

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 2.

BOSTON, MASS., 8 OCTOBER, 1886.

FIVE CENTS.

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THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

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SHALL we go back to wooden wheels for tricycles? Time alone will answer this. For a bicycle they are out of the question, but for the three-wheeler they may yet come in.

THE promateur class is a failure. All are agreed upon this. No one that we have talked with has been more convinced of this than have some of the principal officers of the A. C. U. The A. C. U. has been allowed to try the experiment, and they will admit its failure. Now the success of the A. C. U. itself will be watched keenly. Can the new society find a work to do? Let us wait and see! Those of the League who are anxious to fight the Union, will find it a much better plan to let it alone.

Wheeling is still pegging away at the amateur law, and claims that it must soon go. The *World* does not follow up its crusade in a very lively manner, and has little to say about the "absurd law." The rule is still there.

COREY Hill still laughs at the secretary-editor. He sent a notice to the effect that he should conquer it. He returned to Philadelphia with only two scalps,—a ribbon from Kennedy Child's hat, and a victory over the chairman of the Racing Board in a walking match.

THE future will see no big money in cycle tournaments. Each race-promoting club must look to its immediate locality for support. Wheelmen need no longer travel hundreds of miles to see good racing. The multiplication of tracks has killed the big booms.

IN former years, Springfield was thronged with wheelmen from Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, and distant points, and the hotels were crowded. This year, the attendance from a distance was very small. The Citizens' did not come on from New York,—they went to Roseville; the Boston Clubs did not go to the races,—they went to Lynn. Springfield must support the boys in future.

THE League has acted in good faith toward the promateurs, but they have not done the same by the League. The prominent men of that class have refused to run at race meetings held under League rules, and managers have changed from League rules to A. C. U. rules in order to get the promateurs. All this may end in a counter movement on the part of the League, and if it does, the promateurs have only themselves to blame. The League is not disposed to start another war, but they may be forced to.

THE best riding in Massachusetts is along the sea coast north of Boston, but the shore hotels close with the summer season, and now that we have the best riding, we are not able to get the best accommodations.

THE ELLIOTT TRICYCLE.
MANUFACTURED BY THE STERLING CYCLE
COMPANY, 194 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

WHEN James Starley gave us the modern bicycle, it was said that he had corrected the faults of the boneshaker by reducing the size of the small wheel as well as by putting the rider over his work. Until within a year or two it was thought to be impossible to make a good bicycle without giving it a trailing wheel of small size. But the last year has seen a change in the ideas which men have held, for they have seen machines of the Rover type doing good work by the side of the ordinary, and correcting one fault,—the vibration necessarily coming from a very small wheel. The objection to the Rover type of bicycle has been its weight; but that is being done away with, and we believe it will prove a dangerous rival to the ordinary form of machine in the near future. We do not think it will sup-

plant it, but it will find a field of usefulness for itself. It has shown us, however, that we have not been altogether correct in our preconceived notions regarding the requisites for a good bicycle. Is it not possible, then, that our ideas regarding the things necessary for a good tricycle are not so broad as they might be? The Sterling Cycle Company enters the field with a tricycle that has not one of the features heretofore deemed absolutely essential to the perfect wheel, and yet wheelmen who have seen it pronounce it a marvel of excellence, and tell us that it will be a great success. It comes without the spider wheel, without a rubber tire, without ball bearings, without a differential gear. Wheelmen who have been told this have laughed incredulously. They have been shown the tricycle, and have pronounced it the coming wheel.

Wooden Wheels.—The wheels are made of second growth hickory, tough as whip stock, yielding to roughness of the road, flexible but unbreakable. In appearance they are as graceful as any spider wheel that we have seen, and in weight they are much less. A test of the weight of a spider wheel and this wooden one was made the other day. A wheel was taken from a tricycle that is called one of the lightest made, and it scaled eleven and a half pounds. Both large wheels of the Elliott were put into the scale, and the two together weighed exactly eleven and a half pounds. So far as durability goes, few will question which wheel will last the longer after seeing the two together. We think a vote taken even among wheelmen would declare strongly in favor of the wooden wheel. Anxious to investigate this thing as closely as possible, we visited a well-known carriage maker of this city, and asked him what he thought of the relative merits of the wooden and the spider wheel for light vehicles. He told us that he had made many experiments with the spider wheel, and others in the trade had worked in this direction. They had seen the results coming from the bicycle, and they thought that the same would come by the employment of the wheel in trotting sulkies and in light buggies. All their experiments had failed. The wire wheel, if made light, would not stand the side strain put upon it in turning corners; and if made heavy, they lost just what they were aiming at. He told us that they could make a tough wheel of wood that would stand ten times the strain that a wire wheel of equal weight would, and we were shown a wheel that had been in use eighteen years, and though it was very light, it seemed to be good for another eighteen years. The driving wheels on the Elliott tricycle are thirty-six inches, and the small wheel is twenty inches.

Steel and Leather Tires.—The tire is made of steel and leather. The inventor tells us that he employs the steel for strength, and puts the leather on to deaden

the noise and to prevent the pounding upon the roads from stretching the metal tire. He believes that the power of rubber to save vibration has been overrated, so far as the tricycle goes, and he urges some of the objections which have always been raised against the rubber tire, namely, the fact that one is always pushing against the uphill caused by the depression of the rubber on the ground, the weight of such a tire, and also the expense. The tire used in the Elliott is of thin steel turned up at the edges, and into the groove thus formed a piece of leather is crowded and firmly fastened. As the tire is made, there is no danger to be apprehended from stretching or from cutting, and if by any possibility one should have his tire destroyed, a new one could be put on for about one fifth the price asked for a rubber tire.

Aside from the wheels, the machine is made of the very best English seamless drawn tubing, and the best of steel where that metal is necessary. It is a handle-bar, automatic steerer, with a wheel base forty-one inches long, and a steering arrangement of great simplicity and effectiveness.

It employs lever action and a clutch in its driving mechanism. The clutch is noiseless and perfect in its action. By turning a crank at the top of the steering post, one can gear the machine down very low or up very high, stopping at any intermediate point. A dial with a moving finger shows one at a glance just where the machine is geared to. Wheelmen have urged a number of objections to appliances for gearing up and gearing down. These objections are briefly these: They are expensive, heavy, and complicated, and, moreover, one must be geared very high or very low. None of these objections can be urged against the Elliott. By moving the fulcrum of the lever, a change is easily made from one power to another, and this is done with a device which is very simple, of little weight, and of trifling expense. The device does not add a quarter of a pound to the weight of the machine nor a dollar to its expense, and one can gear high, low, or to any intermediate point.

The machine for heaviest riders will weigh fifty pounds, and for ladies it will be made to weigh forty pounds. The Elliott is no experiment. It has been in use upon the road for a year, and it has been tested under all possible conditions. Sterling Elliott, the inventor, has shown the people of Newton what could be done on his little wheel, and in that city there is a very active demand for a duplicate of the wheel that they have seen him ride over the snow and ice of winter and under the summer's sun. He is a man of small physique, and yet he has driven the wheel up Corey Hill, and has also climbed Locke's Hill at Watertown on it. No other machine has climbed Locke's Hill at Watertown. Many have tried it, and many have claimed that they have climbed it, but it has been discovered that those who went up, did so on the asphalt sidewalk. Mr. Elliott is the only man that has climbed the hill on the roadway, and we would wager large odds that on the ordinary tricycle he could not get up Corey Hill, which is much less of a climb than Locke's Hill. The Elliott wheel allows one to gear down so that such a feat as this is

possible for the ordinary rider, and then by a turn of a crank one is ready for a spurt along the level with a machine geared to sixty-four.

For ladies, the machine is particularly a good one. Many would-be riders have urged the objection that there is too much knee movement on the ordinary machine with its long cranks. On the Elliott, one can take a long or a short stroke, as he pleases, and the weaker sex will appreciate the power to gear down when they come to a hard hill. The machine has been ridden by many ladies who are loud in its praises. The tricycle will be put upon the market by a company that has ample capital at its control, and it is in the hands of men who know what a good machine is, and who pin their faith upon the success of this. Contracts have been awarded for building a large number of machines, and the early spring will see the company ready to meet all demands. They do not stop with a single tricycle, but have plans for a tandem, which will weigh not over seventy-five pounds, and sell for about half the price of those now on the market. The single machine will be put upon the market for about \$100, and agencies will be established in the several cities. The names of those interested in the wheel are not unknown to the wheel world. These are the officers of the Sterling Cycle Company: President, Elliot C. Lee; secretary, Abbot Bassett; treasurer, Chas. A. Holmes; Mechanical Engineer, Sterling Elliott; directors, the above-named gentlemen, together with Geo. D. Gideon, of Philadelphia, and Chas. H. Potter, of Cleveland.

TAPPING THE WIRES.

BY FAED.

THE science of telegraphy has always had a charm for me, and therefore it was with alacrity that I accepted an invitation to visit some relations in Westershire with the object of advising my uncle, who was the proprietor of the *Westershire News*, upon a point of difficulty which had arisen in his arrangements for obtaining telegraphic intelligence from the metropolis. Losing no time, I packed my bank holiday bag the same evening, and started from London for Boxton, the little county town in which my relations lived. Darkness put an end to my riding when some thirty miles on the road, and having retired to rest early, I arose at daybreak and sallied forth in fine weather to complete the journey. No event of any consequence occurring during the day, I arrived at nightfall at my friends' house in the old-fashioned main street of Boxton, and having surrendered my favorite, although somewhat rickety, semi-racer to the care of the servants, I was soon ensconced in the little dining-room in animated conversation with cousins and aunts, who pestered me with those innumerable questions as to how was So-and-so, and how was So-and-so, and how was — every one, in fact, with whom we were mutually acquainted; questions to which I returned a general answer that everybody was quite well as far as I knew, and everybody sent their love to the women and their kind regards to the men, and that I was deucedly hungry, so just hand me that tongue, Alf, and cut the bread-and-butter a wee bit thicker, please, Bessie, and — you,

Jim, leave off surreptitiously dropping the sugar into my tea unless you want to be choked with it yourself; and — yes, Joey, I will take some more marmalade, thanks. In the course of an hour or so the edge began to be taken off my enormous appetite, and I was more at liberty to answer the young ladies' solicitous inquiries as to how many girls I had fallen in love with lately, and how many new photographs adorned my prize album, and whether I had seen Mr. Nyceyungman, of the Cockney B. C., since the ball, and so forth — passing the evening thus, lazily blowing a cloud from my pet briar, until my uncle came home and the family retired for the night.

The following morning my uncle invited me to accompany him to his office, where a confabulation took place on the subject of the newspaper and its telegraphic derangement. I learnt that, in consequence of the building in which the paper had been printed for fifty years past having shown signs of unsafety, it had been necessary to rebuild the premises, and in order to carry on the publication during the time the reconstructing operations were in progress, it had been requisite to remove the plant and machinery to other buildings. No suitable place being obtainable in the town, the opportunity had been seized to rent a vacant cotton-mill in a village eight miles away, and the whole apparatus, type, machines, and all, had been removed to this mill, in which the *Westershire News* had been printed for three weeks and despatched by vans to the town and railway station for distribution amongst the other towns in the county. The only difficulty which had arisen consisted in the necessity for the late telegrams which were wired from London to Boxton post-office, being expeditiously conveyed thence to the printing office, and at first this was overcome by my cousins Jim and Joe, who attended at the post-office with their bicycles and rode off every half-hour with the telegrams as they arrived, just before press time; thus the paper was delayed only by the half-hour lost in riding the eight miles, and for the first week all had gone on swimmingly, and my uncle was congratulating himself on the facility with which his temporary arrangements were working. But the course of journalism never did run smooth, and suddenly matters assumed a mysterious appearance, which threatened to seriously injure the old county paper. It happened that there was another printer in Boxton who had hitherto confined his talents to such humble objects as printing circulars, billheads, cards, and paper bags for the tradespeople, but who, seeing in the temporary derangement of the *News*' printing an opportunity to advance his own interests, had suddenly launched forth upon the astonished natives a publication denominated the *Boxton Journal and County Telegraph*, which was artfully arranged to be published just an hour before the time at which the vans from the *News*' factory brought the copies of the senior paper into town. And not only was this so; but the *Boxton Journal* actually came out with the full text of every one of the special telegrams wired from London by the *News*' correspondents, so that the sale and reputation of the old paper threatened to be seriously impaired. The post-office had been communicated with at once, and strict

watch had been kept over the clerks at the instruments, with a view to the discovery of the delinquent who, it was supposed, made fraudulent use of his position to supply copies of the *News*' telegrams to the *Journal* printer; but the integrity of the telegraphists was found to be unassailable, and the mystery of how the information reached the opposition printer was not cleared up at the time of my visit, and my uncle appealed to me in the dilemma to endeavor to elucidate it.

He had purposely sent for me before appealing to the authorities in London, knowing my infatuation with the mysteries of electrical science, and my delight was unbounded at being thus placed in the position of a skilled detective. I saw at once, as the Telegraph Maintenance people in London would have immediately guessed, that it was a case of "tapping the wires," and promptly begged my uncle to leave the affair in my hands, instead of sending for official assistance in tracing the fraud. This he willingly agreed to do, and I commenced to lay my plans the same morning.

With the assistance of Jim and Joe, a map was sketched out embracing the country from the Boxtan post-office for ten miles up the main road toward London, by the side of which the telegraph wires ran. Inquiries were judiciously made of the people in a house opposite the *Journal* office as to the movements of young Clayton, the printer's son, who was a member of the local bicycle club, and who, I shrewdly suspected, was not altogether ignorant of the means whereby the wire-tapping was performed. These inquiries resulted in the discovery that the young man in question had been observed to ride out of town on the evening before every publishing day, returning hurriedly to the office very late at night. Satisfied with this clew, I mounted my machine, and started with my cousins for a ride up the road, keeping an eye on the telegraph wires all the way, and making notes of every spot where the uniformity of the posts was disturbed by villages or hills, and especially noting the places where the roofs and corners of the houses were utilized to carry the wires upon. This inspection convinced me that the irregular manner in which the wires were carried was very favorable to the designs of any person who wished to tamper with them, and by the time we had retraced our wheel-tracks and reached home again, I was able to promise my uncle that the mystery would speedily be cleared. That day was not a publishing day, the *News* and the *Journal* being issued only three times a week, so that nothing could be done but make preparations for the following evening. What these preparations were I need not detail, but their object will be understood when I state that at seven o'clock the next evening I rode down the Boxtan High street, clad in hybrid costume, which, with a pair of mutton-chop whiskers which had done duty behind the footlights in Box and Cox, effectually prevented any of the natives recognizing me. Dismounting at the Touring Club headquarters, I took up a position at the coffee-room window, from which a view of the *Journal* office could be obtained, and had not waited long ere I was gratified to see the printer's son wheel out his bicycle and mount, riding leisurely down the street as though on pleas-

ure bent. With a precisely similar air of nonchalance I left the hotel and mounted my machine, following the man in front at a distance at which I kept him in sight without his hearing my bell. When clear of the town his pace quickened, and he spun along the smooth gravel road at a rate which necessitated my leaning over in my favorite "grasshopper" racing position to keep him in view. Mile after mile he went, at a pace which convinced me that even if he was a villain, he was at least a powerful rider, and I had just concluded that I should want a score yards start of him in every mile, when he suddenly eased up and dismounted at the entrance to a little group of cottages called by courtesy a village. Hastily drawing under the shadow of the hedge, I watched him enter the inn, and instinctively turned my gaze upward to the telegraph wires, seeing—yes, the wire was hung to an insulator attached to the corner of the inn, for convenience in crossing the road, which curved somewhat sharply just there. After a few minutes, during which my heart gradually resumed the normal rate of its pulsations, and the perspiration on my face diminished by degrees, I resumed the saddle and rode carelessly up to the house, entering by the same door Clayton had gone in at, and calling for a glass of claret and a cigar, lounged about awaiting further developments. No sign of my man was apparent, excepting his bicycle, which stood in the yard, and it was upwards of an hour before he came hurriedly downstairs, and lighting his lamp, started off without more than a commonplace remark to me that it was getting late and he must start for home. Watching the red light swinging about in his wheel till he was out of sight, I exchanged a few parting remarks with the garrulous old lady who presided over the establishment, and lighting up both my lamps, swung into the saddle and treadled along the road to Boxtan, satisfied that the next morning's issue of the *Journal* would be the last to contain the special late news telegraphed by the *News*' London correspondents.

The next morning out came the *Journal* with every item of intelligence as certainly, but ingeniously paraphrased so as to appear as though dispatched from the metropolis by a different person from the *News*' representative. The usual inquiry at the post-office resulted, as we knew it would, in the statement that no telegram whatever had been received at the office for the *Journal*, and in compliance with my request the master gave orders for a Maintenance man to place himself in readiness to follow my instructions that evening, and having told the man to provide a quarter-mile of covered wire, a Morse transmitting instrument, battery, and tools, I departed to my uncle's office, where a deep and wily plot was hatched for the utter annihilation of the *Journal*, not only by the stoppage of its wire-tapping practices, but also by—but that will come out anon.

So, to occupy the hours during which we were waiting for darkness to bring the opportunity for arranging our fell designs, I will explain for the benefit of unlearned readers that "wire-tapping" is very easily performed on a telegraph wire, and the result of my observations at the rural inn had convinced me as surely as possible of the

means whereby the *Journal* surreptitiously obtained cognizance of the telegrams sent to Boxtan post-office for the *News*. I knew at once, as well as if I had been up-stairs in the little corner bedroom which young Clayton engaged permanently, that there was a telegraphic instrument—probably locked up in a box or cupboard of which he kept the key—which was connected by a wire to the telegraph line coming from London, and by another wire to the line running on to Boxtan. The connection round the insulators being cut caused the electric current to flow through and actuate this instrument, so that the current was not actually interrupted in its progress, but anybody wishing to know what messages were passing along the wires could ascertain by setting the clockwork in motion, and thus obtaining a duplicate of the message which was running through the instrument and being received simultaneously at the Boxtan post-office. Clayton, knowing the hour at which the correspondent of the *News* despatched his intelligence, came to this inn and obtained a copy of the telegram as it passed through his instrument; and thus, riding straight back to the *Journal* office as soon as he was placed in possession of the coveted news, was able to print the matter actually sooner than the rightful owners of it, who had to carry the telegrams from the Boxtan post-office to the factory eight miles off, and by the defrauding *Journal* being printed on the spot another hour was gained ere the vans could bring the copies of the *News* into town.

Having explained this to my readers, as I explained it to my uncle, I will suppose the intervening hours of daylight to have passed, and carry the narrative to ten o'clock on the same night, when two muffled figures might have been observed to leave the Boxtan post-office in a dog-cart, and to drive away along the London road, followed by two bicyclists—Jim and Joe—riding without lamp or bell. The inn before mentioned was passed in silence, and a couple of hundred yards around the corner a stoppage was made, dark lanterns produced, and the horse tethered to a telegraph post, up which one of the muffled figures—none other than the present writer—shinned, bearing in his teeth a pair of wire-cutting pliers, and round his arm the end of a fine silken-covered wire. The London-to-Boxton wire being selected from the three on the post, was carefully plaited round with the loose silk-covered wire, which was then run down the back of the post, with a brad every yard to secure it, and *terra firma* being regained, the coil of the wire was insulated behind the hedge and carried round the field so as to rejoin the road again on the Boxtan side of the inn; wire another post was climbed, the Boxtan wire joined, and the end of the loose wire joined to it. This accomplished, and the junction being tested and proven by the galvanometer, the wire between this post and the inn was cut, and its end run into the ground, so that the current was now diverted through the length of wire which passed through the fraudulent instrument at the inn, round the inn and through our insulated wire here, for to me. But our plot did not cease ton's instrument cut the current off Clay-guard, so a return had have put him on his made to the post first

manipulated, and the end of a short length of silk-covered wire was attached to the end of the wire running to the inn, the other extremity of this short wire being hidden at the back of the post in readiness for the morrow. Then, in high glee, we returned to the town, and impatiently awaited the time for the upshot of the adventure. Nine o'clock was the time at which the *News* representative was in the habit of despatching his "copy," so by eight I was at my post and had connected the concealed end of my loose wire to a transmitting instrument with battery complete, and sat, concealed by a thick clump of bushes, awaiting the signal of my cousin which should tell of the coming of the wire-tapper, who was to have *his* wire tapped so nicely by me.

Soon it came, and directly Clayton was inside the inn I commenced sending supposititious telegrams along the wire which ran from my battery, through his secret instrument, to the ground on the other side, where it was run to earth, but which, as he thought, came direct from London and went right on to Boxton. Commencing by despatching imaginary messages to various people in Boxton, such as from Piers & Spond, London, to Mr. Karkuss, butcher, Boxton, requesting him to send thirty extra sheep by the next market train; or from Mr. Quiverful, of London, to Mr. Quiverful, Sen., of Boxton, announcing that Mrs. Q. had just presented him with twins,—mother and children doing well,—I at last started on the telegram which was supposed to come for the *News*, and kept tapping away at my Morse key for nearly an hour ere I had sent Mr. Clayton all the "special news from our London correspondent"; then with the usual concluding signals, I resumed the despatch of dummy tradesmen's messages. In a few minutes I heard the tinkle of Clayton's bell as he sped down the road to Boxton, bearing the messages which I had wired to him from my clump of bushes, but which he fondly imagined were the genuine particulars of the latest news from London. Quitting my post, then, and telling the Maintenance man to pack up the instrument, I adjourned to the inn, and in the course of casual conversation ascertained that Mr. Clayton rented the little corner bedroom permanently,—and, "Yes, sir, there was a heavy box fixed on a shelf in the corner, which he always kept locked; would I like to see it?" "Ye—s, I might as well," said I; and up I went with the talkative landlady, the mysterious box on the shelf in the corner being, on a close inspection, found to be firmly nailed to the wall, through which, upon opening the window and craning my neck round, I found a small hole drilled for the passage of a wire, whose end was attached to the telegraph line at the insulator.

Driving back into Boxton with my companion the Maintenance man, I explained progress to the postmaster, and told him to look out for the startling news which would appear in the morrow's *Journal*.

That evening a merry and hilarious party assembled round my uncle's supper-table, peals of laughter constantly now I had through the house as I narrated news, but not only stopped the robbish telegrams sent the most ridiculous infallibly lead for the *Journal*, which proprietor's villany to the exposure of

and the downfall of his paper, whilst as to that young Clayton,—"Well," said my pretty cousin Bess, "he will just get nicely paid out for his impudence and rudeness, winking at us girls whenever we happen to be walking where he is out riding."

At an unusually early hour the following morning the household was astir, and arm and arm with Joe and Jim I strolled down the High Street, to the office of the *Boxton Journal and County Telegraph*, where a great commotion was visible, and newsboys were rushing out of the office in a state of wild agitation, shouting wildly the items of news, whose nature was displayed in unusually imposing characters on the bills. It would be too tedious to dilate upon the excitement which thrilled through Boxton that morning, when the *Journal* published "Special Telegram from our own London Correspondent," announcing amongst other things that the Queen had abdicated the throne on account of France and Ireland having declared war with England; that Mr. Gladstone had been cast into the Tower of London as a traitor; that a fire of unprecedented magnitude was raging in the wealthiest part of the city; that the Bank of England had been attacked by an armed mob and was in imminent danger, and a few other choice morsels of similar purport. A double consignment of the *Journal* had been sent to all the towns in the county, by an early train, and still copies were being sold as fast as the machines could impress them, whilst, as yet, no *Westershire News* had made its appearance, my uncle having purposely delayed it so as to give time for the enemy to intensify his own ruin.

By and bye, rumbling down the High Street, came the *News* vans, and the eager townspeople rushed for copies of the old paper, to see if any further intelligence of the appalling news was contained in it. An unusually calm and placid countenance was turned to the excited populace by the stolid driver of the first van, and as the quires of the *News* were coolly distributed amongst the surrounding agents, blank astonishment was depicted on the features of the readers when they found that not a word of the *Journal's* alarming intelligence was contained in the contemporary.

Reader, it is needless for me to detail how the secret soon got wind, and how the swindling proprietor of the *Boxton Journal* and his son took the earliest opportunity of slinking out of the town, into which they never returned, the *Westershire News* being left in the situation. A long article sole master of its next issue, detailing the appearance which its news had been confirmed by Clayton, and how the "tapping of the wires" had been detected and stopped by the nephew of the proprietor, to whose love of fun was due the alarming announcements contained in the last issue of the *Boxton Journal and County Telegraph*. This story soon spread throughout the county, and Messrs. Clayton & Son were never seen in it again. What became of them I know not, but the popular impression in the neighborhood is that they betook them to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," where newspaper enterprise flourishes under the guidance of men who are up to similar tricks to that performed by "tapping the wires."

LIST of cycling patents granted 28 September, 1886, furnished by N. L. Collamer, patent attorney, Washington, D. C.

H. A. King, Springfield, Mass. (3) velocipedes.

Walter Phillips, Coventry, Eng., velocipede.

George Trubel, Macomb, Ill., oil can.

CYCLETs.

THE yachtsmen have been trying to get a breeze, and for want of it the race was given up. Meantime the wind blowed too hard to satisfy wheelmen, and no very fast time was made at the tournaments. These things are not well adjusted.

Do you want a good picture of the secretary-editor? Then send us fifty cents and get a large full-length view.

GASKELL showed us at Lynn what could be done on a Marlboro' Club tricycle. His victory was a great surprise, but he earned it.

A CHELSEA wheelman saw a fluttering piece of paper on his tire and tried to brush it off. It adhered firmly and he dismounted to take it off, when to his surprise he found it to be a dollar bill. If we could get a wheel that would pick up dollar bills from the road, money would be no object. We have found that they take the bills out of a man's pocket. It seems no easy task for a wheel to take money out of a man's pocket, but it only needs a few weeks' experience with the wheel to prove it possible.

Recreation publishes pictures and a description of the track at Roseville, N. J.

LAST Friday night the Somerville Cycle Club members gave a complimentary dinner at the Quincy House, to their popular president, William R. Maxwell.

THE *World* copied its report of the Lynn races, else how did it fall into the error of crediting Rich with a mile on the tricycle in 2.51 $\frac{2}{5}$ in the three-mile tricycle handicap the last day? It claims a best on record for Rich. This is a mistake the dailies fell into. The official sheets sent to the press gave the time for the mile as 3.21 $\frac{2}{5}$ as we had it. The dailies gave the time taken for the limit man and it does not belong to Rich, nor is it a record. Mr. Merrill, the timer, assures us that our figures are right. And yet the *World* says it never copies.

THE Chelsea Club will hold a road race 23 Oct.

ARE we going back to wooden wheels? See what is said elsewhere about the Elliott tricycle.

FURNIVALL says that Sanders Sellers is the fastest amateur on the path. The world would say something quite different.

A. J. WILSON and G. P. Mills have covered a hundred miles on the road in 6 h. 47 m. on a tandem, 13 Sept., and 50 miles in 3.5.

JOHN ILLSTON, of Hartford, is going back to England. He hopes to ride as an amateur over there, though he has raced with promateurs here.

In these days of makers' amateurism, why have not the fair sex asserted that supremacy which we poor men are so ready to ad-

mit they possess? We have makers' amateurs and bookmakers' amateurs, why should we not have dressmakers' amateurs? Look to it, ye fair ones! — *Wheeling*.

HILLIER suggests that, as Americans like to do big things, they get up an extended run from Cape Horn to Alaska. We'll do that yet, Mr. Hillier.

THE instance of a father and son winning races in two different kinds of sports in an afternoon must be of very rare occurrence, but such was the case, if we are correctly informed, last Saturday. Dr. F. J. Furnivall was one of the winning crew in a sculling fours race on the Thames; while his son, P. Furnivall, the record-breaker, put two magnificent challenge trophies to his credit at the Surrey B. C. races on the same day. — *News*.

THE case of C. D. Renton against Dr. Beckwith has been dismissed.

ALLARD, the English tricyclist, who was with us last year, preferred to go to Holland this year. He returned laden down with prizes.

H. D. COREY sailed for England on Tuesday.

THE influence of Boston is very great. Secretary-Editor Aaron was with us but a few days, and yet he goes home and talks about Stall's coloptenoid bicycle.

ONLY one amateur record broken in the tricycle list at the fall tournaments, and no bicycle records.

W. H. HUNTLEY will make another trial for a twenty-four hour bicycle record on Monday.

IT appears after all that Will Robertson, of Washington, was not so idiotic as the newspaper accounts would lead one to believe. He did ride over the coping of the Cabin John's bridge at a dizzy altitude, and the latter part of the journey on the big wheel alone, but there was a rope tied around the body of the cyclist, the other end of which was held by friends, and another line was attached to the machine and was secured to the ground.

ENGLAND is promised the sight of a Chinese fancy rider that can do astounding feats on a bicycle. Among other things, he rides upon an inclined wire.

Singer's new safety bicycle is thus described: The two wheels are of the same size, — the front, of course, being the steerer, the back the driver, — the handles and saddle are adjustable, a powerful brake acts on the front wheel, and a pair of foot-rests are fitted to make the rider thoroughly appreciate downhill work. Those who have ridden it pronounce it a fine machine, and three hundred orders have been booked before a machine has been got ready for the market.

THE members of the Chelsea Club have been not a little pained that one of their strong riders has practically given up riding. A friend accounted for this by saying that it was a case of *latitude*, but he did n't give her name.

SPRINGFIELD has not yet lost faith in Hendee, and his victories over Rowe at Roseville sends joy to many hearts. Lynn still swears by Rowe.

PHILADELPHIA, Boston, and Springfield set out for a little walk at Lynn last Saturday. The distance was from the Lynn cycle track grounds to the depot at Central square. The Racing Board was walked right off its feet at the very beginning, and soon sought refuge in a horse-car, where it contentedly surveyed the exhibition of pedestrianism by Philadelphia and Springfield. The pedestrians came in with flying colors (they certainly were glowing colors) much exhilarated by their exercise, and the way they gloated over the Racing Board made that body grateful that it had n't got to accompany them all the way to Boston. — *Springfield Union*.

THE Racing Board representative makes no claim to pedestrianism. He was very anxious to show the superiority of the wheel, and he did so.

THERE has recently been put on exhibition at Eckhardt's the largest regular bicycle ever made. It is a 64-inch Columbia, and was specially made at the Weed Company's factory, for a Texas man who is six feet, seven inches tall. — *Hartford Courant*.

FRED G. WARNER, of Hartford, started last Friday morning, at Charter Oak Park, to make a 100-mile bicycle ride on the track. He had covered 25 miles when the wind became too violent to admit of good time, and he stopped. His time for 25 miles was 1.47.

THE promateur movement has been a dire, dismal, and decided failure. — *Herald*.

COL. AND MRS. ALBERT A. POPE left Boston Friday for a pleasure trip to Old Point Comfort, and subsequently through the Shenandoah valley, visiting Natural Bridge and the Sulphur Springs. The colonel will also inspect old Fort Hell, one of the most important and the nearest fortification to the enemy, and which he commanded during the war.

THE London papers are telling about a new tricycle cab or "three-wheeler" which has just passed the usual police inspection, and is now duly licensed for hire in the streets. I am told ~~says the London~~ and roomy, that ladies' dresses cannot get spoiled by coming in contact with the muddy wheel, and that the driver can be communicated with without dislocation of the neck. All that is needed for its success is, it is said, that passengers should be satisfied that, with its odd-looking single wheel in front, it is by no means dangerous. In all probability this is what cyclers know as the Coventry Chair.

MALTBY, the fancy rider, is astonishing the Australians.

THE latest thing in Newcastle is a rider of a Premier Safety, who mounts his machine and fixes himself between the shafts of a phaeton which he gayly drags after him. Not too gayly they tell us, when he comes to some of those hills we remember. — *Wheeling*.

Oh, vat ish all dis earthly pliss?

Oh, vat ish man's soocess?

And vat ish heaps of oder dings?

And vat is happiness?

Dot Overman got Rhodesy

Eggpecially to vin,

But ven dot Billy Rowe coom rount,

Oh, vere vas dot Rhodes bin?

GET a picture of the Columbia team and trainers. They are all there, Rowe, Hendee, Burnham, Adams, Wendell, Cornish, Atkins, and a few more.

A DUBLIN rider was very much annoyed at the noise made by some filings in the backbone of a new bicycle he had just purchased, and bringing the machine back to the agent, he instructed him to unbrazed the forks, and get out the filings, no matter what the expense might be. The agent, however, knew a trick worth two of that, and, without saying anything, he poured a quantity of thick varnish down the backbone, which effectually quieted the filings. The owner, when he received back the bicycle, was delighted, and asserted that it was the best performed job he had ever seen; and when the agent stated that the charge was nothing, he departed, lost in astonishment at the generosity of any one refusing payment for a job of such magnitude as unbrazing hind-wheel forks. — *Irish Cyclist*.

THE annual fall run of the ladies to the North Shore will occur on the 14th, and continue three days. On Thursday, leave Copley square at 9 A. M., and run to Magnolia; Friday, run around the Cape; Saturday, through Essex and to Newburyport; from Newburyport, return by train, or over the road on Sunday. Some dozen ladies are already booked for the run, and all lady riders are cordially invited. For further particulars, address Mr. Charles Richards Dodge, Willow Cottage, Magnolia; or the Editor.

THOMAS STEVENS AND OUTING.

EDITORIAL ROOMS OUTING,
140 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of *The Cycle*: Dear Sir — At the last meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, held in Boston, a statement was made by one of the prominent speakers, calling attention to the character of Thomas

It was hinted that this gentleman belonged to a class of riders who are ~~hired to make~~ particular makes of bicycles.

As Mr. Stevens is now crossing India and close to the Chinese frontier, this slanderous statement will not reach him for many weeks. Will you kindly allow me, therefore, to state: —

First. That Thomas Stevens is making the tour of the world solely as special correspondent of *Outing*.

Second. That he is at perfect liberty to ride any style of bicycle he chooses.

Third. That his expenses are paid exclusively and entirely by *Outing*.

Fourth. That no special manufacturing interests have anything to say in regard to *Outing*, the entire and sole control being vested in the Editor. I am,

Yours very truly,

POULTNEY BIGELOW, per C. E. C.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

OCTOBER is upon us, and now we must ride. Household cares must be thrown to the wind, and we must be out and about. Now is the time of the yellow leaf and the exhilarating atmosphere. We feel that the

CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

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GEO. M. HENDEE.....5 "	W. M. WOODSIDE.....1 "	ROBT. JAMES.....2 "
E. P. BURNHAM.....4 "	J. S. PRINCE.....2 Views.	P. S. BROWN.....2 "
C. P. ADAMS.....4 "	T. W. ECK.....2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH.....2 "
W. A. RHODES.....3 "	W. E. CRIST.....2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES.....3 "	H. G. CROCKER.....2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE.....1 View.	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
A. B. RICH.....3 Views.	R. A. NEILSON.....	D. E. HUNTER.....
FRED FOSTER.....3 "	FRED WOOD.....2 "	

GROUPS.

HENDEE, ROWE, and BURNHAM.
COLUMBIA TEAM, MANAGER and TRAINERS.
OFFICIALS AT SPRINGFIELD.
GROUP CONTAINING RICH, IVES, WILLIAMS,
GASKELL, FOSTER, and NEILSON.

VICTOR TEAM.
OFFICIALS AT LYNN.
START OF HENDEE and ROWE RACE.
STARTS AT LYNN.

VIEWS.

SPRINGFIELD TRACK.
POPE TENT AT SPRINGFIELD; Interior and Exterior.
LYNN TRACK.

OVERMAN TENT AT SPRINGFIELD.
COLUMBIA TRAINING QUARTERS AT LYNN and
SPRINGFIELD.

WM. A. ROWE.

We have pictures of Wm. A. Rowe in Citizen's Dress and in Racing Costume. These are full length, bust or three quarter size, at fifty cents each. We have a large panel picture, half length, 7x14, suitable for Club Rooms. Price, \$2.00.

ANY OF THE ABOVE, UNMOUNTED, FORTY CENTS.

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THE CYCLE,

22 School Street - - - - Boston, Mass.

season is rapidly passing away, and the time is too precious to be lost. November will soon come, when the opportunity for riding is among the unknown possibilities.

Do you believe in destiny? I confess that I am inclined to that way of thinking, after certain experiences that I have had; for fate seems to will that our little riding coterie shall not get to a certain weird spot in the Middlesex Fells about which much has been said and written.

A FRIEND of ours visited this place in the early summer, and her description of it afterward filled us with a keen desire to go there and drink in the natural beauties. It involves a ride of some thirty miles over good roads, but this is a task of easy accomplishment, and did not stand in the way of our reaching the place. And yet the summer has gone and we are not there.

OUR first attempt was made early in the summer, when, in response to a call for a run, some five or six ladies met at a rendezvous, and started out for a day's run, with lunches packed in baskets carried behind the machines. The first part of our trip was uneventful, and everything pointed to a pleasant excursion; but, alas! when we had covered half the distance, black clouds arose in the west, and we heard the warning notes of a tempest given in the voice of thunder. We turned our wheels homeward, but did not escape the shower. We rode the last three miles in a pelting rain, and arrived home in a drenched and bedraggled condition. We might have saved a wetting; but there was a spirit of bravado abroad, and the girls wanted to show the world that they were afraid of neither the rain nor the lightning.

THE next attempt saw only three wheels at the rendezvous. The riders were well used to the wheel, and there were no weaknesses. We expected to make the run in very quick time, but we were again brought face to face with the lines of the Scotch poet, who tells us that —

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy."

GOING down a steep hill which leads into Malden, there was a collision between two wheels, an upset, two wrecked machines, and general discomfort though no injury. Two machines went home by express, two young ladies went home by train, and the third wheeled home lonely and silently.

AGAIN we set a day, but it proved unpleasant, and riding was out of the question. Our fourth attempt saw only one rider at the appointed place. Attempt number five gave us a rainy day, and number six found a number of us ready to go; but we were diverted from our purpose by the persuasions of a gentleman friend who had joined us, and who wished us to go seaward. It was destiny.

THEN we gave up laying plans, and we agreed to start off for the Fells some day when we were out riding with no objective int in view. Thrice did we try to circumvent destiny in this way. The first time we le a call *en route*, and the time slipped

quickly away while we were gossiping over lemonade and cakes; and we found on resuming our tricycles that we could not hope to make the run and get back before a moonless night shut down upon us. The second time we met a party of wheelmen and wheelwomen *en route* for Castle Rock, and we were easily persuaded to join them. The third time we were driven back by rain.

AND we have not yet conquered destiny. Will we be able to? I cannot say. We shall do our utmost, and when destiny lies beneath our heel, I will write you about it.

Now is the time of the autumn leaf, and the ladies of this section are making frequent runs to the forest from which they return with loads of bright foliage which will soon soon brighten up the rooms of many a home while all without is cold and drear.

DAISIE.

ROWE AND HENDEE.

THE managers of the Lynn tournament are worrying away over the fact that Rowe and Hendee did not meet in the one-mile race on Monday, the last day of their tournament, as everybody expected them to, and the *Lynn Bee* goes to great lengths and, it seems, much unwarranted speculation to explain the "whyness" of it. After stating that the position which, it is alleged, Rowe took, — refusing to start after it had been stated that he agreed to throw the race, — was inexcusable, the *Bee* goes on to say: "The trouble, from what can be learned, originated in a deal between manager Atkins, of the Pope Company, and Henry E. Ducker, of Springfield, whereby the Columbia team is to attempt to lower the records on Hampden Park, instead of in Lynn. That appears to be just the size of the muddle, and no exhibition of virtuous indignation was called for to the injury of the Lynn tournament." Such a statement is ridiculous on the face, and hardly needs Mr. Ducker's emphatic denial, which he gives. There are but five American outdoor records which the Springfield track does not hold, and those are beyond the distance of the "fast mile in 2.27 or thereabout," as the race under discussion was advertised. Here is the true reason, says an "inside" cycling man, and the story behind the scenes is worth the telling. George M. Hendee can beat Billy Rowe; he believes it and so do his friends. He did not think he could in the race here in the tournament. He went into it a beaten man and came out beaten; his heart was not in it and his spirit gone. At Lynn it was different. As he rode out to the races, he said to Mr. Ducker, who was with him: "Henry, I can beat Billy Rowe, and I am going to do it Monday. I want that mile race, and I will try to satisfy you in the five-mile race that I can beat him." When the race came, the five-mile one in which they met, George came out with a smile, and rode with spirit and vim and form quite different from that which was noticeable here. Round and round they went, Hendee keeping the pace hot, and as they came down the home stretch he turned his head to Ducker and smiled and nodded, but he clung to Rowe's wheel, and the latter with all his spurting powers exhausted himself to finish a bare foot ahead. The ride

had been a hard one, and the five miles were done in 14.08¹/₂, only ten seconds above Rowe's record for the five miles made against time 5 July on that track, and done, too, in a cold day and facing a bitter wind. Rowe finished exhausted; Hendee comparatively fresh. Rowe was a different man after that race, and his spirits sank all day Sunday, while George's were buoyant. Monday, George's friends, including Cornish, his trainer, were backing him heavily. Rowe seemed whipped out. He wanted to retire with a clean record of victories, and he had n't the courage to meet George Hendee again and take the risks. He drew out. Not even his home paper and ardent supporter will take stock in the reason alleged. The fact is, Rowe, for his own reputation, ought now to meet Hendee again, and this year, too, as he proposes to retire from the track. If he can beat him, well and good. Certainly his past victories should warrant no fear to him. Then if he thinks it doubtful, he can find people who will put up valuable prizes well worth running for to bring about the race. Money stakes up to \$1,000 are assured if he wishes to ride as a professional. Hendee is ready. Whether they will meet again is now uncertain. The bicycling public wish, above all things, to see good races by them cap the year's sport. Henry E. Ducker, in the name of the Springfield Bicycle Club, has just offered to furnish valuable prizes, as may be decided later, to the winner of the best two in three races between the two, one mile, three miles, and five miles, to be run on Hampden Park some day this month. He proposes to put fast men in with them to make the pace, and will have nothing but fast time and a race "for blood." The plan commends itself, and means a day of rare sport with the cyclers who will be riding on the track in the mean time, thirsty for records. The plan needs but the consent of Hendee and Rowe. Hendee is ready and willing, it is said. How about Rowe?

Hendee's words, though, to his old friend may seem like boasting, and they are unusual words to hear from George. But that he was speaking what he had reason to be confident about, his racing at Roseville Friday proves. His victory then over Rowe in the three-mile promateur was a well-earned one, and makes the final question of the superiority unquestionably an open one. The fall tournaments are over. How are the two to meet again, and how are the lovers of cycling to get satisfied about the relative positions of the two fast fliers, unless by special meeting? The interest that such races as Mr. Ducker is trying to arrange is widespread and great. The suggestion has called up eager inquiry. Mr. Ducker's correspondence with Mr. Atkins, the manager of the team, now warrants the statement that it is extremely likely that a meeting between Rowe and Hendee can be arranged as suggested. The Columbia team will come to this city to-morrow for a dash at the records, together with their fellows of the Victor team and Woodside, Wood, and Frazier, for we have but just passed the threshold of the fall cycle work on Hampden Park. To-morrow or Tuesday will see the matter brought to a head and settled one way or another; in favor of the meeting, every cyclist hopes. Mr. Ducker is so confident of

10 GRAND BICYCLE RACES! 10

5th ANNUAL MEET AND RACES

OF THE
COLUMBIA BICYCLE CLUB,

AT THE
DRIVING PARK, NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1886, AT 2 P. M.

L. A. W. Racing Rules to Govern.

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. One-Half Mile Bicycle - - - - | Open Amateur. | 6. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - | Open Amateur. |
| 2. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - | Novice. | 7. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - | Boys under 16 Years. |
| 3. Two-Mile Bicycle - - - - | Lap Amateur. | 8. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - | 3.20 Class. |
| 4. One-Half Mile Bicycle - - - - | Hands-Off Amateur. | 9. Two-Mile Bicycle - - - - | Open Amateur. |
| 5. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - | 3.10 Class. | 10. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - | Club Team, 3 Men Each Team. |

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Entrance Fee, 50 Cents to each event. Close Oct. 13, 1886. Entry Blanks and
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I want to say right here
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finest little wheel I ever saw
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

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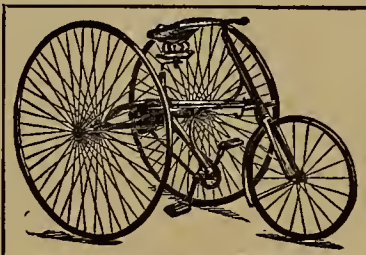
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To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

*If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
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The Great Hit of the Season.

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the success of the plans, that yesterday workmen were set to work on the track. — *Sunday Republican*.

THE PATH.

ROSEVILLE TOURNAMENT.

THURSDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER.

One-mile Novice, — F. B. Jones, Brooklyn (1), 3.07½; W. H. K. Davey, Weston, N. J. (2); E. B. Moore, Elizabeth, N. J. (3); W. F. Germond (o).

Moore and Germond fell on the back stretch of the last lap. Moore remounted and rode in. Neither was much hurt.

One-mile Promateur, — G. M. Hendee (1), 2.55; F. F. Ives (2); E. P. Burnham (3); C. P. Adams (4).

Hendee had it pretty much his own way throughout, though Ives forced him to make some pretty spurts on the home stretch.

Two-mile Amateur, Six-minute Class, — E. A. DeBlois, Hartford, 5.45½; W. J. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa. (2); S. H. Rich, New Brighton, N. Y. (3).

This was an interesting, well contested race.

Three-mile Professional Lap Race, — F. Wood (1), 66 points, 8.43; W. M. Woodside (2), 51 points; H. C. Crocker (3), 48 points.

Morgan, James, Neilson, and Prince also started, but dropped out at the end of two miles.

Two-mile Amateur Tricycle, — S. M. Gideon (1), 7.00½; H. W. Gaskell (2); A. B. Rich (3).

Until the fifth lap Gaskell led, with Rich second. Then Gideon ran easily to the front, and won without difficulty. He had been taking it easy.

Three-mile Promateur Lap, — G. M. Hendee (1), 9.06½, 27 points; F. F. Ives (2), 18 points.

C. P. Adams started and rode third for all but two laps, when he stopped. It was the usual procession. In spurting down the home stretch, Ives has a funny fashion of raising his head a couple of times to look ahead. Hendee, on the contrary, rides well down.

One-mile Amateur Handicap, — A. B. Rich, scratch (1) 2.40½; E. A. DeBlois, 20 yards (2).

There were 17 starters, with handicaps ranging from 10 to 150 yards, and Rich, Foster, and Benton at scratch. Rich won very handily by a fine spurt at the finish.

Ten-mile Professional, — C. H. Frazier (1), 30.22½; F. Wood (2); W. M. Woodside (3), by a few inches.

Frazier, Woodside, Morgan, and Prince took turns in leading. When two thirds around the last lap, Frazier made a terrible spurt, which gave him too great a lead to be overcome. Wood barely secured second place.

Three-mile Amateur Handicap, — F. Foster, scratch (1), 8.37½; E. A. DeBlois, 50 yards (2); W. E. Crist, scratch (3).

There were about 15 starters, with handicaps ranging from 25 to 400 yards, and Crist, Rich, and Foster at scratch. After a few laps the men were well bunched. Foster won by a spurt at the finish. DeBlois lapped him, and Crist was well up. Rich finished about fifth.

The day was very fine and the track in good shape. The surface had been completed so recently that it was not quite what it will be. The shape, however, is very good, and the curves easy. The last lap (one third of a mile) in the three-mile amateur was done in less than forty-eight seconds, a 2.22 gait. Some records are hoped for to-morrow or Saturday. The attendance was about 1,200. Had a more complete system of advertising in the local towns been adopted, there would have been more persons present. Too many efforts were made to get out-of-town patronage, and not enough to secure the local.

SECOND DAY, 1 OCTOBER.

One-mile Amateur Lap, — W. E. Crist (1), twenty-four points, 2.53½; A. B. Rich (2); E. A. DeBlois (3).

Crist started at a rattling pace, and at once took a lead which he never lost, and won easily.

Three-mile Promateur Handicap, — G. M. Hendee, scratch (1), 8.54½; W. A. Rowe (2); F. F. Ives, one hundred yards (3). Adams started at two hundred and twenty-five yards, and Burnham at one hundred and fifty.

Hendee caught the handicap men quickly, and took the lead, while Rowe kept behind them. On the last lap, Rowe rushed forward and made a grand spurt, but he was too late to catch Hendee.

One-mile Professional Handicap, — H. C. Crocker, 30 yards (1), 2.44½; C. H. Frazier, 25 yards (2); R. James, 90 yards (3).

Wood started at scratch, Prince at 35 yards, and Neilson at 25, but they soon dropped out. Crocker won handily. \$50 extra was offered for record, but there was too much wind. Morgan was allowed 90 yards, but refused to start at it. He addressed the audience, saying that he had been beaten at 125 yards, and 90 yards was "rank injustice."

Two-mile Amateur Handicap, — H. W. Gaskell, 50 yards, 5.53; E. A. DeBlois, 30 yards (2); A. B. Rich, scratch (3).

There were thirteen starters. After two or three laps, the men were well bunched, and the three leaders only worked out toward the finish.

Ten-mile Promateur, — G. M. Hendee (1), 31.04½; F. F. Ives (2); C. P. Adams, (3).

On the nineteenth lap, Hendee and Ives lapped Adams, who then clung close to them till they finished, and then made his other lap, time 32.08½. He was awarded third prize, as he finished under thirty-four minutes.

Three-mile Amateur, — W. E. Crist (1), 9.10½; H. W. Gaskell (2); A. B. Rich (3).

Crist led for several laps, and finished first, with Gaskell well up. Gaskell had been riding back, and rushed up to second place on the home stretch.

Five-mile Professional Lap, — W. M. Woodside (1), 79 points, 15.29½; F. Wood (2), 72 points.

Frazier, Prince, Morgan, and Crocker started also. The first three soon dropped out, and Crocker also at three miles.

One-mile Amateur, Three-Minute Class, — C. A. Stenken (1), 3.01; E. M. Smith (2).

J. W. Powers, Jr., started, and finished

first in 2.56½. He was protested as having a record under three minutes, and the protest was sustained.

Two-mile Amateur Tandem, — A. B. Rich and H. W. Gaskell (1), 5.59½; W. E. Crist and F. Foster (2).

Crist and Foster led until the fifth lap, when Rich and Gaskell took the lead, and held it to the finish, in spite of a desperate spurt on the home stretch.

It was hoped and believed that some records would go on the second day, but a strong, cold wind destroyed all chance of that. The track was better than on the first day. About 1,000 persons were present. Unless a far larger attendance is had on Saturday, the tournament surely cannot prove a financial success.

THIRD DAY, 2 OCTOBER.

One-mile Professional, — C. H. Frazier (1), 2.53½; H. C. Crocker (2); F. Wood (3).

Frazier began his winning spurt just before reaching the upper curve, and came into the homestretch with a good lead. Crocker came down the homestretch in fine style, and almost caught him. Frazier begins his spurt so soon that he always is obliged to slacken speed before reaching the tape. If the others were ready to follow him, they would generally be able to beat him at the tape.

Two-mile Tricycle, — S. M. Gideon (1), 6.42½; A. B. Rich (2).

This race was down as a handicap, with Rich at scratch, Gaskell at fifty yards, Gideon at one hundred yards, and five other starters at different distances. This arrangement was perfectly absurd, as on Thursday both Gaskell and Gideon beat Rich from the scratch. Finally, only the three above named started, all from scratch. Rich's and Gideon's pushers off held them back till Gaskell was off, and Gideon took last place. On the last lap, Rich ran up beside Gaskell, and kept there until they turned into the homestretch, making it look as if they had arranged to keep Gideon from flying by them, as he did on Thursday. As they entered the homestretch, Rich ran ahead of Gaskell, and the instant that there thus became room, Gideon rushed forward, and came in an easy winner. Gaskell spurted vigorously, but turned badly, and ran into the outer fence. He was bruised, but not seriously hurt.

One-mile Promateur, Handicap, — G. M. Hendee, scratch (1), 2.48½; W. A. Rowe, scratch (2); F. F. Ives, 35 yards (3); C. P. Adams, 75 yards (4).

Hendee took the lead on the third lap, and won easily. In this race, as on Friday's, when Hendee beat Rowe, it certainly did not look as if Rowe was riding to win. Rowe sometimes seemed to sit up to prevent himself from going too fast, while Hendee kept right down to his work. Rowe took second place, in both cases, with ease, and spurted some on the homestretch, but never seemed to let himself out.

Five-mile Amateur, — W. E. Crist (1), 16.27½; W. I. Wilhelm (2); A. B. Rich (3).

Near the finish of the ninth lap, Foster fell. He remounted, and the field slowed up till he caught them, with the marked approval of the audience. This accounts for the slow time. Crist won by a fine spurt, completely outpacing Rich.

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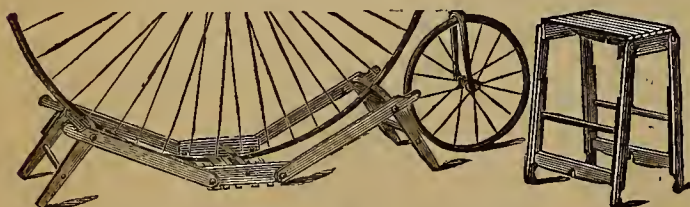
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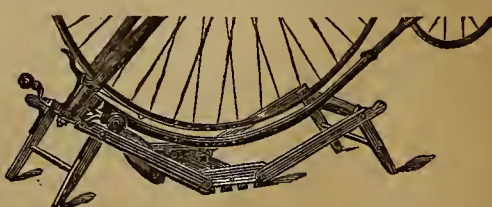


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Five-mile Professional Handicap.—F. Wood, scratch (1), 14.42 $\frac{2}{5}$; H. C. Crocker, 45 yards (3); W. M. Woodside, scratch (3). Crocker again did some fine work, pushing Wood hard at the tape.

Five-mile Promateur, Lap.—G. M. Hendee (1), 45 points, 14.41 $\frac{1}{5}$; F. F. Ives (2), 30 points. Adams dropped out.

Hendee ran away from Ives and gained over half a lap on him.

Three-mile Bicycle, 9.30 Class.—E. A. DeBlois (1), 9.19 $\frac{3}{5}$; P. S. Brown (2); S. H. Rich (3).

E. M. Smith fell directly before the grand stand, bringing down Wilhelm and Parker. The men were not much hurt, but their machines were.

One-mile Team Race.—Powell, Wilhelm, and Stenken defeated Rich, Hall, and Bridgman, Wilhelm coming in first in 25 $\frac{5}{8}$, and Powell also passing Rich.

One-mile Consolation.—J. Powell (1), 2.57; C. R. Hoag (2); E. C. Parker (3); H. J. Hall, Jr. (4).

FIELD OFFICERS.—Referee, Dr. N. M. Beckwith.

Judges, E. M. Aaron, A. E. Fauquier, F. J. Drake.

Timers, G. A. Avery, J. Warren Smith, L. H. Johnson, Dr. Elliott W. Johnson.

Umpires, Charles H. Luscomb, Wm. Dutcher, E. K. Austin, A. G. Winter, J. B. Langer.

Clerk of the Course, Geo. F. Knubel.

Assistant Clerk of the Course, H. Sagen-dorf.

Starter, E. E. Sargeant.

Scorers, Wm. L. Fish, H. Booth.

Official Reporter, Frank A. Egan.

The day was fine except that there was too much wind for record-breaking. About eighteen hundred persons were present. It is possible, but not probable, that this will make the receipts equal the expenditures.

Summary of places won by the principal riders, the figures denoting positions:—

PROFESSIONALS.

F. Wood (\$200), 1, 2, 2, 3, 1.
H. C. Crocker (\$155), 3, 1, 2, 2.
C. H. Frazier (\$135), 1, 2, 1.
W. M. Woodside (\$110), 2, 1, 3.

PROMATEURS.

G. M. Hendee, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1.
W. A. Rowe, 2, 2.
F. F. Ives, 2, 2, 3, 2, 3, 2.
E. P. Burnham, 3.
C. P. Adams, 4, 3, 4.

AMATEURS.

A. B. Rich, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 3, 2, 3.
E. A. DeBlois, 1, 2, 2, 3, 2, 1.
W. E. Crist, 3, 1, 2, 1, 1.
H. W. Gaskell, 2, 1, 1, 2.
S. M. Gideon, 1, 1.
F. Foster, 1, 2.
W. I. Wilhelm, 2, 2.
S. H. Rich, 3, 3.

THE one-hundred mile road race of the Boston Bicycle Club took place last Saturday, from the Faneuil House, Brighton. The amateurs started at 9.36 and the promateurs at 9.41. All the riders, with the exception of Doane, returned one by one to the hotel, being unable to find the way. There were over eighty turns in the course. The starters in the amateur class were S. P.

Hollingsworth, Indianapolis; David Drummond, Boston; P. J. Burlow, South Boston; H. H. Porter, Boston; W. S. Doane, Dorchester; and G. S. Locke, South Boston. In the promateur class there were three starters: W. H. Huntley, Newton; W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester; and A. A. McCurdy, Lynn. All the promateurs got off the track before the first circuit of fifty miles was covered. W. S. Doane was the only man who finished. He made his fifty miles in 3h. 28m., and the hundred miles in 7h. 24m. The course had so many turns that the riders could not follow it, and all but Doane got lost on the way and had to give up.

THE Ixion Club, of New York, is to hold a grand race meeting at the Roseville (N. J.) track, 16 October, at which all of the amateur fliers will be present.

THE nineteenth meet and fourth annual race meeting of the League of Essex County Wheelmen will be held on the Lynn cycle track, Saturday afternoon, 9 October.

THERE is every prospect that Rowe and Hendee will be brought together in a race on Hampden Park some time the latter part of next week. In case the match is made, a series of races between the two riders will probably be arranged for one, three, and five miles, the best two in three to decide who is the better man. The programme will also include other events.

THE Camden (N. J.) wheelmen will hold a race meeting at Stockton Park, 16 October. The track is a new one, quarter mile, full measure, twenty-five feet wide on the back stretch and thirty-five feet wide down the homestretch. Thirteen races will be on the programme, which can be obtained of W. S. Risley, 111 Market street, Camden, N. J. If rain causes a postponement, the races will be held 23 October.

COMING EVENTS.

OCTOBER.

9 Saturday.—Races of the L. E. C. W. at Lynn.

Races of the Association for the Advancement of Cycling at Philadelphia.

16 Saturday.—Fifth annual meet of Columbia Bi. Club, at No. Attleboro', Mass.

Races of the Ixion Club at Roseville, N. J.

23 Saturday.—Road race of the Chelsea Cycle Club.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

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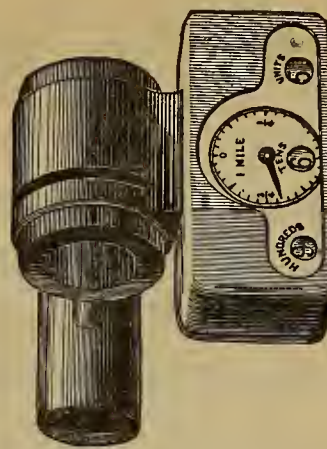
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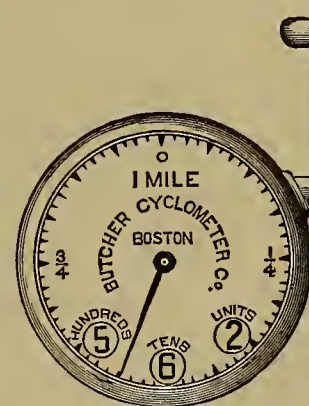
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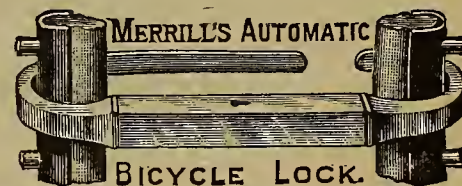
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