

1887

# THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

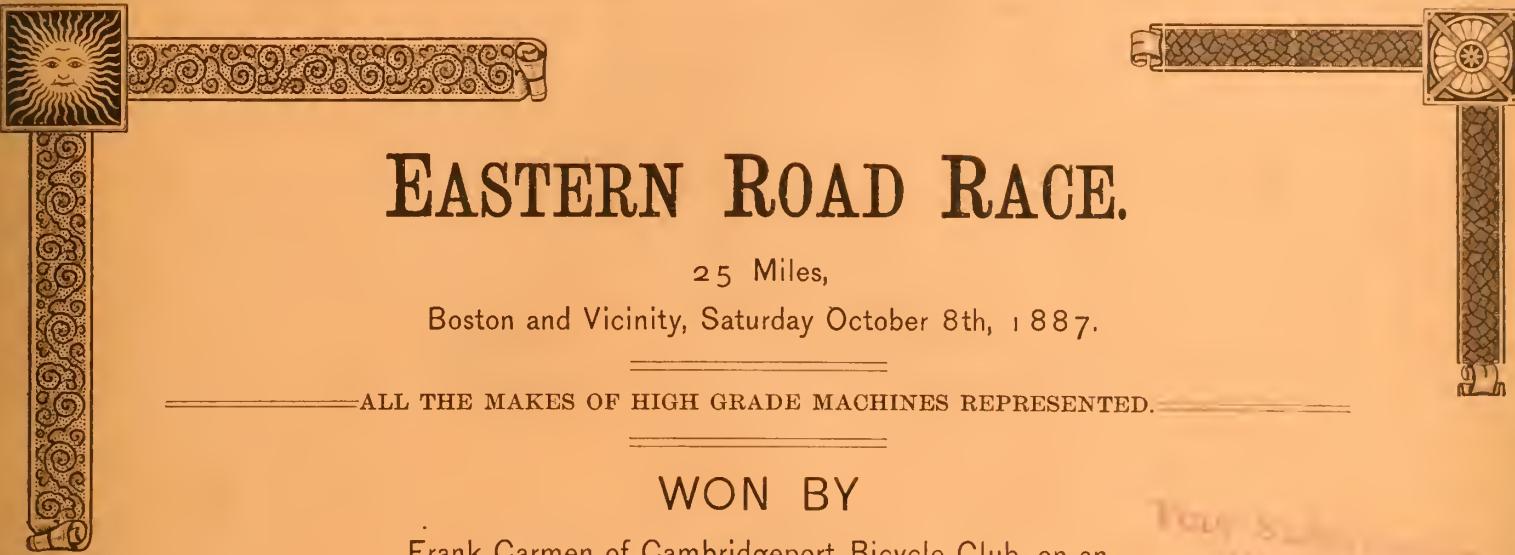
A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 7.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1887.

Price 10 cents.



## EASTERN ROAD RACE.

25 Miles,

Boston and Vicinity, Saturday October 8th, 1887.

ALL THE MAKES OF HIGH GRADE MACHINES REPRESENTED.

WON BY

Frank Carmen of Cambridgeport Bicycle Club, on an

## EXPERT COLUMBIA

TIME: 1:34:29.

BEATING LAST YEAR'S RECORD.

Second Position,

By R. G. Beazley, of Chelsea Bicycle Club on a

## Columbia \* Light \* Roadster,

TIME: 1:34:29<sub>5</sub>.



**POPE MFG. CO.,**

79 Franklin St., Boston.

Branch Houses: 11 Warren St., New York.

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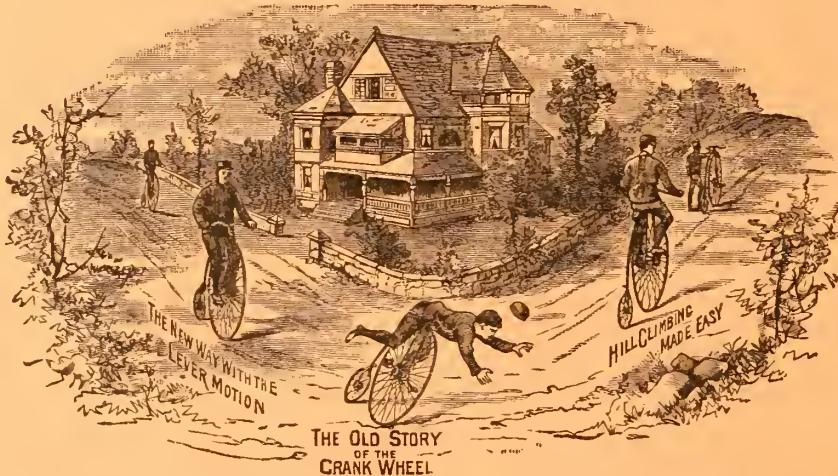
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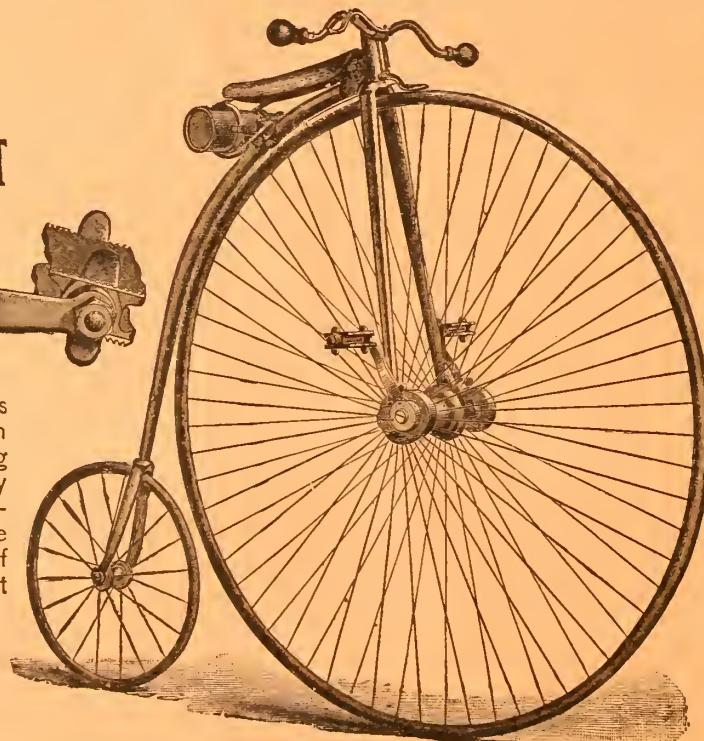
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Hill-Climbing to Perfection!

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



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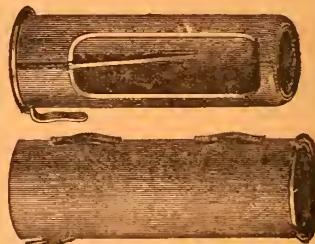
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The fork cannot be forced forward faster than the large wheel revolves.

## Fish Adjustable Saddle

Known to be the best.



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

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

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

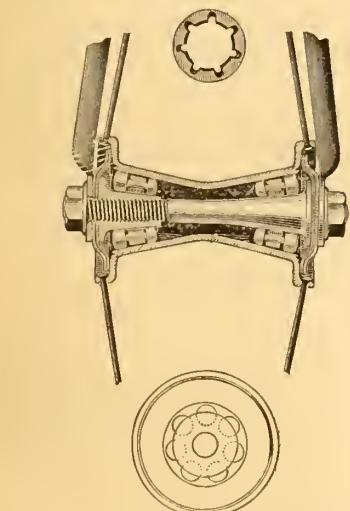
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Because, the treadles being in the rear of the hub, there is an uplifting at the fulcrum in front, removing the danger of taking a header, and the fork cannot be forced forward faster than the large wheel revolves.

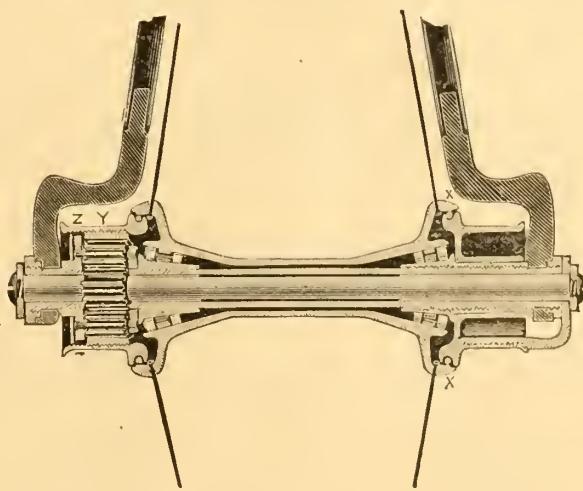
## FOR EASE OF RUNNING,

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

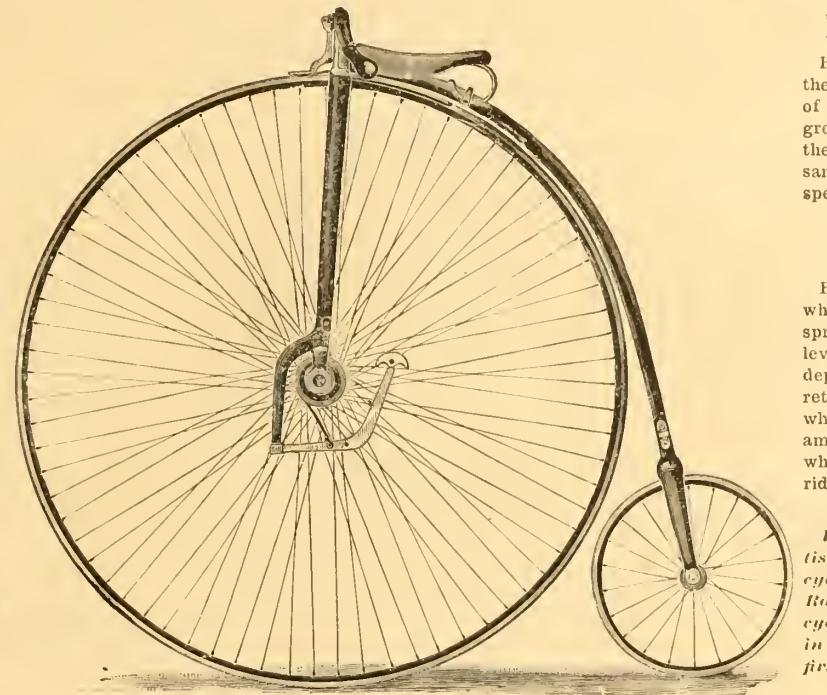
*Secured by United States Patents and Pending United States and Foreign Applications by the Inventor, Rev. HOMER A. KING, Springfield, Mass.*



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



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



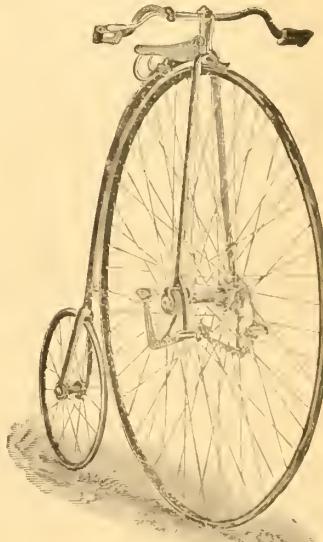
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Because the new motor, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands, enable the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals, and it can be set to sandy-road, hill-climbing, or racing speed.

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

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To Both Wheels.

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To Rear Wheel. To Both Wheels.

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110

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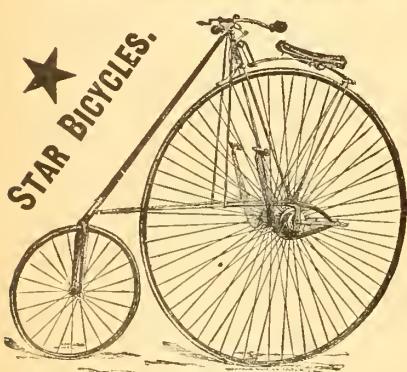


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# —THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

## The Wheelmen's Gazette.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

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**The Wheelmen's Record**  
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Weekly in the country.

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the country.

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

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

### Monthly Summary.

DURING the past month, wheelmen have enjoyed much good riding, for during the fall the roads are in their best condition.

The increase of membership in the L. A. W. to 11,537 is one of the good results of these favorable conditions. Racing, on the road and track still continues to hold its share of interest, though as far as racing is concerned, one might say that the most important events of the month are those that did not occur. Rowe did not go to England; Howell did not come to America; the Boston to Chicago road race was abandoned, also the Tyron cup race and dozens of other small events, but this is a world of compensations, and fortunately for the sport no one of these failures was more complete than the failure to enlist the New York wheelmen in the service of Henry George the socialist.

**Arkansas.** P. H. Bernays of Little Rock appointed chief consul.

**California.** Southern Pacific R. R. agrees to carry bicycles free. *Pacific Wheelman and Athlete*, a bi-weekly makes its first appearance. Bay City Wheelmen smoker. Races at Sacramento fair.

**Connecticut.** Sept. 17, East Hartford Wheel Club race. One of the few financially successful races of the season, nets \$627.

**Illinois.** Chas. H. Sieg appointed representative. Division publishes a placard defining the rights of wheelmen on the highway. A new club "The Eagles" organized at Chicago. Sept. 17, ten mile road race at Chicago. Oct. 1, Chicago Amateur Athlete Association tournament. Oct. 11-13, Quincy Bi. Club's reunion and celebration.

**Iowa.** R. S. Thompson appointed Chief Consul. vice F. B. Thrall, resigned.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1887.

NO. 7.

**Kansas.** "Olathe Wheelmen" organized. Sept. 22, races at Junction City. Sept. 29 and 30, Ottawa Wheelmen's races.

**Louisiana.** Sept. 15, Division meet and races at New Orleans. Oct. 1, annual election of N. O. Bi. Club.

**Massachusetts.** A. W. Robinson, of Charlston, appointed representative. Sept. 11, Sherman climbs both sides of Corey Hill twice without a dismount, mounted on a Springfield Roadster. Sept. 16, races at Attleboro. Sept. 30, races at Taunton. Sept. 22, Frank Dingley of the Champion team, breaks all records from 51 to 100 miles, time 5h. 38m. 44s. Oct. 5, Hollingsworth of the Columbia team starts for one hundred mile record, and lowers records between 50 and 60 miles, dropping out at end of 66th mile. Oct. 7, Rowe attempts same record but drops out on the 46th mile. Oct. 6, Ladies' North Shore tour.

**Missouri.** Gordon, Hurck and Oellin of St. Louis suspended on charge of professionalism but charges dismissed. Sept. 22, Missouri Club smoker to the St. Louis Club. Sept. 25, bicycle race at St. Louis Athletic Club games. Oct. 1, Division meet at St. Louis. Manchester road race.

**Michigan.** Sept. 24, East Saginaw Bi. Club races. Oct. 1, Detroit Bi. Club races. Oct. 5, Bay City races.

**Minnesota.** Sept. 15, Division meet and lantern parade. Sept. 16, Minneapolis and Mercury clubs give races at Lake Harriet boulevard.

**New Jersey.** Atlanta Wheelmen re-organize. Chas. Kluge, re-instated. Sept. 16, Orange Wanderers races at Roseville. Sept. 24, Division meet. Oct. 1 Irvington road race.

**New York.** Division calls for money to defray expenses of Liberty Bill. Following representatives appointed: Geo. M. Nesbitt, New York; A. J. Barton, Newburg; E. P. Noble, Albany; H. L. Dudlard, Buffalo; A. M. Dickerson, New York; W. J. Gilfillan, Brooklyn; Geo. A. Spicer, West Troy; J. C. Clute, Schenectady. Sept. 14, Nellis arrives at Herkimer, after his trans-continental trip. Sept. 15, Genesee club of Rochester, field day. Sept. 22, races at Binghampton. Sept. 23-24, Division meet at Cooperstown. Sept. 23, opening of Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club house. Oct. 5, Kings Co. Wheelmen's lantern parade. Oct. 6, Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club races.

**Ohio.** Cincinnati wheelmen admitted to the parks. Robert Ruck of Cleveland, raised local twenty-four hour record to 162 miles. E. E. Miller of Canton, tours to Rochester, New York in three days.

**Oregon.** North West Cycle Club organized

at Portland. Sept. 12-15 Portland races. Chemeketa Bi. Club of Salem, challenges any club in the State to team race.

**Pennsylvania.** Sept. 23, Alphonse King rides his water cycle across Delaware river, from Philadelphia to Camden. Sept. 24, West Philadelphia Amateur Athletic Association races. Sept. 28, New Castle Bicycle Club's races. Sept. 29, Allegheny Wheel Club races at Pittsburg. Sept. 30, McKeesport Cyclers organized. Oct. 1, Wells and Synnesvedt make tandem record for Lancaster Pike 1:23:30 for twenty miles.

**Rhode Island.** Chas. S. Davol of Warren, appointed chief consul. Dr. J. A. Case of Pawtucket appointed representative. Sept. 20, races at Cranston.

**Tennessee.** Sept. 13, Annual Division meet and races.

**Wisconsin.** Oct. 7-9, Division meet at Milwaukee.

### Suggestions on Race Meets.

BY T. W. ECK.

ONE thing has been demonstrated to a certainty by the race meets of the past season, and that is that there is urgent need of entirely new rules governing cycle racing. It is my purpose to give the results of a large experience and to make a few suggestions in regard to the proper management of races. These views have been at different times expressed to such men as Henry Ducker, Abbot Bassett, Tim Carroll, Ned Oliver and others of experience, and they all agree with them. It should, therefore, not be considered egotistical in me to suggest that the endorsement of these gentlemen should entitle these opinions to some consideration.

There must be a change in racing matters or clubs will either cease to encourage racing or become bankrupt.

The only way to remedy this matter, is to work for the interests of both the tournament managers and the riders. In order to do this the racing must be changed throughout, except in handicaps. We will have to take the same basis as the National Trotting Association, and make all the events class races and handicaps. The present management of races has resulted in heavy losses to every track association in the country. Why? Because they do not protect the association.

For instance, Lynn gives a tournament, and there are six open amateur events. All the riders in the country know of this, but they say: "Now let me see, Crist will be there and so will Rich, Burlo and Wendel. Now I cannot beat any of these fellows. They will win first, second and third. I guess I won't

go but I can send my entry in and my name will be on the program."

So Lynn may get twenty entries to one race and the club advertises the largest entry it ever had. On the day of the race about fifteen of these men don't face the scratch, and the club is out fifteen dollars entrance fee on one race besides disappointing the public, but the smart man has his name on the program just the same. What is wanted is a rule to correct this great evil. When a man sends his entry, whether he sends his entrance fee or not he should be liable for it, and be barred from all tracks until he pays the association.

Now we will say Cleveland gives a tournament and has six amateur events down on the list. Say a three minute class; 2:50 class; 2:45 class; 2:40 class, a free for all, and a handicap. All of which shall be mile heats, best two out of three. There will probably be from twelve to twenty-five heats out of six events and the entries will be more numerous, for the racing men through the country will say: "Why, Crist and Rich cannot go into the three minute, the 2:50 or the 2:45 class. I believe I would stand a chance to win something if those two fellows were out, and I'll go to Cleveland, for I can have a fair chance in the three minute, the 2:50, the 2:45 and the handicap."

What is the result? Cleveland gets all the way from ten to twenty-five men to start in each race, most of which will be sure to result in split heats and the club gets the benefit of a lot of racing for a less number of prizes. They also are protected by the rule which bars a man from any other track until he pays his entrance fee. So every rider will forward his money when making his entry. By this rule an association would no doubt save from fifty to one hundred dollars during one tournament.

There should also be a distance pole in every race. Say one hundred yards constitutes a distance for a one mile race, and if any one man can shut out the whole field he takes the whole money or the prizes. This will be an inducement to a man to make fast time. Put a time limit on all races according to track and day, however the mile heats will be likely to make a man run from start to finish. As condition would tell in this kind of racing it would be more exciting to the spectators, and when a man was beat in a first heat he would know how to do better the next time, and it would give the fellow who always finds an excuse when he is beaten a second chance.

Now in regard to the professionals. They are the riders who will draw the crowds, and they must have something at stake so that they will try to ride fast.

Suppose the Roseville Track Association, Lynn, Springfield, Cleveland, Chicago, Hartford, North Attleboro and Providence should form a circuit and the races were run under the present system, how many of the professionals would be there? If they had to pay their own expenses, the entries would embrace Rowe, Whittaker, Crocker and Neilson. Those are all who would dare face the music and go on their own hook. What

chance of winning would the rest stand? If this same circuit should give class races and a man could start according to his speed in a three minute, 2:50 or 2:40 race, at the closing of the entry for the circuit they would have such a field as Rowe, Whittaker, Crocker, Neilson, Rhodes, Prince, Woodsides, Munger, Knapp, Dingley, Schock, Morgan, Freidburg, Hollingsworth, McCurdy, Frazier, Adams, Nightingale, Hardwick, Ashinger, Stone, Sherman, Straub, Bullock, Higham, Merrill, Bell, Healey, Hamill, Ives Wendell, and others who no doubt will soon turn professionals.

Let the association make a charge of five per cent. on the purse offered and have the same rule govern entrance fees as in amateur events. The associations would reap almost one-third of the purse in entrance fees, and they would also be protected by the rule. They could give two of the professional races each day; say a three minute and 2:40 the first day; a 2:50 and free for all the second day, and a 2:45 and handicap third day; the handicap to be mile heats also or a longer distance if necessary. This would bring all the professionals together the last day, and each man would have a fair chance to win.

The clubs would have to form an association or perhaps the best way would be to have the L. A. W. govern the whole thing and let Abbot Bassett or any other capable person be the secretary for all the clubs, keeping records and times of each and every man who makes a record of three minutes or better, and whenever a man enters a race in which he does not belong, impose a fine on him and bar him from all tracks until he pays this fine. Let each association do its own handicapping. They most always have to change the handicaps as they come in now, for I have seen them changed several times. Either do this or appoint an official who is well posted as to all the racing men.

Those who are not well posted on rules, should read the National Trotting Association book, containing the rules governing horse trots and see if they would not cover the bicycle except in the matter of flying starts.

Personally believe as Hicks of the Post Dispatch of St. Louis does in the flying start and it is all nonsense to compare it to horse racing. A man only has his wheel to govern he has not a horse before him who has several different gaits. But he comes up wheeling every time, while some horses come to the wire pacing, running, singlefooting, and a good judge in a stand will not send a horse off when he is off his gait, even if all the horses are even when they cross under the wire. That is what often bothers those who are not up to horse racing, and that is what often causes so much scoring and time lost. But a man on a bicycle can only come up one way and a little fine could be imposed for jockeying. This would hurt the rider's pocket more than he could gain by fooling at the mark. There is only one fault that could be found with the flying start. Some of the tracks are too narrow for the riders to turn around on. I suppose I have met hundreds of men who can do three minutes

or better, and a great many of them would attend the tournaments, and put in their vacations at that way, but they say, "what's the use of our going to Springfield? Two or three of the riders win all the prizes and we will only get laughed at for coming so far for nothing."

I have met fellows who would pay one thousand dollars down in gold to be able to win a twenty-five dollar medal at a race meet at Springfield in order that they might show it to their town boys and girls when they come back, but those three or four big riders scare them off, and no man likes to be beaten. It makes no difference who beats him, it sticks in his craw just the same. Every one likes to win or have an even chance to win.

When clubs now give all the way from ten to fifteen events each day they could afford to give five good prizes each day and get all the way from ten to twenty-five good races, have more excitement, faster races, more entrance fees, better pleased public, and the best of all more money when they count up the gate receipts at night. For the American public wants everything short and quick. I think this is the way to get at it and I am open for arguments all winter, so let them come.

The road-book of the Missouri Division will not be issued until January, as it has been decided to make it much more complete than was first intended.

When the English papers wish to opine that races were cut-and-dried in advance, they allude in a pleasant manner to the presence of M. Agreement.

The Coventry Machinists' Co. has built a racing tricycle of the Crippler type, weighing only thirty pounds. No wonder English tricycle records, are so much lower than American.

Several unsuccessful and nobody knows how many successful attempts have lately been made to bribe handicappers in England. This is only one of the many causes that is bringing handicapping into disfavor there.

Wheelmen in this country are just beginning to suspect that after all, the sand-papered roads of England are a myth. Very likely, the fact of the matter is that they are just about the same as the average American roads, some good and some bad with the great majority of them "fair to middlin'."

S. B. Gaylor, of Stamford, Ct., has invented a bicycle resembling a Star, except in being driven by cranks instead of levers. With the crank driven Ordinary, the lever driven Ordinary, the lever driven Star and the crank driven Star, it looks as though the field for large bicycles was about filled.

According to a new rule adopted by the N. A. A. A., an amateur becomes a professional by competing at any race meet that includes professional events. We have not yet learned the penalty for walking along the street with a professional, or shaking hands, or swapping snake stories with the unwashed "pro," but we suppose it must be something terrible.

### Bicycling in Wild Countries.

(THOMAS STEVENS, IN *Harper's Young People*.)

THOUGH one would very naturally expect to meet with more stirring incidents among the wandering tribes than anywhere else, there is no lack of adventure to be found among any class of people in Asia by a person venturing among them on a bicycle and without a guard.

One evening I happened to get belated, and was making my way cautiously forward through the darkness, thinking I should have to sleep out again, as I had often done before. Later in the evening, however, I reached a small village in a wild mountainous region, and asked permission to stay over night. Like many Asiatic towns and villages, the place was enclosed by a high stone wall, and with gates that could be shut at night to prevent sudden attack and surprise in time of war.

I was at once taken into the guest-chamber, which I found already occupied by several ferocious-looking natives armed to the teeth, after the custom of the country. The darkness of the room was made barely visible by the feeble, flickering light of a twisted rag in a cup of grease. Hanging on the mud walls were dozens of swords, daggers, and the old flint-lock pistols and long guns peculiar to the Asiatics.

As usual, the room soon became full of people, attracted out of curiosity to see the strange traveller and the curious vehicle he was riding through their country.

The ignorance of the Turkish villagers leads them to think any stranger with a fairer skin than their own must be either a Russian or an Englishman. They know little or nothing about any other countrymen, and while they love the English, they hate and fear the Russians. They are always suspicious that a stranger may be a subject of the Czar, spying out their country.

After staring at me and my wheel for some time, some of the more lawless characters accused me of being a Russian, and began to take more liberties than politeness to a stranger allowed. One of them, desiring to show his contempt for the supposed enemy of his country, stole up behind me and tapped me on the helmet several times with his stick. The others were intently watching the proceedings, to see what I would do. In such a case as this, bold action always carries the day, and I determined to at once make an example of the man with his too handy stick, let the end be what it might.

Turning upon him, I wrenched the stick from his grasp, and gave him several well-deserved cuts across the shoulders, after which I resumed my seat in silence. This prompt and vigorous measure seemed to convince them at once that I was not a Russian, and so, according to their limited knowledge, must therefore be English.

Thinking this, the others, instead of blaming me for chastising their countryman, were now disposed to take my part. More than one of the men gathered about me,

and as though anxious to atone for the suspicions they had at first entertained, they showed me all manner of kind attentions, building a fire and cooking me some supper.

When it became time to go to bed, some of the men that owned the weapons hanging on the walls, pointed to their swords and guns, and placing their two forefingers together, said, "Kardash, Effendi, Kardash." By this they meant to say that I might consider myself their brother, and could go to sleep without fear, for they had plenty of weapons, and would use them, if necessary, in my defence. My prompt action was no doubt the cause of this happy and peaceful ending of the night's adventure.

Sometimes I would meet lawless parties on the road, and it would require great tact and forbearance on my part to prevent a conflict in which there must have been bloodshed, for these people all carry arms, and of course I had my six-shooter.

One day, near Erzeroum, I overtook a party of natives driving a number of laden donkeys and mules. As I wheeled past them one of the younger men essayed to thrust his staff into the spokes of my wheel and give me a header. This was an act of sheer wantonness on his part, for there was plenty of room for me to pass without interfering with them in any way whatever.

To avoid a header that might have resulted in broken limbs, I sprang quickly from the saddle. Fancying I had dismounted to attack their comrade for his misconduct, the men drew their swords and advanced toward me in a most menacing manner. Seeing this, I in turn presented my revolver, threatening to shoot the first man that attempted to use his sword. The sight of the revolver caused them to retreat a short distance, and as they hesitated about what to do in the matter, I mounted my bicycle and sped swiftly away, followed by a shower of stones.

The next day after this little incident I approached the celebrated Dela Baba Pass, a narrow rocky gorge through the mountains, that has been famous from time immemorial as the resort of robber bands. Just before reaching the entrance to the pass a wild-looking horseman came galloping across the plain toward me.

As he came closer I could see that he was a ferocious-looking individual that might very well be taken for a desperado of the deepest dye. In his crimson *kammerbund*, or sash, were inserted a pair of heavy horse-pistols and a long curved sword, and at his back was slung one of the long, slender guns of the Orient.

When I stopped to see what he wanted, he drew his sword, and waving it aloft, said he wanted to act as my guide and protector through the dangerous Dela Baba Pass, at the same time intimating that without his protection I should probably get my throat cut. The man looked a thorough villain, and it occurred to me at once that instead of being an honest person with honest intentions, he was most likely a member of the band of robbers infesting the pass. Instead of wanting to protect me, his mission

was to find out who I was, and whether I was armed with weapons that would make it dangerous for the band to attack me in the pass. With a view to convincing him that they had better let me alone, I produced my splendid little American six-shooter, showed him the self-cocking mechanism, the rapid manner in which it could be fired, and the quick and easy way of reloading and shooting.

All this the horseman regarded with the deepest interest, and when I had finished he wheeled his horse round, and galloped away, presumably to notify his comrades of what he had seen. An hour or so later and I was traversing the gloomy depths of the Dela Baba Pass. Several armed men were met with in the pass, and after I had wheeled by, they stood and gazed after me as long as they could see me, but none of them offered to molest me, and I wondered afterward what marvellous story of my defensive capabilities had been told them by their comrade. These people are fond of telling big stories, and it would be amusing to know just how he described the efficiency of the Smith and Wesson as a quick-firing arm.

Sometimes adventures that bade fair to be startling at the beginning ended in the most laughable manner. One day I was making my way with a great deal of labor up a zigzag trail leading over the Kara Su Mountains. The trail was steep and narrow, and wound in and out among the rocks, sometimes being a mere ledge with a high rocky wall on one side and a steep precipice on the other. Turning a sharp corner at a spot where the path fairly overhung the precipice, I came suddenly face to face with a swarthy Arab youth leading his horse carefully down the mountain trail.

No sooner did they see me than both the horse and his master became seized with violent fear. Never had so strange an object as a bicycle been seen by either of them before, and they no doubt thought themselves *ris-a-vis* with something of the most uncanny nature. Spooks, ghosts, or evil spirits was no doubt the first thought that came into the mind of the young Arab, for the Arabs are a very superstitious people, and believe in good and evil genii to-day as much as ever they did.

The horse struggled violently to break away, and I expected every moment to see both him and his leader go toppling over the fearful precipice and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The path was not over three feet wide, and any horse less sure-footed than the noble steeds of Arabia would undoubtedly have fallen a victim to his fear of the bicycle, and perhaps have dragged his master over the grim and yawning chasm with him in his struggles. This would have been a very serious matter, for both man and horse would have been killed.

Stepping back behind a projecting rock out of sight, I called out a few reassuring words to the scared Arab in his own tongue, thus convincing him that I was at least a human being and not an evil spirit. As it was next to impossible for his horse to turn

round on the narrow ledge, the Arab stood still for some seconds, trembling with fright, and half afraid to venture to approach or go past. Putting the bicycle out of sight as well as the nature of the place would permit, I addressed a few more kindly words to him, whereupon he plucked up courage enough to continue on his way. In spite of his dusky skin he looked quite pale with fright as he led his horse past the spot where I had climbed up out of the way. He was too much frightened to try to say anything, and in reply to the words of assurance I addressed to him he returned a very sickly smile, and hurried on. I couldn't help laughing at his feeble effort to smile; it called up memories of my own school-boy days—memories of a boy I knew who, when called up for punishment, used to walk up to the teacher's desk, making the same ridiculous effort to smile as did this frightened Arab youth.

Almost always when I met a person alone on the road in Asia Minor the lonely native would turn pale and tremble with fright, thinking me some evil spirit. This is not so surprising when we reflect that the people are ignorant and superstitious, and from one end of their uneventful lives to the other, seldom see any new thing. The sight of a bicycler coming along the road toward them made an impression on the minds of the superstitious and imaginative Orientals that an American could never experience under any conditions.

THE following letter and answer anent the C. T. C., culled from our contemporary *Wheeling*, is just about as dry and amusing as anything we have seen for may a long day, as we think our readers will agree:—

#### MR. SHIPTON'S COURTESY.

TO THE EDITORS

"DEAR SIRS,—Could you kindly tell me the object of the C. T. C.?

When riding near Paris last Sunday I unfortunately had an accident with my bicycle causing serious damage to same.

Not knowing where to obtain information as to whether I could have the repairs done in Paris, I wrote, as member of the C. T. C., to the secretary, inclosing stamped address.

I expected, at least, he would have the courtesy to let me know the address of the local consul, if one existed.

The only reply I received was 'The information you require is contained in the Continental Handbook, price 1s.' As I was in Paris, temporarily lame from the accident, this proved of great use to me.

I erroneously supposed that the C. T. C. was formed to give information to its members.

I am sending the machine to London to undergo the necessary repairs.

I enclose card and remain, yours very truly,

PUZZLED.  
"PUZZLED"—We insert your letter. You evidently do not understand that the C. T. C. exists for making money out of its members, and that if they require any information they must pay extra for it. It would

never do to give it, or they might get the value of their subscriptions. Why don't you address a letter of complaint to the Consul?"

#### A Personal Experience.

I am fat, and I'm forty;  
I'm poor, very poor  
At cycling—in truth I'm  
A mere amateur,  
These facts notwithstanding,  
I'd venture to say,  
I'm a practical cuss,  
In my own quiet way.  
While age is a thing  
That we cannot control,  
I'd have wagered a sov'reign  
There wasn't a soul,  
Tho' never so burly,  
Ay! bursting with fat,  
Who couldn't get thin,  
For the matter of that.  
Impressed with these notions,  
My cousin and I,  
Determined in practice  
These notions to try,  
My plan he agreed on  
With infinite zest,  
Resolved by experience  
Its value to test.  
We hired a tandem—  
An elegant one—  
Looking hopefully forward  
To having some fun;  
Instead of enjoyment  
I'm sorry to say,  
Our destinies drove us  
The opposite way.  
We started all right on  
Our venturesome ride,  
Our object was exercise,  
Nothing beside.  
And any observer  
That wasn't an ass,  
Could prove that our style  
Would be hard to surpass,  
We found on the level  
The work wasn't hard,  
The up-hill work, pleasure  
Most certainly marred,  
And again, coming down  
Would be pleasant, perhaps,  
If you didn't anticipate  
Certain collapse.  
We went through Rathfarnham  
At ten in the day,  
And hoped to have dinner  
At Breslin's in Bray;  
But, must I confess it,  
Discretion says "Mum,"  
We only succeeded  
In reaching Dundrum.  
Oh! horrible memory!  
Smile if you will,  
Ye gods! did ye ever  
Behold such a spill:  
The hill near Dundrum  
We essayed to descend—  
Our efforts at exercise  
Here had an end.  
The brake wouldn't work,  
So we flew like the wind,  
Our hats in the meantime,  
Remaining behind;  
And, having succeeded  
In killing a hen,  
We nearly ran into  
Two elderly men.  
We weathered these worthies,  
Who, standing aghast,  
Predicted each moment,  
For certain, the last,  
A horrible lurch! and  
Straight, headlong we dash,  
Right into the path way—  
A terrible smash!

We both, by good fortune,  
Avoided the stones,  
And neither succeeded  
In breaking his bones;  
'Mid crowds of spectators,  
And somewhat nonplussed,  
We rose, like two millers,  
All covered with dust.  
Th' infernal machine we  
Rolled down to the train,  
And vowed that we'd never  
Go cycling again.  
As soon as an urchin  
Recovered my hat,  
I made up my mind  
That I'd rather be fat.

E. R. B. in *Irish Cyclist*.

#### Children's Tricycles

IT is wonderful how valueless the lives of their offspring must be in the eyes of many parents, or else how gross must be their ignorance upon the construction and suitability of machines. One constantly sees children of all ages mounted upon tricycles either too big and heavy for their use, or else so dilapidated as to be actually dangerous for riding. Only the other day we were aware, while taking our walks abroad, of a vehement rattle and squeak behind us, as of a load of old iron being carted to its last home, and, on turning at the sound of the valetudinarian bell, became aware of a child's tricycle, so infirm that it actually staggered from side to side under the riding of a pretty little girl of about eight years old. She rode quite as well as the very adverse circumstances admitted, but the machine was so past work that it would hardly run, and every corner she turned was a fresh scene of peril. Nevertheless, the aged steed was high in favour, to judge by the throng of small people who ran by its side—quite as much in danger as its rider—waiting for their turn to mount. Of course, something must be allowed for juvenile hard treatment and abuse, but when a machine reaches a stage when a child is not in safety upon it, it is better to put it aside. Whatever may be said as to the wisdom of encouraging much cycling in very youthful individuals, there is no question that it is growing tremendously in popularity with the inhabitants of the nursery and the schoolroom. American children are taking to the saddle like ducks to the water, and during the present holidays—unduly protracted in this Jubilee year of grace, according to the testimony of groaning and afflicted parents—the demand for children's cycles in this country has been extraordinary at some of the cycling depots. The other day we had a practical experience of the fact, since, being the somewhat anxious entertainers of a small American maiden of tender years, whose parents had expressed a wish that she should take to tricycling during her English visit, we called at a large cycling depot to arrange about a machine for her. Like the dodo, however, they had ceased to grace the place that once knew them, every one connected with the establishment being out on hire, and we must remark that when we saw a specimen of the kind usually provided for children's riding we were reasonably open to consolation.—*Bi. News*.



THOSE who have been unkind enough to laugh at some of the jokes in the GAZETTE should observe a few choice gems of humor which we translate from the *Deutsche Radfahrer*. We used to wonder why there was so much emigration from Germany, but we see it all now.

Are you prepared for the worst, gentlemen?

All right here goes:

"Thunder and lightning! Have I here now traveled, when to me appeared the telegraph poles along the streets as a single long picket fence."

"Ah, that is all nothing; on my last tour to Lughausen, here I with the help of a strong wind at my back, so fast to fly that, indeed, to me the mile stones on the way as grave stones in a church yard appeared."

\* \* \* \* \*

If you are still alive, here is another burst of humor from the same source:

"A strange tourist overtook on a mountain a good-natured, his-way-wheeling, Munich-fellow-sportman. After they both a while silent, side by side traveled had, began the first 'It is yet wonderful how the Creator of Nature for mankind so ideal things has made. See you only this mountain chain, how beautiful,—'

"You have right, but so far as the ideal in nature relates, I hold yet a right shady summer beer garden yet more beautiful is."

\* \* \* \* \*

What, want another! all right here it is, if it proves fatal, its not our fault.

"You say to me yet, that one himself not sore makes when one on the left and right hand side up and down bounces and now yet I horrible pains have?"

"Yes dear friend, are just so, too long in the saddle and not long enough yet in the air you remained have'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Hello, Hello, central! call an ambulance quick.

#### Stamsonian Notes.

##### SAFETY CYCLES.

THERE is no mistake about there being one kind, just now, is most popular, owing to the fact that the majority of riders, new or old, and especially the new, prefer speed and a racing pace as near as they can approach to it, to easy driving and a more moderate gait; and that is the one generally spoken of as the Rover pattern, which all GAZETTE readers know the shape of, but do not all know the peculiarities of.

We do not mean to call any names, but while "over there" tried one of what was said to be the best, from Liverpool to London, some two hundred miles, and found that even after four days' practice on the

fair to good roads, it ran about one-third harder than the one we bought on our arrival at the British Capital.

A few "Rudge-Kangaroos," Faciles, and two or three of those "Extraordinarily" safe ones, were also seen; but the Ordinary bicycle begins to look lonesome, even on their general smooth roads, where they ought to flourish, if anywhere. We would not be surprised if some easy-going and safe cycle should become the rage on American roads, for here they seem to be much more needed, owing to the average roughness, but while we are about it, there is one here that is just as popular with those who have given it a fair trial, as is the Rover, over the other side. When people get over the notion that speed is the chief and only desideratum in a machine, and new riders quit tip-toeing wheels four inches too large, then will the cycling world be happier and live to a riper old age.

The Safeties have come to the relief of many a poor "desk-trodden wretch" who never would or could mount the big wheel, and in that particular if in no other, are doing an immense amount of good in cycledom. On roads that are soft or very rough, and that means too many of our home roads, the geared up Safety will not do, for it has been tried here, but if it exists when we have good macadam as a rule and not the exception, it will doubtless have as big a run here as it now has abroad. Ditto the three track-er, whose two extra tracks put it way back of our one, on the roads as we find them now. The tendency to get down lower, as riders of the Safeties have to, is good to see, and that they are in such numbers getting over the novice's notion that to be elevated was the thing, is quite commendable.

Cyclers should study more their own personal comfort, safety, and feeling on a mount, rather than heed what a few may at first say about any wheel, for "those who loudest sneer, never upon a wheel appear."

STAMSON.

There are ninety-six lady members of the L. A. W.

\* \* \*

We find nickle-plated savages the world over. From *Wheeling* we take a description of a specimen lately observed in England. The Texas wheelman who rides in cow-hide boots, and red flannel shirt will now please take a back seat.

"We have frequently published references to the gaudy attire affected by a class of wheelmen, but the following idea of a uniform, we think, "caps the climax." It was seen at Margate on the day of the regatta: Old gold plush breeches, flannel shirt, scarlet and yellow striped necktie, maroon blazer, and blue cricketing cap. The wearer of this tasty outfit was the owner, or, rather, rider of a Facile, and created intense feelings of admiration amongst the big crowd on the Marine Drive. It is almost unnecessary to add that the nobleman in question wore the badge of the club with 22,000 members. Whether he was a butcher, a baronet, or a learned divine has not been ascertained."



Western child (in rail-road car, pointing to tourer in cycling costume.) "Say, pop; does that man wear boys' clothes so as to ride for half-fare?"—*Puck*.

\* \* \*

Providence and Pawtucket, R. I., cyclists are all agog over the proposed boulevard between these two places. Every effort will be made by the local riders to bring about the consummation of the proposed improvement.—*Bi. World*.

\* \* \*

The employees of the Pope Mfg. Co. in Boston are about to form a minstrel troupe. Among them are said to be a good deal of "talent." We hope to see the scheme put through, and if Kennedy-Child wields the ivories and Brother Fowler bangs the tambo they can count on us for a couple of seats in the baldheaded-man's row.—*Bi. World*.

\* \* \*

The sprinkler question should be lookep into. Wheelmen are not the only ones who are finding fault with the too frequent soakings the streets receive. We made an examination of one of the cedar blocks which was taken up to fix a gas pipe and found the under side to be rotten for two or three inches up into the wood. Get a sweeper and it will supply a much needed deficiency.—*Leavenworth Times*.

\* \* \*

An Irish paper thus describes an accident: "Descending a steep hill the unfortunate youth lost all control of his machine, which dashed down the incline with lightning rapidity and precipitated him against a wall at the bottom. When picked up his neck was found to be broken, but he was otherwise uninjured." Happy youth, what a narrow escape!! A little thing like a broken neck is a trifle as compared with any other injury. Still as we have only one neck to break we prefer to be "otherwise injured," we think we could stand it better.—*Bi. World*.

\* \* \*

Several dangerous accidents have occured through short-legged men jumping back suddenly off rear driving Safeties and coming down on the mud-guard. A safe and easy dismount, and one which we have adopted for some time, is thus described in the *Cyclist*: "In reference to our note on the dangerous practice of dismounting from the Premier-type Safeties astride the driving wheel, a correspondent writes recommending the following method of quitting the saddle as safe, easy and graceful. This is how he does it:—"As the left pedal is rising, bring the right foot in front over the backbone between the saddle pillar and the neck, and as the left pedal descends, drop the right foot to the ground on the left side of the machine—and there you are.—*Irish Cyclist*.

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**Ankle Action.**

AMONGST the many thousands of riders in this country, says the *Irish Cyclist*, very few seem to have any desire to improve their style or realize for a moment the vast importance of correct ankle motion. You meet a rider plodding along, working his legs like pistons, with a heavy, lifeless motion. Remonstrate with him, and see what he will say, "Oh, he can go well enough; he does not believe ankle action makes such a difference, and he does not want to 'search' in any case." Now, we want our readers to grasp these facts. Any rider can acquire a tolerable ankle action by careful practice, and the acquisition of such will increase his power by nearly one-fourth, and will enable him to ride hills never before attempted, and to keep up a better pace at the expense of the same amount of energy. This being so, the acquisition of such an art should be a *sine qua non* to every rider. That it is so can very easily be proved. In following the pedal the foot describes a complete circle. Suppose the circle to be divided into eight segments, taken in order from the highest point. With a rider who does not use his ankles, force is applicable only through segments 1, 2, 3, 4, and in segments 1 and 4, the force not being applied at right angles to the end of the crank, a large proportion is wasted and consequently it is only thoroughly effective through segments 2 and 3, or during one-fourth of the revolution. The rider who has mastered the mysteries of ankle action will drop his heel as the pedal approaches the highest point, and he can apply a certain amount of force through segment 8. After passing the so-called dead point, his heel being still dropped, the force is applied at right angles to the crank, or nearly so, and consequently he can utilise his full power through segment 1. By rapidly straightening the ankle when entering segment 2 an additional impetus is imparted, and, as before, full power can be applied through segments 2 and 3. Entering segment 4 the heel should be raised and the pedal clawed backwards, and this clawing action will enable the rider to work past the dead point and well through segment 5. Consequently, the man who rides with his ankles stiff and can only work through segments 1, 2, 3, 4, or half the whole circumference, and his work is thoroughly effective only through segments 2 and 3, or one-fourth the circumference, whereas the man who utilises his ankles can work through segments 8, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, or two-thirds the whole circumference, and his work is thoroughly effective through segments 1, 2, 3, and 4, or one-half the whole circumference. The advantage gained in the latter case is self-evident. The acquisition of the art is often tedious and troublesome, but if cyclists only knew the enormous increase of power which results they would not be content until they had mastered it. From the cycling volume of the Badminton Series, written by Lord Bury and G. Lacy Hillier, we take the following instructions:

"Seated either on a bicycle slung so that the wheel may revolve, or upon a home-

trainer, the beginner should raise the pedal to its highest point, and then, steadying the wheel with the brake, place his foot upon the pedal, carefully fitting the slots in his shoes into their places, and seeing in any case that the foot is straight. Then using the thigh muscle for the most part, let him thrust the foot (and pedal) forward in a horizontal direction; in fact, a sort of sharp forward kick, having the heel dropped as low as possible, the toes well up, and the foot firmly set on the pedal, which will be at an angle. This should be practiced carefully with the brake slightly on, and for this purpose, though a bicycle may be used, a tricycle will be found much handier, if no home-trainer of the West Bromwich pattern is available, as the brake can be put slightly on by means of a piece of string or strap to the lever, tied to any convenient point, and the novice can spend a few minutes daily practicing this exercise; in carrying out which program the left foot should at first be used more than the right. As soon as the usual awkwardness of the ankle-joint has been worked off this action will be found remarkably effective in starting the machine; after a time the ankle muscles, and those of the calf, will become stronger, and a sharp straightening of the ankle, as the pedal passes through segments 1 and 2, will materially aid the propulsion of the machine. This straightening of the ankle will be continued until the foot is brought into a position at right angles to the leg, the muscular effort of which should now have by equal gradations become directly downward. The pedal will now assume a horizontal position, and the power of the leg with the weight of the body and the pull of the arms will all be exerted to force it downwards—at this point the crank throw is in the most effective position, and the hardest work is put in. When the pedal begins to follow a backward course, the ankle action becomes of the greatest value. The toe is gradually dropped, and the heel raised as the pedal gets nearer and nearer to the lowest point, the action having at length reached the backward or 'clawing' stage. To secure the full advantage of ankle work, this 'clawing' action must be very carefully practiced; the toes should be sharply pressed upon the sole of the shoe as if they were trying to grasp something, whilst the ankle should be straightened as much as possible, the foot being almost in a line with the leg, the calf muscles being strongly retracted, and the backward pull (which of course requires fitted shoes) can be made practically effective through segment 5, and also of service well into segment 6. The ineffective portion which exist on either side is soon reduced to a very small part of the circle, for as soon as segment 7 is entered upon the heel should be sharply dropped, and an upward and forward kick or thrust, as described in the directions for the first position, will lift the pedal forwards and upwards through segment 8, when, of course, the whole series of actions will be repeated."

—*Bicycling News.*

\* \* \*

Always on the scratch: a match. Ha, Ha!

President Kirkpatrick is gathering information in regard to the road laws of the different states. This is the preparatory step in the great work of road reform that Kirkpatrick so warmly advocates.

An exchange wants to know who is to be the man to bring the record down to 2:20 for the mile? Ah, who indeed? For our part we think the being is not yet born that will accomplish this great feat. We will leave it for the twentieth century to bring forth the 2:20 man.—*Bi. World.*

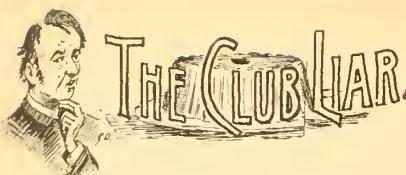
"Good roads are the basis of commercial prosperity, as the Romans knew when they built roads which are models to-day. With free bridges and good roads Pennsylvania will be doubly prosperous.—*Philadelphia News.*

The attempt to introduce tricycles into the Austrian postal service, has proved a failure, owing to the inability of any Austrian manufacturer to produce a light wheel of sufficient strength. The affair was brought to a climax when the postmen announced their intention of striking for higher wages, because riding kept them hungry all the time.

**A Little Suggestion.**

The *Bicycling News* asks for information concerning the origin of the modern bicycle. We would go miles out of our road to accommodate you, Lacey, dear fellow, hear is a little suggestion after Darwin.

"Johnny, get your gun, get your gun." A young west end athlete, who possesses ingenuity, as well as muscle, has made a hit by inventing a simple contrivance by which an organette can be played by the movement of a bicycle wheel. He tells me he first got the idea from a musical German friend, and immediately commenced experimenting. He showed me the evidences of his success. The box or instrument is made fast to the steering gear on the yoke or neck of the machine, and the crank is connected by a rod to the pedals of the wheels. Without any extra exertion whatever he can now grind out music by the foot, yard or mile. As he rode away on his shining wheel, the notes of that gay, but awfully threadbare tune, "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," floated out behind him on the air. The ingenious bicyclist says his invention will do entirely away with the ear-splitting alarm whistle that warns man and beast of the approaching wheelman, as well as help beguile the cyclist's time when on a long journey.—*Phila. Times.*



"When I lived in Kokomo——"

"Will you kindly reserve your reminiscences until we finish a little routine business, if you please?" asked the Secretary in a tone that did not altogether consist with his courteous words. But the Club Liar was not in the habit of paying any attention to petty interruptions, so he continued: "when I used to live in Kokomo we had a good deal more fun than we do in these days. I remember the time we had one fall with a fellow named P. M. Jacobs,—'Afternoon Jacobs' we called him after we were better acquainted. He was an awkward looking sort of a jay,—no style about him at all. He rode a good deal, if you'd call his way of handling a bicycle, riding. He would wobble out of town every morning, and in four or five hours he would come wobbling back, looking as though he had been through a cyclone.

"Afternoon Jacobs never had much to say to any of us, and I don't remember that he ever told any of the boys where he came from, he kept to himself, as though he was afraid of the rest of us; we couldn't get him to join a club run, any way we fixed it. I didn't like this and neither did the rest of our boys; we liked to see the 'free-masonry of the wheel' smeared on thick, so we fixed up a job to make him join with us for a little spin. We proposed to give him a chance to show off his awkward riding and after we had given him the laugh all-round, we proposed to pull up and run away from him.

"So one day the Captain of the Kokomo Krank Kickers called a club run and we all come down to the place where Afternoon Jacobs was in the habit of starting out for his ride and we laid for him. Presently he came picking his way along and we mounted and followed after him. He looked considerably annoyed, especially when we began to admire his riding form and his ankle motion. We admired him in loud tones of voice so that he could hear in case he was interested. We kept loafing along letting him ride a little way ahead, setting the pace. It was hard work going so slow, but we stuck to it, and every now and then, Afternoon Jacobs would look back to see if we hadn't turned off somewhere.

"We were close behind him when we struck the pike, just at the edge of town. He dismounted here and I judged he had stopped to rest. I was about to make a remark on the subject when he shot his coat and hat, tied a handkerchief over his head and rolled his pants up, just above the knee. He did all this rather suddenly, and as we came up he called out to the captain 'see here cap, if all you fellers want to stay behind an' take it easy, can't one of you come along and keep me company?'

"Well sir, if you ever saw a man turn red headed it was that captain. He gave a few

quick pulls and his wheel shot ahead of us.

"Afternoon Jacobs stopped to crack a wall-nut, and then he mounted his machine. It didn't take more than three minutes for him to catch the captain, and then he ducked his head and run like a Democratic candidate in Mississippi. We could see the captain struggling to keep up but we couldn't see Afternoon Jacobs very long for he was out of sight in less than no time.

"Well, it didn't take us long to size up his case; it was very evident that he was some professional, training for a road race on the quiet. He had played the *yap* act very well but he couldn't resist the temptation to show his little spurt, even at the risk of giving himself away.

"We didn't let on that we suspected anything, but we boys agreed that if Afternoon Jacobs wanted to ride around here alone he probably had some object in it, and it would be no more than right to respect his desire for solitude, in the future.

"That night I wrapped my head in a wet towel and tried to think of some way of evening up accounts with the unknown racer. Next morning I went around among the boys and laid a scheme before them, and as they all thought favorably of it we began to arrange the thing in working shape.

"I learned by observation that this professional who appeared so awkward when he thought we boys were observing him, was really a slick sort of a fellow when alone or among the girls. He had made a mash on a girl living near the edge of town on the course where he was training, and about three times a week, in the evening he would go out to see her. It was for one of these occasions that we made preparation. Wednesday evening, I believe it was, we took a bicycle with us out to a place where the shade of some big trees falls across the road; then we took the bicycle and propped it up on the side where the props wouldn't be seen, and we rigged a dummy out of some barrel staves and a sheet and set it up on the bicycle and on top of that we put a pumpkin head lantern. The thing looked scarey enough when we had it finished, and any one who wasn't expecting it couldn't help thinking it was a ghost riding across the road.

"After we had stood off a distance and looked at it and felt the cold chills gallop up and down our spines we crawled into the shadow and waited for him to come. The moon was not very bright that night, but we could see quite a way down the road, because we were in the shadow. Presently he came along walking; he usually rode but perhaps his wheel was not convenient at this time. Well, he came walking along with his head down and his hands in his breeches pockets, and he was right onto the ghost before he saw it. He didn't seem to scare quite as much as some of the boys thought he ought to; he rubbed his eyes and looked at it from two or three points of view, then he stepped off to one side and whistled softly as he contemplated the thing in a general way. The moon came out a little and gave him a good light, and I could see that he was mad as a hungry pup but he wasn't letting

on. He looked at the ghost for quite a while and then he said with a peculiar drawl, that must have required a good deal of practice, 'Wall I swan, what is this here thing any way?' This remark was supposed to be made to himself, but it was loud enough to reach any one who might be staying around in that neighborhood.

"I've seen a good many persons playing the green country-jake, but I don't remember seeing any one who had that kind of acting down finer than this chap. He took the pumpkin-head off and set it down in the road where he could get the benefit of the light; then he pulled off the sheet and the barrel staves and scattered them around, all the time whistling 'Old Zip Coon.' He felt for the tool bag of the bike, in an ignorant stumbling way, and it was plain to be seen that he knew he had audience somewhere, otherwise he wouldn't have corked up his wrath so completely. He took the monkey wrench, removed the handle bar and with that he knocked out a hand-full of spokes, and then sat down in the road and snapped them into little pieces. He seemed interested in finding what they were made of, and he whittled the rubber tire, too, in a spirit of investigation, afterward he removed the back bone, and jumped on it two or three times to see if he could bend it—which he did—and made a few dents in the rims with a big boulder. Just then a cloud darkened the road so that we couldn't see just what he was doing, and it was all I could do to keep the boys from making a noise, they were so curious to know what was going on. But I saw it wouldn't do to be caught, so I made them sit still and wait. Soon the moon came out again and we could see that the idiot had taken the balls out of all the bearing boxes and was playing marbles with them. Every once in a while he would take one and toss it off into the bushes,——"

"Well, see here" said the Secretary as the Club Liar paused for a moment "I should think your fellows would have begun to get sick of your little trick about the time you saw one of your bicycles knocked to pieces."

"Don't you worry yourself about that," said the Club Liar, "don't you worry about that;—this was Afternoon Jacobs' wheel that we had borrowed expressly for the occasion, only he was so all-fired mad he didn't recognize it."

Did you ever hear of a weekly paper at \$1.00 a year, publishing colored lithograph cartoons twice a month? Well the WHEELMEN'S RECORD is doing it, and the way their subscription list is swelling shows that wheelmen appreciate their enterprise. A postal card to this office will get a sample copy.

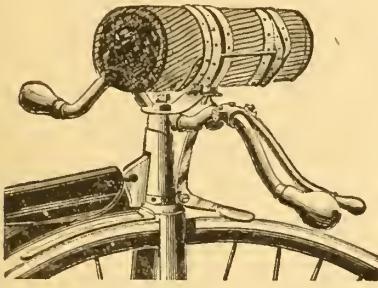
\* \* \*

Americans are decidedly go-a-head people. Quite recently two called upon us to get information about the Killarney route, and they informed us that they and two others had taken a fancy to tour in Great Britain, and that they had purchased four Apollo Safeties, learned to ride them, and started fourthwith. They were loud in their praises of cycling.—*Irish Cyclist.*

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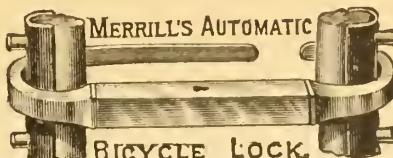
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## A Review of Reviewers.\*

BY KARL KRON.

"WHY is it," asked Thomas Stevens of me, on a recent occasion, "that the cycling papers are so quick to republish any ill-natured or sarcastic review of our books which appears in the outside press, and are so very slow to make mention of the many favorable notices which are printed?" "Your question has been answered in advance," replied I, "on the 719th page of the 'Great American Road Book,' and I'm sorry to have you thus show me your ignorance of all the wisdom and philosophy exposed there."

"A reviewer like the one of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, aims, above all else, to be smart and amusing. He earns his livelihood thus; not by paying tribute to truth and consistency, but by coining phrases that shall pass current as 'witty' and 'readable.' How well he succeed in our case is shown by the fact that two of the English cycling journals, and two others in America, thought his sarcasms worth quoting in full. They probably wouldn't have quoted him at all, if he'd given the same amount of space to praising us, or to honestly describing the real contents of our books. The editors understand that it is a part of human nature to enjoy detraction and abuse, if pointedly expressed. 'Death loves a shining mark,' you know; and the self-love of the average wheelman is rather gratified when he sees some more eminent brother of the wheel 'taken down a peg.' It somehow helps to close the imaginary gap between himself and that great personage. Even though he rather admires the latter, and resents the words printed against him as unjust, he is at heart tickled a little by reading them, for they make the victim seem more human, and more within reach of his sympathy, if not also more in need of it. So I find no fault with the cycling editors for catering to this infirmity of their patrons. They wouldn't have any patrons if they didn't strive all the time to improve every offered chance to please them. I don't believe they have any general wish to displease us; but 'business is business,' and they must try and make their papers 'readable' anyhow. As a literary relish, vinegar is undoubtedly more appetizing than 'taffy.'"

"But what effect do you suppose the circulation of such lies has upon the circulation of the volume against which they are written?" asked Stevens; "and what do you think of the friendliness of the *Bi. World*, in reproducing the *Boston Herald's* remark that your book is the work of an idiot, not of a sane man?"

"As to the first question," I replied, "my belief is that the financial fate of a book depends very little upon what the critics say about it, and very much upon the shrewdness and persistency of the publisher in pushing it into the notice of its proper patrons."

\*"Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," Karl Kron Publisher, University Building, New York.

"As regards your question about the *Bi. World*, all the editors of that paper have been well-disposed towards me, from the start in '79 even to the present time; and whatever they may have printed in opposition, either of a sportive or of a serious cast, has always been accepted by me good-naturedly, as intended in friendly spirit. If the present editors had asked my permission to reprint what the earliest editor of their paper characterized in a private note to me as the 'simple lubberly ruffianism of the *Boston Herald*,' I should have answered, 'Go ahead!' They make several jocular comments, but I quite agree with their final one, that, 'on the whole, K. K. is to be congratulated, for if a review like the foregoing does not produce sales to the non-riding public, nothing will.' Up in Vermont, however, the editor of a monthly paper called the *Bicycle*, takes pains to show his personal dislike of the volume by remarking, in his August issue, 'The *Boston Herald*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and many leading papers condemn Karl Kron's book in most emphatic terms. 'Daisie' also thinks there is little in it to interest any one. She is level-headed this time sure.' His allusion is to a writer in the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, whose remarks were distinctly limited 'to the feminine point of view,' and to the single point that, however complete in other respects, the book 'has little to interest the ladies,' because it lacks a special chapter on tricycling. That this Vermont editor should misquote a woman, in order to make a point against me, instead of manfully denouncing the book's faults in words of his own, seems rather odd—especially as he is a Chief Consul of the League, and might be presumed to at least approve of my elaborate history of that association, which production cost me more time and money than I gave to any other chapter in the book."

"I furthermore said to this 'doubting Thomas' that, if he would put together a lot of favorable notices of 'Around the World on a Bicycle' in such condensed and classified form as to be readable, he could count pretty surely on the readiness of the cycling editors to give them a show. I told him that the former owners of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE had invited me to prepare a mosaic of this sort about 'X M Miles,' and that the present ones had repeated the invitation. As a first step in accepting it, I now give extracts from the opinions of eight prominent metropolitan journals—the only ones whose reviews have yet come to my notice. At some future time I shall quote the words by which a few of these critics qualify the praises now presented; but what I do quote shows plainly enough that 'the verdict of the metropolis' will stand pretty solidly in my favor."

"Almost every subject that can possibly relate to the bicycle or its rider is here treated in gay and hilarious style, but with evident desire to be truthful and scientific in the treatment of facts. The effects of wheeling upon mind and body, the multifarious experiences, sensations, observations

and studies of the writer on the highways and byways of the United States and elsewhere, the odd characters encountered, the literature of the bicycle, are well written. The mass of details has been arranged with skill, backed by enthusiasm and tireless patience. There may be some things of possible interest to devotees of the wheel omitted from this book; but if so, we have been unable to discover the omission. The number of slips of the pen and printer's mistakes, in this publication of about a million and a half words, is remarkably few. Despite fineness of type, the text is clear and easily read. For ourselves, 'Coasting on the Jersey Hills,' and 'White Flannel and Nickel-Plate' were the chapters enjoyed most in the perusal of this book, which is emphatically one for the times."—*The Critic*, N. Y., Sept. 10, '87, p. 127.

"As regards its literary form it is a rattling affair, the animal spirits of the writer bubbling well into the pages, with the pronoun of the first person thrust unsparingly forward. \* \* \* The book is packed with information of interest to wheelmen, collected, it is plain, with great labor and, so far as we can judge, accurate. Of especial interest is a biography of Thomas Stevens, beginning page 473, which all who read 'Around the World on a Bicycle' will be glad to see. The chapters throughout are most frank and unconventional, and many a graphic passage occurs to relieve statistical detail. For the public it seeks it will be a handy volume, the shortcomings of which one feels disposed to overlook, since the compiler has been so hardworking and good-natured."—*The Nation*, N. Y., July 7, '87, p. 14.

"It is a remarkable specimen of bookmaking, and is a monument to the author's industry, perseverance, modesty and assurance. The last two qualities involve a contradiction, but Kron's character and practice seem to be full of strongly conflicting elements. \* \* \* In a long and elaborate preface he states that the ideal of his book 'is that of a gazetteer, a dictionary, a cyclopaedia, a statistical guide, a thesaurus of facts.' This is 'a pretty large contract,' but in a great many respects it has been fulfilled. The indexing has been most carefully done, and any subject, place, person or book mentioned may be instantly turned up. \* \* \* The book has distinct value to bicyclists as giving a mass of information about roads, distances, hotels, etc., etc. The chapter on 'the literature of the wheel' is an exhaustive piece of compilation, and is worth the hundreds of hours the author is particular to state that he spent thereon."—*The Epoch*, N. Y., Aug. 17, '87, p. 35.

"Karl Kron's journeys were made in familiar localities, and over routes most traveled by wheelmen. Any one of them intending similar trips would certainly profit by his experiences and descriptions of the routes and hotels, of the surface of the roads, and of their hills, &c. All such matters are set forth in detail most useful to those wish-

ing such information, but, we grieve to say, most uninteresting to the general reader.

\* \* \* Yet the work is done in excellent guide-book style, and derives its virtue from its correctness and its mass. Only a wheelman, and perhaps not even all that fraternity, can understand how such a book came to be written. But, being in existence, it serves a useful purpose, and its eccentric author will harm no one but himself should he publish the second volume, which he promises."—*The Times*, N. Y., Sept. 4, '87.

"He has collected an immense body of information of interest to wheelmen. An enthusiast on the subject of bicycling, he has produced a work which ought to become a sort of *rude mecum* to all lovers of that exhilarating sport. It is, in reality, a gazetteer, a dictionary, a directory, a cyclopædia, and a statistical guide all in one. Besides what the author has to say about bicycling proper and its varied statistics, he finds space to speak about the politics of the wheel, the literature of the wheel, and the hotel question as it affects wheelmen."—*The Sun*, N. Y., Aug. 7, '87.

"The author hardly traveled over more space in the making of his memorable journeys than his pen has traveled in the making of their records. If Karl Kron is an indefatigable traveler he is still more an indefatigable writer. He is a walking, or one might rather say, a wheeling encyclopædia, and he imparts his information and the results of his observations on any and all subjects and places, with a prodigal impartiality that is superb. Mr. Kron, however, designs his book to serve for one of reference rather than as one for simple amusement. He is a careful observer and note taker, and to a man who desired to journey over the ground Mr. Kron had covered, this book would prove altogether indispensable."—*The Star*, N. Y., Sept. 5, '87.

"A unique book, which loses nothing of interest because it reflects the eccentricities of its author, deals with bicycle journeying in this country and Canada. The lesson of the book is that even in this land of bad roads the bicycle is a practical means of long-distance locomotion."—*Commercial Advertiser*, N. Y., July 20, '87.

"There is an enormous amount of information in the book, and we should think very great labor must have gone into its composition. The mere mention of the departments under which different subjects are treated of, makes forty-one numbers."—*Evening Telegram*, N. Y., July 16, '87.

"It contains a great amount of information about the roads in the eastern part of the country, \* \* \* but if wheelmen or others open the book with the expectation of finding much entertaining reading in the 675,000 words within the binding they will be disappointed. Still, considering the vast amount of work which it plainly has taken to bring the book out, it is well worth the price, \$2."—*Evening Post*, Hartford, Aug. 3, '87.

"To the ordinary reader, not especially interested in bicycling, the preface is the best part of the book. It is humorous, frank and conceited. The body of the book is statistical and it has what too few books are furnished with, an elaborate system of indexing. It will undoubtedly be a *rude mecum* to all bicyclists."—*Palladium*, New Haven, Ct., Sept. 9, '87.

"The author distinctly states that the book is for reference, and he does not expect the general public to read it. To the traveler, however (unless he go by train), the work would be valuable, as it contains records of distances and descriptions of roads and towns, together with much more like information which would be highly prized by anyone intending to take an extended journey by wheel or carriage. The countries covered include Australia, America, Austria, France, Halifax, India and many other parts of the world."—*Homestead*, Springfield, Mass., Aug. 6, '87.

"There has been no end of sport made of Karl Kron and his wonderful book, but, at heart, every wheelman cannot but feel grateful to the author of a book which will prove of such great value to cycling."—*Globe*, Boston, July 10, '87.

"The author is eminently bumptious; he disregards the ordinary method of book-making and follows a plan of his own. He is a man of one idea, and that idea sticks out in his story to the exclusion of everything else. Though he has ridden 10,000 miles on a bicycle, he has not traveled ten honest miles with his understanding. The bicyclists have queer literary tastes, and possibly they may like this sort of literature, but it is all Dutch to the man who does his traveling on two feet instead of two wheels. Why on earth this self-conceited son of genius has put the story of his senseless wanderings through America into 907 pages,

\* \* \* is beyond one's guess. \* \* \* For absolute stupidity, even to bicyclists, this volume must take the prize as being one of the most worthless volumes ever written. It is the work of an idiot, not of a sane man. More rubbish was never more closely compacted into small space."—*Herald*, Boston, July 16, '87.

"We re-echo these sentiments," (says the *Bi. News*, London, Sept. 4, '87, p 342, after quoting the above as a representative American opinion,) "with the addition of the remark that all Karl Kron's personal handiwork concerning English cycling is absolutely unreliable in any one particular, and prejudiced to the last degree—the work of a rabid partisan, written by one who does not possess the partisan's excuse, who is, in short, simply too careless, or too lazy, to attempt to ascertain the truth upon any one of the subjects upon which he dogmatizes." After this pleasant prelude, the editor devotes a page and a half of his paper to abuse and ridicule of the book's general scope and execution.

Speaking in regard to this criticism, the *Sewing Machine and Cycle News* says: "We

have repeatedly dealt with the Badminton volume, and, in the matter of errors and omissions, proved it to be simply perfect. Probab y Mr. Hillier may live to see the day when he will wish he could retract his charge (under cover of Macbeth) of idiocy against Karl Kron's labors. It is the old story. Two men have fought for literary success. In this case Karl Kron has won, whilst Hillier has lost, and that with ill-conceived grace and consequent mortification. Had Karl Kron fallen in the struggle, it would have afforded us pleasure to chronicle in his favour those well-known lines, 'Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.' No such sentiments could be expected from Hillier, whose best praise in recognition of Karl Kron's wonderful edition is that it is 'told by an idiot.' "

### An Old Wheel's Story.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS,—just think of it! Sold for seventy-five dollars! What a come down. Only a year or two ago I was the pride of the club,—the first light roadster, how they did bang me around to see if I'd stand the racket, no wonder I soon looked old.

How proud Charley was of me! At first he used to take good care of me. I remember his taking me down to some lady's house, I know from the way he shined me up, and from his own appearance he was stuck on that girl. I suppose it was mean but I could not help playing it on him, so when he rode up to the gate where she was standing, I ducked my head and down he went, landing in the dirt at her feet. Oh! How mad he was. He swore very softly and you ought to have heard that girl laugh. She helped him into the house to clean up, then they came out and had a look at me. I felt ashamed of my bent handle bar. Charley was put out about that header. I heard him telling the boys about it, blaming it onto the sand. I used to go down that way three or four times a week and things went swimming those days.

Charley used to chum it with a fellow named Frank, and many a good run they took together, I was rather down on his full nickelized wheel, it was a heavy roadster, and you bet I managed to scratch up that old shiny backbone. It was lots of satisfaction to run away from it, but one day Frank came up with a light roadster just a size larger than me and I took it as a personal insult, especially when he ran away from us.

It was not long after that Charlie and his girl had a falling out. I remember the night. They parted very coldly at the gate, and Charley was quiet for a long time, he was spiteful and kicked me over the rough places not even noticing how hard it was, then he laughed and said, "Well, Rudgie, old fellow, I've been a blamed fool, and now no more girls—you and I will enjoy life by doing some touring. I ought to be kicked for missing all these good runs"—and I thought so too, so I just raised my rear wheel and gave him a playful one for luck.

Most of the winter found me stored away, but in the spring I was out again, my enamel

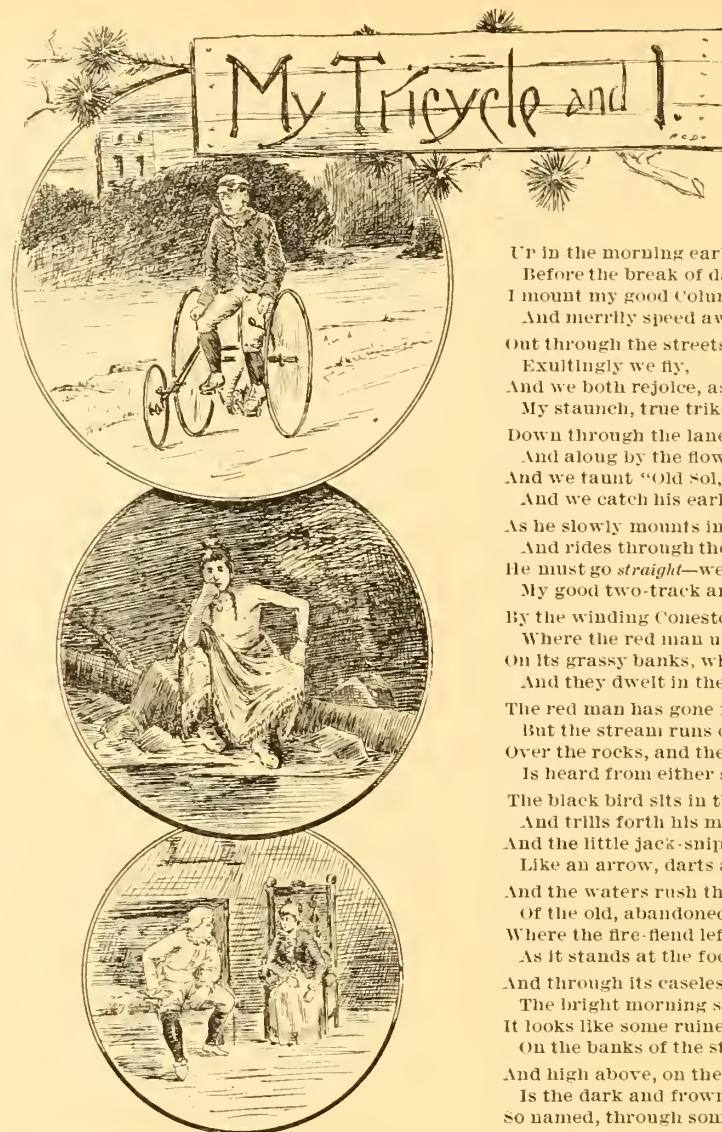
and nickel beginning to look bad, and there were so many new wheels that I was considered a chestnut, they even went so far as to guy Charley on my personal appearance. But Charley had the canoe fever now and put in more time sailing, and catching crabs, and falling into the water than riding. I actually hated that yellow canoe, for he was so careful of it, and never seemed tired of keeping it looking nice while I was left alone. No wonder I looked tough.

Charley soon forgot his rash promise to leave the girls alone, for I was being left at another house almost as regular as before, I got even with her pa one night, in a way he remembered for some time.

They had been making fun of Charlie in his riding suit. Well, I am not stuck on his shape myself, but he's a jolly good fellow any how, so when he left me in the side way, I managed to slide down into the center. Soon out came Pop singing some gospel hymn through his nose. He walked in to the step and managed to loose about six inches of shin. Whew! how he did grunt and groan, he kicked me with his well foot and limped back into the house. The next night the girl told Charlie to leave me around on the other side of the house. I guess Pa and Charlie are not friendly, for when she told him about it he was awfully tickled, and said, "good for you Rudge." They both seemed pleased; I don't think Pa was very much in love with me. I thought this time things would be settled, but somehow they got mixed. I heard Charlie say some dude cut him out; I think he has bad luck with the girls, but it don't seem to make any difference for he goes with new ones every time. The worse of it all is, he got a new wheel, one of these improved ones, spade handles and ball bearing head. Now I may look tough and be out of date but I can run just as easy as that new one any day. It's rather mean to be put aside after all this time, so I've been standing back in the dark almost forgotten. Yesterday some queer looking jay come in and after quite an amount of talking I was sold for seventy-five dollars. Just think, seventy-five dollars!

Never mind, if I am old and look tough, I'll get even with some body. Keep your eye on the killed and wounded column,—something is going to drop! I have not forgotten any of my old tricks. RUDGE.

We yesterday had a ride on one of the oldest bicycles in America. It was a Standard Columbia No. 142, built nearly ten years ago and consequently ante-dates the historical No. 234 of "Karl Kron." The machine referred to had just been treated to a new set of rubber tires and seemed to be sound and good for many years to come. Judging from the manner in which the feet of many riders had nearly worn through the rubber and steel frame of the pedals. The machine must have traveled thousands upon thousands of miles. To compare it with the elegant Columbia Light Roadster of to-day, would be like comparing Noah's Ark with a modern steam ship.—*Ft. Wayne Gazette.*



The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club has one hundred and forty members, a gain of nearly fifty members during the present year.

\* \* \*

The Marlin Fire Arms Co. will produce a tricycle of the Crippler type next season. A prominent feature of the machine will be a new bearing, said to be in every way superior to the ball bearing.

\* \* \*

A new safety of the Rover type has been produced in England; the weight of the rider comes into the front wheel and consequently the machine may be steered by the swaying of the body just the same as an ordinary bicycle.

\* \* \*

An American manufacturer, in an interview, declares that the decline of racing in America has done the trade no harm. But, mark! he describes the fact to the prevalence of road racing, which is more useful still. The same argument will be used here, but suppose when our tracks are built over and our race-given clubs extinct, the Legislature puts a stern foot down and stops road racing. What then? It should do so, and some day it will.—*Wheeling.*

Up in the morning early,  
Before the break of day,  
I mount my good Columbia "trike",  
And merrily speed away.  
Out through the streets and highways,  
Exultingly we fly,  
And we both rejoice, as we glide along,  
My staunch, true trike and I.  
Down through the lanes, by the meadows,  
And along by the flowing stream—  
And we taunt "Old Sol," for we're first on the bank,  
And we catch his earliest gleam,  
As he slowly mounts in his chariot,  
And rides through the clear, blue sky—  
He must go straight—we go where we please,  
My good two-track and I.  
By the winding Conestoga—\*  
Where the red man used to roam,  
On its grassy banks, where the papoose played,  
And they dwelt in their *tepee* home.  
The red man has gone forever,  
But the stream runs on as before,  
Over the rocks, and the rushing sound,  
Is heard from either shore.  
The black bird sits in the willow,  
And trills forth his morning song,  
And the little jack-snipe, on the sandy spit,  
Like an arrow, darts along.  
And the waters rush through the mill-race,  
Of the old, abandoned mill,  
Where the fire-fleld left desolation,  
As it stands at the foot of the hill,  
And through its ceaseless windows,  
The bright morning sun may shine;  
It looks like some ruined castle,  
On the banks of the storied Rhine.  
And high above, on the other side,  
Is the dark and frowning block,  
So named, through some far off legend,  
The well-known "Indian Rock".  
And just beyond the turn of the stream,  
Over the low stone wall,  
Looms up the local mystery,  
Grim, wierd old Rockford Hall.  
Where the courtly dames, and knights of old  
Glided over the old oak floor,  
But the besom of time hath swept it clean,  
And the music is heard no more.  
The poor red squaw, and the courtly dame,  
Alike have passed and gone:  
But the bold rock stands, and the old Conestoga,  
Ever, like time, flows on.  
And we sit alone on the grassy bank,  
As the cool, dark stream rolls by,  
And we think of the future, and dream of the past,  
My faithful trike and I.  
Lancaster, Pa. TENTOONE.

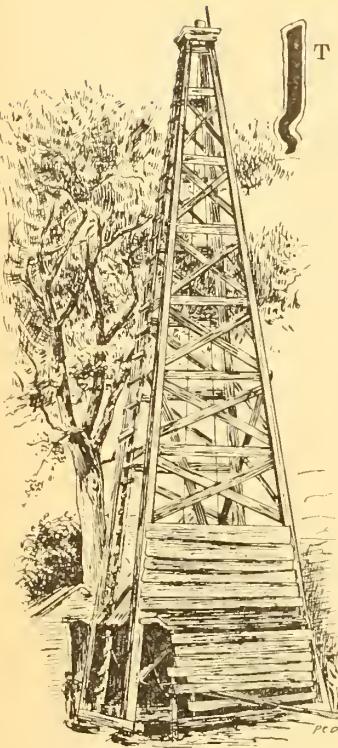
\*The Conestoga—a stream so called after a tribe of Indians who once dwelt upon its banks.

A German bicycle rider, Mr. Emil Pfaler, has been touring from Kief to St. Petersburg, Russia. The distance is about 1,000 miles, and it took Mr. Pfaler ten days to accomplish it. The tour was not one of unalloyed pleasure. What with shepherds, who thought he was a good target to practice on with their firearms, and what with dogs, who took him to be fair game to chew up, the enterprising German did not have any hilarious time.—*Post-Dispatch.*



## A FORTUNATE FOLLY.

BY GEORGE S. DARROW.



T CAN be no particular discredit to Louis Spofford to say of him, that he felt no keen grief over the death of his uncle Alexander. He felt for the old gentleman that phase of respect and love that one is apt to feel for a relative who is not a part of one's every-day life. Louis' feelings could not go beyond this, for he had not seen his uncle since, when ten years ago, he visited at the old farm up in Maine.

When I state that Uncle Alexander had mentioned Louis in his will, it must not be taken as a sly hint at the real alleviating circumstance. Louis was too young a man to be mercenary minded, but had he been so, it is hardly likely that he would have had any special desire to accumulate unimproved real estate in an odd corner of central Indiana. That is what the will gave him; the east half of a hundred acre farm in Hamilton county.

A distant relative, named Doolittle, who for years had occupied the place, was given the improved half, or rather he was given life use of it, practically the same thing; for the will provided that in case of the death of one, the entire tract was to go to the survivor.

Louis did not value his new possession very highly, but for all that, he had a great curiosity to see the place, so he determined to take a trip out to Indiana as soon as he could safely broach the subject of a summer vacation. He was the first one in the bank to touch upon that tender theme, but he chose for his rash act a day when "Old Colony" stock was in fine condition, and was successful.

This was on a Saturday afternoon in the middle of May, rather early in the season, to be sure, but Louis took no chances, he packed up at once and that evening he slung his grip-sack over his shoulder and trundled his wheel down to the depot. He shoved the baggage master a quarter, as he lifted his wheel aboard, and watched him tie the machine securely to the wall, with the satisfaction that one always feels in a good investment. Then he climbed over boxes and bundles, back into the smoking car, for the train was already in motion.

Traveling by rail is very disagreeable to some people; Spofford was one of these. He crawled into his berth in the sleeping car as early as possible, so he did not fully realize how uncomfortable he was, until next morning when he found a whole, long day before him, with no way to spend the time but to sit in a stuffy seat and wish it were night again.

The day sauntered past with calm deliberation, and as the night came on, they rolled into Pittsburg. Spofford was looking out upon the city all illuminated with its blazing furnaces, when a passenger who had just come aboard, stopped and asked if he might share his seat. "Certainly, sir," was the quick answer, and Louis had no occasion to regret the circumstance, for the new passenger seemed to be a very pleasant gentleman, able to hold up one end of a conversation and otherwise relieve the tedium of travel.

In regard to conversational powers, the gentleman did not deceive his looks, indeed his appearance did him scant justice. "I observe," he remarked, abruptly changing the subject of a friendly little chat in which Spofford had not yet had an opportunity to take part, "as I came aboard the cars, you were intently watching the illuminated industries of the city. Interested in natural gas, I presume? I inferred as much. Well, sir, the wonderful scene you looked upon there, will be duplicated within ninety days in every town and city in northern and central Indiana, and William H. McVickers will be

right there on hand while that duplicating is going on. That region, sir, is the finest natural gas field in the world! They are striking it every day. Look at the *Journal* there," and Mr. McVickers unfolded a paper in his lap and looked at it himself, "look at the *Journal*, they've struck it to-day in Brookville, Fairview, Jefferson, twice in Jefferson, in Whitley, and boring for it in a hundred different places, with a certainty of striking it every time. The Bloomfield gusher was shot the day before yesterday, and now it makes such a roar that the folks over in Westfield can't sleep at nights. Millions of feet of gas escaping every day! Think of it!" But he did not give Spofford time to meditate upon that subject, or any other, for he kept right on painting in enthusiastic language the result of natural gas upon the industries of Indiana. Finally, when there came the slightest sign of a lull, and the words were not flying as thick and fast as usual, Spofford was thoughtless enough to remark in a non-committal way that he was going to pass through that part of Indiana himself. It was a brief, simple remark, to be sure, but it was enough. McVickers cut off a large chew of tobacco, shot his own rich well of natural gas, and Louis settled back in his seat amused, but for all that, glad that he had not had a chance to mention the fact that he had just acquired property in the wonderful region. One can often get too much amusement.

When next Lewis Spofford had a chance to speak,—it was after some time,—he suggested that they go into the smoking car while the porter fixed their berths for the night. To this the loquacious McVickers consented, remarking that he would like to have a good, long, night's sleep as he expected to have to talk natural gas tomorrow. So they called the porter and McVickers lead the way toward the smoking car. Spofford was just stepping out onto the platform when the whistle shrieked "down brakes;" he felt a shock; there was a crash ahead; the car lunged backward; then sidewise; and as he cast one quick, backward glance before he leaped, he saw McVickers struggling in the doorway of the smoking car.

Spofford struck the ground heavily, as though he had been hurled from the car, and for a few moments he lay still upon the grass, almost overcome by a feeling of dizziness and nausea. Then he sprang to his feet and saw by the light of the burning engines that the rest of the train had been wrenched from the baggage car and had rolled down the embankment on the other side. Just ahead on the track, like a long, trailing monster lay the freight train with which they had collided.

His first impulse was to start down the road to find help,—and yet how could he find his way along an unknown road without a light? He turned back again with a better idea, and climbed up into the baggage car that was laying on its side across the track. The door on the side which now corresponded to the roof, was open. By the blaze of the engines he could see into the car enough to find his bicycle, lashed to the wall, and hanging high above everything else, uninjured. He cut it loose and carried it to the side of the road, then he took off his lantern and lighting it, started for the wreck again.

The baggage master, his face scratched and bleeding, was just crawling out of the door in the top of the car as Spofford came with the lantern; so, together the two searched the wreck until they had extricated about half a dozen slightly injured passengers. These joined the work, and as tenders were burning there, they gave Spofford the lantern and dispatched him up the road for help.

Long before morning help had arrived and everyone had been taken from the wreck, the uninjured, the wounded and the dead.

Once only had Spofford seen his friend of the night before; then he was rushing excitedly among the workers, wildly waving his bleeding arm in the air, and making too much disturbance to be badly hurt.

When the last bleeding body was taken from the wreck, Spofford turned away from the scene with a feeling of horror; he had not allowed it to overcome him before. He attached the lantern to his bicycle and mounted, wheeled down the deserted road.

Nothing could have induced him to travel another mile by rail while the scenes of the horrible night were fresh in his memory. As he sped along the smooth, rolling road, he warmed to his work; the exercise was grateful to his strained nerves, and he determined that he would finish his journey by wheel.

About seven o'clock in the morning, he rode into a small town. The land-lord at the hotel eyed him curiously when he asked if after breakfast he might have a room where he need not be disturbed until dinner time. He was beginning to feel the need of a little sleep; besides he intended to send his pants out to a tailor shop with carefully written specifications how they should be cut down to knee-breeches.

At twelve o'clock the negro porter pounded on the door of room number thirteen and handed in a pair of reconstructed breeches and two long, black stockings.

"De pants come to half a dollar, boss, an' de socks is wuf a dollah an' twenty cents."

The amount was handed out and soon a young man, in conspicuous attire came down to dinner, and the landlord's daughter who waited on the table, was shocked at the immodest brevity of his breeches and the enormity of his appetite.

After dinner he bought a flannel shirt at a Jew clothing store and felt that he was substantially though not handsomely equipped for a long, pleasant tour a-wheel. On his way back to the hotel he bought a Pittsburg paper from a news-boy who was bringing them from the depot. The first thing to catch his eye was the headline to the double-leaded report of the great rail-road accident, and as he glanced down the column of horrors with which he was so familiar, a cold chill passed over him. In the list of the killed was his own name!

Before starting again on his journey, he telegraphed to his friends in Boston that he was safe; and followed up the telegram with a letter explaining more fully how the mistaken report originated.

"I could not bear to finish the journey by rail," he wrote, "that night's experience was enough for me. My bicycle escaped, uninjured too; it and I have started toward Indiana, together. Very likely I was missed in the morning after the accident and they made the easiest possible disposition of me."

Then he appended an important remark that had almost escaped his memory:

"Parker has my measure; be good enough to tell him to make me a cycling suit like my last and ship it to Bloomfield, Indiana. If you could see me now you would disown me,—yours as usual, Lou."

\* \* \*

About two weeks after the accident, when Louis Spofford wheeled into Bloomfield, he was not a jaunty figure, but he did not care for that for he had had a wonderfully good time. He noticed that his clothing, even to his knee breeches did not attract particular attention. Still, as he walked up to the desk of the Kirby House he was glad that he was not in The Vendome of Boston.

The clerk was talking loud and earnestly with a friend as he came in. The register was shoved toward him while the two kept on with their conversation. Spofford fished a fly out of the ink-well with the pen, then he laid it down and feigned great interest in a time-table posted in front of him, but it was the conversation that drew his attention.

"Yes, it would be a great pity" the clerk was saying "if old man Doolittle had been left completely out in the cold, with all the rest of us playing in fine luck. But it's all right now and Doolittle's just as solid as any of us, though it did look a few days ago, as if everything was slipping through his fingers."

"Steve, this whole business is more'n good luck" the red faced man on the other side of the counter said impressively as he wiped

his vast expanse of perspiring brow, "it's more'n good luck, its Providence. As I said to Doolittle the other day when it looked as if the jig was up,—'Doolittle' I says, says I,—'Doolittle, don't you go to gitin' discouraged, you'll come out all right.' An' sure 'nuf he done it! There was the feller which owned the property an' was a-comin to take it, gas an' all,—Providence bein' willin'. But Providence wasn't willin', an' the young man had to be got out of the way; an' if a rail-road smash up was the appinted means, I reckon no body aint got no right to complain jist because it was a little violent an' sudden."

It is not likely that the clerk had ever viewed the matter from a theological stand-point, but he seemed to agree with Mr. Ruben Simcoe, for he forced out a laugh as he answered, "I guess old man Doolittle's not laying awake of nights grieving over the loss of his dear relative."

Spofford turned away from the time card. He had heard enough to make him understand that it might be best not to register until he learned more about his property.

"Where may I find the toilet room," he asked and the clerk indicated the direction by thrusting his thumb over his left shoulder.

Another guest who was using the one wash bowl, paused in his ablutions and squinted at him as he entered; then hurriedly reached for a towel and gave his face one vigorous, general swipe. His dripping hand reached out to Louis.

"Why, my dear young man, you don't know how glad I am to see you! Excuse left hand, my right is a little tender yet. Out of the wreck all safe and sound, eh? Same here, with this slight exception. But do you know, ever since the smash up I've been worried by thinking that maybe you was that young man Spofford,—you may have heard of him,—he was coming out here to look after some natural gas lands and was killed in our smash up. I somehow or other got the notion that you was him and I couldn't coax myself out of it. You see, I neglected to ask you what your name might be, and as you said something about coming out this way, I thought that there was

a chance, you know,—but by the way, how do you like the country? I'm glad you got out here and concluded to stop over; I'll show you around. Great country, and we're booming it in fine shape! We're doing this boom up to 'the queen's best taste,' no amateur job I can tell you. Booming, you understand, is a profession in itself, and I must say that I look upon the work here with a good deal of professional pride. If you are going to stop over 'til morning, we will take a carriage and drive out to Baker's farm. The surveyors are cutting it up into city lots. We should like to have your suggestions on the sites for the two school houses and the Methodist church. Oh, yes! one thing Mister,—?" he paused inquiringly.

"Walker," Spofford said.

"Mr. Walker, there is one thing you can do to accommodate me greatly. You see, we have got everything in fine shape; the National Oil Company is about to buy the gusher, local enterprise and foreign capital is boring six new wells, and lots of real estate transfers are pending and liable to be closed at any minute. The boom might be called complete, but there is just one element lacking and that is the son of an English capitalist who is desirous of making profitable investments in city lots in the future great cities of the west. We have got to that point where we need such a person to help bring some of these deals to a head, sort of a poultice, you see. Would you object to acting in that capacity during the



"BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, AND DOOLITTLE'S JUST AS SOLID AS ANY OF US."

short time that you stay here? Big accommodation if you would."

Louis was surprised and amused too. "I don't know that I understand you quite," he said.

"Easiest thing in the world; all you want to do is to drive around with me and look at all the wells and the new additions. If any one approaches you on leading subjects, just be non-committal. It always looks well for a capitalist to be mum, it gives folks a chance to wonder about what he's going to do and where he's going to invest, and everyone figures it out to suit himself. No hard feelings then. See?"

All through this rapid recital, Spofford had been wondering what he had better do, at the same time with difficulty refraining from laughter. He was in a position that he did not exactly enjoy although there was something rather droll about it. He feared that it might not be good policy to reveal his identity at present, considering the talk he had just heard in the office. Here among these unknown westerners, his safety might be in danger if he were known to be Louis Spofford. Yet if he were to refuse to pose as the Englishman, he would have to keep his hastily assumed name and under so thin a disguise it would not take a man like McVickers long to find out who he really was.

"All right," he said "Englishman I am, then."

"Good enough," chuckled McVickers, "you will enjoy it lots, I'm sure, besides it will be a great favor to me. Now, I'll just slip out the back way and if you will go into the office in about five minutes and ask the way to the North American Real Estate and Gas Exchange, Wm. H. McVickers, manager, they will show you where to go. Then I'll bring you back to the hotel and introduce you; after that we will go to the *Vindicator* office and to the site of the new depot and other points of interest. So long!"

Spofford carried out his part of the program and in the course of half an hour McVickers and he, arm in arm, walked into the hotel where he was presented to the landlord, the clerk and Mr. Simcoe, as "my friend Lord Winterford of London, who has come to America in search of safe and profitable investments for his uncle's surplus capital."

He then explained that owing to his Lordship's novel method of traveling, his baggage did not always follow him promptly; borrowed a suit of clothes from the clerk, who for the first time in his life experienced a feeling of awe; and in a few minutes thereafter McVickers was out with the best two horse team the livery stable possessed, escorting the scion of the house of Winterford about town and introducing him to everyone worthy of that honor.

Loud screamed the eagle on the front page of the *Vindicator* that day! Higher and higher boomed the real estate market. If English capital was seeking investment they would not give their land away,—not by a great deal.

That evening as they drove back to town,—McVickers and he had been out inspecting the gas wells,—Spofford felt pretty thoroughly disgusted with himself. The utter shallowness of the boom was so apparent to him. Everything was built upon expectations, yet if all the wildest hopes were realized to their greatest possible extent the

present inflation could not last. To add to his un-inflated opinion of himself, he had stopped at the Doolittle well and met the old man, an innocent, good natured granger. He had looked over the farm and with wise looks had inspected the weak well that promised such wonderful development, as soon as it was shot; and the final conclusion that he came to, was that he was a fool for concealing his identity as though he were the claimant to a throne, cast among mortal enemies.

He had got enough. Not even the wealth that had been credited to him could have induced him to stay another day in that place. More than once he had wished that it were four o'clock next morning, that he might take his bicycle and steal out of town unobserved.

He had come to the conclusion that Indianapolis would be a close enough point from which to watch any possible developments in regard to his land. But there was one whole, long evening before him. He shuddered to think of it and of all the incessant talk that would fill the time. Everywhere he turned there was some one standing ready to talk land to him. There was but one way of avoiding the crowd, and he took it.

Oh, that gloriously selfish pastime! He mounted his wheel for a ride.

He had been whirling along the road for some time when he heard a familiar click, click, click behind him. Click, click, click,—there could be no mistake, someone was coming. He reduced his speed a trifle and, sure enough, in another minute a wheelman mounted on an old style Star came up beside him. Louis was not sorry to see him,—he had not felt so toward a single other one he had met that day. He enjoyed the talk, for they spoke not of real estate or gas wells but of roads, wheels, races and other cycling things.

So they became acquainted after the manner of wheelmen, and when Joe Harper,—that was the rider's name,—invited him home to supper Spofford could have delivered himself of, "what's the mater with? He's all right!" had it not been for fear of betraying his nationality. It was the thought of escaping the supper and the long evening at the

hotel, that overjoyed him.

That night as he slowly wheeled his way back to the hotel and hurried to his room, he was more than ever disgusted with himself. Why had he permitted Joe Harper's inquisitive sister to pump all sorts of talk out of him, about England and Englishmen? Because she was pretty and would ask questions? A great reason, that, indeed! Had she not seen through his thin disguise? Had not her questions been merely to secure her suspicions that he was a fraud? The thoughts harassed him and, when he closed his eyes an instant and saw her sweet, inquiring gaze fastened on him, he answered himself "no," yet it brought him no peace. And her father, too, he could not forget,—how wildly inflated he was over the gas discoveries! Yet he had talked with this mis-guided man and had gone away without even speaking a word of caution. He could at least have attempted to show how baseless the whole boom was; how all the gas the earth could ever give forth could not sustain property at half its present prices. He lay awake until after midnight, chiding himself and thinking what he ought to do to keep Doctor Harper



"WM. H. MCVICKERS, MANAGER."

from throwing away his little fortune in a wild speculation. Finally he arrived at a conclusion that satisfied him and he fell asleep.

Next morning he did not leave town as he had planned, but about ten o'clock he eluded McVickers and went to Doctor Harper's office. Of course they talked about real-estate. The Doctor was interested in that above everything, and Lord Winterford was supposed to inwardly scorn all other subjects. Finally, under Spofford's skillful direction of the conversation, the Doctor admitted his own inexperience in real-estate affairs.

"I have a little spare money," he said "and I am thinking some, of putting it into Wilkins' addition. Now, of course, you are a great deal younger man than I but you have had more experience in such matters,—tell me candidly, Winterford, what do you think of such an investment?"

Spofford studied over the matter for a few moments.

"You have thrown a great responsibility upon me. I scarcely know what to tell you, yet I can say this: I would not invest there myself. I shall invest my capital in the eastern part of this Doolittle farm. There will be about ten-thousand dollars' worth left when I close my bargains. Were it convenient I should take it myself, but I hesitate about advising anyone to do so."

That afternoon, when Spofford stopped at the office again, the Doctor met him with almost boyish smiles.

"I have just paid the money into court for that balance of the Doolittle farm."

Spofford's face, too, beamed with satisfaction as he heard it.

"Doctor," he said, grasping the old gentleman's hand, "I am glad to hear it! You are safe, perfectly safe in that investment."

All afternoon the pleasant words of the young man wove themselves into the doctor's thoughts, and the doctor's words were a great source of satisfaction to Louis Spofford as he bowled over the rolling roads toward Indianapolis.

Despite his many vows to the contrary, Spofford returned to Bloomfield before many weeks, but McVickers and his other acquaintances about the hotel and the "exchange" noted with pain that his Lordship's interest in gas wells and real estate had perceptibly diminished. About the third time he came on his re-occurring visits, McVickers began to explain the seeming lack of enthusiasm.

"These Englishmen are queer ducks, you must remember,—inclined to be distant and cold blooded. He's bargained for all the property he wants and now he's going in for other things he wants." Then he hummed a few doleful tones and added philosophically, "but girls are not real estate, and for my part, I can't see what Winterford finds in Dock whats-his-name's daughter that is so much more attractive than the new addition. I'll swear I don't." Ruben Simcoe and a dozen others grunted "me neither" as an endorsement of the sentiment and then all went in and drank to the success of the new well that was being started on the Pitts farm.

If the people of Bloomfield noticed a lack of interest in real estate matters on Winterford's part, he,—or more properly, Spofford,—soon began to note just the slightest tendency in that direction among the citizens of Bloomfield. He could see that the boom had reached its climax and must very soon collapse. The National Oil Company had not closed the bargain for the gusher although it had been understood for two months past that the negotiations were all

completed. Some of the other gas wells that gave great promise had been shot without so good results as had been expected, certain large real estate deals,—his own among others,—were hanging fire most exasperatingly, and worst of all, the popular excitement was subsiding.

Then the bubble broke.

Spofford picked up the Indianapolis *Journal* one morning and saw at a glance that the expected collapse had come. The story was told in a single paragraph. McVickers had left the town suddenly, the last trade had been dropped and property was assuming normal prices with some suddenness.

About noon he started on his wheel to Bloomfield. He wanted to have the whole affair over as far as he was concerned, so that he might go away and forget all about it, and the people connected with it, if he could.

It was growing dark as he came near to the town, for he had not ridden rapidly. He passed Doctor Harper's office, hoping to find him there but it was closed, so he rode to the house. That was closed but there was a dim light burning in the hallway. Like all the houses he had passed, it seemed the abode of disappointment and dead hopes.

The doctor's daughter, Clara, came to the door in answer to the ring. She held out her hand to Spofford as she said, "Oh, Lord Winterford, are you ruined too?" and looked up at him with tearful eyes.

Louis blushed, and stammered some meaningless phrase as he attempted to collect himself. The climax had been forced upon him too suddenly. He hesitated a moment as if uncertain how to begin.

"I want you to laugh with me over this whole mixed up affair for it's one of the most ridiculous things I was ever in."

"Oh, if you only were to see poor papa," Clara answered, her lips trembling, "you couldn't laugh about it,—not even if you have escaped entirely!"

"Excuse me, but I could laugh,—I could raise this roof," and he smiled feebly, "you don't understand the situation or you'd feel the same way about it. The fact of the matter is I'm considerable of a fraud. I'm no more of an English lord than you are."

Clara shot a sharp look at him through the tears that had gathered in her eyes; it was a look full of anger.

"So you came here to help ruin us; that is why you came to this house as a guest, that you might gain papa's confidence and take advantage of him!"

"You don't understand at all," Spofford protested, "your father would have invested anyway, and if I had not been making a fool of myself and, if in that idiotic capacity, I had not advised your father, don't you see where you'd be? Won't you please call your father? I can explain it to him better; I've made a bad start with you."

Clara turned without a word and walked away, leaving him leaning against the banister. Presently the doctor and she entered together. The old gentleman looked pale and careworn; he opened the door to the parlor.

"Step in and be seated, Mr.—?"

"Spofford," said Louis, and then he took a hair cloth rocking chair, beside the window and began:

"Spofford is my name, not Winterford; I am an Ameriean, a clerk in the Traders' and Importers' Bank of Boston, and some months



"YOU ARE SAFE, PERFECTLY SAFE IN THAT INVESTMENT."

ago I inherited from my uncle half of a farm near here; one of the conditions of ownership was that when the owner of either half died, the entire farm was to become the property of the other. I started west to look at my land, and on the way, our train was wrecked. It was given out that I was killed, and Mr. Doolittle, of course supposed that the farm would all belong to him when the administrator settled the estate. I did not know anything about Doolittle, so I foolishly thought that it would be a good idea to conceal my identity while I looked after my affairs. In that way I came to masquerade as Lord Winterford. Possibly I was influenced too much by McVickers, but I have no desire to throw the blame upon him. I regretted this almost from the start, until I learned that you were going to make some investments, then I saw an opportunity of turning my folly to some good use, and I induced you to invest in the half of the Doolittle farm that really belonged to me, otherwise you would have invested your money in other property and lost it. No, you have not lost it as it is; you have lost the use of it until the administrator turns over my share of the estate. When he does, I will send back the money, you will return the deeds and the trade will be void. We will then be where we started."

The doctor who had sat in dumb wonder through the fore part of this recital, was now on his feet. He had grown five years younger in as many minutes, and Clara, she was laughing outright.

"Mr. Spofford," said the doctor, "we have both of us done a very foolish thing; I could not blame you if I would, for I am worse than you; yours was a fortunate folly and counteracted mine."

When Clara and Louis stood at the hallway door again, Clara was sweetly serious.

"And you will start home to-night?"

"Yes, my vacation ends on Friday, and I must be in my place promptly; now that I am no longer a nobleman with an indulgent uncle I must work like other people."

Louis smiled faintly as he laid his hand on the door knob for the third time.

"I promised your father," he said, continuing "that when I received his money from the administrator I would remit it to him. Remitting is at best a hazardous way of sending money. Don't you think it would be better, and a great deal safer to bring the money out here myself?"

"Yes," she answered, "remittances are rather uncertain, and it wouldn't do, you know, to lose the money again."



A Bicycle of the Past.



NE summer several years ago, my heart was gladdened by an invitation to spend a month with a favorite uncle on his farm. A postscript asked me to bring my new velocipede with me. I was nothing loth, though at that time it did not take much more than the word velocipede to make a mortal enemy of a wheelman.

I have a great liking for the country and it was to escape brick walls and paved streets, that I first became a wheelman. My acceptance of the invitation was, therefore, prompt and emphatic; and that my uncle might not change his mind, I started soon after my letter on the train.

At Wallaha, uncle Ned greeted me warmly and put my valise in his spring wagon, but gazed dubiously at the wheel—the first one he had ever seen.

"Why, I didn't know they were as large as that," he muttered, "how are we going to get that home? You don't expect to ride it, do ye? Why it's a good four miles!"

"Ride it, of course I shall, and beat your team into the bargain," I answered, ineptuously.

"All right," chuckled my uncle, "see you some time to-morrow, I suppose."

Up the first hill we went, the horse gaining on me greatly. When almost out of earshot, uncle Ned made a speaking trumpet of his hands, and yelled back some unkind reference to our previous conversation. My breath was too seant to admit of a reply.

Going down hill I regained the lost ground, and Uncle, benevolently desiring that I might contrast his ease with my labor, did not attempt to leave me again. He evidently was reserving himself for the last half mile, to

prove the infinite superiority of his horse to my bicycle before the eyes of aunt Martha and pretty cousin Mary.

From the top of the last hill I beheld a splendid road, descending straight to the farm, and there, not fifty yards ahead, uncle Ned jogging comfortably along, so sure of his victory. Just then I spied a handkerchief which my prophetic spirit told me was waved by Mary. That small patch of white, barely visible, had a wonderful effect on my bicycle. Like a hare, it started forward and swept past the team. Uncle was at first too utterly astounded to move, then reining in Prince, he shouted frantically: "Look out, you'll be killed!" On I sped, faster and faster, and, seeing that no harm came to me, he presently realized that he was getting left in more ways than one.

Prince was a good horse and the way he jumped when that whip was laid across his back, was a caution, but, aided by the descent, I just managed to come in the winner.

"Well, that does beat all!" exclaimed aunt Martha, "Did you come as fast as that all the way?"

"N-n-o, I didn't want to ride the whole distance alone, so I kept with Uncle till the last half mile."

Uncle Ned solemnly winked at me, but said that I had done pretty well for a city chap.

\* \* \*

To think that a wheel which carried me so nobly should now be rusting in a far-away glen—and that a cow should be the cause! The sad tail must be tolled.

Wishing to make myself useful, I had, the morning after my arrival, offered to help milk the cows. They said I might try as a matter of experience, so I went into the kitchen and got a lemon squeezer. The best

of workmen must have tools. I made a few preliminary passes at the cow. The milk failed to squirt and I was about to mention the fact that the cow was dry, when my attention was drawn from that subject. The cow fanned me gently with her hind hoof, and when I arose from a pile of tomato cans in the northwest corner of the yard, my first official act was to resign my trust. But I always dislike to remain idle in this great throbbing world. I like to get in a throb or two every now and then on my own hook. For this reason I assumed the duty of ushering the cows to and from the pasture.

The two cows placed under my charge were known among their intimate friends as Dandelion and Buttercup. Dandelion was a mild, gentle creature, but Buttercup's specialties lay in other directions. This fact became evident to me at first, but it loomed up more conspicuous than usual on the morning when I drove them to pasture on my bicycle. I proposed to lure Dandelion along by a melodious whoop, but the other brute was to be enticed along by a clothes line fastened to the head of my wheel.

All the family were assembled on the porch to see me start, so I was just a little nervous, but, as Buttercup now quietly started toward the pasture, I ventured to mount. The moment I was in the saddle, she stopped to graze. I shouted, and waved one arm energetically, but without disturbing her, and, arriving at the end of my tether, found that "it's a poor rule that won't work both ways," if Buttercup couldn't go where I didn't want her to, no more could I go where she didn't want me to.

A merry laugh rang from the house; I had hoped that they would not notice that I dismounted from necessity. That cow kept on

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

grazing. I cut a long switch, and laid one stinging blow across her back. In one second I repented the strength of that blow—for I was barely in the saddle when the line tightened with a jerk and over went bicycle, rider and all. This feat was much appreciated by the small but enthusiastic audience on the porch. In response to the hearty encore, I stepped forward and explained that I just did it for fun.

Buttercup was again grazing, but, at a gentle—a *very* gentle touch of the switch, she moved obediently down the road. I mounted and followed, carefully watching the rope, while Dandelion brought up the rear.

Uncle Ned had told me never to hurry the cows, because it wasn't good for them. When I asked why, he said: "Because it's bad for 'em." This at the time, seemed to me a very good reason, but, riding along behind Buttercup, it suddenly occurred to me that this style of reasoning had flaws. Besides it was getting late, and to preserve one's balance on a bicycle at a cow's pace, was not easy. I yelled "geddep" and soon we were jogging along quite fast. Then a brilliant idea entered my head; throwing my legs over the handle-bars, I allowed Buttercup to pull me. This was exhilarating. I shouted vociferously, to increase her speed. I looked proudly around, hoping some one would see me—when, oh horrors! directly in front of me lay the Kapoo creek, which, in my pre-occupation, I had not thought of, nor seen.

In an instant it was all over. Buttercup stopped to drink. The bicycle also stopped when it reached her, but I kept right on. I judge that the cow was a good deal surprised, not to say offended, at the whole proceedings, for she started at a quick gait for the other side of the stream. The bicycle and I went along too, for a clothes line forms a bond of friendship that is not easily broken. The water was only two feet deep, but I was unable to gain a footing, and was trying to decide whether hanging or drowning were the pleasanter—for I was in danger of both—when the line miraculously slipped off and freed me.

I was now entirely reckless, but still not subdued. Finding my machine unhurt, I filled my pockets with stones, remounted, and used them to urge Buttercup along. We had almost reached the pasture bars, when I threw my last stone—a half brick. The cow seemed to draw the line on half bricks. She started for me, and for the next few minutes, called my attention to that fact, repeatedly.

When the clouds of battle rolled away, I saw, out of one eye—the other one was closed for repairs—a faint vision of my bicycle, elevated on Buttercup's horns, disappearing in the woods.

Dandelion came ambling up, stuck her nose within a foot of my face and moosed at me. I feebly reached for a stone—then remembered that cows sometimes object to stone-throwing. I did not feel like encountering another objection that morning.

\* \* \*

Three days later, Buttercup was found five miles from home, but my bicycle was ne'er seen again by mortal eyes.

KAY BEE.

### What Jersey Has To Say.

KARL says: "Tommy said so and so." Tommy says, K. K.'s statements "are made out of the whole cloth." Tommy, dear Tommy, do "call it in." If not, K. K. will go for you through the columns of the cycling press, and, while trying to show you your mistake, will work in here and there with "As I state on page 4-11-44 of 'Xmas Miles on a boy's-sickle,' (See S. W. G., Feb. 31, 1879, page 7, 4th l. from bottom, first column,) Stevens rode 41 m. 77 r. 31 yds. 17 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. and then coasted 4° n. 22° s. 73' and then" and so on, *ad infinitum*. All of which will not only make you feel sad—awfully—but will strengthen the belief that is already prevalent that K. K. knows how to work a free adv. Barnum "is nowhere" when compared to Karl, for, where P. T. B. gets half a dozen lines of free "puffing" he usually spends \$100 for *legitimate* advertising.

It is very unfortunate that the New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association has been forced as a last resort to call upon wheelmen and athletes at large to come to their assistance financially. The Association, which was organized in the spring of 1886, has had an uphill fight from the start, and has never received the support it deserved from cycling clubs. With at least twenty-five clubs within twenty miles of the grounds, but two clubs have ever made use of the same. All the money the Association was able to raise, was used in fitting up the cycling track, building the grand, free and judges' stands, putting up fences and keeping the grounds in good running order. A bill for \$500 arrears of rent was presented to them on October 1, and their treasury being depleted they were unable to meet it. The movable property was therupon advertised to be sold on October 3, but before the sale began, arrangements were made by which they were given until the 15th to raise the amount, and the directors at once sent out an appeal to cyclers and athletes to subscribe to a fund to pay the rent and save the ground to the Association. In case they are successful, they will make a determined effort next season to put the Association on a sound financial footing, and will begin with an early spring tournament, and follow this up with meetings at short intervals throughout the season.

It has always been claimed that the racing men who were the first to go in for big prizes were the last ones who would think of spending a penny toward supporting a track. To prove that there is no truth in this assertion, each racing man in this country should contribute his mite toward pulling the Cycling Association out of the mire.

Geo. Saich related to me the other day an incident in the career of Jack Keen, which is worthy of space. Saich, Fred Cooper and Jack Keen, it appears, had traveled by train to Wolverhampton, where Keen had a ten-mile race on for £25 a side. The party ar-

rived at its destination only a few hours before the time set for the race, when, upon Jack going for his Eclipse racer, the small wheel was found to be buckled beyond hope of redemption. Here was a fix. Jack rode a 56-inch, and so did each of the others, but, when Saich suggested that he ride his Rudge, this was "putting it on" with a vengeance, and broke Jack all up. He puffed and fumed for awhile and then seeing the £25 slipping from him, came to his senses and decided to accept the offer, being convinced that it was made out of friendship. By this time however, Saich was "mad all over," and "'e'd be blowed if 'e'd ride 'is machine, if 'e wanted a mount go and get Cooper's." The Humber people at that time were the bitterest fighters in the business and before Cooper would let Jack have his machine, he'd smash it. So poor Jack had to make an abject apology and beg, almost, before he could win Saich into a good enough humor to let him have his machine. He got it, however, and won the race easily, making better time than he had ever done on his own mount; the machine working so much easier than his own that he said he had no idea how fast he was going until at the fifth mile, he found himself a lap ahead of his opponent.

A short time after this he went to the Rudge people and tried to get a set of their bearings to put on an Eclipse. The Rudge folks declined to sell him a set, but presented him with one complete with pedals, etc. The firm cautioned their men against mentioning the circumstance, and no one knew, until late in the season, anything about it. Keen, with his Eclipse had a long series of victories and the machine was coming into high favor, when the Rudge Company, without warning, exploded a mine which knocked the famous Eclipse off its high perch, by announcing in all the English papers that "the credit for the victories which had been won by John Keen during the season should *not* be attributed to the 'Eclipse bicycle,' which he rode, *but to the Rudge bearings*, with which the machine was fitted and which were presented to Mr. Keen by this Company." To say that Jack was taken aback would be putting it mildly.

"The last number of the GAZETTE was a dandy." "The GAZETTE is evidently in the hands of those who know how to manage a monthly." "The GAZETTE is better than ever since it went west." "I expected the GAZETTE to go to pieces when Ducke gave it up, but instead, it's vastly improved." These are a few of the many expressions I have heard in my wanderings around cycledom, and go to show that we have some people in this part of the world who know a good thing when they see it.

EAGLE ROCK.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 12, 1887.

Chas. Kluge has been restored to his amateur standing.

The Racing Cyclist's Club of England, has gone to join the A. C. U.

The Boston lady cyclers held their annual three days' tour, starting on the 6th of Oct.

**A BICYCLE RIDER  
MUST HAVE**



**SUNDRIES**



HAVING REALIZED THE FACT WE HAVE MADE A SPECIALTY OF THIS DEPARTMENT AND NOW MANUFACTURE

**The Most Complete Line Offered**

**\* EMBRACING \***

**SHOES,  
LAMPS,  
SADDLES,**

**BELLS,  
OILS,  
ENAMELS,**

Many other Accessories as well as Repairers' Tools,

Our List Prices are Reasonable and we are prepared to figure with  
the Trade.

**SEND FOR CATALOG.**

By the way, Gentlen,

**Dingley's Record Still Stands**

NOTWITHSTANDING THE MANY ATTEMPTS TO LOWER IT.

This record, you will remember, was 100 miles in 5 hours, 38 minutes, 44 $\frac{1}{5}$  seconds, made at Lynn, on Sept. 22  
by Frank Dingley of the Champion team.

11 MINUTES BETTER THAN THE ENGLISH RECORD AND 25 MINUTES BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN RECORD.

**DINGLY USED OUR  
ORDINARY LIGHT CHAMPION.**

THEY ALL SAY THE SAME THING, THE BEARINGS.



**GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,  
CHICAGO, ILLS.**

Largest and only American Manufacturers owning their plant and premises.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

# The Ten Mile Road Race

Around Druid Lake, Baltimore,

Competed for by teams of 5 men each, from the Maryland Bi. Club, the Baltimore Cycle Club and Rambler Cycle Club, all of Baltimore,

 WON BY THE

## The Maryland Bicycle Club Team,

ALL BUT ONE OF WHOM RODE

 NEW  RAPID   
BICYCLES.



### POSITION AT FINISH:

2.	RICHARD WHITTINGHAM,	Rapid Light Roadster,	Time: 31:03 $\frac{1}{2}$ .
3.	WALTER LUSCOM,	Rapid Roadster,	31:03 $\frac{2}{3}$ .
5.	J. KEMP BARTLET, JR.,	Rapid Roadster,	
8.	E. F. LECATO,	Rapid Light Roadster,	
13.	S. H. SHRIVER, (Fell)	Victor Light Roadster.	

The First Man in was

**H. L. KINGSLAND, Rambler Cycle Club,**

 RIDING A

## NEW \* RAPID \* LIGHT \* ROADSTER,

IN THE MARVELOUS TIME OF

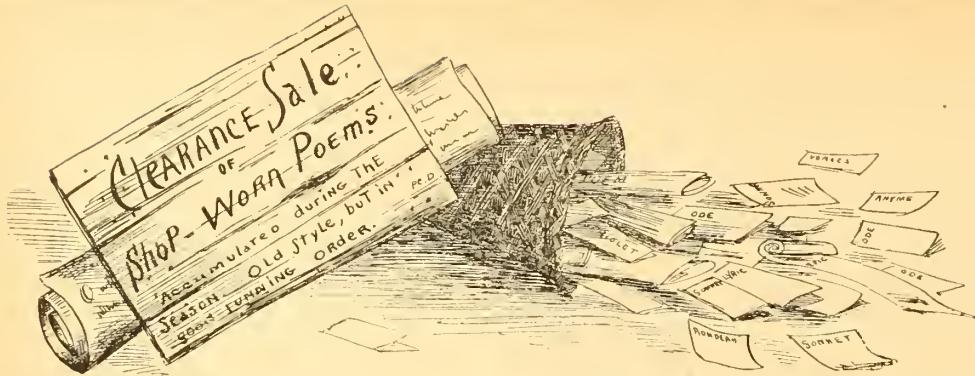
30 minutes and 44 seconds, the Fastest Time Ever Made in a Road Race.

Send for Catalogue of New Rapids.

SAM'L T. CLARK & CO.,

2 and 4 HANOVER ST.,

BALTIMORE.

**A Paradox.**

*How strange about the seasons!  
The one that some like best,  
Without apparent reasons  
Some other folks detest,—  
Most like the Autumn best of all,  
We wheelmen don't enjoy the fall.*



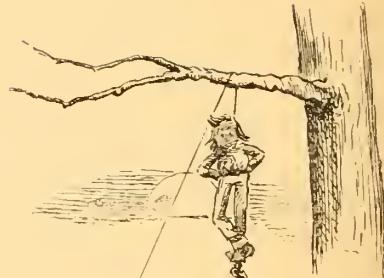
*Over the soul of the haughty clerk,  
At a summer resort hotel.  
A large, dark gloom began to lurk,  
And a blight on his young life fell,  
His red cheeks turned to a sickly hue,  
He lost his old appetite;  
Dejected, sorrowful, gloomy, blue,  
He was really a mournful sight.  
He'd been a sorrowful, gloomy man,  
And was scarcely fitted for "biz,"  
Since he'd seen on the shirt of Levi Kahn,  
A diamond much larger than his.  
His miniature brain in his three-ply head,  
Worked over time, day and night;  
He hated the thought of being lead  
By Levi, the Isrealite.*

*He thought on this elevating theme,  
For a little over a week,  
'Till he finally schemed up a mighty scheme,  
And he shouted, "eurek! eurek!"*

*So a nickled bicycle lamp he took,  
And pinned it upon his breast,  
As he said with his old time, happy look:  
"The good is none too best!"*



*October, now with hazy morn  
And dewy eve, is coming;  
Thro' dingy fields of ripened corn,  
The bumble bee is humming,  
In dreamy shade,  
The dairy maid,  
Her pans of milk is scumming.  
The chincapin drops from the bough;  
The pawpaw, ripe and mellow,  
Hangs forth to tempt the small boy now,  
Its wealth of creamy yellow;  
"Persimmons-e-s,"  
Unduly "friz,"  
Warp more than one poor fellow.  
On yonder stake-and-rider fence,  
The robin sits and twitters;  
The old man at a small expense,  
Lays in his winter bitters;  
While Marp Ann,  
With frying pan,  
Is hustle-ing the fritters.  
About this time, the cycler swaps  
His big wheel for a Rover,  
And thanks the kindly fate that drops  
His lines amid such clover,  
For he will ride  
'Til wintertide,  
With snows and storms, is over.*

**The Cow-Boy's Doom.**

*It happened just the other day,  
Along down Arizona way;  
And how the sad event oecurred,  
I subsequently heard.*

*A sportive cow boy, wild and free,  
Came into Toombstone on a spree;  
When two-thirds full, he fell a prey,  
To kleptomania.*

*A raregated barber pole,  
And counterfeit green-back he stole,  
Some false teeth and a black plug hat,  
And then beside all that,*

*A barbed wire fence he deftly hooked,  
Likewise a mackrel kit; then looked  
Around for something else to steal,  
And saw a tourist's wheel.*

*Now, be it known though Hungry Mike  
Had really no use for a bike,  
To pass a thing un-nailed, un-chained,  
Made him feel deeply pained.*

*A posse caught the sinful tramp,  
About a half mile out of camp.  
The sheriff took the stolen truck,  
And gave ten kicks, for luck.*

*Says he "look here young feller, say,  
You pull up stakes and go away,  
And don't you never come near me,  
Speacially on a spree."*

*Just as the mild eyed sheriff spoke,  
Some chap got off an ancient joke,  
He called the bike an iron horse.  
That was enough, of course!*

*The Arizona equine thief  
Enjoys a life minutely brief;  
They grabbed him as he tried to flee,  
And strung him on a tree.*

*'Tis thus that we, who often poke  
Fun at a venerable joke,  
Observe that nothing old or plain,  
Exists in vain.*

Outings on the Wheel,

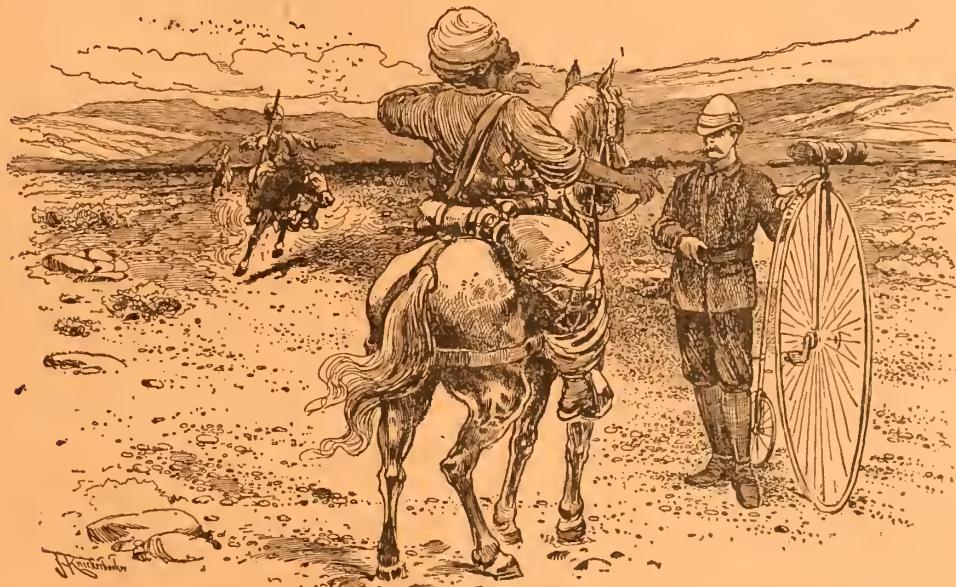
Outings with Horse and Hounds.

Outings in Afghanistan,

Outings in the Wild West,

Outings with a Rod,

Outings on a Yacht,



"As he draws his hand across his jugular."

(From Thomas Stevens' *Around the World on a Bicycle*.)

Outings of Summer for the Fireside of Winter.

Outing's

Out and Out rich store of Travel, Sport and Adventure in the

\* NOVEMBER \* NUMBER, \*

FOR

Twenty Five Cents,

And twelve times the amount of just such soul stirring stories for

A Years' Subscription of Three Dollars.

140 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

• ARE THEY SELLING? • DO THEY GIVE SATISFACTION? •

WELL!!

☞ READ THIS! ☚

ANN ARBOR, MICH., May 4, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Gentlemen—Wheel came this afternoon all right. The agent thinks it the finest wheel he was ever on. Handles just the thing for hill-climbing. From what I have seen of it it is more than satisfactory. Knocks the — out two times. The girls yelled out to me that it was "the schon," and so we will call it O.K. Will write later concerning its health.

Truly yours,

FRED. R. ROMER.

☞ AND THIS! ☚

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., May 11, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Gentlemen—I received my CHAMPION wheel some three weeks ago, and am highly pleased with it. The members of our club have examined it and pronounced it excellent, equaling and surpassing in many respects any wheel in the market. Four of our club now own this make of wheel, and before July 1 three-fourths of the club will ride it. As our riders are all old wheelmen, this fact speaks loudly in favor of the CHAMPION.

Yours truly,

E. P. BLAKE.

And they are coming in every mail. See the other Cycle Papers for plenty more of the same sort. Catalog on application.

☞ AND THIS! ☚

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., May 17, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Gentlemen—The LIGHT CHAMPION is a "dandy." Have ridden nearly 200 miles already, and only had it one week Sunday. How's that? I am giving it one of the best tests in the world, as I live at Herkimer and work for Burrell & Whitman at Little Falls; I ride down over the toughest roads in Herkimer county in the morning and back at night, every pleasant day with good roads,—sixteen miles sure,—besides what running around I do. I think I will cover quite a number of miles this year; will keep track and see.

Yours respectfully,

J. E. SEARLES.

☞ AND THIS! ☚

JACKSON, MICH., May 12, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Gentlemen—The AMERICAN LIGHT CHAMPION received all right. It is the easiest-riding wheel I ever mounted, and also the prettiest wheel in Jackson. Mr. Pratt, the purchaser, is very much pleased with it.

Yours truly,

M. JAY MOORE.

**GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO,**  
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CYCLES AND SUNDRIES IN AMERICA.

