

# THE Bicycling World

Published Weekly. 40 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

William S. Gilman, Editor.

E. C. Hodges & Co., Proprietors.

\$2.00 a Year.  
7 cents a copy.

BOSTON, 7 OCTOBER, 1881.

Volume III.  
Number 22.

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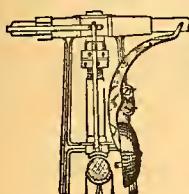
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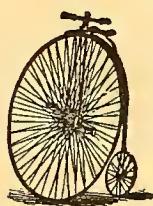
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*As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclists generally, and aims to be a clear, comprehensive, and impartial record of all bicycling events in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, business meetings, club meets, social events, personal items, inventions, varieties of manufacture, routes, and all information of interest or value to wheelmen. From foreign journals there are throughout the year selected such items and articles as are of interest in this country. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication.*

#### To Contributors.

BRIEF communications intended for publication in the next issue should be in the editor's hands by Tuesday morning, and longer articles by Monday morning.

BOSTON, 7 OCTOBER, 1881.

#### PROFESSIONAL AMATEURS.

As will be seen by our recent issues, several would-be amateurs have so far transgressed the rules established by the League as to make themselves professionals. It is the old story, "did n't know it was loaded." Ignorance accompanied by greed has placed these young men in no enviable position. There are some who "don't care" whether they are professionals or not. To these we have nothing to say. It is with those who really desire to be amateurs, but who have done acts which make them professionals, that we refer. What shall the League do with them? Shall it reinstate them? or shall they be compelled to stay in the strata in which they have placed themselves? While we are sorry for them, we do think that the League should stand with a steady and firm hand to guard the rule which has caused so much controversy. The precedent established by refusing to reinstate these transgressors would, no doubt, be very salutary and would do much to keep the amateur ranks clean. There are a sufficient number of amateurs who are in spirit professionals, without swelling our ranks with those who are technically

professionals. Yet it is difficult not to feel sympathy for beginners at bicycling, where belonging to no club, and never having the subject of League membership broached to them, and consequently no call to understand the relative status of amateurs and professionals; and we think some consideration might safely be shown them if on applying to the board of directors of the L. A. W. and having their cases investigated, it should appear that excusable ignorance only was the occasion of their errors. Or, if it is necessary for the sake of precedent that their ignorance should be punished perhaps a probation of six months or a year might serve as a penalty and deter others from similar delinquencies. It certainly is a matter of considerable importance, and one which the L. A. W. should give prompt and decisive attention to.

#### EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

##### The Lake George Region. I.

BY KOL KRON.

THIS title is designed to cover the report of my entire August touring of 425 miles, distributed through eighteen different days and four different States; for though it began and ended in regions far remote from Lake George, the lake was my chief objective point, and the title will help fix the attention of those who were interested in "W. B. E.'s" account of a July pilgrimage thither as presented in the WORLD of 5 August.

On the second day of the month I took my machine out of the manufactory in Hartford, where it had had an eight weeks' rest to recover from the violent surgical operation implied in receiving a new backbone, and started to drive it up the valley, spite of the liquefying stickiness of the weather. Before reaching Springfield, however, in whose neighborhood I intended to take a three-weeks' "outing," a sand-gully in the sidewalk caused a sudden stop, when, rather than save my wheel by taking the risks of a header, I thought to save my bacon by resorting to what Telzah calls "a backer"; in other words, instead of pitching ahead and let the machine fall on the top of me, I jumped back and then tumbled violently forward on top of it. As a result, the driver was sprung sideways about an inch out of the true, and the little wheel was made to interfere with it by about that interval, while the right crank was loosened on the axle, the latter mishap being one that never befell me before. With the aid of a convenient boy, I pulled the concern into rideable shape again and meandered on. The yawning rents in my breeches were concealed by the friendly approach of dusk, and by the fact that they bore no hue to contrast them with the drawers beneath.

Another argument for always touring in white!

On the 18th of August, I rode back to Hartford, starting at 5 in the morning, with a threatening northeast wind behind me. At the end of a mile I had of course to walk up the church hill in West Springfield, but from there rode without dismount to the bridge over Agawam River, two miles, turning westward at the common and then southward at the first left-hand road, perhaps a third of a mile on, over the railway track and by a curving course along the river to the bridge. Crossing this, the left-hand road is followed eastward, and soon leads into the main street of Agawam, which runs due south until, at Porter's distillery, it makes junction with the river road leading from Springfield. This road should be taken by tourists to the north if they wish to visit that city, though the most direct and easiest road up the valley is the one down on which I came. The distillery was six and a half miles from the start; time, an hour and a quarter. Four miles and more beyond, on top of a hill, is a white school-house, where one turns into a lane leading eastward and down to the river bank at the head of the canal. This was exactly eleven miles from the start, and was reached at 7 o'clock. With the wind helping me, I rode along the embankment without stop to the bridge, two and a fourth miles, and then two miles more to the end at Windsor Locks, where I stopped a half-hour for breakfast. At 8.30 I reached the railroad crossing, and knowing the next two miles of highway to be poor, I was tempted to try the hard gravel between the tracks; riding along it for a half-mile, I was forced to walk the remaining mile and a half to Hayden Station, at which point the highway, or the sidewalk thereof, becomes good again. Soon after this, the heavy mist of early morning grew into unmistakable rain, and the red clay roads of that region, by no means bad in dry weather, grew unridable. So I kept the sidewalks pretty continuously during the hour and three-quarters spent between Hayden's and the Weed Sewing Machine Company's works in Hartford, ten miles,—ending my journey at 10.45 o'clock, twenty-eight miles from the start. The worst part of it all was the final stretch of muddy and watery macadam in the city limits. Essaying the sidewalk flags as preferable, I got a "backer" on a slippery cobblestone crossing, which once more made my wheels interfere. I pulled them apart, however, sufficiently to prevent my rainy ride being finished afoot. Decency demanded an immediate change of costume, and the advantages of white flannel were once again demonstrated. Had my trousers been of a color that gave less prominence to the decorative effects of mud, mist, and sweat, I might have been tempted to keep them on!

By the time my wheel had been "trued up" and otherwise put in proper trim for the fall campaign, the rain had stopped

and the sun was shining. So I had a pleasant return run on the sidewalks as far as Hayden's Station, though I was an hour and three quarters on the way, just as on the unpleasant forenoon when I was hurrying to "get through." Threats of rain again appeared here; and as two miles of bad road were just ahead of me, and as I could at best only hope to reach the end of the canal by nightfall, I chose to take train to Springfield, whence I rode home four miles through the rain and darkness, ending thus at 8 P. M. a day's tour of forty-two miles. I may add that on the occasion of my ride from Hartford, a fortnight before, I hired a man at the end of the canal to row me across the river to Thompsonville, whence I passed through Enfield and Longmeadow to Springfield. I took this east-side route on my first tour to Hartford in 1879, but all my other rides have been on the west side, and I am sure the west-side route is the best. Indeed, in making the entire tour of the valley from Hartford to Bellows Falls, the tourist has nothing to gain in crossing the river.

Judging from the sad story which "M. D. B." tells in *WORLD* of 2 September, about the nine miles of sand between Jenksville and Palmer. I did not make such a bad mistake after all, in the case of my June ride from Boston to Springfield (described in the issue of 26 August), in taking a roundabout course through Ware and Thorndike to Jenksville, instead of the direct one through Warren and Palmer to the same point; for though I had several hills to walk, I encountered no long stretches of sand. At Indian Orchard, which is a mile west of Jenksville, a tourist on the way to Hartford might, instead of taking the uninteresting though perfectly ridable path across the plains to Springfield (seven miles to the corner of State and Main streets), go through Chicopee Falls, Chicopee, and West Springfield. The distance to the church hill in the latter place is a little more than nine miles, and the last five of it, from Chicopee Falls may be made without a dismount in either direction. Between the Orchard and the Falls are several stretches of sand which must be walked through, but most of the road is ridable, and some parts of it along the river are shaded in a very attractive manner. In Chicopee Falls one may ride several miles without stop on the concrete sidewalks, and a good walk of dirt or concrete extends continuously on the west or north of the road to the town hall in Chicopee, where one first takes to the street and then to the brick walk on the right of it in going down towards the bridge, over to West Springfield. In recommending to the through traveller this route from Indian Orchard to Agawam, as preferable to the usual one which includes the city of Springfield, I need only add, as a final attraction, that he will thus have the felicity of passing in front of the house where I was born, "so many years ago." The place is rendered otherwise remarkable by the pres-

ence of "the largest and handsomest maple tree in the State of Massachusetts." No extra charge for sitting in its shade. Photographs at all the bookstores. Beware of the dog.

At seven o'clock on Monday morning, 22 August, having despatched my valise to the Fort William Henry Hotel, on Lake George, I started due north from this big tree, and made just seven miles in an hour, with only two dismounts. A hill between the two, that caused these stops, was ridden up by me for the first time. Reaching the station at Smith's Ferry, two miles on, five minutes in advance of the train, at 8.30, I disembarked therefrom at 9.10, and wheeled eastward for fifteen minutes to the river road at Hatfield Corner, a mile and a half; then northward two miles in the same length of time, to the sand rut under the maple trees. The third stop was caused by a hill at the foot of Mount Sugarloaf, a mile and a half. A mile beyond I made my fourth stop, at the store in South Deerfield, to compare distance and time with record of 7 June (*WORLD*, 26 August), when I came from Hatfield by the more direct and more sandy road. I found the distance on the present occasion a mile and a half more, and the time five minutes more. Nevertheless I urge all riders to try the river route, on which only one dismount is needed in the five miles between the station at North Hatfield and the hill at Sugarloaf. From this hill one may easily ride without dismount, mostly on sidewalks, for eight miles, through South Deerfield and Deerfield, to the water-trough on the hillside; and if a rod or two of troublesome sand can here be got through, the ride may be continued another half-mile to the Cheapside bridge, whose tracks none but a reckless person would venture to trust his tires to. Just a half-mile beyond this is the railroad station in Greenfield. The steep slope after crossing the track may be ridden up by taking the sidewalk on the left, and the route due north continues good to the cross roads, two and one half miles. For a similar distance the roads are sandy and generally unridable till a little cemetery on a little hill is reached. Thence one may go without stop, over a hard track of constantly increasing smoothness, for another two and one half miles, to the New England Hotel, in Bernardston (mistakenly called "Bay State Hotel," in report of June visit). Reaching there at one o'clock, I started on at 2.30, and arrived at Brattleboro' at 5.10. A wheelman there told me that hardly any riding had been indulged in locally since the little run that was taken to West Brattleboro', in my honor, a dozen weeks before. Kendrick's Hotel, in Putney, about ten miles beyond, and fifty-two and one half from the start, was reached at 7.12 P. M. Bright sunshine and a bracing breeze: from the northwest prevailed throughout the day, and none of the conditions of pleasant riding were absent.

They told me at Putney that the roads

to the north were unfit for the bicycle; but as no train left in that direction until 11 A. M., I thought I would at all events push on as far as Bellows Falls, fourteen miles, before resorting to the cars. Of three possible routes, the "river road" was said to be sandy and the "hill road" rough; so I was recommended to take the "middle road," and I found it by no means a bad one. It afforded many beautiful views and much good riding. There would have been more of this except for the "road repairs." Leaving the hotel at eight o'clock, I went up hill for a mile, walking most of the way, though the road was ridable in the other direction; and I reached Westminster, eight and one half miles, in two hours. Thence to Bellows Falls the road was sandier and less ridable, and I was an hour and a half in getting over it, though I hurried as I drew near the end. Had the train been on time I should have just managed to catch it, but its lateness allowed me a half-hour in which to procure dinner. Starting at noon, I had a two-hours' ride "over the mountains" to Rutland, passing through a thunder shower on the way. There I was told that a smooth and level road led to Whitehall, twenty-five miles, and I lost little time in rolling up my coat for the start. A wheelman was reported to me to have just reached town from St. Johnsbury, "over the mountain," but I did not stop to scrape acquaintance. Once clear of the city, I rode through West Rutland and made my first dismount at 3.15 P. M., at a short hill, having done six and one half miles in fifty minutes. I rested here for perhaps a quarter hour, and made my second dismount at four o'clock, four and one quarter miles on, before a soda-water fountain in Castleton. Here a local rider joined me and encouraged me to roll up a big hill in his company. My third dismount was made at a sandy hill near Fairhaven, nearly fifteen miles from Rutland, at 4.45 P. M., and this was the first place on the road where a stop was really necessary. Thus far the material of the road-bed seemed to be a sort of slaty gravel or fine sand that packed closely together; but beyond Fairhaven the material began to be a peculiarly hard, black, flint-like clay. In places recently repaired, the indentations made by wheels or hoofs would glister in the sun, as if they had been freshly chipped from solid stone. Just after a rain this material would be unridable to the bicycle, and after a long spell of dry weather, it is said to be worn to perfect smoothness. I took it at a time about midway between these extremes,—it was all smooth enough to be ridable, but not much of it admitted of fast riding, because there had been rain within a few weeks. I rode up and down several considerable hills on this rather rough clay, however, and reached the Opera House Hotel, in Whitehall, at seven o'clock, having made a day's run of thirty-nine miles. This ride from Rutland I cannot too highly praise. It

leads through a charming country, giving glorious views of the Green Mountains, close at hand and far away, and is in all respects admirable. I was quite delighted at my good luck in discovering so pleasant a path, for I did not venture to anticipate it the day before, when I bade adieu to the big maple tree, and faced rather dubiously towards Lake George.

#### To the White Mountains.

WEDNESDAY morning, 7 September, I mounted my 52-inch wheel and rolled out in the country. I had often ridden the same road before, but I was now determined to see something; in fact, I was bound for the world-renowned White Mountains, situated nearly one hundred miles away, and through the most hilly part of the State. The morning was quite cool, but as I rode along, I began to feel the sweat trickle down my back. Several dismounts had to be made on account of hills. My first adventure was in meeting an old farmer driving a pair of mild-eyed oxen, who, at sight of me rushing towards them, became terribly frightened, and made a break for freedom; but a stone wall suddenly springing up, they stopped. The driver in the cart appeared scarcely less frightened, jumping out and falling over a heap of stones, and breaking his goad. I could hardly keep from laughing at the sight, but nevertheless did my best to reassure both man and beast, and rode on. Wakefield was reached in two hours fifteen minutes. Stopping to get a drink of water and a moment's rest, I again mounted and drove my wheels over hills and through valleys, finding it more hilly as I advanced. The roads now became strange to me, as I had never ridden beyond Wakefield; but I pushed on, and such hills! At one place I was obliged to push my machine up the side of a mountain, while the other side I dared not ride down. At last I came to a farmhouse on a hill, and seeing an old veteran minus a leg and several fingers, I stopped to chat with him, and he gave me some apples about as large as walnuts, and a very stiff glass of cider. After a while I again mounted, and had gone but a few miles when I took a violent header while riding in a foot-path, having struck a stone, throwing me several yards ahead, on other nice soft stones. As I struck, I very naturally thought of the bicycle, and throwing myself over, I threw up both hands, and succeeded in catching the backbone with one hand, while the other went up through the spokes; but it saved the wheel severe bruises. In the fall I broke the "ball bearings" to the balance-wheel of my watch; also the crystal. It was then ten o'clock. I could not seem to guide my machine after my spill,—perhaps it was owing to the cider. I dined at the Carroll House, Ossipee, which I reached at noon. Looking at the cyclometer I found I had made just twenty-six miles for the forenoon. An excellent dinner was disposed of for fifty cents. It

being very warm, I stopped here until 3 P. M. Mounting again, I found splendid roads for several miles, and put in some pretty fast riding, but all at once I struck sand, and had the pleasure of doing some tall walking; and then long hills began to confront me, and I made but sixteen miles in three hours. Reaching Tamworth, I found an excellent stopping-place, and after taking a bath, sat down to as good a supper as one could wish for. I thought I never should satisfy myself, and others thought so too, probably. I had rolled up forty-two miles for the day, which I thought enough. After tea I went on the piazza, took off my shoes, and found a blister on my heel about the size of a potato; but lighting a cigarette, I crawled into a hammock and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the evening. The day had been very warm indeed, but the evening was delightful to a tired bicyclist. Two pretty girls assisted in making the evening enjoyable, which, with music and lively conversation, passed quickly away.

Next morning I arose much refreshed, and after eating a hearty breakfast, prepared to depart. As I wheeled out my steel steed they all came out to see me mount, which I did at 8.20, after bidding the girls farewell. The morning was delightfully cool, and as I rolled along, viewing the ever-changing scenery, I wished for some other wheelman to enjoy it with me. Mount Chocoura, which I had seen several miles back, now loomed up grandly, while at its base splashed the waters of the lake. A stiff breeze now sprang up, making it hard work. I passed through several small towns, attracting considerable attention, and reached North Conway at 11.30; rode around the place a few times, and was well pleased with its fine, smooth streets. I liked this place better than any I had visited. All the hotels were full of boarders; while here and there on the road, and on the sides of the mountain, could be seen the little camp-fires of the tourists. The scenery at this place is magnificent; and after seeing what I could, I again struck out and passed several small hotels and boarding-houses. At several of these places they were playing lawn tennis, the white suits of the players making a striking contrast with the deep green of grass. I dined at the Pequawket House this day, and was well satisfied with the fare; fifty cents seemed to be the ruling price for a dinner, at all places on the road. Mounting again, I rode slowly along, the more fully to enjoy the country, and became more astonished the farther I rode, as I had never been up so far before, and such wild places as I now began to witness quite surprised me. I rode until four o'clock without any accident or incident worthy of note, when, finding it growing sandy, and having reached Bartlett, the last village before striking the "Notch," I concluded to remain all night. My distance for this day was thirty-five miles, thus making seventy-seven miles for the

two days. Stopping at the only hotel in the place, I found it well supplied with eatables, of which I stood much in need. The charges were very light, being only \$1.25 for supper, lodging, and breakfast. Next morning was not so clear as I had wished. It was raining on the mountains close by, but no rain fell in the valleys below. At 9 A. M. I mounted and headed for the famous Crawford "Notch." I rode about half a mile, then had to walk; I was now among the very mountains, and how I climbed and sweat! The clouds broke away about noon; the sun came out hot, but a strong breeze coming down from the mountains cooled me off. I did no riding to speak of, during the whole distance; some places I could ride fifty yards or so, but it was not worth the trouble of mounting, and I did not care to ride, as I could obtain a better view while walking. No houses were to be seen for miles; all was woods, dark and dismal. At one place I was obliged to wheel across the railroad bridge, with nothing but a three-inch board for a track. It required considerable nerve to attempt it. I had wheeled the bicycle half way across, and thought I would look around. Nothing but woods and mountains in any direction I would gaze, while many feet below rushed the Saco River. After crossing the bridge the woods became less dense. I at last reached the place of Dr. Bemis, and then the old Willey house, made famous by the Willey slide. Here lies the lowest part of the valley; on either side high mountains lift their summits to the very clouds, while down their sides deep gullies are worn by the continual rush of water. While walking along I heard a train of cars, and on looking around, I beheld, far up the mountain side, the train of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad working its way laboriously up the grade. I now began to ascend in earnest; at one place there is a rise of four hundred feet in two miles, and I found it tough work, being obliged to get behind the machine and push with both hands. I at last worked myself up through the Notch, when the Crawford House met my view. It was with feelings of relief that I once more gained level ground. I mounted and rolled up to the hotel in as good style as my tired legs would permit. I here learned I had been five hours on the way. Fabyan's lay four miles beyond; to reach it I would be obliged to push through sand five inches deep, but on I went, arriving one hour later, making the entire distance of ninety-seven miles by bicycle, a feat never attempted before by the same route. Arriving at the hotel, "washing up," and getting shaved, I was then ready to sit down to a good supper, to which I did full justice; I had eaten no dinner, but had *gorge*d myself with blackberries while coming up the Notch. That evening, it being cloudy and smoky, nothing could be seen, so all one could do was to sit on the piazza and enjoy a smoke. My heel, which had

given me no trouble all day, now began to pain me, causing me to limp awkwardly.

Next morning, it being still smoky and nasty, and sight-seeing out of the question, I concluded to take a car-wheel for home. I had not even seen Mount Washington. Bought a ticket from Fabyan's to Rochester, N. H., and paid fifty cents for the bicycle. The train started at 10.10 A. M., and made quick time. While coming down through the Notch some new passengers appeared really frightened. It was indeed a frightful sight. Hundreds of feet below us, jagged rocks and bits of timber lay scattered around, the river rushing along in its serpentine course; while above us dark clouds hung half-way down the mountain side, letting down a drizzling mist. Everything was damp and gloomy until we reached low land, when a change was experienced. I arrived home at 4 P. M., not much the worse for my severe trip. My ball-bearing "Standard" required oiling but once the entire distance. Actual running time on the road, twenty-one hours for the ninety-seven miles. Not a League member did I find, and but one rider, and he does n't own a machine. I write up this trip, thinking it might interest those who have never visted the mountains.

E. F. PEAVEY,  
Director and Consul L. A. W.

FARMINGTON, N. H., 13 September, 1881.

Run from Bremen.

BREMEN, 16 September, 1881.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—The first club run of the Bremen Bicycle Club was held on the 28th of August; the route selected being the Chaussée to Rotenburg and return. Five members responded, and mustered with their trusty steeds at 7.15 A. M. on the Osterdeich, from which place the start was sounded. The weather proving propitious, and the road in good condition, the spirits of the wheelmen naturally ran high; thus the distance to Ottersberg, our first halt, was accomplished inside of two hours. One member scored the tumble of the day, while essaying to ride from the footpath on to the road; his airy revolution in the air, as well as the creditable performance of his 'cycle standing on its head, were loudly applauded. A buckled wheel, resembling the figure 8 and easily sprung into place, was the only result. A simple breakfast was partaken of in Ottersberg, when, mounting once more into the saddle, we sped down the road to Rotenburg, where we arrived at 11.30 (twenty-seven miles), three hours twenty-five minutes from Bremen. Ordering dinner at the principal hotel, we staked our cycles and strolled through the town. The ancient church was entered and admired; whereupon we climbed up to the belfry, and explored the same. Thus our time was pleasantly passed until 1 P. M., the dinner hour, upon which important occasion all punctually assembled. Ample justice was done to the good viands, a rest in-

dulged in, when the order to mount was sounded. Half the village turned out to see us off, for the modern 'cycle is indeed a novelty in these small villages. The journey home was accomplished with great difficulty, for a really terrific head wind faced us, as we wheeled out upon the Chaussée. One halt and a rest of twenty-five minutes were indulged in at Oyterdam; not forgetting to strengthen the inner man, we oiled up, and having regained the saddle, kept up a high rate of speed until the Osterdeich was reached. The cyclometer at this point registered sixty miles; taking into account the bad and loose macadam, combined with some unridable stretches, this distance is to be considered as a very creditable performance. Our club has made good progress during the past few months, a glance at the roll showing twelve members. The English consul, Mr. Stokes, has kindly accepted the post as president, and we hope through his influence to bring our manly sport in Bremen to a high standard.

HERMANN H. KOOP, JR.,  
*Captain Bremen Bicycle Club, L. A. W.*

### WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

**NAMELESS BI. CLUB.**—The Nameless Bicycle Club, of South Boston, was formed 14 September, and organized with the following board of officers: Captain, William J. Bicknell; sub-captain, A. J. Thompson; secretary and treasurer, Frank R. Miller, 750 East Fourth street, Boston. The club comprises nine members.

**PICKWICK BI. CLUB.**—The Pickwick Bicycle Club of Reading, Mass., organized 26 September with the following board of officers: President, Harrison H. Parker; captain, William H. Badger; secretary and treasurer, Henry B. Badger. H. B. BADGER, Sec.

**STREATOR BI. CLUB.**—The Streator Bicycle Club of Streator, Ill., has the following organization: President, Fred. W. Lukins; secretary, F. S. Allen; treasurer, Will H. Boys; captain, Bert Lukins. The other members are George E. Roe, Harry Lukins, Frank Whiting, and John W. Fornof.

**PHILADELPHIA BI. CLUB.**—*Editor Bicycling World:*—Enclosed herewith please find a copy of circular issued to all Philadelphia (and vicinity) riders by the Philadelphia and Germantown Bicycle Clubs, and also sent to the park committee. I also enclose the new "whistle code," adopted by the Philadelphia Club, omitting, of course, the "club code," which is for members only. We think its simplicity recommends it. This club has forty-three members, and it is steadily increasing its membership and facilities. The club-room is now an indispensable acquisition, and before long it may be found necessary to move the quarters nearer to the park limits. At a recent meet-

ing of the club, a resolution of thanks was sent to the park committee for their late action in regard to Fairmount Park, and at the same time a suggestion made that the use of lamps after dark was deemed by the club equally as important as that of bells or gongs during the day. It is most probable the committee will take some action on this. . . . The club has not been behindhand in the universal respect for the death of President Garfield, and the room committee had the room appropriately draped both inside and outside. At last meeting the initiation fees were increased, and copies of the amended By-laws and List of Members furnished each member. In the thirty or forty miles of park riding I have done since the 17th inst., I have seen but one horse show any uneasiness, and that was the one referred to by "Kempton" in his communication of 20 September to the WORLD. I think I can safely say that I have passed and met from three hundred to four hundred horses during these rides. The horse-frightening bugaboo has been a great dread "in the minds" of drivers, and they seem really surprised to see their animals take the "toy" so indifferently!! A certain bicycle rider of this city was lately run into by a buggy in the park here; the wheelman was clearly in the right, and so acknowledged by the "guard," and the matter is being investigated quietly. Unless amicably settled, you will doubtless hear more of it.

"WOODSIDE."

PHILADELPHIA, 30 September, 1881.

The following are the rules and whistle code by which the Quaker City wheelmen are to be governed: The Commissioners of Fairmount Park having removed all restrictions hitherto enforced against bicycle riding in the Park, it behoves bicycle riders to use the utmost care at all times, so as to perpetuate to all wheelmen the rights now enjoyed. To this end the Philadelphia and Germantown Bicycle Clubs strongly urge that the following recommendations be carefully adhered to:—As to riding: Avoid all coasting. Exercise great care on all crowded drives, and when approaching crossings. Avoid all narrow and unfrequented drives. Dismount promptly and quietly at any signal or request made by drivers. Two or more riders should all take the same side when passing vehicles. Pass all vehicles, going or coming, on driver's left-hand side. In passing, a lead of ten yards should be given before taking the pole. The Park regulation requiring bells should be strictly observed, and they should be used in passing vehicles; particularly should the attention of the driver not be directed to the bicycle rider. On no account blow a trill whistle, as it is used by the Park guards. As far as practicable, use no red, white, or other glaring colors in dress.

WHISTLE CODE, PHILADELPHIA BICYCLE CLUB.	
Fall in.....	O O O O
Mout .....	—
Dismout .....	—
Single File.....	O
Double File.....	O O
Four abreast.....	O O O O
Increase.....	O O O O O O O O
Decrease .....	—
Distress from rear.....	—
O Short.	Long.

**BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB.**—Some of our modest members feel quite proud of the record in the twenty-mile club championship race, which took place at Beacon Park last week, and interest in racing seems to have developed itself to a remarkable extent. The club has now the fastest mile and twenty miles on record for out-door work in this country. It is

now proposed to inaugurate a series of weekly handicap races for suitable medals, open only to members of the club. Messrs. Stall, Dean and Dalton propose to handicap the rest, so that all may have a fair chance of securing the coveted prizes. We understand that Mr. Louis Harrison has gone into active training, and some of the knowing ones look upon him as the coming man. Mr. Morris feels the eyes of the bicycling world are upon him, and is said to be also actively though secretly striving for a record. Billy Bernhardt, it is reported, has secured the services of John Shillington Prince as coach, and is living on gore; while your humble servant finds relief in Murdock's Liquid Food for infants.

CARVER.

## L. A. W.

*Amateur bicyclers everywhere are cordially invited to join the League of American Wheelmen.*

*Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs when the entire active membership joins. Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to Dillwyn Wistar, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Kingman N. Putnam, 54 Wall Street, New York City. Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.*

*Applicants should notice names as published in the BICYCLING WORLD, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made.*

*Bicyclers generally are requested to notice the names also, and inform the corresponding secretary (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies.*

*Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the league by inviting desirable bicyclers to join.*

*Circulars, etc., regarding the league will be sent to any address on application to the corresponding secretary.*

*The rules of the league are given in full in the BICYCLING WORLD of 2 October, and may be obtained by sending 10c. to the office of the WORLD. It is very important that every member should be familiar with these rules, and they will not be published in book form at present, as the organization is not yet perfected.*

*Badges are to be obtained by any member on his forwarding his full name and address and membership number to the Treasurer, with a deposit of \$2.00 for solid silver, or \$1.00 for nickel-plated badge.*

## APPLICATIONS.

*Editor of the Bicycling World:* — The following names have been proposed for membership in the League of American Wheelmen, and are sent you for publication, as required by the Constitution.

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,  
Corresponding Secretary, L. A. W.

WILKESBARRE BI. CLUB.—Additional: R. L. Ayres, B. H. Carpenter, F. B. Ward, C. H. Sturdevant,—all of Wilkesbarre, Pa.

NASHUA WHEEL CLUB.—Edward M.

Gilman, 8 Prospect street; John F. Bixby, 35 Concord street,—of Nashua, N.H.

UNATTACHED.—Edward M. Brooks, James E. Currier, at Amoskeag National Bank, 867 Elm street; Clarence D. Palmer, 604 Elm street,—all of Manchester, N.H.; A. H. Forbush, 42 and 44 Summer street, Boston, Mass.; Horace A. Adams, 53 Union street, Willimantic, Conn.; Charles H. Hewes, West Chester, Pa.; Henri G. La Mothe, Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa, Can.; Rev. S. H. Day, Box 40, Scituate, Mass.; R. P. Linderman, Bethlehem, Pa.

**CORRECTION.**—“T. B. Jeffries” in the L. A. W. List of Applications of the Chicago Bicycle Club, published 9 September, should read T. B. Jeffery.

## RACES

## Coming Events.

8 October. Philadelphia. Fall games of Young America Cricket Club, of Germantown, held at Stenton. Three-mile bicycle race for gold and silver medals.

10 October. Washington, D. C., National Fair Association bicycle parade and races: Quarter-mile dash, silver medal; slow race, 200 yards, cyclometer; heat race, best two in three, one mile, first, gold medal; second, silver medal; fancy and trick riding, championship of the United States, gold medal; club drills, silver bugle or silk flag; five-mile dash, first, gold medal; second, silver medal; half-mile for boys, forty-two-inch wheel limited, first, bicycle lamp; second, bicycle bell. No entrance fees are required. All bicyclers accompanied by machines will be admitted for that day free to grounds, stand, and quarter stretch. The mile track will be in excellent condition, and will be given up entirely to wheelmen on bicycle day, and no horse racing will be interspersed in the bicycle races, as is frequently the case, much to the discomfort and detriment of riders and wheels. Fuller particulars will be gladly given on application to H. J. Carpenter, care National Fair Association, Washington, D. C. Correspondence is invited.

WAVERLY PARK, N. J., 21 SEPTEMBER.—Bicycle tournament, under the auspices of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society. The path was made expressly for these races, a sixth of a mile in circuit, nearly circular in shape, sloping gradually up from inside to outside, twenty feet wide, and tolerably level, not more than three feet difference between highest and lowest points. It was made of the natural soil, a sort of red clay, and had been well rolled, but the dry weather left it somewhat soft and dusty. A light sprinkling of fine ashes, well watered and rolled, would make it a fine path for bicycling. It is the intention of the society to make bicycle races a permanent feature of their meetings, and the track will, no doubt, be put in perfect order for next year.

The weather was warm and pleasant, and of the 10,000 people in the enclosure, as many saw the bicycling as could find place to stand in a treble line entirely around the ring. Ample seating room will be provided next year, thereby adding much to the comfort of spectators. The entries were by no means as numerous as had been expected, owing entirely to the failure of the management to have the meeting formally approved by the National Association of Amateur Athletes. The absence of this approval debarred members of the N. A. A. A., as well as those non-members who wish to compete at the championship or other

associate meetings.—Half-mile, best 2 in 3 heats, distance post at 50 yards. First heat: W. M. Woodside, Manchester Bicycle Club, 1m. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; G. D. Gideon, Germantown (Pa.) Bicycle Club, 2, by 8 feet; F. Fullerton, Manchester Bicycle Club, 3; A. G. Powell, Germantown (Pa.) Bicycle Club, 4, just saving his distance; P. DuMont, New Brunswick (N. J.) Bicycle Club, distanced. Second heat: Fullerton, 1m. 42s.; Powell, 2, by half his wheel; Woodside, 3, by about the same distance; Gideon did not start. Just before the heat, Woodside, Gideon, and Powell had ridden a two-mile race. Final heat: Woodside, 1m. 43s.; Powell, 2, by 30 yards; Fullerton 3, by three lengths. Fullerton was quite unwell, suffering nausea from his exertion in second heat, and would not have started but that failure to do so would have forfeited him second prize won by his victory in second heat.—One-mile championship of New Jersey, open only to residents of the State, best 2 in 3 heats. First heat: L. H. Johnson, Essex Bicycle Club, 3m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.: E. R. Bellman, Essex Bicycle Club, 3 m. 37s.; merely a friendly ride by the two club mates. Bellman waived a second heat, and Johnson won by default.—Two-mile: G. D. Gideon, 7m. 2s.; A. G. Powell, o; W. M. Woodside did not finish, stopping twenty feet short of the line; L. H. Johnson stopped on ninth lap. This result caused great surprise, as Johnson was thought a sure winner. He had, however, just finished his one-mile race, and did not seem to be in good condition, looking pale and worn. Woodside led at the mile, in 3m. 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., but when challenged by Gideon could not respond.—One-mile handicap, 100 yards limit: G. D. Gideon, 15 yards, 3m. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; W. M. Woodside, scratch, by 60 yards, 2; A. G. Powell, 5 yards, 3; P. DuMont, 80 yards, 4. Gideon seemed to stand the successive races better than his competitors. During the afternoon, E. Burns, Smithville, N. J., gave an exhibition on the American Star bicycle, which has the small wheel in front, and a complicated mechanism instead of the usual crank and pedals. After the races about thirty wheelmen joined in an informal parade.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, 24 SEPTEMBER.—Two-mile bicycle race: C. A. Reed, N. Y. A. C., 7m. 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; J. A. Lafon, M. A. C., 7m. 12s.; G. H. Taylor, N. Y. A. C., 3; W. H. Austin, Will. A. C., stopping on eighth lap. Lafon led at the mile, made in 3m. 27 3-5s., but could not keep up the pace, which was, however, ridiculously slow for a championship race, and elicited much laughable comment from the English guests, who never before saw so slow a race. Reed is only eighteen years old, 5 feet 10 inches high, weighs 135 pounds. Last year L. H. Johnson, M. A. C., won in 6m. 56 4-5s., and Taylor was third, eighty-five yards behind the winner. The best American amateur record is 6m. 27s., by W.

S. Clark, N. Y. B. C., and the best English amateur record 5m. 36 3-5s., by I. Keith Falconer, Cambridge University.

ST. LOUIS, MO., 24 SEPTEMBER.—The one-mile race for the championship of Missouri came off on Saturday, 24 September, resulting as follows: G. G. Bain, 54-inch, 1st, in 3.20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Fred. A. Beckers, 56-inch, 2d, in 3.22; Arthur Young, 46-inch, 3d, in 3.23; and Geo. C. Oeters, 56-inch, 3.55. The wind was blowing a gale or better time would have been made Mr. Stockwell of the Missouri Gymnasium, and Mr. Binckley, an Eastern bicyclist, acted as time-keepers, Richard Garvey, president of the club, officiating as starter. 15 October, a five-mile race will be run at the same place (Fair Grounds); and if the weather is favorable, good time is looked for.

MARLBORO', MASS., 27 SEPTEMBER.—Editor *Bicycling World*:—The fourth club race for the mile championship of the Marlboro' Bicycle Club, held at Riverside Park, 27 September, proved to be quite interesting, as the contestants were very evenly matched, each having won the club medal once. The start was made at 5.30 P. M., and was closely contested, Geo. E. Frye proving best man, in 3.26, followed by Arthur Curtis and John Sawin, in 3.27 $\frac{1}{4}$  and 3.28, respectively. I consider these club races very beneficial to the club, as they bring the members together in a social way, and also, at each race the time has been gradually improved.

L.

MARLBORO', 1 October, 1881.

MARSHALL, MICH., 28 SEPTEMBER.—When the wheelmen came upon the grounds, their neat uniforms and nickel-plated machines attracted considerable attention. It proved a feature of the track programme, and their performances gave excellent satisfaction. The judges informed them of their positions, which were as follows: Cramton 1st, Gorham 2d, Howard 3d, Adams 4th. The riders were dressed in blue suits, and made a very pretty platoon as they came up for the word. Cramton took the lead from the start, and worked hard to keep it. The "wheelers" came home in the following positions: L. H. Cramton 1st, C. Adams 2d, M. E. Howard 3d, C. E. Gorham 4th. Time, 1.52 $\frac{1}{4}$ . In the second heat, Cramton went off with a determination to win, and forged ahead, going into the upper turn. He kept the position for the half-mile and came in in pretty good shape. Coming down the home stretch Adams dropped his shoe and lost his second position. As they went under the wire Cramton had the lead, Howard 2d, Adams 3d, Gorham 4th. Time, 1.52 $\frac{1}{4}$ . The wheelmen started in the third heat with Cramton, winner of the first prize, out. Adams was an easy winner in 1.51, Howard 2d, Gorham third.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., 29 SEPTEMBER.—The bicycle contest at the State Fair, 29

September, half-mile heats, was engaged in by Frank Hatch of South Bend, W. L. Tucker of Terre Haute, and Austin Smith, Fremont Swain, and A. R. Hopkins of this city. The race was thought to belong to either the Fort Wayne or Terre Haute contestant; but Mr. Hopkins, comparatively unknown as a rider of the fiery and untamed steed of steel, won the race by an excellent effort. In the first heat, Smith was thrown from the machine in an endeavor to avoid colliding with a carriage being driven across the track. Hopkins took the heat in 2.02; Hatch was second, Swain third, and Tucker fourth. In the second trial Smith took the lead and kept it to the home stretch, when Hopkins again came to the front by a pretty burst of speed, winning in 2.01, taking both heat and race. Second money was given to Hatch and third to Smith. Hopkins rode an excellent race, keeping his power well in hand, and saving his strength till he could use it to advantage.

DAYTON, OHIO, 29 SEPTEMBER.—The success of the bicycle tournament was far beyond the expectations of those who arranged for the races. There was a good attendance, the weather was favorable, and the races produced great enthusiasm among the participants as well as the spectators. The grand stand was fairly filled, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen occupied carriages about the grounds. The procession attracted a large crowd while forming, and excited a good deal of favorable comment on its route by the tasty costumes of the riders, and their graceful riding. The juvenile club particularly—that is composed of members from ten to fifteen years old—attracted special attention. The wheelmen were lead by Captain Mott, of the Dayton Club, and preceded by the Fourth Regiment Band. On arriving at the fair grounds, preliminaries were arranged by appointing as judges, Mr. Mike Nipgen, Mr. John Dickson, and Mr. Al. Gump, a member of the Dayton Bicycle Club. The first race then called was the mile dash, for two prizes, the first a gold championship medal, and the second best a silver medal. There were six entries, and their places were arranged by the judges as follows: J. L. Pease, Buckeye Club, Columbus; S. A. Reeve, Dayton; George Cook, Springfield; R. S. Kingsbury, Xenia; D. G. Brandon, Dayton; S. S. Mott, Dayton. Mr. Pease holds the medal won at Columbus, for the championship of Ohio, and the inside of the ring fell to him. The first start was good, and they were given the word. Pease led from the first. He rides a 56-inch wheel, larger by several inches than the others, and every tread of his muscular limbs gained him ground. Reeve and Brandon dropped out after the first half-mile, and Pease came in leading the rest by 100 feet, Kingsbury second, the time being 3.49. The half-mile race was next called. This was the best two out of three heats. Pease and Kings-

bury, winners of the first race, being barred out of this race, were entered in the following order of position: S. S. Mott, Dayton; John Hardin, Dayton; John Wardlow, Middletown; George Cook, Springfield; A. T. Whitesides, Dayton; W. J. Rouse, Dayton. There were three heats made in the race, which was contested closely from the start. In the first heat Mott fell, being on a new machine, and did not make the run; in both the others, he came out first and won the race, which stood as follows:—

Mott.....	0	1	1
Hardin.....	4	5	dr.
Wardlow.....	3	3	dr.
Cook .....	2	2	dr.
Whiteside .....	5	6	dr.
Rouse.....	1	4	2
Time .....	1.56	1.55	2.08 $\frac{1}{2}$

The juveniles came up for a half-mile dash, and were entered as follows: H. Allison, Xenia; Richard Fowler, Dayton; Charlie Wood, Dayton; Louis Reibold, Dayton; W. R. Miller, Dayton; John Lytle, Dayton; John Flotron, Dayton; Sprigg McMahon, Dayton. The order of their position was directly the reverse of the above, placing Allison on the outside; but he proved himself a plucky rider, and carried off the first prize, a miniature bicycle, in spite of all obstacles. Richard Fowler was second, and received the silver cup. John Flotron, who is lame in one foot, made splendid time, and received applause for his excellent riding. The time of this race was 2.22 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The scrub race was free to all, and there were entered J. E. Pierce, Fred Kohnle, Darley Porter, Walter Rutlege, S. A. Reeve, G. D. Brandon, A. T. Whiteside, and J. Wardlow. The race was won by Wardlow, of Middletown, in 2.02 $\frac{1}{2}$ , who received a tin medal as prize. The fancy riding was next in order; and after the various fancy evolutions had been gone through with, by the riders, the judges awarded the prize, a silver cup, to Darlington Porter. In the evening an excellent supper was prepared at the Phillips House, by the Dayton Club. The prizes were awarded and short speeches were made all around, the party breaking up on the best of terms.

WILLIAM ENGLE ATHLETIC CLUB  
NEW YORK, 1 OCTOBER.—Two-mile bicycle race: A. R. Peck, N. Y. B. C. (one minute start), first; W. Hutsul, W. A. C. (thirty seconds), second; E. F. Fisk, W. A. C. (thirty seconds), third; won easily; time, 12m. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

#### CORRESPONDENCE

Halifax.

Editor *Bicycling World*:—Allow me to mention a few of the runs of our wheelmen during the past month, which may be of interest to other riders, particularly those who reside in this vicinity. On the 30th ult. three members of the Halifax

Bicycle Club, including myself, left Halifax for Hubbard's Cove, a distance of thirty-two miles. The start was made at 7 A. M., the eight-mile house was reached in fifty minutes, with but one dismount, the road being very good; after stopping about ten minutes, started for the hotel so well and favorably known by all tourists as the Lakeside. This part of the road was in pretty poor condition, being very sandy over half the way, though good time was made for the condition of the road; the distance, five miles, we rode in forty minutes. After getting through with refreshments, catered by mine host Wilson, we felt in good trim for the remaining nineteen miles, which we rode in three hours,—the road in places being very sandy, and some parts quite hilly. I might mention that during the run down our headers numbered but one. We remained at Hubbard's Cove (commonly called the "Garden of Eden," being so beautiful) until 2 P. M. the next day, when we started, with nineteen miles pretty hilly road before us; but feeling well, we did not mind it much, but pushed on, reaching the Lakeside in three hours. Feeling as though we deserved a brace-up, we ordered a cocktail, which drink I recommend to all riders of the steel horse; but I leave them to judge what kind, though I might add, we are all strictly temperate (?). We left the Lakeside after an hour's rest, with a good stretch of level road before us on which we determined to make good time, it being late; the distance was thirteen miles, which we rode in one hour and ten minutes, not the least fatigued. I might mention that on the road from the Lakeside to Halifax we passed the stage coach and several carriages; this being the first time a bicycle was ridden on that road, it created great interest among the inhabitants, and numerous questions were asked. On the 12th inst. this ride was again taken, but returning same day, making the sixty-four miles in eight hours and ten minutes inside of twenty-four hours. This is a distance and a road which was thought impossible to be traversed with a bicycle; but these rides have given a great stimulus to the sport, and by next season I hope to see our number of riders doubled. Another ride, taken by a Windsor bicyclist, the particulars of which I have not yet got, was from Windsor to Truro via Maitland and several other routes, accomplishing a distance of about 200 miles on his machine in five days; this proves the bicycle to be a practical roadster, and soon to take the place of horses. The particulars of this ride I shall furnish you as soon as I receive them.

#### LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

As yet this association has not developed largely in our province, but as a director has been appointed, and consuls are being appointed, we may hope to be represented fairly in the League next year. I had a visit from Mr. H. H. Godard, the consul for St. John, N. B., on

Monday last. He is the right man in the right place, for he seems to be a live wheelman, and full of the sport. The only thing I regret is, that his stay was so short,—remaining with us only two days.

#### TRICYCLING.

We have as yet only one tricycle here, and that has changed hands three times the present month. It is not very popular, and I think will never grow in favor on our hilly roads. Some are under the impression that tricycling is much safer than bicycling; but as we have not had for some time to record an accident in bicycling, I can now put one to the credit (?) of tricycling, the rider having dislocated his elbow while practising on the 15th inst.

#### BICYCLES.

As an ardent lover of the sport, I am watching closely the improvements made in this machine, and with Col. Pope's new experience I think we are justified in looking forward to improvements in the "Columbias." I think with hollow forks, a lower head, and a greater number of spokes, the Columbia would be the machine for us, surpassing for our road any English make. BLUENOSE.

#### Abington, Mass.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—The Sunday Herald, of 2 October, in its report of the Weymouth Agricultural Society's fair, states that W. E. Trufant, A. McDonald, A. F. Haverhand, and myself, members of the Abington Bicycle Club, competed in a one-mile bicycle race for a purse of \$10. The report of the fair, so far as the bicycle race is concerned, is an egregious misstatement of the facts. Messrs. McDonald and Haverhand are not members of the Abington Club, neither are they members of the League. We did not compete for a purse or prize of \$10, but for an "Excelsior" cyclometer and an "Acme" bicycle stand; and had the brilliant Bohemian who "did" the fair for the *Herald* taken the trouble to perform an ablution of his auricular orifices, Mr. Trufant and myself would have been saved the unpleasantness of this explanation. True, the advertised prizes were \$10 for the mile race, and \$20 for the best appearing club; but in consequence of our request that the prizes be medals, or something other than money, it was announced from the judges' stand prior to the race that the contest would be for a cyclometer and "Acme" stand. Mr. Trufant and myself are newly elected members of the League, and prize too highly its benefits, and the good fellowship of its members to wantonly discard them for a paltry prize of \$10. Mr. Frederick Reed, of South Weymouth, is the gentleman who had charge of the bicycle races, and who, at our suggestion, caused the prize to be changed. He will bear me out in the above statements.

ALFRED R. PRATT.

ABINGTON, MASS., 3 October, 1881.

#### Milwaukee Miscellany.

THE weather has been so unsettled of late that wheling has been indulged in by only the more adventurous spirits, who invariably prefer to dash along the streets through mud and water, and by men who find the bicycle a popular, as well as practical means of locomotion,—especially bank messengers and reporters. .... The races and drill at the Jefferson Fair did not take place, owing to a severe thunder storm, which opened the ball at a late hour in the morning, and continued until sundown. Early in the morning the people from the surrounding country began to pour in: old horny-fisted granglers with their wives, country maidens accompanied by numerous beaux, down to infants in arms, seated in conveyances of all descriptions, from the more aristocratic phaeton and platform-spring wagon to the primitive milk and springless farm wagon, all heading towards the fair-grounds. On all sides, scattered throughout the country, large posters and hand-bills had been previously circulated, with the words: "Thrilling and Daring Evolutions on Bicycles by the Great American Wheelmen, with Prize Drill and Races for the Milwaukee Bicycle Club," in green, gold, crimson, and black letters. At nine o'clock Messrs. Rogers, Pierce, and Birkhauser appeared on the track for a preliminary whirl, and were greeted with cheers and applause from the delighted assemblage. The races had to be postponed indefinitely, as the track was rendered very heavy by a drenching rain. In the afternoon Manager Craig treated the 'cyclers to an eloquent banquet, and later furnished a carriage and express wagon to transport "man and beast" to the fair grounds, where the aforementioned "man and beast" were placed on exhibition. In the evening Mr. Craig again came to the rescue, and presented the attending wheelmen with seats and admissions to the elegant opera-house. On returning to the hotel they found all the rooms occupied; so Messrs. Jones, Rogers, Pierce, and Birkhauser were duly installed for the night in a large and airy front parlor, to sleep and dream of former "runs" and conquests. In the morning the Peanut was up first, as usual, and clad in a country maiden's hat, cloak, and shawl, which happened to be in the parlor, sat down at the piano, and began to "claw ivory" in a very systematic but not artistic manner, awakening the guests and his room-mates. Oscar and the T. T. then pranced around the room in the most primitive coverings, or, as they would say, "whooping" her up. In fact, they brought the house down, at their door, with their hideous racket; and when the door flew open, our honorable secretary was standing on his head, Oscar and Tooter were vainly trying to pull the scanty bed-clothing around them, while the Peanut had slipped behind the door, and at an opportune moment, closed it. On returning to the city, the boys expressed themselves as being highly de-

lighted with the kind and munificent treatment which they received at the hands of Jefferson citizens, especially from Manager Craig, who did all in his power to make the visit a pleasant one. Oscar still wears a bump on the back of his head, the painful results of an attempt at high kicking before company, in the hotel; three large scratches from a thorn-apple tree, which he was riding under; a hole in his stomach, made by a projecting fence board; and burns on his nose and lips, when he took a header into a ditch, while walking from the Junction to Watertown, jamming the cigar down his throat....The next regular run will be on Wednesday evening, 28 September. The meet will be in front of the club rooms, at 7.15 P. M., and the run will be in the gallery of the Exposition Building, Manager Hincks having invited the club over for an exhibition drill....Mr. Angus S. Hibbard, formerly secretary and first lieutenant of the club, but now a resident of Minneapolis, Minn., was here on a flying visit yesterday. He reports the streets and adjoining roads lost in four to six inches of mud....Sub-captain Reed, fourth lieutenant Pierce and private Messer, now station agent at Oostburg, have returned from a duck-hunting expedition at Winneconne.

'CYCLUM.

MILWAUKEE, 28 September, 1881.

## NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

[We invite readers and correspondents to contribute questions, notes, suggestions, etc., to this department.]

**CORDUROY.** — *Editor Bicycling World:* — A few weeks since I saw in your valuable journal a short article from a wheelman, advising bicyclers wishing comfort on long rides to wear suits made of any material but corduroy. Will you be kind enough to inform me, through the columns of the *WORLD*, what is the objection to that material? By so doing you will confer a great favor on

A BICYCLIST.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS., 27 September, 1881.

**NAME YOUR BICYCLES.** — *Editor Bicycling World:* — One of your distinguished lady correspondents has said, "I hate the sound of that word *machine!*" And, indeed, it certainly does become very tiresome with its constant repetition. Every wheelman is willing, nay, anxious to have his favorite conveyance classed among carriages and not with machinery; indeed, eminent legal authority has decided it to be a *carriage*. Then are we not very inconsistent in so frequently referring to our favorite roadsters as our *machines?* The words bicycle, wheel, etc., do very well as far as they go, but I advocate every man giving his wheel a distinctive name. Every horse, every yacht, every locomotive or steam fire-engine has a name by which its owner or driver loves to distinguish it among its kind; then why not every wheelman have a pet name for the pride of his heart, his bicycle?

C. H. L.

[All the Louisville riders give their wheels pet names. When we first began to ride we were frequently shouted at by boys, "Whoa, Emma!" and as that was the name of our best girl, we at once christened our wheel that charming name, — and it shall ever be thus.—  
EDITOR.]

## BOOKS AND PAGES.

**OUR LITTLE ONES.** the Russell Publishing Company's charming serial for very small children, comes to us full of pleasant and instructive stories and verses, and with the usual excellent illustrations to fit them,— or for them to be fitted to, we don't know which. It closes its first volume with this October number: but whatever changes in style and character of the inside pages the publishers contemplate in the new volume, we sincerely

trust they are satisfied with, and let alone, the covers of the old one; for one can never get tired of enjoying such a "thing of beauty" at least once a month.

**WITH COSTS,** by Mrs. Newman; **THE PRIVATE SECRETARY,** by the author of the "Battle of Dorking"; **THE CAMERONIANS,** by James Grant; and **SCEPTE AND RING,** by B. H. Buxton, are the latest issues o the popular Franklin Square Library of Harper & Brothers.

## CURRENT CALAMO

"OVER THE WHEEL," advertised in our columns, is worth sending ten cents for.

We shall publish reports of the Springfield, Brockton, and Attleboro' meets next week, together with the L. A. W. race meeting.

A British bicyclist, named Cholmondeley, Once wooed a tricycleress colomdeley; She frowned on his suit,  
And told him to scut,  
Which reply he received rather gloomdeley.

We have interesting communications from Francis Cragin, from "626," St. Louis, from F. C. H., of Scranton, Pa., from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., from "Fatty," of South Boston, and others, which we shall soon publish.

THE *Wheel* entered on its second volume last week, and the initial number, in addition to an excellent array of bicycling matter in its regular pages, embraces a two-page supplement. We wish you continued success, comrade!

Two little caribobs  
Way down in Maine,  
Met a Boston Club mao,  
And both of 'em were slain.  
Boo-oo-oo-oooooo!

THERE are frequent complaints made that the managers of race meetings award prizes of less than the advertised value. Our legal editor gives it as his opinion that the managers are liable, as he expresses it, "to an action in the case for deceit." The Bicycle Union are looking up the subject. This is a step in the right direction, and we hope some good may come of it.

AT the Cotton Exposition to be held in Atlanta, Ga., during the present month, there is to be a grand bicycle tournament, and the wheelmen of the South Atlantic States are preparing to participate in the parade and races. There will also be an exhibit of bicycles at the fair, and Mr. H. B. Brackett has gone to look after the interests of the Pope Manufacturing Company in the display. Mr. C. R. Drew, of Boston, who has been wheeling through the Middle States, is moving in that direction, and will doubtless be present at the opening.

THE bicycle tournament at the National Fair Association in Washington next Monday, occurring as it does just after the Mardi Gras Carnival in Baltimore and preceding the Yorktown Centennial Celebration, together with the delightful weather at this season, forms a threefold attraction for a visit to the National Capital. Greatly reduced rates of travel have been agreed upon, which enable wheelmen, even at considerable distances, to visit the "Bicycler's Paradise" — as

Washington, with its fifty miles of perfect concrete streets, is deservedly called — at less expense and to greater advantage than usual. The excellent facilities for reaching the city by rail or river render it easily and comfortably accessible from all directions, and the resident wheelmen and clubs will show visitors every courtesy and attention.

## PERSONAL

**CAPT. HODGES** says he can mount a canoe by the paddle.

**FRANK CRAGIN** posts us from Wheeling, W. Va., 3 October.

**CAPT. LLEWELLYN WINTER**, of the Hyperion Bicycle Club of London, Eng., is on a visit to this country.

AT a race, 28 September, at the Oak Park fair, the Gilman brothers, of Nashua, N. H., won a silver buglet for the Nashua Club

"ITEM" KEMPTON has returned from his vacation, and we expect to see the *Herald* column more interesting than it has been since his absence.

**MR. FRED. N. BOSSON** has recovered from his accident so far as to leave the Massachusetts General Hospital and move about home on crutches.

**MR. ALDRICH**, of the Oakland Bicycle Club, California, is in Boston. In company with one of the Boston men, he made a run to Hotel Wellesley and return Sunday.

**E. W. POPE**, secretary of the Pope Manufacturing Company and captain of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, will take a business trip westward, partly by rail and partly by wheel.

**MR. C. E. HAWLEY**, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., wins the prize for the best article on the "Uses of the Bicycle" in the Pope Manufacturing Company's prize competition, and C. W. Reed, of Boston, takes the bicycle for the best series of illustrations.

**ARTHUR L. HOWE** was run into in Providence, recently, by a hack, evidently with malicious intent on the driver's part. Mr. Howe was injured and his bicycle damaged, and the small-souled and ignorant owner of the hack rather glories in the crime of his rascally employé, saying he "don't care a d—n" for the injury caused Howe, but wants pay for some scratches to his hack.

THE Boston *Herald* bicycle reporter had a corner on bicycling clergymen last Sunday, recording the Rev. Herman S. Titus, of Newton, as recreating on the wheel between pastoral duties, the Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Boston, as advocating the exercise at a recent meeting of ministers in New York, and the Rev. S. H. Day, of Scituate, as at present touring among the White Mountains.

A COMMITTEE has been formed for the purpose of raising a suitable memorial to the late Mr. James Starley, in recogni-

tion of the great skill and genius displayed by him in connection with the bicycle and tricycle of to-day, and which conducted so greatly to bring it up to its present state of excellence. — *Cyclist.*

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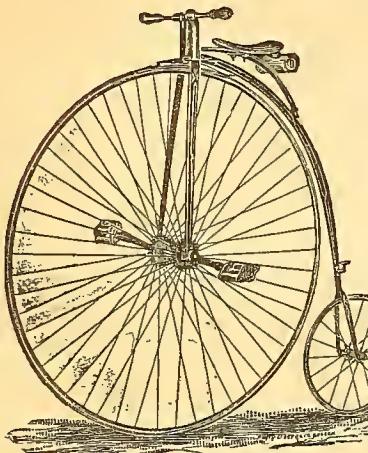
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