravity, he is by no means a bad looking fellow, and we wonder very naturally as to whether Miss Jessie is of the same opinion as ourselves in this matter, and no doubt the gentleman himself, from the various little manner traits which we are all so familiar with, has much more curiosity about the matter than we have. Anyhow he makes himself very agreeable, and when Jessie, looking up quickly from gazing into the great brown eyes of the setter Dick, asks :

"Well, Bob, are you going to give up your bicycle when you are ordained ? It will never do when you are a reverend to go running round on a bicycle."

He draws his chair closer to the table as he replies, while smiling dubiously :

"I cannot answer your question decidedly, Jessie. If I consulted my own wishes in the matter I should most certainly not give up cycling even after I should have become a full-fledged rector."

"Just what I imagined you would say," said Jessie. "But how about your people ? What will our very correct Emma say ?"

"I suppose she would think and say, too," replied Robert, meditatively, "that it would be the greatest impropriety for a clergyman to ride a bicycle."

"Of course she would. But you would not care about that, would you, Bob?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't think that I ought to totally ignore other people's ideas, or perhaps even their prejudices on such matters."

"O yes; that sentiment of yours is all very well, but we were speaking especially of your Emma's opinion; of course she would object to your committing such a heinous offense against the laws of good sense and breeding, and all that sort of thing."

"Why, you appear to have strong notions about our Emma's ideas, Jessie," said Robert, "how is that?"

"O I have seen her several times since she returned from that Bristol school, and she is as different a girl now to the one she was when she went there, as I am different to, to—well, to what she is."

"You are right, Jessie, you are right, perfectly right, and I am glad that such is the case. That is, I mean to say that I am glad that you two are not exactly like each other," said Robert, looking most attentively at the pink lamp shade.

Jessie looked at him quickly as he spoke, and asked:

"What do you mean by that, Bob? You like Emma as she is now after her college education; you are glad of her points of difference from me. Well, I hardly expected you to say so, though I suppose I might have expected it to be very natural that you should think so."

"You mistake my meaning, Jessie," said Robert, coloring slightly; "I did not say that I admired her new acquisitions, nor did I mean to imply that you compared unfavorably with her, by no means; I meant the reverse. I like you, Jessie, better than ever since I have had my two weeks' experience of Bristol culture."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Robert, indeed I am," said Jessie. "I know I am not as clever as a great many people, but I value my friends whether they are clever or not, especially those with whom I have been associated since childhood."

"You value them all alike, do you?" said Robert, looking at her a little bit curiously. "You have no partialities, have you? I find myself liking some persons more than others to a very great extent."

"Well, that is not an extraordinary confession," said Jessie.

"Now there is yourself for instance, you ought to know that I set a high, a very high value on yourself, Jessie," said Robert, as he raised himself from his reclining position, and joined his hands with his elbows resting on his knees.

"I believe you, Bob, indeed I do," said Jessie, as she bent down, this time quite low, so that she might stroke the head of her favorite Dick, who lay at full length at her feet, and rolled his great brown eyes from her face to Robert Small's with almost an expression in them that said, "Well, what next?"

"And still," pursued Jessie, as she singled out the black hairs from among the white on the head of her favorite, "still I cannot help wondering after all how you, or indeed any one else, could take as much interest in, or think quite the same of a girl like myself for instance, after you have

been to a large school or college and mixed with people so different to what we country folks are."

"Why does it surprise you, Jessie, that such is not the invariably unfortunate rule? You are not true to your own ideas, ideas which you no doubt formed upon your experience with girls who have been finished off, like Emma for instance."

"Well, you may be right in a measure," said Jessie still continuing to pet Dick; "when I saw what Emma was like on her return home, I must allow to you that I was disappointed in her, and I could not help wondering what you would be like on your return from Oxford. I was afraid that you would find me such an ignorant, good-for-nothing girl in the matter of everything which you thought highest, that you would not take the least interest in me."

Robert's chair was drawn close to hers the instant she ceased speaking, and he took one of her hands in his; she made a semblance of withdrawing it, in fact more than a semblance, but he held it tightly so that she was fain to pat Dick on the head once or twice again, before she looked up. When she did raise her gaze she found Robert looking into her face with a curious expression in his eyes, an expression half pleasure and half indifference, as he said, "Jessie, can I hope that you really value what I think of you? am I to augur from your words that you have sometimes thought of me, and wished that I would always be the same to you, or perhaps more than when we were companions together of old, before I went to Oxford, to become what you would suppose a very learned man? I tell you I feel the same friendship for you now, nay I feel more than the same friendship for you, that I felt of old."

"Why, Robert, what is the matter? You are unusually friendly to-night; dear me, you are pressing that ring right through my finger."

"Forgive me, Jessie, I did not mean to hurt the poor finger, but what you said set me thinking or rather forced my thoughts into words. Is it true then that you wish me to be the same to you as I was before I went away? You know I was a kind of beau of yours though nobody knew it."

"O I remember it well, Bob. I remember," said Jessie, and now it was her turn to look a little curiously into the new Bob's eyes.

His reply to the look was to reach over and take her other hand in his as he said:

"Jessie, those few kindly references of yours to old times, have given me courage to say something to you which I wish to say very much. Now, has it never struck you that I might some day have a warmer feeling for you than that of mere friendship? Jessie dear, you and I were old friends, you know how I liked you then, I wish you could only know how much I love you now."

Her hands trembled in his and she seemed at a loss what to say, but no displeased expression took possession of her face, but rather a smile, a very faint one, of satisfaction stole over it.

Robert watched her features eagerly.

"It is true then you do not deny that I have a right to talk thus to you, Jessie?" he dropped her hand and bent forward, when suddenly the curtain across the doorway was pushed aside and before the grouping of the party in the room could be changed Squire Thompson himself, leaning on his cane, advanced a step into the room.

"How now! what the d—— does all this mean? By the Lord Harry, but I'm beginning to think that it's time for me to be looking after my daughter. It's you, Robert Small, is it? Who the

deuce gave you leave to be so friendly with my daughter, eh?"

"I must admit that you did not, sir," said Robert, standing up and feeling half inclined to smile.

"Now, father, what is the matter with you?" said Jessie. "Remember you are not in your old barn now, this is my room, and as for Robert, he and I were talking over old times, that was all."

"You were, were you?" said the old gentleman, looking from one to the other. "Humph! those old times must have been interesting then, weren't they? By gad! we'll have to look to you, Jessie. There's another of your old friends in my 'barn,' as you are pleased to call it; he has been talking about you and I said that I would go and hunt you up."

"Who is he, father?" said Jessie.

"Why, Ralph Shackford, my dear, Ralph Shackford," and the Squire commenced to chuckle; "by gad, I'll send him in to you, you are all good friends, eh? good old friends, of course you are. I'll send him in, egad, I will," and the Squire took himself out of the room much more quickly than he had entered it.

(To be Continued.)

THE WHEEL IN ENGLAND AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

The following sketch of a short visit to England has been kindly furnished by an American wheelman. He has written about things as they then appeared to him, and if he has made any mistakes, he asks the indulgence of the reader.

On account of unforeseen delays the departure of Howell, Chambers and myself did not take place from Springfield until some three weeks after the time originally intended. Twice I started only to be recalled, but as Howell did a world's record each time the delay was not regretted.

We finally sailed on the "Gallia" from New York, October 10, 1885. We had been somewhat disgusted with the weather for the week previous, as it was extremely stormy and not fit for further record breaking. But for this unpropitious circumstance I fear that later aspirants might have found a set of figures which would have been a trifle more difficult to alter.

We had a jolly time on the voyage, there being plenty of young folks on board who helped to make the time pass very quickly. A number of distinguished persons were among the passengers, including the Marquis of Queensbury, who had a fine tenor voice which he used for the benefit of the passengers on more than one occasion. He was known by very few at first, and some of the curious passengers mistook Howell for him on account of his tall form, much to the former's amusement.

While Howell was in America he became very much tanned and sunburnt, as he spent most of the time out of doors, and some of the curious passengers inquired what was the cause of it, when he confided to one the fact that he was an Indian, and to another that he made his living by shoveling fog. If there be anything I believe he hates it is to be asked questions, and I hardly think he was troubled further on that score during the rest of the voyage.

We arrived at Liverpool on the 19th at 7 p.m., experiencing the usual delay in landing, it being 10:30 p.m. before we stood on English soil. A delegation from Leicester, Howell's home, came down to the steamer to meet us, they having arranged a reception for him the next day. We left Liverpool at 11 a.m. for Leicester. Chambers

Application for Membership in the L. A. W.

EUGENE M. AARON, Secretary-Editor, Box 916, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir: Inclosed you will find \$1.50 for Initiation fee and Annual Dues in the League of American Wheelmen. I hereby certify that I am over 18 years of age, and that I am an amateur within the meaning of the definition of the term. I refer to the persons named below.

Signed

Club

Residence

City and State

Date

References

Fill out the above, and send it, with \$1.50, to Eugene M. Aaron.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN:

ITS OBJECTS, METHODS, AND CLAIMS FOR PATRONAGE.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Is an organization to promote the general interests of cycling; to ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen (which are those of any driver of horse and wagon); to encourage and facilitate touring; and to regulate the government of all amateur sports connected with the use of the wheel.

The L. A. W., as a national organization, includes all sub or State divisions, which bear relations to the national government very similar to those between State and Nation in the political world. The States not yet possessed of sufficient membership (twenty-five) to organize a separate division are governed directly from headquarters, as are the Territories by the Nation, politically considered. It is a matter of experience that ideal efficiency is only reached when a rider belongs to a club, the club to a well-organized State division, and the State division to a national body with well-paid and centralized machinery of business and information.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any amateur wheelman over eighteen (18) years of age, in good standing, may become a member of this League. A member of the League is at the same time a member of the division within whose limits he resides. The annual dues are one dollar; one-half of this sum is retained in the division, to be used for the promotion of its interests.

To Join the L. A. W., procure application blanks from the Secretary-Editor of the official gazette (if you do not know his address, send the request through the nearest bicycle agent), and send your name on this blank, indorsed by the proper persons (as the blank sets forth), together with 50 cents application fee and one dollar for the annual dues, to the said Secretary-Editor. Your name will then be published in the official gazette, a copy of which you will thereafter receive free. Any errors in that list should be reported to him at once. After two weeks, if no objections are raised, you will be admitted to membership, and as soon as possible thereafter you will receive your membership ticket.

THE L. A. W. AND LEGAL RIGHTS.

To ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen, the L. A. W. was founded in May, 1880—about three years after the *renaissance* of bicycling in this country began to make itself felt, and when the conflict with prejudice, both general and official, was felt all across the land. The number of wheelmen on the highways and claiming admission to the parks had become large enough to compel public attention. The public had learned something about bicycling, and, like the boy at school, learned the bad faster than the good; but it had not yet comprehended the relations of the wheel to other vehicles, or of those in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness upon the new mount with those in the same pursuit on other mounts. Nor indeed had the average wheelmen, scattered singly or in small clubs, always in little minorities, hopeful and delighted but uncertain and hesitant in their new experiences, really grasped those relations much better. In Massachusetts alone the contest for equal or at least equitable rights had been substantially gained.

Wheelmen, one and all, should join at once the League of American Wheelmen, for without its fellowship more than one-half of the true enjoyment of the wheel is lost. The Secretary-Editor wants 20,000 of the above blanks filled out before March 1, 1886.

FACTS WORTH READING

— ALL OF —

WHICH CAN BE PROVED!

- IT IS A FACT** That the RUDGE CYCLES are made in Coventry, England.
- IT IS A FACT** That RUDGE & CO. are the Largest Manufacturers of Cycles in the World.
- IT IS A FACT** That RUDGE & CO. will always be at the front, no matter what happens.
- IT IS A FACT** That the record of the RUDGE, on the hill, on the path, and on the road, bears evidence to its success in the past.
- IT IS A FACT** That RUDGE & CO., and their American Agents, STODDARD, LOVERING & CO., will be even more successful in the future.
- IT IS A FACT** That STODDARD, LOVERING & CO. fear no opposition, and do not depend on the success of one or two specially good riders, but call attention to the performances of the MAJORITY of riders on the road and path.
- IT IS A FACT** That STODDARD, LOVERING & CO. intend placing the best and largest line of Bicycles, Tricycles, and Safeties on the American market early in the Spring, which will be hard to approach.
- IT IS A FACT** That the RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER has been ridden 257 miles in one day; the RUDGE RACER holds the ONE-MILE WORLD'S RECORD OF 2.31 $\frac{1}{2}$; the RUDGE SAFETY holds the One-Mile World's Record of 2.43, and the 24-hour Record of 198 miles; and the RUDGE TRICYCLE Record of 2.49 has never been beaten.
- IT IS A FACT** That you had better keep your eye on the advertisements of STODDARD, LOVERING & CO. and see what is coming.
- IT IS A FACT** That you will make a mistake if you buy a Bicycle, Tricycle, Tandem, or Safety before sending for STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.'S Catalogue.

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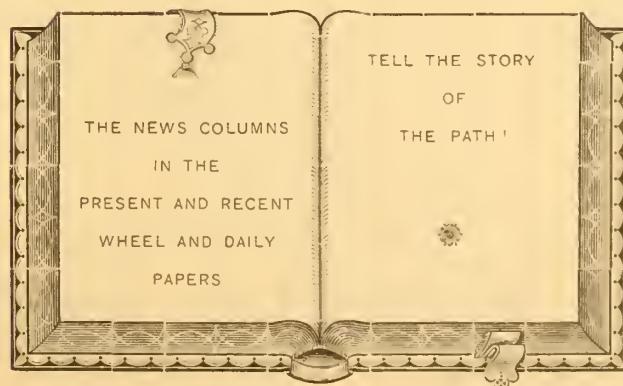
THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.



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COLUMBIA BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES

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THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

AMERICAN BICYCLES!

MANUFACTURED BY

GORMULLY & JEFFERY, 222 and 224 North Franklin Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE! THE AMERICAN SAFETY! THE AMERICAN IDEAL!

MR. JAMES H. ISHAM, OF BUFFALO, N. Y., says: "I congratulate you on your success in turning out a practical Safety Bicycle. I have used the 44-inch exclusively the past three or four days, and must say that it far excels my expectations. It is remarkably easy-running, steady-steering, and the pedal motion is fully as agreeable as that of the regular crank."

REV. D. E. TODD, OF WHITE CLOUD, KAN., says: "I like my machine very well indeed. I learned to master it in a very short time, and now take a great deal of pleasure in riding."

MR. S. E. SLADE, OF STANTON, MICH., says: "I am the happy possessor of a 52-inch American Challenge Bicycle, and a right good Bicycle too."

MR. D. W. BRANHAM, OF ELIZABETHTOWN, IND., says: "At a tournament last week it was given up that I had the best Safety on the grounds. It is the machine for this country."

MR. J. M. THRASHER, OF ELGIN, ILL., says: "We had a one- and five-mile bicycle race here on the 4th. The Challenge captured both, against two Experts and one Victor, greatly to the surprise of all."

MESSRS. S. F. HEATH & CO., OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., say: "We wish to say that the American Challenge is giving excellent satisfaction, and we think will outsell all other machines hereafter."

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going direct to Birmingham. Arriving at Leicester a great crowd had assembled at the station, and the appearance of the champion was the signal for hearty cheering on all sides. A carriage and pair was in waiting, the Leicester band playing "See the conquering hero comes," as we proceeded to our hotel; being unknown it was great fun for me, but Howell said he had rather ride a dozen races than go through it again.

After dinner we had a drive round Leicester and attended the theater in the evening, after which I left on the Flying Scotchman (midnight express) for Bradford.

Bradford is one of the great wool markets of England, situated among the Yorkshire hills, which are as steep as the side of a house. The scenery and country around, especially Bolton Abbey and Woods is very fine, the air being particularly bracing and clear.

After finishing my business in Bradford I left for Coventry (*via* Manchester) and was agreeably surprised to find a Pullman car attached to the train. It was the first I had ever seen in England although I understood they had been run for some time.

Mr. Phillips, Messrs. Rudge & Co.'s manager, met me at the station, and after shaking hands with him we were soon inside the King's Head Hotel talking to each other for all we were worth. The next morning business began in earnest, and with a view of seeing what was going on I visited the different manufacturers of cycles to ascertain what changes, if any, had been recently made.

As far as I could observe there is little or no change in the ordinary bicycle except in the minor details. The bicycle has almost reached perfection, and by what I could learn from the manufacturers the trade is much more settled than formerly. The day of startling novelties or decided changes in regard to this machine has gone by, and the high cost bicycle of to-day is simply a combination of hollow rims and handle-bars, tangent spokes and balls all round.

The competition in America is nothing in comparison to what it is in England, and it is a significant fact that there are more high-priced machines sold than the cheaper quality. Any riders who are experienced know that a change is not always an improvement, and that a cheap machine is dear at any price; furthermore where there is a reduction in price an inferiority both in quality and workmanship is invariably the result.

One thing I observed is that a good machine will sell no matter what the competition is, for, after all is said and done, the rider does not mind the price if he knows he is getting full value for his money.

In regard to small geared up machines it may be truly said that they are only in their infancy. Like every new thing that comes out there are always a number of croakers who try to cry it down; one thing, however, is certain, the safety type is bound to stay. This is only the first year of their manufacture and in the machine of the coming season the faults that have existed will be remedied and a number of improvements made.

As far as the speed and road riding is concerned, the recent performance of Howell who rode one mile on the Rudge Safety in 2.43, Hale's one hundred mile road record in six hours and thirty-nine minutes on a Kangaroo, and Golden's fifty miles on the Rover in three hours and five minutes, is a convincing argument to any one doubting the merits of this style of bicycle, and I have good rea-

son to believe that the long distance road records will be held by some form of the small geared up bicycle. A great many styles of the safety type are being made, the two principal ones being the Rudge Safety or the Kangaroo, and the Rover.

The Rudge Safety is simply a small geared up bicycle with a front fork extension for the chain and wheels, which arrangement assures perfect safety with no loss of speed or power. The Rover is fitted with two large wheels of about equal size, the pedals and saddle being almost in the center and driven by a chain extending from the center to the rear wheel.

The Rover is similar to the old bicyclette which Messrs. Rudge & Co. made some six or seven years ago, and that firm are bringing out a machine very nearly like the Rover, which will be placed on the American market early in the spring.

The changes in tricycles are also very apparent but in general the trade appears to be much more settled.

The two track has gone by, and I think two of the most popular machines of the day are the Crippler and Quadrant form. Bicycle steering is all the rage and a Crippler of this description with a large front wheel is a machine that won't take much start off from an ordinary bicycle, if any.

At the mechanical exhibition held in Coventry about all the makers sent their latest goods, which gave me a very good opportunity to examine what is to come.

Probably the two most popular tandem tricycles of the day are the Coventry Rotary and the Humber. The Coventry Rotary possesses the advantage of being very narrow, which allows it to be put in a very small space, and is particularly adapted to rough country roads. The rear seat is detachable, which allows the front portion to be made into a light single tricycle adapted for either lady or gentleman.

The other tandem is the Humber, which is used to a very great extent all over England, and possesses some advantages which the Coventry Rotary does not. It can be converted into a single tricycle of the Humber type, and while it is a very desirable form for a gentleman it has its disadvantages in some other ways. Just which of the two machines is the faster is a question as good performances have been done on both, but at the present time of writing the records of English and Cripps at Springfield of one mile in 2.47 on the Humber Tandem and the mile of Cripps in 2.53 on the Humber is partially offset by the mile of Howell's in 2.49 on the Coventry Rotary. While in Coventry I had Messrs. Rudge & Co. build me a genuine Humber Tandem to my own specifications and, for the benefit of any riders who wish to know these, I give them as follows:—

Driving wheels 42 inches, hollow rims, direct spokes, geared to 54 inches, six-inch cranks and ball pedals everywhere.

There are one or two improvements on the machine that I have not seen on any other make of this style of tandem. One is the handle-bar in front which can be altered and raised to suit the length of the rider's arms. The other is the stay rod between the two down tubes which hold the pedals. This effectually prevents the down tube from springing together and from loosening up of the chain. It is easily detachable and entirely out of the way. When the machine was finished and brought round to the hotel I had to admit that it was the finest piece of workmanship I had ever seen, and that opinion I hold to now.

Looking the machine over I saw engraved on the backbone,

"Presented to H. D. Corey by D. Rudge & Co.,
Christmas, 1885."

It was certainly a surprise to me, for I had it made to my own specifications intending to pay for it, and I have to thank Messrs. Rudge & Co. for their kindness and courtesy.

I had nearly finished up my business in Coventry, and was wondering just what I should do for the next week or so, when I received an invitation from Mr. Woodcock to attend a dinner which was given to the various riders of the Rudge machine on the following Tuesday. Tuesday night came, and with it Marriott and Cooper from London, accompanied by J. H. Adams and M. V. J. Webber. Howell also came down from Leicester, and looked gorgeous in his dress suit and high collar.

Mr. Woodcock sat at the head of the table with Walter Phillips at the other end, while around the table were seated the rest of us. The trouble commenced at 8 o'clock and a jolly time was had discussing the viands set before us. The prevailing sentiment of the evening was "let joy be unconfined" and as long as I live I shall never forget that night. A rule was enforced that everybody must sing a song, make a speech or tell a story, and the fun we had before we got through was simply indescribable.

While Howell, Chambers and myself were at Springfield in October, the last week was rather wet and we had not much to do except to kill time and the jokes that we played upon each other would fill a book. The most of them came out at dinner and the astonishment pictured on some of their faces can be better imagined than described. In fact I do not think some of the people have got through thinking of those times yet. It is certain I shall not for some time to come. When we separated it was quite early in the morning.

Some of the party came into my room and turned things upside down; as I was bound to have somewhere to sleep, I rushed into the first room handy, and much to my surprise met a young gentleman attired in his *robe de nuit*, who had just jumped out of bed to see what in the world was going on. As I burst into his room he grabbed the first things that came handy, which happened to be a tall hat and a revolver. My surprise can be imagined when I found it was Mr. A. Kennedy Child, who had come down from Glasgow, Scotland, to see me, but as no one was allowed to go out from the dining-room, I had not an opportunity before to speak to him. It was certainly a very strange meeting. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Child in Boston in the summer, as he had come home on a visit, and I was very glad indeed to meet one of my own countrymen on this side of the Atlantic.

The next day Mr. Child and myself mounted a genuine Humber Tandem and took the old Roman road to London. It was rather heavy but we went along at a pretty good pace. The road from Coventry to Dunchurch is bordered on each side for three or four miles with magnificent rows of trees, so that one is really riding under an archway for this distance. After passing Dunchurch we coasted a hill of nearly a mile, and the manner in which that tandem jumped along was a caution.

At Daventry we had tea, after which we wheeled to Weedon. We were somewhat timid as we had

no lights, and the night being very dark it was almost impossible to see anything more than a few yards ahead.

Weedon is one of the military towns of England in which is situated a large number of soldiers, and we could see the lights of the barracks some miles off. Going down a hill through the center of the town the tandem commenced to move at a lively rate. A policeman tried to stop us, but concluded that we were in a hurry, and we shot through the town at a tremendous pace.

The tandem is a very fast machine, but I must say that it needs a steady hand to steer it, and had I not entire confidence in the steady grip of Child, who was steering, I might have been somewhat alarmed. As we passed through the different towns we noticed a lot of boys having a bonfire, which suddenly brought to my mind that it was the 5th of November, Guy Fawkes Day.

Stopped at Towcester for a few minutes and then continued on, arriving at Stony Stratford at 9 p. m.

From Towcester to Stony Stratford, a distance of some ten miles, the land is owned on both sides of the road by the Duke of Grafton, whose annual land rents, I understand, were £267,000. I concluded if he had a fair share of the help of his neighbors that he could live fairly comfortable.

The next day we drove round Stony Stratford in a dog-cart, visiting the King's Oak. It was here that Edward IV. met Elizabeth DeWoodville, and from that meeting came the War of the Roses. The King's Oak is a grand old tree standing in the midst of a field at the foot of a small hill. The opening on one side of it is large enough to admit a person standing upright; the tree itself can hold a number of persons. We overslept the next morning, and as we had agreed to see Canary at the Aquarium we trained it to London.

We left the sun at Stony Stratford, and during the ten days that I was in London I did not catch sight of it again. To say that Canary is creating a sensation does not half describe it. He was one of the leading cards, and the audience called him out some seven times that evening. Being in company with some young men who had been to America, we began shouting, "What's the matter with Canary?" The others would answer, "He's all right." The manager could not understand what the meaning of this was, and sent around to inquire if Canary was not performing properly, and when he saw the joke he joined in it as heartily as the rest.

Through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Child I saw more of London in the few days than I had seen in my previous trip in two weeks, and after I had enjoyed myself for a few days with some of the gentlemen that I had met there last year, I returned to Coventry to see what had been doing in my absence.

I found that Rudge & Co. had got out a new tricycle which combined the principal points of the Crippler and Quadrant. It is a tricycle which has the bicycle steering of the Crippler and the large front wheel of the Quadrant. Its side wheels were small, being 42 inches, and it weighs actually 68 lbs. as a roadster. It did not take long to convince me that the machine was wanted for the American market, and I had no hesitancy in placing a good sized order. It is applicable for either a lady or gentleman, but its merits will be tested in this country before long.

While in Coventry I received an invitation from

Mr. Thomas Lambert, of Humber & Co., to pay him a visit before returning home. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lambert at the Hartford meeting last September, and finding him a thorough gentleman and an enthusiastic wheelman, I went up to Nottingham the next day where we renewed our acquaintance once again. He kindly invited me out to Beeston, where their works are situated, and I found they had been very much enlarged since my visit the year previous. I had the pleasure also of meeting Mr. Humber and Bob Cripps. The latter had returned to England only a short time previous and expressed himself well pleased with his American experience.

Howell's wedding came off in Leicester the next day and he stood up and said "I will" with a particularly steady voice. Chambers and myself officiated as first and second best men, and as we were well fitted out with partners I fancy we got through in a very creditable manner. My good friend Atkins, who was one of the English party in 1884, officiated at the wedding breakfast in a highly satisfactory manner to all parties concerned.

Howell thanked his friends kindly for their good wishes and remarked that he was not done in the record-breaking line as yet, and only asked them to wait and see what the future would bring forth. To any one who thinks his mile record of 2.31 will never be beaten, I can only say that when I have seen him, in a private trial, ride a half mile in 1.11 and one mile in 2.27, that it is quite certain if he continues in good health that the record will have to go, and to those who think that the present American records will not be beaten I would simply say,—wait and see.

During the latter part of my stay the roads were rather heavy, so receiving an invitation from some gentlemen in Coventry to go shooting I accepted it with pleasure; as the country round Coventry contains some of the best preserves, in several of which we had permission to shoot, some rare sport was indulged in.

Before leaving I ran down to London and had the pleasure of meeting my friend Child, together with Sidney Lee and J. H. Adams, of the Kildare Club, once more. I feel greatly indebted to these gentlemen for the many pleasant hours spent in their company, and for the many courtesies extended to me by them.

Returning to Coventry my trunks were packed and sent to Liverpool, and I once more took the train northward for Bradford. The evening of my arrival there I received an invitation to attend a skating party the next day, and getting up very early the next morning we indulged in an hour's good sport, then taking the train for Liverpool I was soon on board the steamer "Oregon" bound for New York.

H. D. C.

ENTRAPPED.

Cousin Will Häverall was a bachelor, and as fine a fellow as ever pushed a pedal, and these facts made him all the more certain a prey to the schemes of designing people who had "charges to keep," and traps to set for just such catches as Will would make.

He had not been at our house on what he called his short vacation, three days before our best half disclosed her cold-blooded plan to capture the poor fellow for a friend of hers, whom she had already invited, taking care not to mention Will's presence nor the fact that he had one of the new tandem trikes, that go so straight home to the

hearts of the ladies, who have always mildly protested against the bicycle, on the ground of its being "so selfish to ride them, and leave your girl at home."

Said she—"Will rolls in wealth, and on a superb machine, and why in the world doesn't he marry?" [Wonderfully inquisitive woman is Mrs. S.]

Said we—"Why; it's because he hasn't seen your charmer, perhaps, and when she is here we will have to forego many a run with him."

"Or take me out on our new one," broke in our b. h. who always looks out for number one, and is somewhat regardless of expense.

But we tried to be resigned to the turn events were taking, and the other best room was put in as fine order as "a woman with a plan" could put it.

One particularly bright, auspicious day came, and with it, excelling its charm and loveliness "by many laps," came Essie Gordon, and, whether it was premeditated upon his part or not, Will, in his neat suit, and on his trike, wheeled up with the rattle and clatter of a ghost, and stopped at the gate just in time to witness "the girls'" exchange of greetings, in such a hearty, school-girl fashion that it made him nervous, he said afterwards. Then he was seen and introduced in due form, and by way of indulging in her habit of teasing Will, Mrs. S. remarked that Essie did not bow quite low enough in view of the fact that Mr. Häverall was a member of the Press, as well as a cycler, and she hastened to inform the astonished and evidently pleased young people [Mrs. S. is 43] that tandem tours were to be the order of the day, among other diversions, from that time hence, as she was "expecting a new tri. at any time now," totally ignoring her poor, long suffering husband, who was sufficiently recognized, however, when the chattering trio reached the house. Beg pardon, though, Will, the bashful fellow, did not chatter, he was too completely "taken" to be his usually polite self, and he wonders to this day how he ever got through with, or what he said, if anything, at the presentation. Doubly glad was he that he had brought his faithful tandem, and that the prospect was so good for his riding with the little divinity, who admitted that she had ridden a little on a heavy, single machine, her friend's, "not such a splendid looking one as yours, Mr. Häverall," and he was as pleased at her admiration of his pet, as of her so broadly accenting the first a in his name, a point Mr. Precision pretended to be quite sensitive about.

At first there were decorous little runs in the park, and short ones into the suburbs of Cycleville, but at the return, each time, there was a mutual desire to extend these outings, and they gradually grew longer, as might have been expected; the trapping scheme bid fair to be successful, and in asides to us Mrs. S. "gloried."

Such rides as we had when the new tri. came, picnic lunches on rocks by the roadside, and coasts that were astonishing to the natives.

About this time it was remarkable what matter-of-fact airs "our wards" began to assume when we were with them, and how patent was their joint interest in and apparent ownership of the machine which had figured as an almost ever present bond of union between them.

"Great Scott! do you see what you have done, and how do you think this affair will end?" we asked Mrs. Stamson, in the edge of cold weather

when wheeling was drawing to a close, and the "wards" had consented to remain yet a little while with us.

"Why, my dear sir," she made answer with triumph written on every feature of her once pretty face (not that it has lost its charm yet), "the affair will end in unalloyed happiness, for under the circumstances it could not do otherwise, and I do not see anything very bad that I have done, beyond encouraging Essie to take the best exercise in the world for women, and it has really made another girl of her, for she says she never felt so strong and well in her life, and a twenty-five mile run is nothing for her now."

"Yes, but how about poor Will, don't he have to do most of the driving, as most men do all along through life?"

"Never you fear," said she, with a conscience-stricken look, "I guess they'll get along without any of your sympathy, and he doesn't look over-worked at all."

They came home earlier than usual the other morning, Will complained of a strong head wind, rough roads, and that it was growing cold. Rosy as Essie's cheeks were, she said she was not cold; but, mingled with the roses was a new, shy expression that told the whole story to wife and me, and we knew well that the old trike had been a third party in a declaration not of independence, but of its riders' dependence upon one another, and that their life journeys had but just begun in tandem. It was a foregone conclusion with us from the first that Will was determined to Haverhill, if such a state of affairs could be brought about.

STAMSON.

PRACTICABILITY OF THE BICYCLE.

It is a peculiar fact that the bicycle is treated with indifference by thousands of persons to whom it is almost a necessity, yet they are not conscious of the want, just as the railroad and electric telegraph have become a necessity to the commercial and pleasure-seeking world, while before their adoption the need was not realized.

Seldom, indeed, do we find a wheelman who owns a good wheel and has acquired perfect control of it, who is not an enthusiast.

Many persons owning horses let them stand idle, and through preference mount the "rubber shod steed"; others use bicycles altogether, thereby saving the expense and trouble of keeping a horse. Hundreds of wheelmen are constantly touring through the country, making mile after mile one continuous stretch of delightful and invigorating exercise, stopping at places of interest and lingering at will over scenes and landscapes particularly attractive, a pleasure of which we are deprived in railroading. Thousands of our business men use bicycles in traveling to and fro between their residences and places of business. Physicians use them in making professional calls; in fact, in some sections where their practicability has been demonstrated, they are used by all classes, both rich and poor, professional and sporting. These few facts prove that the bicycle is of much greater practical value than non-riders suppose, and is not at all tiresome or monotonous.

Some claim that it is dangerous because they have heard of accidents occurring to riders. Accidents do occur, what of it? Does any one hesitate to ride horseback, in buggies, or by railroad because accidents are of frequent occurrence? Is there any means of locomotion, any position, occupation, or recreation in which some partici-

pant has not met with accident? No. Nineteen out of twenty accidents which do occur to bicyclists are the results of some fancy trick about as perilous as circus bareback riding, and rarely occur when the rider restricts himself to ordinary methods and to practical machines. Some people suppose that unusual activity is essential to a learner's success; this is a mistake. Any man who has the use of his limbs can acquire the art. Others imagine it quite difficult to learn, requiring much time and perseverance—another error. We have taught many persons and in no case devoted over three hours to a learner, and in numerous instances less than one hour. Who could learn to ride horseback in less time? A bicycle can be used on any road over which buggies can run with safety and comfort, it requires no food, no groom, comparatively little attention, and is always ready, so why should it not be universally adopted by the business men of this country as it has been in a few favored localities? The time is coming when it will be used more than horses for traveling; we must hasten that time. Let every wheelman show to his non-riding acquaintances the practicability, beauties, pleasures, and invigorating, health-giving effects of bicycling, show them that the bicycle of to-day is not a child's plaything, but a practical, reliable, and rapid machine for travel. Convince the public of these facts and in a few years villages will count their wheelmen by dozens, towns by hundreds, and cities by thousands, and last, but not least, we shall have decent roads!

G. W. RIBBLE.

Items of Interest.

Four members of the Pickwick Club, of London, covered 200 miles in a day during October. A Mr. Hill headed the list with a score of 220 miles.

It speaks volumes for the physical condition of cyclists that they are able to make these repeated 24-hour attempts without experiencing any injurious results.

Hendee holds some records after all. He holds the quarter and half-mile world tricycle records, and the American records from 26 to 50, and from 63 to 93 miles.

The Overman Wheel Company have bought the United States patent on Wicksteed's Acme bicycle stand, and are calling the many infringers thereof to account.

The riding record for nine months claimed by the Elizabeth (N. J.) Wheelmen, is 28,965 miles, the largest individual amount being credited to L. B. Bennett, of 2,255 miles.

There are two members over 60 years of age in the Philadelphia Club. One of them, Mr. Caleb C. Roberts, a retired agent of the Adams Express Company, rides out on his bicycle every fine day.

W. A. Rhodes, the popular flier of the Dorchester Club, is said to have ridden about 6,000 miles since January 1, 1885. He intends to cover a few hundred more before the close of the season.

C. E. Kluge has climbed Eagle Rock Hill in the Orange Mountains, N. J., riding a 51-inch Star. He is the second man who has succeeded in climbing it, Burt Pressey being the first, about two years ago. The hill is 4,650 feet long, with an altitude of 185 feet, 4 inches. In 1,400 feet the grade is from 7 to 11 feet in 100; average grade, 8 feet in 100.

Among the Clubs.



WHEELMEN IN COSTUME.

FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB.

There have been cycle exhibitions, races, parties, and balls without number, but the first fancy costume cycling carnival was that held last evening at the Mechanics' building, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club. Carnivals at skating rinks have grown to be of such frequent occurrence as to become almost wearisome, but while a cycling carnival must necessarily partake of some of the features of the skating rink affairs, the merry maskers being astride of wheels adds a charm of novelty which compensates for all the aged features and makes the occasion one of much pleasure and likely long to be remembered.

About 3,000 people were present last night. The management of the affair was excellent. Everything passed off smoothly and not an advertised feature was missing from the programme. It was a long and varied programme. It was a programme of genuine cycling features, and applause was frequent and enthusiastic.

Representatives were present from nearly every club in Boston and surrounding towns. About 200 came in fancy costumes; half as many more appeared in their club uniforms, and the rest came in evening dress or ordinary clothing. A large number of Boston Club members were present, but they took no active part in the festivities. The Cambridge Bicycle Club was represented by a delegation of about thirty, all wearing the club uniform of steel gray. The Springfield Club was represented by President Duckier, Mr. Reilly and several others. Mr. Hazlett looked after the interests of the Rockingham Club, of Portsmouth, and a number of other clubs were represented from a distance. Among the clubs from about the city were represented the Maverick Wheel Club of East Boston, the Dorchester Club, the Suffolk Club of South Boston, the Charlestown Club, the Melrose Club, the Chelsea Club, the Hyde Park Club, the Newton Club, the Brockton Club, the Lynn Cycle Club, the Hawthorne and Salem Clubs, the Beverly Club, and many others.

Both halls of the immense building were thrown open, and during the early part of the evening the wheelmen were at liberty to cycle about at their own sweet will. In the larger hall were given the bicycle club drill, obstacle race and

fancy riding, while in the Olympian Hall were run several roller-skating races. Music was furnished throughout the evening by three bands, the Salem Cadet, the Olympian, and the Dahlgren Post drum corps.

At an early hour the wheelmen began to arrive at the building, and quickly arraying themselves in their festive costumes prepared for the grand parade. The formation of the line was in the smaller hall, and there for an hour previous to its start, Lieutenant Peck and his aids dashed about in breathless haste to get everybody in his proper position. The riders of the various kinds of cycles were classified in divisions—the regular bicycles together, the tricycles by themselves, and the little safety bicycles in a division of their own.

As an inducement for the wheelmen to make an extra effort in the costume line, several prizes of gold and silver medals were awarded to the wearers of the handsomest, most original, and most comical costumes.

It was eight o'clock when the parade started, and headed by the Dahlgren corps of vigorous drum beaters, moved toward the large hall. Lieutenant Peck rode at the head of the procession, arrayed in a marvelous costume, composed chiefly of championship medals of more or less value. Upon his head he wore a helmet of a metal like that of his medals, and a huge sash across his breast, upon which was inscribed the word "Champion." Behind him came Captain Shillaber, in a Santa Claus costume, and driving before him with red ribbon reins the Wilmot fancy cyclist. Then came President Williams, in the costume of a prince of the Middle Ages, and by his side rode President Ducker of the Springfield Club. He represented Prince Carnival, and most gorgeously was he arrayed. Following them rode a devil in red and black, whose companion was a convict just escaped from Maine. The captain of the Somerville Club was next in a grotesque costume, and bearing in front of his bicycle a collection of revolving flags. Then followed the usual array of fierce warriors from the burning plains of Africa, from the prairies of America and the icebergs of Greenland. Devils and innocent peasants, ministerial-looking gentlemen of Puritan days, treacherous-looking Italians, princes, kings, dukes and chevaliers, passed in rapid order. The sight was a pretty one as they sped about the hall, the brilliant hues of the gorgeous costumes contrasted with the dazzling, glittering reflections from the highly burnished wheels in their rapid evolutions.

A board of seven judges occupied front seats upon the stage, and passed judgment upon the merits of the costumes displayed. It was a difficult duty to perform, and it is not likely that everybody was satisfied. Their decision gave the first prize in the class of most elegant costumes to Bert Thayer as a golden prince, and the second to Henry E. Ducker of Springfield as Prince Carnival. For the most original and effective, John T. Williams as Mercury took the gold medal, and C. H. Davis as Poor Joe the silver medal. For the most comical, Lawrence Land, a blushing ballet damsel, took first prize, and G. F. Walters second, for his make-up as a dilapidated reminiscence of the famous Japanese lantern parade a few months since.

Among the many other costumes deserving of mention were those worn by the following persons:—

E. W. Pope, prince; G. T. Mallory, jockey; J. T. Dyer, Peter Teasel; Dr. Charles H. Corken, Charles I.; "Spirit

of '76," represented by J. F. Maynard, A. S. Parsons and son on a Coventry tricycle; W. H. M. Bellows, English grenadier; Gustave Wunderlich, German peasant; P. J. Berlo, devil; Herbert Charnock, sailor; A. H. Griffen, Zulu chief; Oscar Lefever, clown; R. S. Chase, peasant; W. G. Clark and F. H. Hathaway, two red devils; E. G. Aldrich, country club; F. A. Alcott, Mephistopheles on tricycle; J. A. Kennedy and Miss Annie Gurney, "two of a kind in curl papers on a sociable trike"; Fred Lane, genuine fool; Charles McNeil and C. M. Laurence, just alike in pink tissue paper; W. S. Slocum, court dress, E. T. Phelan, Chinaman; A. E. King, "Mr. Muldoon", C. P. Shillaber, Santa Claus; A. F. Webster, courtier, F. S. Temple, Romeo; A. V. Walburg, court jester; W. S. Doane and W. A. Rhodes, two escaped convicts; T. F. Salkeld, Italian dude; C. D. Cobb, imp; C. B. White "Big Four"; C. F. Kimball, Eben Fish, F. E. Margot, all in fifteenth century court costume; William G. Morgan, ballet girl; Joseph A. McCormack, chevalier; J. A. Claflin, sunflower costume; F. B. Lawrence, Knight of the Golden Cross; R. A. Newell, Jr., Spanish bull fighter; J. A. Chelius, Mephistopheles; W. C. and R. F. Stahl, "two dudes of C. T. C. brand" on a tandem bicycle; Bert Thayer, golden king; W. Hall, Russian; C. A. Collins, skeleton; H. B. Salkeld, court of Queen Elizabeth courtier; E. R. Lowe, jockey; C. H. Davis, "Poor Joe"; John S. Blainey and A. G. Collins, princes; G. A. Charnock, prince; R. M. Gay, courtier; F. W. Heymer, courtier; W. H. Hentz, grotesque duke; F. A. Hentz, Turkish duke; G. B. Goldwaith, earl; A. D. Salkeld, Queen Elizabeth courtier; Albert A. Pope, junior devil; M. S. Kahurl, Harry Vose and C. A. Stevens, all racers for medals; G. Homer Green, jockey; W. E. Webber, "Big Four" suit.

There were but two women in the parade. One of these rode on a tandem tricycle, and the other on a sociable.

The fox hunt was on safety bicycles, ridden by the following members of the Newton Club: P. L. Aubin, H. M. Sabin, J. H. Aubin, E. H. Ellison, H. L. Wilson, H. C. Robbins, C. E. Bartlett, A. W. Bowker, W. H. Huntley, F. A. Lane, James Corey, E. G. Aldrich.

Master Porter, of Newton, was the fox and he led the pack a merry chase about the hall.

The next event was an excellent bicycle club drill by the following members of the Brockton City Bicycle Club: G. F. Atwood, captain; A. M. Keith, first lieutenant; G. B. Mason, F. W. F. Demuth, W. O. Raymond, W. B. Mason, W. B. Briggs, D. P. Marshall.

W. S. Maltby followed with an exhibition of fancy riding, which proved his right to the title of "wizard of the wheel."

Pierre Lallement, the inventor of the velocipede, who appeared on his original wheel, and circled about the hall like the happy Frenchman that he was, amid the most enthusiastic cheering.

William A. Rowe, the fleetest amateur bicyclist in the world, and holder of every record from one quarter to twenty miles, sped a few times about the hall on his Columbia racer.

A game of polo on bicycles, between J. H. Sherman and G. E. Cane of Lynn, proved very interesting. Cane captured the goal.

The Wilmot double riders performed some marvelous tricks. Mr. Wilmot did what has never before been performed in public—namely, riding a single wheel with his partner, weighing 130 pounds, upon his shoulders.

The last event in the large hall was an obstacle race for the prizes. The following men started: C. H. Ellison, Newton; E. W. Frost, Maverick Wheel Club; B. F. Thissell, Thorndike Club, and J. A. Kennedy, Massachusetts Club. Ellison took first prize and Frost second. This was a very laughable feature of the programme. The contestants were obliged to go three times around the hall, mounting and riding from one obstacle to the next.

In the Olympian Club rink were run two one-

mile races. The first for the championship of the Roxbury High School and Dudley Grammar School was won by M. S. Khurl in 3:59; and the second, for the high and grammar schools of Boston, was won by R. S. Dreury in 3:58.

The exhibitions over the large hall was thrown open to wheelmen and their friends, and the Olympian Hall for general roller skating.

The committee to whom the detail and charge of the carnival were entrusted, under the authority of the club committee were as follows.—

Treasurer, George Pope; special committee, Arthur E. Pattison, Alonzo D. Peck, Jr., F. Alcott Pratt; attractions, Edward W. Pope, A. D. Peck, Jr.; press and advertising, Henry W. Williams, A. E. Pattison, A. D. Peck, Jr.; programme, A. E. Pattison, Louis Barta; costumes, J. T. Williams, D. W. Northrop, S. A. Merrill, C. H. Davis, A. D. Salkeld; dancing, F. Alcott Pratt, A. D. Peck, Jr., H. M. Sabin; floor manager, F. Alcott Pratt, aids, H. M. Sabin, H. C. Robbins, N. Ethier, F. W. Hill, C. F. Kimball, J. S. Pratt, Eben Fish, A. B. Stoddard.

The following members of the Boston High School officiated as ushers:—

Arthur K. Peck, Cyrus Babb, R. L. Steadman, E. D. Duncan, W. G. Howard, E. H. Smith, H. F. Baker, W. A. Johnson, F. S. Hicks, J. J. Jackson, C. A. Howe, J. E. Morse, C. F. Farren, A. L. Norton, E. N. Costello, C. B. Hall, Charles Hayden, Ernest Putnam, G. Capen, E. H. Smith, C. W. Godfrey, W. L. Day, D. Severance, major of Highland Battalion, C. H. Sleeper.

—*Boston Globe* (Dec. 17, '85).

THE BICYCLE CLUB AT SUPPER.

PRESIDENT DUCKER THE RECIPIENT OF A HANDSOME GIFT.

A festal day for the Springfield Bicycle Club closed pleasantly last night. After the "bike" boys had enjoyed a happy meeting in their rooms, discussing the prospective club-house and new rooms that can be had, all went to Barr's and had a sumptuous game supper. Nearly 50 sat down and all grew merry with jests and even puns, till the incorrigible punster was forcibly "sat on" for a particularly atrocious "chestnut." With coffee and cigars, toasts were called for and a neat little speech from President Ducker hailed the first of the season's sociables. Then, expectant and delighted, the guests listened to the popular secretary, Sanford Lawton, whose few remarks were full of deserved congratulations to the club, now so famous in cycling circles the world over, that their record, not as a social club, but a cycle club pure and simple, and givers of the world's best tournaments had been so clean and so proud. There was a good word for the champion, Springfield's favorite wheelman, but, most of all, well-earred praise for the indefatigable, energetic, and enthusiastic Ducker. To him, in behalf of the club, he then presented a purse containing a handsome gift from the club, well-dubbed "the good fellows of the Springfield Bicycle Club"; it was a check for \$500. The surprise and pleasure was too much for the president, who could express his thanks in a few words only. Applause and cheers showed again the boys' appreciation. Henry Norton, now of Boston, and others had a few more toasts and early in the morning, after a long poem on the "Moosehead Lake—Mt. Desert," or Down East tour of 1885, written by a Bangor cyclist, the party broke up, happy and satisfied.—*Republican* (Dec. 4, '85).

THE CAPITAL BICYCLE CLUB held a special meeting Monday, December 21. It was decided to build a new club-house as soon as possible. The club will purchase a lot centrally located, and will erect on it a handsome three-story club-

house. It is estimated that the total cost will be \$10,000.

THE PHILADELPHIA BICYCLE CLUB is the oldest in Pennsylvania. It was organized May 22, 1879. The membership in the beginning was ten, and as the club is very exclusive the membership has not gone beyond fifty.

THE DETROIT BICYCLE CLUB is organizing a stock company to build a racing track, "the best in the world,"—chestnuts.

THE BALTIMORE CYCLE CLUB kept open house Christmas day.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

BALTIMORE (Md.) CYCLE CLUB—President, J. E. Davidson; vice-president, C. W. Abbott; treasurer, C. C. Isaacs; secretary, R. M. Lockwood, Jr.; captain, G. N. Jacobi; first lieutenant, W. B. Brown; second lieutenant, H. P. Kries; color bearer, C. Worthington; bugler, A. W. Mentzel; club committee, J. F. Bartier, C. H. Boyd, A. E. Mealy.

BELLEROPHON WHEELMEN (Westfield, N. J.)—President, Dr. Fred A. Kinch, Jr.; secretary-treasurer, Frank S. Miller; captain, Arthur N. Pierson; first lieutenant, Frank S. Miller; second lieutenant, Dr. Fred A. Kinch, Jr.; surgeon, Dr. Fred A. Kinch, Jr.; bugler, John Z. Hatfield; color bearer, John Carberry.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY WHEELMEN (Pittsfield, Mass.)—President, E. H. Kennedy; vice-president, E. P. Stevenson; secretary, W. S. Kells; treasurer, H. G. West; captain, C. C. Kennedy; first lieutenant, W. H. Sheridan; second lieutenant, G. Greenfield; bugler, C. E. Taft.

BOSCobel BICYCLE CLUB (Lynn, Mass.)—President, Robert Heron; vice-president, Edwin Harris; secretary, Thomas Ray; treasurer, George Leeson; captain, Robert Heron; first lieutenant, Edward Truesdale; second lieutenant, Edward Bergholtz; color bearer, Harry G. Fisher; bugler, Thomas Stevens.

CAPITAL BICYCLE CLUB (Washington, D. C.)—President, John M. Killits; vice-president, Clarence G. Allen; recording secretary, Thos. A. Berryhill; corresponding secretary, James Q. Rice; treasurer, Joseph E. Leaming; captain, Edson B. Olds; sub-captain, Fred. F. Church; Jr. sub-captain, Benjamin H. Stinemetz, Jr.; executive committee, J. West Wagner, P. T. Dodge, Wm. B. Hibbs, Jas. McK. Borden.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE CLUB (No. Attleboro, Mass.)—President, O. W. Clifford; vice-president, H. A. Hall; secretary, Geo. L. Shepardson; treasurer, C. F. Kurtz; captain, F. I. Gorton; first lieutenant, F. B. Brigham; second lieutenant, C. E. Sandland; bugler, Geo. L. Shepardson; executive committee: president, secretary, treasurer, H. H. Hill, and John Platner.

EVENING STAR WHEELMEN (Columbus, Ohio)—President, C. N. Adams; vice-president, R. W. King; secretary-treasurer, E. C. Brown; captain, W. S. Brobst; first lieutenant, L. B. Lindenberg.

THE GENESEE CLUB (Rochester, N. Y.)—President, Robert Thomas; vice-president, Abner B. Rapalje; secretary, Gordon S. Montgomery; treasurer, Henry Goetzman; captain, Martin V. Shafer.

ILDERAN BICYCLE CLUB (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—President, Howard Greenman; vice-president, W.

G. Chandler; captain, J. Barton Cruickshank; first lieutenant, W. J. Savoye; second lieutenant, L. L. Hayes; secretary, H. C. Mettler, 75 Astor House, N. Y.; treasurer, William Bailey; right guide, Harry H. Farr; left guide, Stowe Phelps; bugler, L. J. Ostrander; club committee, A. E. Letson and C. Scheibler; color bearer, E. C. Carshaw.

LYNN (Mass.) CYCLE CLUB—President, S. S. Merrill; vice-president, John D. Kimball; secretary, Frank A. Lindsey; financial secretary, E. M. Bailey; treasurer, William A. Rowe; road officers: Captain, George E. Butler; first lieutenant, Edward Story; second lieutenant, Charles E. Whitten; color bearers, Charles Wiswell and Asa Wendell; bugler, George Porter; club committee, Walter Harmon and Timothy Carroll.

MADISON COUNTY WHEELMEN (Fredericktown, Mo.)—President, M. Deguire; secretary-treasurer, Professor J. L. Frohock; captain, C. Deguire; lieutenant (resigned), R. Gabriel; bugler, M. H. Cahoon.

NONANTUM CYCLING CLUB (Newton, Mass.)—President, W. E. Wentworth; vice-president, J. W. Fisher; secretary, J. H. Lewis; treasurer, A. A. Glines; captain, George F. Williams; first lieutenant, W. H. Allen; second lieutenant, W. H. Huntley; bugler, J. J. Needham; color-bearer, Franklin Banchor; club committee, W. E. Wentworth, J. H. Lewis, G. F. Williams, F. L. Tainter, E. P. Burnham.

NORRISTOWN (Pa.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Geo. Kite; captain, W. W. Acker; first lieutenant, W. C. Lenzi; second lieutenant, H. E. Gammons; secretary, J. C. Crawford; treasurer, W. H. Richardson; bugler, H. M. Ebert.

PITTSTON (Pa.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Chas. W. King; vice-president, C. A. Howitz; captain, W. W. Berry; secretary-treasurer, W. L. Foster.

PORTLAND (Or.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, G. Breck; secretary and treasurer, C. C. Newcastle; captain, F. T. Merrill; lieutenant, Harry Hogue; bugler, C. W. Scott.

RAMBLERS BICYCLE CLUB (Buffalo, N. Y.)—President, Daniel N. Milley; vice-president, J. S. Kellner; secretary, Louis Bruch; financial secretary, C. G. Wanenmacher; treasurer, George C. Laub; captain, Albert E. Schaaf.

STAR BICYCLE CLUB (Harrisburg, Va.)—President, F. L. Harris; vice-president, S. G. Dunell; captain, G. W. Ribble; secretary, John L. Logan; treasurer, W. N. Sprinkel; first lieutenant, F. R. Bear; second lieutenant, Joseph Loewner.

WEEDSPORT (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, H. D. Brown; vice-president, Chas. C. Teall; secretary, H. E. Rheubottom; treasurer, C. K. Durbin; captain, J. R. Rheubottom, Jr.; lieutenant, F. L. Durbin; bugler, C. D. Hugunin; commissary, W. Raymond Brock.

WORCESTER (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—Board of directors: President, F. W. Blacker; treasurer, L. Holland; clerk, H. P. Cooke; E. F. Tolman, F. P. Kendall; field officers: Captain, E. F. Tolman; first lieutenant, G. D. Putnam; second lieutenant, Chas. Bruso.

VALE COLLEGE BICYCLE CLUB—President, G. P. D. Townsend, '86, S.; secretary and treasurer, C. Adams, '87; captain, J. S. Kulp, '87, S.; lieutenant, D. D. Bidwell, '86; bugler, E. M. Youmans, '88.

The Trade.

List of patents granted for device of interest to wheelmen for the month ending Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1885, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Duffy & Brashears, patent law offices, No. 607 7th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 331,113, November 24, 1885, Anton H. Bock, Meissen, Saxony, Germany, velocipede.

No. 331,173, November 24, George W. Wildman, Washington, D. C., treadle for bicycles.

No. 331,199, November 24, F. Jannus, Washington, D. C., assignor to the H. B. Smith Machine Company of Smithville, N. J., bicycle.

No. 331,276, December 1, 1885, C. E. Buell, Springfield, Mass., assignor of one third to W. B. Cooley, Easton, Pa., velocipede.

No. 331,295, December 1, Charles F. Hadley, Chicopee, Mass., assignor to the Overman Wheel Company of Boston, Mass., bicycle.

No. 331,330, December 1, 1885, David H. Rice, Lowell, Mass., shaft fastening device for tricycles.

No. 331,331, December 1, David H. Rice, Boston, Mass., brace shaft for velocipedes.

No. 331,518, December 1, Alexander W. McClure, Chicago, Ill., velocipede.

No. 331,644, December 1, 1885, Adrian C. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., gear for tricycles.

No. 332,005, December 8, Emmet G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor of one half to A. C. Latta; same place, velocipede.

No. 332,092, December 15, Beverly Roper, Atlanta, Ga., velocipede.

No. 332,263, December 15, Julian Laughlin, St. Louis, Mo., bicycle.

No. 332,658, December 15, Robert E. Humphreys, Irwin, Pa., spring for velocipede seats.

No. 16,673, December 15, Charles L. Leddell, Morristown, N. J., velocipede. (Reissue.)

The following is a list of new cycle patents, taken out in Great Britain, and specially compiled for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by Messrs. Hughes, Eli & Hughes, patent agents and proprietors of the Central Bicycle and Tricycle sale rooms, of 76 Chancery Lane, London, Eng., of whom all information may be had by applying to the above firm.

No. 13,644, Edward Porter Howe, of London, improvement in means or apparatus for applying brake power in velocipedes.

No. 13,658, John Harrison, of London, a new mechanical device for compensating for the wear of chains in machinery.

No. 13,681, Henry Maguire Holden, of Yorkshire, improvements in changeable speed wheel-gearing, and in apparatus connected therewith.

No. 13,712, Herbert Mander Goodman, of Birmingham, an improved tandem bicycle.

No. 13,751, Ernest de Pass, of London, a vehicle for self-propulsion.

No. 13,771, Thomas Leaker, of Bristol, improvements in tricycles.

No. 13,776, Arthur Downing and Levi Bubb, of Birmingham, lubricating bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes or other machinery.

No. 13,818, John Ashbury, of Chancery Lane, London, improvements in velocipedes.

No. 14,211, William Fisher, of London, improvements in the handle-bars of bicycles and velocipedes and other carriages.

No. 14,247, Charles Cumber, of Westborne Park, London, improvements in bicycles and tricycles and other similar machinery.

No. 14,258, Frederick Warner Jones, of Chancery Lane, London, improvements in safety bicycles.

No. 14,287, Edmund Theodore Ratcliff and Thomas Kendrick, of Chancery Lane, improvements in the covering and protecting of bicycles, tricycles, and other similar vehicles.

No. 14,304, Thomas Robinson, of Coventry, a motion for producing automatic steering in tricycles and other machines of a similar kind.

No. 14,558, Francis Joseph James Gibbons, of London, improvements in tandem and parcel carrying tricycles convertible into ordinary single tricycles.

No. 14,565, Francis Goold Morony Stoney and George Turton, of Chancery Lane, improvements in adjustable or changeable wheel gearing.

No. 14,587, Charles Thomas Crowden and Herbert Janes Pansey, of Lewisham, Kent, improvements in cranks.

No. 14,598, Walter J. Lloyd and Wm. Priest, of London, improvements in the driving mechanism of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 14,604, Francis Goold Morony Stoney and George Turton, of Chancery Lane, improvements in velocipedes and similar vehicles.

No. 14,653, Roughsedge Wallwork, of Manchester, improvements in tricycles for children's use.

No. 14,682, Arthur Sidney Bowley, of Streatham, Surrey, improvements in velocipedes.

No. 14,756, Rimmon Clayton (senior), Rimmon Clayton (junior), and Richard Clayton, of London, improvements in and applicable to the wheels of bicycles, tricycles, and similar wheels.

No. 14,803, Alfred Grounsell and Charles Cousins, of London, improved construction of wheel.

No. 14,810, George Rothgisser, of Germany, improvements in slidingly adjustable suspension saddles for bicycles and tricycles.

No. 14,843, George Henry Capewell Hughes, of Birmingham, improvements in detachable hubs and spindles, applicable to perambulators, velocipedes, invalid's chairs, and other like vehicles.

No. 14,879, Joseph Matthews, of Liverpool, improvements in self-lubricating bearings.

No. 14,897, John Marshall Starley, of London, improvements in the steering handles of tricycles and other velocipedes.

No. 14,898, Joseph Devey, of London, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

No. 14,909, Henry Brockas, of London, an improved bracket for carrying lamps on velocipedes or other carriages.

No. 14,918, Walter Phillips, of London, improvements in and relating to band brakes for velocipedes.

No. 14,930, Alfred Horobin, of Wolverhampton, improvements in tricycle hobby-horses.

No. 14,995, Charles Edward Buell, of Chancery Lane, improvements in propelling vehicles.

Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery have recently added a new building to their factories for nickelizing and enameling. Their nickelizing is entirely on copper, and hereafter the standard finish for Challenge and Safety will consist of all parts enameled in black except the head, handle-bar, hubs, step, and cranks, which will be nickelized.

J. Stevens & Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated bicycle rifles, have sold out their business to the new corporation just formed under the name of the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., with the following officers: Joshua Stevens, president; Wm. B. Fay, Joshua Stevens, Geo. S. Taylor, directors; Irving H. Page, secretary; James E. Taylor, agent and treasurer.

That two firms claim to have the "genuine Humber" cycles needs some explanation. Formerly Mr. Humber and Messrs. Marriott & Cooper were in co-partnership doing business under the firm name of Humber, Marriott & Cooper. That co-partnership no longer exists, and both the firms of Marriott & Cooper and Humber & Co., have the right to manufacture and sell the "genuine Humber" cycles as heretofore manufactured whether under letters patent by the old firm, or by entering into any other co-partnership. Messrs. Marriott & Cooper's mechanical and practical knowledge of what is required for road and path riding, coupled with the experience and wide-spread reputation of Messrs. Rudge & Co., who now manufacture their machines, is sufficient guarantee that the material, workmanship, and finish will be of the highest order.

THE WHEELMAN'S RECOMPENSE.

A TALE IN VERSE.

BY T. W. E.

Events occurring to my mind,
Like sheaves I'll gather now and bind
With thread of romance, fancy wrought—
Some wheat, much chaff, and form my plot.
I'll give no name to state or town;
Nor prate that it had won renown,
But simply say, like many places,
It was replete with rural graces.
'Twas summer, and the flowers were waiting;
The breezes' sweetest breath abating;
The brightest morn and fairest eve
Radiant to city guests receive.
And all unmindful in the brook,
Fish erst had never feared the hook;
Like heart-whole youths who tempt with line,
And maidens Cupid's shafts decline,
Past safety carelessness had taught;
Once off their guard and then they're caught.
* * * * *
And now 'tis time that I should glean
Some living portraits for the scene.
Besides acquaintances and friends
To whom the place welcome extends,
Our heroine, sweet Maude DeVere,
And hero, George Derwent, are here;
Likewise Maude's dearest old-time friend,
May Chester, and their footsteps wend
Oft the same paths, while laugh or song
On fragrant breeze is borne along;
And then so slowly roam and still,
Pausing at foot of some green hill
To rest awhile within the shade,
And tell their secrets in the glade.
May is the first to-day to speak
When seated in this cool retreat.
"You said to me, a week ago,
Mr. Derwent wished to bestow
His wealth, his heart, and honored name
On you if he your love might claim
May I, as your true friend, ask
Why you decline your lot to cast
With one so noble and so kind—
A better husband could you find?"
"Dear friend, the answer that I gave
Was this: That I should crave
A whole, an undivided heart
When I from single life depart.
He has one love he loves too well—
His *bicycle*, the truth to tell."
Low laughter for an instant stirred
The nearest echoes, and a bird
Resting a moment from its flight
Was startled and withdrew from sight.
Her laughter ceasing, Maude then spoke:
"You surely meant it for a joke,
That for a little cause like this
You will refuse a life of bliss;
Or else you know not your own heart
And will awake yet with a start,
Willing to accept so bright a fate—
Grant that it may not be too late."
They rise and leave, and so will we,
And meet again with destiny.

* * * * *

"Tis darksome night, the hour is late,
When is unmasked an adverse fate.
Upon the hills where sunset glow
Gleamed but so short a time ago,
There falls a ruddy, glaring light—
Alarm is wakened at the sight;
Alarm, yes, for the cry of "fire"
Is echoed as the flames leap higher;
And one who hears the stirring sound
Reaches an outlook with a bound—
It is a mansion tall and grand,
A well-known place, where flames are fanned;
Well-known, ah, yes; for there his heart
Has found its ideal counterpart.
Beneath that roof perchance there lies
His love! Shall death now claim the prize?
"No, not if by an act of mine
To cost me life should give you thine.
I'll mount my steed your lips have scorned,
Perhaps thou'l praise it in the morn."
Two miles to ride to reach the fire;
The flames e'en now are rising higher;
But there's a new light on the scene,
A "headlight" to the fleet machine.
It pierces shadows on the way,
It frightens owlets with its ray,
Till, like a meteor flashing down,
First at the fire of all the town.
At the yard gate ends his ride,
Then up the walk with rapid stride;
When half across a group he meets,
And, scarcely pausing, quickly greets:
"Maude is not here. Where is she?—quick!"
He questioned in voice forced and thick.
"She's safe, thank God! within the town,
At german given by Mrs. Brown."
Just then cries coming from the house
To instant terror all arouse.
"That was Maude's voice. There's something wrong!"
DeVere exclaims to gath'ring throng.
"Derwent"—he quickly turns to where
A moment before he stood—not there;
Ere this he's lost unto their sight
Half up the stairway in his flight;
Yet madly round him the flames roared
And falling sparks upon him showered;
He stops not till he bursts a door
And a form raises from the floor.
'Tis Maude (who feeling indisposed
Had returned home ere german closed,
Unknown to inmates, one and all
Supposing her yet at the ball),
Who now had fainted from affright
Forgetting peril of the night.
Not so her lover! Back again
Through stifling smoke and fiery rain
He plunges with his precious freight,
Struggling for her sake against fate.
Though moments seem to him like hours
Each a new strength his arm endowers;
Till when e'en hope is almost gone
He reaches group upon the lawn;
He waits no thanks, his work is done,
The struggle ended, vict'ry won;
Thanks God his loved one will survive,
And he, though injured, is alive!

* * * * *

But thanks await him the next day—
A note recalls him o'er the way
To the same group we saw last night,
Though in diff'rent place and diff'rent plight.
Welcomed by all, who praise endower
And make him hero of the hour;
Until at last he is alone
With Maude, who's anxious to atone.
"I thanked and praised you with the rest,
But still more thanks I must express;
For from scenes with peril rife
You bore me and thus saved my life,
If not for you and your wild ride
On fairy steed you view with pride,
I'd not be here my thanks to tell,
And bless you and your steed as well!"
"Of words once said do you repent?"
With a new hope then spoke Derwent,
"And the same question asked again
Might it a different answer claim?"
The answer gave him joy intense—
A wife was The Wheelman's Recompense.

WANTED.

BY T. W. E.

A rare inventive skill,
A clever hand and conq'ring will,
In cycling world a void to fill.

Means to attain the desired end—
Propitiously the fates to blend,
That pleasure's boundaries extend.

A magic work or potent charm
The elements shall fail to harm,
Or mid-year transit becalm.

Attachments for machines "laid by"
That wheelmen can at once apply
And winter barriers defy.

Wanted—a teacher and to learn
The way his wisdom shall discern
Perpetually the wheel to turn.

THE EARLY RUN.

At five on a dewy morning,
Before the blaze of day,
To be up and off, on a rubber-shod horse,
Over the hills away.

To drink the sweet breath of the gorse
And bathe in the breeze of downs;

Ha! man, if you can match bliss like this
In all your joys of towns.

To leap on a staunch and faithful steed,
With spokes all bright and new,
To spurn Mother Earth, and fly on in mirth,
O'er pathway wet with dew,
This, this is the steed for ease and speed,
Faster than horses or hares.

All you who long for nerves so strong,
For health, and freedom from cares,

Come take a run 'neath the rising sun;
Happy the man who dares.

Then off again with a might and main,
And a bounding heart within,
To dash like a shadow over the plain,
Health's golden cup to win.
This, this is the race for gain and grace,
Richer than vases and crowns;

And you who boast your pleasures the most
Amid the steam of towns,

Come taste true bliss, on a morning like this,
Bicycling over the downs.

G. W. RIBBLE.

REPLY TO "FIFTY-THREE."

Thoughts suggested on reading "A Chat with my Nickeled Wheel," in the December GAZETTE.

Joyous, elated,
Sometimes belated,
My esteemed wheelman comes calling on me.
He speaks much of I
And his trusty bi,
Forgetting the falls from his "fifty-three."

He says I'm jealous
Of the "solid felloes"
Of his most polished friend, his nickeled bike.
Is this really so?
I must answer no;
For seeing him wheel is my true delight.

Does he think a wheel
Could e'er from us steal
A deep strong love which of each is a part?
He says I've grown cold,
Yet me he has told
There is room for wheel and me in his heart.

In me he confides,
And tells of his rides,
Of his pleasant runs, and sometimes a fall.
But when he writes rhyme,
There is not a line
Where skids or headers are mentioned at all.

Last week on his head
Was a spot so red—
'Twas caused by a fall from his silent steed.
Why did he not write
In "chat with my bike,"
A mule's disposition thou hast indeed?

His shoes were rusty,
And his pants quite dusty,
His coat was soiled and his linen not neat.
Vet the cycle, bright
As the stars at night,
Appeared quite docile, harmless, and meek

His strong arm was strained,
And his ankle much sprained,
And he looked rather worsted I trow
From a walk of grace
To a limping pace,
My dude was transformed to a crippled beau.

In this recent spurt
He fell in the dirt,
His meek polished friend laid down by his side.
The dear slotted crank
Had played him a prank,
And gave him a header while on this ride.

When next time I see
This lame "Fifty-three,"
I'll beseech him, "Slow—look out for headers!"
And when of a bike
He wishes to write,
Please mention his falls along with his pleasures.

"NELLIE."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE this month has a splendid cartoon in answer to the one that appeared in a contemporary, *re* the American records. They also reproduce, *exact*, the original cartoon. The likenesses are capital. The price of the GAZETTE is only five cents monthly, and it is certainly well worth subscribing for.—*Cycling Times* (London).

At a race meeting held this season, there appeared upon the programme, "None but officials allowed within the enclosure." During the progress of the meeting, a little urchin was seen preparing to walk across the track. The constable at once challenged him, asking him where he was going to. "Hinto the henclosure," was the reply. "What for?" said the constable. "Oh, I'se a hoffishal, I'se the programme boy, and I'se sold out, so I'se just going to have a drink at the hoffishul's refreshment tent."—*Wheeling*.

The two opponents to the Springfield times, the *Cyclist* and the *Bicycling News*, have virtually withdrawn their opposition; indeed, they could do no other in the face of the consensus of opinion on the part not only of the American press, but of all those who took part in or were present at the meeting. No one could blame the editors of the two Coventry papers. The times were inconsistent enough to set any one doubting. Next season, I understand, Messrs. Iliffe and Sturmy intend to send over a thoroughly reliable clocker.—*Athletic News*.

The actual figures show that the average cost of repairs on imported bicycles in Fort Wayne this season, has been \$6.65 for each machine in use, while the average cost of repairing the Columbia bicycles has been exactly \$1 for each machine in use, a difference of nearly seven to one in favor of the Columbia. When it is taken into consideration that the latter have been in use from one to six years while the imported wheels have scarcely averaged one year's use, the figures are still more startling. One more record for Uncle Sam!—*The World*.

The total receipts from the recent race meeting of the Sydney Bicycle Club amounted to £957, but there was a clear profit of only £240, as the expenses reached the enormous and altogether inexplicable sum of £717. £69 was spent in

refreshments in connection with the race meeting alone, and in addition to this, no less than £93 worth of solids and liquids was consumed by the club and its friends in the course of the year. This is what is called unbounded hospitality; many sensible people, however, would name it unbounded extravagance.—*Australian Cycling News*.

President Ducker, of the Springfield Bicycle Club, said a neat thing at the Massachusetts Club's carnival. In conversation with one of the judges after the award of prizes, he said: "So I got a first prize, after all." "Oh, no," was the answer, "you didn't get first prize." "But I did," retorted the bicycle king. "How was that?" asked the judge; "Bert Thayer got the first prize." "Simply enough," said Ducker; "it was the first prize I ever got." Many believed that Mr. Ducker ought to have been awarded the first prize, for his costume was an imported one, and was very elegant.—*Boston Herald*.

Consolidation seems to be the order of the day among the local bicycle clubs. This week the Aeolus has been absorbed by the Chicago Club, thereby strengthening the latter and increasing its power for good. This is a sensible move on both sides, for the interests of cycling can be better served by one strong central organization than by a number of weak ones. When the day comes—as it surely will—that 5,000 wheels are owned and ridden in Chicago, there will be plenty of material for several clubs; but at present and for some time to come *e pluribus unum* is the wisest motto.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

Mr. Cathcart, the enterprising lessee of the Alexandra Palace track, promises big things next year. He purposed promoting a tournament on rather extensive lines, such as may fetch one or two of the American fliers. Are not the bulk of the American fliers makers' amateurs, Mr. C.? Some of them are, if we may judge from the tone of the wheel journals from the other side of the water. One paper openly stated that Rowe, the new star, was subsidized by the Pope Company. Will the vigilance committee have the pluck to do their duty in cases like this? I fancy not.—*Athletic News*.

What if the best records were not made in open competition? Breaking a record shows how fast a rider can propel a wheel, and the fact that he has no competitor should not lessen the value of his performance. A race is not always won by the fastest man, but very often the strategist gets in his work, and speed is at a discount. Why, then, because a man is beaten in open competition by an experienced, though slower rider, should the value of his work against time be depreciated? All this tends to show that every winner may not be a speedier man or a better man physically than the defeated one.—*The New Argus*.

The bicycle was put to a novel use on the declaration of the poll at Epsom on Tuesday. John Keen, the ex-champion bicyclist, had promised Mr. Cubitt, the successful Conservative candidate, and his supporters at Long Ditton, that he would ride over and convey the news home as speedily as possible, and also intimating that he would beat telegraphy. Directly the numbers were announced Keen mounted his 50-inch roadster, and, notwithstanding the heavy state of the roads and the bad weather, he managed to announce the result at the Long Ditton headquarters to a large assemblage about a minute before the first telegram arrived.—*Cycling Times*.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

SAMPLE OF ENGLISH WITTICISMS—WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CYCLIST'S DOUBTS?—STRANGE CONFESSION FOR AN ENGLISH EDITOR.

"It is very strange how news gets about. There is, it seems, a paper in America called the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, and over the interminable Springfield records question this paper 'slated' Messrs. Sturmy, Nairn, and Kennedy-Child. This slating we never saw, as the *Bulletin* is not kind enough to send a copy of itself to our London office. Somebody connected with *The Cyclist*, however, appears to have seen it and commented on it. Even in our own paper, however, the words 'Springfield Records' would be quite enough to make us—that is, the writer of these Notes, otherwise C. W. Nairn—pass over the article. It was not, therefore, until an American paper called the *Southern Cycler*, published in Memphis, Tennessee, reached us for the first time on Boxing Day that we heard of the *Bulletin's* slating screed. Seeing our name in a strange paper published in Tennessee, we read the article, and then learned for the first time that we were supposed to have doubted the Springfield records. If it will add any pleasure to the staff of the *Bulletin* during their New Year revels, we can assure them that, personally, we never doubted the Springfield records in thought, word, or deed, and, in fact, to this day don't even know what those records are, except that they relate to certain races run at Springfield last September; but by whom won, or in what time, or over what distance we have never taken the trouble to inquire. There are too many burning questions in cycling life nearer home—the A. A. A. and N. C. U., for instance—for us to cross the Atlantic, metaphorically, for a subject on which to launch forth. Without meaning any disrespect to our American cousins, we may say that a person killed in the Strand has more interest for us than 100 sent to glory 6,000 miles away. Hence our lethargy over the Springfield records."

—*Cyclist* (London, Dec. 30, 1885).

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—WHEEL WARBLES AS VIEWED BY A SLOW YOUNG MAN.

That the season just concluded has been very successful, and that cycling is now firmly established as one of our principal sports, will be admitted by everybody, but that our recreation is the king of them all will doubtless be denied by a few prejudiced individuals; so by way of convincing these doubters I propose to compare cycling and some of the other forms of sport, which are patronized by the multitude. Starting then with foot-racing which at times causes no end of trouble. What is it? Simply a lot of miserable flutters—all legs and wings. Each race is all over in ten seconds, and you are no wiser after the finish than before the start; so we can safely dismiss foot-racing as unworthy of further consideration, and pass on to a form of sport wherein the science consists in propelling one stick along the water by means of two other sticks. This draws the biggest crowd of the lot, but there is nothing in it. On several occasions I have been up the river in a steamer to witness one of these contests, usually with a drunken Irishman on one side of me and an old woman with twins on the other, and the Irishman has tumbled out of my lap only to make room for the twins to tumble in

On the way up we have always run down several of the all-pervading small crafts, thereby causing faintings among the women and sinking sensations about the regions of the abdomen on the part of the men. On arriving at our destination we have cast the anchor overboard, and waited whilst fourteen large steamers, eighteen small ones, and a steam punt or two, have moved up and obstructed the view. Then after two hours of expectation, diversified with squalling from the twins and bad language on the part of the Irishman, a distant and ever-increasing roar has announced that the race is on and fast approaching; and presently in minute gaps between the steamers, and at moments when the smoke has slightly lifted, we have caught glimpses of two small objects which possibly might be the scullers. The Irishman has insisted that Beach was ahead, whilst the old woman has held out for Hanlan. Half the rest of the passengers have sided with the Irishman and the other half with the old woman, and in the midst of the argument the anchor has been drawn up, bringing with it the whole river bottom in the shape of black mud, and sprinkling the substance around over decks and passengers with equal impartiality. On the way down and during lulls in the various excitements caused by the twins, the Irishman, the collisions, and an occasional free fight, we have inquired among the other steamers as to the result of the race, generally eliciting opinions that if Hanlan did not win it must have been Beach; and it has not been until we have landed at the wharf and got hold of an *Evening News* that we have at length discovered who really was the winner. Then as I have meandered along the footpath and ran my head into a post while reading the paper, I have concluded next time I wanted a little recreation to go to a boat race or a funeral, I don't care which. Besides boat and foot racing there is also horse racing. None but exceedingly patient persons, however, can enjoy this amusement as the waits to the excitement are as one hundred to one, and for my own part it is only a stern sense of duty and a determination to see the thing through or bust, that prevents me from leaving directly after the first race. Then when you have passed away an hour or so in the exhilarating game of "Aunt Sally," mingled with drinks, what is your reward? Is a lot of shouting—here they come; no, they don't; yes, they do; here they are; there they go—a sudden flash of blue and yellow, and a final fiendish yell, a fair return for your patience and your money? All sensible men will answer no. Further, there is no variety about the sport, but always the same foot-in-the-grave specimens of humanity mounted on the same spindle-shanked animals, tearing around in the same idiotic manner, and never an attempt to fasten the horses' tails together and allow them to pull it out, or anything else amusing. Added to all this there is the miserable knowledge that the best horse never wins and horse racing settles down in the bottomless pit to which it is consigned by the parsons, and which fate it richly deserves. How different to all this is everything at a bicycle race meeting. Instead of an old woman with twins your companion is a young lady in silk. There is no black mud, no Irishman, and no steamer to obstruct the view. The race lasts long enough to enable the most cold-blooded to work up excitement, there are no waits, and—bar accidents—the best man wins.—*Australian Cycling News*.

BULL RUN, LURAY CAVERN AND GETTYSBURG.*

BY KARL KRON.

Washington having been chosen as the place for the fifth annual meet of the League, I accepted the fact as an excuse for wheeling thither to be a spectator of the parade. From the personal part which I had taken in its four previous ones, as rearmost rider in the ragtag-and-boottail division known as "the unattached," I felt entirely qualified to appreciate the beauties of a spectacle that "the new rule" (which I myself had urged the adoption of, though ruinous to my last hope of individual glory) declared should not be disfigured by the presence of any such variegated rabble of guys and grotesques as I had been wont to risk my life among at the earlier meets. As a matter of fact, a sudden softening of the spine, on the part of those in authority, allowed this rule to be "suspended"; and the customary "mob on wheels" therefore sauntered along in Indian file through the broad roadways of the Capital. Hence, I was rather glad that I reached it too late to look upon such a sorry sight, for it might have exasperated me to the pitch of desperation. Here, in the single "show city" which America can boast of, on magnificent avenues of asphalt, where 24 wheelmen could ride abreast, and where the smallest "company fronts" allowable for parade should be files of 16 or 12 or 8, a long-drawn-out column of ill-arranged and parti-colored paraders straggled through the streets, by twos and fours (May 20, 1884), under pretense of proclaiming "the dignity and power of the League." Such was the sad truth that I gathered from beneath the florid rhetoric and lavish laudation with which the historians of the day sought to conceal the League's failure to improve this first great opportunity ever offered in America for a really impressive and inspiring display of spectacular wheelmanship.

It was, in fact, just about as bad a show as that which had been given, three years earlier, in the badly-policed lanes of the little New England capital, Boston. I remember my rage, on that occasion, at the utter lack of any efficient police protection for the wheelmen's procession, against the disastrous intrusion of an entirely orderly and good-natured crowd of lookers-on; and it is a matter of recent history that when 400 local cyclers endeavored to enliven an autumn evening in that solemn city, by a "lantern parade" (Oct. 22, '85), a ruffianly and ill-natured crowd amused themselves by hurling missiles at the lanterns and upsetting the riders, until at last the police appeared on the scene and summarily dragged off to the station-house a quiet citizen who had courageously defended the luckless wheelmen against one of the most obnoxious of their rascally assailants. But however small might be my reasonable expectation, as a Massachusetts man, of seeing either

* This is to form a part of Chapter XXVI. in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (600 pages of 400,000 words, cloth bound, gilt top, no advertisements admitted, price \$1.50), to be published by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, New York City. The first twenty-nine chapters (472 pp.) have already been printed by the Springfield Printing Company, and it is probable that the book may be issued before the close of February. Those who pledge \$1 in advance will receive it at that price, and will have their names twice printed in its appendix. The number of such subscribers enrolled on January 8 was 3,320. A specimen chapter ("Bone-Shaker Days," 11,000 words) and descriptive circulars may be had by sending a postal-card request to the publisher at the above address.

safety or splendor characterize a street show in an Irish sea-coast settlement like Boston, I certainly did cherish great hopes, as an American, that our really magnificent National Capital might inspire the League to make there one thoroughly creditable public display of itself. Fortune, therefore, was kind, in so delaying my advance, as to hide the sad reality from my actual vision. Embittered as I then was by a four months' steady struggle with the preliminary subscription-list of this book, my shattered nerves might have given way to the strain of disappointment in seeing the noble streets of Washington belittled by this pitiful parade of the customary, Indian-file, no-two-coats-alike "mob on wheels." The market rate of dynamite being "only 62 cents a pound," I might have decided (in a fit of emotional insanity, when thus unnerved) to blot out the whole wretched business,—or at least the "staff officers," who seemed chiefly responsible for it, as the ostensible ring-leaders of the mob. So, it was a blessing to all concerned that my bicycle didn't bear me into sighting distance of the big white dome, until long after the League's "fifth annual mob" had been dispersed.

My two days' ride from New York to Philadelphia, 100m., which raised the mileage of my new machine (straightaway from Hartford) to just "234," has been already reported. Next morning, May 19, I rode from the Bingham House along the brick-shaped stone blocks of Market st., 1½m. west, to the bridge. An eighth of a mile beyond that, just opposite the railroad station, Woodward av. branches off to the left, and I tried its sidewalk flags 1m. and then turned left at the cemetery corner. After about 1m. of off-and-on, I struck a yellow clay road and went without stop, spite of hills, to the Buttonwood House at Darby, 3m. A planked horse-car track extends to this point and would probably be rideable in all weathers. A hilly pike whose macadam is worn into ruts stretches thence to Chester, 6m., and the Pennsylvania Military Academy surmounts a hill on the right, as one enters the town. My route, which a local wheelman recommended, led up Seventh st. 1m., then left through Curling on Belgian blocks to Second, up this for 1m. or more, then turned right back to the pike, near a mill at Fourth. Less than 3m. beyond here, at 1.30 p. m., I for the first time wheeled into the little State of Delaware,—"the line" being marked by a cedar stump on the right. Following this were a series of hills, tiresome wheeling, whether up or down, and one of them 1m. long,—relieved by fine views of the Delaware river and ships sailing under full canvas. I crossed the Brandywine into Wilmington, just 7m. after entering the State, and halted ½h. at a restaurant on its main street, ½m. beyond. Newport, 3½m., was reached at 5.10, and the Deer Park Hotel in Newark, 9m., at 7.20,—making my day's record 38¾m. The hotel people said that the road to Elkton and Perryville (Havre de Grace) was level but very sandy, and advised me to try the hillier route, and cross the Susquehanna by ferry at Port Deposit, 5 or 6m. above the railroad bridge connecting Havre de Grace with Perryville. As a result of a heavy night's rain, I found, as soon as I got beyond the town limits,—perhaps 1m. from the hotel,—that the clay roads had changed to mud, which was not rideable and was hardly walkable, on account of the clogging in the forks. Half-way up a big hill, a little more than 1½m. after starting, I crossed into Maryland,—ending thus a Delaware trail of 21¾m.,—and I reached the top of another long hill at 8 o'clock, 3m. and 1¼h. from

the start. A store and one or two other houses stood here, and I imbibed a quart of milk, in lack of any other attainable breakfast. Three hours later, I had progressed only 7m. more, and I lay on my back on a bridge, thoroughly tired from the long dragging of my wheel through the clay. Brick Church, 1½m., was reached at noon, and th. spent there for dinner at its poor little tavern. My walking amounted to about 7m. to this point, but beyond it the roads were dryer and more down-grade,—so that I walked less and reached Port Deposit, 8½m., in 3h., entering it by a long and very steep descent.

Disembarking from the ferry boat, on the south side of the Susquehanna, at 4.35, I followed a winding course up the ravine to the left, and then, after passing a bridge about 1m. out, I took the right. The road gradually improved as I drew near a cross-roads called Level, 5m. from the river, at 6 o'clock, where I turned left with the telegraph poles, and enjoyed, on a level of 1m. or so, my first good riding of the day. At Churchville, 3½m., I stopped for an orange, and found my watch had stopped also. The time was about 7; and I then went without halt along a good dirt road for 5½m. to Bel Air, at 7.45. There I took the right, and reached the hotel, after riding a few rods on the right sidewalk; but, if I had taken the left, I should have even more quickly reached the head of the pike leading to Baltimore. Down this winding way of fairly good macadam I sped at 7 o'clock, next morning, and climbed some rather stiff hills before resting ½h. at a point 3m. out, to oil and polish my wheel. I didn't leave the saddle again for 1¾h., when I was flung out of it, 13m. beyond, by carelessly riding among some fresh lumps of stone on the edge of the road. ("Number 234, Jr.," thus suffered its first fall, 32½m. from the start at Hartford, and the right handle-bar was so badly bent that my leg grazed against it at every revolution of the wheel for the next 50m. to Washington. I did not have a second fall until a fortnight later, on the last day of my tour, 5½m. beyond.) My third stop was made in 5½m., when I reached the cobble stones in the outskirts of Baltimore, at 10.45; and the 22m. to this point might have been done without dismount. Turning to the right, along Boundary av. to Fillmore st., I took the left flag-stone sidewalks to the junction of Baltimore and Frederick sts., 4m., and thence followed alongside the horse-car track to Catonsville, 4m. At Ellicott City, 4½m. on, I halted half an hour for lunch, and then, between 2.20 and 2.40, wheeled up a hill 1½m. long, except its steepest pitch of two rods, at about the middle point. The course beyond proved continuously hilly; and I turned to the right at a cross-roads on a hill-top, and at 4.35 reached a cross-roads store called Clarksville, 9m. from E. C. The next 5½m. ended at a certain private house in the hamlet of Ashton, where a previous tourist had told me it would be possible to procure supper; and though I covered this distance in 1h., and probably rode two-thirds of it, because of down-grades, it was the poorest stretch of the day, and its abundant sand would have forced me to walk nearly all of it, had I been faced in the other direction. Starting from A. at 6.30, I rode without stop till 7.55, nearly 10m.; and then, in the thickening darkness walked most of the 2m. to Sligo, at 8.35. My Maryland trail of 95m. ended ½m. beyond here when I crossed into the District of Columbia; and, as the road grew very smooth, I ventured again into the saddle and rode almost

continuously for 3m. to the Boundary av. of Washington, at 9.45. Thence along the gas lighted asphalt of Ninth and H sts. to Twentieth, 1½m., where I found my clean clothes awaiting me at 10.15. My day's record was 65¾ m., as compared to 35 m. of the previous day; and my 5 days' ride from N. Y. (Hoboken Ferry) to W. measured just 240m.

The bright sunshine and hot air of that final day were tempered somewhat by a gentle breeze, which was generally in my face; but the weather of the next 3 days, while I tarried in Washington, was extremely hot and sticky, with heavy evening showers which gave no life to the atmosphere. The 43m. which I registered during that visit probably represented 15m. of new road, 15m. of new-direction riding, and 13m. of repetitions; and I was surprised on the evening of the first day, when I took my first look at Butcher cyclometer, whose action had hitherto given me no reason for distrust, to find only 7½m. recorded, though I vaguely believed that I had been jogging about the asphalt for 2 or 3h. altogether. For the next 600m., however, it seemed to run accurately, until it stuck at the 1,000m. point.

At 4.30 A. M. of May 25, just before daybreak, and after less than 6h. of sleep, I left the St. Marc Hotel, which had given me shelter for 3 days and nights, and began a tiresome journey of 48m., which ended about 9 P. M. at the Warren Green Hotel in Warrenton. My real start was made at 5.15, at the house of the President of the Washington Cycle Club, 1½m. from the hotel, where, after rousing him from slumber, I had a chance to munch some crackers and cheese, moistened with oranges, before my escort gave the word to mount. We crossed Georgetown Bridge, into Virginia, 2½m., at 5.40, and at once turned to the right and climbed hills pretty steadily, on winding and difficult but usually rideable roads, till we reached the brick house in Falls Church, 6½m., at 6.55, and halted ½h. for some milk. Fairfax Court House, 8½m., was reached in 2 h.; and, while my comrade arranged to get some breakfast there, before starting backward for Alexandria, I pushed on alone at 10.10, and reached Centerville, 7m., in 2h. This was approached by a rough hill, ½m. long, from whose top (along which stretched a line of the earthworks, thrown up in war time) I got my first sight of the Blue Ridge. On the descent, I twisted to the right, and then soon again to the left, whence the old pike goes in a bee line to Warrenton. Rotten red-sandstone, of which an excellent road might easily be made, is abundant, all along here; and I found it rideable for 2m., to the bridge over Cub Run, which I reached at 1.30,—having made a long halt on the way to chat with a talkative native. He had heard the cannonade in the opening Sunday battle of the civil war, 23 years before, while piously turning a grindstone to sharpen a big bowie knife for a trooper, who then galloped away with it in the direction of the noise; and he had seen a good deal of the second Bull Run battle, from the safe lookout of a lotty tree; and he described to me various military evolutions which he had witnessed upon this same broad sweep of rolling grass-land that we were now lazily looking at in the summer sunshine.

♦♦♦

"In recognition of the faithful services of our President and his interest in the success and welfare of this club, it was voted:—that the sum of five hundred dollars be presented him at our next regular meeting." SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

Sale and Exchange.

We have opened a department of sale and exchange for the convenience of our readers, in which their wants may be made known at a trifling expense. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to exchange or sell his machine, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The charge will be *one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order.* Initials and abbreviations count as words.

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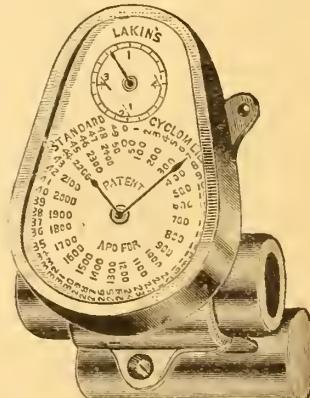
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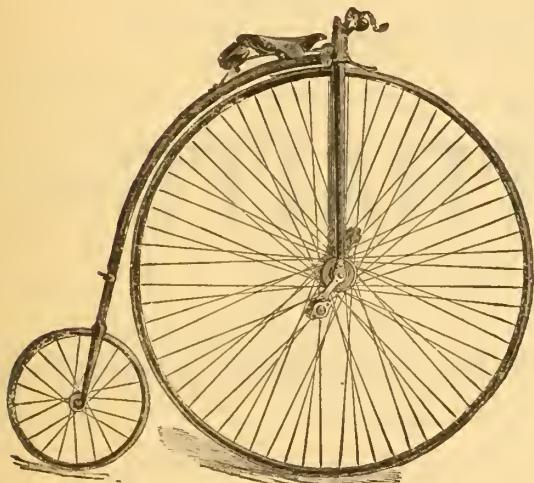
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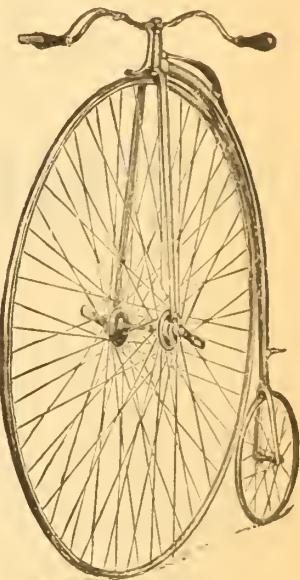
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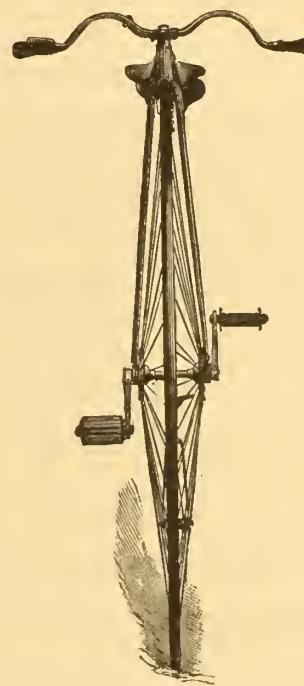
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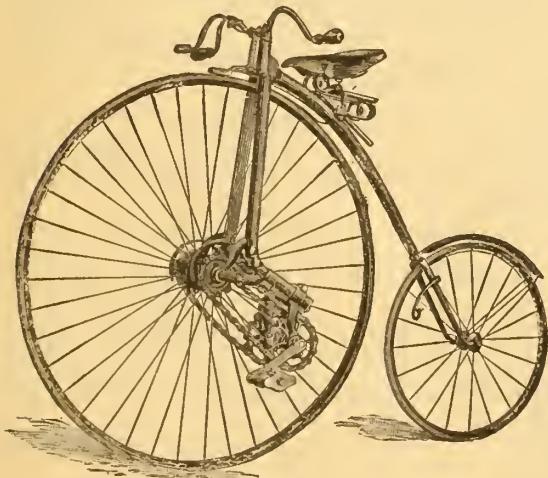
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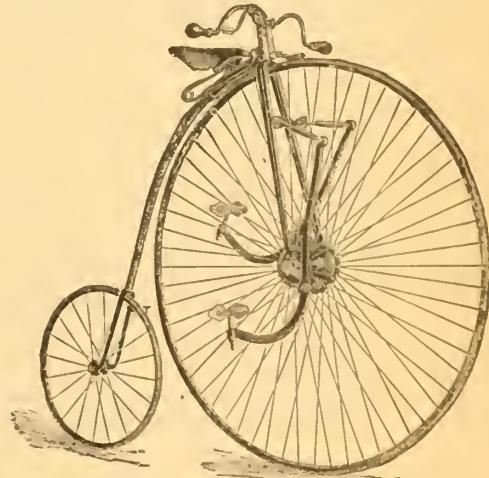
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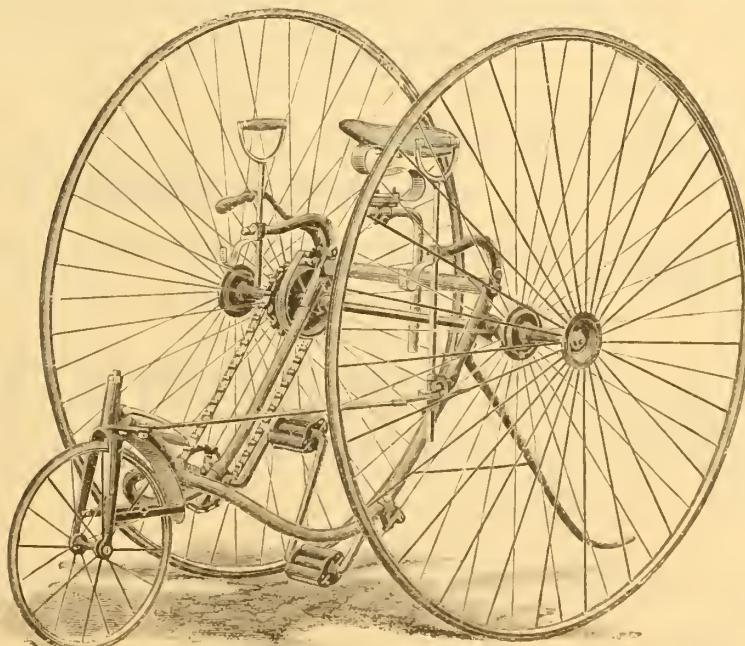
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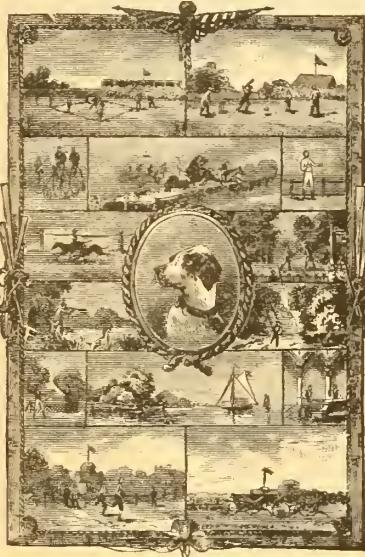
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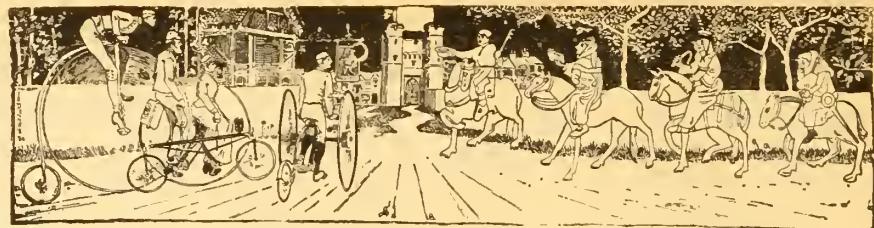
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