

THE WHEEL

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THE RACER.

I am a wheelman pert,
And with the ladies flirt ;
On bikes I race, on trikes I chase
The cracks when in a spurt.

And when in a parade
I act the great charade
By taking falls which greatly mauls
My tender shoulder blade.

But mis'ry has an end
I always do contend,
And soon I'm out, flick'ring about,
With my wounds on the mend.

Although they dub me "stuff,"
Still it is quite enough
For me to run and have some fun
In spite of all their bluff.

Although I set the pace,
I always view the chase ;
'Tis quite a tug for me to lug
The target in the race.

I must give racing up
If I don't win a cup,
I fail to see how I can be
As fast as sister's pup.

Of beer I am too fond,
Could almost drink a pond ;
The pie and cake which I can take
Into me is profound.

Though racing's not my forte,
Still I can have much sport
By riding where my fancies care,
To inland or to port.

MERCURY.

OUTING FOR OCTOBER.

The fact that the October issue of *Outing* is the opening number of Volume V. is in itself an evidence of success and growth on the part of this magazine that is very satisfactory to all who believe in the vigorous outdoor life which it exemplifies and illustrates. *Outing* is fortunate among the younger magazines in having found "an audience waiting for it. The field it entered two years ago was quite ready for the ploughing. The gospel of recreation was alive in the public conscience, and *Outing* finds a warm response from month to month to its pleasant preaching in prose, poetry, and pictures. The October number is varied and bright in its attractions. Maurice Thompson contributes a delicious sketch, "Browsing and Nibbling," in which the reader gathers, with him, "the savage sweets of

primeval things." The frontispiece is an illustration of this sketch, by Smedley, and is charming in spirit and detail. "A Quaint Little Maid" is the name of a new serial by Charles Richards Dodge. The opening chapters promise well both for the reader's interest and the author's growing reputation. "On and Off the Lancaster Pike" is an entertaining description of this famous highway running out from Philadelphia, and is packed full of information of value both to wheelmen and the general public. It is from the pen of Jay Howe Adams, and is handsomely illustrated. "A Bicycle Tour on the Continent," a well-written paper by C. H. Vinton, gives picturesque notes of a ride across France to the Rhine. "Tents for Canoeists" is a thoroughly practical article from the pen of Thomas J. Kirkpatrick, with twelve illustrations. The writer starts off with the assertion that a "canoeist, thoroughly prepared for a cruise, is the most absolutely independent traveller in existence," and goes on to illustrate it by a chapter from his own experience. Frederick A. Ober, the well-known writer on Mexican topics, contributes a humorous sketch entitled "A Search for the Border Ruffian," and George M. Newhall pleasantly discusses the game of cricket as played in America, and especially in and about Philadelphia. Horseback riding, yachting, and timing races, afford topics for other interesting and valuable articles. Of the poems, that entitled "To a Dandelion," by Frank D. Sherman, is the most striking. A new feature, introduced this month, is the publication of outdoor songs, with music. "A Song of the Wheel," the words by Charles E. Pratt, and the music by George J. Huss, appears in this issue, and will be followed next month by a "A Yachtsman's Song," the words and music by L. F. Abbott. It is a feature that cannot fail to be popular. The record for the month is full and accurate, and the other editorial departments are well sustained. The price of *Outing* is \$2.00 a year. Orders may be sent through THE WHEEL.

FROM ENGLAND.

THE TWO YEARS' ROAD-RECORD OF ONE OF KARL KRON'S SUBSCRIBERS.

[We are permitted to make public the following letter, containing various interesting statistics compiled by a member of the Havestock Bicycle Club, London, for the long-distance chapter of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle."]

Dear Sir: I may say I use the bicycle to save walking whenever possible, both for journeying to business and various every day pursuits. A good deal of my riding has been done in Bedfordshire & Hunts—these two

counties, in my opinion, having the best roads in England. I also know Bucks, Herts, Middlesex, Notts, Essex, Suffolk, Surrey and Northamptonshire well. I have ridden in 34 English counties, 29 county towns, and in Wales. My principal tour was undertaken last September, and lay through Oxford, Gloucester, Monmouth, Hereford, Worcester, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Stafford, Shrewsbury, Wrexham, Chester, Manchester, Sheffield, Doncaster, Southwell, Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, and Northampton, amounting to 671 miles. The separate miles of roadway equalled 555. The time taken was 8 days. This was followed, towards the close of the month, by a visit to the Druidical remains at Stonehenge, and to Salisbury and Wincanton, 243 miles, in 2 days 9 hours. I also indulged in a three days' tour in August to St. Ives, Whittlesea, Stamford, Newark, Lincoln and Navenby (157 miles the first day), returning through Loughborough and Oakham, 334 miles. Another of my tours, October, 1883, was in the Eastern counties to Epping, Eye, Bungay, Beccles, Norwich, Fressingfield, Lowestoft; home by Cambridge and Ricely, 456 miles (fresh ground 329), 10 days. I have also made several circular excursions during the present year, starting in the afternoon and riding throughout the night and the next day; by these means bringing more fresh country within my reach; for instance to Warwick, 189 miles, taking up about 33 hours; Buckingham, Kimbolton, etc., 181 miles, about 27 hours; and Ely and Newmarket about 163 miles in 30 hours. My score for this year, as tabulated below, up to October 22d, will show how the distances are apportioned to each month, number of riding days, longest day's run, average length of each ride, and an estimate of the night, or in-the-dark riding.

My longest score for a month, 1,481 miles; for a week, 511 miles; for two days, 238 miles; or for separate road only (*i. e.*, road never before traversed by me), 701, 457, and 169 miles respectively. The score comprises, besides other runs, 15 rides of 100 miles and upwards, amounting altogether to 1,952 miles and averaging 130 miles; 23 rides from 50 to 95 miles, averaging 66, and 62 rides of 10 miles and under; these last lowering the "average length" considerably.

Longest ride 207½ miles on October 5th, in 23 hours 54 minutes. Longest stay in saddle 66¼ miles in 7 hours, from St. Albans into Peterborough. The route was to Market-Deeping, returning through Huntingdon, Cambridge, and St. Neols. Night riding, 30 per cent.; have passed through Barnet 23 times in the dark, and Redburn 4 times, although I have never seen the place by daylight. Started out at midnight on 10 occa-

sions, the rides averaging 125 miles. Longest stretch of road ridden over in the saddle, 162 miles on the Great North Road, from Smithfield, London, to Doncaster. On July 24, 1883, rode to Norman's Cross, and back with deviation 151 miles, 100 miles in 9 hours 54 minutes, and the entire journey 16 hours 5 minutes, for club medal. April 13, 1883, to Wandsford and back, 162 miles, winning a most coveted prize, an old book called "Paterson's Roads," offered by Mr. Hayes for the greatest distance out and in on the Great North Road. Took the attendance prize as well; distance run in carrying out the 32 consecutive runs, 1,536½ miles, including the excursions to Ipswich, Lewes, Portsmouth, and two 150-mile competitions. I learnt to ride in June, 1882, and in September "trained" to Lincoln, riding back to London, 126 miles, in two days and a half.

First ride in Lincolnshire was not a success; as, losing all control on the dangerous hill at Wellingore, I fell on my head and back, breaking off the saddle as well. This the blacksmith at Leadenham fastened on with wire, but the last twenty miles of my journey home was accomplished by means of string. First long ride (undertaken to top the "century") was on April 13, 1883, to Wansford and back, 162 miles—previous best 69 miles. It occupied, with stoppages, 19¾ hours; longest stay in saddle, 39 miles, in three hours and a quarter.

1884. Up to October 23.	Riding Days.	Distance in Miles.	Longest Ride.	Rough Average.	Night Riding in Miles.	Fresh Road.		Town riding excepted.	
January.....	15	170½	39	11	52	65	349½	1,601½	2,810½
February.....	18	220½	40	12¼	92	162	349½	859½	
March.....	23	532½	111	24	139	207½	29½	27¼	
April.....	29	661	63	20½	146	207½	29½	27¼	
May.....	31	909	162	29	207	207½	29½	27¼	
June.....	28	1,011½	144	36	283	207½	29½	27¼	
July.....	26	600½	63	23	73	207½	29½	27¼	
August.....	23	963	157	42	330	207½	29½	27¼	
September.....	27	1,481	126	54¼	563	207½	29½	27¼	
October.....	20	600	207½	30	257	207½	29½	27¼	
	240	7,109½	1,112½	29½	2,142	65	349½	1,601½	2,810½
July to Dec., 1882.....	37	1,012	65	27	349½	162	24¼	29½	27¼
Jan. to Dec., 1883.....	202	5,022½	162	24¼	139	207½	29½	27¼	
Jan. to Oct. 23, 1884.	240	7,109½	207½	29½	563	207½	29½	27¼	
	479	13,144	434½	27¼	2,810½				

I have kept a careful record of all my rid-

ing from the commencement, together with notes of anything useful or interesting: such as remarks on the scenery, levels, and surface, etc., of any fresh road traversed, and which sorted into "counties" become very useful for future reference. Distances from Paterson's Roads, ordinance maps, etc., and by actual measurement. My riding this year has been done on a 49-inch "Regent" (by Ingwell, a small London maker), ball bearings all over, including head, which has been adjusted but once. Previous mounts 50 and 48-inch, plain bearings.

Yours faithfully,
HARRY J. JONES.

KENTISH TOWN, London,
Oct. 23, 1884.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

PROOFS OFFERED BY TERTIUS, OF
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

As the shipwrecked mariner clinging to a spar in mid-ocean hails the approaching vessel; as the weary traveler through the pathless desert welcomes the green oasis; as the thirsty bummer "smiles" at the candidate, so did I—much more so—gladly read "Secretary's" account of his "coast up the hill." It is true, every word of it. And the Secretary will bear witness that the narration I am about to narrate is equally true, for he was an eye-witness to the whole affair. On that memorable day in '82 when I first met the genial Secretary I was still a young and inexperienced rider. But I am blessed with remarkably powerful lungs, which have carried me successfully through many a hard-fought race. On the day in question, however, being new to the business, I began to blow soon as I began climbing the up grade, and the wind thus generated easily blew the Secretary to the top of the hill.

Looking back on the events of that day, I do not wonder that the Secretary thought my *genre* a strange one. To begin with, after entering the hotel I washed my face and hands and wiped them on a towel; never having witnessed such an operation, my companion was astonished. Then I combed my hair; his astonishment increased. Finally I took out my toothbrush (let me say, *en passant*, that I always carry one) and began brushing my teeth. My companion could restrain himself no longer.

"What's that thing?" he gasped.

"A toothbrush, we 'mudsills' call it," said I.

"What's it for?"

"The teeth."

"Let me try it."

I handed it him, and his joy knew no bounds. But alas! his joy was quickly turned to sorrow, for the brush suddenly disappeared—lost in the cavity of a hollow tooth. Strange what great and momentous events often arise from trivial incidents. The Secretary declared that he would buy me another brush, and also get one for himself—one with a long safety handle. As there was no drug store in that town, we were obliged to ride on to the next village (about fifteen miles) in order to obtain the brushes, so immediately after dinner we started. Then occurred an experience of a most strange and wonderful nature; so strange, indeed, that I have never ventured to tell it for fear that my well-known record for truthfulness should suffer. But, *gloria in excelsis*, a monumental truth-teller—the Secretary himself—has appeared to substantiate my story, which I now make public for the first time. We started off at a brisk pace. The Secretary, being something of a

gourmand, had eaten a hearty dinner, so could not keep up with me. I took pity on him and slowed down to a twenty-mile an hour gait, and we jogged along very comfortably. After going a few miles my companion remarked that his dinner had settled, and he believed he could go a little faster. We therefore increased our speed and began to get over the country at a very fair rate. As we passed the ten-mile post we glanced at our watches. They both registered 1.22 P.M. We had started at one o'clock precisely. Said I: "Ten miles in twenty-two minutes! This is too slow—much too slow. Can't you stand it to whoop'er up a little?" The Secretary had grit. "Go it," said he. "I allow I'll keep up with the procession if it takes a lung." Enough said. I bent over the handle-bar, and my heavy roadster jumped forward at racing speed. The next mile was done in 1.60. "That's more like it," I remarked. The twelfth and thirteenth were made in 1.57 and 1.49. (I leave it to the Secretary if they were not.) The wind was in our favor I admit; still it was really very fast time; and one reason why I never told of it was because I feared I would be barred out from racing with such ordinary men as Hendee, Sellers, Parsons, and others. But to resume. As we started in on the fourteenth mile the Secretary was a few yards ahead, and "getting there Eli" somewhat slightly. We were on a down grade, and our speed was increasing every moment. Faster, faster, and still faster! Just then a turn in the road revealed a stretch of broad smooth highway extending straight down into the valley, where the village lay quietly dozing in the warm sunshine. "Let's coast it!" I yelled to the Secretary. He made no answer. Again I called, and still no reply. What could be the matter? Was my companion suddenly stricken with deafness? I put on a little spurt and drew up beside him. "Did you hear me calling?" I asked. "I did not," he replied.

Like a flash the truth came to me. He did not hear me, simply because we were going *faster than sound travels*! The road looked so nice and smooth that we concluded to coast it. So, throwing legs over, we let the wheels run free—I in advance and the Secretary about fifty yards behind. Down the broad road we flew, calmly enjoying ourselves without a thought of danger. But danger was there, and the grim reaper Death was there also. And our bright full-nickled wheels and radiant faces were the "shining marks" he is said to love so well. A railroad track crossed the road at the foot of the hill, and when we were almost down a long freight train pulled slowly across our track. Angels and ministers of grace! What were we to do? To go on was death, to stop was impossible, and as there was a sharp declivity on each side of the road, to jump off meant a broken neck. I was reading Proctor that summer, and my head was full of the great forces that govern nature, and to Proctor I owe my life. Every wheelman knows that to put on the brake while going fast will cause a header. This is owing to the centripetal power, making the rear wheel bob up serenely. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. If the centripetal force makes the little wheel rise when one is in the saddle, why should not the same power make the big wheel rise when standing on the step? To think was to act. I motioned the Secretary to follow my example, and then, swinging back my left foot, I placed it firmly on the step.

The decisive moment came. With a quick, firm grasp I shut down on the brake. True to my philosophical reasoning my faithful bike rose in the air like an eagle,

sailed over the train like a lark, and as I gently eased off the brake, let me down to the ground without a jar. I dismounted and looked for my companion. He had risen in the air all right, but when almost over the train his brake lever broke, dropping him down on top of one of the cars. The last I saw as the train pulled out of sight he was doing the standstill act on top of the car, and probing his hollow tooth to find that lost toothbrush.

TERTIUS.

TWO BICYCLES HAVE SOME FUN WITH THEIR RIDERS.

Two amateur bicyclists alighted from their steel-ribbed circular steeds in front of the Pacific National Bank last evening, says a Pawtucket exchange, and as all professional wheelmen stack their machines when not in use, they proceeded to do the same. Each of them collared his machine, and, after giving them several chocks, the cycles were locked in loving embrace and stacked. Then the young men started for a glass of soda. (All bicyclists drink soda.) Before they arrived at the frothy fountain the bicycles unstacked and laid down, and crawling underneath the other, as though ashamed of what they had done. Some one suggested that they hitch the things with a halter, but that idea would not pass, even with an amendment, because it wouldn't be professional. So the young men proceeded to restack them. They raised the machines, but they were firmly locked together. They would not release their hold. Unlike the Republican party, they refused to bolt. Then the bicyclists pulled, and the more they pulled the more the machines didn't let go. With a till-death-do-thus-part grip they clung to each other, while their owners pulled and fumed as the necks of their undergarments went up to salute their neckties and piccadilly collars. "Try your club on the machines," some one suggested to the policeman who was keeping back the small crowd that was looking intently on. But the club was a new one, and its owner was careful of it. He preferred to wait for bigger game. Finally, after much wrestling, introducing rules which the Marquis of Queensberry never heard of, the things were got apart, and stacked astride the gentle breeze that was running up the street alongside the new sewer, and there they impatiently stood five long minutes, while the drivers stimulated on soda.

SOUTHERN VT. ITEMS.

As it has been some weeks since I last wrote, perhaps a few lines from here may interest some readers of THE WHEEL. First about our new State Division; in response to a circular sent out by Chief Consul Ross, a number of members from different parts of the State (reader, if you were at the meeting, don't smile too loud at the above) came together at the appointed place, in spite of the rain that prevailed. The meeting was called to order by C. G. Ross, and after a discussion of the advisability of forming a State Division, and no objections being made thereto, the attention of those present was drawn to the office of Secretary and Treasurer. The chairman thought the duties of those offices could be carried on at better advantage by one person than by two; those present thinking likewise, nominations were called for, and the following were presented: C. G. Richardson, Springfield; F. E. Du Bois, West Randolph; and J. R. Bates, Rutland. Mr. Du Bois was elected. The State having at present more than the required number of members for a representative, in response to a call for nominations the

names of F. G. Tuttle, Rutland, and J. W. Drown, Brattleboro, were presented. Mr. Drown was elected. Mr. N. R. Bardy, of Rutland, was elected to complete the Finance Committee. A constitution and rules were read, discussed, and at last unanimously adopted. After some other discussion about League work in the State the meeting was adjourned.

The Girard and Vokes Combination gave one of their pleasing exhibitions in the rink in the evening. As Canary entered for his act, the wheelmen saluted him with "C-A-N-A-R-Y." His exhibitions are too well known to need any comment.

A FEW SQUIBS.

Scene: Room 66, Bardwell's, Rutland. Three L. A. W. men waiting for No. 4. At last he comes, and as he enters they all sing that new song, "We never speak as we drop dead;" after this silence reigns and all is still. 'Tis the "Bum" who speaks first. "Let's put out the 'Tramp,' what d'ye say?" Silence is golden, so I am dumb, and again silence reigns. We are next aroused by a cry from the Bellows Falls man. "Great Scott! take that ice off my neck. Ugh!" So it goes on, until the "Bum" says, "Say, boys (well, say it before you forget it), let's shut up and go to sleep." Heavy snores and more silence.

Ladies and gentlemen, we will now pass on to squib 2thly.

The B. C. C.'s new room is No. 4 Crosby Block, up stairs. The door is always ajar to wheelmen.

Now, the "Qwl" is always telling us something about the club liar, the club philosopher, the club infant, or some other club fixture; the club, here have something new, at least I never heard it spoken of, and that is a club astronomer, because — he's on the lookout for Stars, and he can planet to make a tour also. See? This is one of this year's chestnuts.

I notice on the club-room table a copy of THE WHEEL every week, also the Springfield *Wheelmen's Gazette* when it makes its monthly visit. This shows the club know what is good reading. Don't remit, please; this puff is free.

"THE TRAMP."

BRATTLEBORO, VT., Nov. 1, 1884.

THE IXION ROAD RACE.

From Fifty-ninth street to Yonkers, distance fifteen miles, on election day, excited an unusual interest. This contest has become one of the annual features of this very active club. A large number of entries had been booked, and the excitement as to the probable winner was shown by the very creditable turnout the club itself made. At 11 o'clock, however, but four men started. P. M. Harris, E. S. Robinson, Wm. Da Camera, and B. G. Sanford. Capt. Pitman was expected to have tried to win on a tricycle, but owing to a lame foot was compelled to withdraw. The four men started off at a fast pace, with a determination of lowering the record made by ex-five-mile champion R. G. Rood of one hour and four minutes. As most of the club had started an hour earlier, little was seen of the contestants until Kingsbridge was reached, eleven miles distance, where we timed them, having taken a train to that point. Harris was the first to appear at 11.50, followed by Robinson three minutes later, and four minutes later by Da Camera.

Sanford here, considerably behind, withdrew, being overtaken with cramps. At the Peabody House, the finish, quite a gathering were grouped about the veranda, anxiously awaiting for the first man to appear. Harris

rode up and dismounted at 12.10 $\frac{3}{4}$. Robinson soon followed at 12.14, and Da Camera at 12.21. The time, considering the bad state of the roads, was very good, although six minutes behind the record. After congratulations the whole party adjourned to the Mansion House, where everybody enjoyed an unusually good dinner. Justice was done to the viands, when Capt. Will R. Pitman, presiding, in a witty manner introduced a number of toasts, which were responded to by President Beckwith, Ex-C. T. C. Consul Bourne, Secretary Sanford, the representative of THE WHEEL, and others. The whole affair was a decided success.

THE MACON RACE MEET.

The race meeting held at Macon, Georgia, on Oct. 28th was quite an affair. There were two days of fun, and but for the excessive dryness the track would have been in good condition. The attendance was not as large as was expected. Nevertheless the races were exciting and aroused much enthusiasm.

Five-mile race: J. H. Polhill, Macon, 22 minutes; C. H. Freyer, Atlanta; J. C. Slocumb, Macon; J. C. Flynn, Macon, stopped. A close race.

Slow race, 200 yards: Josie Wilbourne, Macon, 5m. 40s. Six men started.

One-mile dash: J. H. Polhill, Macon, 4m. 11s.; Thomas, Savannah, 0; J. C. Slocumb, Macon 0; John Horton, Macon, 0. Polhill rode the last quarter in 46 seconds.

Two-mile race: J. H. Polhill, Macon, 7m. 20s.; C. H. Freyer, Atlanta, second by two lengths; J. C. Slocumb, Atlanta, third. A close race between first and second.

Second day, Oct. 29th. Two-mile time race: Chas. Gurnsey, Macon, first; Charles Gamble, second. The time set was 7.15, but reports do not tell what the result was.

ELECTRIC BICYCLE LIGHT.

An Atlanta wheelman tells us of an enterprising inventor in that city who is making a new hub lamp for the bicycle. He says the new invention threatens to revolutionize bicycle lamps. He describes the apparatus as a small "damynite machine fitted on side of fork similar to roller alarm bell, and having a small roller on axle of machine which, where a light is needed, is thrown against the rubber tire of front wheel by pressing a lever as on bell. The lamp consists of a twenty-candle-power arc light, suspended from hub, and is only lighted when it is desirous to let some one approaching know your whereabouts or examine a piece of bad road." Evidently our friend means a dynamo-electric machine. If the inventor calls it a "damynite" machine, we are afraid his idea will never be completed, for want of knowledge of electrical science. What a novelty! An electric light on a bicycle! If such a thing is made a success, it will take well among 'cyclists, especially those having much night riding to do. A rider can go with more comfort, knowing he has a lamp; he won't have to dismount and light every half mile, and expend a dozen matches and a few cuss words at each lighting. It will do very well for the rider who is accustomed to the road, and knows where to look for bad spots, to light up when in their vicinity and examine the road; but for the stranger, who lights up after taking a header in a hole, it does not seem so well. With this roller electric light there is, however, one drawback, which is of not being able to have a light except when riding. We suppose this can be

remedied by having a storage battery in the shape of a knapsack for the rider to carry on his back. Bring on your light; we should like to see it.—*The Bicycle.*

A SHORT ESSAY ON THE BICYCLE.

If anyone expects, under this heading, to find an analytical diagnosis of a bicycle, I fear he will be sadly disappointed, for I disclaim all knowledge of such an intricate and uninteresting subject. My intention is to relate in plain, unvarnished language my own personal experience in bicycling. In sooth, to a person of any perspicuity, the title would plainly evince the extent of the writer's knowledge on the subject. I mean that if it is read "A Short Essay," instead of "A Short Essay on the Bicycle," a totally different impression is effected.

Where is the man under sixty, or the boy out of petticoats, that hasn't had the bicycling fever? If any one, while suffering from this disease, is unable through impecuniosity, or any other uncontrollable circumstance to purchase a machine for himself, he immediately ferrets out the free-holded proprietor of one who is cursed with a good temper and borrows it (not the temper). Yes, borrows it! That's what I did. I'll relate the *minutiae*. It was during the "long," when the weather was terribly hot and I was wont to drag out weary afternoons dozing over a book in the luxury of a hammock. One day, while enjoying a *post prandium* siesta, and had just reached that delicious state between waking and sleeping, I was rudely disturbed by a friend of mine, dressed in his bicycling suit, who was evidently, judging from the way in which he threw himself on the turf beside me, as lazy as I. Naturally the subject of conversation, after the stereotyped remarks on the weather, turned on the "wheel." "Hot work!" remarked my friend, "did you ever try it?" "No," I gloomily responded, "never had the chance—only wish I had. I'm satisfied that I could ride right off." "If you'd really like to take a run," yawned my friend, "you can have my machine, and I'll wait here till you come back." "You don't mean it!" Said I, all trace of *ennui* disappearing, as, with alacrity, I rolled from my pendant couch. "Yes, you can keep it all the afternoon," said he. Not waiting to hear more I hastened off. "What a beauty it is," I murmured to myself, as I examined the fine 54-inch "Challenge," which was to be mine *pro tem*. I wheeled it out into the road with the air of a cyclist of twenty years' standing, pointed its bow towards town, thinking to shew any of the fair sex who might be out how well I could ride, and then, putting my left foot on the step, made a preparatory start, hopping along on my right. All went well until I took that foot from the ground, when I found that it needed more courage than I possessed to mount. I stopped for a moment and thought, "Dear me, this will never do; it's quite easy," then started off again. This time I got into the saddle, but my sojourn there was short—all too short. I would have given worlds to stay longer, but efforts were of no avail. The plaguey concern went by the head, and so did I. Before I knew it, the bicycle, myself, a small heap of stones, and a large heap of dust were all struggling (so it seemed to me) for the top place which the bicycle got, and, not content with its success, endeavored to impress the fact forcibly on me by vigorously planting the small wheel in the middle of my back. I lay there for a few moments thoroughly disgusted, and with the hearty determination of returning the borrowed

article to its owner, when I heard some small boys saying, "I say, mister, are you hurt?" "Oh! no," said I, hastily jumping up, "just took a header—struck a stone you know." (I meant that my head struck a stone)—When you're on the road you should always use the cycling slang—"Come, my boy, it will never do to let these brats laugh at you. You'll have to conquer now," I soliloquized. Once more I got under way and leaped for the saddle, and, although in my desperation I almost cleared the handles, I didn't quite, and found myself firmly seated. By some lucky (or unlucky) chance my feet struck the pedals and I started along finely, cutting a figure in the dust something like a snake fence, only a little more so. This I kept up for about twenty-five yards, when suddenly my steed got frightened or something, and we tumbled, it and I. I say "it and I," because it was always on top as heretofore. I now began to wax wrothy as I got up, rubbing a bruised arm and trying to pin together a huge rent in my trousers. "Do or die!" were my words, as I made another dash which brought my ill-fated carcass once again full length in the dust. On this occasion I had completely cleared the handles, and with the trifling exception of the bell handle making another yawning hiatus in my unmentionables, no part of the machine had come in contact with my body; the saddle, as you may judge, I had over-reached. Quite an admiring audience had now collected, and a couple of fellows coming up asked me if I didn't think it would be a good idea if they started me. I adopted the suggestion. While they held the machine, one on each side, I clambered in and felt for the pedals, determined to shew them that I could *ride* at least, even if I couldn't mount by myself. I went splendidly until they let go, upon which my powers of steering deserted me, and my steed wouldn't go straight. I saw it headed for a ditch of enormous proportions, I shut my eyes and clung to the handles, all exertion proving powerless. At a tremendous pace I hurtled down the side of the ditch, ran up the other, at the summit of which the runaway was checked, but, oh, at what a cost! This side of the ditch was lined with sidewalk, raised about a foot and a half from the ground, and against it the large wheel madly struck and hesitated. But I didn't. With a break-neck haste I left that saddle—fairly flew over the handles—didn't pause to think when my head lit on the boards, and only upon my landing between fence and sidewalk did I realize what had happened. Many eager hands lent me assistance to rise, and as many more eagerly offered to give me another start, which I eagerly declined. I picked up the confounded two-wheeled tormentor, but what a sight met my gaze! Only one pedal remained to it, one wire was broken, while several were as crooked as the figure I had described in the road, not to mention sundry minor mishaps, such as lost screws, etc. "What's done can't be helped," said I, as I limped along, pushing the accursed monster before me, "but at the same time what you've done once you needn't do again," inwardly vowing never, never, even should I outlive Methusaleh's age, to aspire again to the eminence of a bicyclist.

I found my friend in the same attitude I had left him. "Helloa!" said he on my approach, "had you a good ride? You look dusty," with a twinkle in his eye. "Yes," I answered, unconcernedly, "I had a ride round town, but unfortunately on my return a pedal come off and I took a header. I'll send your machine, for which bye-the-bye, many thanks, up to be mended. I hope it

will be all right." Then I limped away to my room, from which I didn't return for two days.

Yes, I hope his machine is all right, for that afternoon cost me not a little. Appended are the items of expenditure:

For repairing machine.....	\$3 00
" self—liniment, plaster,	
etc.....	50
" clothes, <i>i. e.</i> , buying a	
new suit.....	25 00
Total.....	\$28 50

And my reputation can never be repaired, for the street arabs always greet me with derisive shouts of "There's the fancy rider," whenever I go out. My friends, take warning by my sad fate.

A WHEEL SONG.

Over the hill, singing a song,
Speed the wheelmen swiftly along.
Up the ascent, down the incline,
All of their wheels straight in line.
Around the corner and past the lea,
Happy as wheelmen only can be.
Now in the sunshine, now in the shade,
Now through the woodland, now through
the glade,
Now by a farm-house, then up a hill,
Now passing by a rickety mill,
Now by a graveyard old and forlorn,
Now by a field of tall, waving corn,
Now through a village swiftly they fly,
Over a bridge standing hard by,
Now to the turnpike quickly they take,
Now passing by a silvery lake.
Next comes a field of clover in bloom,
Filling the air with fragrant perfume.
And so they are greeted wherever they go
By hundreds of pleasures that others ne'er
know.
And so the world over, happy and strong,
Rolls the knight of the wheel swiftly
along.
And so may he ride for many years hence,
"Fearless and blameless," a man of good
sense.
Roll on wheelman true in every clime,
Ever roll on with the cycle of time.

The Montgomery *Advertiser* of October 19th says: "A bicycle school is about to be established here. Riding in a vehicle or on a horse or mule is much more elegant, and even walking is more pleasurable and far less dangerous than the bicycle way." We are glad to hear of a bicycle school to be established, but cannot agree with our friend the *Advertiser* as regards the pleasures of 'cycling. Evidently the editors have never tried 'cycling, or else at first trial had all the ardor knocked out by what is familiarly known as a header. We have noticed of late several of our Montgomery 'cyclists riding out early in the morning. They go out for an hour's spin in the morning on some of the roads coming into the city. We suppose that our friend prefers the elegance of an early morning mule ride, but with all the so-called inelegance of bicycle riding we prefer to stick to the wheel, at least for the present.—*The Bicycle.*

A bicyclist soon forgets the club in which his first lessons were learned. If he be at all a good rider, or adventurous, the confining restraints of a club ride are soon shaken off. He does not care to go over a club route with mechanical accuracy. He would rather strike off here and there into some pretty-by-road, and loiter along, stopping when he pleases, going on again as his inclination prompts him.—*Reflector.*



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All matters relating to subscriptions or advertisements, and all business connected with THE WHEEL should be addressed to the Company. Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to THE 'CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In sending stamps please bear in mind that we cannot use other than the two or one cent issue. A one dollar bill is as safe as a postal note of that denomination, and more convenient to enclose and receive.

All of our readers who hear that H. L. Cortis, the ex-champion rider of the world, has died of heart disease can either consider the information a lie or a profound mistake. As a matter of fact, Cortis is racing at Australia, where he is at present located. A distinguished bicyclist recently received a letter from him. Certainly dead men are not in the habit of writing letters.

Washington is developing an astonishing number of bicycle and tricycle riders. The streets in that city are of asphalt and shaded with elegant trees. In fact it is a veritable park, and the residents who enjoy the virtues of the wheel, either bi. or tri., are favored indeed. The "Star" is particularly a favorite, because one can ride along at a sharp pace, straighten the legs, allow the ratchets to fly loose, and glide along like a fairy. Nine ladies propel three wheelers.

The perfect bicycle at present looks like a giraffe, although one hundred per cent. more graceful. It is to be hoped that it will remain so, as the way the beautiful machine is being twisted around into Star, Facile, 'Xtraordinary, Kangaroo, etc., is enough to break the heart of the wheel poet. However, all these patterns have their uses, and like the members of the animal creation they have their individual virtues and purposes. If the saddle insists upon travelling down the backbone as it is gradually doing, the old velocipede will be resurrected with a few improvements.

The Kangaroo bicycle, about which most mature riders have had more or less curiosity, has at last come to town, and can be seen at R. V. R. Schuyler's, in Barclay street. The machine seems to us to be as near our idea of a safety machine as anything we have seen thus far. The makers claim that a header with it is impossible, that the crank motion is identical with that of the ordinary bicycle, and that being geared up to 54 inches and over, as desired, is as fast as a 36 inch wheel notwithstanding. Mr. Schuyler is very proud of this last acquisition to his line of machines, and will take great pleasure in explaining its many superior points to all interested,

WHEEL GOSSIP.

A bicycle club has organized at Henderson, Kentucky, with fifteen members.

An Irish branch of the National Cyclists' Union of Great Britain has been formed by a meeting at Dublin.

Committees have been appointed by the N. C. U. and N. A. A. A., of England, to amalgamate the rules.

Fancy bicycle riding along with roller skating is occupying the attention of the people of Orange, N. J.

The Monmouth wheelmen took a forty-five mile spin on October 29. Starting from Red Bank they rode to Trenton, with a few stops, in 6h. 45m.

Howell, it appears, does not think much of his winnings over here. Perhaps he was not mad when Prince walked away from him in the mile at Springfield.

Scene at Philadelphia (spring): "No one knows what John Prince can do." Scene at Springfield (fall): "Well, we have found out at last what Jack Prince's limit is."

On Dec. 6th Tommy Finlay will give an exhibition of fancy riding on the "Star" machine at the winter games of the American Athletic Club at Madison Square Garden.

The Washington Cycle Club have settled in their new apartments at Twelfth street, between K and L streets. It is one of the finest club houses in existence; almost every comfort that luxury demands can be found there.

At the N. Y. City College games Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1st., W. R. Ferris won the mile handicap from the scratch in four minutes; dead. He rode a 48-inch machine. The games were held on the Manhattan A. C. grounds.

Some very fast times were made on a tandem bicycle in England lately. On October 17th W. Brown and J. Smith rode in 2.56 for the first mile, and 6.4 for two miles. Then on the following day R. Cripps and H. T. Wilson rode 5 miles and established the following times: One mile, 2.56 3-5; two miles, 6.3; three miles, 9.17; four miles, 12.37; five miles, 15.33 2-5. Astonishing times, certainly.

An exchange remarks: "The tendency of the makers towards safety machines with small drivers and large trail wheels is fast bringing the modern bicycle back in appearance to its prototype, the velocipede, and will, if not soon checked, eliminate all the graceful lines of the bicycle, thus depriving it of one of its chief charms, and causing it to become the hobby horse instead of the poetry of athletics."

CARE OF WHEEL.—Common sense generally dictates how a wheel should be cared for, and more or less complete directions are so accessible in many little manuals that a few simple directions are the most practical. Always wipe off well on returning from a ride. Oil a little at a time and often. Watch screws, nuts, and spokes and keep them tight. See that the tire is firm and repaired if much cut. Carry oil, a cloth, twine and wrenches in your saddle bag. Familiarize yourself with all parts of the machine, but do not unnecessarily take it apart. See that any luggage you may carry is firm. If anything gets out of gear and you cannot fix it, consult some one who is posted or take it to a competent mechanic.—*Sporting Life*.

"Motto for wheelmen in search of a mount: 'Tri before you bi.'"

Notwithstanding all reports, Frazier contradicts the rumor that he will ride the crank machine next year. He is satisfied with the Star.

We are rather amused that the *Bicycling World* cannot take a little friendly bantering about the firm name on the editorial page from the *Amateur Athlete*; the latter certainly meant no harm.

R. A. Neilson and C. J. Young had a match at the Union Grounds, Boston, one mile in heats. Neilson won the first heat in 3.39, Young the second in 3.40, and Neilson the third, after a close race, in 3.41.

The question now among fashionable people is who wrote the new society novel, entitled "Married Above her," which T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have in press, and to be published immediately. It is said to be a true story taken from life and by a lady moving in New York society.

Tricycles are gradually being introduced into the postal service in England. We expect to see the same thing done when the streets of New York are improved and tricycles become cheaper. Philadelphia has an omnibus to pick up the collectors from the mail boxes.

The "Kangaroo" is not such a great novelty as supposed. Two years ago Mr. Marble, of the St. Nicholas Toy Co., of Chicago, constructed and patented in this country a machine that closely resembles the one now on the market. Mr. Garvey, of the New York Toy Company, was one of the first to experiment with this novelty.

The number of one-dollar pledges received by Karl Kron for his road-book during the week ending with Tuesday, November 4, was sixteen, raising the total to 2026. An Englishman who has wheeled 13,000 miles during the last two years is among these latest patrons, and a summary of his road report appears in this issue of THE WHEEL.

Mr. R. L. Coleman, the manager of the Eastern branch of the Western Toy Co. of Chicago, whose advertisement will be noted in another column, reports that their business this year has been such as to warrant them in adding still further to the excellent line of machines already on their list. We suspect that the success of their business in this locality is largely due to the push and good fellowship of Mr. Coleman.

Captain Eddy Pettus, of the K. C. W.'s, tells us that it is now almost settled that they are to have a new club house that will cost in the neighborhood of \$11,000. The plans have been made and stock issued, and a number of wealthy men of Brooklyn have taken enough of the stock to assure the success of the scheme. We have always taken great interest in this club, and we sincerely hope that nothing may come up to prevent the furtherance of this scheme.

October 17th, Hendee made an attempt to beat the five mile record at Springfield. There was a high wind blowing, and the times were as follows: 1 mile, 2.51; 2 miles, 5.51 3-5; 3 miles, 8.55; 4 miles, 12.2; 5 miles, 15.3. The individual miles were, 2.51, 3.00 3-5, 3.03 2-5, 3.07, 3.01. There is no doubt whatever that Hendee can knock out, or equal, any record in America, and we look forward with interest to next season, when we hope he will again attack, and with more success, the records that circumstances have opposed his beating.

The Columbia Expert seems to be giving universal satisfaction as a road machine.

The London *Cyclist* has just completed its fifth year. Before long we will do likewise.

The adjustable saddle of Bull & Haynes is claimed by good authorities to be the easiest of saddles.

Mr. S. G. Whittacker covered 100 miles with a Royal Mail on the road in nine hours, or eight hours and six minutes riding time.

The roads were filled with bicycles on election day. About 25 citizens were out, and we noticed some ten New Yorks besides the larger part of of the Ixion Club.

Frank E. Yates says: "I have tried every saddle that I could get, all sizes and shapes, but was never truly happy until I received the Duryea, the first one ever seen in Chicago, and last season rode about 4,000 miles on it. It leaves nothing to be desired. I recommend it on all occasions."

An exchange remarks: Even in some parts of Europe it would be hardly safe for Mr. Stevens to pursue his adventurous tour. He does not include Russia in his programme, and he does well, if we may judge from the sensation the first bicycle made there the other day on a community of Russian villagers. They had come out in the cool of the evening for their usual chat in the market-place, and were so startled at the sight of the noiseless approach of a wheeled steed mounted by a youth from St. Petersburg, that in the wildest panic they all rushed into their cottages, barricaded doors and windows, and tremblingly told their friends that the evil one had visited the district of Vologda. The innocent cause of such disturbance soon found out that, although in the Nevski Prospect the road is smooth enough for bicyclists, this is by no means the case among the country folks, and that he must either leave his "self-runner" at St. Petersburg or take his board and lodging with him when making excursions into the country.

The members of an athletic club in Burlington, Iowa, are building a track for bicycles to train on.

A bicycle club has been organized at Henderson, Ky., by the following persons: David Banks, S. A. Rudy, R. G. Adams, Fred. Mayer, J. A. Letcher, Jr., W. Stiles, T. D. Jones, M. F. Holloway, W. T. Redman, and W. Lockett.

We still look to the Greeks as our examples in the cultivation of mind and body, as the best exponents of the finest physical, mental, and artistic capabilities of the race. "But the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome," were nurtured in the open air. The doctrine of oxygen was a cardinal point in the creed of those old pagans. Doubtless the need of it is even yet a matter of faith with the majority of mankind; but there is still a deplorable lack of those good works which give the lungs full chance for it. However, the most pessimistic of mortals cannot help seeing that a great revival of respect for the body is upon the earth. The Olympian games were, doubtless, of great interest to the spectators, and Socrates himself once took a suburban trip to witness them. But the tournaments at Hartford and Springfield brought out some splendid exhibitions of muscle and endurance. And among the men who distinguished themselves there were several who stand as well in their college classes as, for example, the classic youths from the Lyceum groves.—*Outing*.

"IN IDLE MOMENTS WRIT."

Fancy Nancy De Lancy Montrose
Had a curious twirl to the end of her nose.
Though her mouth was large and her brow
was fair,

She couldn't conceal the kinks in her hair.
Who saw her lover ride up from afar
On that peculiar contrapshun the American
Star;

With the click and buzz of its ratchet so
shrill

Singing the song of the coffee mill.
Hark to the voice that sees your woes,
Fancy Nancy De Lancy Montrose.
If you will wed and you will marry
That foolish young reckless Raymond De
Barry,

I warn you your affections to wean
From a lover who rides that style of machine;
For the pearly gates stand ever ajar
For the man who rides the American Star.

* * * * *

Then who will buy your mourning clothes,
Fancy Nancy De Lancy Montrose?
You cannot deny the truth of that story
That your father and brothers work in the
factory;

Though burnished gold is your hair when
the sun shines on it,
You'd look more a lady if you wore a bonnet.
* * * * *

And then if you never, never did speak,
Only smiled and dimpled each shell-tinted
cheek,
I think I could love you; yes, I would,
If you didn't use "would" when you should
use "could."

But then you have a glorious brow,
As high as a Roman galley's prow.
But it only hides the void within,
And you have a mole on the side of your
chin.

And I would not marry you if I could,
Though you learned to use "would,"
"could," and "should,"

For one must reap whate'er he sows,
Fancy Nancy De Lancy Montrose.
So wed Raymond De Barry, who rides a star,
And say to his mother, and say to his pa:
"Can I sing? Yes! I should if I would,
"But my voice being hoarse, I wouldn't if I
should."

SECRETARY.

NEW BICYCLE CLUB.

The bicycle riders of the town have organized themselves into a club for the purpose of obtaining increased facilities for, and enjoyments in, the pursuits of bicycling as a healthful pastime.

The club purpose having club meets, tours, races, etc. The name of the organization is Huntington Bicycle Club, with regular officers elected for the first year as follows: Fred Snare, President; D. S. Drake, Secretary and Treasurer; C. Herbert Miller, Captain; C. R. Gillman, Sub-Captain; Robert E. Brown, Bugler.

They have adopted colors; also by-laws, rules and regulations of the leading bicycle clubs in the United States, and have also adopted signals, and intend joining the League of American Wheelmen.

The first annual tour will be made to Bellefonte in a few days, returning via Lewistown. Bicycling is fast becoming a practical and enjoyable aid to locomotion, and in the last few years the Huntington bicyclers have been making great use of the wheel. The club will gladly receive new members desiring to join.—*Huntington News.*

D. J. Canary will give an exhibition of fancy riding at the rink on the evening of the 22d, and all who desire can stay over and attend.

THE OMAHA TOURNAMENT.

The first annual tournament of the Omaha Bicycle Club was held last Saturday afternoon at Athletic Park, in the northern part of the city. The attendance was fair, but not as large as was anticipated. The weather was all that could be desired, and the quarter-mile track in excellent shape. There were about twenty-five wheelmen present, but six only entered in the races, viz.: W. Patterson, of Toronto, Canada; F. M. Shaw, of Glenwood, Io.; John Nicholson, of St. Paul, Minn.; John G. Hitchcock, C. M. Woodman and Roy Runcie, of Omaha. There were eight events on the programme. First, half mile dash; second, first heat mile race; third, fancy riding; fourth, two-mile race; fifth, slow race; sixth, three-mile race; seventh, second heat mile race; eighth, five-mile race.

In the half-mile dash Shaw, Runcie, and Woodman started. The men kept pretty even for the first round, but in the second Runcie weakened, and the work lay between Shaw and Woodman, who were most of the time wheel to wheel. On the home stretch Shaw made a fine spurt and won the race in 1.41, with Woodman a good second in 1.41½.

In the mile race, first heat, Runcie and Patterson were the starters. This was Patterson's first appearance, and it was plainly to be seen that he was no ordinary wheelman. For the first quarter of a mile and for the first half of the next he dogged Runcie, keeping close on his heels, but in the latter half he took a gait that showed his metal, running away from his adversary with perfect ease, taking the heat in 3.58. Out of the eight events on the programme Patterson won six—every one in which he was entered.

In the two-mile race Nicholson, Shaw, Woodman, and Patterson started. Woodman was distanced and fell out at the end of the first mile, and Shaw lagged behind a little later on, so that the race was virtually between Patterson and Nicholson. Here the latter showed that he was no ordinary wheelman by the magnificent dash he made on the home stretch, just at the time when everybody was expecting him to fall out. He crossed the line only a length behind Patterson amid tremendous excitement. Patterson's time was 6.54.

The three-mile race, in which Patterson and Shaw were entered, proved uninteresting on account of the men being so unequally matched. Patterson dogged Shaw until the last round, when he showed the spectators what he could do by taking a tremendous gait and coming down to the finish in fine style.

But the most even and exciting race on the programme was the five-mile race, and the last, between Hitchcock and Nicholson. It was really the only up-and-up race of the day. Hitchcock is the champion rider of Nebraska and Iowa, a graduate of the Wheelman's College of Detroit, Mich., and is the champion of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and a most promising amateur. So it was a contest between two of the very best wheelmen in the northwest, and the chief interest of the day centered in this event. Both men ride forty-five pound machines. Nicholson is stoutly built, and perhaps weighs thirty pounds more than Hitchcock, but the latter is lithe and muscular, and is noted for extraordinary staying ability. Five miles is a long race—twenty-two laps—and both men took a steady gait and kept it till the last quarter. When Nicholson crossed the line for the twenty-first time he asked the scorer: "How many more?" He was told one more. Hitchcock was leading by a half length, and the moment for business had

arrived. Nicholson bent himself for the final effort and by the time they were opposite the carriage entrance Nicholson had obtained a lead of a length. From this to the finish it was a most beautiful race. Everybody was on his feet, and almost everybody yelling for Hitchcock. John did his mightiest, but the Minnesotan was a stubborn contestant, and crossed the line nearly a length ahead. Time, 17.05½. It was a very fine race, but Nicholson's achievement was a surprise to the audience.

The race closed the day's sport and the first annual tournament of the Omaha Wheel Club. It was a novel and a pleasant entertainment, and we hope is not the last one Omaha may be permitted to see. People have found out what a bicycle tournament is, and the next one will certainly be better patronized.—*Exchange.*

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Lancaster, Pa.,

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Bicycles, Tricycles and Sundries.

I would announce to all wheelmen that I have excellent facilities for doing all kinds of repairing.

Estimates given on Repairing, Brazing, Nickel Plating, and Painting.

Correspondence solicited.

Office: No. 9 East King Street,

RIDING HALL:

Corner Centre Square and West King Street.

Fair price paid for second hand machines.

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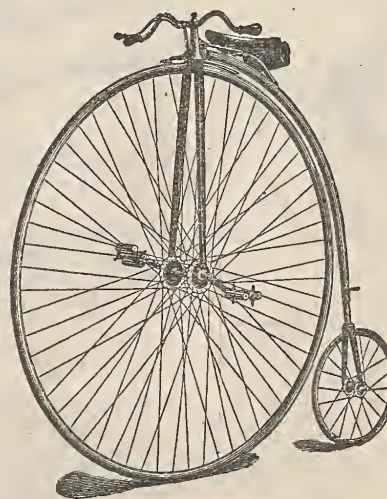
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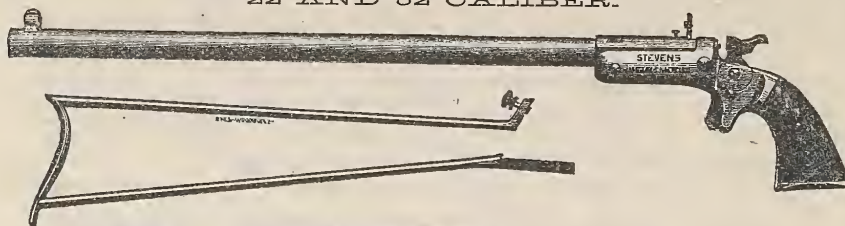
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FOR TOURING AND VACATION TRIPS.

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10-INCH BARREL,	\$12.25	15-INCH BARREL,	\$15.00
12 " "	13.25	18 " "	16.50

WITH FINE LEATHER CASE, so Rifle can be swung across the back, extra, \$1.50.

Read what VICE PRESIDENT W. H. MILLER of the LEAGUE says of the Stevens Guns.

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.



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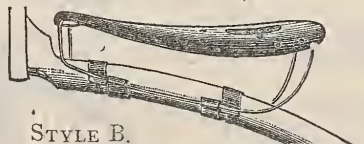
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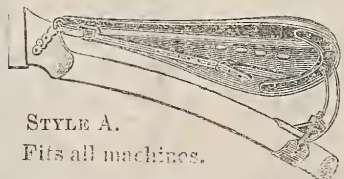
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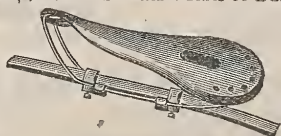
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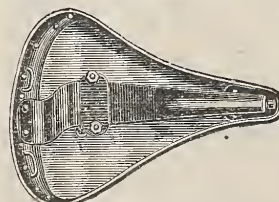
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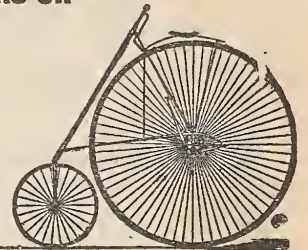
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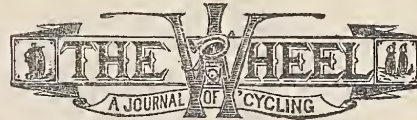
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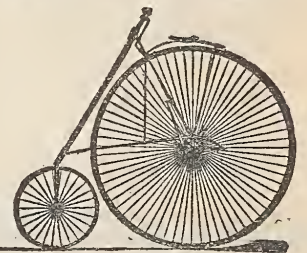
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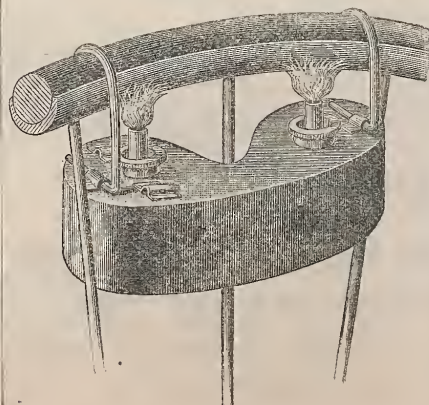
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