

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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AND RECREATION.

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[WHOLE NUMBER, 274.]

WHEEL GOSSIP.

1887.

Get out your diaries.

"Bob" English has entered the Benedictine order—married.

Indianapolis, Ind., is to have a weekly cycling journal, not a monthly as at first reported.

We hear that "Faed" is on the verge of matrimony. We sincerely hope that "Faed" will topple off the verge.

President E. C. Hodges, of the Boston Club, is getting up a party to visit Montreal during the carnival season.

Mr. A. B. Barkman, of Brooklyn, has been appointed to the office of Bookmaster, L. A. W., vice Mr. H. S. Wood, resigned.

The first entries—Jan. 1: Went calling and got convivial. Jan. 2: Am suffering from swelled head; will not call any more.

Wheeling indorses Mr. Herring's solution. Mr. H's cap will shortly be so heavily ornamented with fine feathers that he will be taken for a Comanche chief.

At the sociable—She: "Don't you think that Miss Fletcher is just the greatest bore?" Mr. DeCourcy: "Yaas, to be sure, present company always—that is, been riding any lately?"

The hand-book of the Kansas Division L.A.W. has come to hand. It is a neat twenty page, well-bound pamphlet, and much credit is due its compiler, Mr. Charles C. Candy, the Sec.-Treas. of the Division.

"A young bicyclist named J. S. Burdette will join the Citizens Club," says the wit of the *Mail and Express*. The young bicyclist is J. S. Burdette the humorist, who is known by every quill-driver in the land.

The half-yearly general meeting of the C. T. C. was held in Glasgow, on Saturday Dec. 10th. Of a membership of 22,000, but seventy attended the meeting. No business of importance was transacted.

Jones: "They say Blobson has gained twenty-five pounds since he commenced racing." Smith: "And has he not been suspended?" J.: "Oh no, it was not coin of the realm, merely avoirdupois, you know." Is chased by Smith with a club.

English wheelmen have raised a fund of £36 for a "sandwichman's feed," presumably a holiday charitable layout. Among the subscribers, was one J. S. Dean, of America. America is a "pretty considerable place," but "we reckon" that this subscriber is our only Dean.

The Pittsburg wheelmen have poor cobblestone roads and hilly districts to battle with, yet several of them have made creditable yearly mileages. W. D. Banker, of the "Cyclers," rolled up 2,578 miles; S. H. Murray, of the Sewickly Valley Wheelmen, scored 2,245; and H. E. Bidwell, of the Keystone Bicycle Club, 1,940.

Mr. Jo. Pennell has written a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, wherein he denounces the present management of the N. C. U. and the C. T. C., declares against "abolition," harangues on maker's amateurism, and sagely declares money to be "the root of all evil." The only difference between Jo and a maker's amateur is, that the former earns his "bread and cheese" through the medium of his fingers, and the latter through that of his legs.

A meeting of the officers of the Missouri Division, L. A. W. was held at St. Louis on Saturday, the 19th. The C. C. reported that a new bill for the building and maintenance of roads had been drawn up, which would be presented at the coming session of the Legislature. It was decided to appoint a committee on the League meet, to consist of three members from each St. Louis Club. A letter was read from Mr. Henry E. Ducker, who promised to send to the meet, a special car-load of New England ladies and gentlemen. Secretary-Treasurer Lewis' report showed a membership of 257, and a balance on hand of \$26.30.

The officers of the Allegheny, Pa., Cyclers for the ensuing year are: Dr. G. W. Beane, President; W. C. Coffin, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer; W. O. McConnell, Corresponding Secretary; W. D. Banker, Captain, re-elected; Hugh Fleming, Jr., First Lieutenant; J. F. Gray, Second Lieutenant; F. A. Minnemyer and C. E. Minnemyer, both 56-wheel, Color Bearers; F. T. Hoover, Guide; J. K. Ewing, Bugler; Dr. G. W. Beane, Surgeon. The club has an active membership of thirty, and is in excellent financial condition. Well attended monthly meetings were held last winter, and will be

repeated this season. During the summer they held tri-weekly meetings, and club runs every Monday evening.

Dan Canary is at present in Paris. Being unable to *parley francaise* he is accompanied by De Civry, the French professional.

Mr. Sneerwell Harmsworth—or is it Hillier—the editor of the *Bicycling News*, is much exercised over Mr. Herring's "solution." He has unconsciously drifted into that long discourse of Mr. H's. He has gone as far as the twelfth of the papers, and there is some consolation that this is the last. The fact is, there was only one paper. "Mr. Herring's desire to get his views aired is worthy of all praise." Considering the fact that Mr. Herring spent not a little money to help along the sport, on which he has set his heart, it is certainly worthy of all praises. Most people in carrying out good intentions, draw the line at their pocket-books. The *News* prides itself that it was the only paper which refused to print Mr. H's paper.

RIDING TO THE GOLD MINES—Mr. J. E. Marshall, and Mr. Broen, two members of the Civil Service in Cape Colony, South Africa, lately made a bicycle trip from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, a distance of nearly 600 miles, which they accomplished in eleven days and thirteen hours. Those who have experienced the difficulties of South African traveling, will know that such an undertaking involves great labor and fatigue in climbing range after range of high mountains, and going over roads so bad, that it is often with difficulty that the track-oxen get along with, while considerable hardships must be endured from the intense heat, the want of water, and the bad accommodation, besides the forced walking over miles of sand and rocks, dragging the machines and knapsacks, and sometimes fording rivers. Two cyclists from Port Elizabeth, Messrs. Hallack and Girdlestone, occupied eighteen days and twelve hours in riding to Cape Town. The scenery along the route is very grand, and the forest extending hundreds of miles, is still the haunt of the wild elephant, the leopard, the baboon, and various species of ducks and other large animals. The newly-discovered gold fields of this region which they visited, have excited much activity in speculation.—*Bicycling News*.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

STILL IN THE LEAD.

20 MILES	50 MILES.	100 MILES
On a straightaway country road in the Marvelous time of 59 Minutes, 35 4-5 Seconds. A WORLD'S RECORD.	in 2 Hrs. 55 Min. and 46 1-2 Sec. —THE— AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE.	—IN— 6 HOURS 11-2 MINUTES. & WORLD'S RECORD. AND BETTER THAN THE American Track Record.

All the above by S. G. Whittaker, on an ordinary roadster, excepting a somewhat lighter rim, and the course an ordinary surveyed country road. If road records talk, then the American Cycles are the easiest running machines in the world.

MANUFACTURED BY
GORMULLY & JEFFERY,
Catalogue Free. CHICAGO, ILLS.

✦ ✦ WORLD'S RECORDS. ✦ ✦

NOW, GENTLEMEN:—We fail to see why records made on a 22-pound racing wheel, and on a track with an exceedingly smooth racing surface—we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a Roadster, (a differently constructed machine) even though the latter be made by the same Company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be *significant*.

✦ THE AMERICAN CHAMPION ✦

to-day holds every world's record on the road above 25 miles to 300 miles; the latter enormous mileage being done within the hour by **STILLMAN G. WITTAKER**, at Crawfordsville, Ind., October 18th and 19th. The run was made on a straight-away and surveyed road, under A. C. U. Rules, and not on a carefully selected ten mile stretch. The following are the times:

		HOURS.	MINS.	SECONDS.
50 Miles	(<i>about 4 minutes behind his previous world's record</i>),	-	2	59 50 2-5
100 "	(<i>25 minutes ahead of the world's record, and over a minute better than Ives' Springfield track record</i>),	-	6	1 15
150 "	- - - - -	-	10	28 52
200 "	- - - - -	-	15	13 30
300 "	(<i>about 24 minutes better than the best world's track record</i>),	-	23	46 16 3-5

The latter magnificent record is about *FORTY-ONE MILES* better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by **MUNGER**, about 19 miles better than **HOLLINGSWORTH**'s performance, and 13 miles better than **McCURDY**'s, neither of which two are accepted records, however.

If you want the **EASIEST RUNNING ROADSTER IN THE WORLD**, you must come to us.

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Manufacturers of American Cycles. CHICAGO.



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Bicycling World and The Wheel	1.50
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F. P. PRIAL, Editor and Publisher,

12 Vesey Street,

P. O. Box 444.

New York.

We have reason to know that our recent well meant editorial on "the mismanagement of the League" was received in the proper spirit by prominent and active men of the League. They admit a leak somewhere, and appreciate any suggestion of a newer and more beneficial policy. This is extremely gratifying, and we can afford to ignore the innuendos, left-handed compliments, and belittlements of the Secretary-Editor.

"THE WHEEL's circulation is a local one."
 —*Bulletin.*

Politeness and the dignity of journalism forbid us using stronger language than that the above statement is a deliberate mistatement and falsehood.

STEVENS REACHES SHANGHAI.

ALL FEARS OF HIS SAFETY DISPELLED.

As we noted last week, those most interested in Stevens' journey were at much concern for his safety. Since October 4. nothing had been heard from him, and his correspondence was several weeks overdue. The following letter, just received from *Outing*, brought his last appearance to October 7.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1886.

To the Editor of *Outing*:

Your correspondent, Mr. Thomas Stevens, was seen and spoken to by relatives of mine on October 7, on the steamer running from Hong Kong to Canton, and also the next day in Canton in the five-story pagoda. He was in apparent good health and spirits, and confident of his ability to go through the country, but with which opinion old residents there did not concur.

F. V. A.

116 W. 45th street

From the *Shanghai Courier* of November 18, we take the following account. It is a

short story of Stevens' journey from Canton to Kiukiang, written by himself, under date of November 16. This comparatively late news from Stevens will, doubtless, be joyfully received by many American wheelmen:

KKUKIANG, 16th November.

This morning a very much travel-stained, unwashed, unshaved, unshorn, unfed, slipshod and altogether disreputable looking specimen of the genus *Fau Kwae* (foreign devil), appeared mysteriously and unannounced upon our Bund. He bestrode a queer looking vehicle that the celestials of the middle kingdom had never seen the like of before; consequently a numerous and highly demonstrative crowd of these most inquisitive of mortals brought up the rear, until they themselves were suddenly brought up at the gate of the English consulate. I need hardly add that the cause of all this commotion was Mr. Thomas Stevens on his famous Columbia bicycle, who had arrived after one of the most trying and eventful of his tours, some two weeks later than he had expected. In an interview I had with him he gave me the following account of his journey:

Starting from Canton on October 13, I had expected to reach Hiukiang inside of twenty days; but calculations, based on my experience in other countries, failed me entirely in China. I found it a totally different country from any of the others I have traversed, both as regards roads, people, accommodations and experience generally. It would be little exaggeration to say that the only roads in south China (the north may be a little different) are the rivers, and no exaggeration whatever to say that the only proper way to travel is with a boat, in which one can live as in a house. Strictly speaking, there are no roads at all, as we understand the term: only narrow footpaths leading here, there and everywhere, and yet nowhere in particular; an intricate maze of tracks about the rice-fields, in which a stranger finds himself hopelessly bewildered to commence with, and invariably

LOST AT LAST.

The first day out from Canton, after traveling, I should think, thirty miles, I found myself in a village about thirteen miles out. Neither are these pathways of that asphalt-like smoothness of surface for which an experienced cyclist naturally yearns, who sees the pleasant autumn weather gradually gliding past, and the distance ahead still great. On the contrary, boulders and rough slabs of stone, once laid level, but now more often sloping at such angles as to render them precarious footing for anything but a goat or a barefooted Chinaman, are the chief characteristics. In addition to this, they are often not more than two feet wide, and often rise several feet above the waving paddy, so that traversing them is a feat really equal to the performance of walking on a wall. Under these circumstance a person frequently thinks of swapping his bicycle for a "pariah yaller," and riddling the purp with bullets. I persevered for four days, hoping the roads would improve, at the end of which time I arrived in a country where there were no paths, no paddy fields, only the Pe-kiang river, and the rocky mountains sloping to the water's edge. A saman would take me down stream and back to Canton in three days. Ah! but the good people at home (some of them) would say "Pooh! he was

afraid to go through: the badness of the roads is only a convenient excuse." As it would never do to give the good people at home an opportunity of thinking this, I concluding to go through to Kiukiang and Shanghai the best way possible. Four days poling, rowing and towing to Chao-choo-foo, and four more with coolies carrying the bicycle, brought me over the Meeling pass, and into the province Kiang-tse. Striking the headwaters of the Kan-kiang river at Nanhung, I might have come down stream all the way to the Poyang Hoo. I found the paths in Kiang-tse, however, quite an improvement on those of Quang-tung, and bicycled my way down to King-gan-foo. So far I had got along without serious trouble with the people. Kan-tchou-foo, I had been told, was a risky city to visit, but I trundled my bicycle through it from one end to the other, in the middle of a surging, shouting crowd, and, beyond getting my helmet knocked off a few times, was offered no indignities. Ta-ho was the first city where the authorities saw fit to favor me with an escort; they

SENT A COUPLE OF SOLDIERS WITH ME to Kin-gan-foo. They evidently knew what they were about, for I should have fared badly had I reached Kin-gan-foo alone, not knowing the direct route to the Yamen. The soldiers betrayed anxiety as we approached the city; the mob collected, and, while yet several hundred yards from the Yamen, the stones began to come, and wild yells for the Fankwaes rent the air. Missiles that would have knocked me senseless had I been wearing an ordinary hat, only made dents in the big pith solar topee that I had worn through India, and which effectually protected my head and shoulders. I escaped into the Yamen with but a few trifling bruises, and one spoke broken out of the bicycle, but one of the soldiers got badly hurt on the arm—probably a fractured bone. The soldiers warned them that I was armed, and until we reached the outer Yamen gate, they confined themselves to yelling and throwing stones; several then rushed forward and seized the bicycle, but the officials came to the rescue and hurried me into the Che-hsien's office. It was pandemonium let loose around the Yamen gates all the evening, the mob howling for the "foreign devil," the shouts of the the soldiers keeping them at bay, and the officials loudly expostulating and haranguing them from time to time as the din seemed to be increasing. Proclamations were sent out by the Che-hsien, and, towards midnight, the mob had finally dispersed. I was then placed aboard a sampan, and, with a guard of six soldiers, spirited off down stream. After this, the authorities never allowed me to travel by bicycle, but passed me on down stream by boat from town to town, under guard, until we reached Woo-ching on the Poyang-hoo, when, by much persuasion, I obtained permission to take a short cut across country to Kiukiang, but still with an escort.

THOMAS STEVENS.

Mr. Stevens, after seeing the British consul at Kiukiang, took passage in the steamer Peking, and arrived here this forenoon.

Karl Kron at present thinks his book may be issued by Jan. 25, the third anniversary of the appearance of his prospectus in THE WHEEL.

MINNEAPOLIS NOTES.

The professional races are getting decidedly tiresome, and the last, I trust for some time to come, starts this evening at 12 P. M. in the Washington Rink, between Morgan, Schock and Armaindo. It is to be 142 hours in length, and a rider has to make 1,000 miles to obtain any share of the gate receipts. Prince has been here from Omaha, triumphant over his success in the late six-day race there, and offering to wager \$300—on paper—that he could beat any record Schock or Morgan might make in the Rink. In this morning's paper, Morgan claims that on being faced with the money, Prince backed out and refused to race. Doubtless, in to-morrow's paper, Prince will give his version of the affair, and both will thus obtain an amount of free advertising. I am surprised to see the *Tribune* allows it. The last race between Morgan and Woodside was declared no race and bets off, though the spectators seemed to think it fair enough. Woodside pleaded a weak back, due to kidney trouble, but recovered enough to easily defeat Eck in a twenty mile race later on. So the ball goes on, and all amateurs will hail with joy the time of the professionals' departure for England.

Toboggan clubs are being organized and are getting rapidly into shape, especially in St. Paul, where great preparations are being made for the Carnival, of which an Ice Palace will be a prominent feature. The representatives of Spalding & Bros., Leland & Waring, are pushing the "Star" Toboggan for all it is worth, and make a brilliant display of them. [No charge for the ad.—ED.]

Club life is utterly dormant, though a feeble effort was made by the Mercury Club to rent club rooms. Two meetings were held, but at the last and most important one, it was impossible to get a quorum together, and no action could be taken. It is hoped that some day a cycling club will rise up in this city, with sufficient enthusiasm and cash to live out its natural life, and do something worthy of its name in the way of club races, regular runs, etc. With the large number of wheelmen here, and a sporting interest great enough to back up the frequent professional races held, it would seem not a difficult matter to organize a club that would rival those in Eastern cities, but two attempts have utterly failed. Wheelmen seem to prefer "flocking by themselves," to riding out in parties of reasonable size.

Grant Bell, our professional "Star" man, is at Smithville, N. J. for the winter. He promises to get out a Star racer that will run away from anything yet turned out by the "Star" people.

I have just come across an old advertisement of Karl Kron's in the '85 Christmas 'Cyclist, in which "X. M. on a Bi" is announced to be ready in "January '86," and I couldn't resist the temptation to mail it to him, and ask if there wasn't a slight error somewhere—possibly of just a year. The second number of the Minn. Division's L. A. W. organ should be out soon, and its advent is eagerly waited by the members here, who take no little interest in this, their first attempt of the kind.

I was sorry to see *THE OWL*'s savage onslaught on the C. T. C. and fear that some tough acorn or chestnut must have disagreed

with him. What's the matter now, with the C. T. C.? As an old and once enthusiastic member, he cannot refuse to admit that if we get naught for our seventy-five cents but the excellent *C. T. C. Gazette*, it is money well invested, and if the American Division wants more privileges, all it is necessary to do is to stand up and ask for them. I am not a very active member myself, but others with more spare time can take the necessary action, and as for the L. A. W.'s needing the cash yearly sent to England, our steady growth in members and wealth during the past year, I am speaking now as an L. A. W. man, and the fact that many C. T. C. members are also League men, effectually disposes of that objection. I would like to ask if the L. A. W.'s first inception was not inspired by the example of the more ancient C. T. C. and its mode of action largely in imitation? But the question is not wholly to be settled by my opinion, and I am confident there are more able pens to be wielded in its defence than that of L. B. G.

BROOKLYNETTES.

There were thirteen participants in the progressive euchre party, held at the rooms of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, last Saturday evening. The first prize, a silver match-box, was won by Mr. A. L. Calkins. The game lasted from 8:30 till 11 P. M., when refreshments were served.

Messrs. Chas. Schwalbach and A. S. Willdigg will open a general bicycle and lawn tennis emporium in the present Long Island Wheelmen's club-house, on or about March 1, 1887. BON, the Brooklyn correspondent of a contemporary, writes in the issue of Dec. 17, that the Ilderans are making great efforts to obtain the lease of this building. He has been misinformed. The members of the Ilderan remain for the present where they are.

The programme of the Ilderan Bicycle Club's musical and literary entertainment, to be held at 398 Fulton-street, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29, has reached us. It is neatly gotten up. The amusement committee has issued 400 tickets; most of them have already been sold, and a large crowd is expected to be present.

There were a few weather-defying wheelmen and wheel-women in the Park last Sunday.

The Brooklyn Bicycle Club will have a stag-racket on New Year's eve, to which only club members will be admitted. The King's Co. Wheelmen, so rumor reports, think of giving a ball in February.

Laughing Jones, the Brooklyn Bicycle Club's jolly member, now wears "English riding trousers." Although they do not tend to augment his muscular(?) calves, they are very comfortable for winter riding.

Christmas Day brought out quite a number of Brooklyn wheelmen. It does not happen often that cycle-hating winter permits the wheelmen to take a ride on the 25th of December.

The Brooklyn Bicycle Club turned out about six men, who celebrated Christmas at the Shelter Dairy, by having a jolly good time.

The next day, Sunday, Dec. 26, being a cold day only a few wheelmen dared to brave

the sharp wind and chilly atmosphere. Jones, the laughter-loving, was conspicuous by his "English trousers."

At the end of the winter, the L. I. Wheelmen will move to Bedford Avenue and Halsey-street, that is if they follow out their present intentions. The Kings County Wheelmen will also move nearer the Park.

Dec. 27, 1886.

INDEPENDENT.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STATE DIVISION.

The members of this division are peculiarly fortunate in possessing so active and enthusiastic a Chief Consul as Mr. Bidwell, and so efficient a Secretary-Treasurer as Mr. Austin. The former has just issued a rousing letter to the representatives, which cannot fail to bring abundant return. We give extracts from it:

"A prompt renewal of the officers of the division will give evidence of activity and enthusiasm on their part, and will not fail as an example to the membership. I trust you can make it a part of your duty to see personally, as many of the league members as possible, and urge them to renew promptly. A great many may be luke-warm over the advantages of a league membership, and you may find it necessary to resort to a mild argument to overcome their objections. Further on in this letter, I will name some of the advantages of a membership in our organization, and which I will suggest be used on members of this stamp.

During the year just closing our membership roll has reached 1,800; now, in order to retain our standing as the "Banner Division," we must renew a large majority of our old members, and add many new ones. It is my ambition to see our roll greatly increased, and, if possible, reach 2,400, early in the year. With this body of men well organized, and working in harmony; many projects, as yet only thought of by the management, may be consummated, and which will be of the greatest benefit to every wheelman in New York State, and indirectly to the league at large. I, therefore, ask your co-operation, and trust that you will use your best efforts to renew the old members in your district, and gain as many new ones as possible. Enclosed you will find a quantity of of league application blanks; please see that every rider in your district, eligible to membership in the league, but not a member, has one, and if possible get him to join at once. To all old members who are unable to see the advantages of belonging to the L. A. W., and do not intend to renew, and to the unattached whom you may approach on the subject of joining, you can mention in the way of argument, and as some of the benefits to be derived: first, the New York State Division, will publish, and distribute free to its members, a road-book, accurately describing, as to condition, &c., almost every rideable road in the State, naming distances and places; second, the division will protect its members against action of law, by those who imagine they have a case, resulting from a frightened horse or other cause. This benefit alone is invaluable to wheelmen, as a horse owner is liable to pounce upon a wheelman at any time with a suit for damages, and some expense must, necessarily, be incurred in the

defence. During this year we have had three cases of this character. Action was brought against members of our division for frightening horses on highways. The wheelmen were obeying the laws governing the use of roads, and all evidence was in their favor; they would have undoubtedly have won their respective cases, but the expense to them would have been considerable. They were members of the league and of our division, and steps were immediately taken to defend the suits, and relieve them from all expenses and trouble in the matter.

It seems to me that a full explanation of this benefit guaranteed to members of our division, made to unattached riders or old members uninclined to renew, would convince them that they can ill-afford to drop their membership, or remain unattached.

Respectfully,

GEO. R. BIDWELL,
Chief Consul.

SHOCK'S GREAT RIDE.

A NEW RECORD FOR SIX DAY RACING.

The most successful six-day—142 hours—race ever held in this country, was that which was completed at Minneapolis last Sunday night. Albert Schock, of Chicago, proved the successful man, winning easily by 240 miles, and surpassing Waller's record of 1,404½ miles, made in 1882. On the last day, there being no occasion to hurry, Schock was off the track over four hours. Morgan, who finished second, was greatly impeded by illness. The scores were as follows:

	SCHOCK	MORGAN	ARMAINDO
First day	315	317	231
Second day	550	550	410
Third day	760	760	580
Fourth day	975	975	750
Fifth day	1,200	1,125	915
Sixth day	1,405	1,165	1,050

THE PHYSICIANS' STATEMENT.

The physicians of the College hospital made careful examinations of the contestants, to accurately determine the effect of long continued exercise on the body. Their statement possesses peculiar interest. It appears that the wear and tear is not nearly so much as is generally supposed. Schock weighed 137 pounds, four pounds lighter than when he entered the race; Morgan weighed 129 pounds, showing a loss of 8½ pounds; and Armaindo 129 pounds, showing a loss of 5½ pounds during the race. Schock's temperature was normal, and pulse 90; Morgan's temperature normal, and pulse 75; and Armaindo's temperature normal, and pulse 78. The physicians of the College Hospital, by comparing their figures, gave the statement that in all cases where there had been a rise of temperature, it was found to be due to indigestion. This rise was especially marked in Morgan, just prior to his sickness. The excretion of urea constantly and largely increased, coincident with the loss of weight; so that the larger the loss, the greater the excretion. They further found that the increase of weight was accompanied by a larger amount of food taken, showing that the increase of body weight goes on under severe restraint. The pulse increased naturally with the exertion. She found Armaindo's condition as good as it was when she entered the race.

OUR NEW YEAR'S STORY.

A NEW YEARS EPISODA; A TALE OF JEFFERSONIAN COMPLEXITY AND GEORGE WASHINGTON SIMPLICITY.

At this time of the year, when the last cackles of murdered turkeys and other feathered bipeds are borne on every breeze, the common or garden editor withdraws to the seclusion of his sanctum, and dashes off a prose ode on the New Year, or discusses other pertinent themes, such as: "Shall we have wine on our tables on New Year's day?" "The toughened Turk, our national bird, long may he die," etc., etc. Or perhaps if he can't work up the muses, he arranges with an authors' bureau to furnish him with a pathetic three column New Year's story.

Now, owing to a state of fizzle, consequent on our attendance at the Ilderan's humorous lecture, and various and varied imbibitions subsequent to the same, we failed to make connection with the literary factory, and at the eleventh hour found it necessary to work off something original, to wit:

T'was New Year's eve.

We know t'was evening, because the sun was setting in a blaze of effulgent glory behind the deep umbrageous shade of a forest, which fringed the shore of the Atlantic, which particular part we shall not state, for we do not care to give the town away.

High up in the garret window of a tall tenement, which commanded a profile view of the moist and mournful ocean, sat the widow Flood. Like most women, she had but two eyes, and as these were intently fastened on some sewing, it must be patent to the logical mind that she had no time to waste on lincrusta-walton sunsets. Besides she had no soul for the thing, for to her each departing sun meant merely a draught on her Pratt's Astral. Still the sun kept setting tinging the bosom of the ocean with that color, which college students, bicycle riders and other amateur painters so much affect, and still the widow stitched, stitched, stitched. But her thoughts were not on her work, but with the past. Well she remembered this night just four years ago, when her husband had left her with a kiss and a smile, as he started off on a whaling tour. But that night a storm arose, as storms sometimes will, and the next morning the beach was strewn with the wreck of the vessel. For days the poor widow lived in an agony of hope and fear; hope, that her husband might have escaped; fear, that the discovery of his corpse would realize her worst hopes. Finally, after many days of weary waiting, during which neither glad, or sorrowful tidings came, she gave up her husband as lost.

The poor widow struggled along to keep her little family together—there were only seven of them—but the hand of poverty lay heavily upon her. Within two months of the sad calamity, the family had to give up cake and made dishes. Within six months, they were down to bread and coffee, with an occasional Irish stew as a *releve*. But why lay bare the wretched history of that four years? Why follow their gradual ascent from a comfortable cottage to the garret of a tenement house. First-class novelists never do it.

As the clock tells the hour of six, the widow lays aside her sewing to get ready a frugal meal for her numerous family, who come trooping in with the appetites of Comanche Indians. While sitting at the table, the

youngest, a curly tot of five, spluttered out between two bites:

"Say, mam, Patsy McGilligan's mudder brought a big turkey home dis afternoon, I tink Flora McGilligan is goin ter receive ter-morrer. Ain't we goin ter have a turkey too?"

"It is impossible to think of it my child; even now we are infinitesimally near the verge of starvation, I am even thinking of pawning the piano," and a hot tear pursued the even tenor of its way along Mrs. Floods nose and dropped into her tea with a loud report; while the impending fate of the piano brought forth a burst of tears from Ella, the musical genius of the family.

"If your father was only alive, my children, we should just make that McGilligan woman, as well as the whole flock, green with envy. I'd hang the biggest turkey to be found in Grogan's butcher shop, on the back fire-escape all the afternoon."

Scarcely had this indignant speech been finished than an authoritative knock was heard upon the door.

We shall now pass over to our gentle reader this estimable woman with her attenuated and underfed family. He may attribute the knock aforesaid to the sheriff or the landlord, or if they are tender hearted they may have her husband picked up by an East Indiaman, and spring him on her just when her heart is about to blow up. The usual expressions on occasions like these are: "Found! Found at last!" and "Once again do I clasp you to my bosom, nevermore to part."

Again, the reader may have the husband discover a gold mine, and fetch him on just in time to outwit the cruel uncle, and pour diamonds and rubies and other precious things into her capacious gingham apron.

As we remarked, we leave this family to the reader; and if the thing is properly worked up, and the climaxes are properly introduced, the story may be worth as much even as five dollars. But don't fail to introduce a wheel in some part of it. The husband for instance might be trying a sixty-five foot water cycle, when his supposed drowning occurred, or he might have mounted a 300 mile per hour steam bicycle, which might easily run off with him to India. Yes the field is very large and will yield abundant returns.

TITNAM.

At the annual meeting of the Lynn Track Association, the reports showed that affairs are in excellent condition, and that, aside from two or three trifling obligations, it is free from debt. About \$6,000 has been expended on the bicycle park at Glenmere. The capital stock is \$3,500, and \$1,750 was raised by assessment, in addition to which there was a small profit accruing from the tournaments of the season, which was expended in making improvements at the park. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Emerson G. Gordon; Vice-President, W. W. Stall; Treasurer, William Forsyth; Secretary, William A. Bond; Directors, J. Harry Shurman, George E. Porter, Emerson G. Gordon, Charles E. Blake, W. W. Stall, John F. Flynn, S. S. Merrill, William A. Bond, N. Fred. Neal. An auditing committee was appointed, consisting of Emerson G. Gordon, Charles E. Blake and William Wheeler.

THE TRADE.

The editor of the *Tricycling Journal* strongly commends the square rubber pedals, such as are used by the Overman Wheel Company.

A WIND-STOPPER SLEEVE.—A wind-stopping sleeve has just been patented by Dr. Jaeger, of London. It is made of elastic woolen material, designated to be sewn inside the sleeve of the coat or riding jacket. The elastic draws the end of the sleeve tightly around the wrist, thus preventing the wind from running up the sleeves.

A BUN FOR 1887 PROMATEURS.—One hundred guineas is offered to the first rider who will ride either a mile on the path in 2.25, and 22½ miles on the path in one hour, or 100 miles on the road in six hours, on any of the "Premier" make of bicycles.

Messrs. D. Rogers & Co., of Newark, have been cabled by the Cunard Company that the £1 shares are being rapidly taken up and the success of the company is assured. The idea of issueing shares at a popular price is a clever one, for if 1,000 wheelmen takes shares, the company has one thousand enthusiastic salesmen scattered throughout the country.

S. F. Heath & Co., of Minneapolis, will re-open Armory Hall bicycle school on Jan. 10. The medal offered for the highest mileage made by a Minnesota wheelman has been awarded to E. J. Hale, of Minneapolis.

Some English manufacturers take exception to the statement recently made by an American importer, who reported that every manufacturer in England considered the ball-bearing head as unnecessary. On the contrary it is reported that those manufacturers who have not used ball-bearing heads in the past, will fit them on their machines next year.

In about a month wheelmen will be visiting the repair shops to have their machines put in order. But at that time the repair shops are crowded, and exasperating delays, perhaps shoddy work, is the result. Sensible wheelmen will take time by the forelock, and send their machines to the repair shop at once. A most popular, cheap and conscientious repairer is Mr. Howard A. Smith, of Newark. He reports all his men very busy getting wheels in trim for next season.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Charles Schwalbach will shortly embark in the bicycle business in connection with Mr. Willdigg. The number of Royal Mails to be found in Brooklyn to-day, is largely due to his energy, and as agent for this excellent machine, what with a line of sundries, lawn-tennis goods, repair shop, riding school, and a rent and for sale and exchange business, there is no reason why the new firm should not be successful. We hope they will dig next season to some purpose.

Watches! Watches! for the holidays, and any other days. Risk an optic on Mr. Jens F. Pedersen's full page advertisement, and behold the cheapest lines of watches and jewelry in the market.

At a meeting of the Wheel Board of Trade, held at Boston last Friday, a black list was established, which is to include the names of all parties connected with the wheel interests of the country, who have been found to be unworthy of confidence.

INFORMATION FOR NOVICES.

Bicycling News PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE FIRST MILE RECORD.—Professional: J. Moore, at Molineaux Grounds, Wolverhampton, May 26, 1874; time, 3m. 01s. Amateur: Keith Falconer, Cambridge, Nov. 28, 1884, 3m. 16s.

REMOVING PAINT FROM BACKBONE.—"Scratch off with a knife, then rub lengthways with emery paper. 'Use rottenstone and fine sandpaper and finish off with turpentine.' 'A solution of 1 oz. of black ashes in 5 ozs. of boiling water, once rubbed over paint, will remove it immediately, or it can be burnt off with a spirit lamp or gas flame.' 'An ordinary blistering lamp, such as is used by painters, will remove paint.'"

THE BEST LUBRICANT.—"Singer's challenge" lubricating oil, or sperm oil, mixed with paraffin in proportions of five of sperm to one of paraffin. 'Sperm oil is the best lubricant. Paraffin run in the bearings and the wheels turned round, is an excellent thing for cleaning the bearings out, but they must afterwards be well oiled.' 'A good lubricant can be made by a mixture of glycerine, water and plumbago, which gives better results than oils and does not injure the rubber.'"

THE BROKEN SPOKE NUISANCE.

How to get a piece of broken spoke out of the hub. "Get a spoke of the same gauge, screw it in on top of the broken piece, and force it out the other side of the hub." "Get a ¼ inch round piece of steel, about a foot long; file at one end to fit in spoke-hole; after pointing it as a screwdriver, and tempering it, a handle should be fitted on the other end. Place the hardened end in the hub, tap with a hammer, then take hold of the handle and unscrew." Drill a small slit—same as the head of a screw—in the end of the broken spoken, and unscrew it from the hub with a gimlet or small screwdriver.

THE PEDAL MOUNT.

"Get a friend to hold the machine on the right side, place your left foot on the pedal at its lowest point, and let your assistant move the machine forward so as to lift you up into the saddle. After getting used to this operation you are soon able to mount by the pedal without aid. "Commence by running the bicycle along, and when the left pedal is *up* place your foot upon it, and, springing upwards with your right foot, try and stand upright upon the pedal during its descent. As it commences to rise, you will have to jump off, but with a little practice, you will be able to stand on the pedal during one or two revolutions. As the pedal rises bear as much of your weight upon the handles as possible, so as not to stop the machine by checking the pedal too much. Having learnt to stand on the pedal with confidence, all you have to do is to throw your right leg over the saddle as the pedal rises. It is best to get some one to hold the machine when you try to mount for the first time, or you will be likely to dive over the handles." "In running the machine along preparatory to mounting, you must hold it by the left handle, with your right hand on the back of the saddle, and as you jump, shift it to grasp the handle. Run beside the machine till you get up a good speed, and then, seizing both handles, firmly, place your foot on the pedal at its lowest point, and spring rapidly across

the saddle. Of course this wants a good deal of practice, but it is by no means an impossible feat. It should be practised with the machine up against a wall at first to get into the proper way of throwing the leg over, and then on a quiet road, leaning the bicycle slightly towards you, as in case of falling you should not fall far. This can only be done by practice. "The rider must run along with his machine for a few yards, and spring with his foot on the pedal just as it begins to rise. This will lift him towards the saddle, and the rest is easy. This must be done quickly, or a cropper is certain."

THE FIRST CYCLE RACE.—F. Powell, remarks that "The *Wheel World* for October, 1885, contains an article entitled 'Old Stories Retold,' in which he says that 'the first road race on record took place early one morning in August, 1873,' it being a contest between the Surrey and Middlesex B. C.'s. The ride was from Kennington Oval, London, to Brighton and back. It was won by the Surrey Club. I have not been able to discover whether a race ever took place on an inclosed ground before this or not." Theo. Staines states that "The first amateur championship was held at Lillie Bridge in 1871; distance four miles." W. C. Goulding writes: "The first reported bicycle race was held at New York (U. S. A.) on November 28th, 1868. The first English bicycle race reported seems to be Jack Keen's first victory at Richmond, in October, 1869." F. Wale discovers that "in 1871 the first race for the amateur bicycle championship was held at Lillie Bridge. The distance was four miles, and the time 16m. 25s."

HOW TO FASTEN A TYRE.

The most effectual way to fix tires in the fellos is to make cement as follows:—"Take some tyre cement, of a good make, and powder it as fine as possible. Put this into a wide-necked bottle, and add to it sufficient naphtha to make it like thin glue. It will take twenty-four hours to properly dissolve." F. Wale advises sufferers to remove the tyre, clean the rim of any dust or grit, and give it a coating of bicycle cement. Replace the tyre, taking care that it is perfectly free from dust and dirt, and heat the rim until the cement liquefies, and bubbles up under the tyre. Bind the tyre and rim round tightly, and let the cement cool. For additional security, bore a hole through the tyre, as close to the rim as possible, and just large enough to admit of a piece of thin copper wire being passed through it, the ends being joined under the rim. Several of those attachments round the wheel ought to keep the tyre on securely." W. C. Goulding recommends one, after having wiped the felloe and tyre clean, and replaced the latter, "To heat the rim by a jet of gas, or a tyre-heater, until the cement begins to ooze out, then bind the string, and give time to set. If there is only a little cement in the felloe more should be put in." A. R. B. Wyse thinks that "The best way to permanently fasten a tyre is to bind the loose part round the rim between every second spoke with a leather bootlace. I have found this to answer very well, and not to break with the friction of the road, even after a fortnight's use." F. Powell writes: "Get a cake of ordinary tyre cement, and melt slowly in an iron pot till in a fluid, pour a thin layer into the rim with a spoon, then put the tyre on.

The rim should then be slowly heated till the cement comes out at the side. The tyre should be worked about a little while the rim is hot, as the cement does not always run on the top, owing to the rubber keeping it cool. The waste cement should be cut off when cold, and the rim rubbed over with a rag dipped in paraffin." After this there should be no more loose tyres about.—*Bicycling News.*

A HOLIDAY JAUNT AWHEEL.

"Would you mind taking your vacation next Saturday?" was the question put to me by the gentleman in whose employ I was earning my bread and cheese, and an occasional glass of beer on Sundays.

"Well, sir! I should prefer to vacate a few weeks later, as I have made arrangements with some friends for a sojourn at the seaside (which arrangements my acceptance of this premature demand would, of course, quite upset), but, nevertheless, if I have the choice between now and some time around Christmas, I'll take the former opportunity."

Perhaps I had no alternative, but be that as it may, I found myself ruminating on the possibility of enjoying (?) three weeks' vacation with twenty-four hours' notice, and the chances of a possibly enjoyable trip at the seaside, at a considerable discount.

The fatal Saturday found me in no fitter mood, and I started out from my home in a northern suburb of the English metropolis that afternoon for a spin on my "trike" (it was far too windy and muddy for the two-wheeled commodity, which was, besides, in the "hospital"), hoping, by inhaling the rural atmosphere and gentle zephyrs (or, rather, boisterous hurricane), to allow my disappointed feelings to blow over—literally speaking—and to restore my frame of mind to a condition suited to reasoning out how I was to pass the three weeks' recreation from my daily toil.

Abjectly I took the old familiar road under Highgate Archway, through Quichley and up Barnet Hill to High Barnet, calling in, of course, at the "Old Salisbury," to take a drink and a better view of things generally, and, having duly registered, proceeded onward through Ridge Hill to St. Albans, and thence to Eaton, in which last city my advent was greeted by the hosts of girls who habitually sit on the grassy slopes on either side of the road, engaged in their vocation of straw plaiting. The last half-mile into the city is a delightful coast, which I, of course, availed myself of, much to the amusement of the above-mentioned damsels, who seemed inclined to try conclusions with the tricycle, which, however, being of a distinctive type adapted to male manipulation only, was not fitted to their fair feet and frolics. And consequently, returning their affectionate salutations in an equally affectionate manner, I finished my coast unmolested, and certainly improved in temper. Nothing of note occurred until my arrival at Bedford, where I had some friends upon whom I decided to call. Here a good dinner and a pleasant conversation resulted in my entire metamorphosis, and a sudden determination on my part to make this the beginning of a holiday trip on the road, to which effect I telegraphed my folks at home, having due regard for the feelings of uneasiness which would naturally result from a protracted absence, after leaving home in anything but a jocose state of mind.

Personally, I am not of the type of riders whose characteristic features are white shirts and patent leather shoes for touring purposes, so betaking myself to a neighboring store the next morning, I purchased such articles of dress and toilet as were absolutely necessary, and proceeded on my way to Northampton, a distance, so my informant told me, of "twenty-two miles; but they're Irish miles," which certainly was a truthful piece of information on his part, for never in the whole course of my cycling experiences, (which are many and various), have I encountered such a long twenty-two miles, in addition to which the road was uphill, and poor through long drought.

Northampton has many attractions for me, among others an abundance of fair representatives of the fair sex, so here I determined to stop for a day or two to look around, and then proceed to Birmingham, to stay for a few days with a friend, whose reply to a telegram from me advising him of my proposed visit, was an invitation for an extended stay at his house. The second day after my arrival at Northampton saw my departure thence, *via* Daventry, Dunchurch and Coventry to Birmingham. It was between Dunchurch and Coventry that I struck the finest piece of road that it was my pleasure to wheel over during the entire trip—a stretch of road which would equal in smoothness of surface a first-class racing track, having besides, the additional charms of delightful scenery in the distance, and a row of elm trees on either side, whence it derives its title of the "Avenue of Elms." In fact, so exhilarating was the effect of this capital riding, that I determined to make

A MOONLIGHT TRIP

over the same course the next evening. My moonlight trip resulted in my continually riding back and forth over the same beautiful stretch, not for *record making*, but simply because the *esprit du corps* of a wheelman had wrought in me a soul above ordinary macadamized roads, when such smoothness could be obtained gratis. But the folly of my enchantment brought about dire results. Back and forth I sped until a late hour—or rather, an early one in the morning—until, consulting my time-piece, I discovered it was too late for me to attempt to find a sleeping-place under cover that night. So, partly because I was fatigued, and partly because of the near relationship which necessity bears to invention, I determined to pass the night under the shelter of one of the elms referred to above; so, with my valise for a pillow, and securing my machine to my leg with the usual padlock, to prevent its removal from me, or vice-versa, I fell into the arms of Morpheus, from whose somniferous embrace I did not recover until the morning had far advanced, when, availing myself of a dip in running water from a brook, and a drop of something more potent from a flask, I returned to Birmingham, which town I intended making my headquarters for a day or two.

From this centre I made daily trips to Warwick, Leamington, Kenilworth (of strawberry fame), and Wolverhampton. The lover of "wiedness" will find ample food for reflection if he will wheel between Birmingham and Wolverhampton at night-time, for it is certainly both wierd and fantastic to see the men at the various factories and works along this road, in their half-nude state, working in the dull red glare of the

furnaces. It causes a feeling of awe and fantasy which cannot be well understood by those whose researches have not led them into similar districts.

After making several short trips in the vicinity, upon none of which I have time to dwell at length, I thought it about time to think of the return journey, not knowing what might occur to delay me. On the road home, I took in Worcester, Hereford, and Banbury, and wheeled thence back to Northampton, partly because that was the city referred to above as possessing charms for me, and partly because of my promise to call in at my Bedford friend's on my way home. The "long twenty-two" miles were made at a faster pace homeward than outward, and, beyond my being thrown over the handle-bars of my trike by a too sudden application of the brake to allow a lady to pass, was an unincidental journey. I was due at the office the following Monday. The previous day saw my departure from Bedford for home, a run of more than fifty-two miles. That history repeats itself is an undisputed fact, which perhaps accounts for a second adventure on that very hill outside Eaton, which is above recorded as witnessing my adventure with the fair sex. But on this occasion, however, Dame Fortune had chosen to smile at me "on the other side of her mouth," as the following will show. The hill, as already stated, was steep—very steep—consequently I elected to take matters easily, and jog along to the top at a slow and uniform gait. Now, it might have been the wind, or it might have been the exhilarating memories of the past, or, even at the worst, it might have been my last pilgrimage to the shrine of Bacchus, but, be that as it may, I certainly found that hill easier to surmount than I had anticipated, and having due regard to my wish to get home to dinner, I started a spurt to the top of the hill. The driving chain on my tricycle was of that pattern known as—but I won't advertise it, and was obliging enough to snap at my first effort to spurt, giving me the pleasure of a coast down hill, without even allowing me the alternative of a hasty dismount. But, to crown all, I had perforce to wait outside the church with a friend of a certain blacksmith, who worshipped within, which friend was good enough to "buttonhole" the disciple of Vulcan, who, for a small pecuniary consideration, bided him to his forge, and, plying the bellows vigorously to his fire and my flask to his lips, soon re-united the refractory chain, and I was once more on my way up the hill. But this time it was a "grind," possibly because the wind had changed.

To make up for lost time I sped onward through St. Albans, and did not dismount till I reached Barnet, where I again called at the Old Salisbury, registered, imbibed and departed, to reach home in good time for dinner, the last thirty miles being the fastest made throughout the trip.

On this tour I did not attempt to make distances in any one day, nor did I bind myself to reach any certain town by night, but took things as they came, averaging 50 to 60 miles per day. I arrived at home very much bronzed, not in the least fatigued, and in thorough physical condition, and, in conclusion, for thorough independence, general beneficial effects, and, above all, for an attack the "blues," let the seeker of the first two qualities and the sufferer from the last, try a trip awheel.

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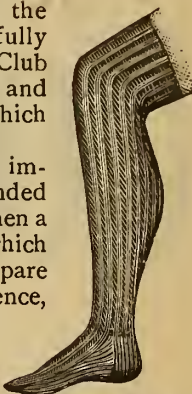
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