

The Cycle.

VOL. II, No. 9.

BOSTON, MASS., 26 NOVEMBER, 1886.

FIVE CENTS.

World's Tandem Record

—✂FOR 24 HOURS✂—

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

—✂RIDDEN ON A✂—

* **MARLBORO'** * **TANDEM** *

—✂BY A✂—

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

—✂Beating all previous records by over 30 miles.✂—

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

WORLD'S RECORDS.

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

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

to-day holds every World's Record on the road above 25 miles to 300 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER**, at Crawfordsville, Ind., Oct. 18th and 19th. The run was made on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the times:—

		Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds
50	(About 4 minutes behind his previous World's Record.)	2	59	50 ² / ₅
100	(25 minutes ahead of the World's Record, and over a minute better than Ives's Springfield Track Record.)	6	1	15
150	.	10	28	52
200	.	15	13	30
300	(About 24 minutes better than the best World's Track Record.)	23	46	16 ³ / ₅

The latter magnificent record is about 41 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by Munger, about 19 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 13 miles better than McCurdy's, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however.

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

GORMULLY & JEFFERY

Manufacturers of the AMERICAN CYCLES,

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CYCLE

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

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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THE day selected by the authorized authorities to be devoted to an acknowledgment to God of the many favors and blessings vouchsafed to us, as individuals and as a nation, has come and gone. It was not unlike its predecessors in the various modes of celebration, the churches being slimly attended, while the theatres were crowded; and the mazy dance invited and received its full share of public favor. Families, long separated, were gathered around the familiar hearth, happy reminiscences aroused, and joyous associations revived.

THERE is more occasion for the exercise of charity than is usual, toward those of our fellow-men who recognize solemnity as the only test of Christian conduct; and while those who frequented churches on Thanksgiving day did *well*, if they went and returned in a right spirit, and did not wrap themselves in garments of self-righteousness, saying, virtually, "Stand by, I am holier than thou"; yet those who sought pleasures elsewhere were possibly quite as sincere in their thankfulness to Heaven for the health, peace, and comparative prosperity of the year, as if they had been more formal in their worship.

WHEELMEN have a way peculiar to them-

selves in the celebration of Thanksgiving. If Nature smiles, she finds them truly grateful; and although their thanks may be unuttered, they are felt as sincerely as those of the most devout worshipper in the sanctuary.

FOR many wheelmen the riding season has closed. There are delights in winter riding that many riders would not be without, but the great majority feel that the discomforts more than make up for the pleasures, and the wheel is carefully laid aside for another season.

THE officials of the A. C. U. are out with letters on the "Corey case," and they tell us that Mr. Corey broke no law of that organization when he ran for a tandem record on the road with a promateur, and also accepted pace from a promateur.

MR. BURT, of the A. C. U. Racing Board, says that it was only a private ride, and that he has ridden with professionals on the road a number of times, and therefore is as guilty as was Mr. Corey. This is rank sophistry. When Mr. Burt rode with professionals on the road, he did not publicly announce that he was going to do so; he did not announce to the officials of the A. C. U. that he was going to run for a record; he did not appoint timekeepers and checkers, and, moreover, he did not afterward send notices to the papers that he had ridden faster than any one else ever did, and was entitled to a record.

MR. BURT says that Mr. Corey was *not riding for a record*. Mr. Burt has been sadly misled. The writer of this saw Mr. Corey the day before his attempt, and was told that he was going to make a record. We warned him that riding with Huntley would disqualify him, and we urged him not to do it. We told him that he would have to give up the L. A. W., the C. T. C., the Massachusetts Club, and the Boston Club. Mr. Corey told us that he understood all this, but he wanted the record and was going to have it at any cost. The vice-president of the A. C. U. saw Mr. Corey at the start, and told him that riding with Huntley would lead to his disqualification. Mr. Corey said he was well aware of this, and was prepared to meet the consequences.

THE following extract is from the *World* of 27 August:—

"About ten days ago Harry Corey, of the Massachusetts Club, *thought it would be a good idea to make a 24-hour tandem tricycle record on the road*, and Mr. Ducker, president of the A. C. U., was notified that an attempt would be made by Messrs. Corey and Huntley of the Nantantum Cycling Club of Newton. Neither of the above-named gentlemen trained for the event, with the exception of three days' practice on a Rudge Humber Tandem, the machine which they intended to use. *It was their idea simply to make a record for the time being, and if it was beaten, to try it again later on.*"

We have good reason to believe that the above was written by Mr. Corey. It is identical, word for word, with what appeared in the CYCLE of the same date, and our article was written by Mr. Corey. And yet Mr. Burt tells us that Mr. Corey was not riding for a record.

MR. BURT says no record would have been allowed if he were riding for such, because he did not comply with the A. C. U. rules. In one thing only did he fail to comply with A. C. U. rules: the course was not of the prescribed length. Under this system of reasoning, Springfield could cut off three feet of its track and then hold a race meeting, at which professionals, amateurs, and promateurs could race together *ad lib*. The course would not be the right length. No record could be allowed, and therefore no rule of the A. C. U. would be broken, and no one would lose his status. Mr. Burt's position is very absurd.

MR. DEAN, another member of the board, makes an explanation about as satisfactory as that of his associate. He says:—

"The question which the board considered, and which was the only one raised, was whether or not the riding of an amateur with a promateur on a tandem, and having the pace set by a promateur, *during a private attempt to lower a road record*, was an infringement of Clause "A" of Sect. 7 of Article V of the A. C. U. rules."

MR. BURT says that Mr. Corey was not riding for a record. Mr. Dean admits that he was, and that the board so considered. He further says that the board found that Mr. Corey rode for a record. Mr. Dean squarely contradicts Mr. Burt.

MR. DEAN says: "The riding was on the road, and there was no evidence that there was a prize depending on the result. The board therefore decided that as there was

no prize or gate money, the rule was not infringed, and no case was reported." Of all stupid decisions, this seems to us the most stupid.

AT none of the record-breaking meetings held at Springfield has a prize or gate money depended on the result. Hendee and Rowe had no need to turn professionals, for the Racing Board would have let them take pace from Woodside or Crocker and retain their status. No prize or gate money depended on McCurdy's success, and yet it is claimed that he made himself a professional by accepting pace from a professional.

THE decision of the A. C. U. Racing Board officials is in effect this:—

A man may run for a record on the path or on the road (the rules are the same for both), and if the course be short, it matters not with whom he contests or who makes the pace.

A MAN may run for a record on the path or on the road, and if there be no gate money or prize depending on the result, it matters not who makes the pace.

IT remains to be seen whether the officials of the A. C. U., who review this action of the District Board, will sustain such an absurd position.

A WRITER in an exchange goes into an elaborate argument to show that the editor of this paper, who is also the Chairman of the Racing Board, is "just as bad" as the men whom he has in his official capacity declared to be professionals, because, forsooth, "he makes his living out of cycling." We are willing to admit all that he says, and to grant that many of the men who have been disqualified are even better fellows than we are. We have been laboring for several years to have the cycling associations recognize men on their merits, irrespective of their relations to the racing path. We believe professionals should be admitted to Club and to League fellowship. This we consider the best solution of the amateur question. When it is brought about, we shall not object to be classed as a professional. It is absurd to say that a journalist is a professional under any amateur rule now in existence; but when the League gets ready to admit that a man can be a professional, and at the same time a gentleman, it will be time to make a rule that will put into the professional ranks everybody who directly or indirectly makes a dollar out of cycling. When that time comes we shall gladly be a professional.

AT present, a stigma rests on profession-

alism. Remove that stigma, and we shall see removed much of the trouble now caused by the much discussed rule. Retain the stigma, and constant friction is inevitable. We stood alone at Buffalo, to maintain this point. Since then many have come to believe as we do. The day will come when a man will be no more ashamed to say that he is a professional wheelman, than he is now to say that he is a professional journalist. We make our living out of cycling, and it is just as proper that we should be called a professional wheelman, as it is that those who race under salary should be called professionals. The rule now in existence does not make us a professional, but it ought to, and it ought to put into that class every manufacturer, dealer and agent. We are a firm believer in the "Germantown idea," but before it is carried out the League should take steps to make it possible for men to come forward and take their proper places. When this is done, it will make no difference to us, who do not go on the racing path, whether we are amateurs or professionals, and the status of a man being immaterial to him, it will cause no friction when the League classifies him.

MR. HERRING presents what he calls the best solution of the amateur question. To our minds he proposes to take away the essential feature of a good amateur law. The underlying idea of all amateur rules is that it is unfair to place in competition the man who makes a business of a sport, and the man who engages in it for love of it. The one has an advantage over the other, which is unfair and unsportsmanlike. Mr. Herring would place the two together, and he says this solves the whole question. We do not think so.

MR. HERRING went to the trouble of copying his "solution of the amateur question," and sending it to the cycling press. The work of copying was altogether superfluous, for he gave it to a New York paper of the previous week, and the other papers could just as well have "lifted" it. When the press is asked for space to allow any one to ventilate his ideas, they have the right to demand that the appearance of the article shall be on the same date in all the papers. We may now look for a claim on the part of the *Wheel* that the other papers took the article without credit, and that they are entitled to especial praise for journalistic enterprise in publishing it first. They could make out a very good case.

THE Boston authorities are enforcing the Sunday law, and all the shops are obliged to have closed doors. This does not affect wheelmen much, for they don't stay in the city when the roads are good. The trees are allowed to grow and the springs are still allowed to run on Sunday in Massachusetts.

OVER THE HANDLES: A TALE OF TWO WHEELS.

BY W. MCILWRAITH.

(From *Cyclists' Year Book*. Begun in issue for 12 Nov.)

James Penner, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

" . . . I AM once more back in Glasgow, pursuing the dull routine of ordinary existence, duller now than ever. You can, dear Bob, I dare say, guess why.

"To take up my late adventure at the point where I left off: I remained at Donald MacGregor's farm, in the heart of the Rob Roy country, for five days. I would have left sooner, but was literally snowed up—the roads were impassable. Sir Robert was perforce also a prisoner, and we spent our time together. In this way I had ample means of studying his character, and a strange compound of unreasoning perversity and impulsive warm-heartedness I found him. Accustomed to rule on board his vessel with an almost absolute power, his manner was at all times bold, brusque, and imperative. When he wanted anything done, he sang out as if he were shouting to the man at the mast head. In spite of these peculiarities, however, it did not take long to discover that a good warm heart beat beneath his stormy exterior.

"Our evenings were spent in a very enjoyable manner round the roaring fire. We formed an interesting circle, and had any stranger chanced to peep in at the window in passing, he would have had food for much conjecture. In the arm-chair at the one side was the red-faced, vigorous old admiral, not sitting still in one position for more than half a minute, and wincing now and then as he unconsciously slapped his wounded leg. In another arm chair opposite sat our worthy host, a splendid specimen of a Highlander, as vigorous and sturdy-looking as an oak, in spite of the many gray hairs that peeped out among his sable locks. The intermediate circle was formed of the 'guidwife,' her two sons, one daughter, your humble servant, two collies, and an enormous tom-cat."

"On the fourth day, Sir Robert took his first walk out, leaning on my shoulder. We went slowly down the garden walk, and seated ourselves on a rude bench.

"I had mentioned that, seeing the roads were somewhat improved, I would start homeward the next day, and Sir Robert overwhelmed me with repeated invitations to come to Tweedielands. He would give me any amount of shooting, fishing, riding, and driving, and would do all in his power to make my visit an enjoyable one.

"While he was descending on the beauties and excellences of his mansion and estate, my mind was continually reverting to a quietly furnished parlor in a dull street of Glasgow, and to a pretty little woman with a touch of sadness in her demeanor, dreamily thrumming at the piano, with her mind filled, I have no doubt, with memories of this very place to which I was being so warmly invited. My pensiveness seemed catching, for Sir Robert's stream of language suddenly ceased, and he sat for some minutes perfectly silent and preoccupied—and some secret intuition told me that our thoughts were of the same person. He roused him-

self directly, however, and in his discursive fashion went off at a tangent to politics.

"On our way back he stopped, and in a very cordial manner, and with such delicacy that I could not feel offended, said he wished to present me with some mark of his regard and gratitude, not as a reward, but simply as a remembrance of what I had done to save his life, and that being ignorant of my special tastes or desires, he would feel favored if I would suggest anything.

"My thoughts were very busy for the next two minutes.

"Well, Sir Robert," I said, in a somewhat agitated voice, "I shall make bold to prefer a request, but it is not for myself. For myself I do not require anything. What I have done is very little, and your kind expressions of gratitude are a sufficient reward—more than sufficient—but you will excuse me if I speak very plainly?"

"Yes," he said, with some curiosity. "Go on."

"What I am going to say may offend you very much, but I ask you to hear me patiently to the end."

"Some months ago I made the acquaintance, in Glasgow, of a young lady whom I supposed to be a governess. This lady has strong claims upon my gratitude, and there is nothing I would not do to return in some way or other her kindness and sympathy. She was, as I judged, suffering from some secret sorrow that weighed heavily upon her. I was admitted to her friendship, but never intruded upon her grief, and it was only last Friday that I accidentally gathered from the conversation of two men in the public parlor of Shaighsheen Inn, that she is none other than your niece."

"Sir Robert started violently, withdrew his hand from my shoulder, and placed himself against the fence, looking startled, angry, and suspicious all at once.

"Yes," he ejaculated, impatiently, "and your request is—?"

"I shall come to that directly. From the conversation of these two men, I gathered that, from some cause or other, of which I assure you I am totally ignorant, there had been a separation between you and her. Now, Sir Robert, I am going to speak *very* plainly. From what I have seen of Miss Lester, I am certain that a kinder, gentler woman does not breathe, and that, whatever may have been the cause of the difference between you, *she* could not have been to blame. My request, therefore, is, and I present it because I know your niece is unhappy in her present condition,—that you adopt some means to bring about a reconciliation, and restore Miss Lester to the position she is so well fitted to adorn."

"You mentioned just now that my niece had some claim upon your gratitude. May I ask what the nature of that claim is?"

"I narrated to him the circumstances very shortly, his manner having become extremely cold and stiff.

"And you have been in the habit of visiting Miss Lester?"

"I replied in the affirmative.

"Then, sir," he ejaculated, "you must prove to me that, in making this request, which savors a little of impertinence,—I look it over on account of the service you have rendered me,—you must prove to me that you have no selfish end in view."

"As I caught his meaning, I flushed and was about to speak, when he stopped me with a wave of his hand.

"One moment. You must be aware that your request is an odd one, and that it is open to question as regards its motive. You may, for all I know, have stolen the affections of my niece, may have bound her by some foolish engagement, and may make this request with the ulterior view of profiting by her high social position. I do not say you have done that, but I do say that that is one explanation which can be applied to the preferring of such a request as that you have made."

"For a minute or so I could not speak.

"I forgot, Sir Robert, for the moment that, practically, we are complete strangers, and that you do not know me or my character. When I became acquainted with your niece, and during the time I visited her house, I had not the slightest knowledge of her real position, and I will not disguise from you the fact that I did admire and respect Miss Lester with my whole heart. I do so still; but the request I have made has been formed from the most unselfish motives. We are not bound by any engagement, I shall not even say that we love each other, but I know that our respect and esteem are mutual. Your niece, Sir Robert, is free, so far as I am concerned."

"You have not convinced me, sir," he said coldly, "of your entire disinterestedness,—if anything, you have confirmed my suspicion."

"Well, Sir Robert, if you have any suspicion that I am capable of acting from any such motive, you are completely mistaken. I am not a candidate for the hand of your niece. Miss Lester, the heiress, was not the lady whom I felt it to be my highest privilege to claim as my friend,—it was Miss Lester, the governess. The difference between our social positions alone would make me hesitate ever to lay claim to her hand, and this imputation of yours settles the matter definitely and forever. Whether your niece, Sir Robert, remains in Glasgow or returns to Tweedielands, I shall not go near her, nor hold communication of any kind with her, unless with your full knowledge and consent. You may act in the matter as you choose."

"My anger for the moment smothered my feelings of attachment to Miss Lester, but the latter returned with a hopeless pang as soon as I was left alone to brood over my hastily spoken words and the joyless determination they involved. . . ."

Agnes Lester, Tweedielands, to Bessie Drummond, Dumfries.

"... As I write this, dear Bessie, I am seated once more in my own little 'snuggery' at Tweedielands. The old familiar objects surround me, the dear old rugged landscape, that I have watched under every phase of successive change, but always grand, meets my view once more. My uncle is again his old kind-hearted self; wiser counsels have prevailed with him, and he is, I can see well, very happy and pleased at my return. Everything now is as it used to be,—only I myself am out of harmony with all that surrounds me. The charms of these old associations seem to have gone,—at least, I have lost the power of appreciating them.

"It is exactly a fortnight since I received in Glasgow such a penitent, pleading letter from dear uncle, asking me to return to Tweedielands, that after indulging in a hearty cry, I wrote my consent to return to this, the dearest spot on earth to me. And now that I have returned, I am not happy.

"It is more than a month since I last saw Mr. Penner. He had called as usual, and was in great glee over a two days' bicycle tour he intended taking. I hope nothing has befallen him. I left word in Glasgow that my address should be given him when he called, but no letter has ever resulted—in deed, he has never called.

"I cannot understand it, for we were such good friends that I feel assured, unless something unusual had occurred, he would have called. I am very restless and uncomfortable, and would give anything to have some definite knowledge as to what has become of him. I am afraid my uneasiness shows itself in my manner, for uncle several times has asked me if there is anything annoying me, I get so absent-minded, he says, at times; and I have caught him studying my face in an earnest, questioning way, which is something altogether new to him. Regarding the cause of my disquietude, he, of course, can know nothing, but his manner at times confuses me.

"This, of course, dear Bessie, is strictly *sub rosa*. Could you not advise me as to what I should do? . . ."

Bessie Drummond, Dumfries, to Agnes Lester, Tweedielands.

"... I have delayed answering your last for a day or two, owing to a most unexpected event.

"Your letter was simply an expansion and paraphrase of the old Highland song, 'Oh, where, tell me where, has my Heelan' laddie gane!'

"My dear Agnes, I have found your Heelan' laddie.

"Bob called about half-past seven last Friday evening, but did not make a lengthened stay. He was on his way to the station to meet an old schoolmate of his, who was going to stay till Monday, and he promised that he would bring him along for my inspection and edification.

"I looked out about half-past eight, and was rewarded by the sight of Bob and his 'old chum' strolling along the road, Bob, as usual, puffing like a miniature furnace. Shortly before coming to the gate, the pipe was put out, and a box of *cachoux* produced, and not long after, the two were ushered into the drawing-room. On my entering, Bob stepped forward and introduced his companion.

"My consternation was so great, and my behavior in consequence so absurd, and to the gentlemen so unaccountable, that I have no doubt they both thought for a minute or so that I had taken leave of my senses.

"Bob had mentioned several things regarding his friend, without telling me his name, and as soon as he said 'Mr. Penner,' these things flashed at once into my recollection as tallying with the various details you have confided to me in your letters, and for the moment I was oblivious to everything but the fact that your lost 'friend' stood before me.

"What I said, or rather stammered out, I don't remember, but I know that I was regarded with curious and astonished eyes.

"My dear Agnes, I approve of your taste. Mr. Penner I found a most agreeable, sensible, and well-informed gentleman. If he had perceived how closely I watched his every movement and studied his every word, he would have been puzzled to account for it. Certainly he never dreamt for one moment of the cause of my interest in him. I kept my knowledge of him and his doings strictly to myself.

"As they departed, I managed to whisper to Bob, 'Come early to-morrow forenoon, alone. I wish particularly to see you.' Bob stared a little, but nodded in reply.

"When he made his appearance next day, I made him acquainted with the state of affairs, and after he had somewhat recovered from his surprise, we put our heads together and deliberated as to what should be done.

"I got some very interesting information from Rob regarding your *votre ami*, but that I shall keep to myself at present. Meanwhile, just let me say that I accept your invitation to spend a week or two at Tweedie-lands, and shall write in a few days, saying definitely when I shall come. . . ."

Bessie Drummond, Tweedie-lands, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

"... Don't feel any more lonely than you can help, but let your pipe console you till I return, which will be in another week.

"I have been dreadfully alive and fearfully busy during my stay here, and all for the sake of two poor love-stricken mortals who are pining away sadly, apart from each other. Agnes looks the ghost of herself, and I suppose Mr. Penner is losing flesh daily. All this, I feel confident, will be put an end to shortly.

"I have, through the wiles and ways that come naturally to the gentler sex, become an immense favorite with old Sir Robert. Agnes says she never saw her uncle take to anybody so kindly and readily as to me. I should think not, for I am sure no woman ever exerted herself so constantly to humor such a perverse old embodiment of impulse as Sir Robert.

"Last night I surprised him, while Agnes was visiting in the village, by commencing to talk about Mr. Penner. I can't enter into details at present, Bobby dear, you will have them all soon from my own lips, but I did my best to show him the true state of matters, and acquainted him with the particulars which placed Mr. Penner's motives above suspicion. I was careful to impress upon him the fact that neither Agnes nor Mr. Penner had the slightest knowledge of what I was then doing. He asked a great many questions, but, contrary to my expectations, did not 'flare up,' and I left him deep in a brown study.

"What will come out of it, I do not know, but I hope for a favorable result.

"Agnes had a great many questions to ask regarding Mr. Penner, but I answered only as many as I thought proper. I have assured her, however, that his silence does not mean indifference, but she is far from being satisfied. Poor lassie, I sympathize deeply with her, for I know that if anything were to separate a certain big Bobby from me, I should become inconsolable. . . ."

James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

"... Yesterday was, and ever will be, a red letter day in the calendar of my existence, for it brought news from Tweedie-lands.

"This is the shape of a short letter from Sir Robert, the contents of which sounded more sweetly to me than I had ever read. Need I tell you its purport? It contained a half apology, a whole-hearted invitation, and was for my dreary soul the 'open sesame' of an earthly paradise.

"To-day I have spent an hour or two over my machine. I have polished it till I can see my face in the spring, and catch the twinkle of my eyes in the Stanley head. Every spoke is shining like a moonbeam, and when the wheel revolves they glitter and flash like broken sunlight. Not a speck dims the blue and amber paint—my steed is in its gala dress, for the journey it is about to take to-day is the most joyous of its existence. . . ."

THE END.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

FROM a feminine point of view the interest in cycling is narrowing down to a very small point. There is not much riding after Thanksgiving Day, and we gaze mournfully at our wheels as we house them for the winter. Our thanks as wheelmen must be for what we have received, and we cannot join the Frenchman who will tell you with a subacidulous cynicism that all gratitude is no more than a lively sense of benefits to come.

THANKSGIVING is the home festival of the American people, and its coming brings the scattered households together and revives family recollections, and makes those who have no home wish they had one. The old Jews kept the harvest feast of tabernacles together in booths made of branches of palm and other trees, and Greek festivals were celebrated in places set apart for the purpose. It marks the progress of civilization that, while they went away from home for enjoyment, to see friends and strangers, to engage in sports and pastimes, and to hear poets and historians recite their works, we find enjoyment and recreation and literary stimulants in our own houses, and the newspaper reports the doings of the whole world at the breakfast table. Homer and Herodotus and the intellectual lights of all times are domesticated in their works in every well-furnished household, and every year new amusements are invented to add to the pleasures of home life. And one of the things Thanksgiving should remind us all of is the new elements of comfort and attractiveness which modern civilization has added to the homes of our people. For home is the central institution, the unit of society; its preservation is safety and health, and its improvement is progress in virtue and refinement.

I AM very much pained to see reports in the papers to the effect that many of the ladies on the late North Shore trip were unduly fatigued, and that there were several so-called "scorching" matches. Both reports are without foundation in fact. I did not hear a lady on the whole trip complain of fatigue,

and in no one instance was the pace of the party slackened on behalf of a fatigued rider.

NEITHER did I see nor hear of a "scorching match." It is inevitable that some riders in a large party like that under discussion, will ride faster than others, but there were waiting stations all along the route, and at these all waited till the entire party came up. The slower riders rode with confidence that they would not be run away from, and were not at all disturbed when they found themselves left behind.

I WANT to inspire an interest among the ladies who are my readers in the column of this paper to set aside in their interest. It is no easy task to find interesting topics for discussion every week of the fifty-two which the year is divided into, and I am frequently at a loss what to say. There must come to every rider something well worth recording in the course of a season's riding, and it is just these things that I desire to set down.

ROSE MEADOWS says: "Some people say adventures never come to them. Don't you believe it; it's only a case of 'eyes and no eyes.' I have often gone out with the settled determination to find something of interest to talk about when I returned, and I have *never* yet failed in doing so. It is utterly impossible, I take it, in a bustling world like this, teeming with life, not to find subjects of real interest at every turn with open eyes."

THE editor tells me that I am getting a very large congregation. I am glad of it, and I hope to hear occasionally from them. I was talking with a wheelman the other day, and I asked him about his wheel experiences during the year. He told me that he had a very delightful season, and that there was but one thing necessary to complete his happiness. Last year he was riding past a farmhouse when a turkey started to run across the road just in front of him. His wheel struck the turkey and he went over. The turkey escaped. "There was no young lady in sight," said he, "to bathe my brow after the manner of girls in the cycling stories, and no one came from the farmhouse to help me. I had to get up as best I could, and push a broken wheel home. Now," said he, "if I could have that turkey served up for my Thanksgiving dinner, there would be an added charm to the feast, especially if I could do the carving. The absence of that turkey under my carving-knife takes away from the prospective joy of the day."

DAISIE.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.

THE following letter has been addressed to the Executive Committee L. A. W. by the New York Club. From time to time newspaper scribes located in New York have delighted in making slurring remarks against the New York Club, and the average New Yorker seems to like it not, that the club religiously attends to its own affairs. The club is one of the best in the country. It was at the suggestion of this club, and by invitation of its officers, that the meeting at

Newport was held to form a National League. In all League matters it comes to the front with a decided opinion, and its members have the respect and confidence of all wheelmen who know what good stuff they are made of, and therefore they will have a great deal of sympathy in the claim they set up.

To the Executive Committee of L. A. W.

Dear Sirs, — I have been instructed by the Executive Committee of this club to call your attention to a scurrilous paragraph in the New York letter to the *Bulletin*, last issue, which reflected on our organization; and to request that, in justice to others as well as ourselves, you discharge the author from the service of the League, and rule that in future no such matter shall appear in the *Bulletin*. We cannot help feeling that as to our club is due chief credit for the initiative in founding the League, we are, if anything, entitled to special consideration on the part of its officers; but we base our complaint, not on this claim, but on the right of every member in good standing to respectful treatment in the columns of our official organ, and certainly to protection from unprovoked and malicious attacks by its paid correspondents.

Respectfully,

EDWARD J. SHRIVER,
Secretary New York Bi. Club.

NEW YORK, 18 Nov. 1886.

THE ROWING TRICYCLE.

WE have been riding the new rowing tricycle, and we find it a much better machine than we had any idea it would prove to be. We circled around a large hall a great many times, and found that the machine responded to the pull of our arms very freely, and was capable of great speed. It has the sliding seat, and one gets just the motion that he does in a boat. In a hall or on a smooth track, the tricycle can be used to good advantage, but we have our doubts about it for road work. It has attracted no little attention from rowing men, and a race between the leading oarsmen of the country on these machines is now on the tapis. The machine has two fifty-inch drivers, which run independently. The axle is dropped, and on it rests the frame for the sliding seat. An arm extends backward and upward from the axle on either side, and to this is joined a tube, which comes forward to meet the end of an arm extending from the steering head. On these side tubes run the handles, which one grasps as he does an oar, and to them is attached a wire cord which runs over pulleys on the hub of the driver, and over small pulleys at each end of the side tubes. The feet are strapped into rests, from the ends of which rods run to projections from the fork of the small wheel, and by moving the feet the steering is done. As a complement to cycling this wheel would be just the thing. In no better way could a man develop the upper parts of his body than on a machine like this. It approaches our sport more nearly than sparring, sculling, or any other athletic exercise does. Given a good indoor track, we can imagine no better agent for keeping oneself in trim through the winter than this machine presents to us. The machine is now on view in Boston, and can be seen by any one who cares to investigate a novelty.

CYCLETs.

CYCLING WHIST.

I FREQUENTLY think, as my "cycles" I twist,
That wheeling resembles a "rubber" of whist;
We ride with a club for a few hundred yards,
And find it composed of many rare "cards."
The "lead of our partner" we follow, of course,
And if we should "miss," feel a "deal" of remorse.
No fellow can ride who is minus a "heart,"
And "clubs" start and flourish in every part.
The "diamonds" sparkled last year in the "sun,"
And so shall again, — there's a horrible pun.
The "spade" I don't know as the name of a club,
But all know some fellow, who's paid up his sub!
How bicyclists manage on saddle to stick
To folks who don't ride, always seems like a "trick."
His "single" or "double" each rider defends,
While much of our joy on our "rubber" depends.
Some clubs formed of nothing but officers seem
So truly that 's "honors divided," I deem.
In every club there's some fellow called "Jack,"
But "Knives" form a very small part of our "pack."
Our sport with the "beau monde" has gained such repute
That even our "Kings" and our "Queens" follow suit.
Some racers, like "sharpers," I say it with pain,
For honor care nothing; their sole thought is gain.
For money they'll "shuffle," and "cut" round a track,
But find in the long run, they're on the wrong tack.
In racing or "play," mind one can't always "win,"
A "trump" may be beaten; to lose is no sin.
So prove you're a "trump," keep your temper and grin,
And bid for success the next time you go in.

—Wheeling.

THANKSGIVING.

DAY of Piety, Poultry, and Pudding.

ABOUT one chance in ten to get good riding weather.

RIDE before dinner, for when dinner is done, man does not care to exercise.

WE met a man the other day who told us that he was glad of Thanksgiving Day, and he celebrated it by giving thanks that the cycles would disappear from the road. He owns a fast horse, and is of the genus "road hog." Let all wheelmen pray for the conversion of the road hog.

CYCLERS who are interested in dancing should remember that the social rules prescribe but two shirt studs this year. Three of a kind will not do in shirt studs.

TALKING with a wheelman recently, he told us that he had made ten trips recently to Gloucester without a header. Does n't this look paradoxical? Ten trips, and no trip yet.

CHELSEA girls are investing their pin money in orange ribbon. They want to wear the Cycle Club colors at the ball on the eighth of December. Chelsea is now an Orange district.

B. R. AKE tells us that he is beginning to grow through his hair. He is rather sensitive about his bald head, but he is very free to boast of the balled head on his Apollo.

"I DON'T like dropped handle-bars," said a wheelman; "it's too much trouble to pick them up."

A MAN with a foresight worthy of a better cause, when out for a day's ride on a tandem, with a fascinating young lady as his compan-

ion, popped the question; and now the bashful maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence an action in for breach of promise.

HE ran into a black fellow on the road the other day and knocked him over. "Excuse me," the wheeler remarked politely, "I did n't knock you down on purpose." "No, sah, you knock me down on the road. I'll 'scuze you dis time but don't git in de habit of it, sah."

SINGER & Co. are getting a good deal of gratuitous advertising from a patent medicine man who is posting "S. S. S." on the dead walls.

THE Racing Board L. A. W. has reinstated as amateurs, W. L. Lewis and C. G. Whitney, of Lynn.

THE Crawfordsville road lies under three inches or more of snow, and as a racing path it has no longer any attraction.

SPRINGFIELD has now a club, the members of which ride the Star.

THE Nonantum Cycling Club, of Newtonville, is to give six sociables in Cycle Hall during December and January.

BOTSON is just now the record city. It has provided us with the heaviest "slugger," the "fastest" yacht, the "greatest" scandal, the "deepest" blackmail case; and to all these it may add the most atrocious punster. — *Wheel.*

Why did n't he say the best bicycle paper? It would have been good for a quarter of a column notice from the *Bulletin's* editor.

JOHN S. PRINCE says he isn't afraid of any man living. We don't believe that he is. We were at Springfield and Hartford, and we noticed that they all ran away from him.

CAN it be that Columbias do not need repairing? Else why do the makers give up their repair shop?

THERE were twenty-three new names added to the L. A. W. membership rolls last week.

W. L. ROSS, of W. B. Everett & Co., is on a several weeks' business trip through the Middle States.

THE *Wheel* is out with a claim that it is the best paper in America, because the English papers clip items from it. What a mistake. An editor does n't cut up a paper that he values. We know it to be a fact that the English editors bind the CYCLE in turkey morocco, gild the edges, and keep the numbers in a glass case.

THE Massachusetts Club will begin its regular winter series of athletic entertainments at the clubhouse on Saturday evening.

A NEWARK mechanic has been experimenting for several months on a sectional rubber tire for bicycle wheels. He claims that it will outlast a dozen ordinary rubber tires, and will be superior in every way.

LADIES' night at the Massachusetts Club was observed Saturday. A concert, in which the Misses Childs, pianists, Mr. Schroeder, zither soloist, Miss Florence

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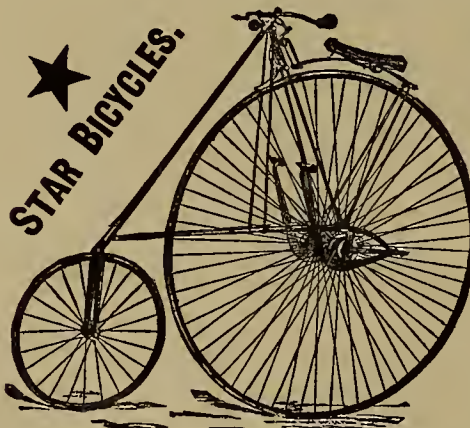
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World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

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PATENTS

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SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



Peck, pianist, Miss Oliver, vocalist, and Mr. C. H. Davis, humorist, took part, was followed by a dance, the whole forming a very attractive programme.

OUR thanks are due to many friends who have sent in copies of the *C. T. C. Gazette* that we were in want of. We wanted one and we have received several.

THE *Tricycling Journal* has been purchased by A. J. Wilson (Faed) and H. A. Judd (late London agent for Iliffe & Son). A. G. Morrison, who assisted Faed in getting out the *Cyclist* Christmas numbers, will be on the staff.

W. GORDON, a professional racer of Sydney, Australia, stands six feet four inches high. A sixty-five-inch racing machine has been made for him, and despite its large size, it weighs only thirty-one pounds.

Mr. HARRY T. PRATT, of the Chelsea Cycle Club, will locate in Los Angeles, Cal. That city will soon be able to show us a club with a large Eastern contingent.

THE Somerville Club has got the clubhouse fever now. See here! Why don't some of you give Papa Weston a chance to build your clubhouses. He has n't paid us for an advertisement, but we want you to know that he is now an architect, and he knows just what a club ought to have.

No one has attempted to estimate the size of bicycle Mrs. Liberty, of New York, would ride, were she to come down from her pedestal. They have made calculations on her sealskin sack, and her shoes, but the bicycle is still a mystery. We do not undertake to say that she would ride a bicycle, but if she did come down, she would certainly give us an example of the largest Liberty.

THE death of Ex-President Arthur must bring back to the minds of many wheelmen the day that he received the wheelmen in the White House, at Washington. It was at the time of the Washington meet, and we shook hands with him in the library, and were shown about the house.

THE Chelsea Club has adopted orange for its club color. When they were talking colors the vice-president suggested black and blue as the most appropriate cyclers' color.

THE rider who has ridden a bicycle this year and taken no header, deserves to go on record. If any such will send in his name, we will publish it. Riders with records under five hundred miles don't count.

RICHARD HOWELL has challenged Rowe to ride a race for one mile to twenty for from £100 to £500. Lynn would find the money to back her favorite if the season would allow. Wait till the snow rolls by, Richard; wait till the snow rolls by!

A BICYCLE shoe, recently invented by Thomas J. Strickland, of Randolph, Mass., is thus described by the *Scientific American*: "The insole has an intermediate or shank portion of greater flexibility than the end portions, and the outer sole is composed of an inner and an outer layer of greater flexibility than the inner layer, making the shoes more flexible and better adapted to resist the jar or vibration of the machine." This is the Boston shoe advertised in our columns

A STAR rider tried the roller coaster course at Revere Beach the other day. He went down the decline well enough, but he could n't quite master the up grade. He tried several times and gave it up, but he said he would do it before snow fell. To a determined man almost anything is possible.

IT is reported that the Pope Manufacturing Company will discontinue its repair shop when it goes into its new quarters.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company will have a dead wall at the side of their Franklin-street entrance that can be seen from Washington street. It will allow Drew to paint "Columbia Bicycles" in letters fifty feet long.

WHEN Philadelphia wheelmen have a jolly good row, they wind up matters at a dinner, and with a treaty of peace. The dinner puts the men in good humor to sign a treaty, and several quarrels have been ended in this way. Editor Aaron always takes part in these dinners, and Philadelphia men hint that he stirs up the quarrels in order to get the dinner. We wish he would tell us how to work the thing, for we are pretty hungry.

WE said "Good-by" to Arthur L. Atkins last week with many regrets. He goes to Los Angeles to regain his lost health. He is one of the old-timers, and has many friends in wheeling circles who sympathize with him in his misfortune. The edge is taken off his troubles to a great extent by the generous action of the Pope Manufacturing Company, who keep him upon their salary list. It is very probable that he will make his permanent home on the Pacific coast. Our best wishes go with him.

THE Massachusetts Division officers will dine at Young's on 4 December. Don't be alarmed, young man, for they pay their own bills, and the Division treasury is safe. Around the festive board they will discuss the gastronomic delights of the table, and amid the fumes of post-prandial cigars they will discuss questions of interest in the prosecution of League work.

The Camera Club has been organized in Newton. It includes a number of wheelmen who pursue photography in connection with wheeling. A. D. Clafin is president, and W. W. Stall is one of the executive committee.

THE Boston Club projected a novel race for Thanksgiving Day, but it had to be abandoned for lack of time to complete arrangements. Any kind of a vehicle was to be allowed to compete for the prizes offered. If nothing else, the race would have had the merit of originality. One could enter with a bicycle, tricycle, safety, wheelbarrow, or even a horse and buggy. The worst kind of roads that could be found were to be selected for the course, so that the speedy bicyclists might have no undue advantage. The route was to take in Corey Hill and as many other steep hills as could be found.

SOMEBODY has been counting the British cyclers, and he makes the number 315,000. It must be 5,000 better than that by this time. America has got 100,000. We have n't stopped to count them, but our guess is as good as anybody else's. It's a kind of no 'count business, anyway.

A CORRUGATED wire tire is the latest English notion. It is made by Otto, who gave us the dicycle of that name—dicycle is what they call it—and also the wavy spokes.

AND so our Mr. Stevens was not allowed to ride his bicycle through Afghanistan. Perhaps Afghanistan folks have never heard of our Mr. Bayard. One of these days Mr. Stevens will get home, and then perhaps his bicycle will be seen leaning up against the door of the State department, while he tells his story within. And if the secretary should conclude to notice the affair, there will be an Eastern crisis beside which all previous crisis will fade into insignificance. This Government is not so very sensitive about fishing vessels, but our bicycles must be respected the world over. — *Record*.

CLIFFORD, of Clarksville, has an unconquerable faith in the ability of the St. Louis wheelmen to beat the world. The other day when he was in the city he said: "I'll bet I can pick out from among St. Louis cyclists ten men who can worst any other picked ten from any other city of the world, on the road, on the path, and in hill-climbing; that is, have them meet in a series embracing the three varieties of riding, and count points at the finish." I believe Clifford is not far from correct, and not a bit too enthusiastic. — *Spectator*.

THE board of officers of the New Jersey L. A. W. Division, of which Dr. E. W. Johnson is chief consul, and F. R. Bonnett is secretary and treasurer, are actively canvassing for subscriptions for the proposed cinder track from New York to Philadelphia. Estimates are being made now to ascertain the probable cost. The intention is to form a good path as nearly following the Pennsylvania Railroad as possible. Several of the clubs in Pennsylvania have subscribed toward the expense of the road, sums varying from \$200 to \$300. There are about fifty clubs in the State, and each will have an opportunity to subscribe. The clubs in New York and Philadelphia may be invited to subscribe also. The path will be of use to residents along the line, because it will afford a direct line and a good footpath.

THE New Zealand *Referee* of 24 September has the following: "Referring to Mr. Langdown's visit to the Springfield tournament, which was to have been held on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th inst., it is scarcely likely, if he started for any event, that he has been successful, as the proprietors of this journal, had he been victorious, had arranged to get the news cabled. As no cable news has reached us, I conclude, therefore, that our champion has found the English and American riders 'too many' for him. Mr. Langdown, Sr., received a letter by the 'Frisco mail, in which his son stated that he was suffering from dysentery, but wrote nothing of importance concerning the Springfield tournament."

MR. DUCKER, the American, who asserts that English amateur cyclists were sent over to America by manufacturing firms, offers to place letters, proving his statement, in the hands of Mr. Wilson, but he takes care to lay down unreasonable conditions. We will make Mr. Ducker an offer. If he will send the injurious letters to Mr. A. J. Wilson, of London (provided that gentleman is willing

to receive them), and authorize him to show them to us *and two other responsible persons*, we will pledge our word that the names of the writers and the amounts to be paid shall be held in *sacred confidence*, and will, in the next ensuing issue of this journal, make a definite statement concerning the accuracy or otherwise of the matter under discussion. — *G. L. Hillier, in News.*

WE have been shown a new balance-gear which has been invented and patented by Mr. James Starley (Starley Bros.), the special feature of which is that no wheels whatever enter into its construction. The axle is divided centrally, and the ends inserted in the ends of a cylindrical box. The ends terminate in flat projections, which, practically, form short cranks. These have short forks or secondary cranks jointed to them, and these latter are provided at their other extremities with ball and socket joints. Right across the centre of the gear-box is a rod which works up and down in cylinders at each of its ends. To the centre of this rod, and at right angles to it, is another rod, the ends of which are fastened into the balls of the ball and socket joints referred to. This pivoted rod thus connects the ends of the axle together, and is free both to move across from side to side of the gear-box, as well as to swivel or rock upon its pin. The result of this combination is to produce a perfectly acting and by no means clumsy balance-gear. Mr. Starley will, we believe, exhibit its working at the Stanley Show, and is open to license its use on royalty, or sell it outright. — *Cyclist.*

It was at a club meeting in a neighboring city. Jones was there, and so was Brown. The secretary was there also, but the president was absent. There was no provision in the constitution for a quorum, so it was perfectly proper for the three men to organize and transact business. The secretary called the assembly to order, and announced that it would be necessary to choose a chairman. Just here there was a dilemma. Jones and Brown were rivals, and each wanted to preside. Neither would nominate himself nor his rival. The wheels of business were clogged. The secretary pleaded in vain for a motion. No motion was made. For an hour they sat there in a deadlock. No mule ever showed a more stubborn disposition. At last Robinson came in. He would cut the Gordian knot, but who would he nominate? Both Jones and Brown looked at him with bowie-knives in their eyes. "Mr. Secretary, I nominate Mr. Jones for chairman." A look of sublime satisfaction from Jones. Pistols were added to bowie-knives in Brown's eyes. But there was no one to second the motion. The secretary was equal to the occasion; he put the motion without a second. Robinson voted "Yes," Brown voted "No." The secretary gave the casting vote, and the momentous question was settled.

THE Springfield Roadster will be on the market next spring, and will sell for \$75. Truly 1887 will be a great year for lever machines and low prices.

"MINIMUM" will have a short sketch in our columns next week.

E. P. BURNHAM is supposed to know what a good tricycle is. He evidences his

faith in the Elliott tricycle by taking a financial interest in the company. He has ridden the wheel, and he knows that it is not merely an experiment.

FRED STEARNS, clerk for Stearns Brothers, delivers groceries to a large number of his customers every day, on a Columbia bicycle. It is a familiar sight to see him gliding past our office, with his basket of groceries in one hand and guiding his machine with the other hand. We can also recall to mind Henry and Frank Fales and Frank Lincoln carrying strips of lumber and tools about on their bicycles. A. Fales & Sons, builders, have seven men in their employ who ride to their work on bicycles, and are thus able to enjoy a hot dinner every day, though working a mile or more away from home. Three riders of Columbias in town, Messrs. Andrews, McPherson, and Valentine, all members of the L. A. W., have travelled over two thousand miles this summer on their machines, which is not an unusual occurrence among wheelmen. These few facts, however, prove how useful bicycles are becoming. At first they were found to be health giving machines, and now, besides this, are coming into use among business men, and found to be very useful, and readily pay for themselves in a short time. — *Framingham Tribune.*

THE PATH.

THE announcement that J. Rolfe, the champion professional cyclist of Australia, was to contend against F. S. Rollinson, from America, for the professional championship of the colonies, had the effect of attracting several thousands of spectators to the Association Grounds, Sydney, N. S. W., 11 September, though the high wind prevailing was anything but favorable to the enjoyment of out-door sport. The contest included two races, at one mile and five miles, respectively, and Rolfe easily won both, taking the first in 3.25½, and the second in 19.9½.

CHARLES FRAZIER has challenged Grant Bell, the champion of Minneapolis, to race five miles in any rink in the country, for \$2500 a side. Bell defeated Frazier at Minneapolis, some time ago, and the challenge just issued is for a return race. Frazier, as a guarantee of faith, has deposited a \$100 forfeit.

THE CLUB.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. — Star Wheel Club. President, T. W. Coburn; captain, V. M. Cooke; secretary and treasurer, A. B. Case.

CUT PRICES!

Our contemporaries are cutting down the price of "For Sale" advertisements. We notice the "cut," and go them one better.

Any subscriber of ours who has a machine to sell, may advertise it in our columns for NOTHING, provided his advertisement does not exceed five lines. If he wants it to go in more than once, he must pay us TEN CENTS for each insertion after the first.

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FOR 1887.

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THE REPUBLICAN is distinctively a New England newspaper, although its reputation is national. It faithfully reports the life of this region, and represents its intelligent spirit.

In its political attitude THE REPUBLICAN maintains a thorough independence, — giving a fair hearing to all reasonable men and parties in its columns, but asserting its own convictions on public issues with vigor and clearness. It is opposed to unjust monopoly in every form, to oppressive and unnecessary taxation, to any misuse of public trusts. It favors tariff reform in the interest especially of the poor man, civil-service reform in the broadest measure, suspension of silver coinage, and the acceptance of the commercial world's money standard, and the promotion of American interests by natural and sound methods.

THE REPUBLICAN is an earnest advocate of temperance, of social simplicity and purity, and of all the good causes that help to make life better. It is not merely a journal of news, but undertakes to instruct and entertain its readers by the publication of a rich variety of literary and miscellaneous matter, embracing home and foreign correspondence, stories, poetry, book reviews and notices, religious selections and discussions, special articles and compilations for the farmer and the mechanic, for women and children, dramatic, art and society notes, etc.

A new and valuable feature of THE REPUBLICAN is its

SERIES OF WAR MEMORIES,

being interesting reminiscences of the Rebellion, written expressly for its columns chiefly by Western Massachusetts veterans, both officers and privates. These articles appear in Monday's Daily and in THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN each week.

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