

THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED * MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

VOL. II.—NO. 4.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY, 1887.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

ABOUT COLUMBIAS.

Boston Daily Globe.

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1887.

RHODE ISLAND WHEELMEN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 26.—The Rhode Island Division, L. A. W., held a 25-mile road race yesterday for three medals. There were five starters, and M. L. A. Dawson of Pawtucket came in first; time, 1h. 42m. 55s. Morse of Pawtucket was second, and C. M. Turner of Warren came in third. Turner rode a Columbia, and Morse a Rudge.

ROSEVILLE, N. J., JULY 4, 18

SPRINGFIELD, JULY 4, 1887.

Races.		Winners.	Machines Ridden.
1-mile Novice.....	H. B. Arnold....	Columbia	Light Roadster
1-mile Boys.....	Geo. McClelland.....	Victor	
1-mile 3-20 Class.....	E. C. Dresser.....	Columbia	Light Roadster
1-mile Handicap.....	E. A. DeBlois.....	Columbia	Light Roadster
1-mile Club.....	W. H. Jordan.....	Expert	Columbia
Special Challenge.....	H. B. Wadsworth.....	Victor	
5-mile Lap.....			
1-mile Ride-and-Run.....	F. Thos. Harvey.....	Columbia	Light Roadster
1-mile Open.....	D. P. Williams.....	Columbia	Light Roadster
1-mile Consol'n.....	F. A. DeBlois.....	Victor	
	H. S. Hand.....	Columbia	Light Roadster
	E. B. Smith.....	Columbia	Light Roadster
Team Race.....			

The Chicago Herald.

AY, MAY 31, 1887.

RACING ON BICYCLES

The great bicycle race between nearly two score of the
fastest wheelmen of the Chicago clubs was run yesterday
from the Leland Hotel to the plaza in front of the 14th
Hotel in Pullman,—a distance of 16½ miles.
and along Michigan Avenue.

Position	Starters.	Machines Ridden.	Actual Minutes.	Time.	Start.
1	H. R. Winship.	Columbia Light Roadster	1.02.55	84	
2	C. H. Seig.....	Columbia Light Roadster	1.06.45	11	
3	W. J. Maas.....	Columbia Light Roadster	1.07.93	113	
4	T. F. Palmer.....	Victor.....	1.07.51	98	
5	H. Mangle.....	Columbia Light Roadster	1.10.23	11	
6	W. M. Cook.....	Star.....	1.08.55	84	
7	F. E. Spooner.....	Expert Columbia.....	1.11.43	112	
8	C. B. Pierce.....	Columbia Light Roadster	1.07.30	63	
9	R. E. Schmidt.....	Columbia Light Roadster	1.10.50	92	
10	H. L. Wheeler.....	Expert Columbia.....	1.15.32	14	
11	Martin Bowbeem.....	Columbia Light Roadster	1.08.55	6	
12	F. T. Harmon.....	Star.....	1.09.47	64	
13	T. M. Crennon.....	Columbia Light Roadster	1.11.07	62	
14	B. B. Ayres.....	Columbia Light Roadster	1.10.43	63	
15	M. D. Wilber.....	Star.....	1.14.00	93	
16	W. D. Buckley.....	Star.....	1.12.05	64	
17	W. A. Davis.....	Victor.....	1.16.23	102	
18	Frank Riggs.....	Expert Columbia.....	1.18.20	11	
19	H. L. Fulton.....	Champion.....	1.03.30	0	
20	R. A. Ehler.....				

JUNE 25, 1887.

SIXTH ANNUAL MEET OF THE KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN ON COLUMBIAS : 1-MILE RACE, 2-MILE HANICAP, 4-MILE NOVICE BOYS', 1-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP, 5-MILE STATE CONSOLATION.

LYNN, JULY 4, 1887.

Bicycling World.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1887

SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1887.
TWENTY-FIVE-MILE ROAD RACE
At Hartford, Ct.

The race held at Hartford, June 9, was one of the hardest ridden in this country: it was a genuine scorcher's race, over the worst, heaviest, and muddiest roads, in a pelting rain-storm. The men mounted at 4 to, and were pushed off a minute later in the presence of a large crowd of wheelmen and spectators. Considering the conditions, the time was creditable in the extreme. The race was a great one, and all the contestants showed elements of pluck and endurance that only those who knew the condition of the roads can realize.

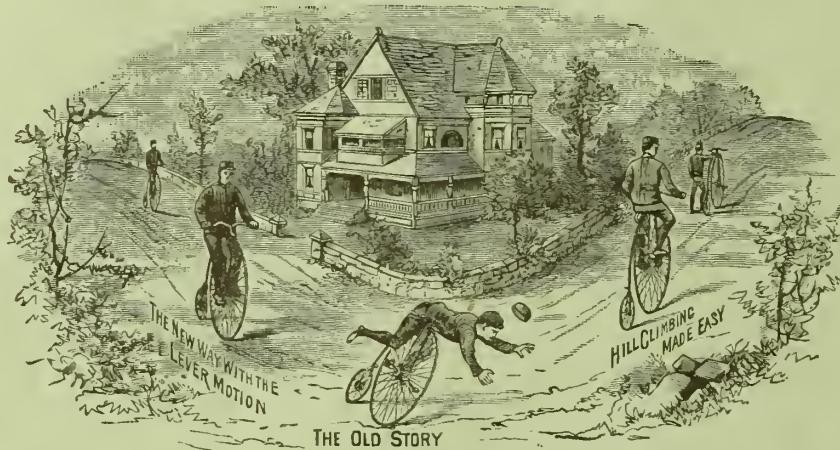
<i>Starters.</i>	<i>Machines Ridden</i>	<i>Posse</i>
L. A. Miller	54-inch Columbia Light Roadster	1
Wm. Harding	52-inch Columbia Light Roadster	2
E. A. DeBlois	51-inch Columbia Light Roadster	3
L. Damery	51-inch Victor	4
Widwig Forster	51-inch Victor	5
J. Mills	58-inch Expert Columbia(Drop 'd out)	

COLUMBIA
BICYCLES & TRICYCLES

\$75 • THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER • \$75

(YOST & McCUNE PATENT.)

Invented by Riders of Experience. The Only Absolutely Safe Wheel Against Headers Made. The Best and the Cheapest. Do Not Buy a Wheel Before You See The Springfield Roadster.



No extra rake to fork.



No expense left out to warrant success.



No headers to "knock you out."



The clutch movement is noiseless and runs perfectly smooth.



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



Coasting Without Danger!

Hill-Climbing to Perfection!



Improved Clutch Lever

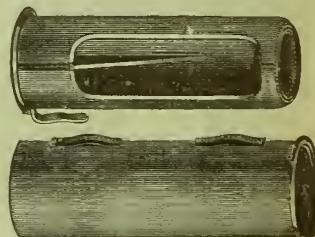


The above illustration shows the clutch from the inside, with the roller bearings and gripping mechanism. It is perfectly smooth and noiseless. No friction is added by applying the power. There is no waste of power. It grips at the slightest touch. No dead centers.



Fish Adjustable Saddle

Known to be the best.



TOOL BAG,

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



THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER, complete, with Enamel Finish, Nickel-Plated Trimmings, and Fish Adjustable Saddle, \$75. Diameter of front wheel, 50 inches; rear wheel, 20 inches. Made of the best weldless steel tubing and steel drop forgings. Warranted against defects in workmanship or material. All wheels fitted to suit the strength of the rider. None develop the walking muscles like the forward tread of THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER. The only safe and smooth coaster.

Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory. For further particulars, address

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. CO.

19 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Or JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, Sole Agents for New England, 147 Washington Street, Corner of Cornhill and Brattle Street, Boston, Mass.

GREATLY IMPROVED OVER 1886 PATTERN.

THE SAFEST MACHINE AND THE BEST HILL-CLIMBER!

THE * KING * BICYCLE

FOR 1887

WILL BE APPRECIATED BY ALL

AS A ROADSTER,

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

FOR SAFETY,

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

FOR EASE OF RUNNING,

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

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

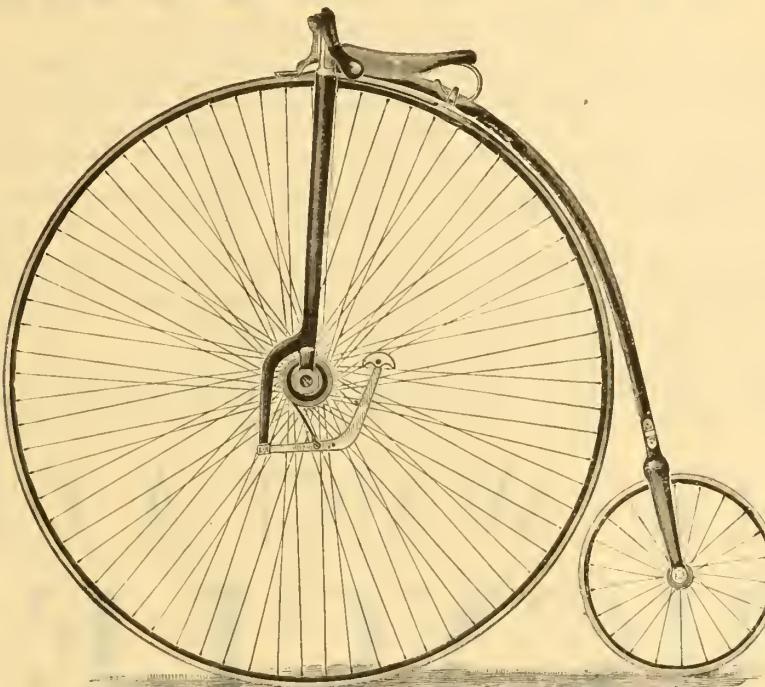
FOR INCREASE OF POWER,

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

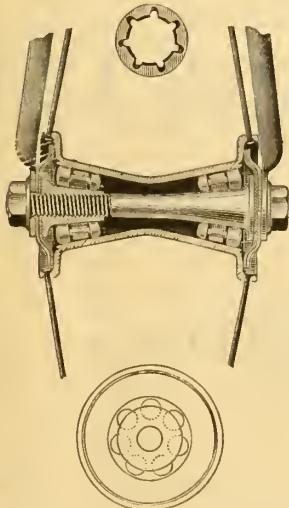
FOR ECONOMY OF POWER,

Because it is the only Bicycle in which the levers are raised without springs, the new motor raising one lever and foot automatically by the depression of the other lever, without retarding the revolution of the drive-wheel by the ascending foot, even by amateur riders, which on the crank wheel can only be avoided by expert riders.

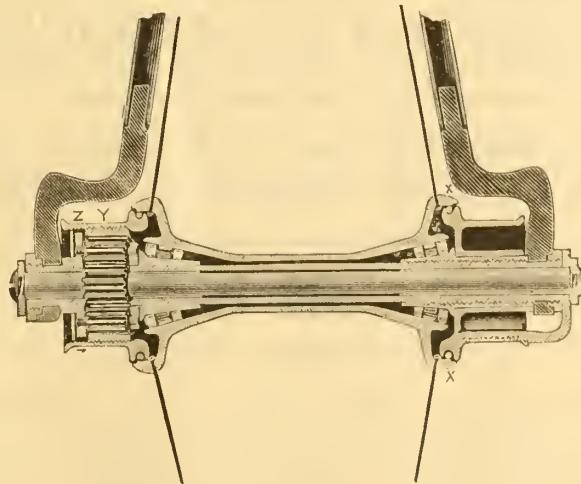
Heretofore noticed and advertised as "Springfield's New Bicycle," "The Springfield Light Roadster," "The Springfield Bicycle," etc., and the only Bicycle in the market ever invented or first built in Springfield.



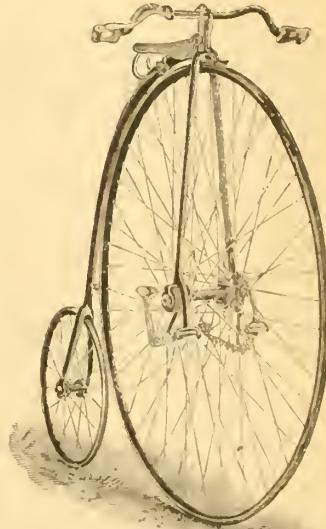
Side View, with pear-shaped vulcanite handles.



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



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



Front View, with spade handles.

CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

PRICE LIST.

Enamel Finish, one-tenth Nickel, -
Enamel Finish, one-fourth Nickel, -
Enamel Finish, one-half Nickel, -
Full Nickel Finish, -

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

SOLID CRESCENT RIMS.
PARALLEL BEARINGS
To Both Wheels.

\$75
80
85
90

HOLLOW RIMS, HIGHEST GRADE.
ADJUSTABLE ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS
To Rear Wheel. To Both Wheels.

\$95
100
105
110

\$105
110
115
120

THE KING WHEEL COMPANY, 51 Barclay St., New York.

THE BICYCLE HERALD AND EVANGELIST.—Single copy, 8 pages, one year, 15c.; 10 copies, \$1. *The Herald* contains the running record, progress of the art, cycling romance, and practical helps; *The Evangelist* is devoted to the Christian life, evangelistic work, temperance and reform, and a youths' department. Sample copy sent free. Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Premiums or liberal cash commission. Write for terms to ALBERT J. KING, 51 Barclay Street, New York.

READ ONLY THE COLORED PAGES INSIDE.

♦ THE FACILE. ♦

PATTERNS OF THIS OLD RELIABLE BICYCLE FOR 1887 ARE

1.—THE REGULAR PATTERN, unchanged from 1886, it having in that year been largely altered and improved.

2.—A VERY LIGHT ROADSTER, somewhat changed from that of 1886, being hollow throughout, levers and connecting-rods included. Lever bearings are double-ball, and every bearing in the machine (except the brake and brake-lever) is adjustable ball. Head is the new unapproachable ABINGDON, which is almost as much superior to any other ball-head in the market as other ball-heads are superior to cones. Weight of 46-inch, 34 pounds.

3.—THE STANDARD FACILE, a good plain pattern, with weldless steel hollow backbone and front forks, and balls to front wheel; plain enamel finish. The best low-priced machine offered in the market.

4.—THE NEW GEARED FACILE, a *front-driver*, using a beautifully simple and effective gearing placed on one side only and having *no chain*. Hollow throughout; every bearing adjustable ball; 21 rows of balls. Size 40, geared to 60. Has already won the first road race of the year, and is the fastest machine ever produced.

5.—THE REAR-DRIVER FACILE. Has a 36-inch driver, speeded to 54 by the same gearing as the other, with a 22-inch steerer. The best machine of the rear-driving type, yet the front-driver is believed to be the better of the two.

6.—THE FACILE TRICYCLE, a handy, central-driving, open-fronted, and easy-running machine, with FACILE driving. Singularly light, weighing only 46 pounds, although amply strong, and far away the best cycle in the market for ladies.

PRICES range from \$88 to \$137; \$140 for the geared patterns, and \$150 for the Tricycle.

Do not overlook the Facile Oil and Enamel, both firmly established in market as standard and *the best*. If you want a Ball-Head, see the Abingdon: then you will accept no other. Send for List, mentioning THE GAZETTE. **W. G. WILCOX, 33 Murray Street, New York.**

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SEND FOR OUR CLEARANCE SALE LIST.

*Tangent-Spoke Light Roadsters, Direct-Spoke Full Roadsters, Safeties, and Tricycles,
all with ball-bearings, and highest grade and finish.*

♦ YOU WILL BE SURPRISED ! ♦

These machines formerly sold for from \$125 to \$165, according to size and finish; but in order to make room for NEW RAPIDS and QUADRANTS we will sacrifice them. Terms either cash or part cash and deferred payments. All Machines sent on approval.

SAML. T. CLARK & CO.

PEARRE BUILDING,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

OF ANY KIND, SEND STAMP TO

A. W. GUMP, DAYTON, OHIO,

For Large Illustrated Price-List of New and Second-Hand Machines.
Second-Hand Bicycles Taken in Exchange and Bought for Cash.

LARGEST STOCK IN AMERICA

OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

A. W. GUMP, DAYTON, OHIO.



Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated. Second-Hand Bicycles, Guns, and Revolvers Taken in Exchange.

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

VOL. II.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY, 1887.

NO. 4.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

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HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

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CYCLING CHIT CHAT.

Cycling chat of the day just past has been so full of reminiscence, that I find it hard to get rid of old memories and settle down to work; so that if I seem a bit mossy this time, it must be charged to that source. May be you will find a few of the chestnuts I have in mind and will mention later, singed of their whiskers—in fact, “roasters.”

By the natural revolution of things, and the big boom given us by the meet, cycling has improved materially in St. Louis the past month, and the dealers note a marked increase in sales. The old riders' lagging spirits, too, seem to have undergone a thorough renovation, and I know of several veterans, who told me three months ago that their cycling days were over, who have recently purchased new mounts and are now seen at the old haunts more than ever. Some of these very men are now members of the St. Louis Cycle Club, a flourishing organization born but three weeks ago. The club's specific object is the enjoyment of road riding—not scorching particularly, but the go-as-you-please, brakes-off style of cycling which is to be found in St. Louis, Pike and Jefferson counties. According to rumor, Springfield, too, has seen a change, or rather suffered a loss by the departure of Henry Ducker. We don't know where you are, Mr. D., but it was only yesterday that the wish was expressed that St. Louis might be the future home of such a pusher. The wish was followed by the reflection, however, that there is no Hampden Park track here—though you might build us one.

Last night witnessed the last gathering of the League meet committee, some of the members of which buried themselves in total obscurity the moment their arduous work was over, not bobbing up again until last night. Meet affairs were finally wound up, and there was not a single cause for dissatisfaction, nor had a duty been left unfilled. It was found that a surplus still remained of the meet fund, and I feel safe in saying that by the time this is ready you will be familiar with the generous disposition of this surplus.

One cause for quarreling seems to have been produced by the meet or its accompaniments—the comparison of the Clarksville and Crawfordsville road race courses. C. C. Brewster went over to

the Crawfordsville race the other day. He came back very much pleased with Indiana wheelmen, and with the level road as a fast course. He found the twenty-five mile stretches perfectly straight, narrow, gravel roads, here and there passing through shaded strips of moderate length; and as Indiana roads are repaired in the fall—an unusual thing—the present time of year found them at their best. Allowing all this, those who have impartially looked at both courses say that there is a fascination in viewing a road race on the hills and long down grades of the Clarksville belt which will always make it unequalled. That it has record-breaking possibilities, and that it is not dangerous for a record-breaker, have already been proven.

This is vacation time, and every one who can scrape acquaintance with a week or two of freedom is adjusting his supply of shekels accordingly and stealing out of town for a little frolic of his own. July Fourth will find delegations of St. Louisans at suburban races, at Peoria and in Ohio. Residents of our own and other States are now preparing to tour through Missouri, west to Kansas City, north to Mexico and Clarksville, and south to the beauties of the Arcadia valley. Ladish will, he says, ride to Kansas City. Poor tenderfoot! He'll be too sore to sketch or write either, as he intends.

Our girls, too, are getting independent, and about a dozen fair riders of the tricycle will be ensconced in a cottage on the outskirts of Clarksville a week hence. There will of course be two or three chaperons in the party, but the young ladies are determined—so one of them tells me—to have a H. O. T. and will ride through hospitable Pike county at their own sweet will, varying the monotony now and then by angling the festive black bass and pike which abound in the shady bayous opposite the little town. Most of the party are school girls, and have invited their cyclist friends to come and see them each Sunday and partake of the viands which their own deft fingers will prepare and serve at “The Cottage.” A camera forms part of their outfit.

And the poor-stay-at-homes, what do they do? Ride out on the big bridge, and gazing below, dream of Niagara; lie on the grass about the “pump” and chat about the good time the tourists are having; wander to De Soto, or by moonlight to Manchester; but about the most exciting and sleep-killing occupation the cant-get-aways indulge in is the wild hilarity incident to those midnight battles with the monster mosquitoes of Creve Coeur Lake, eighteen miles northwest. They do say that monkey-wrenches are hardly big enough to brain these crab-like creatures, which are said to coolly lift the window-screens of one's room and stagger in; and 'tis told that Cupid Baker, one black night, was actually “held up” at the cross-roads by a couple of them and robbed—don't shoot, dear reader. This is “Dry” Sunday, and you know the fearful result of a sudden stoppage of any strong habit.

The approaching round-trip race over the De Soto hills, which is set for next Sunday, between Hal Greenwood and Percy Stone, is the absorbing topic in all quarters. Stone's speed, Greenwood's hill-climbing powers and the endurance of both men, make the result of this race a matter of puzzled conjecture. Greenwood ought, undoubtedly, gain greatly in time while among the tall hills, and if he is defeated it will probably be the result of Stone's spurting on the more level stretches. Both men are chock-full of confidence. With the thought of this race bobs up a chestnut—the discovery, in a cycling sense, of the De Soto road.

The old Frisco Club was known in its time as an aggregation of toughs. It wasn't a very large aggregation then, the six members being Arthur Young, Felix Young, Tom Reynolds, Lindell Gordon, Robert Lee, Jerry Davies, and another. Cola Stone was then a Missouri man, but he couldn't get along with the road-officers, who would have “form” or die. His heart was with these boys, and Sunday after Sunday, for a long period, saw the solid seven, led by Cola, wheel out of town in the gray dawn for some long jaunt, one time over familiar surfaces and another into new and rough regions. Sometimes they started at night and came back the next morning, having had little or no sleep, and again eleven P. M. would find them at home after an absence since four o'clock in the morning. Finding the end of Gravois road, through unsettled country and in a blizzard, and an ice ride on the Meramec river, which left them twenty miles from home by nightfall, are examples of their escapades. No ride was wild enough for them, so one day, after conquering all the rest, they set forth to explore the unknown roads of Jefferson county. It was one night in October, 1884, that they gathered at the home of Arthur Young, and rolled their bicycles into the cellar, all adjusted for the next day's use. Bulltown “brake levers” were still unknown—in fact the next day's trip caused their first production—nor had any of the boys wrapped their handle-bars in rags or made any unusual preparation. They got to exhibiting their skill in gymnastics and didn't tumble in till midnight. At two o'clock Arthur Young was already in the kitchen, cooking oatmeal porridge as he only can. At three he pulled the rest from bed and gave them breakfast, and four o'clock found them feeling their way toward the southern suburbs through a raw fog. By seven o'clock they had rolled over the long bridge at the Meramec and were well on their way toward the big hills,—the existence of which, by the way, they never dreamed of. Soon the grades grew longer and steeper, and the coasts, rendered horribile by large stones, made them sit farther and farther back on their saddles and tested the standard brakes to the utmost. Misguided Young, at that time, rode a 54 Expert, with $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch cranks and Premier pedals, which, with very thick soled shoes, enabled him to ride the wheel. The point of this will be seen when I

say he now rides a 46. At Maxville, now famous for its milk, they stopped and regaled themselves with copious draughts of the lacteal fluid, and the very next coast, with a wretched bridge at the bottom, raised their hair for the first time. They didn't all get down on their saddles—on their pants, in one or two cases.

The boys were now getting thoroughly scared, and some remarked that they guessed they knew when they had had enough. Such weak-souled sentiments were promptly met by a red-green-and-yellow streak of profanity from Young, who had heard of a place called Bulltown, twenty-five miles from town, and he would get to Bulltown if he had to crawl there. So on they went.

A halt was called at the top of a very long, steep hill, which every one walked. It proved the smallest of a series of five or six. "Well, if this isn't the most God-forsaken country I ever saw!" exclaimed Young. The rest agreed. They stood before a log-house, the first they had seen for over an hour. The owner appeared, and while he stared they plied him with queries, finally learning that Bulltown was still "some three miles away, oop and down." "Oop and down," indeed! with the foolish exception of one hundred feet, they walked and scrambled every step of those three miles, which seemed ten and consumed an hour and a half in traveling.

"Oh, this —— hill, will it never end!" was heard from the little man who pushed the big 54, struggling behind with both hands against the backbone. Yes, there was the last curve, with a deep ravine on the left. A few moments, and they were all stretched like dead men on the grassy top. The wind whistled and time flew, but it was half an hour before they began to feel like themselves again. Alternately they called themselves fools and told each other how they suffered from hunger and thirst (they didn't notice the numerous springs). They now gathered pieces of white flint, and while some pitched the rocks from the roadbed to the grass above, others arranged them into the word "Frisco," the name by which the hill is now known by wheelmen and natives alike; and to this day the rocks have lain there almost undisturbed, so thinly settled is the country.

Bob Lee now declared he was done with walking. Bicycles were made to ride, and he was going to coast the hill before him if it took a lung. To the right he could see a broad, deep valley, and away off in the distance, he saw a narrow white streak of road leading up the other side, which seemed as steep as the side of a house. The bottom of the hill before him was invisible—in fact, but a short portion of it can be seen from the top. On he went, up went his legs, and he coasted slowly down. The rest, with one exception, trundled their wheels and swore at his foolishness. The "one exception" had been studying up Henry W. Williams's tactics, advising cyclers not to coast, and had a great mind to see "if there was anything in it."

"Hold her tight, Bob!" some one yelled. The "one exception" was nobly endeavoring to back pedal, hold the brake, keep the little wheel down and watch the man in front, all at the same time. "Thwack—clatter—bang!" as the bold coaster struck a broken branch, piroetted down the hill and collapsed. Mr. "One-exception's" eyes could have been knocked off with a stick. He was taking it all in, and forgetting himself for the moment, the ascending crank hoisted him high into the air, and as he went scattering after his partner

hoop-snake fashion, the wheels struck him whack after whack. It is unnecessary to add that they walked the rest of the way to Bulltown.

On the return trip they naturally grew bolder, but it was late that night when they reached home. The next day samples of "Bulltown macadam," glued to cardboard which was inscribed in big, red-ink letters, were exhibited at the "agency." Cola Stone was not one of the "discoverers," but soon tried the trip with Charlie Duryea. When the heavy-weight couple returned their saddles were mashed flat from coasting, and Cola threw away a backbone which had stretched so much as to give his machine the appearance of an "extraordinary."

Now of course you will yell "fish-story" and say I am a prevaricator. Burley Ayers may be more truthful, and as he promises to undertake this very trip, and describe it, you may have the story as told by a Philistine himself.

I am going to change subjects very disagreeably now. Mr. W. F. Foster, of Baltimore, who was at one time a very prominent wheelman there and who was expelled from the L. A. W. in 1882, passes through St. Louis quite frequently. On one or two recent occasions he has related a startling story of his expulsion, a story which ought to be sifted and ventilated in the cycling press, in justice to the L. A. W. and Mr. Foster. This is especially so, as Mr. Foster doubtless tells his tale in other cities and is apparently fearless of any denial.

When last here, Mr. Foster said:—

"My complaint in brief is that I was unfairly expelled, through the corrupt influence of men who are now respected members of the L. A. W. It was in 1882, and the means of my expulsion was a so-called illegal race-meet. It was an invitation race of twenty-five miles, held in Baltimore, and the invitation had been extended to the King's County Wheelmen. I had previously been pushing the interests of the wheel in Baltimore, and had spent some \$1,100 on weekly races in that city. I claim that my popularity became odious to a well known manufacturer of Baltimore, and that to his influence in the League is due my expulsion. Well, on the occasion of this race, Trego, consul at Baltimore, forwarded to Fred Jenkins, then secretary, regularly filled racing blanks Nos. 50 and 51, these being the necessary notice of the event, to make it legal. Judge of my surprise when, not very long after the race was run, I received a communication from Jenkins, informing me of my expulsion and requesting the return of my membership ticket. I immediately replied, asking for information regarding an action in which I was in no way consulted, never having had a charge of any kind brought to my notice, that I might reply to it. Mr. Jenkins's answer, in brief, gave as the reason the illegality of the above mentioned race, stating that the proper blanks had not been sent to him, which was untrue. I then applied to Geo. D. Gideon, at Philadelphia, chairman of the Racing Board at that time. He informed me that a vote of his board had been taken in the matter, resulting unfavorably to me. In connection with this point, while I was in Chicago, not very long after this, I called upon the resident member of the Racing Board and told my story, asking him what he thought of the case. To my utter astonishment he did not remember it at all, and he confessed that votes often passed through his hands, which he had been requested to sign, and had not taken the trouble to peruse, even.

Well, after Gideon's reply, I laid the whole matter

before President Beckwith and asked if in simple justice I should not have received some notice before being ousted. Result, papers respectfully returned by the Doctor, saying he could not review the action of the Racing Board. Well, sir, that straw broke the camel's back, and I went to work obtaining evidence in the premises, never resting until I had sufficient data to show up not only the rottenness of the whole scheme but also the participants. I discovered that the 'well known manufacturer' had, in his desire to get rid of me, gone through the formality of a protest against the legality of that race. As for him, I obtained *bona fide* evidence regarding a certain game of cards played in a certain Boston hotel by innocent wheelmen of that city and a professional gambler from Baltimore with whom the manufacturer was singularly well acquainted. I have, too, a portion of the hotel register, showing certain names on a certain date. Now for the secretary. You probably remember that Fred Rollinson was lodged in jail in San Francisco for petit larceny. Through various sources I learned that he could tell a tale not at all flattering to the secretary, and his attorney informed me that \$50 would release him from jail. We came to an agreement, and he furnished me a sworn affidavit to the effect that the secretary, for the sum of \$500, had referred in a crooked manner a race between himself, Prince, and Higham. With this and other data at hand, I again brought my case before the League, but without success, the secretary now charging that I had previously written him a very insulting letter, sufficient in itself to oust me. From Wm. Gilman, secretary *pro tem.*, following Jenkins, I learned that this letter could not be found. I also communicated with Abbot Bassett, sometime afterward, when he became chairman of the Racing Board. He could not help me, there being no record of the case in his hands. He opined, however, that in me the League had lost a valuable member, and requested that I bring the matter up a third time, that his Board might be set right. This I concluded not to do.

"Now, I am a newspaper man myself, and know the danger of making this statement without good cause. I tried at the time to ventilate the subject in the wheel journals, but the *Spirit of the Times* alone was courageous enough to print it, and, rely upon it, they would not have done so without good authority. Griffiths, of the Maryland Club, has all the documents now in his possession."

Certainly a most scandalous statement. Now let personality stand aside, and if it is an untruth, brand it as a lie. For the League should no longer suffer by permitting the tale to be related in all parts of the country undenied. "PHOENIX."

THE B—CLE MAN.

A messenger fleet,
As he came down the street,
Upset a young girl as he ran;
She jumped up from the dirt,
Saying, " Nobody's hurt,
He's only a bicycle man."

At the new hardware store,
A man stood in the door,
And the goods all around he did scan;
The clerks, small and great,
Said, " O, he can wait,
He's only a buy-sickle man."

On a sweltering day,
When the girls " melt away,"
They will work very hard—with a fan,
But they scream with delight
When he comes into sight,
The sweet, cherub-icicle man. " TENTOONE."

WORDS OF CHEER.

HENRY E. DUCKER LEAVES SPRINGFIELD FOR BUFFALO, N. Y., AND IS GIVEN A HANDSOME SEND OFF BY THE CLUB AND HIS FORMER EMPLOYEES.

We quote from the local papers an account of the affair, showing the esteem with which he was held in his old home, and we do not wonder at his regret in leaving for new fields of labor.

TESTIMONIALS TO MR. DUCKER.

"Henry E. Ducker left the management of the Springfield Printing Company this week, and will start for his new field of labor in Buffalo Sunday night. Regret over his departure from Springfield is not confined to the members of the bicycle club and his intimate friends, but is shared by hundreds of business men who have had dealings with him and certify liberally to the general excellence of his work. To-night the bicycle club will give a farewell reception to Mr. Ducker, who, above all other men, made the Springfield Bicycle Club known all over the world, and gave to the city the finest tournaments ever held. The reception will be a private 'family' reunion and all the old-timers who were associated with Mr. Ducker in the club's infant days, and have since left it, will be present. Among the many testimonials that have been showered on Mr. Ducker this week is the following from the Springfield Bicycle Club through its secretary:—

"*Dear Sir:* At a regular meeting of the Springfield Bicycle Club, held June 7, on motion of A. O. McGarrett, you were unanimously made a life member of the club. It is with feelings of sincerest pleasure that I inform you of this action by the club, of which you have been so long a faithful and worthy member. The club, in thus honoring you, honors itself. It thus evinces its acknowledgment and appreciation of the long and disinterested service which you have rendered, without which I have no hesitation in saying it would not to-day occupy its present proud and honorable position. The Springfield Bicycle Club has a world-wide reputation; its fame has gone throughout the length and breadth of the land, and is recognized throughout the world as the bicycle club *par excellence*. It owes its proud and honorable position, I repeat, to one man, and that man is Henry E. Ducker. Rest assured that, wherever your future lot may be cast, the good wishes of the Springfield Bicycle Club, collectively and individually, will attend you. As the Springfield Bicycle Club is to-day the synonym of success, so may the name of its founder, godfather, and ever watchful protector be a synonym of unbounded prosperity. Believe me, I have thus testified but faintly the esteem and respect in which you are held by the Springfield Bicycle Club, and again permit me to express the pleasure which I experience in thus making known to you the acknowledgment of its indebtedness to you.

"The invitation of the reception committee is as follows:—

"*Dear Sir:* The undersigned, on behalf of the Springfield Bicycle Club, invite you to be present at the club rooms Friday evening, June 24, at which time the entire membership of the club, dating from its organization, have been invited to participate in tendering you a farewell reception.

Respectfully,

SANFORD LAWTON, W. H. JORDAN, C. E. WHIPPLE, A. B. WASSUNG, D. E. MILLER,	Committee.
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"The Printing Company's employees part with Mr. Ducker with regret. They presented him yesterday with a handsome gold chain and seal worth over \$100. The testimonial is as follows:

"*Mr. Ducker:* With this week your relation to us as superintendent will cease. During the many years we have been with you, and under your care, the memory of which will ever be pleasant, we have learned to esteem you as a man, to admire you as a leader, and to love you as a friend; and in this latter relation we wish ever to consider you and you so to consider us. As you are to leave us for new fields of labor, we present you this testimonial as a token of our love and esteem, knowing that you will not accept it merely for any intrinsic

value but rather for the spirit in which it is given. You may be assured that with it goes our best wishes for your future welfare.

"This tribute of a business man is a sample of many which Mr. Ducker prizes:—

"NORTHAMPTON, June 9, 1887.

"*HENRY E. DUCKER, My Dear Sir:* I want to thank you personally and particularly for the elegant book, the "History of Mt. Holyoke Seminary," which has just been published by your company. It is due to your very kind interest and personal supervision and unwearied attention to all its details that we have a book of which we feel proud and one which everybody compliments. Our committee also extend their thanks to you. In addition to all you have done for the book, I feel very much indebted to you for all the time, attention, courtesy and advice you have extended to me in the matter of preparation and arrangements for our semi-centennial which occurs June 23. Your help has been invaluable. I am very sorry you are to leave the Springfield Printing Company, but trust your lot will be cast where your ability will be appreciated and your success assured.

"Very truly yours, A. LYMAN WILLISTON."

—Republican.

HONORS TO MR. DUCKER. THE BICYCLE CLUB TENDERS HIM A RECEPTION.

"Mr. Ducker has reason to feel proud of the reception tendered him last night by the Springfield Bicycle Club, of which he has so long been a worthy and honored member. The club owes its present proud and honorable position to Mr. Ducker's untiring and faithful efforts, and last night's testimonial was a fitting acknowledgment of the club's appreciation and esteem. As Mr. Ducker is soon to remove to Buffalo, N. Y., the bicycle club thought it a proper thing to tender him something in the line of a farewell reception and at the same time try to make some fitting recognition of their esteem and regard for the founder of Springfield's world famous organization. Accordingly, a few weeks ago a committee was appointed to arrange and put into execution a testimonial to the man who has so long and honorably represented the club as its pushing and energetic president. This committee—Sanford Lawton, Vice-President Miller, Charles E. Whipple, Treasurer W. H. Jordan and A. B. Wassung—was composed as nearly as possible of members who were associated with Mr. Ducker in the earliest days of the club's organization. The committee has worked together heartily and unanimously, and the success of their efforts, which culminated in last night's reception and presentation, was an eminently gratifying one, and the event will long and pleasantly linger in the memory of all whose good fortune it was to be present and participate in the festivities. Not the least pleasing feature of the occasion was the opportunity it furnished for a delightful family reunion. Many of the veterans and leading lights of former days were present, and Mr. Ducker must indeed have felt that he was in the house of friends.

"The reception was entirely informal. Sociability presided, and its behests were cheerfully and heartily obeyed. In the invitation sent out to the members, eight o'clock was named as the hour at which to assemble. The members began arriving shortly after seven o'clock and before the reception terminated, the past and present members of the club who tendered their respects to Mr. Ducker must have numbered between sixty and seventy. The parlor and assembly rooms had been carpeted with white duck, and potted plants and flowers gave the room a refreshingly attractive appearance. Coenen's orchestra, stationed in the assembly room, furnished dulcet strains throughout the evening when not drowned by the exuberance of the jolly and happy gathering. Mr. Ducker re-

ceived in the parlor, assisted by President W. H. Selvey and Vice-President D. E. Miller. After all had paid their respects to the guest of the evening, and had an opportunity to indulge in informal greetings, occupying about an hour, it was announced that lunch would be served in the billiard room, which for some mysterious reason had been curtained off from the other rooms during the first part of the evening. The invitation to lunch was responded to with the accustomed alacrity with which wheelmen always greet such an invitation, and the billiard room was speedily filled with beaming faces, testifying that the owners were in an appreciative mood. Messrs. Lawton and Miller stationed themselves at what was apparently the dining table, the covering of which had not been removed. President Selvey then made a speech in which he very gracefully alluded to Mr. Ducker's long and meritorious services and the universal esteem in which he is held by the members. In closing he asked Mr. Ducker's acceptance of a testimonial gift, and at these words the cover was removed and a handsome dinner set of one hundred and thirty pieces of Haviland's French hand-decorated china-ware was revealed. All present broke into hearty hand clapping which were prolonged for several minutes. Mr. Ducker was astounded. Never was surprise more complete. Tears came into his eyes and he thanked the members as best he could. His emotion was more eloquent than words. Ringing applause greeted the few words he was able to utter. Besides the dinner set, an alligator skin traveling bag and silk umbrella reposited comfortably on the table. Formalities were then shown the door and bade a hearty good night, and the members then occupied themselves with the refreshments.

"Mr. Ducker withdrew at half past eleven, a pleased and happy man. Some of the 'stayers' rounded out the evening by making it an even midnight before returning home.

"Among some of the veteran members present,—members of the old voluntary organization,—were Charles E. Whipple, who with Mr. Ducker is the only original member now a member of the club, W. N. Winans, H. J. Winans, A. E. Worthington, Sanford Lawton, C. H. Miller, F. E. Ripley, A. B. Wassung, D. E. Miller, W. H. Jordan, A. O. McGarrett, F. W. Westervelt, W. C. Marsh, Dr. L. E. Zuchtmann, of Holyoke, H. N. Bowman, Charles Clark, E. J. Dyotte, C. R. Haradon, W. H. Selvey, E. M. Wilkins, R. D. White and E. L. Smith. Ex-Treasurer C. A. Fisk was also present and indulged in pleasant reminiscences with Mr. Ducker. Letters of regret were received from Charles K. Ferry, of Pittsfield, the first secretary of the club, W. V. Gilman, of Nashua, N. H., C. T. Higginbotham, of Thomaston, Ct., George M. Hendee, of New Haven, R. L. Stewart, of Roselle, N. J., and W. I. Lyman of this city. Ex-Secretary Ferry's letter was as follows:

"PITTSFIELD, June 22, 1887.

"*Friend:*—Have just received a notice of the farewell reception to Mr. Ducker Friday evening. I should be very glad to be with you at that time, but as it will be impossible, please extend to Mr. Ducker my best wishes and tell him that I have very pleasant recollections of our relations during the first two years of the existence of the Springfield Bicycle Club.

"Very truly, CHARLES K. FERRY.

"Mr. Ducker begins his new duties Monday, and after a short business trip expects to reach Buffalo next Thursday. Friends and neighbors have flocked to his home to-day to tender their best wishes and Mr. Ducker will also have an 'at home' to-morrow."—*Union*.

NOTES FROM BROOKLYN.



HE Long Island Wheelmen expect to have their club-house ready for occupancy by August. The new club-house seems to put more enthusiasm into the members, and it has roused them from the sleep into which they appeared to have fallen, judging from their lack of enterprise and activity during the past, which made the existence of the club almost unknown. At the last meeting fifteen applicants were admitted to membership. The evening following the meeting the members and their friends took their first moonlight excursion up the Hudson on the steamer *John Lenox*, where music, dancing, and refreshments made the wheelmen happy.

The Brooklyn Bicycle Club held the first of a series of road races at Bath on June 11. There were two events, the club novice and the club championship. The distance was two miles, and the course was fair. The entries to the novice race were: B. J. Kellum, C. S. Harrison, W. S. Mead, W. J. Kenmore, Jr., L. Brunn, Geo. Bancroft, A. S. Haviland, W. R. Snedeker, and E. Skinner. Near the start Kellum fell, but mounting again he succeeded in overhauling the field, and finished first in 7m. 48s.; W. J. Kenmore, Jr., second, and Geo. Bancroft, third. The club championship was the next event, and the riders who started were: F. B. Hawkins, W. S. Vail, E. D. Williams, F. B. Jones, W. H. Meeteer, and G. E. D. Todd. The race was very exciting, the men being well bunched, with Hawkins leading. When near the finish, Hawkins took a header, and Todd rushed to the front, winning easily in 6m. 53s.; Meeteer second, and Jones third.

Knox, the Star rider, who rode on the Kings County Wheelmen's team in the inter-club race, has proved himself a remarkable man. With such good riders as the King's County Wheelmen are constantly turning out, it seems almost an impossible thing for any other club to take the cup from them. It is said that another "Star" fiend will make his appearance in the road race in the fall, and that Harry Hall has him in training at present. Valentine will also bid good-bye to the crank, and ride the Star in his future races.

Messrs. Miller and Hall, of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, undertook a most remarkable ride on a tandem tricycle on June 11. They left Brooklyn on Saturday afternoon at 2 p. m., accompanied by six other members of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, and arrived at Patchogue, their destination, at midnight. The distance was sixty-five miles, and when the poor roads are taken into consideration, they having to walk at least half the distance, and push the tandem through the sand, then the ride seems truly wonderful. Although the side paths are excellent for the bicycle, they are too narrow for a tricycle, which consequently has to take to the sandy road. The boys managed to enjoy themselves very well, however, and on the following morning they started on the return journey. This was uneventful, except that a longer route was taken which was much better riding for the tandem, and when about half way home the boys "struck" a brewery, which delayed them over an hour; but as the crowd was not "in for time," nobody objected, and the whole trip was voted an enjoyable success. The tandem riders say they

will never attempt it again for three times the sport, and I do not blame them for it, either.

The Brooklyns have added another enthusiastic wheelman to their membership roll in the person of Frank White, manager of Messrs. Spalding Brothers' bicycle department. He is full of schemes and enterprise, and is a valuable acquisition to the ranks of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club.

The Canada tour of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, which is to leave New York on July 9, is exciting no little interest amongst our club men. At the time of writing, seventeen have announced their intention of participating, and the boys will no doubt have a glorious time. I will send you a full account of the tour in my next letter.

Mr. Wm. Schumacher, a member of the Long Island Wheelmen, was run into by a horse and buggy driven by two gentlemen on June 18, on the Boulevard. Schumacher was on the right side of the road, when the horse suddenly ran plump into his machine, throwing the rider violently to the ground, and completely wrecking his wheel. The wheelman was carried away insensible, and the names of the gentlemen in the buggy were taken down for future use. It is proposed to have the New York state division bring the reckless driver to justice, and compel him to pay for all damage done. We hope that the L. A. W. will take the matter in hand promptly, for these accidents caused by "road hogs" (who invariably get off without any punishment whatever) are becoming too frequent, and something should be done immediately to stop it.

The sixth semi-annual race meet of the King's County Wheelmen was held at the Brooklyn Athletic Association grounds on Saturday, June 25. As usual, the races were a big success, about a thousand people being present. The day was beautiful, and the track was in fair condition. The following events were run off:

One-Mile Novice, Open.

H. L. Bradley, Ilderan Bicycle Club, Time, 3.19
W. H. Caldwell, Elizabeth Wheelmen.

One-Mile Novice, Club.

L. W. Beasley, Jr., Time, 3.23
J. Knox.

Two-Mile Handicap, Open.

J. W. Powers, Jr., Harlem Wheelmen, 40 yds., Time, 6.19
H. L. Powers, Harlem Wheelmen, 125 yds.

Two Miles, Calumet Cycling Club Championship.

R. L. Jones, Time, 7.07
F. W. Montgomery.

One and Four-Fifths Miles Team, Relay Race.

Kings County Wheelmen, Time, 5.58 1-5
Harlem Wheelmen.

Half-Mile Boys' Race.

H. L. Powers, Time, 1.37 2-5
H. A. Kellum.

One-Mile Ilderan Bicycle Club Championship.

H. L. Bradley, Time, 3.11 4-5
H. Hornbostel.

One-Mile Handicap, Open.

H. L. Powers, Time, 3.02 3-5
A. B. Rich, scratch.

One-Mile Ride and Run.

E. I. Halstead, Harlem Wheelmen, Time, 4.43 1-5
J. W. Bate, Nassau Wheelmen.

Five-Mile L. A. W., N. Y. State Championship.

A. B. Rich, Time, 17.19
J. W. Powers, Jr.

One-Mile Consolation.

H. Hornbostel, Time, 3.12 4-5
E. Hornbostel.

The riding of "little" Powers, who is only fifteen years of age, was something remarkable. He beat A. B. Rich to the tape after a stubborn spurt, and again surprised everybody by beating his own brother. Rich was not in good form, and

did not wish to race at all, until urged by his friends to take part. One thing we missed at the races was music. Although the brass band engaged during the past race meets was not the very best, and sometimes tortured the spectators with some of its tunes, nevertheless, it would have been better than nothing. I might also mention the excellent riding of H. L. Bradley, of the Ilderan Bicycle Club. He has improved wonderfully of late, and will undoubtedly develop into one of the fastest riders in the State. He won two races at the meet, which, together with the two prizes won by the Hornbostel Brothers, made a good showing for the Ilderans. The Harlem Wheelmen also "did themselves proud" in the persons of J. W. Powers, H. L. Powers, and E. I. Halstead.

J. W. S.

KARL KRON'S BOOK.

Hail to the long expected book
Ten thousand miles away;
We cyclers in its pages look
This blossoming month of May.
We bless the day that in the brain
The germ awoke to life,
And urged the man to join the train
Of those who in the strife
For author's fame in cycling line
Sought to o'er top them all;
Whose book will live while cycles roll
Along this mundane ball.
The weary years have passed away,
The hand has stronger grown,
The man may now, relieved from toil,
Enjoy the trophies strewn
Along his path, whose thousand miles,
Like pearls on beauty's neck,
Enhance the charms already bright
And every page bedeck.

O'er hills and vales and level way,
Beside old ocean's marge,
Through Northern snows, in Southern suns,
He still rolls on at large.
Canadian roads have seen his wheel,
Bermuda's island, too;
The Western plains he's wheeled along;
And all there is to view
Of Nature's charms or history's claims
Are here depicted light.
Hail to the book delayed so long!
Delay has made it bright.
By weary toil the polished stones
That stand on Egypt's plain
Received the luster that preserves
The beauty they retain.

The long array of cyclers' names,
Like some old battle roll,
Shall wake the youthful rider's wish
To emulate the scroll.
Hail to the man; and while the wheel
Shall still untired roll on
We'll drink long life and added fame
To thee, our king, Karl Kron.

JAMES D. DOWLING.

In *Judd's Cycling Journal* last week appears a leading article from the pen of A. J. Wilson demolishing certain remarks of Mr. Hillier's in *Land and Water* on the subject of the Springfield Club. The fact that the American press is justly indignant at the suppression by Mr. Hillier in his own paper of "Faed's" vindication of H. E. Ducker and his club, seems to have roused Mr. Hillier to attempt a defense, and that being a very poor one he huddles it away in a place where it will not be read by cyclists in general. We think it a pity for the credit of English journalism that there is so much of this suppression and so little fair play among a certain class of writers who delight to call themselves "practical."—*Wheeling.*

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

 SINCE I last wrote you several clubs have been formed in various parts of the colony, and although the promoters frequently have many difficulties to surmount, there is every probability of the clubs referred to becoming permanently established and prosperous. The older clubs have added largely to their membership. The Pioneer and Christchurch (both of Christchurch) possess comfortable club-houses, and can each boast of close upon one hundred and fifty members and are rapidly gaining additions to the roll. The Invercargill Club has as enthusiastic a number of members as can be met with anywhere. Though recently established they have put down a racing track and hold several race meetings during the season.

Timaru is another town where cycling should thrive, the surrounding country being very favorable—a club is now a reality there.

Nelson, although somewhat isolated from other towns, has a club in a flourishing state and several of the members have done some very creditable performances on the roads.

Rangiora is a small town twenty miles from Christchurch, with a club, which, though not very numerous in membership, has some of the best riders in the colony. Their track is the fastest in New Zealand and the advantages their riders gain from training on a fast track are well demonstrated when competing at race meetings elsewhere.

The Auckland riders suffer from the want of a proper racing track, but I understand the difficulty will be overcome next year.

Long distance road riding has had a boom this season; several riders have done very creditable performances within the twenty-four hours. The most notable among them are J. Martin, Christchurch, 163 miles; A. Field, Nelson, 175 miles; P. D. Mansell, Christchurch, 200 miles (record); whilst many others have ridden over 100 miles.

All the Cyclists' Alliance bicycle championships have now been held. The first was the three miles held at Christchurch on Dec. 26, and was won by W. D. Bean, in 9m. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; B. U. Barlow second, J. W. Painter, third. The one mile was held at Rangiora on Jan. 1, and was won by W. D. Bean, in 2m. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; F. Webb, second, and A. C. Wilmot, third. The five miles was held at Auckland on March 5, and was won by A. O. Austen (an English rider), on a grass track, in 18m. 24s.; J. Buchanan, second; J. Lecky, third. The twenty-five miles, at Invercargill on March 17, was won by A. C. Wilmot, in th. 36m. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; S. Kerr, second; F. H. King, third. The ten miles, at Christchurch on April 11, was won by W. D. Bean, in 32m. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; N. Hall, second, and J. W. Painter, third. It will be seen from the foregoing that Bean has been the hero of the year, having won three out of the five championships and he would undoubtedly have won the other two had he started. He is the fastest rider here. His best time is one mile, 2.50 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the championship times, all of which are records.

Hall is also a very promising rider and only took to riding some months ago. The only important race he rode in was the ten mile championship, when he rode a good second to Bean. He is tall and powerful and should show to advantage next season.

"PAKEHA."

CHRISTCHURCH, May 20, 1887.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



ASTING my eyes round me I think I find a great deal to write and talk about in the cycling line, but when I come to sift the matter over and try to determine what is of general interest and what is not, I am surprised to find how little I have at command.

This is just the between-times season when there is but little of positive action going; the cycling world, at least that portion of it which lies in proximity to my range of vision, being satisfied just at this season with a sort of negative life. If the Fourth of July was only here, all that is promised for that day of great memories might yield enough to make a very readable letter. As it is I can only tell you what is in prospect, and before doing that it would be perhaps the proper thing to overhaul what little of interest has transpired around these regions.

As I mentioned in my last we seem to have a slightly awakening interest in racing matters in this locality. Of course the awakening is not anything to speak of; we never allow our enthusiasm to run away with us here, and therefore we do not very often do anything to attract the wonder or the envy of the outside world; but, as I said, in our own little way we have been stirring around a bit. One fairly successful race meeting was given a few weeks ago in West Philadelphia, and another one is promised for the 9th of July. No fast time was the outcome of the last one, and none need be expected at the coming one. The idea, however, and the end to be gained remains whether we have 240 men to spin around the track or not. It is necessary for the furtherance of the recreation that we should have some kind of racing in Philadelphia even in a small way, and if the various clubs would act more in unison than they do there would not be much trouble in working up *via* the track in a modest way a good deal of interest in cycling round this neighborhood. There is a great deal manifested now, and we have to point to our new club-houses and large and influential clubs to prove that we are in no way behind in the matter of cycling development; but what is wanted is something that will popularize the use of the wheel among the general public; I mean that part of it which, without taking an active interest in the sport itself, would yet render the recreation the support and countenance which it merits. One of the chief agencies towards the getting the public to pat cycling on the back is to give them some good sport, and than cycle racing properly conducted there is no more entertaining or exciting spectacle. Our policy this year then ought to be to give in Philadelphia a number of meetings which should partake of a purely local nature, and be content if we excite purely local interest and do but local good. We have fast enough men to afford good sport. Louis Kolb has developed, owing to systematic training, very fair speed and holds for Pennsylvania the inter-university bicycle championship. At the race meeting held last month he also secured the Philadelphia City one mile championship, by a very easy win, not getting under three minutes. If Kolb goes to the division meet at Wilkesbarre on July 4, and if the track there is good and he gets any pushing, there is no reason why he should not get well under the three minutes. For a man who does no training and

comparatively little riding, T. A. Schaefer, who has won the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club mile race cup for the past two years, shows very good form, and no doubt the struggle this year for this cup between the present and several of "Pennsy's" members who have their eyes on it, will bring up some pretty racing. Both Kolb and Schaefer have just received latest patterns of Columbia racers, and on these machines they are showing marked improvement over the work they did formerly on their semi-roadsters.

The new club-house of "Pennsylvania" is nearing completion, and now that the exterior is very nearly finished, the extremely pretty character of the structure is becoming apparent. The first class location of the new house is also now beginning to strike those who did not at first believe that the new home of the "Pennsy" boys was placed in the best of positions. The Century Wheelmen have located themselves very comfortably on the great avenue of travel to glorious old Fairmount Park, and they have no need at present to be disappointed with their change, except in the matter of confined space, which was the main thing that bothered this young giant of the northwestern part of our city, in the early days spent on Park avenue. While referring to the Century Wheelmen, it may be opportune to notice that two members of that club, Mr. W. T. Fleming and Mr. Eddie Gould, are making quite an extended trip through the West, having for their objective point some place in Kansas. Fleming sends home letters now and then descriptive of his trip, and they appear in the *American Athlete* of this city, and offer really good reading. The press of this city pats Will on the back and says he is a good boy of a cycling tourist, because he writes of something else than what he eats, or what the hotels on his route have to offer that is good to eat. As was always characteristic of our cyclers here, touring is a special feature of Philadelphia cycling. Fleming and Gould will undoubtedly succeed in making their cyclometers run the miles covered up somewhere into the thousands. Mr. Harold Lewis and wife, both members of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, are away in Europe to roll over several thousand miles of Old World roads on their tandem machine. Mr. H. L. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, is also across the water disturbing the dust of English roads, and his brother, C. A. Roberts, with Charlie Harvey, Kohler, McKinstry, Detwiller, and a number of others of "Pennsy's" numerous good road riders, starts next week for a two weeks' tour through the northeastern part of the State. We have a road race in prospect for Philadelphia. Messrs. J. K. Tryon & Co., of this city, the well known sporting goods men, have Sam Gideon running the cycling department of their business, and Sam no doubt put them up to doing what they have done, viz., offering a very handsome prize for a Philadelphia inter-club road race, to take place some time in the early fall. The clubs have taken hold of the matter, and a joint committee has been appointed to work the project up. The great sticking point is the course over which the race is to be run. The best road for the proposed race, that can be found in this section of the country, is without doubt the much talked and sung about "Lancaster Pike," but the trouble with this thoroughfare is that it is governed by a commission, who, while keeping it in first class condition are rather averse, to having anything like a cycling road race held over it. We cyclers

of the Quaker City have to thank them for a magnificent road-bed for riding over, and we would thank them further still for permission to have one good race over it. Should the desired permission be granted it is more than probable that every cycling club in the city will trot out its team to compete in the race. On the "glorious Fourth" the Pennsylvania division holds its annual meet at Wilkesbarre, and the Wilkesbarre Bicycle Club are to run in their annual race meeting in connection with it, and promise Pennsylvania division members a right good time. Had not the Maryland boys a royal gathering? Cycling is evidently on the boom still.

CHRIS.

VICTORY OF THE "VICTOR."

DETAILS OF THE GREAT BICYCLE RACE AT CLARKSVILLE—HOW NEILSON WON THE 100-MILE CONTEST.

For many months past there had been bad blood between the bicyclists. An extreme jealousy existed, out of which grew differences of opinion as to which one of these cushion-footed, feather-winged fliers was best adapted to be spun through space. These differences grew day by day till they involved the more than 50,000 riders throughout the land, and the war waxed hot. Something was to be done. The preliminary warfare of words and print had carried things to a point where a demonstration was called for. A race of one hundred miles, up hill and down, over the common roads of Clarksville, Mo., was proposed. This road was a twenty mile square, which included hills hard to climb and dangerous to descend. It was thought that so long a race over such a course would prove a severe test for machines. The challenge was promptly accepted by the confident ones, and the best men of the land put into daily training in gymnasiums and at hard road riding. The race was to be distinctly a contest between makers of bicycles, and no pains or expense was spared to put every condition at its best to insure success. Trainers were employed, and unprecedented preparation made on all sides.

Three weeks before the day appointed the various riders, with their trainers, moved to Clarksville, in order to train over the proposed course. The town now talked of nothing but the coming race, and from the wheels, trainers' and cycling talk it would seem that Clarksville knew nothing so important as the great bicycle race. The question, "Which team do you think will win?" was the common one on all sides, and speculation ran high as the various favorites were backed for first or second place. Even the farmers stopped their plows to investigate the chaises. Not a boy or girl in the locality who didn't partake of the enthusiasm. Four teams were entered: The Victor team, Overman Wheel Company, Boston; the Columbia team, Pope Manufacturing Company, Boston; the Star team, H. B. Smith Machine Company, Smithville, N. J.; the Champion team, Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago. Each had its backers among the people.

The interest increased till May 23, the day that was to witness the greatest bicycle road race ever ridden in this or any other country. As early as the morning of the 22d the special excursion steamers came up and down the Mississippi river and found a landing at Clarksville, making the place look like a city of steamboats. On Monday, the 23d, special trains came from all sides, teams with loads of country people, men and women on

horseback and afoot, till the surrounding hills were clothed with spectators. The hard rain storm of the night before had made a heavy track, but as the race was advertised to start "weather or no weather," no interruption of plans occurred. At 8.40 carriages started from the hotel with the various teams of racers and their trainers, and at nine Brewster, of St. Louis, who was official starter, ordered the men to mount. Nine riders answered the call: William A. Rhodes, Victor team, Boston; Robert A. Neilson, Victor team, Boston; H. G. Crocker, Columbia team, Newton, Mass.; S. Hollingsworth, Columbia team, Rushville, Ind.; Charles Frazier, Star team, Smithville, N. J.; John Brooks, Star team, Blossburg, Pa.; A. A. McCurdy, Star team, Lynn, Mass.; C. W. Ashinger, Champion team, Omaha, Neb.; S. G. Whittaker, Champion team, Chicago, Ill.

The familiar "Are you ready?" was heard, and the shot of a pistol and the men were off—off for the long one hundred miles of struggle! Farmers left their work, mills stopped, and the whole country for twenty-five miles about made gala day. Reporters were sent from Boston and New York and each of the great Western cities to wire the news of the race. The telegraph company had a corps of assistant operators to send the accounts written up by the reporters. A St. Louis pool seller moved his office to Clarksville for the purpose of betting on the races, and all sorts of chances were offered to the backers of the various men.

In one hour the marshals cried "Clear the track," and soon "Here they come" was heard from all sides. At the first round (20 miles) Neilson led. Frazier and Ashinger had dropped out. The men passed on for the second lap in this order: Neilson, Whittaker, Crocker, Rhodes, Brooks, Hollingsworth, and McCurdy.

When the time for a second lap finish, the cry of "Rhodes ahead" warned the crowd to make way, and the racers wheeled past in this order: Rhodes, Neilson, Crocker, Whittaker, Hollingsworth. Brooks and McCurdy failed to show up and the field was narrowed down to five. Forty miles done! At this time the betting was rampant, and the admirers of the different riders wildly backed their favorites. The boards were rapidly changed as to odds as the "points" of the race developed. Wheels smashed and riders tired; others became discouraged. The scene was very like a stock exchange. At the finish of the second lap Whittaker's wheel gave out, and he was obliged to take a new one, which served him but little better, as it soon gave evidence of weakening.

The finish of the third lap, sixty miles, was in this order: Rhodes, Neilson, Crocker, Hollingsworth, Whittaker. Again, at the fourth lap, eighty miles, the leader was Rhodes, doing a giant's task setting the pace; next followed Neilson, then Crocker, Hollingsworth, and Whittaker. It was now apparent that the fight for the finish would be between Rhodes and Neilson, who were riding like clocks wound up for the occasion, as they were far ahead of the others, one of whom (Whittaker) was 13 minutes behind.

Now the tumult became hushed, and save the noise of the pool selling, where two was offered against three on Rhodes and eight against one on Whittaker, there was a general quiet which betokened the anxiety of the people. Men stood on fence posts and climbed to high places to get a first look at the man who should lead in this last lap. Long before they were due the anxiety

was intense and the quiet almost oppressive. "Neilson and Rhodes!" Here they come in a cloud of dust, fairly flying down the homestretch, neck and neck, till they neared the line, when Neilson made one of his wonderful spurts and came in a few seconds ahead, with Rhodes on his heels for a good second. No one else in sight. The enthusiasm knew no bounds, and if the men had not ridden straight to quarters, they would have been congratulated to pieces.

The final summing up was as follows: First, Robert A. Neilson, Victor, Boston, 6h. 46m. 27s.; second, William A. Rhodes, Victor, Boston, 6h. 46m. 51s.; third H. G. Crocker, Columbia, Newton, Mass., 6h. 51m. 27s.; fourth, S. Hollingsworth, Columbia, Rushville, Ind.; fifth, S. G. Whittaker, Champion, Chicago, Ill. C. W. Ashinger, Champion, Omaha, Neb., dropped out at twenty miles; Charles Frazier, Star, Smithville, N. J., dropped out at twenty miles; A. A. McCurdy, Star, Lynn, Mass., dropped out at forty miles; John Brooks, Star, Blossburg, Pa., dropped out at forty miles.—*Boston Herald.*

WHEELMAN'S SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY C. B. HOLCOMB, TARIFFVILLE, CT.

When the morning lark is winging,
Winging far and free,
From the sky his music flinging,
Over heath and lea;
When the leaf with dew is bending,
To the air new freshness lending,
Then, my hearties, come ride with me.
See the whole wide world is waking,
Waking from its sleep;
To new life itself betaking,
New life strong and deep.
Brightly lies the day before us,
Brightly streams the sunshine o'er us;
Come, my hearties, come ride with me.

Bugler, send your notes a-ringing,
Ringing loud and clear;
Send the valley echoes singing,
Singing far and near.
Sing of vale and plashing fountain,
Grassy plain and cloud-capped mountain,
Sing the song that wheelmen love to hear.
Sing of lanes that lie in shadow
Of the leafy wood,
Sing of runs by stream and meadow,
Runs that stir the blood.
Bugler, send your notes a-ringing;
Bugler, send your echoes singing—
Let them ring and sing as echoes should.

Close upon the bugle's sound
There comes a rush of feet,
Five-and-twenty wheelmen bound
Along the quiet street;
Five-and-twenty wheels stand waiting,
Five-and-twenty hearts, fast beating,
Heed the signal, —Mount and away!
Little boys upon the fences
Greet us with a shout;
Pretty girls, by cottage lattice,
You may all look out.
Forward, men, a good pace giving,
Surely life is worth the living,
Life so free as this from care and doubt.

Now the vesper bells are ringing,
Ringing o'er the lea;
Now the birds are homeward winging,
Winging far and free;
Now the sunset gold is burning;
Now the day to night is turning;
Now, my hearties, speeding home are we,
To that home so bright and cheery,
Lit by love's warm ray;
Shining wheels that never weary
Bear us far away
To the loving arms awaiting,
Through the hours that fast are fleeting,
Riding swiftly home—home are we.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

"Where hills have been climbed, where great road races have been run, where wheels have been tested to their very utmost, THE VICTOR has been found at the front to tell its own story."—O. W. Co. Catalog.

♦ AMONG THE MANY BATTLES ♦

WHICH GRACE THE SHIELD OF THE VICTOR ARE THE NAMES OF

CLARKSVILLE,
"BIG 4" 100 MILES,

♦ "THE
BIG 4" ♦

CRAWFORDSVILLE,
BOSTON 100 MILES,

ALL 100-MILE EVENTS, OPEN TO THE WORLD.

MANY RACES.

Including such as "The Eastern Club Race," "The Wanderers' Road Race," etc., have been won on VICTORS, but we mention only the fields which have been open to all comers. THE VICTOR FEARS NO COMPETITION, and glories in no race where any rider is barred.

In several instances, where a choice of different bicycles was given the winner as a prize, the VICTOR has been chosen.

♦
OVERMAN WHEEL Co.

182-188 COLUMBUS AVENUE, - BOSTON.

ALL FORGED STEEL!

ALL INTERCHANGEABLE!

ALL GUARANTEED!

ALL RIGHT!

ALL VICTOR!

VICTOR

◆ VICTOR ◆

IT WILL OUT-COAST
“OLD COASTER” HIMSELF,
AND THEY DO SAY
THE TIRES STAY IN.

◆ BETTER SEE IT.

CATALOG FREE.

◆
OVERMAN WHEEL Co.

182-188 COLUMBUS AVENUE, - BOSTON.

For the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A SPIN ON THE CRUST.

To those unacquainted with the beauties of crust cycling, the following story may furnish copious food for entertainment, as well as many beneficial "points," should our inquisitive readers attempt to test the practicability of the scheme.

Well, treading a bicycle on the uncertain epidermal layer of a smooth and undulating snow bank when the hydrogenum is skirmishing around in the vicinity of zero, and the air is fairly tingling with minute diamond-edged crystals sparkling and glistening before the rising sun, is not the best occupation imaginable, but it possesses attractions not to be sneered at by any progressive "pedaler."

The first requisite for this exhilarating sport is a good, substantial, well-built crust. None of your brittle, fickle quality, but the genuine, unadulterated article; and even then it is more discreet than valorous to cautiously survey the line of your prospective travel, lest mishap attend you and dire distress await your arctic anticipations.

It is also a wise policy to provide one's self with a good fur cap, muffler, gloves, and a warm breast protector. No other precaution is necessary, though a neat little nose mitten might prove of inestimable profit and benefit to your nasal appendage, in case of an emergency. These latter are always liable to happen, and it is well to be ready for the regular bill of fare. Yes, of course, take your wheel, for that's always an absolute necessity when an adventure of this kind is *sub judice*.

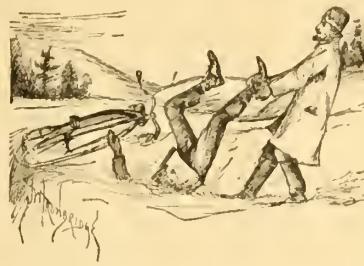
Now, before I divulge another word of this graphic sketch, I must exact from every one of you *blaze*, bold, and brilliant bicyclers, a solemn vow to breathe not a single word of its contents, for it is as much as my ethereal existence is worth to even mention its slightest particular in the presence of my co-adventure, "Poker."

The past winter has been fairly prolific with smooth and finely developed crusts on its voluminous miles of the beautiful, and all sorts of winter sports have thrived tremendously. Bicycling is not a winter sport, but this long continued state of things had grown to a gigantic, preposterous imposition to us house relegated cyclists, and one morning in early February, us two, "Poker and I," resolved to brave old Prob and his son Jack Frost, and set out accordingly. We carefully oiled and exercised our dust begrimed wheels, loosened up their stiff joints, and sallied forth with buoyant spirits and still more buoyant steeds. The level expanse of plain down the frozen banks of the mundivagant Mohawk proved an inviting bait, and beckoned us to go hence with no slouching inducements. No trouble was experienced in mounting, and for the first few rods we were too full for utterance. Our spirits arose with each successive revolution of the glistening wheels; so did the atmosphere. This was glorious, and we made the echoes resound with boyish shout and exultant laughter. (Misled youths.)

"Say, Poke" (that's what we all knew my jovial pard by, but how he caught it I can't tell), "I'm going"—

Just what I intended saying will forever remain a solemn secret. All I know is, that I went—with more dispatch than neatness—and with a velocity astounding to believe. No one who has not been right there can even imagine the experience or realize the impetuous, unceremonious exit from a position exalted, proud, and elevated, to one groveling in the low driven snow—cold, icy

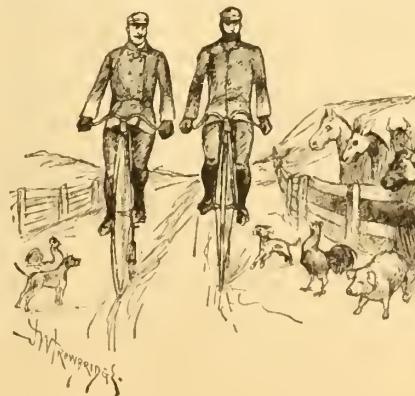
snow. You see, my luckless wheel struck a soft spot, and quicker 'an scat it had cut in up to the hub—so had I. All that remained sticking out to reveal my last resting place to surviving posterity were two very lively and animated legs. Poke



THE RESCUE.

came to the rescue, and between me and the cycle, and the snow drift, he had a hard tussle. The place where that fatal bank suddenly uplifted and hit me was very affectionate, indeed. It embraced me in a thousand folds, and hugged with terrific force. Consequently, when after an hour's hard work I was restored to my native element, there came forth about three bushels of the feathery fluid lodged in every available crevice of my hapless person. Eyes, nose, mouth, ears, pockets, watch-case, mittens and all were chock full. All things considered, a header in a snow bank has many admirable features as well as disappointments. You have an opportunity of standing on your ear longer than human agency can invent, and it don't take much time to secure the proper position, either. All you have got to do is to quietly submit to the inevitable, and it will gently transfer your carcass in the most approved fashion. No use to resent the inevitable, any way.

Well, we were soon in the saddle again, and ready for some more inevitableness. My nasal proboscis had donned a state's prison uniform with but one item of variance, and that was, the stripes were red and pink—considerably more red than pink. Faint reminiscences of the former were also oozing out in various places of my anatomy. There was but one point of regret, and I regret to mention it. My companion in misfortune, or more fortunate rather, took occasion to make me the butt of long and hilarious laughter. He laughed a five act drama entire, and then took a big giggle between acts, bringing up with a sonorous encore. His ha! ha! hi! hi! he! he! ho! ho! rankled like thorns in my injured pride, and raised great mountains of revengeful thoughts. Fortune favored me, as it always does the brave.



THE CYNOSURES OF ALL EYES.

Chance, or the farmer's multitudinous array of fences, I don't know which, brought us up, eventually, on one side of a barn yard. We had the first choice, and last call, of a coast over three

high stiles, a yard full of cattle, or an opportunity for gloriously distinguishing ourselves by flying through the farmer's barn. The first was not romantic enough, the last lacked sufficient inducement, and was out of the regular order. We were not bent upon astonishing the world at that moment, so the cattle won the day, and we proceeded to get acquainted with our unwelcome and uninvited hostesses.

A cow is just about as intelligent as a mule when anything extraordinary is around, and our *début* among the bovines was an occasion for great excitement. We were the cynosures of all eyes, but kept as cool as cucumbers, in this trying ordeal. I always was a modest elf, and this undue deference fairly overwhelmed me. When half way out of the enemy's territory we began to congratulate ourselves on a safe transmigration through the myriads of admiring eyes. I was in the lead, and, passing a long horned bovine, she dropped her cud and gazed at me with startling intensity. I might have been the wild man of Borneo in her cowship's eyes, the way she eyed my approach. But all at once she gave her head a sarcastic shake, looked silly, and went to manipulating another chew. A cow's cud is as endless as a cat's lives, though where she keeps 'em all I have never been able to discover. Just then Poker hove in sight, and the dawning of this second apparition on her cowship's vision proved one too much. She made a wild jump to get out of the way. Did you ever notice just how a cow gets out of the way? No? Well, she always goes pell mell right for the object she wants to avoid. She seems to have an obstinate notion of getting ahead



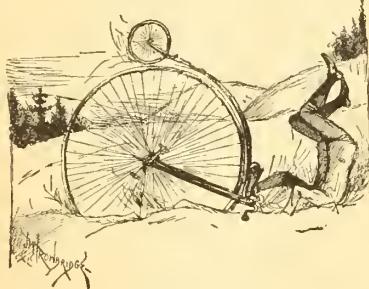
THE RESULT OF BOVINE MISCALCULATION.

of the article, and so vamoose the ranch in safety. But this cow made a wrong calculation, or misunderstood the nature of the beast she had to contend with. Anyway, the cow and the bicycle tried to pass through a given vacuum at one and the same time, and the result was startling. The cow stopped short, and looked astonished. She turned around and looked dumfounded. She sat down and was utterly demoralized. So was Poker. He turned a complete somersault into a muck heap, and posed in a striking attitude. His prostrate posterior caught the malicious eye of a wicked old ram, and there were signs of war. The next movement Poker made was a retreat; a cross between a fly and a swim to neutral territory. That old buck knew his business well, and he did it up in great shape. He made but one onslaught, and left nothing undone. I took it all in from a near by port of safety. Poker took it all in from the other side of the arena. He was chief manager, clown, and the whole circus. His menagerie was A. I. I admired my position most. It gave decidedly the best opportunities for lung exercise, and I exercised. Three buttons had died an unnatural death, and I was at the fourth, when suddenly I was interrupted by a terrible whack in the rear. The

way Poker pranced and gallivanted around then was a caution.

"Confound it, how ye going to git my wheel?"
"I, hic—ain't going to, hic—git it."

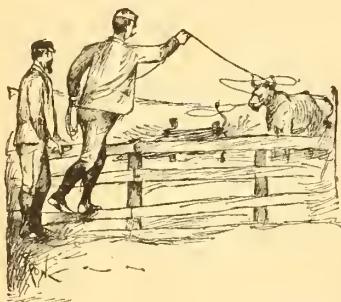
Then he began to laugh, too, and we turned our attention to the imprisoned wheel. It was surrounded by a moving mass of animated flesh, all eager to get a glimpse of the strange vehicle, so



A STRIKING ATTITUDE.

unceremoniously left in their midst. They approached just so far and no farther. Each separate animal took a sniff and passed on. None dared to touch the fallen steed. As long as nothing human remained about you couldn't hire even a mule to come in contact with its polished surface. Therefore for the present it was a prisoner of war and safe from danger. We looked around and found a long rope in the barn. Poker was good at lassoing, and resolved to try his powers. The first attempt was a dismal failure. The second missed the cycle bar, but caught the snout of a pig, and then there was music. A whole museum of fun was now brewing, and we proceeded to agitate our prisoner. Agitation led to aggravation, and the air was full of pig. The porker's piteous cries brought out its owner, and there was blood in his eye.

"Gol darn ye, what ye doin' wi' that pig—git eaout o' this."



TRYING HIS POWERS.

By a skillful effort, Poker released the tormented porker and we proceeded to explain. Gradually the ridiculousness of our position began to dawn on the old farmer's bucolic brain and his countenance relaxed into a broad grin.

"Bucked ye, did he? Wall, neaow ye oughter be careful. In course I'll git yea bysickel or what ye call that two-wheeled consarn. How'dye git here, any way?"

We explained our journey on the crust and his eyes bulged out like cannon balls.

"Neaow ye git eaout, ye pesky critters, ye can't come no gum games on me, if I be a old slouch o' a farmer."

With that we bade our rural friend good bye and set out for home, fully resolved to give crust cycling in general and barnyards in particular a wide berth hereafter. The trip homeward was uneventful barring two or three headers, if such accidents may be called events.

G. W. N., JR.

ARIEL A-WHEEL.

OUR WASHINGTON TRIP AND THE BALTIMORE MEET.

The Ariel Wheel Club's annual tour took in the national capital and the third annual meet of the Maryland Division at Baltimore. It also "took in" those members of the club who attempted to ride at the pace set by the captain on his big 58. One result of this has been that a resolution was unanimously passed at the last meeting held, that he be compelled to ride, hereafter, on tours, a Victor safety geared down to 30 inches. With this we hope to be able to equalize things so far as speed is concerned, and then besides its luggage carrying capacity is so much greater than the ordinary, that it is just what he needs. On the last tour he carried a road-book and a tooth brush, and he had serious thoughts of dropping the tooth brush as weighting him down too much, but we persuaded him to hold on to it by dint of arguments about the "style" of the Baltimorean, etc. Let me do him the justice to add that he also took on board the steamer at Philadelphia three dozen bananas, but unfortunately they only lasted for a distance of five miles down the river.

By steamer from Philadelphia to Baltimore is a most delightful trip and lays all over the railway. Fare \$2.00 both ways. Some one may inquire, "Why didn't you use the wheel?" Ask any one who has ever ridden by bicycle between the two cities for an answer.

We reached Baltimore early Sunday morning and took the first train to Washington, having been met and escorted to the railway station by a couple of self-denying Baltimore cyclers, Messrs. Boyd and Mitchell, who for our sakes had forsaken their downy couches at an early hour, thereby earning our undying thanks. Reaching Washington we again fell into good hands, Captain Compton of the Capital Bicycle Club, being at the station to meet us. We rolled down Pennsylvania avenue to their magnificent club-house—one of the most beautifully situated in the country—and found a jolly crowd on hand to take us around. The weather was sweltering, with the thermometer up in the nineties, and the run to Cabin John was voted too hot. We therefore took the one to the Soldiers' Home, and were repaid for our trouble by a magnificent bird's-eye view of the city and country from the tower, together with the "Capitol Vista"; this latter being a straightforward view through a narrow tunnel of tree-tops for about a mile, through which shone, clear and white, the airy dome of the Capitol, seemingly suspended in the atmosphere. Nothing else is visible, and it was a most singular and beautiful sight, unlike anything else I ever beheld. But it was the coasts and spines over the smooth asphalt and down leafy lanes of trees that enraptured the Reading contingent. The Washington men smiled at our enthusiasm and told us it got to be monotonous after awhile. We tested a Quadrant tandem tricycle here and the president said that that particular machine had a name (all the wheels he said were named in Washington)—it was "Helen Hills"—I don't know who she was but he said he had met her.

Our stay in Washington was limited and Monday found us back in Baltimore. Some took in the shell road run Monday morning and some did not, but we turned out a full detachment for the illuminated parade, which was a great thing for Baltimore. The streets along the route were massed with thousands of spectators to view the novel sight and much applause was bestowed upon

the many glittering costumes and decorations. There were between two and three hundred machines in line, and each wheel was decorated with Chinese lanterns, Japanese parasols, and flags and streamers.

There were many fancy and grotesque costumes, some of which created much merriment. The belle of Baltimore was one of the best gotten-up figures in the parade. She rode a tandem tricycle, had blonde hair, a bright red dress and a bustle. She would have been supremely happy at the conquests she made if her bustle had not been so much in her way.

The march was in single file and the line was about a mile long. The start was from Druid Lake, and as the procession wound around the lake it looked in the distance as if a swarm of huge fire-flies were racing around the drive. From Eutaw gate the wheelmen rode silently and swiftly down Eutaw place and up the East side. Here they made a pretty sight, but soon after striking some of the rough cobbled streets the jolting extinguished a great many of the lights, and some headers were taken, no serious damage resulting however. From Eutaw place to Madison avenue, to Charles street and around the Washington Monument the parade took its course; thence to North avenue and the Mt. Royal entrance to the park. Many of the houses all along the line were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, etc., and Greek fire brilliantly lighted up the streets at numerous points.

Chief Consul J. Kemp Bartlett, Jr., was grand marshal and he was actively assisted by aids from each of the several clubs. The clubs in line were the Maryland Bicycle Club, Baltimore Cycle Club, Rambler Cycle Club, Centaur Club, Alert Club, Ariel Wheel Club of Reading, Pa., Capital and Washington Clubs of Washington, D. C., Hagerstown Bicycle Club, and delegates from several other places.

Tuesday morning, after several runs had been taken from the several club-houses, the principal affair—the business meeting of the division—took place at Arlington, a lovely little village about six miles from Baltimore. Chief Consul Bartlett presided and about thirty-five members were present. The usual routine business was transacted, one of the principal items of new business being the appointment of an official organ for the division—something that has been very much needed. Mr. R. M. Lockwood was re-elected secretary-treasurer.

The races came off in the afternoon and attracted a large attendance. The grand stand, and even the pool stand, was crowded with spectators, while the infield was well filled with carriages and horses. The programme opened with a grand procession around the half-mile track, in which over two hundred wheels took part. The various evolutions—in single file, by twos, in columns of fours and eights—were all very prettily and promptly executed, and called forth rounds of applause from the seats. The races were then run off in order, with the greatest promptness and regularity, great credit reflecting upon the officials of the course for their management in this, as in every other respect.

First was a half-mile dash for Maryland riders, won by L. Warrington, Jr., in 1.27½; with F. H. Hoover second.

One mile open—Crist of Washington pulled first in 2.45½; Mackenzie second and Brown third.

Three mile lap race—Kingsland won easily in 9.25, with Pope second.

One mile, tricycle, open—Crist and Brown of Washington were the only starters in this race, and they came in in the order named, it being a foregone conclusion in this and every other race that no one could hope to equal Crist.

One mile dash—Open to those who had never won first or second prize. This brought out five starters, of whom but one—Mackenzie—was mounted on a racer. He rapidly forged to the front and led to the finish. Time, 2.59, with Warrington second.

The three mile handicap, open, brought out Crist's splendid racing abilities. He was too heavily handicapped by Mackenzie's fifty seconds to take first place, the latter winning first in 9.49½, with Crist second, he having made up 44 of the 50 seconds.

At the conclusion of this race Mr. Harry Parks, of Washington, gave a very fine exhibition of trick and fancy riding, doing all the acts of this sort usually seen.

In the two mile safety bicycle, handicap, Crist on a Rover type safety was scratch. Brown on the same kind of machine, ten seconds, with Eisenbrandt, of Baltimore, fifty seconds, on a Columbia safety. Crist was stopped for a moment or two on getting the word by some part of his machine apparently giving away, but finding it ran all right he got down to work, and the prettiest race of the day ensued. It was not until the last quarter was entered that he caught and passed Eisenbrandt, and then came some magnificent racing down the homestretch with Brown, both men flying. At the distance pole half a length separated them and now Crist made his final effort. With a tremendous burst of speed he came up on even terms, and ten yards from the finish drew ahead amid enthusiastic shouts, winning by a quarter-length in 6.44.

The one and one-half mile team race was won by the Baltimores, with Ramblers second (although their man, Kingsland, pulled first) and Maryland third.

Ninth race, one mile consolation, was won by Church in 3.06½, with Ward second.

The officials of the races were: Referee, J. Kemp Bartlett, Jr.; judges, Geo. F. Updegraff, C. W. Abbott, W. L. Seabrook; timers, H. E. Brown, E. F. LeCato, A. E. Mealy; starter, S. T. Clark; clerk of the course, R. M. Lockwood.

The track was in fine condition having been scraped and rolled until it was as level as a floor. With such a track racing should be at a premium in Baltimore, and yet only two or three of the contestants in these races rode racers. Of course those who mounted roadsters were heavily handicapped, and it was a matter of general regret that Crist did not have some one to push him. If he had he would have done better than 2.45½, which, however, I understood was record for the track. We had hoped to have had our own Schwartz pull against him, as he ran him closely at Hagerstown, but Schwartz is lying back for our own division races. It is a pity that he did not take to the crank wheel instead of "pushing the levers," for he would have been worth five to ten seconds more in the mile. There is a loss of speed in the application of the power on Star wheels, say what you please, or why don't they hold any of the track records? The best Star record, if my memory serves me, is somewhere around 2.39, about ten seconds slower than the crank wheel records. Speaking of speed, I was surprised at the time they get out of the small wheels like the Victor

safety and others of the Rover type. Geared up to 54 inches they keep right along with the large machines, and without any effort. I tried one of them and found it easy running and thoroughly safe—as safe as anything can be. The steering is somewhat sensitive until one becomes accustomed to it, but this soon wears off and the machine steers itself. Nothing can take the place of the ordinary with me, but for elderly and timid people, and for that large class who are always falling off at the least provocation, the Victor safety is the ideal wheel.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Perhaps we weren't glad to see Billy turn up at the depot in Washington? He looked as fresh as a daisy. Hagerstown air and riding must agree with William.

The captain got himself into bad repute. He used up all his own club on the road, and then inveigled four unfortunate Ramblers into touring with him in the Shenandoah Valley. One hundred and fifteen miles one day and one hundred and four the next was too lively company, and regrettably the captain and his big 58 rode alone. (Mem.—He'll sleep alone, too, on any club tours hereafter. We had a regular monkey and parrot kind of a time in the stateroom aboard the steamer, the first night.) They say that after he left the rest of the club he was charged double rates at the hotels he lodged at. And the hotels lost money at that.

The recent club run of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club to Reading was a very enjoyable affair. Messrs. Burt, Osborne, Smith, Jacoby, Uhler, and Dotter came up on their wheels, taking three days to the trip up and down. They were met by the Ariels and escorted both out and in town. A curious accident occurred to one of them. While riding quietly on the side path, his large wheel picked up a stone (how it was ever done goodness knows!) and carried it into the front forks, where it lodged, and the rider, impressed with the necessity of getting it out, dismounted over the handlebars in the old way. No one hurt. Weather hot!

Roads dusty. "ARIEL".

READING, PA., June 30, 1887.

[Concluded.]

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CYCLING CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY CHRIS WHEELER.

Very little more remains to be told about "Philadelphia." The success of the organization is evidenced by the large and increasing membership, and by the pretentious brick and brownstone edifice that towers up above the neighboring buildings on the confines of Fairmount Park near the Green street entrance. The club may now be said to have reached three figures in the total of its membership roll, and as before noted a number of this large membership are ladies. This move of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club in throwing open its privileges and rights to members of the fair sex was a good one, and a step in advance of the other city clubs which has ministered to and will no doubt further help the growth of the organization, as well as the growth of cycling as a pastime among the community at large. One of the results of this wise move on the part of "Philadelphia" was evidenced about the time that Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lewis left for their European pilgrimage. A farewell riding party of members of the club was organized, and on a fine Saturday afternoon twenty ladies and gentlemen, members of the club, rode out together over the

drives and under the trees of Fairmount Park. In this party there were no less than seven tricycles and tandems ridden by ladies, and the effect no doubt on those of the great public who saw the jolly party thus enjoying themselves could not have been anything but conducive to the cause of cycling.

As before stated the success of the project for a club-house owned by the organization was mainly due to the untiring energy of Mr. Harold Lewis, an active and enthusiastic wheelman, doubtless widely known among his brother wheelmen who have attended the annual gatherings of the L. A. W.; for Mr Lewis was always one of the most active of Philadelphia's members, and was generally to be found representing the club at League meetings, and at all gatherings where the cause of cycling could be benefited. Mr. Lewis held the captaincy of the club for quite a long term and is remembered by the older members as



EWING L. MILLER.

one of the club's most popular officers. If Harold Lewis was popular as captain, so was Mr. Ewing L. Miller, whose face reproduced here will also perhaps be familiar to frequenters of the League reunions. On Harold Lewis vacating the captain's position, it was filled by "long Ewing Miller," who, on succeeding to the honor of being chief road officer of Philadelphia's oldest cycling club, thought it incumbent upon him to reduce his six feet of stature, from the elevation reached by riding a fifty-eight machine, to the lowly estate of a safety bicycle of the Facile brand. There is one man whom it would not do to pass without mention when mention is made of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, and that man is Mr. G. N. Osborne, "Gus Osborne," as his fellow club men like to call him. Gus Osborne has been, is, and will be as long as he remains in the club, the—what will we call it?—well, the home body of "Philadelphia." Approaching to six feet in height and built in proportion, you would not expect to find in "Gus" the man to keep the property of the club, in the shape of the furniture and knick-knacks round the club quarters, in the order which, generally speaking, property is not kept in average club rooms. Yet for years past it has been so, and if the club room happened to be in disorder and some one set it to rights, and if the club papers were lying around and somebody filed them, and if some entertainment or run was to be engineered and somebody did the engineering, Gus Osborne generally

could be identified with the somebody who was the presiding good genius of the club's social life. Club files, scrap books, bulletin boards, etc., were cared for by the indefatigable Osborne, and while others had the offices of prominence and notoriety, G. N. Osborne held to his work on the house committee, which he now directs, and helped in his own way to build up the social atmosphere which is distinctive of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club's headquarters. What the Philadelphia Bicycle Club may grow to be, it is of course impossible now to say. It does not show evidence of the rapid growth—current growth—which characterizes its later formed sister cycling organizations of the "Quaker City," but there is no reason whatever why it should not go on growing in size and usefulness as the years go by. The tone of its membership is expressed best in the word solid, and as long as this is characteristic of it, the club bids fair to be a cycling fixture of Philadelphia. With a solid membership, with a first-class clubhouse situated in a convenient and growing neighborhood, with a history to look back upon, and with a future history to make, the Philadelphia Bicycle Club holds, and will doubtless long continue to hold, its position of honor among cycling institutions in the city of Penn.

[THE END.]

Correspondence.

ATTENTION, WHEELMEN!

There are 50,000 now of you in the United States. Volume 1, of "Around the World on a Bicycle," Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, price \$4.00 a copy, is now ready. It is a handsomely bound 8vo of nearly 600 pages, 110 illustrations, and a splendid colored frontispiece of myself a-wheel in the costume I wore on the roads of India. As the narrative of what the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls "the most splendid piece of personal adventure of this century" this book will always stand unique, not only in the literature of the wheel, but in the literature of the world. It ought to be in the possession of every wheelman in this country. I have determined that if it does not get there, it shall not be for the want of enterprise on my own part. Charles Scribner's Sons, Broadway, New York, one of the largest publishing houses in the world, have now brought it out. I have made arrangements with them by which I can supply special autograph copies to persons ordering direct from me, without any advance on its cost in the book stores. The wide difference between my mere "author's royalty" on the copies sold through the regular channels of trade, and the profits I obtain from the autograph copies enables me to offer the following extraordinary inducements for purchasers to order direct from myself. I take no stock in small measures. If the conditions did not enable me to offer handsome inducements, I would offer no inducements at all.

Ten thousand autograph copies are what I ought to sell among five times that number of wheelmen. As soon as that number is reached I will send \$500 in gold to the person who has sent me the greatest number of orders; and another \$500 to some one individual purchaser, to be determined by lot in the presence of a committee of three gentlemen, well and favorably known to the fraternity of the wheel. Ordering your book through some friend engaged in work-

ing for the first \$500 gives you the same chance for the second \$500 as if you sent your individual order to me, but your name and address must be sent with the order, to be placed on file.

Gentlemen, I would rather send on that \$1000 one month hence than one year; so purchase your autograph copy at your earliest convenience; you are as likely to get the \$500 as anybody. Money should be sent by P. O. order or registered letter.

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS STEVENS.

P. S.—Some enterprising club, by enlisting their friends, and sending all orders through their Secretary, should secure one of these splendid premiums, and possibly both of them for their treasury.

If at the end of two years the number sold should be short of 10,000 copies, the premiums will be awarded in proportion; i.e., two premiums of \$250 each for 5000 copies, etc.

NEW KNOXVILLE, O., May 28, 1887.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Notice paragraph in GAZETTE of May, also in other cycling papers, saying there is no law in Ohio compelling vehicles to give half of road. Enclose copy of law in this State; it certainly covers the ground.

Yours,

JAS. SLACK.

AN ACT

To amend Section 3490 of the Revised Statutes.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That section 3490 of the Revised Statutes be amended to read as follows:—

SEC. 3490. All persons driving carriages or vehicles of any description or riding on horseback on any turnpike or plank road, or upon any public highway of this State, shall, on meeting carriages or vehicles of any description or persons riding on horseback, keep to the right, so as to leave half of the road free; and if any person neglect or refuse to comply with the provision[s] of this section, or in any other manner hinder or obstruct any person in the free passage of any such road or highway, he shall, on conviction thereof before any justice of the peace or other court having jurisdiction, for every such offense be fined in any sum not less than one dollar nor more than twenty dollars, for the use of [the] common schools of such county, and the person so offending shall moreover be held liable to the person so aggrieved for any damages he may sustain.

SEC. 2. That said original section number 3490 of the Revised Statutes be and the same is hereby repealed.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

DANIEL J. RYAN,

Speaker pro tem. of the House of Representatives.

ROB'T P. KENNEDY,

President of the Senate.

Passed March 12, 1886.

BOSTON, MASS., June 27, 1887.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

It is with regret that we notice an advertisement going the rounds of the cycling papers, casting a slur upon foreign machines and ideas, and while we believe every fair-minded cyclist can see something good in every make of machine, whether foreign or American, we think it is not courteous to try to build up one's business at the expense of another.

In this case there seems to be an opportunity for the application of the Golden Rule. We believe in living and letting others live.

Very respectfully yours,

STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.

A convertible tandem ought to be a good wheel for ministers of the evangelist type.—*Wheelmen's Record.*

News Notes.

The Massachusetts Club is dead.

Boston's fine club-house is to let.

Jubilee year for New York wheelmen.

America has the best short distance rides.

Temple is the hero of the American team.

Bowen of Buffalo swears by the old sociable.

Buffalo's new club-house will be ready this fall.

W. A. Illston, one mile champion of England for 1887.

Have you got an autograph copy of Thos. Stevens's book?

Howell don't want to race Temple any more on short distance.

Springfield's race meeting on the Fourth was a financial failure.

New York parks are open to all wheelmen on equal terms with horsemen.

Some American cyclists are about to experiment with a cyclists' scouting corps.

There are rumors that a tournament on a grand scale will be held in Chicago this fall.

English cyclists believe that Howell was never before in such good form as at present.

Now that "X M Miles" is out, the wheelmen express themselves as well pleased with it.

The *Wheelmen's Record* asks Secretary Bassett some hard questions on the amateur rule.

W. M. Woodside rode five miles against time in 14m. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. at Coventry, Eng., on June 14.

Yes, we will now take our ride through Central Park and snap our fingers at the commissioners.

R. Howell has now won on his Rudge all the three matches for the championship of the world.

The League enrollment has reached high water mark, 10,266, and Secretary-Editor Bassett is happy.

Pittman should have been the first wheelman to ride through Central Park after the liberty bill was signed.

The Massachusetts Division will hold a three days' meet at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, Aug. 4, 5 and 6.

Howell beat Temple in the third of their races, distance one mile. The time was 2.52, and Temple led half way.

George M. Hendee is about to go into training at Agricultural Park, Worcester, with Harry Cornish as his trainer.

The GAZETTE is now edited in Buffalo, but all correspondence and business letters should be addressed to Springfield, Mass.

The medals of the Boston Fourth of July races were made by Shreve, Crump & Low, and were elegant in design and manufacture.

Bicycling News is at present engaged on a fierce crusade against the swindling cycling agents which abound in London, and all England.

Van Sicklen recently purchased a Shipman Automatic steam-engine from the Pope Manufacturing Company for use in his printing establishment.

Now for a fight for good roads. Let us all take hold with a will and in a few years at the farthest we shall have some roads worth boasting about.

Henry E. Ducker is now sampling the forty miles of asphalt roads of Buffalo, and reports them as excellent, in fact just the roads for wheels.

The Wheelmen's Record is getting up some very clever cartoons on cycling subjects, the last one being a good burlesque on the cycle for military purposes.

F. J. Osmond is now the twenty-five miles amateur champion tricyclist of England for 1887, and the holder of the twenty-four and twenty-five miles tricycle records.

F. H. Burrill, won the twenty-five-mile road race of the Wakefield (Mass) Bicycle Club on June 17. Time, 1h. 44m. Charles Nott second, 1h. 49m.; E. Coombes third.

Karl Kron will send his book on approval to any wheelman. Well, he knows it is a sure sale in any case. Thus Karl Kron shows his faith in the honesty of wheelmen.

As a place to live in Buffalo will pass, but Springfield was good enough for us in the past, and would have answered for the future, only for business arrangements.

The L. A. W. has covered all its sins with glory, in securing the passage of the liberty bill. Now let every wheelman join the League and show that they appreciate the work now being done.

A quarter-mile bicycle contest between R. Howell and Ralph Temple at Wolverhampton, Eng., June 20, resulted in a dead heat. Time 39s.—equal to the best English professional record.

"There is a want of snap in cycle racing that Americans cannot excuse, and this must go in before the sport will be popular."—*Bulletin*. Do away with the amateur rule and there will be snap enough.

The Victoria Rifles of Canada have taken unto themselves a bicycle corps, to be used for scouting and signaling purposes. It is composed of a sergeant and seven men, all members of the Montreal Bicycle Club.

The New York road book has been received and is fully appreciated by every member of the division. The book is complete and published in a handsome and convenient form, and should be in good demand.

Leeming, the English professional, who trained Sellers when he visited America a year or two since, remarks to a reporter of the *Atlantic News* that there is not a track in England, judged from an American standpoint.

G. P. Mills on June 10, set out to demolish Sydney Lee's fifty-mile tricycle road record, starting from the eightieth mile stone (a mile on the London side of Peterborough). He rode forty miles in 2h. 27m. 32s. (record) and finished in 3h. 7m. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Lee's time was 3h. 9m. 15s.

T. R. Marriott undertook to ride twenty-four hours on a tricycle at the Crystal Palace track, England, June 8, but he was not in the best of condition, and after covering one hundred and fifty miles just inside twelve hours (a new record for the tricycle) he abandoned the attempt.

A Newark inventor is perfecting a new elastic bicycle tire which promises great results, and which he believes will displace the rubber bands now in use. It can be applied to any wheel but with little labor, and will outlast two or three of the bands. He says that it will not creep under pressure and will require no cement.

The New England Telephone Company has equipped its force of some eighteen linemen with bicycles, and they use them in traveling from place to place repairing wires. The company was

led to the use of bicycles from motives of economy, as the traveling expenses of the linemen before they mounted cycles were from \$2 to \$3 a day each, so that the saving is considerable.

The Boston *Herald* says a false impression seems to have gotten abroad that Mr. C. R. Overman met with his fall while riding a bicycle in Omaha. This is not the case. He was walking along, and on stepping on to a sidewalk his foot slipped and he fell forward, striking and cutting his chin and breaking his teeth. The jaw was broken by the unpardonable clumsiness of the Lincoln (Neb.) dentist (?).

Thomas Stevens is making special inducements for the sale of his book among wheelmen. He wants to dispose of ten thousand autograph copies. As soon as he sells this number he will give \$500 in gold to the person sending him the largest number of subscriptions, and he will give \$500 in gold to some individual purchaser, who will be determined on by lot. If at the end of two years the number should fall short of ten thousand, the premiums will be divided pro rata.

The Victorian Cyclists' Union decided their annual championship races at Melbourne, Aus., April 16 and 30. On the first day the mile bicycle-race was won by W. J. C. Elliott in 2m. 58s., J. W. II. Busst second; and the five-mile tricycle race was taken by W. O. Harrison in 17m. 55s., W. Shelley second. On the second day the race for the ten-mile championship came off, and was won by T. W. Busst in 32m. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., W. J. C. Elliott second. The other starters were A. E. Browne, J. W. II. Busst, F. II. Shackleford, A. McIvor and W. Seudamore.

The tricycle—the tandem tricycle—has been figuring in the law courts recently as part and parcel of a breach of promise case, tried at the Liverpool Assizes. A widower courted a widow, and among other attentions, took her out on a tricycle. The novelty of spooning on a tricycle seemed to amuse the court; but perhaps it has occurred before, and been carried to a more successful matrimonial issue than was the case with the cycling widower, who subsequently jilted the cycling widow in favor of one who did not cycle, but had the more substantial qualifications of owning a public house.

George Nash, the fancy rider, has been riding down the steps at City Hall, Providence, on a single wheel. There were eighteen steps taken, leading from under the arch to the sidewalk, and the feat was witnessed by a wondering crowd. The big wheel was stripped of everything but the pedals; handle-bars and forks being discarded, so that, except the revolving pedals and cranks, the wheel had nothing more to it than a carriage wheel. The fearless rider came down with arms outstretched in the air. It did not take long to reach the bottom of the lofty flight, and the unicycle bounded across the sidewalk, jumped over the curbstone, and spun handsomely across Exchange place.

The big six days' tournament in Australia was a failure. On the first day there was a tremendous smash, five of the twelve riders coming down in a heap. All were considerably shaken, but before they had proceeded far, Fred Wood, who was one of the unfortunates, croppered again, and one or two men fell over him. Wood was so badly hurt that he had to be carried to his hotel on a stretcher. So numerous were the spills that at the end of ten hours, seven men had retired. The race was

eventually won by S. Clark, the ex-Aberdeen rider, who thus secures £100, besides taking the title of long-distance champion of Australia. Rolfe was second. There were several attempts to get the men on the track again, but the affair was a ghastly failure, and will not soon, I fancy, be repeated.

"They are talking secession from the L. A. W., on the Pacific coast," says the *Bicycling World*. "It seems they asked for the 2-mile championship, which was assigned to an Eastern club some time after the Californian division had solicited it. But what makes them the maddest is that their proxies were thrown out at St. Louis. They claim that the proxy blanks did not reach them in time and so wrote out the proxies in regular form. The credential committee noticed that the bodies of the proxies were not in the same handwriting as the signatures, and they threw them out, not noticing that the bodies were in the handwriting of the chief consul, whose proxy they passed as valid. California has sent to the national headquarters some \$300, and has had but \$55 returned, while the national headquarters has done but little to build up what is undoubtedly the most progressive division in the Union. This is the burden of the plaint from the land of the Setting Sun."

We have been presented by the author, Thomas Stevens, with an autograph copy of Vol. 1 of "Around the World on a Bicycle," published by the Scribners in this country, and by Marston, Low & Co., of London. The book, which consists of over 500 pages octavo, contains upwards of 100 illustrations, giving full details of the journey from San Francisco to Teheran. The cuts are the same as were used in *Outing*, with some additions. The book is handsomely bound, the front cover representing a red Cupid yielding her wreath of "speed" to a red Mercury, which typifies Stevens. The background is a bicycle, done in silver. The frontispiece is a colored litho. of Stevens. The book is dedicated: "To Colonel Albert Pope, of Boston, Mass., whose liberal spirit of enterprise, and generous confidence in the integrity and ability of the author, made the tour around the world on a bicycle possible, by unstinted financial patronage." The preface to the book is written by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The Nashua *Telegraph* has the following in regard to a performance over what all bicyclists will agree is a beastly road, to say the least: "Frank McMaster and Frank Thompson, in company with a number of other Nashua wheelmen, rode to Lowell recently in one hour and fifteen minutes, including all unavoidable delays consequent upon a party riding together; here the party broke up and McMaster and Thompson continued on to Boston, where they arrived after a four hours' ride from Nashua. After visiting Corey Hill, Chestnut Hill reservoir and other wheeling resorts, they started on their wheels for the return trip at 2.30 p. m., McMaster reaching home at 6.30; he completed a 100-mile run on the trotting track. Thompson rode eighty-nine miles during the day and made but two dismounts from Boston to Lowell; McMaster made but one and only one from Lowell to Nashua; his time from Pawtucket bridge to Nashua, over very sandy roads, after having already ridden almost continuously seventy-five miles, was 1h. 20m. Last autumn, Edward Bailey of Malden, a comparative stranger to the road, rode from the Worcester railroad track here to the Middlesex street depot in Lowell in 1h. 5m.

The annual meet of the Vermont Division, League American Wheelmen, was held at Montpelier, June 17, about sixty-five members being in attendance. At the business meeting a committee to prepare a state road book was appointed and money appropriated to defray the expenses of publication. A resolution was introduced by H. C. Webster, of Montpelier, expressing as the sense of the division that convict labor of the State should be used for bettering the condition of the roads in Vermont, and binding the members to use their individual efforts to secure the passage of an act so providing by the next Legislature. F. E. Dubois was re-elected secretary and treasurer. The public exercises of the division were held at three o'clock this afternoon. In the three mile road race for the championship of Vermont there were six entries. The first prize, a Waltham watch, was won by S. W. Kirkland, of Brattleboro; second, Kirkpatrick saddle, C. C. Fletcher, of St. Johnsbury; third, Butcher alarm bell, Fred M. Scott, of Barre. There were four entries in the one mile novice race, which was won by Wilbur Lowe, of Montpelier; Fred Dubois, of West Randolph, second. The one mile race, for prizes and the championship of Vermont, was won by C. C. Fletcher; A. D. Gould, of Bellows Falls, second. There were four entries in the hill climbing. The first prize was taken by H. B. Chapman, of Woodstock; second, G. H. Frost, of St. Johnsbury. A street parade followed, and the day closed by a banquet at the Pavilion Hotel.

The Springfield (Mass.) Bicycle Club held a tournament on a small scale at Hampden Park on July 4, which attracted a good many people. The first race was a one mile novice, and was won by H. B. Arnold, of New Britain, in 3m. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. The second was a mile race, for boys, and was won by George McClelland, of Holyoke. Time, 3m. 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. The mile 3.20 class race was won by George C. Dresser, of Hartford. Time, 3m. 14s. The mile handicap race had thirty-seven entries. The feature of the race was the meeting of Howard A. Hart, of New Britain, and E. A. De Blois, both men starting from the scratch. One of the racers receiving a header caused a delay for Hart, and De Blois won in 2m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., Hart second, E. B. Smith, of Springfield third. The one mile club race was won by W. H. Jordan. Time, 3m. 40s. The special five mile challenge race between Captain F. A. Eldred and H. B. Wadsworth, of the Springfield club, was won by Wadsworth, in six straight laps. Time, 6m. 24s. The mile team race, in which the Outing Club of Springfield, Springfield Bicycle Club, Holyoke Wheel Club, New Britain Wheel Club, and Hartford Wheel Club entered, was won by the Hartford Wheel Club. The one mile ride and run race was won by Thos. Harvey, in 5m. 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. The one mile race for Star bicycles was won by W. E. Hubbard, in 3m. 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. The one mile open race was the event of the day. There was a hot struggle between Hart and De Blois, the latter winning in 2m. 48s. The consolation race was won by D. P. Williams, of Hartford. Time, 2m. 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

WILMINGTON (DEL.) NOTES.

If we thought there would be any likelihood of it being any hotter during the remainder of the summer than it has been during June we would certainly suggest having our thermometers lengthened out at the top to allow for more degrees of "hotness." The mercury has been reaching up

in the nineties on several occasions and summer is hardly upon us yet. Still we are as enthusiastic as ever, and our numbers are steadily increasing. Our professional and business men are commencing to lose the petty prejudice or dislike some of them have permitted themselves to entertain concerning the bicycle and tricycle, and are awaking to the fact that the machine is something of practical value and usefulness. Several of these gentlemen have invested in machines and are happy, and others will soon follow them. A certain clergyman in our neighborhood purchased for himself a bicycle, to assist in much needed exercise, and to help him in his pastoral calls. But we find that even ministers of the gospel are not exempt from the petty misfortunes of wheelmen, and he was seen one day to be unceremoniously clutching at *terra firma* immediately in front of his wheel with his heels in mid air. He escaped with but a slight sprain of each wrist.

June 19 was a great day for the Wilmington Wheel Club, the occasion being a visit from the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia. Eighteen of the visitors arrived the day previous, thirteen by boat, and five rode down the turnpike on their machines, and on Sunday eight more arrived by train, making twenty-six of the visitors in all. The home club mustered twenty-two riders when the party started for a spin to Kennett Square. The sight was a pretty one as the forty-eight wheels and their uniformed riders rode out Ninth street, the procession being several blocks in length.

Victor R. Pyle was alone in his glory on his new Springfield Roadster, and demonstrated the remarkable hill climbing qualities of this machine. Calvin Phillips rode a Rover Safety. There were four Star machines and the remaining wheels were of the crank variety of different makes, the Columbia largely predominating. After reaching Seventh and Broome streets the whole group was photographed. It was after ten o'clock when the journey was resumed, and crowds of people viewed the procession as it wound its way through the city. The route was taken to Greenbank, when the first stop was made at the home of the Messrs. Phillips of the home club. After all were regaled with milk and refreshed with a rest, the journey was resumed minus two Wilmington riders, whose steeds met with unfortunate accidents.

The route taken lay through a hilly country. Up hill and down dale was the regular order until Kennett Square was approached, when the roads became better. Here and there the monotony was varied by hearing the dull thud of an unfortunate as he took one of those familiar plunges called "headers." One of the gay riders thus alighted in a bush by the roadside unscathed, but others were less fortunate, and barked shins and scraped elbows were found to be numerous when an inventory was taken and each victim recited his tale of woe. At one point a Wilmington rider was seen emerging from a mud puddle in which he had almost disappeared. Despite what seemed like drawbacks to the uninitiated, the trip was one of genuine pleasure to all concerned. Every now and then, the troop would halt at some shady place, where all would refresh themselves at some neighboring spring.

The circuitous route taken made the journey seventeen and a half miles long, but even the last straggler had reached the pretty little Pennsylvania town by two o'clock. All were more or less fatigued but were soon rejuvenated by a good,

substantial dinner at the Kennett House, where extra preparations had been made for the hungry wheelmen. Several hours were then quietly and enjoyably consumed in smoking, lounging, or in various other peaceable pursuits. Shortly before four o'clock the main body of the visiting wheelmen left direct for Philadelphia via West Chester, a distance of about 38 miles. The Wilmington wheelmen, accompanied by several of the visitors, returned home by way of Hamorton in a little over two hours, including three stops. Others, more fatigued, went home by train.

We now have firebrick pavement on trial in two places in our city and it stands the test admirably, and we hope to have some of our streets paved with it before many days—at all events we are doing what we can to bring about that end. It certainly makes a very durable pavement, is perfectly level and noiseless, and is moderate in price.

Our local agencies report good trade; A. C. Phillips has had a prosperous season; makes a specialty of Columbia and second hand wheels. Victor R. Pyle is doing well with the Springfield Roadster, and complains that he cannot get machines fast enough, and has had to supply several intending purchasers with other wheels. B. Frank McDaniel entertains great hopes as agent for Overman's goods, and looms up nicely on his new Victor Light Roadster.

At our last club meeting we adopted the League uniform as our club uniform, and a number of us placed our orders with Wanamaker three or four weeks ago, but we suppose we must be patient and wait till our turn comes, before we can be supplied. We think the uniform a good one, and much neater in appearance than last year's.

Among the Clubs.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

BAY CITY WHEELMEN (San Francisco, Cal.)—President, Robert M. Welsh; vice-president, C. Angle; secretary, E. Fahrbach; treasurer, J. Bauer; captain, William B. Meeker; first-lieutenant, F. James; second-lieutenant, Joseph Cox.

BRUNSWICK (New Brunswick, N. J.) **BICYCLE CLUB**—President, D. H. Merrit; secretary, Wm. H. Waldron; captain, J. L. Merritt; treasurer, Howard C. Rule; sub-captain, I. Killbourne.

CAPITAL CITY WHEELMEN (Sacramento, Cal.)—President, H. Bennett; secretary-treasurer, C. H. Oatman; captain, W. C. Hevenor.

MASSILLON (O.) WHEEL CLUB—President, Charles M. Whitmann; vice-president, Frank Snyder; secretary-treasurer, Felix R. Shepley; captain, William F. Breed; first-lieutenant, Joseph Ertle; second-lieutenant, Wallace Snyder.

PASSAIC COUNTY WHEELMEN (Passaic, N. J.)—President, J. D. Pugh, Jr.; corresponding secretary, G. K. Rose; recording secretary, A. E. Seygstock; treasurer, H. Simpson; captain, D. W. Romaine.

TERRE HAUTE (Ind.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, F. C. Fisbeck; vice-president, Nick Smith; secretary-treasurer, Anton Hulman; captain, J. F. Probst.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) CYCLE CLUB—President, Rudolph Kauffmann; vice-president, John J. Chickering; treasurer, John E. Leaming; recording secretary, Charles A. Burnett; corresponding secretary, Walter S. Dodge; captain, Frank M.

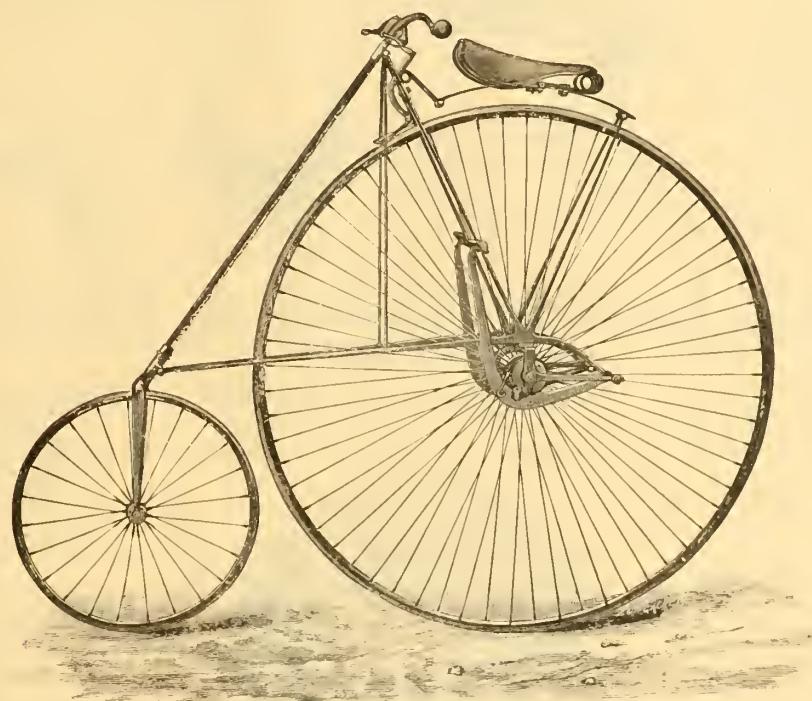
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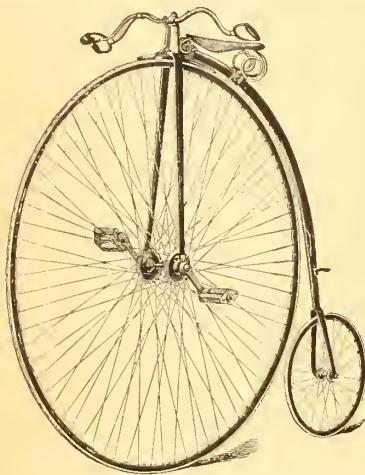
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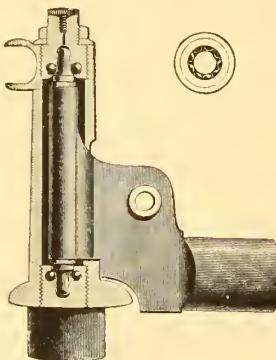
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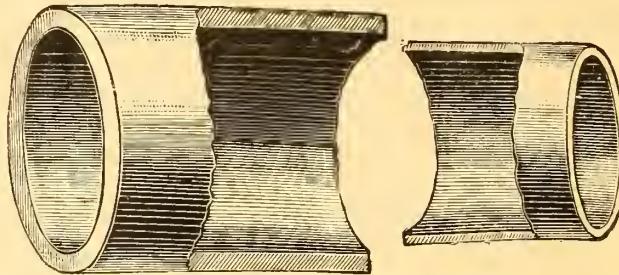


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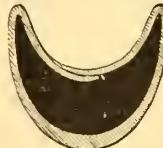


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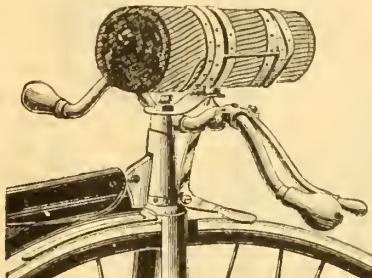
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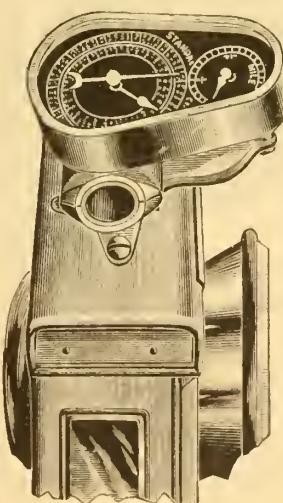
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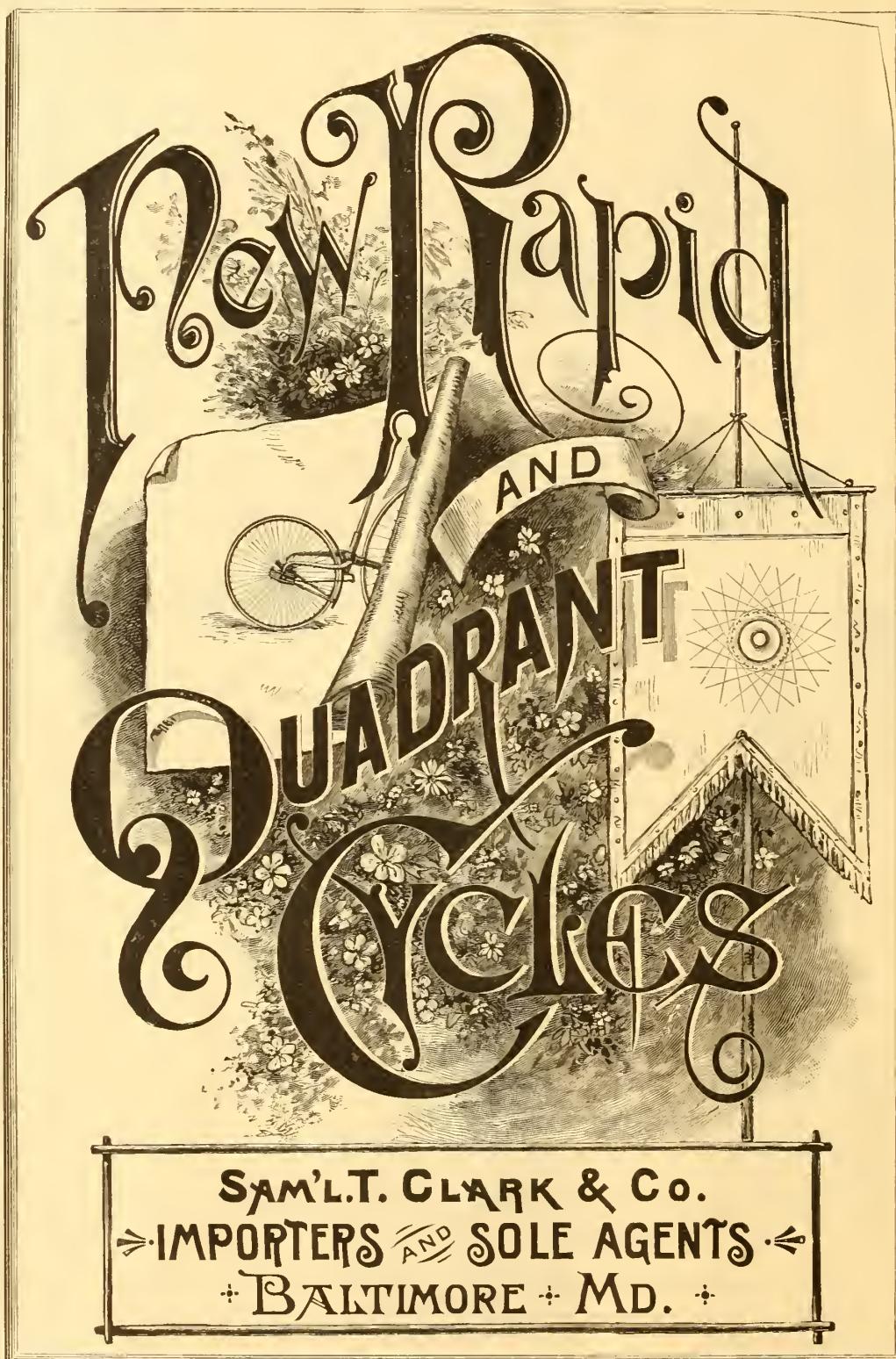
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The Trade.

PATENTS.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen, for the month ending Tuesday, June 14, 1887, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, patent law office, No. 607, 7th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 362,220 May 3, 1887, P. E. Linnell, of Charlotte, N. C., speed gearing for bicycles.

No. 362,407, May 3, 1887, George T. Warwick, of Springfield, Mass., bicycle.

No. 362,500, May 10, 1887, J. W. Emsley of Philadelphia, Pa., bicycle.

No. 362,514, May 10, 1887, W. S. Kelley, of Smithville, N. J., wheel for bicycles.

No. 362,763, May 10, 1887, J. B. McCune, of Worcester, assignor to the Springfield Bicycle Manufacturing Company of Boston, Mass., handle-bar fastening for bicycles.

No. 362,853, May 10, 1887, J. G. Pool, of Mt. Carmel, Ct., cyclometer.

No. 362,883, May 10, 1887, W. R. Dutemple, of Providence, R. I., cyclometer.

No. 363,189, May 17, 1887, R. Watson, of Detroit, Mich., assignor of one-half to John Grant, of same place, velocipede.

No. 363,218, May 17, 1887, W. H. Downes, of Malden, assignor to the Overman Wheel Company, of Chicopee, and Charles E. N. Woodward, of Cambridge, Mass., cyclometer.

No. 363,354, May 24, 1887, C. R. Bannihar, of West Cheshire, Ct., handle-bar attachment.

No. 363,355, May 24, 1887, C. R. Bannihar, of West Cheshire, Ct., luggage carrier for velocipedes.

No. 363,360, May 24, 1887, E. Blossfeld, of San Francisco, Cal., velocipede.

No. 363,518, May 24, 1887, Harric B. Hart, of Philadelphia, Pa., assignor to the Hartford Cycle Co. of same place, velocipede.

No. 363,522, May 24, 1887, J. Knous, of Hartford, Ct., assignor by mesne assignments to the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Portland, Me., crank for velocipedes.

No. 363,993, May 31, 1887, M. H. Downes, of Malden, assignor to the Overman Wheel Company, of Chicopee, and C. E. W. Woodward, of Cambridge, Mass., cyclometer.

No. 364,171, May 31, 1887, John Harrington, Coventry, County of Warwick, Eng., assignor by mesne assignments to the Pope Manufacturing Company, Portland, Maine, seat for velocipedes.

No. 364,075, May 31, 1887, Catharine A. Williamson, St. Louis, Mo., seat for bicycles.

No. 365,231, June 7, 1887, C. E. Duryea, St. Louis, Mo., bicycle.

No. 364,335, June 7, 1887, A. Burdess, Coventry, Eng., velocipede.

No. 364,460, June 7, 1887, J. Bate, Newark, N. J., tricycle.

No. 364,632, June 14, 1887, J. S. Copeland, Hartford, Ct., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

No. 364,782, June 14, 1887, H. Thiessen, of Newark, N. J., tricycle.

No., 364,903, June 14, 1887, W. Cook, Redditch, Eng., velocipede saddle.

No. 365,015, June 14, 1887, T. W. Moore, Plainfield, N. J., velocipede.

NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

List of new English cycle patents specially compiled for THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by Messrs. Hughes, El & Hughes, patent agents and engineers, 76 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., England, of whom copies and information may be obtained.

No. 4665, F. P. Prindle and C. H. Koyl, of London, for improvements in bicycle lanterns.

No. 4775, P. Focke, of Germany, for improvements in detachable handle-bars, for velocipedes and the like.

No. 4776, C. M. L. Palmers, of London, for improved fork steering wheels of bicycles, tricycles, and other vehicles.

No. 4850, F. W. H. Durant, of Bradford, Yorkshire, for improvements in hub lamps for velocipedes.

No. 4869, G. Hoggan, of London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

No. 4925, J. Harrington, of London, for improvements in spring saddles for velocipedes.

No. 5065, L. D. Copeland, of London, for improvements in steam tricycles.

No. 5086, R. Thackery, of Bradford, for an improved anti-vibrator, for bicycles and tricycles.

No. 5129, J. M. Taylor, of London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

No. 5157, J. Strobel of London, for improvements in manufacture of safety velocipedes.

No. 5173, G. Solter, and J. Wolke, of Birmingham, for improvement in springs, and in combined springs and saddles for velocipedes.

No. 5248, J. Rushton, of London, for improvements in and relating to bicycles and tricycles.

No. 5291, H. J. Lawson of Warwickshire, for improvements in velocipedes, which improvements are applicable to velocipedes when used as implements of war, and for other purposes.

No. 5348, W. Schroter of Manchester, for improvements in the construction of velocipedes.

No. 5382, H. J. Watts, of London, for a combined velocipede and rest for military and sporting guns, ambulance, stretchers, signaling flags, fishing rods, and other articles.

No. 5405, H. J. Lawson, of Warwickshire, for improvements in velocipede saddle springs and fittings thereto.

No. 5422, H. Pipe, of London, for improvements in tricycles.

No. 5475, A. J. Lewis, of London, for a new and improved method of guiding bicycle-steered tricycles when propelled by hand.

No. 5546, S. Snell and A. W. Sanderson, of Birmingham, for improvements in lamps for velocipedes.

No. 5652, S. A. Aston, of Birmingham, for improvements in bicycles.

No. 5653, J. A. Stephen and R. Southerton, of Birmingham, for improvements in propelling velocipedes and all similar vehicles.

No. 5743, H. J. Lawson, of Warwickshire, for improvements in velocipedes for the better fitting them for war purposes.

No. 6355, W. Bown, of London, for improvements in or applicable to wheels of bicycles, tricycles, and carriages or vehicles of every description.

No. 6501, T. Tommasina, of London, for improve-

ments in or applicable to velocipedes, to render the same fit for use on water, which improvements are also applicable to rafts.

No. 6683, G. D. Luchman, of London, N. W., for improvements in brakes for bicycles of the Ordinary, Facile, and Kangaroo types.

No. 6716, W. Phillips, of London, for improvements in crank and eccentric gearing for velocipedes, engines, and other machinery.

No. 6832, E. Evans and T. H. O. Davies, of London, for improvements in wheels for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes, which improvements are also applicable to wheels for carriages and other purposes.

No. 6968, J. Bramall, of London, for improvement in mechanism for propelling velocipedes, boats, and the like.

No. 6975, H. T. Davis and C. W. Dawson, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 7095, J. T. Ford, of Southsea, for improved double bicycle.

No. 7160, W. Wright, of Manchester, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 7161, W. C. Burton, of Lancashire, for improvements in the frames and pedal levers of velocipedes.

No. 7165, C. Church, of London, for improvements in holding or locking the brakes of velocipedes.

No. 7349, R. J. Powell and S. Watts, of Bath, for improvements in the construction of wheels for velocipedes and other purposes.

No. 7397, J. Harrison and A. Lilwell, of Birmingham, for an improved wire grip or spoke tightener.

No. 7410, S. Watts and R. J. Powell, of Bath, for improvements in bearings for velocipedes and other purposes.

No. 7445, J. Kun, of London, for improvements in rear driving safety bicycles.

No. 7531, J. Johnson, of Lancashire, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 7625, J. Berkeley, of Belfast, for improvements for strengthening wheels in bicycles and tricycles, etc., and for preventing breaking and loosening of spokes.

No. 7715, C. Allen and A. Rathbone, of Liverpool, for improvements in the construction.

In the four cases of the Pope Manufacturing Company, pending in the United States Court for the Northern district of Illinois, against R. Philip Gormully, and against the Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company, and Gormully & Jeffery, in which a motion for injunction was pushed by complainants in all of the above cases upon Monday, the 27th inst., the motion for injunction was withdrawn by the complainants after presentation, the defendants being in court and ready for the hearing of the motion. Two of the above causes are the same cases in which injunctions were denied upon full argument before Judge Gresham something over two months ago. The defendants showed to the court that they were ready and anxious to have all of the cases tried upon their merits, and signified their willingness to have all the cases set for hearing at the earliest date possible for the hearing of the case. The court then set the case for hearing upon the second Monday of October, giving the complainants the month of July to put in their *prima facie* testimony, giving the defendants the month of August to rebut the same, and the complainants the month of September to reply thereto.

AS TO THAT IMPORTANT LITIGATION.

Last week we printed a communication received from Gormully & Jeffery in regard to the pending suits.

We are now advised as follows by the Pope Manufacturing Company in a communication from them: "As to the disposition of the motions in the suits of the Pope Manufacturing Company vs. Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company on the 27th ult., were incorrect in three vital points, and, therefore, misleading entirely; that the complainant did not withdraw the motions for injunction, the defendants were not ready for the hearing, and it was not at the request of the defendants that the cases were set for an early hearing in the fall on final proofs. It was the defendants' counsel who pleaded for postponement on account of other engagements, and when the court could not give an earlier time than fall, to hear the preliminary motion, the cases were set for *final* hearing, then by precedence over other cases, as a partial compensation for the complainant. The motions for injunction were not argued, but the Pope Manufacturing Company did not back down on them."

—*Bicycling World.*

Miscellaneous.

A MYSTERIOUS RIDE.

In the course of my numerous cycling experiences I have met with some such startling adventures as would by their mere recital in a plain, unvarnished fashion have made Baron Munchausen blush with shame to think that the wildest reaches of even his remarkably fertile imagination fell far short of a possible reality.

The following, which is literally as true as the "Latter Day Saints' prayer-book," or the classical "History of Jack the Giant Killer," has at least as wild and improbable a sound as the story of the Baron's flight through the air on an eagle's back.

One day during the summer of '86, while touring through Florida I lost my way. It was about noon and the sun was scorching, so when a timber belt appeared ahead I resolved to seek its shelter and if possible discover some cool spring in which to bathe my burning hands and face and quench the intolerable thirst which seemed about ready to overcome me.

In a few moments from first sighting it I ran in the borders of the timber belt. Then I saw that it was of vast extent; and as I advanced, the trees increased in size until they were veritable monarchs of the forest. The ground was so swampy in places that it became necessary to dismount. Walking along through this great, damp, dark forest was remarkably refreshing after the long ride of the morning, and my spirits rose in proportion as my temperature decreased. Before long I noticed a spring on a piece of ground which was a little higher than the marsh over which I had been walking, and resolved to halt there and after eating my lunch to lie down for a short noonday nap.

I have always been very cautious about my cycle and make it a point never to leave it a moment without properly securing it. I carried for this purpose a fine steel chain and a small Yale lock. Casting about for something to tie up to I noticed a log lying close to the spring and immediately made fast to it. Then I unpacked my luncheon and proceeded to regale myself on

the substantials contained therein with such an appetite for a sauce as only a wheelman can enjoy.

When my hunger had been appeased and the fire in my mouth and throat quenched by several long draughts from the beautiful spring, I lay down with the log to which my cycle was chained for a pillow and gave myself up to happy dreams of the future in which a certain beauteous member of the feminine persuasion played an important part. My day dreams gradually changed into the real article and I continued to slumber some time; how long I know not. At last, when I awoke I found that it was getting late, but I did not regret this so much because my slumbers had so refreshed me that I felt like a new man. While rubbing my eyes and collecting my scattered senses I thought I noticed a slight movement in the log which had been my pillow. Walking over and examining it more closely, I found to my horror it was not a log at all but an alligator of gigantic size! and even as I watched he opened his ponderous jaws and let out a sound which he probably meant for a yawn, but which in reality was more like an earthquake—at least, in its effect on myself. Then, bewildered and horrified as I was, the truth flashed across my mind. He had come here in search of coolness and good water, and had gone to sleep! His sleep had terminated at the same time as my own. At first I was so surprised and horrified that I stood staring blankly and irresolutely at him. Soon, however, my natural pluck and coolness returned, and I saw that it was an absolute necessity for me to rush to his tail and unlock my cycle if I wished to save it. As is generally the case, I had to look through all my pockets two or three times before the key could be found, and when at last I got my fingers on it, the alligator began to move. He moved slowly at the start, but before I managed to get the key fitted in the lock, he had so increased his speed that I saw that a change of tactics was necessary, so I jumped on his back and endeavored from this vantage ground to accomplish my purpose. Here, however, another difficulty had to be met. The movement had become so rapid that my utmost efforts were required to keep my seat, and we had traveled fully five miles before I at last succeeded. As soon as the machine was loose, it fell to the ground from the top of the tail where it had been lying, with such force that it was immediately mashed into pieces as small as the U. S. Navy. This warned me, that what would so utterly annihilate a magnificent steel machine, would most certainly make an end of a poor flesh and bone mortal like myself, so I took the advice of the brave Lawrence and stuck to the ship.

The 'gator and I fairly flew along over the ground till we had passed the forest and were out in the open swamps. Sometimes we were wallowing along through bogs and sometimes jumping stumps. In this manner we traveled until the lengthening shadows told me dusk was at hand, when far in the distance appeared a long serpentine streak, which in a moment more resolved itself into a bayou or lagoon.

It is probable that carrying such an unwonted burden was the cause of so much precipitancy on the part of my unruly steed and he was heading for this bayou in the hope of losing it in the water. When the bank was reached he plunged without a second's deliberation into the dark and forbidding waters, possibly hoping to rid himself of me by this means. There was no need of going

to all that trouble to accomplish this object, for if he had paused a moment I would have been willing to dismount! The water boiled like a cauldron as we plunged in, for his body had become as hot as a parliamentary debate by his fearful speed.

We did not do any swimming on the top of the water, but struck out at once for the bottom, or rather where, according to the common ideas on that subject, the bottom should have been. For the first five minutes or so after taking the plunge I was nearly suffocated, but to my surprise, as we descended deeper and deeper, the water became rarer, that is, its density rapidly decreased, and in less than twenty minutes I was breathing as freely and regularly as on the surface of the earth during a foggy day. Of course the alligator lost all control over the locomotion after the water had thinned out so unexpectedly, because he had nothing to hold to that would enable him to overcome the power of gravitation.

During the first twenty or thirty minutes, the temperature had steadily increased, and I began to be haunted with grave fears that we were really on our way to purgatory, for at the end of that time I was warmer and more uncomfortable than I'd ever been before. This heat, however, soon gave place to a cooler draught of air, which, as we were hurled madly on our downward course, flew past my ears with a sullen roar as of the booming of cannon in the distance.

Thus we fell for what seemed to my bewildered senses, centuries, but which I afterwards learned was only one night. During all this time the darkness had been supreme, but now it seemed to be passing away gradually. In the course of a few moments it was as light as noonday. Indeed, it soon increased to such dazzling brilliancy that it became necessary to shield my eyes till they became more accustomed to it. Whence came all this light? Certainly not from the fires at the center of the earth, about which scientists are so fond of exposing their ignorance, because fire produces heat and the heat was to me not by any means uncomfortable. Chancing to look above me I saw what appeared to be the roof of a mighty vault, of as clear an azure as that which bounds our ethereal vision on a clear day, or that which appears on a young author's face when his manuscript is returned "with thanks" the twentieth time. The only explanation of this phenomenon which looked at all reasonable was the startling question: "If that lagoon should dwindle down into a thin vapor and at last into air why could not the Atlantic ocean do the same?" Of course there were many things in the way of that theory, and I would not have dared to advance it had it not been for the remarkable confirmation that followed.

The apparent sky overhead was constantly changing, and the light which came through it, though so brilliant, was unsteady. This rendered it exceedingly difficult to fix anything on its surface, but after a close scrutiny I noticed several small specks, which were being tossed about on the changing surface of the dome. In my cycling tours I always carried with me a small but powerful pair of opera glasses, and no sooner had I noticed these spots than I took the glasses from my pocket and placed them to my eyes. Then a startling scene presented itself to my astonished gaze. *The specks were bottoms of ships!* The dome of the great vault was none other than the rolling Atlantic! The ocean itself acted as a lens

and in conjunction with the opera glasses formed a powerful telescope through which an immense stretch of ocean was visible, although at the time I must have been three thousand miles distant from it!

Then, for the first time, my true position became clear to me. I had been falling all night toward the center of gravity and now it was early morning. The light which I saw was the refracted light of the sun. What a field of conjecture this discovery on my part would cause to end! But would the public at large receive my story or would it do in my case as it has in all others—cast slurs and sneers at the veracity of the discoverer? I didn't take much time to reason it out then, but rather bent the whole force of my mind to the problem, "Will I ever get out to narrate my story? or will I bounce from one side of the earth to the other and back again, each time stopping farther from the surface than the preceding, and at last coming to rest at the center?"

During all the time I had been thus thinking and examining the sky-like ocean above my head, I had been falling with ever increasing swiftness, although so smooth had been the motion, that had it not been for the roaring in my ears, occasioned by the swiftly passing air, I could scarcely have known I was moving. I still clung to the alligator, for misery loves company everywhere, no matter what that company may be.

Of a sudden, there came a complete change from the beautiful rays of a morning sunlight shining resplendently through the ever moving waves. The light was suddenly cut off and in its place appeared only a dim glow somewhat similar to that seen in a snow covered cavern by moonlight. As my eyes became somewhat familiar to the semi-darkness, I saw I had entered a walled passage which appeared to be of considerable extent. The walls were visible on every side, though dim; but as we went deeper they gradually narrowed until it was almost possible to touch them. The light also changed its color till it was much more mellow, resembling that in a room lighted by a rush candle. For a time I was at a loss to comprehend the reason for this; but it was not long before I discovered it. *I was falling through a passage of solid gold!* Here was indeed treasure and to spare to enrich the whole world, providing such an enormous supply should not make it as valueless as the very rocks themselves! I dared not put forth my hand to touch it, for so frightful was the speed that a collision would have been certain death.

After falling through this golden tunnel for what seemed countless ages, I noticed that our heretofore constantly increasing speed had received a check from some source. This, I inferred, was because the center of gravity had been passed. And now grave fears began to crowd my mind. It was hardly possible that I should fall as far past the center as I had fallen towards it, on account of the obstruction offered by the air. As the speed momentarily decreased, my thoughts were correspondingly depressed. While flying through space with the speed of electricity and momentarily increasing the momentum, there was a feeling of exhilaration and buoyancy, but when the greater part of this very momentum, which was my only hope, was lost, the future looked gloomy indeed. When we were almost ready to stop altogether we came again to a thin vapor. This constantly increased in density until breathing became difficult and at last impossible. I supposed when

we first entered this vapor that it would soon entirely put an end to our flagging headway, but could not see that it did, though every sense was strained to the utmost. On the contrary, it seemed that we were now moving faster. At the time this was unaccountable, but I have since found out the cause, which will soon be divulged.

Our speed continually increased until I imagined at last we were going as fast as at any time since passing the center, when there appeared above me a light, and a second later I was under the broad glare of the sun once more, this time on the surface of the earth! We flew into the air as if shot from a catapult and did not stop till an altitude of fifty or a hundred feet had been reached. This was so sudden that in my surprise I loosed my hold on the "gator," and when I fell the heels of my boots landed full on his head.

They are pretty sizable anyhow (the boots, I mean) and when they fall twenty or thirty yards with my feet in them, whatever they strike is liable to get hurt. Thus it was in this case—the 'gator' deciding to turn up his toes and croak. I needn't say I shed no tears at his tragic end, although such was the case. (What a good chance for a pun on "alligator tears"!)

Now, that I was at leisure, I looked around and noticed quite a number of persons running about as if they were excited. Waiting until they came somewhat nearer so I could be heard, I said:—

"What seems to be the trouble?"

Instead of quieting them this only scared them the more. I don't wonder they felt a little timid! After many vain attempts, I at last managed to get one of them to stand still a moment and when I spoke to him I learned from his gestures and also from some words he spoke that he was a native of sunny France. As I am proficient in that language it did not take me long to impart to him enough of my adventures to let him understand how I got there and that I wanted to know where "there" was. He informed me that the ground on which I stood was the property of the Artois leather works; that I had come up through an artesian well, and that the men whom I saw were employees of the works.

By this time all of them had gathered courage enough to crowd around me and they were profuse in their offers of help in any manner I might direct. This put a bright idea in my head. I directed all but one of them to go to work and skin the 'gator,' and taking him (*not* the 'gator') along to show me the way to the superintendent's office, left the scene of my advent into France. Many were the wondering looks cast upon me by the clerks in the office when I told my story. The bright idea of which I spoke a little way back was to have the 'gator's' hide manufactured into shoes and satchels. This was what I came to the office for.

I found I had been thirty-five hours coming through—from seven in the evening of June 19, to eleven A. M. June 21, which, with the difference of five hours in time between France and Florida, makes it, according to my reckoning,

"Has my time ever been beaten?" I kind of calkilate not!

F. W. PITTINGER.

It is said the cycle tires of the world would go nearly once around the globe if put together. Pshaw! the Pope Manufacturing Company made one that did go all the way around, and Thomas Stevens went along to see if it would reach. We know he went, for he came up on the other side.

"LAND AND WATER" ON THE SPRINGFIELD CONTROVERSY.

In the current issue of the sporting weekly newspaper called *Land and Water* there appears an article, which is penned by Mr. Lacy Hillier, who is the cycling contributor to that paper. This article recapitulates—from its writer's standpoint—the circumstances under which the Springfield Bicycle Club and its officials were accused by *The Cyclist* and *Bicycling News*, of falsehood; and the subsequent report made by Mr. A. J. Wilson as to the correctness of the statements made by the president of the Springfield Club in his own defense.

It is noteworthy that this article only appears some five or six weeks after the report was made, Mr. Hillier having taken no notice whatever of it in *Bicycling News*—a paper of which he is nominally the editor—although he received the *very first copy* of that report, on the day after it was written. Having thus ignored the matter in his own organ—the organ in which he made the accusation of falsehood against the Americans—Mr. Hillier now takes up the parable in an outside paper which had had nothing to do with the matter, and contends that the letters which were submitted for Mr. Wilson's inspection must have been forgeries!

It is not in any spirit of animosity towards our contemporary—for we are proud to number Mr. Hillier amongst our sincerest friends in private life—that we protest against this unwarrantable accusation—an accusation which is calculated to still further embitter our transatlantic friends against English wheelmen. We regard it as only fair and just that the Americans should be treated with the same consideration as though they were Englishmen; and assuredly no English journalist would have dared to write in the same way of Englishmen. But apart from the general tone of our contemporary's remarks—derogatory as they are to the fostering of that international amity in sport which it is so desirable to encourage—there are a number of most fallacious conclusions drawn by the writer referred to, which we take the liberty of pointing out.

After the preliminary recapitulation of the *casus belli*, *Land and Water* says:—

In the course of this discussion it was stated that the American club held a number of letters proving the allegations, and a proposal that these letters should be put forward in proof of the statement was made, this amounting in brief to a proposal for arbitration.

Fallacy No. 1. It was not exactly an arbitration, because the evidence was all on one side, the other side having only an accusation to advance, and not agreeing to have the matter arbitrated upon. The letters were forwarded to a confidential mutual friend of the parties whose word, the Americans knew, would have more weight with the accusers than the word of the foreign strangers who had been accused.

Almost immediately the holder of the alleged letters put forward a proposition, in which he said that he would submit them, but at the same time appended the extraordinary proviso, "That the contents, the riders named therein, or the amounts to be paid, should not be divulged on any account, but should be held in sacred confidence," the first condition, of course, precluding the arbitrators from, by any possibility, ascertaining the genuineness of the documents from these supposed writers.

Fallacy No. 2. The arbitrators (*sic*) are here supposed to be such fools as not to see whether a letter bears upon its face evidence of genuineness. Such letters are not written on paper of a kind accessible to unauthorized parties; nor can telegrams

and postmarks be so easily forged with dates to correspond. And the confidential nature of the letters precluded any man of honor making their contents public property. Hence, the letters were held, in accordance with the demand of their owner, "in sacred confidence," and seen by no one in England save the referee.

Not content with this safeguard, the holder constructed yet another bulwark for his possibly "bogus" documents by choosing his own arbitrator and admitting only one, thus shutting out his opponents and rendering them helpless.

As before remarked, there was no arbitrator; and an accuser cannot complain of being left "helpless," as the *onus probandi* is on his part, not on that of the accused.

The gentleman chosen was the English contributor to the holder's journal, and it was very confidently expected that he would refuse so obviously one-sided an office, especially having regard to the completely helpless position in which the conditions placed him.

The gentleman did refuse the office at first, until the wide consensus of opinion among writers in the British press was declared so favorably to his acting as referee, whereupon he agreed to receive the letters.

When he accepted it was obvious that there could be but one possible verdict, for, by accepting the conditions, he, perforce, accepted any documents which might be sent him as genuine, seeing that he could not test their authenticity; and the evidence sent him under these conditions was of necessity conclusively in support of the original allegations.

But he was under no obligation to make a report had he entertained any doubts as to the authenticity and genuineness of the documents.

Yet, even then, hampered as the arbitrator was by conditions which would never have been imposed had the documents been genuine, he asserts his belief that the writers of these documents were not in any way authorized to make the offers that they were said to have made.

Fallacy again! It was impossible, and would be impossible in any case, for people who had entered into private contracts with the firms concerned, to do otherwise than impose the restriction, in the case of such private and confidential communications.

We do not think the arbitrator, having accepted the one-sided nomination, could have said more than he has done under the circumstances and conditions; but he has been in no position to verify the genuineness of the documents, which, if genuine, are even then considered by him as most probably unauthorized by the riders named therein.

The arbitrator (*sic*) was in as good a position as any one in England to verify the genuineness of the documents, which, if forged, must have entailed the connivance of many people in the offices of the various firms (to secure the printing, writing, etc., being such as to accurately resemble genuine documents), as well as expert imitators of signatures; and the assistance of telegraph operators and postal officials, in forging dated stamps and postmarks. The accusation is absurd.

Our contemporary goes beyond the report, and seems to cherish an idea that the "arbitrator" (*sic*) said more than he really did; but the report was very plain and explicit, and committed the referee to no more than he said. The fact that he reported his belief that the firms writing the letters were unauthorized to contract for the attendance of the amateur riders named by them, does not reflect upon the good faith of the Springfield Club, but only protects the amateurs named from an implication of connivance in the contracts; and the Springfield officials are exonerated from the blame of accepting promises which were broken, by the report distinctly stating that some, at least, of the firms so contracting were of a status and

repute sufficient to justify the club in placing faith upon their statements.

If our contemporary were really in earnest in desiring fair play, it should surely have printed the report *verbatim et literatim*, side by side with its own comments, in order that the actual verdict of the referee might be placed before its readers, divested of the criticisms and fallacious versions of the *Land and Water* cycling contributor;—criticisms which are so strikingly at variance with the remarks of all independent journals which have touched upon the subject, that we may now very well let the matter rest, confident that the cycling public at large will prefer the verdict of impartial critics to the nonsensical accusations of the people who committed the original attack upon the American club.—*Cycling Journal*.

A MUSICAL BICYCLE.

The latest novelty in the line of musical instruments is suggested in a recent edition of a musical journal. The word used to describe this new idea is melocipede. This word cannot yet be found in the dictionaries, but it portrays very exactly the impression which the word is intended to convey. It is derived from two Greek words, *melo*, music, and *pes*, a foot. A melocipede is, therefore, a musical bicycle, so constructed that the rider without any extra exertion beyond that necessary to propel his machine, can pedal out sonatas, waltzes, marches and, in fact, any music which may suit his fancy as he wheels along. There is a certain luxury about this instrument which would make it popular at once. The musical bicycle may therefore be considered an established institution. Heretofore the only music about a bicycle has been that made by a bugle or a bell, and there has been therefore a great lack of variety in the music produced. The melocipede will, however, remedy all this. How much pleasanter will it be, the warning to the pedestrian of the approaching machine, by hearing an aria from "Trovatore," or perhaps one of Wagner's airs, over the usual jingling of a bell. And to the solitary rider the musical possibilities of the instrument will be more or less welcome. For a bicycle club it will also be indispensable, as the club can now wheel through the country to the music of its own brass band. One other advantage is that no previous musical knowledge will be required to play upon the new instrument.

One of the most daring cycle feats ever attempted has been successfully performed at Aberdeen by Ralph Temple, of the American bicycling team, for a wager. He undertook to ride on one wheel along the parapet of the New pier, which is about two feet wide, twenty-five feet above the sea level, and five feet from the roadway on the other side. The intrepid rider made the attempt about half-past six p. m., dressed in his racing suit. In case he should fall into the sea, being an expert swimmer, and the tide running in, he calculated upon being able to reach land again. W. J. Morgan had a rope attached to the handle-bar, which he held slack in his hand for the purpose of saving the machine in the event of the rider falling. A start was made two hundred and fifty yards from the lighthouse, and the bicyclist moved rapidly in that direction. After going about one hundred yards, and making an ascent of eighteen inches, owing to an elevation in the wall, he nearly ran off into the sea, and shouted to his companion to look out. He, however, regained his equilibrium

and proceeded to the lighthouse, which he reached in safety, and was taken from his one wheel smiling, none the worse for his daring feat. The rider was loudly cheered by the crowd of onlookers—*The Irish Athletic and Cycling News*.

THE PRESS AND HALF HOLIDAYS.

Saturday; from twelve o'clock noon, all the year around, is a legal half holiday within the State of New York. No other State has yet framed a similar law, yet the majority of business houses in every large city throughout the country voluntarily close their doors Saturday afternoons during the summer months, and many of them during a part of the spring and autumn, and some throughout the entire year, and a very large proportion close an hour or so before six o'clock on the first five week days. To the progressive press of America is due in very large measure the establishment of this unquestionable benefit to business, professional, and working men and women. For years back the press has continually pounded at this subject, until it became generally admitted that the granting of such a privilege does no injury to trade, but rather by its beneficial effect upon the general business and upon health, tends to clearheadedness and renewed working vigor, which more than pays for the loss of time. To a Boston business house, as well as to the press, is undoubtedly due, in a measure, the present general adoption of a half holiday. Last autumn the Pope Manufacturing Company, of that city, foresaw the coming movement in this direction, and before the winter's frost was out of the ground, was using such opportunity as an honorable means of advertising its bicycles and tricycles by flooding the country with a beautiful lithograph for display in door, window, and office, announcing that "this store closes" Saturdays and other days at stated hours, which undoubtedly did very considerable towards agitating this popular movement. The company has announced through the press of America, that it will send one of these cards free to any early closing store on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage. This is, perhaps, the first instance of philanthropic advertising on record.—*Journalist*.

PUBLIC OPINION OF STEVENS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 29, 1887.

The editor of *Outing* has received the following important communication:

In your number of *Outing* for February, I read as follows. "While our correspondent was, at the daily risk of his life, plodding on with his wheel through the heart of China, certain newspapers and, we say it with shame, certain newspapers devoted to cycling, chose to hint that the trip of Thomas Stevens was not genuine," etc., etc.

I am very sorry, indeed, to think any right-minded people could have thought so, or have made such erroneous statements. I have no interest whatever in Mr. Thomas Stevens or his trip, but whilst in Constantinople on his *wonderful bicycle trip*, I took great interest in him, knowing what hardships he had undergone and what a wonderful journey he had made, even then. There is not the slightest doubt about our friend Thomas Stevens's trip being *thoroughly genuine*, and he is one of a very few who will ever accomplish such a journey. He is calm, self-collected, and a man that the greatest stranger sees at once to be a man that having task to fulfill, means to fulfill it at any risk. He

was in company with me on many occasions in the mixed society of the Levant, and was admired by all. When he received and attached the "Butcher Cyclometer" to his wheel, we went together for a trip in my launch to the Princess Islands, where he measured the government road.

I have a visitor now, Captain Raleigh, who was on the route with Stevens from Meshed to Constantinople; he says that he is remarkably cool and deliberate in the use of his Smith & Wesson revolver which he procured in Constantinople. Captain Raleigh says when they were attacked, he sat down behind his wheel and took deliberate aim, as cool as a cucumber; and Captain Raleigh attributes to this the saving of both their lives on one particular occasion, in a caravanserai full of fanatical Mussulman pilgrims.

We wish success to our friend, Thomas Stevens!
COL. WILLIAM V. SHELTON, BEY.

TRAVELING BY WHEEL.

Having been on a commercial trip throughout New England in the winter and spring of 1886, and experiencing the delays incidental to traveling by rail, I conceived the idea of doing the same territory later in the spring and coming summer *via* bicycle.

One bright August day I mounted my Columbia bicycle at Birmingham, Ct., *en route* for Springfield, stopping at intervening towns and arriving in that city in time for a hearty supper and night's rest. I arose bright and early the next morning, attended to my business in Springfield, and by 10 A. M., left that city for Westfield. After finishing my business there I pedaled back to Chicopee and Holyoke, arriving at the latter place in time for dinner. I then wheeled to Northampton in time to finish up my business in that place before night. The next morning I left Northampton at about eight o'clock and arrived at Whately in time for dinner, after which I made the business calls for the place, and then wheeled to Montague, arriving there in the twilight. At 6 A. M. the next morning I was *en route* for Greenfield, arriving there at 7 A. M. to breakfast. After making several calls in that town, at 11 A. M. I took the train for North Adams. The next morning at 6:30, in company with the North Adams Bicycle Club, I wheeled to Williamstown, seven miles, in forty-five minutes; stopped there half an hour, and then started for Bennington, seventeen miles north, arriving at the latter place in time for dinner, and at 4 P. M. started for Woodfords, where I remained over night. I left Woodfords at about seven o'clock for Brattleboro. It need not be said that the scenery from Bennington to Wilmington is thoroughly magnificent, particularly at this time of the year. The roads were in fair condition, considering that they were hill and mountain roads, and although the grades were often very steep, one was amply compensated for the climb by the glorious coast on the other side. I arrived in Brattleboro before dark, and took the evening train for Claremont Junction, arriving there at 8:30 P. M. Although I had never been over the road before I took advantage of the bright moonlight to start for Newport, making the thirteen miles in one and a half hours, arriving at the Newport House at ten o'clock. Remained in Newport over Sunday and until Wednesday morning, when at seven o'clock I wheeled to Bradford, and thence to Concord, Penacook, and West Concord, in time for dinner at the latter place, of course attending to business at all points stopped at. Later in the afternoon I started for Manchester,

arriving there in time for supper. The distance traveled that day was sixty-four miles, and I did a deal of business at the stops. The next morning I started for Nashua, stopping at Suncook, Hooksett, and Hudson. The sand about Hudson seemed to be almost without bottom, and I decided to take the train from Nashua to Lowell and Lawrence, spending the night at Lawrence. At ten o'clock the next morning I started for Haverhill, reaching there in time for dinner and giving me plenty of time for business. I then wheeled to Merrimac and Amesbury, arriving at the latter place at four o'clock. The road from Lawrence to Haverhill is generally good, and from Haverhill to Merrimac almost as good; and there never was a more delightful ride than from Merrimac to Amesbury, with its scenery, good roads, cool breezes, and pretty country seats. I then took several trips back and forth to Merrimac, Salisbury Beach, and Newburyport, and on to Boston. I pedaled from Amesbury to Portsmouth in two and a quarter hours, making several calls, and from there I wheeled to Dover, dining and transacting considerable business. Rochester was reached at five o'clock; I then went to Portland on the cars, and from there rode to Biddeford and Saco, and back to Portland. The next morning I rode to Yarmouth, Freeport, Brunswick, and Bath, and on to Lewiston the same day. The road from Portland to Brunswick—sixteen miles—is very fair, but from Brunswick to Bath the road bed is in very poor condition. I finished the towns about Lewiston and Auburn in one day, and then wheeled back to Bath, where a start was made northward, riding back on the Brunswick road about four miles to the four corners, where I turned to the right towards Topsham. Nothing could be more delightful than a bicycle ride over the generally excellent roads near the coast; often riding along the brow of a hill, with comfortable farms on one side and the broad Atlantic, dotted with its myriads of islands, on the other; the birds singing in the trees, and the cooling breezes of the ocean fanning the cheek and making one feel as though the world is a pretty good place to live in. I next went to Richmond, and from there to South Gardiner and Gardiner, in plenty of time to transact business before supper. At Gardiner I ran in with another commercial traveler whom I had met on the train below Portland, and from conversation with him learned that I had been making from one to two towns a day more than he, and while he was tired out with traveling, I felt particularly well and had enjoyed the full benefits of the open country air. I did not mind the heat of the sun, as the breeze generally was sufficient to keep me at as comfortable temperature as one could expect when the mercury was in the eighties and nineties. Right here it may be well to remark that what had been a subject of doubt to me was set to rest long before; that is, the manner of our reception from business men; and for the benefit of others who may be tempted to try my way of traveling for business purposes, I will emphatically state that I was never received with more uniform courtesy and attention than when I appeared before my customers and prospective customers in the *role* of a bicycler.

From Gardiner I rode to Hallowell and Augusta, spending the night at Augusta. From Augusta I rode to Waterville, seventeen miles, and from Waterville to Oakland and North Vassalboro, and thence on to Skowhegan. The coach left the hotel at Waterville for the depot before I started, and as I passed the depot on my bicycle, several

of the boys were on the platform and saw me go by; I arrived at Skowhegan about thirty minutes after the train had reached that place, much to the surprise of the boys who had come on the train and had seen me in Waterville. From Skowhegan I took a run across the country to Newport, and here I distanced the railroad; for I left on train time, and arrived at Newport thirty minutes before the train, and had seen my customers and was on my way to the next town, when I met a gentleman whom I had met at Skowhegan coming from the depot. In the evening I took the train for Dexter, thirteen miles, where after a good night's rest I transacted my business, and, in company with a gentleman who was to drive to Foxcroft, started out, much to the amazement of the natives, who seemed to think it the height of presumption in a bicycler to attempt to keep pace with a team. I spent the night at Foxcroft with a friend, and was off the next morning at 9 A. M. for Bangor, a distance of thirty-eight miles, crossing over to Dover and spinning along the Charlestown road and over the hill, where may be obtained a delightful view of the road to Bangor; the scenery was very fine almost the entire distance, and I was awake to everything of interest. It was about here that I met a boy who had apparently met with some slight disaster and wanted my assistance in capturing a runaway horse. I dismounted and he led me to a fence, where the horse and wagon had parted company, and we espied the horse calmly grazing in the field beyond. This little incident delayed us some time, but I concluded to push on and succeeded in reaching Bangor and seeing my customers that night. The next day I got an early start for Ellsworth, where I stopped over night; and Saturday at 9 A. M., I set out, in company with a friend who drove a team, for Bucksport, a distance of eighteen miles. This proved to be one of the most charming rides I had yet taken, lying along the river, with its many turns and windings which lengthened our eighteen miles into twenty-four, not at all to our regret, and we rode into town just as the children were pouring out of the school house—a place where they were evidently learning to shoot stones instead of gems of wisdom. We thought this a highly commendable point to test the merits of our respective steeds, and I may say that the steel horse reached the summit of the hill we had had in view while my companion was toiling up, much to his chagrin and the astonishment of the precocious stone throwers who were left in the background. The test was repeated again and again, until it seemed to be a well demonstrated fact that the steel horse could not be tired out.

I spent the following Sunday in Rockland, and Monday morning started for Boston, *via* Burlington and Montpelier. After a few days' stop at the Hub I proceeded to Taunton, and thence to New Bedford over some of the worst roads I had yet traveled. That night I spent at Fall River, where the patter of rain on the roof awoke me in the morning and threatened to cause me some delay; but I was getting to be proof against such slight contingencies, and at eight o'clock I found myself on the road to Providence. The rain had so far improved the condition of the roads that I was able to cover the distance to Providence and New London, transact my business in both places, and start on my return in the afternoon. From Clinton I took the train home, arriving at midnight, having been gone ten weeks; and upon striking a balance, I found that my expenses had been \$1.12 per day

less than they were on a similar trip over the same territory taken before the bicycle was adopted for a conveyance; and in point of time, the same number of towns could not have been reached *via* railroad, owing to the amount of time to be lost in waiting for trains.

One of the most remarkable trips which I made, so far as saving time over railroading was concerned, was from Newport, N. H., from which place I started Wednesday morning at seven o'clock, riding through Bradford, Vt.; Penacook, West Concord, Concord, Suncook, Hookset, Manchester, Hudson, Nashua, N. H.; Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, Merrimac, to Amesbury, Mass.—a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles,—arriving at the latter place at four o'clock Friday afternoon, having stopped at twelve towns and made twenty-one business calls; which trip I could not have made by the way of the railroad without an additional two days.

The machine I rode was a 56-inch Expert Columbia, which I purchased in the spring of '83. It has been in constant use ever since; and until I had ridden over six thousand miles there was no expense for repairs, and the total expense up to the present time has been just \$7.25. I am now about to make my second business trip on this bicycle, which, so far as I can see, is just as good as it was the day I bought it. On my business trips I used one of the '86 Lamson luggage carriers fastened to the handle-bars, in which I carried, rolled up in a rubber suit, an extra pair of handle-bars, together with crank, pins, nuts, etc., for use in case of accident. On the perch was secured by a pair of clamps, a bundle containing a complete change of clothing.

LESTER E. HICKOK,

Traveling Salesman for Wilcox & Howe
Carriage Hardware Co., Birmingham, Ct.

A BICYCLE TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE.

On the morning of June 26, 1886, I was sitting in my private office fanning myself with a copy of the *Cyclist*. This celebrated paper is printed in England—I leave my readers to guess where that is. It is really a very interesting periodical (for English bicycle agents). I managed to read, before going to sleep, that a noted *pure amateur* rider had been breaking all the records for long distances, and that there was no other man in the world who could anywhere near equal him, because he was English, you know, and rode one of the famous Flying Scuds, or something after that pattern. (I call any person who may have the patience to wade as far as this to witness that I am not saying that the English papers would condescend to receive a bribe from a manufacturer for the puff.)

This kind of nettled me because I had hitherto thought that my superiority as a rider and the unapproachable character of the machine I rode were acknowledged the world over. I determined there and then that I would make a run that would open the eyes of John Bull, and at the same time have everything fixed so nicely that the editors could not throw out any more of their hints about American records. If I had not been a very modest sort of a rider I would long before have gone over to the land of Cockneys and killed the editor of the *News* and one or two more of the same class, because they had repeatedly disputed my records. (The writer must make a confession right here, but he hopes that the editors in question will not see it. It was more on account of lack of funds that he refrained from going over and massacring them, than from excessive modesty.)

Be that as it may, I resolved, as I said before, to make a record that could not be beaten by any other man on the American Continent—and I might as well say the world, as what cannot be done right here in this Yankee land of ours can't be done anywhere, the assertions and brags of the *News* and *Cyclist* to the contrary notwithstanding. (Isn't that last stunning? I read it in the account of a squabble between some prominent wheelmen and of course it is right.)

When the stunning effect of the article which I read from the *Cyclist* had worn off somewhat, I sent my Indian Princess—manufactured especially for me by the celebrated firm, Messrs. Overman, Star, Champion & Pope, of Sitka, New Zealand (Tom—that's my brother—says that isn't right. But when I asked him if he had ever been there he said he hadn't, and I told him neither had I, and we would have to leave it to the persons who read this to fix it as suited them best)—to the noted firm of Fixemup & Co., next door to Manataqua (he's that fellow who does so much musing) in the old and respectable city of Philadelphia, which as you know was founded by William Penn, the Cracker. This, however, is not a history of the world in general, as no doubt the reader is about ready to imagine by this time, but the true story of my famous bicycle race to the North Pole, which I accomplished in marvelous time. But I am anticipating. I will take another start.

I got my machine back at 3 A. M. June 30, and at once commenced to pack. As the day looked stormy when the sun got up, I concluded to wait for a day and see if it would not be clearer by that time. It took me some time to pack, for I had many things to put in and I did not want any weight to carry with me. At last after many vain attempts I compromised on a tooth brush and a copy of an English cycling paper. This last was to get me mad when I felt like stopping to rest.

In the morning of June 31st, the sun rose bright and clear. I do not wish to be like record breakers generally are and blame the weather for any slowness of time that I may make.

I wheeled the machine up to the middle of the public building and mounted with all the grace that usually characterizes my movements. Whirling out Broad street with the speed of the wind I did not glance behind me. My time to Bordentown, N. J., was two hours exactly, an average of fifteen miles per hour. This was only mediocre, and I realized that I would have to do a great deal better than that if I wanted to make the great world's record on which I was bent.

About a mile the other side of Bordentown I heard a great commotion in the air. At first I thought it was a cyclone coming, but the sky was clear. Casting my glance over my shoulder I saw that I was pursued. The fates seemed against me. Had it been an ordinary pursuer I would not have cared. He was gaining on me very fast and I felt that all was lost for an instant, but just then I struck a good piece of road—a great rarity in Jersey. Perhaps the reader would like to know what this awful pursuer was. I will not keep him any longer in suspense. It was none other than one of the famous Jersey mosquitoes of the man-eating type! This ferocious beast—*insectivora carnívora*, I believe the naturalists call it—was not more than ten or fifteen feet behind me, and any person who has had dealings with this gigantic vampire will bear me out in the assertion that there is not a more deadly minded brute in creation. This was a danger that might well make the

cheek of the boldest blanch, and the hair of the most courageous and heroic individual who ever mounted a wheel "stand on end like so many porcupine quills."

From the moment of first sighting the terrible enemy my speed increased, and now that I was on good road I fairly flew. For the balance of the trip to New York I averaged the heretofore unheard of speed of forty-seven miles per hour. Traveling at such velocity it did not take long for me to reach Jersey City. When I got there, I thought that the brute would leave me; but he didn't. On I sped through this town without pause, and when I came to the wharf on the bank of the North river I had still such speed on, that I could not stop. I believed that I would have a swim in the drink, but I reckoned without my host. "With one exultant, joyous bound" my magnificent cycle and I shot out over the river, and in less time than it takes to tell it we had landed on the other shore! During this remarkable leap the infuriated man-eater had followed close behind and now I could hear his breath coming thick and fast.

I have always been noted for my coolness in such trying and terrible situations as I was now in. My first thought on landing was that the gigantic pursuer would leave me and go for the Metropolitans who were walking around in all directions. In this I was, as usual, mistaken, for he seemed to think that they were not very edible, having walked and worried off everything but their bones.

My next thought was more lucky. I remembered that Barnum had his circus in town and that this beast would probably be a great acquisition to the menagerie, and that "the greatest show on earth" would have men enough well used to such work to subdue him.

This was the reason that I scuttled off in the direction of Central Park. I could not wait for the tent door to be found, and indeed there was no need, for I had such speed on that as soon as I came in contact with the tent it gave away, and I ran through in safety. I had not noticed that a great elephant was standing directly across the cut I thus made, but so it was. I rode right under him. The mosquito, attempting to follow, found that he was too big. This infuriated him to such an extent that he went for the elephant. For the first time on that remarkable chase he found his match. But I will relate the balance in the graphic words of the *New York Sun—World* or some other paper. The following is a clipping from the issue of the 31st of June, evening edition:—

A CYCLER MEETS HIS MATCH AND THE MATCH MEETS MORE THAN HIS.

THE MOST REMARKABLE STORY EVER PUBLISHED—STUNNING SPEED.

We learn that the famous bicycler, F. W. P.,—his modesty prompts him to ask that we do not print his full name,—came into town this morning with a flying leap from the Jersey shore to the foot of — street. He was chased by one of those Sanguinivorous, Milleped, Man-Eating terrors from the Jersey bogs. [This description would lead to his identification in the jungles of Africa. F. W. P.]

Before he reached the city he had for some time been running at the terrible speed of forty-seven miles per hour.

He made at once to the tent of our enterprising showman, Barnum, and one of our reporters who happened to be standing by when he got there (our reporters are so numerous that one is always around when anything is going on.—Ed.) says that the machine was red hot, the cycler's clothes being in many places burned through to the skin. He plunged right through the tent. The hole shows signs of having been burnt. An elephant was standing near the place where the entrance was made and the cycler darted under him. The pursuer essayed to follow but on account of his gigantic size he could not pass through. Being infuriated by his lack of success he attacked the elephant. The latter, however, was too much for

him. He had become acquainted with this species of insectivora during Barnum's summer trip through the Jerseys. He brought his proboscis down on the terrible animal, and with one blow laid him out. Even John L. Sullivan never managed to hit so hard. Nothing was seen but blood shooting in every direction. The tent was covered as well as a painter could have done it. The whole menagerie will be fed from it for the rest of the season.

LATER.—We learn that Barnum, with his usual enterprise, will have the bones and epidermis collected and mounted on a pedestal. The whole when done will be set up beside Jumbo, and if it was not for a slight difference in shape we feel confident that none of our readers could tell the difference between them. If anything, the late acquisition is the larger.

Thus ends the account of my trip to the North Pole. My time has never been beaten! And never will be.

F. W. P.

LEGISLATION AS TO BICYCLES IN HIGHWAYS.

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELERS.

BY CHARLES E. PRATT, ESQ.

It is related of a young attorney just settled in a country village, that he was consulted by a farmer as to rights and remedies relating to a raid into his corn field by a neighbor's bull; and that the young disciple of the law, after looking carefully through his indexes, advised his client thus: "I have examined the statutes, sir, and I do not find any reference to either bulls or corn; there is, therefore, no present law applicable to your case; but if you wish I will bring the matter before the legislature, so you may have a remedy in the future." In a similarly superficial manner some wheelmen have looked for bicycle law; some, troubled by careless bicycling, have sought legal restrictions; some hasty town and city officials have attempted to supply a fancied lack; and some park boards and turnpike companies have either made ordinances or sought legislative amendment.

For more than twenty years bicycles have been used as vehicles on our American roads. It is ten years since the renaissance of bicycling began to send the more modern and better perfected wheel as a swift and easy carrier of young and middle-aged men about all our cities and through all our States. And yet the inexpert might look in vain through most of our State statute books for any "law of the land" upon this particular carriage. In two or three States, indeed, he would find special local statutes, but these are interesting chiefly as curiosities or absurdities of legislation, they are neither of them, in a legal sense, law of the land in those States. Is there, then, no law of bicycling? Indeed there is much—constitutional, legislative, judicial, and municipal. What is the present state of the law as it affects wheelmen? Is anything else needed for protection either of the wheelmen or of the non-bicycling public? In what direction should any further relief be sought or expected?

Public roads are the oldest monuments of civilization, memorials of one of the oldest rights. Before all bills of rights and constitutions and legislatures in this country, were highways and the common right to travel therein. There are three provisions in our State constitutions, and one or more in the Federal, which guarantee the right of the wheelman to ride his bicycle in every public road of the United States. And as these muniments of title to the roads are not always kept in view, it may be worth while to refer briefly to

them here. In the State constitutions are reserved to the people the right peaceably to assemble, the right to possession and enjoyment of property, and immunity from being deprived of any common fundamental right, unless by the law of the land. Now, carriages are private property, and the enjoyment of them is in their use for travel, and the public highway is the only place for lawful travel.

The law of the land is that which applies to all citizens alike everywhere and is established and sanctioned by the highest authority. But even the State legislatures have only a police control over the public roads and navigable waters—the highways of the land; they may construct and regulate, but not obstruct or prohibit. Even the Crown is trustee for the people, and cannot take away the inalienable right of travel, except for crime against the Crown and according to the law of the land. Commerce depends upon the use of the highways, and our national constitution reserves to Congress the right to regulate commerce; but Congress shall make no law impairing the right of assembling or the enjoyment of property; and, if these individual liberties should be secured with triple certainty, the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States; and the enumeration in the constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people. It requires some reflection to realize how much the existence and the genius of our institutions of government and social order presupposes the existence of highways and the common inalienable right of travel therein. And this right of travel includes the right of movement on foot, on horse, with carriage, or in any reasonable manner; and is co-extensive with the limits of the United States; to move without unreasonable restriction with person, conveyance, and property from one extremity of this broad land to another, in any direction, into and over the lines of towns, counties, and States.

How well, indeed, this right is recognized in all lands, is illustrated in the course of Thomas Stevens's remarkable tour of the world on a bicycle. Whatever other vicissitudes he met with, no one in any tongue disputed his right to travel. And yet, an American explorer, with an American vehicle, backed by American enterprise, representing an American magazine, and winning for America the results of his indomitable energy—in his whole circuit of the earth could find his only prohibition of travel on the meridian of our own Atlantic coast. From Wilmington, North Carolina, to the sea, he could not ride on his own proper and universally possible carriage! A hundred kingdoms and satrapies and despotisms acknowledged the freedom of the traveler; only in Columbia, the land of the free, is the fundamental freedom of the road refused to her own bicycle and bicycler! She gave a home to its inventor; she gave that vehicle to the world, and she sent it around the earth; and will she long permit even the shortest of her roads to be closed against it?

The key to the law of bicycling, not only constitutional, but legislative, which we now come to consider, lies in the fact that the bicycle is a carriage. Plainly as this simple fact should appear to all, it seems to be left out of sight still by many. No correct definition of carriage or vehicle can be found or framed, or could have been found or framed fifty years or a century ago, that will not include the most modern bicycle. Although judicial and municipal law has recognized and ex-

pressed this fact both in this country and in Great Britain, it is one of those ineliminable facts in the nature of things that cannot be made or changed by any legislative or official decision, any more than the fact that a "Maud S" or an Alderney bull are domestic animals. The chaise and the velocipede of Holmes's and Sumner's early days were not the village cart or the tricycle of to-day, but they were no more and no less carriages. Nor does it require reference to exceptional performances like the European tours of the Pennells, or Laumaille's thirty thousand leagues in Europe, or Stevens's twenty thousand miles in three continents, to make the fact appreciable, when the bicycle, as a matter of common knowledge, is put by thousands in most of our States to every use of a wagon, save that of hitching a horse to it, or, perhaps, of painting signs on it. Since the conservative English High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division, could find and hold eight years ago that the statutes of William IV. included bicycles in their provisions concerning "carriages," we may safely assume that the highway statutes of our States also relate to bicycles. In this, however, we are further warranted by the decision of our own tribunals, from justices of the peace to Supreme Courts, constituted interpreters of our statutes, that the bicycle and tricycle being carriages, they and their riders are subject to the same laws as other carriages and drivers. Only make the wheelman and the non-wheelman appreciate this fact at its value, that the bicycle is a carriage, and the bicycler a wagoner, and most of the misunderstandings and friction will disappear. The present status of wheelmen as to rights and remedies is then easily understood.

The law of highways is simple and clear. Every person has an equal right with every other to use any public highway at any time for travel, either on foot, on beast, or with any vehicle or conveyance by which he simply passes over the road and leaves it reasonably undisturbed for the next passer; and upon every traveler rests the duty of so using the road as not to injure or unreasonably impede any other who may be exercising the same right and observing the same duty thereon. This is the sum of all statutes and decisions throughout this country. All other laws are but regulations as to direction, speed, warning, or other requirement for the common safety. These latter vary somewhat in details in different places, and ought to be known and observed exactly; but they are mostly consistent with and easily deducible from the above general principle.

The present and almost universal legislative regulations of travel applicable to bicycling are that the carriage shall be in roadworthy condition; that the rider shall turn to the right of the middle of the roadway on meeting with another and allow passage on the left when overtaken by another who wishes to pass; exercise reasonable care to prevent collision; yield reasonably to a more heavily loaded team, and use reasonable care in respect to foot-passenger crossings. Most of the States have authorized municipal authorities to further regulate travel; and in many cities and towns sidewalks are reserved to foot-passers; the allowable speed of vehicles is limited to a moderate rate; lamps are required at night; and on certain vehicles bells by day, and traffic is forbidden on public reservations for pleasure grounds, and carriages on those reserved for pedestrians.

There are, of course, the general laws, applicable equally on the road and off from it, which conserve

the security of person and property and the peace of the realm. The laws of assault, of trespass, of nuisance, for examples, are the same on the road as elsewhere. Thou shalt not by malice, by wantonness, or by negligence, injure thy neighbor in his person or property or in the exercise of his rights, is universal law. To frighten another's horse, either with a bicycle or with an umbrella, or with a tambourine, and purposely or negligently, is an infraction of that law; but if a horse takes fright or becomes unmanageable, without fault of mine, though I may be present and have a bicycle, or an umbrella, or a tambourine, and be lawfully using it, I have done no injury and am not liable. If a man drives his horse and wagon against me, either maliciously, wantonly, or negligently, or attempts to do so, either on the road or elsewhere, and whether I am on a bicycle or on a wagon, or on foot, he is a trespasser, and I have my remedies, either to resist him by reasonably sufficient force on the spot, or by action of tort for damages, or by complaint for misdemeanor or crime, or by all three.

The first special statute relating to the bicycle in this country was obtained in the Kentucky legislature a few years ago, practically prohibiting bicycling in certain counties of that State. Of course it was not constitutional, and is not "law of the land" for two reasons,—discriminating unequally against certain travelers, and not applying to the whole State. But owing to the facts that there were no wheelmen residing in those parts, and that those parts are notridable, the statute has remained unquestioned; as with respect to the law against marrying one's own grandmother—nobody wants to. But a more serious instance of special legislation occurred two years ago in North Carolina. The Wilmington and Coast Turnpike Company quietly obtained the passage of an act amending their charter to an effect that "no person shall use upon the roads of said company a bicycle, or tricycle, or other non-horse vehicle, without the express permission of the superintendent of said road." This extraordinary delegation of authority, used as it is as an absolute prohibition, was promptly challenged by the local wheelmen of Wilmington, who, with the backing of the League of American Wheelmen, have brought the matter before the Supreme Court of that State, where it is still waiting decision on questions of constitutionality. At the present session of the legislature of that State a bill was introduced for the repeal of that act, which, by the diligent lobbying of the president and attorney of that turnpike company, who is also lieutenant-governor of the State and president of the senate, was defeated. But what hope could a few young men have with such debasement of official influence against them? They do things differently north of Mason and Dixon's line, where the spirit of justice and modern enterprise has been longer awake. When a bill restricting bicycling was presented to the Ohio legislature, it was rejected on preliminary consideration, as not only unconstitutional, but as against equitable right and good public policy. In this North Carolina case, not only a good road, but the only road between Wilmington and several towns, is practically closed to that part of the public having bicycles or tricycles for vehicles. By statute, not in its terms excluding, but imposing something else than the payment of toll upon a certain portion of the traveling public, to wit: the obtaining of a permit from the subordinate officer of the corporation, an unjust and unlawful discrim-

ination is made; but the evil goes further, for that officer, under instructions, refuses a permit; and so, under guise of law, these vehicles and their riders are excluded. In such an instance as this good legislation is needed to undo a wrong caused by previous bad legislation. And the wrong and evil cry out for sympathy and aid, not only of wheelmen, but of all others everywhere; for it is the common interest of all in this country of freedom and travel that the laws shall be just and uniform, and that the fundamental rights of citizens of these States shall not be invaded, or our constitutional guarantees set at naught.

One other mischievous piece of present legislation exists in Oregon, where a rash regulation is made oppressive to the wheelmen, without being of any advantage to the remainder of the public. Unreasonable everywhere, in the cities it is substantially prohibitive. That law requires every bicycle rider to dismount one hundred yards in front of any approaching team, and to remain so until it has passed. That the non-wheelmen may appreciate the bearing of this regulation, let him imagine every horseback rider is required to dismount one hundred yards before he reaches any crossing and walk by it, in order that foot-passers may not be what?—trampled upon? no; may not be frightened! A bill to repeal this absurd law has, however, been defeated at the recent session of the Oregon legislature; and there is another instance where mischievous legislation needs to be remedied. As in North Carolina, so in Oregon, the wheelmen are few and the horsemen are many; and in this country of freedom the many seem to tyrannize over the few more than in the kingdoms of the Old World.

All municipal authorities, either without, or, in a few cases, with a full consideration of the law of the matter, have taken the tenable ground and prescribed for wheelmen only reasonable regulations. The statutes and charters conferring regulative power upon towns and cities with respect to the streets and public squares, are ample as they now exist, apparently, as the whole public is contented. An exception, however, should be made with reference to certain *quasi* municipal bodies known as commissioners of parks, having usually the powers of county commissioners or city councils over certain tracts of land held for public uses. They have control of these lands, sometimes including old and general public highways, with full powers of regulation, as guardians for the people.

The consideration of the ordinances of these latter magnates opens up a most interesting theme of inquiry, which can be pursued here, however, but briefly.

In the large cities of Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and San Francisco, these questions of the rights of wheelmen and of reasonable regulation have long since been considered and acted upon, in more or less practical consistency with the principles of law and justice. Nowhere else, as in the State of New York, are public parkways controlled so much as if they belonged to the owners of private and livery stables instead of to the whole people. In Prospect Park, Brooklyn, wheelmen have for years been allowed to ride, but, singularly enough, they were relegated to the sidewalks and footpaths, instead of the carriage ways. Recently the commissioners have restricted them from all riding in this park, excepting the west side route to Coney Island. The commissioners of Central Park, in New York, some years ago passed an order that no bicycle or tri-

cycle be allowed in that park. Several gentlemen were arrested for violation of the ordinance, and a rather unique and celebrated case arose in the courts, popularly known as the "Central Park Case." That case began in a mistake and ended in a virtual withdrawal; but while both the unconstitutional and *ultra vires* ordinance and the strange suit were pending, there occurred an annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen in New York city. The park commissioners courteously gave them the freedom of the parkways. A thousand bicycles took their noiseless way through the drives that day, to the equal pleasure of thousands of pedestrians, equestrians, and occupants of more costly carriages, without an accident or an annoyance. And after that the Riverside drive was opened to wheelmen, and in the main park more privileges [nay, rights!] were accorded them than they had ever asked for, limited and restricted though they were.

But justice is not done. Such use as is permitted the bicyclers and tricyclers within certain hours and on certain ways, is accorded as a privilege and not as a right, and would anywhere else be considered substantially prohibitive. The parkways are controlled principally in the interest of the wealthy and stable-keepers. The owners and drivers of other vehicles than velocipedes are unjustly excluded; the honest tradesman who uses his horse and wagon to earn a living through the week, and who would give his team a few extra brushes, and put in another seat of a Sunday and take his family to drive amidst the beauties his earnings have helped to pay for, is turned away. Room for varnish and livery. Style and influence in the park. Horses, a million dollars, or a deal in votes, are these only to move a park board's action to justice? Perhaps the hundred ladies with tricycles living near Central Park and denied its privileges except at unreasonable hours, might gain a recognition of their rights, but the two thousand gentlemen have so far failed.

Even in New York State the statute law of highways and parks is ample as it is, and the powers conferred upon commissioners are sufficiently limited, perhaps, when fairly understood and administered. The trouble is not so much with the law as with its administration.

The fifty thousand adult citizens of this country who ride bicycles and tricycles will still find eternal vigilance to be the price of liberty, as in the earlier day when they were fewer. Compliance with the laws as they are, and constant demand for their just and impartial administration, are the main things toward which effort should be directed. Amendment of laws except to correct palpable mistakes, or to remove radical error, should be a last resort. The best thing in aid of a good cause is a favorable public opinion; and that gains by expression. If the harbor commissioners of New York should pass a resolve that no row-boat or canoe be allowed in the waters of New York bay, not only oarsmen and canoeists, but all athletic New York would protest. Why does not athletic New York cry out at the parallel aggressions of the park commissioners?—*Outing*.

Any liberal and ingenious advertiser can obtain temporary notoriety for his wares, but enduring popularity depends on the result of practical trials. The Columbia wheels have stood the test; have made almost all the world's records; have been ridden half-way round the world, and have shown not only speed, but ability to withstand hard usage. —*Spirit of the Times*.

LEAGUE FARMS.

I wish to bring to the notice of all members of the L. A. W. that I am now prepared to furnish all League members with a genuine Minnesota farm. These farms are all of the celebrated deep black soil, of the Minnesota prairies, all arable land, free from stones and hills, all bearing the symbol of the L. A. W. raised in the earth in the center of each farm.

This will be the chance of a lifetime for all poor cyclers to secure a spot of ground they can call their own, and which they can settle down upon at any time they choose to leave the toil and care of city life, and give themselves up to the quiet contentments of a life of husbandry.

These farms will be sold to League members only at the extremely low price of \$1.50, and sent to any part of the country securely packed in a tin box suitable for carrying in the pocket.

I have also on hand a few Minneapolis corner lots, securely put up in air-tight cans, and also bearing the L. A. W. symbol. This gives League members a chance to speculate in real estate at no risk, and without leaving their homes. Sent to any part of the world by mail or express at \$2 per lot.

In addition to the above, I expect, in the near future, to start the manufacture of an L. A. W. dish towel, which all female cyclers should immediately possess. We are also endeavoring to arrange for the manufacture of an L. A. W. liver pad, and several other articles equally indispensable to all League members, and we trust that the army of wheelmen who enroll under the banner of the League will nobly come to the rescue, and allow us to reap the benefit from their noble devotion to the cause; and hope that this endeavor to use the League as a means of individual profit will not be misconstrued, but will be set down to our interest in League affairs, and an earnest wish on our part to help the members of this organization to permanent benefits.—F. E. R., in *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

HOW WOODSIDE WAS BEATEN.

This afternoon (June 11), at Coventry, a ten-mile bicycle (international) scratch race took place. There was a good attendance, the weather being favorable. Entrants: Howell, Woodside, Morgan, Battensby, and Temple. Starters: Howell, Woodside, and Morgan. Woodside took the lead and Howell the middle position. Each competitor led alternately until four miles had been covered, when Morgan retired, admitting the pace was too hot. Time for three miles, 8m. 44s.; five miles, 14½m., being two seconds outside professional record. After this the records were never in danger, and the race resolved itself into the ordinary description until the last mile. Woodside then led, but at the last lap, when Howell pushed to the front, and Woodside not immediately responding, Howell gained considerably, and Woodside could not get on terms with Howell until entering the straight for home, when a grand struggle took place. Howell beat Woodside and succeeded in passing the post three yards in advance, the time for the last lap being 37s., the whole distance occupying 29m. 42½s. Great excitement reigned, Howell coming in for an ovation. Woodside was also cheered. Temple, the American trick rider, performed some surprising feats on the bicycle before and at the conclusion of the race.—*Manchester Umpire*.

A CHALLENGE TO THE AMERICAN TEAM.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Life*:—

SIR:—When the American team have tested their speed and staying powers against the best professionals in England, in all probability they intend visiting the Continent, and undoubtedly would not refuse to make a few matches with some of the best professional bicyclists in Europe. Acting on the part of my European team—now engaged on a racing tour throughout the Continent—composed of Jules Dubois, Paul Medinger, and myself, from Paris, I beg to issue a challenge for my team to ride a match, or series of matches, against Woodside, Morgan, and Temple. We are willing to race them any distance, from one to fifty miles, on condition that the stakes be worth competing for. I am prepared to stake in the hands of the *Sporting Life* £150, or more, if necessary, so soon as terms, conditions, and distances for these matches have been decided upon. My team will remain in Germany until July, afterwards visiting England, and, probably America, but should the American team accept this challenge perhaps arrangements could be negotiated to contest these matches in Germany—as suitable cycling tracks can only be found in this country on the Continent—during August or September. Should Woodside, Morgan, and Temple not agree to contest "team against team," I would be open to ride Woodside a separate match any distance from one to fifty miles, on the Berlin track, for £50 or more a side, and the title of professional Continental champion. Jules Dubois is willing to ride a fifty miles match against Morgan, America's long-distance champion, whilst Paul Medinger is prepared to negotiate for a one-mile match with any one of the American team, each match for not less than £50 a side. All arrangements and management might be left to Mr. T. H. S. Walker (editor of *Der Radfahrer*), for any matches that may be ridden in Berlin on the splendid cinder-path of the Berlin Racing Association. If the American team will not agree to race on the Continent, my team will be willing to meet them in England any time during August; should no business, however, result from this challenge we hope to meet the American riders either in England, on the Continent, or in America later.

(Signed) H. O. DUNCAN,
(Ex-fifty miles champion of the world.)
Manager of the European team.
Berlin (Germany), May 25, 1887.
Any more coming on?

THE PROFESSIONAL PROSPECTS.

That the professional racing during this season is certain to be highly interesting is a foregone conclusion. Several new recruits are announced, in addition to Bob English, who has been gaining golden opinions by his go-all-the-way riding at Wolverhampton. A Birmingham paper states that Jack Lee will enter the ranks of the professors, and we may possibly see him and the Newcastle flier amongst the men at the Catheart tournament. Howell as yet holds the championship honors, but new interest will be created when Fred Wood returns from the antipodes. The Leicester man must be much better than when he left England, as in the one-mile championship of Australia he beat the grass record on the Melbourne cricket ground, doing 2.45½ (the amateur record, Hillier's 2.51, which has stood for nearly

six years, being thus beaten by 5½ seconds). Fred Wood won the races at one and three miles, thus securing the championship and the first prize (£70). Then our American visitors will, we hope, get acclimatized, and the summer and autumn racing will be full of interest, and perhaps productive of surprises. Still, it must be admitted that the prospects of exciting racing all round are improving.—*Bicycling News*.

ADVICE TO WHEELMEN.

On the way to St. Louis, Col. Pope gave to the wheelmen on the train some very good ideas regarding League work. He said that the improvement of the roads was the one thing more than another that the League should strive to bring about. "Let the League hire a man whose sole duty it shall be to direct the attention of town and city authorities to the crying need for good roads. He must be well acquainted with the science of road building, must be a good talker, and must be fertile in resources for the bringing about of the objects he is aiming at. Let him show to the people what will come as the result of good roads, and he will have taken an important step in securing action on their part. Let him show to them that a good road to a town decreases the wear and tear on vehicles, makes the transportation of heavy loads a thing of easy accomplishment, and withal attracts trade that would avoid a place embargoed with bad roads. Such a man could do very much good. He wou'd have to be paid well, and his expenses would be large; but the results would justify an increased assessment, or the manufacturers could be called upon to help pay the bills. In such a movement the League could look for the aid and co-operation of horse owners, for they would be benefited no less than the wheelmen." There is very much in the foregoing that is worth consideration.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

TRICYCLING FOR RHEUMATISM.

At noon yesterday a gentleman of medium stature and compact build stood on the east platform of the Shore line station. One hand rested upon a wheel of a tricycle locked to another by a small brass chain and lock, ready for shipment. The gentleman was G. B. Mason, a planter, whose place is about forty miles from New Orleans. "That man," said baggage-master Duzan to the reporter, "has come all the way from New Orleans, around through Indiana, on a tricycle, and his wife came with him." In answer to questions regarding the trip Mr. Mason said: "It has been about sixty days since we left New Orleans. My wife has ridden with me on the whole trip. We came up the west side of the Mississippi, through Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, into Iowa, then through Illinois and Indiana into Ohio, and back through Indiana, till here we are. We have ridden as high as forty miles a day, and I don't believe any day a ride has been less than twenty-five. My wife had inflammatory rheumatism, and I was paying \$6 to \$8 a day for doctor's bills and medicines. It did her no good either. She was in constant pain, and we could hardly touch her to turn her in bed. I met an old homeopathic doctor and he told me to get a tricycle for my wife and let her ride. I got one for her and one for myself; after using it for about a week she bantered me for a ride, and here we are. But I've got enough of it for the present. We will

take the iron horse for a while. My wife seems entirely cured." Mr. and Mrs. Mason go by rail from here to Chattanooga where they will ride over the battlefield. From Chattanooga they expect to go home. The entire trip will be over 3,000 miles. Of this they have made already near 2,000 by wheel.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, April 26.

THE LIBERTY BILL.

It gives me pleasure to inform you that Governor Hill has signed the Liberty Bill. By the passage of this measure, the bicycle and tricycle are recognized as vehicles on the highways and park driveways of New York State by statute law.

"The commissioners, trustees, or other authorities, having charge or control of the highways or park driveways, shall have no power or authority to pass, enforce, or maintain any ordinance, rule, or regulation, by which any person using a bicycle or tricycle shall be excluded or prohibited from the free use of any of the park highways or driveways at any time when the same is open to the free use of persons using other pleasure carriages."

I also enclose a letter in relation to the subject, which was sent to the Park Board to-day. By this conference with the Board, we hope to secure such rules and regulations, and so regulate the cycling traffic in the park, that no serious results will follow. I also enclose copy of the telegram sent by the wheelmen of this State to Governor Hill, immediately on receipt of the news that he had given the bill his approval.

NEW YORK, June 28, 1887.

To the Honorable Commissioners of Public Parks of the City of New York.

GENTLEMEN:—

By a semi-official announcement, the wheelmen of New York have just learned of Governor Hill's approval of the act, "In relation to the use of bicycles and tricycles," which

seems to have excited a special local interest in this section of the State. Before the wheelmen make use of the extended rights recognized by this law, we desire, as the authorized representative of the great body of wheelmen in this State, to establish between the Park Commissioners and the wheelmen of New York city, an understanding which will serve to dissipate all apprehension as to the practical operation of the law referred to.

The wheelmen of this city are, as a class, conservative, dignified, and intelligent citizens, who feel an interest in the affairs of the city government, and in the orderly administration of its several departments. They recognize the fact that the bicycle and tricycle are little understood, and only to a limited degree appreciated by the general public, as useful and practical vehicles, and that the prejudice against their use has been encouraged by many honest and well-meaning citizens. That this prejudice will be dissipated by time and experience has been demonstrated in other countries, and we are confident that the same result must follow the practical operation of the law in question.

In order, however, that the wheelmen of this city may show in a substantial way their desire to concur, and as well as may be to assist with the safe, orderly, and consistent use of the parkways of this city, a meeting of the officers of the several clubs in this city will be held during this week, and a committee will be appointed with power to confer with your Honorable Board, to the end that suitable arrangements and regulations may be made for the use of bicycles and tricycles on the parkways within your jurisdiction, and for such other conference, if any, as may be desired by your Board. Trusting that this communication will be regarded in the spirit of a suggestion, and as an assurance of the allegiance of the cyclists of New York to the good government of this city, we remain,

Most respectfully yours,

GEO. R. BIDWELL, *Chief Consul.*

C. H. LUSCOMB,

Chairman of the Rights and Privileges Committee.

[Copy of the Telegram.]

NEW YORK, June 27, 1887.

To the Honorable DAVID B. HILL, Albany, N. Y.

On behalf of the wheelmen of New York State I desire to thank you for signing the bill which affords them recognition and protection on the highways of this State.

(Signed)

GEO. R. BIDWELL,

Chief Consul.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. R. BIDWELL.

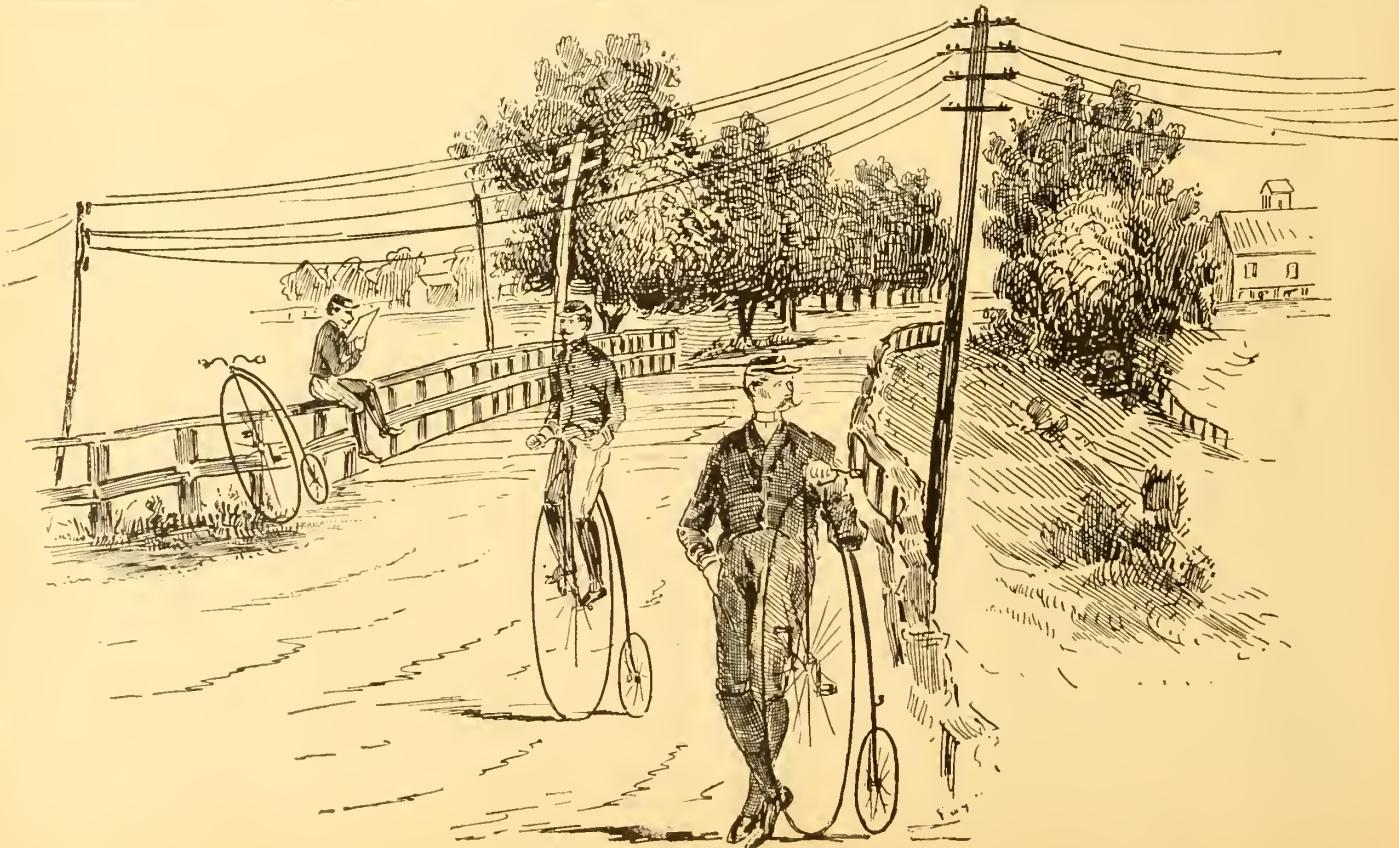
NEW YORK, June 28, 1887.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Rhodes is hundred-mile king of Crawfordsville, Ind. If Editor Bassett was saying this he would no doubt remark, Rhodes is king of Indiana roads.—*American Athlete*.

Mr. W. H. Langdown, of the Pioneer Bi. Club, Australia, made his re-entry in American racing circles at the games of the Spartan Harriers, in Madison Square Garden, on Saturday night, May 7. The event was a 2-mile handicap, and the Australian was next to the limit man on the 85-yard mark, mounted upon a 21-pound Rudge. Three headers in the first mile convinced him that there were more bruises than glory to be obtained, and he withdrew. Surely a man never traveled further for "pots" and got less than Langdown.—*Bi. World*.

It is now in order for the bicycle clubs to devise means for the suppression of John Ruskin. For Ruskin will have none of the bicycle clubs, regarding them as enemies of correct human progress. "I not only object," he is quoted as saying, "but am quite prepared to spend all my best 'bad language' in reprobation of bi., tri., and 4, 5, 6 or 7, cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap, and to dance are the virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels or dangle on ropes, and nothing in the training of the human mind with the body will ever supersede the appointed God's ways of slow walking and hard working." How does that strike the bicycle clubs? As likely as not, such is the perversity of youth, the wheels will continue to revolve. Perhaps, so we think we hear the clubs arguing, Mr. Ruskin never owned a bicycle or he may have expressed his opinion of the machine just after getting a bad fall from the back of a vicious one.—*N. Y. Daily Tribune*.



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FOR SALE—50-inch Standard Columbia bicycle, ball-and-cone bearings, in fine order; write for description; best offer over \$55 accepted. Address BERT. K. PERRY, 134 Richmond Avenue, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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- 1—W. A. Rowe, Lynn, winner of World's Championship, 1886.
 2—Columbia Group, including Atkins, Rowe, Hendee, Burnham, Adams, Crocker, Windle, DeBlois, Cornish, and Wiswell,—the entire team.
 3—Columbia Team of Promateurs, 1886, Rowe, Hendee, and Burnham.
 4—Training Quarters of the Columbia Team at West Springfield, 1886.
 5—Training Quarters of the Columbia Team at Lynn, 1886.
 6—Training Quarters of the Columbia Team at Lynn, 1886, with group.
 7—George M. Hendee, Springfield.
 8—E. P. Burnham, Newton.
 9—C. P. Adams, Springfield.
 10—Victor Team of Promateurs, 1886, including Ives, Rhodes, and Percy Stone, with manager and trainer.
 11—F. F. Ives, Meriden, Ct.
 12—W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester.
 13—Percy W. Stone, St. Louis, Mo.
 14—Victor Training Quarters, Springfield, 1886.
 15—Group, including Neilson, Rhodes, Gaskell, Rich, Williams, etc.
 16—John Williams, Massachusetts Bicycle Club.
 17—H. W. Gaskell, London, Eng.
 18—Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont.
 19—E. A. DeBlois, Hartford, Ct.
 20—Robert A. Neilson, Boston.
 21—A. B. Rich, New York.
 22—W. H. Langdown, Christchurch, N. Z.
 23—Fred Wood, Leicester, Eng., Professional Champion of England.
 24—Robert James, Birmingham, Eng.
 25—Hal W. Greenwood, St. Louis, Mo.
 26—Group of Judges at Springfield Tournament, 1886.
 27—Group of Judges at Lynn Tournament, 1886.
 28—W. Haradon, Springfield.
 29—Eugene M. Aaron, Philadelphia, Pa., Secretary-Editor L. A. W., 1886.
 30—Abbot Bassett, Chelsea, editor of *The Cycle*, and chairman L. A. W. Racing Board, 1886.
 31—Lynn Track, 1886, looking up home stretch, including judges, music, and grand stands.
 32—Springfield Track, looking up home stretch, including judges, music, and grand stands.
 33—Columbia Tent, Hampden Park, 1886, exterior view.
 34—Columbia Tent, Hampden Park, 1886, interior view.
 35—Victor Tent, Hampden Park, 1886, interior view, showing Aaron, Bassett, etc.
 36—Rowe and Hendee, Springfield, Sept. 17, 1886; start of promateur championship race.
 37—Rowe and Hendee, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886.
 38—George Weber, Smithville, N. J. (deceased).
 39—W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C.
 40—P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C.
 41—H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y.
 42—T. W. Eck, Minneapolis, Minn.
 43—John S. Prince, Boston.
 44—H. G. Crocker, Newton.
 45—Charles H. Frazier, Smithville, N. J.
 46—W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn.
 47—W. H. Huntley, Newton.
 48—Start of 100-mile Road Race, Boston Bicycle Club, Oct. 4, 1886—Amateurs.
 49—Start of 100-mile Road Race, Boston Bicycle Club, Oct. 4, 1886—Promateurs.
 50—Faneuil House, Brighton.
 51—D. E. Hunter, Salem.
 52—J. H. Sherman, Captain Lynn Bicycle Club.
 53—C. H. Chickering, Smithville, N. J.
 54—Group on Machines at Magnolia.
 55—Group of Twenty, Willow Cottage, Magnolia.
 56—Group of Six, Pavilion, Gloucester.
 57—Pavilion, Gloucester, from the beach.
 58—Beaver Dam, between Gloucester and Rockport.
 59—Granite Quarry, Rockport.
 60—Arch at Quarry.
 61—Landscape at Rockport.
 62—Sea View from Pavilion.
 63—Peculiar Boulder between Gloucester and Rockport.
 64—A. Kennedy-Child, London, Eng.
 65—Instantaneous Finish, one-mile promateur race, 2.50 limit, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886.
 66—Start of 2-mile amateur tricycle race, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886.
 67—Start of 10-mile promateur lap bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886.
 68—Start of 1-mile amateur bicycle race, first heat, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886.
 69—Start of 1-mile professional bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 25, 1886.
 70—Start of 1-mile promateur tricycle championship race, Lynn, Sept. 25, 1886.
 71—Start of 10-mile amateur lap bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 25, 1886.
 72—Start of 3-mile amateur bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 27, 1886.
 73—Start of 2-mile professional bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 27, 1886.
 74—Start of 5-mile promateur bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 27, 1886.
 75—Start of 10-mile professional bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 27, 1886.
 76—Group at dressing tent, Lynn track, Sept. 10, 1886.
 77—South Side Hotel, Waltham, Nov. 6, 1886; finish of McCurdy's 305 miles in 24 hours.
 78—Henry Goodman, Hartford, Ct.
 79—Goodman Brothers, Hartford, Ct.
 80—A. A. McCurdy, Lynn, 24-hour champion, 1886.

Ladies' Second Annual Tricycle Tour, 1886.

REMEMBER

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STAR RIDERS
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E. H. CORSON, - Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS, 50 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

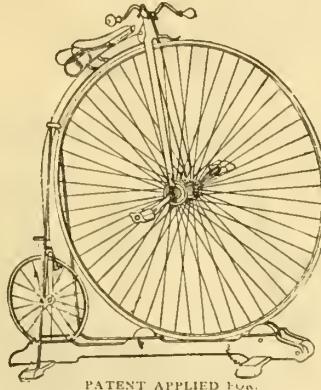
Address all communications to THE STAR ADVOCATE, East Rochester, N. H. Make money-orders and drafts payable to E. H. CORSON.

We can promise an interesting and instructive paper for all cyclists. Send for a sample copy.

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We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light, and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

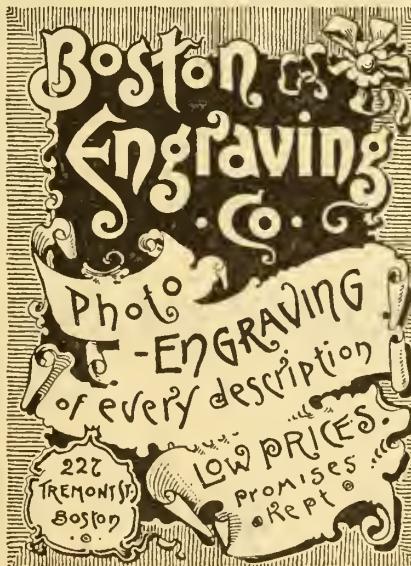
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FRANK B. CONVERSE
BANJO.
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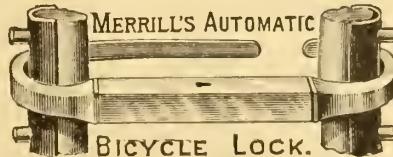
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New, novel, durable, and adjustable for different sizes and styles of cycles and riders' strength. Invaluable for exercising, training, and teaching beginners; also for cleaning, holding, exhibiting, and saving bicycles from injury, and for benefits derived from cycling the whole year. Dealers will find them of great service in selling and exhibiting cycles. Sold by bicycle manufacturers and agents generally. Price \$7.50. Agents wanted. M. A. WOODBURY, 43 Mechanic St., Bradford, Pa.



THE 25-MILE CLUB RACE

Of the Waltham Club was won by A. W. HALES
on a 56-inch RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.



MERRILL'S AUTOMATIC
BICYCLE LOCK.
For Locking Bicycles. New, Novel, and Elegant. Can be applied instantly, and locks automatically. Neat, compact, and cheap. Weight only 2½ ounces; length only 4 inches.

Dr. W. D. BALL of Boston writes: "I bought one of your Locks the first of the season, and can say it is really the only Lock on the market good for anything. I leave my bicycle anywhere, and have never had it tampered with; and yet two bicycles have been stolen within a stone's throw of my office."

Can be had of any dealer in Bicycles, or sent post paid on receipt of \$1.

MARLIN FIRE-ARMS CO., New Haven, Ct.

TO ADVERTISERS!

We wish to call your attention to the advantages of *The L. A. W. Bulletin* as an advertising medium.

It goes to every member of the League of American Wheelmen, and has a circulation above 10,000 copies.

It goes to every Bicycle Club room, public library, free reading room, and Young Men's Christian Association in America.

It contains the official notices of the League, and all cycling news.

It goes to a class of young men who have money to spend.

The advertisements in *The Bulletin* are read as carefully as the news.

Our rates are not high, when the circulation and the character of the paper are considered.

Issued every Friday.

ABBOT BASSETT,

SECRETARY-EDITOR,

22 SCHOOL STREET, - BOSTON, MASS.

IT WILL CERTAINLY PAY YOU

TO SEND TO

HOWARD A. SMITH
& CO.

Newark, N. J.

FOR ANYTHING YOU MAY WANT
IN THE CYCLE LINE.



See their NEW CATALOGUE.

TO ADVERTISERS!

For a check for \$20 we will print a ten-line advertisement in One Million issues of leading American Newspapers and complete the work within ten days. This is at the rate of only one-fifth of a cent a line for 1,000 Circulation! The advertisement will appear in but a single issue of any paper, and consequently will be placed before One Million different newspaper purchasers;—or Five MILLION READERS, if it is true, as is sometimes stated, that every newspaper is looked at by five persons on an average. Ten lines will accommodate about 75 words. Address with copy of Advertisement and check, or send 30 cents for Book of 176 pages.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

We have just issued a new edition (the 161st) of our Book called "Newspaper Advertising." It has 176 pages, and among its contents may be named the following Lists and Catalogues of Newspapers:—

DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY, with their Advertising Rates.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING more than 250,000 population, omitting all but the best.

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A SMALL LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN which to advertise every section of the country; being a choice selection made up with great care, guided by long experience.

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BARGAINS IN ADVERTISING IN DAILY Newspapers in many principal cities and towns, a List which offers peculiar inducements to some advertisers.

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SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, in which advertisements are inserted at half price.

5,493 VILLAGE NEWSPAPERS in which advertisements are inserted for \$1 a line and appear in the whole lot—one-half of all the American weeklies.

Send to any address for THIRTY CENTS.



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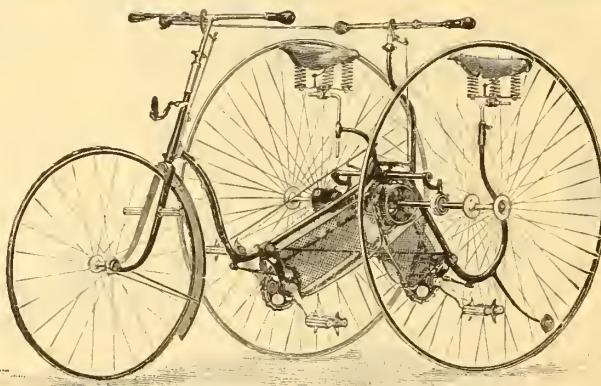
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MARLBORO'



TANDEM.



New Method of Converting, Very Simple and Expeditions. Can be Ridden by Two Ladies. Double Steering. Admitted by both Riders and the Press to be the Best Tandem for All-Round Road Work in the Market.



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For 1887 is fitted with 26-inch Steering-Wheel and Extended Bearings. It is the Strongest, Simplest, and Handsomest Single Tricycle made.



THE CLUB AND UNIVERSAL CLUB BICYCLES

Have Many Improvements.



Catalogues sent free on application.



THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY,

239 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

The NEW RAPID, AMERICAN CHAMPION, STAR, RIVAL, OTTO, and other Bicycles and Tricycles sold on easy payments, with no extra charge except for interest. Second-Hand Wheels bought for cash and sold on easy payments. Repairing and nickel-plating.

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Send for our large finely-illustrated Catalogue, of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Descriptive Price-List of Second-Hand Bicycles free.

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ACCIDENTS are always happening to those who "don't travel much" as well as to those who do. THE QUIETEST BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN are as liable as any others to the thousand hazards of life, from morning till night, at home or abroad. To such an Accident Policy costs but \$5 per year for \$1000 Insurance, with \$5 Weekly Indemnity, COVERING BICYCLE RIDERS AND RIDING.

ISSUES ALSO THE BEST AND CHEAPEST LIFE POLICY IN THE WORLD! * INDEFEASIBLE, NON-FORFEITABLE, WORLD-WIDE. ASK AGENTS TO SHOW A COPY.

Assets, \$9,111,000.

Surplus, \$2,129,000.

Paid Policy-Holders, \$13,000,000.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY — OF — EXCHANGING WHEELS.

Fair prices allowed for second-hand machines in exchange for new SPARKBROOKS, QUADRANTS, NEW RAPIDS, VICTORS, FACILES, NEW MAILS, ROVERS, HUMBERS, or ANY OTHER machine made.

Sole Agents for New York of the celebrated NEW RAPID and SPARKBROOK BICYCLES and QUADRANT TRICYCLES.

Don't fail to send for Circular.

NEW YORK BICYCLE CO., 38 Park Place, New York.



TWO TRIPS TO THE EMERALD ISLE

By "FAED."

I.—A RACING TRIP TO DUBLIN.

II.—A TOURING TRIP TO KILLARNEY.

Profusely Illustrated by Wood-Cut and Lithographic Processes, by GEORGE MOORE.

Price 40 cts., post-paid, from the office of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

EDITION DE LUXE.

Printed on thick paper, with 20 photographs of scenery by the author, and bound in cloth boards. By mail, \$6, from the author, Powerscroft House, Clapton, London, England.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

REPAIRING.

Bicycles, Tricycles, and other Cycles of any style or make, REPAIRED, ENAMELED, or NICKELED, in the Best Possible Manner, by Experienced Workmen, at Fair Prices.

AMES MFG. CO.
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SHORT-HAND.

Our facilities for giving instructions in short-hand through the mail are unsurpassed by any other short-hand school in the world. We will give you a three-months' course for \$6, and guarantee satisfaction. Special inducements to parties getting us pupils. Send for sample lesson to

DUREN, VINT & SOMERSALL,
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WE MAKE A SPECIALTY — OR — SECOND-HAND BI-TRICYCLES.

A large stock of these machines, of ALL SIZES AND MAKES, constantly on hand; many FULLY EQUAL TO NEW.

SECOND-HAND LAMPS, BELLS, CYCLOMETERS, BAGS, ETC., IN LARGE VARIETY.

ENCLOSE STAMP for LIST, stating size wanted and make preferred.

Correspondence Solicited.

THE PACIFIC WHEELMAN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF CYCLING ON THE
PACIFIC COAST.

Fifty Cents per Year.

Address Care of A. O. COOK & SON,
415 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE A. C. U. PIN, the most unique emblematic Bicycle Pin made; patent pending; cut shows exact size. Prices: Made of solid Roman gold, raised polished letters, garnet stone in diamond setting, \$3.50; oxidized silver wings or wheel, rest gold, \$1.50; enamel around letters, 50c. extra; two or three garnet stones set on top of crown, \$1 extra for each; diamond in crown, from \$10 to \$25. Send cash, check, or money-order. W. H. WARNER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



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WELL!!

☞ READ THIS! ☚

ANN ARBOR, MICH., May 4, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

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

Truly yours,

FRED. R. ROMER.

☞ AND THIS! ☚

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., May 11, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

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

Yours truly,

E. P. BLAKE.

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

☞ AND THIS! ☚

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

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

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

Yours respectfully,

J. E. SEARLES.

☞ AND THIS! ☚

JACKSON, MICH., May 12, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

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

Yours truly,

M. JAY MOORE.

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

