

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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[WHOLE NUMBER, 269.]

WHEEL GOSSIP.

A. L. Atkins, left Boston last Saturday for Los Angeles, Cal.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club gives a grand Athletic entertainment to-morrow evening.

Our idea of a flat is the editor who steals his own matter from a contemporary and thinks it original.

Subscribe for the *American Wheelmen*; the editors write with all the western snap and vim. Ting-a-ling.

Pierre Lallement, the inventor of the bicycle, is no longer in the employ of the Pope Man'fg. Co. It is said that he is in a sad condition, financially.

The Minnesota Division, L. A. W. will in the future have its exclusive organ. It is a monthly, entitled "*The Minnesota Division L. A. W.*" E. C. Smith, of Winona, Minn., is the editor and manager.

The Philadelphia *Times* of last Sunday published a column article. We have only just arrived at that stage of development of the sport in this country, when the regular press is willing to print educational articles.

Rowe has authorized the *Lynn Bee* to say that he is willing to race R. Howell, for any amount, the race to be held in this country, in order to settle the question of supremacy. Rowe thinks this is a grand opportunity for some of Howell's American admirers to bring him over.

The Secretary of the San Francisco Bicycle Club has written to the editor of *Outing*, that his club has appointed a committee to receive Thomas Stevens, on his arrival from Yokohama, which committee is instructed to see that his visit is made generally pleasant.

On the cover of the Pennells' new book is a representation of Mr. and Mrs. Jo, struggling up a hill on their tandem. The force portrayed in Joe's left limb commands our highest admiration, but the pack-horse manner with which he is loaded with baggage excites our commiseration.

Wheeling is of opinion that owing to the atmospheric advantages of Australia, which aids Australian horses in making much faster time than that credited to English performers that the bicycle record will next year be credited to some native of the antipodes, provided a really first class track is built.

Out esteemed contemporary the *Lynn Bee* pursues an admirably impartial policy. One day for instance, it makes up its cycling columns from a certain paper, with a small levelling of original matter. The next day another paper gets an inning, all of which is perfectly fair, and perhaps a trifle amusing.

A CHANCE FOR BILLY:—A representative of Richard Howell recently called at the office of the *Sporting Life*, of London, and offered to match his principal against Rowe or any other man from one mile to twenty, for from £100 to £500. Stanton a long-distance man, wants to ride Rowe from 20 to 10000 miles for £200 a side.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, send us for review the Pennell's latest book, in which is written and illustrated their tandem journey through Italy. It is a dainty volume, with a pleasing antique flavor about its general make-up. Of course, not having yet read the book, we cannot tell whether the Pennells' have surpassed their former efforts or not.

Percy Stone has been visiting at Dallas, Texas, where he competed at two fairs. Pools were sold on the races, and Percy backed himself to advantage. While we regret Percy's defection from the promateur ranks, his candid avowal of his misdeeds, if such they are, is in refreshing contrast to the secrecy which veils the movements of some of our so-called amateurs and proamateurs.

We have received a copy of "Bicycles and Tricycles of the year 1886," being a summary of the new inventions and improvements introduced into each season, and summarizing the figures in the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles. It is written by Henry Hewitt Griffin, contains one hundred pages with illustrations, and the present is the ninth year of publication. We have not yet had an opportunity to examine the book, but the descriptions of machines seem very complete, and the illustrations are very good.

The clubs in and around Boston laid out various schedules for the enjoyment of Thanksgiving Day. The Boston Club will have a run, a turkey dinner in the afternoon and a jollification in the evening. The Massachusetts Club will hold a hare and hounds ride, the start being made from the club house at 10 A. M. Two of the best men who turn out will be selected as hares and given a start of ten minutes on the park. In the afternoon a run will be given by this club starting at 3 o'clock.

An English woman named Mrs. Weldon who doubtless occupies in her own country the same position that Dr. Mary Walker does in America, recently rode through the business quarter of London on her tricycle. She was doubtless well known to crowd of 100 to 500 people, who hooted to the poor thing. Being just opposite new Law Courts, she fled into the Halls of Justice for Safety, while bobbies guarded the machine. Nothing is said of her exit, and under the circumstances she either got out the back way, or escaped *via* the coal-hole, if they have such things in "London."

These last days of Indian Summer, that linger like soft memories of the past Autumn are to some people the most pleasant of the year. A ride on a tricycle towards the Orange Mountains on Saturday last, with a sky of cerulean blue and the browns and greys of the landscape blending harmoniously with the sky line, made a picture of beauty not easily forgotten. The roads were as clean as could be, and the air was bracing, but not too cool. It was no exertion to wheel over the road at an eight mile gait, and the run from the depot to Orange Music Hall, was made in less than ninety minutes. There are only a few days left to enjoy the weather as it now is, and it should be taken advantage of by all who wish to participate in the pleasure of smooth roads, clear weather and a keen sense of enjoyment, which will amply repay any expenditure of time and labor.—*Elizabeth Daily Journal*.

A GLIMPSE OF ENGLISH WEBBER:—The boy Webber sends me a characteristic letter from his retreat in the Isle of Wight and tells me that he has passed the first of his examinations for the bar. which will tidings of comfort and joy to his many friends, because, to speak candidly, they did not expect it. It is difficult to imagine Webber in a wig and gown quietly arguing points of law with Mr. Justice Hawkins. Rather does one's imaginations run riot over a scene in which the many initialled one flings his wig in the judge's face, and calling him a "bally old cuckoo" proceeds to drag him from the bench. However, one never can tell in this densely populated city, and some-times the wildest boys settle down into the quietest men. Only if Webber is going to do this, it is time he made a start, as he has a lot to do. By-the-by, he sends me a photo of himself, which is a perfect triumph of art, inasmuch as it makes him look quite respectable. He ought have one pasted in his hat, so that he be in a position to show people what he can do when he likes. *Wheeling*.

RECORD BREAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

Without a pacemaker and on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road at Crawfordsville, Indiana, Stillman G. Whittaker started at 5 A. M., September 24th, for the 50 and 100-mile records, under A. C. U. rules. He did the 50 in 2 hours, 55 minutes and 46 1-2 seconds, beating Geo. Weber's American record by over nine minutes, and Golding's English record by over eleven minutes. He finished the 100 in 6 hours, 43 min. and 59 seconds, knocking McCurdy's record over an hour.

His mount was a 51-inch American Champion, constructed solely for road riding. **WITTAKER SAYS IT'S THE BEARINGS.**

✠ ✠ WORLD'S RECORDS. ✠ ✠

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

❧ THE AMERICAN CHAMPION ❧

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

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

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

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

GORMULLY & JEFFERY,

Manufacturers of American Cycles.

CHICAGO.



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THE AMERICAN RECORDS WILL NOT GO DOWN.

The "doubting Thomas" of biblical history is left fields behind by the doubting Hillier (or is Harmsworth?) of the *Bicycling News*, which has at last come out with its manifesto, much to the relief to its coterie of readers, who feared that their respectable Tory organ might by some possibility accept the records.

We have from time to time been asked if we had anything to say concerning recent developments in America, and about the records claimed to have been made by Messrs. Rowe and others. Our reply to these questions is simply this: We do not worry ourselves concerning the business records of the professionals of America. Were we asked to give an opinion offhand it would be that the times claimed have not been accomplished. For it must not be forgotten that these performances undergo no scrutiny. That we are by no means alone in the doubt we entertain is evidenced by the tone of the sporting press both here and in America. In connection with one recent ride, "The Bicycling World" (which has sadly fallen from its high estate of late) prints an amusing statement by the trainer of Rowe as to the value of watches held on that ride, and casting incidentally a slur on the watches with which Ives was timed in his 100 miles spin. Were Messrs. Rowe and Co., amateurs it might be worth while going into the matter and obtaining special information; but seeing that a "pro's" stock in trade is his reputed pace, we should scarcely care to criticise the record, even if the rider claimed to have done twenty-five miles in the hour. Those who have studied the professional athlete must know well that they are usually "champions of the world." Our scepticism is shared by many cyclists and many journals, and we are not ashamed of it any more than an American journalist need have been ashamed had he received early and special information, say, concerning Furnivall's mile, for example."

The Boston critics are just now discussing the age of Hamlet. After they have settled that vexatious "burr," we are going to direct their energy on Mr. Bassett's puns.

And now we are wondering whether Thomas Stevens will follow the example of the bridge jumpers, the Niagara Falls swimmers, the coping-stone riders, and all the rest who have flown into the face of Providence, and let himself out to some Dime Museumist. We wot not. Thomas is of different material.

THE PRIZE TOUR.—Continued.

SECOND DAY.

7.30 next morning, the sun streaming in at the window, and every bone in my body aching. The Doctor had stolen both jugs of water, and hidden my shoes, so I went exploring and frightened widow Jones, who was prowling round and assisting generally.

Mr. Davis appears on the scene, and suggests a visit to the Cave. "Sorry we must defer the pleasure, and is it possible to get our machines to the top of the Yat?" He enlists a quarryman's aid. We begin the ascent up an almost precipitous bluff. Luckily it is the cool of the morning, but before we do the first fifty yards we doubt the result; at the end of the next twenty we begin to groan and perspire; at the end of the next fifty we wonder what on earth brought us here, and despair; at the end of the next fifty we feel equal to breaking into the poorhouse, or any other; and at the end of the next twenty (half way up) we murmur good-bye to wives and families, and begin to strip to die in peace. Just then it becomes less steep, and we struggle on with murderous thoughts and despair in our hearts till we get within a hundred yards of the top. Hope returns again; we rest for five minutes against the soft side of a tree, then brace ourselves for the finish. We get to the top limp and wet, with mottled faces, but proud of the wondrous feat—the first time performed. We established a record, but very likely some young, ambitious fools will rush in where angels fear to tread, lower, and make light of it. They can do it, but if they only think half the wicked things we thought during the tug of that second hundred yards, then they, too, will turn grey about the moustache. And now we are on the crown of the Yat, and what a panorama before us!

Five hundred and two feet above the sea level. The Wye making its way round Huntsham Hill, a distance of three and a-half miles. To the north, miles and miles of Herefordshire, and Copped Wood Hill; to the north-east, the Wye stretching to Bishopsworth; south-east, tower of Bicknor Church, and forest beyond; to the left, in front of the Yat, the great Doward with deep red cliffs, cottages dropped here and there in the sun, village of Whitchurch beyond; to the west, the wooded gorge, New Weir Rocks, Norman's Wood and Lady Park Wood, the river sweeping in and out, trees growing everywhere so closely together that from top to bottom looked like a great sloping field of green, tempting one to slide down. A scene of indescribable beauty, with a special charm in the early morning. Mentally and spiritually, we are intoxicated by the freshness of the atmosphere, and the closer touch yesterday's experience has given discloses new beauties. Altogether it is a scene to be remembered for years—full of thought and pleasant memories. We make for Bicknor Church, passing a toll-gate; the Doctor suggested stopping to learn if machines were chargeable. Jerusalem! Fancy a Scotchman anxious on that score! We rode quietly through, and remain in blissful ignorance if we did right or wrong. We meet a fresh, sturdy countrywoman, with a pale-faced baby, who reports unfavorably of the Christchurch and Coleford roads, so we turn to the left, passing Bicknor; then, after two or three miles ram-

bling in the forest, strike the main road for a short distance, dip into the forest again, passing half-a-dozen white-faced, white-legged sheep, then a wealth of bracken fern away into the depths of the forest under the oaks, then a committee meeting of rabbits, sitting peacefully and gravely on their hind-quarters, discussing the Home Rule question, and at last reach the fine High Beeches. A hurried look, and onwards, striking the road from Coleford to Nadsbridge. Run past the whitewashed cottage of Mile End; everybody indoors hiding from the blazing sun, but a thoughtful donkey and frolicsome pig—rubbing noses and pledging friendship. into the forest again, passing coal mines and piebald miners; then vile jolting roads and careful riding downhill to the chemical works, now and then missing the pedals, grazing our shins, and shaking every bone in our bodies. Could not have believed it possible to think or say such startling explosive thoughts in so short a distance. Cross Canop Bridge, and exchange opinions with an Irish laborer, who, on learning the cost of our machines, grunted, and recorded "Another injustice to Ireland." We push up to Speech House (haven of rest, shade and beauty). We are on strict temperance principles to-day, the Doctor prescribing milk and soda, which is carefully supplied by Mary No 2. An aged pointer strikes up an acquaintance, shares our biscuit, and shows the beauties of the house. A charming place to-day; the forest and innumerable lovely spots within easy distance, and the accommodation first-class.

Half-a-mile through the forest again; high trees on either side, with a carpet of bracken and moss, into the depths of the wood beyond sight. Up and down hill till we reach Sutton, wishing the hot sun were not so profuse with his smiles, and glad to reach Pleasant Stile; rest body, and view as lovely a spot as one can see in a day's ride—Newnham, looking cool and inviting at the bottom of the hill; on the left Westbury, the Severn sweeping 'round in horse shoe form; the Cotteswold Hills, Stroud Valley, and other beautiful spots, each worthy of special attention. We reach Newnham after careful pedalling, and stop at the principal hotel, welcomed by the landlord, who looks as if the atmosphere agreed with him, judging from his swelling proportions and ruddy looks. Didn't quite take to the Doctor's soda and milk at Speech House, so lent a favorable ear to the landlord's suggestions. If you want to feel warm and comfortable, gents, port; if you want to feel lively, whiskey and potass; but did you ever try brandy and milk?" Never tried the latter, but believing in inductive philosophy, decide for brandy and milk. They didn't seem to go well together after the first mile, so stopped to think it out, the Doctor emphatic that two such opposite constituents would not work harmoniously together, and would not be answerable for the consequences. Rather late in the day for croaking and prophesy, so tried the flask—Scotch pure—and left them to fight it out among them.

How the sun shone, and how hungry we felt when we got to Blakeney! But the Doctor knew of a charming hotel at Severn Bridge; so we sped on, sighing for cool breezes and a mighty lunch. We had done about thirty miles since 8.30 and it was now 1.30. Passed Etlo, and a charming residence or two, then a country road, and a

building looking more cottage than inn, and reach Severn Bridge. "Where on earth is the hotel?" We ask the stationmaster, and find the Cottage Inn, just passed, is the only place for lunch, "but we are sure to find a fowl or two, and a fresh bit of salmon." We go back but I don't augur well from the Doctor's mixed look, and still less from the appearance of the house on closer inspection. We go into the bar, to the pale-faced, pensive landlady. "We are famishing—we are dying. Let us have the whole larder in five minutes. Fish, fowl, lamb or cow—either, but quickly if you love us."

"Very sorry, gentlemen, but we haven't anything but biscuit and cheese, and the baker has not been here to-day yet."

Oh! ye almighty gods! think of the situation! Picture it, dream of it, dissolute man! Ye of the other sex, pity, and give us your sympathy. Moral philosophy, Stoicism, Platonism, and "Apologetic Theology" all very fine in their way, but no use here. It was no good; an unmistakable, unqualified soul-thrilling quotation was the only relief, and with a dynamic look at the poor woman, and murder in our hearts, we went out into the cold world. Looked at sky, sea and land, but could see no beauty, no gladness anywhere. A celestial barndoor cock, on one leg, crowed with delight, and winked with his left eye; a spinster then turned her goodly proportions, and scraped dust at us; and a young and tender lamb was taking a country walk with a calf! By Severn's stream we sat and wept, and thought, oh! how much! We plucked up courage to accept the inevitable biscuit and cheese, and the humble but fragrant onion. Swallowed every biscuit in the place, finished the cheese, cleared the garden of its small and early onions, and went out again to the world and its cares. Took the train from Severn Bridge to Mangotsfield, and did the six miles to Bristol under the half hour, and demolished the family joint in another. Welcomed by our families, who were rather surprised to see us back with the usual complement of legs and arms. Summing up the run, we came to the conclusion we had spent two of the happiest days in our life: got a glimpse of Nature in her loveliness, and a stock of health, gladness, and brightness to resume work. Felt our blood pulsing as it hadn't pulsed for years. Our machines serve us well, not losing a single nut; but a later experience has shown that a "Cripper" or "Quadrant" would have been more useful and restful to shoot the innumerable hills. The run specially from the Windcliff to Tintern Abbey, one of the prettiest in England, could be ridden the whole way feet up.

Our expenses were something under 16s. each, drinks included, which the blazing sun had a deal to answer for. And haven't we been able to sling the hatchet to home-stayers daily since! Adieu, fair scenes and happy memories!

H. D. Corey, of Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., arrived last Monday on the White Star steamship *Britannic*. During his stay in England, he inspected all the leading types of machines, with the result that his firm will place on the market next year, a line of bicycles and tricycles "far in advance of anything yet presented to Americans." Corey, like all good wheeling Americans, did not escape without at least one interview by a cycling paper.



Messrs. D. Rudge & Co., who through their agents, Messrs. Stoddard Lovering & Co. of Boston, may be said to be the actual introducers of the modern racing wheel in its present high state of perfection, did not this past season make any effort to keep to the front in racing wheels. They have come to the conclusion, and sensibly so too, that the province of bicycling lies more upon the road than on the track. They will henceforth deal only in racing wheels to order, which is in keeping with their usual conservative business methods. Messrs. Rudge & Co. will not subsidize henceforth any one to ride their racing wheels, leastwise not on American tracks, not from any lack of inclination to avoid spending money, however, as there is no one more generous with his money, either in business or private life than Mr. Woodcock, the head of the firm of D. Rudge & Co. This is evinced by his present of \$50,000 to the city of Coventry to repair the steeples of the Cathedral in that city, and his telegram to Messrs. Stoddard & Lovering authorising them to spend \$100,000 if needed, to defend the validity of Bown's ball bearings, the patent of which he thought was being infringed upon here.

Watch New York State! We have several things on the tapis which will prove examples to other divisions, of the energy and ability to our chief Consul Bidwell. This is rather vague, but it is all I am able to lay before you at present. Progress is being rapidly made in the direction of the State Division Camp. It will very likely be held sometime in August, and probably at Cooperstown. Through choosing such a locality many advantages will be gained. Beautiful scenery, combined with fine roads, boating, fishing, and all the comforts of a first-class hotel, make this locality unexcelled for the purpose it is chosen. Tickets will be issued in a coupon form, so that any one can stay just such a length of time as they may choose, receiving back cash at their face value for all unused tickets. Men will be lodged in tents, two men in each tent, board floors and cots will also be furnished, while meals will be served by the hotel. A large central tent will be used for general meeting purposes, and for the business meeting of the division, which will take place during the camp. The division championships will be run on the road adjoining the camp. It is estimated that \$25 will pay each camper's expenses.

A short time since I called attention in some of my notes to a scheme to build a boulevard along the crest of the palisades, that was submitted to the voters of Hudson County, N. J. I am glad to be able to now record that the plan has been adopted. Through some legal quibble or other, there was at first some doubt upon the subject,

but the governor has decided it legal and adopted. This is a grand scheme for the property owners on the line of it, and will be a blessing to cyclists in the neighborhood of Jersey City, who under the leadership of the State's Chief Consul Dr. Johnson, have done yeoman service in securing the passage of the act. This will present a magnificent boulevard nearly eighteen miles in length, affording a grand view of New York's splendid harbor and the magnificent Hudson. Well done New Jersey. Next.

I went down the bay a few days since and interviewed Bartholdi's guest, Miss Liberty. I asked what struck her as being one of the strangest things she had yet noticed in this land of her adoption? She replied promptly that it was the number of cyclists who were either record breakers or holders, and she seemed to think if there could be found any American rider who did not claim to be one or the other in some direction, that he would be a bigger curiosity than herself, and as I paid my regrets at parting, and my thanks for the information she had given me, I could not help thinking she was about right.

Dr. Elliott Johnson, the captain of the Hudson County Wheelmen, probably knows as much about pedals and the feet that turn them as any man in this country, as will be shown by the crowds that throng his cosey office to consult him regarding the ailments of their feet. While chatting with him the other day, a patient upon whose face, pain and torture, those two twin sisters seemed to have left their monograms, came to consult him. Upon examination the doctor soon remedied the difficulty and turning to me remarked "That was one of the most sole-harrowing cases I have ever met." "How so?" I asked, but the Doctor made no reply but showed me a shoe nail that had been extracted from the sole of the patient's shoe, where it had protruded sufficiently to make life, at least in the pedestrian line, a living torture.

In the last number of the *C. T. C. Gazette*, I find the following under the heading of The Council. "That Mr. Startup of Seal, be expelled from the club upon the ground that, as a hotel proprietor, he is exhibiting a purposely misleading notice relative to his house, which is not one of the headquarters of the C. T. C. I suppose the expelled gentleman hardly looks for advice upon his affliction from a distance of three hundred miles away, but I am a firm believer in that portion of the bible where it says "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and have also thought that this remark especially applicable to advise, hence mine to the expelled gentleman. I would advice Mr. G. E. to take a new Seal and Startup a hotel that would meet C. T. C. requirements and thereby give to that body the lie courteous, as it were.

You have a correspondent from Brooklyn who seems to delight in hauling Mr. Parker over the coals. Allow me to give that gentleman a little advice. It is true Mr. Parker and Hendee could hardly ride from scratch with any chance of the former winning, still whenever Mr. Parker appears on the racing

track he rides fairly and honestly, and does all in his power to win, never complaining when time and time again he meets defeat, but doggedly persisting in his efforts to attain a position faces the starter whenever his business will allow him. Of him it may be said that he is an amateur, and that is an honor that but few possess nowadays, unquestioned. Don't, therefore, discourage the few genuine specimens we have remaining, save your satire, my youthful Brooklyn friend for some more needed subject; there are plenty of them, where you may do some good, while in the present case you do only harm and injury.

Mr. James Purvis Bruce, the gentleman who writes those charming gore-dripping articles of backwords life for your New Jersey contemporary, always drags in something about death dealing qualities of the express rifle, from which I conclude that J. P. B. is a sort of an agent for the weapon. Judging from his reports of its efficacy, I suppose it would be proper always—as well as political—to speak of a ball fired from this rifle as “Death’s Express Messenger.

At last “Senator” Morgan has scooped reputation, records, and “rocks,” all in one fell swoop.

THE OWL.

THE BICYCLE BELL.

He was only a clerk, a clerk in the city,
With a bicycle mania, which some thought a pity,
As now in his haunts he never is seen,
And no one can find out where he has been.
Every evening away from his office he steals,
And quickly whirls off on his glittering wheels;
Through Knightsbridge and Brompton his feet never rest,
And his eyes brighter grow as he rides further west.
The maidens at Fulham and Mortlake know well
The silvery sound of his bicycle bell.

The grass was not green, when he first came that road,
He has not missed a day, and now the grass has been mowed.

The girls at their windows all wonder why
He never looks up as he passes by.
But they cannot see a neat little cottage at Sheen,
Where a sweet maiden looks over the green,
And brimming with love sings away like a lark,
As she watches and waits for her city clerk.
Like a rose-lud she blushes, for, oh! she knows well
The silvery sound of that bicycle bell.

How sweet were the hours when her head on his breast,
They talked two young love-birds, of building their nest,

Till the stars lit their lamps in heaven’s blue dome,
And warned him ’twas time to light up and spin home!

They both thought the Great Bear a very great bore,
Though they knew very soon they need part no more.

A handsomer couple had never been seen,
Than when the bells rang for their wedding at Sheen.
They are off for the honeymoon—so farewell
To the clerk, and his bride, and his bicycle bell!

Cassell’s Family Magazine.

Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery are making preparations for a grand campaign next spring. They will be as active as a two-year-old Dakota blizzard.

E. W. RECORDS FOR OCTOBER.

“If you wish to shoot high aim at the Sun,” the old saying goes. Seventy thousand miles was the Sun aimed at by the Elizabeth Wheelmen this year. The mark was a high one and it is now settled that it will not be reached. It must not be inferred from this failure that interest in riding has fallen off this year for such is not the fact, as the score will be from twenty to twenty-five thousand miles ahead of that of last year, which reached a total of some thirty-eight thousand miles. The scores of those reporting for October are as follows:

D. B. Bonnett.....	434½	Pennell.....	96
Barrows.....	321½	Faulks.....	89
Blank.....	242	Runyon.....	88
L. B. Bonnett.....	200	Martin.....	86
Finck.....	165	Crane.....	73
Clirehugh.....	162	Clapp.....	65
P. Oliver.....	152½	Waterbury.....	56
Mrs. Oliver.....	152	Mrs. Clirehugh.....	55½
G. C. Brown.....	132	Hooker.....	53
Bergen.....	128	Leary.....	49
Duncan.....	120	Bowman.....	44
Jenkins.....	120	Bigelow.....	38
Caldwell.....	119½	Wetmore.....	37
Edelsten.....	108	Mrs. Bonnett.....	34½
Lukens.....	98½		
		Total.....	3530½

A CORRECTION FOR THE HARLEM WHEELMEN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21st 1886.

Editor of THE WHEEL:—I wrote you a letter inviting all cycling clubs to be at our rooms upon Nov. 29th, to a Stag party. I am very sorry that I will be required to withdraw that invitation for the following reason: We are about to alter the interior of the house this week and will be in no condition to receive our friends. I trust that our friends will excuse this hasty postponement, but the alterations are necessary, and we cannot put them off any longer. After this week we will be pleased to see any members of the various clubs, and all unattached wheelmen who may call upon us. We intend to inaugurate a series of entertainments for every Saturday night commencing the 4th of December. They will be known as the Harlem Wheelmen’s “At Home’s.” Hoping to see our friends upon any Saturday evening, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

F. L. BINGHAM.

For the Harlem Wheelmen.

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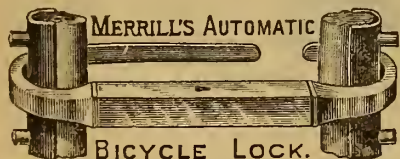
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