

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

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PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

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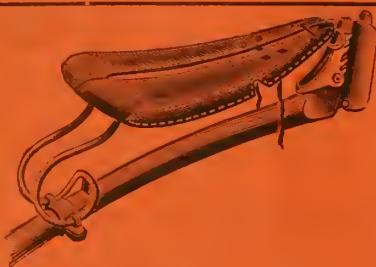
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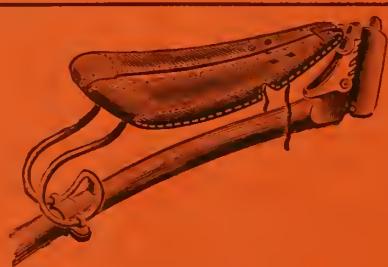


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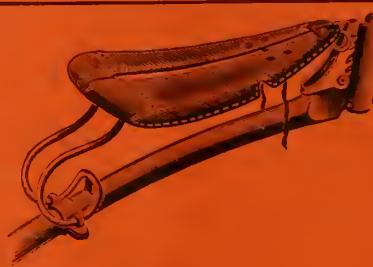
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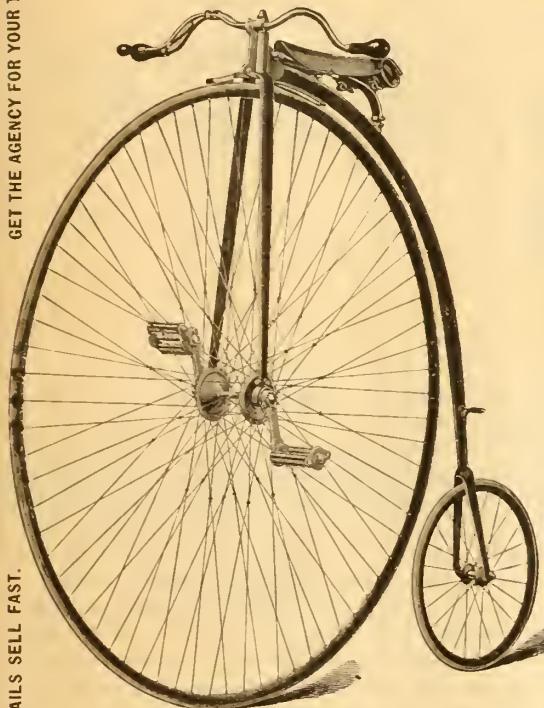
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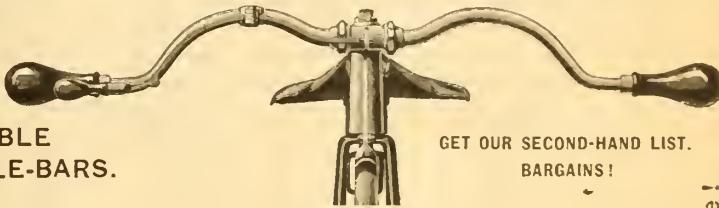
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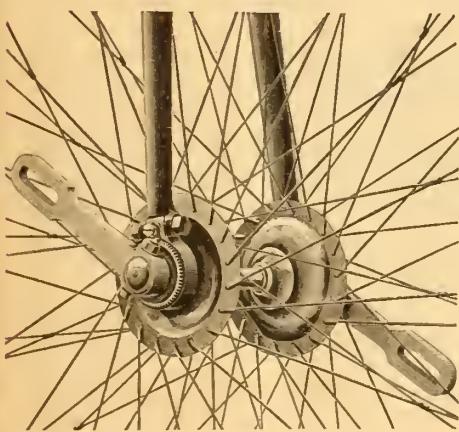
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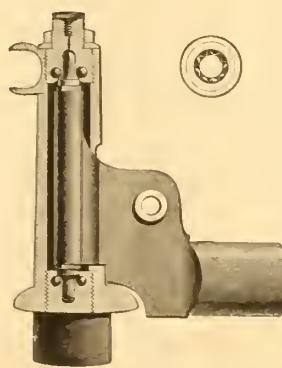
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Note this Tyng.

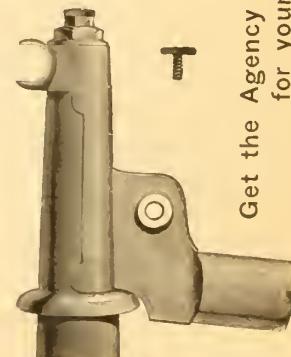


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—HENRY STURMEY, in *The Cyclist*, April 14, 1886.

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THE RUDGE HUMBER TANDEM.

MADE BY

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IMPORTED BY

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BOSTON, MASS.



Probably the most popular Tandem in use in England to-day is the well-known and popular Humber, which enjoys an enviable reputation for its many excellent qualities not only in Great Britain, but in France, Germany, Italy, and America as well.

This machine was invented some years ago by Mr. Thomas Humber of the firm of Messrs. Humber, Marriott & Cooper, and although other Tandems similar to it have appeared on the market from time to time, some of them having points which at first sight appear to the casual observer to be superior, still it is noticeable that, in spite of great competition, the Humber still leads, and no machine in the country where it is used stands higher in the opinion of the cycling public.

It was on this form of Tandem that Mr. Joseph Pennell and wife rode during their trip through Italy, a description of which appeared in *The Century Magazine* a short time ago under the title of "Italy from a Tricycle."

In 1885 the firm of Messrs. Humber, Marriott & Cooper dissolved, Mr. Humber still keeping on the original works at Beeston, Nottingham, while Messrs. Marriott & Cooper removed to Coventry.

It was chiefly under the guidance of Messrs. Marriott & Cooper that the Humber Tandem was brought into such prominence; they were two of the most popular riders in England, and the names of Marriott & Cooper will be remembered for years to come. Upon the dissolution of the firm of Messrs. Humber, Marriott & Cooper, each retained the right to manufacture the original Humber Tandem, together with the trade mark of "Humber," under which it was so well known.

After the dissolution, Messrs. Marriott & Cooper perfected a number of improvements over the original machine. In order to meet the increasing demand they deemed it advisable to procure the aid of a large manufacturer, and after a careful consideration of all the cycling manufacturers in England, they selected Messrs. Rudge & Co. of Coventry, whose world-wide reputation for the Rudge machines, together with their immense plant and factories (covering nearly six acres), would enable them to fill all orders promptly.

The name of Rudge & Co. is a sufficient guarantee for workmanship and material; but in spite of the capacity of their works the demand for these machines has been so great that at times they have been compelled to work night and day to fill orders.

To distinguish the Tandem made by Messrs. Rudge & Co. from that of Humber & Co. of Beeston, it is necessary to state that one is called the Rudge Humber and the other the Beeston Humber, although in form and outward appearance they are practically the same machine except in details.

The Rudge Humber Tandem (Convertible) offers advantages which are found combined in no other form of machine. The speed is such that bicyclists have great difficulty in keeping up with two moderate riders on the Tandem. It can be ridden in its double form by one rider only, as easily as most Tricycles in their single form. It can be converted into an ordinary Genuine Humber Tricycle with far less trouble than most of the so-called convertibles. Its width is only 40 inches, making it easy of storage and transit by rail. The weight complete is not more than 100 pounds actual.

For comfort we have the most convincing proofs that it has attained its object. Ladies in particular are loud in its praise on account of the small amount of labor required to propel the machine at a good pace, up steep hills even, and for the comfortable position they are enabled to take; while its peculiar construction entirely obviates the much-complained-of displacement of the dress, even when pedaling at a fast pace.

The delightfully easy and reliable steering of the Rudge Humber Tandem forms one of its great charms, and has done much towards making it the universal favorite it now undoubtedly is.

The rider sitting behind has the entire control of the steering, thus making the seat in front a luxury, especially when used by a lady (which is often the case), and requiring only a minimum of the labor and attention necessary in ordinary tricycle riding.

Probably no machine in England has acquired such a prestige, chiefly owing to the well-known practical and mechanical knowledge of its inventors; and we have every reason to believe it will be as fully popular in this country as it is in that.

The Rudge Humber Tandem for 1886 will have several improvements, to which we would call your special attention.

1st. Instead of having one single brake, a powerful double-lever brake is attached to it, which is considered a great advantage, as it does not throw the responsibility entirely upon one lever.

2d. The semi-circular handle-bar on the front part of the machine can be adjusted so as to make it practicable for either a lady or a gentleman, with short or long arms.

3d. Extending from the drop tube holding the forward pedals and rear tube, is a detachable brace, which effectually prevents any springing together or loosening up of the chains. The front chain is entirely covered by a guard, which protects a lady's dress from dust or dirt.

The wheels are 42 inches in diameter, fitted with direct spokes and $\frac{7}{8}$ rubbers, making them very strong and extremely rigid.

To those who doubt the ease of propulsion or the speed of the Rudge Genuine Humber Tandem, we simply say, try it and be convinced.

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—THE—

WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No. 6.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Terms of Subscription.

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HENRY E. DUCKER, Editor and Manager.

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The trade supplied by the American News Co., New York.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

THE N. C. U. vs. AMERICA.

IT CLOSES ITS DOORS AGAINST US AND SAYS:

"NOT AT HOME"—ARE THE ENGLISH RACING MEN AFRAID OF THE AMERICANS?

The N. C. U., by its recent action in refusing permission for its English promateurs to cross the water this year and compete with our American promateurs has given, if not a death blow, a blow to international cycling from which it will take years to recover. For several seasons past England has sent to this country annually, racing men who have had the satisfaction of taking home with them American prizes. Well, we have no fault to find on that score. The Englishmen proved themselves the better riders and, therefore, were entitled to the prizes. We have cheerfully submitted to these defeats and cordially renewed the invitation to come again. If we had followed the example set by some of our English friends regarding the breaking of records we should probably have disputed these victories and claimed some "shenanigan" in their obtainance. But we did no such thing. We again allowed England to head us in that respect.

We stated in our opening sentence that the recent action of the executive of the N. C. U. would be a probable death blow to international cycling. Had our English cousins crossed the water this season our riders would assuredly have gone to England early next season. Indeed, they very nearly did so this year and undoubtedly would have raced in that country this year had it not been for the embroilie on the makers' amateur question.

We claim that cycle racing in general will be considerably affected by the above mentioned decision of the N. C. U. It is the international contests that have given such an impetus to racing the past few years and incidentally caused so much lowering of the records. If, now that we have men whom we think it difficult to defeat, this mutual interchange of visits could be permitted, the interests of the sport would be promoted. Furthermore, by allowing our riders to come to England the doubters could then see for themselves just what our men are capable of doing. But no, the N. C. U. says to us: We don't want your men here. Let them stay at home. They

will contaminate our "pure amateurs." Of course we do not wish to commit so horrible a crime and therefore we shall have to keep our men at home.

The N. C. U.'s action is the result of a most narrow-minded and bigoted policy with perhaps the additional flavor of personal spite. England was the first to sound the alarm and raise the war cry: Down with the makers' amateur! But it went little farther. The makers' amateurs were not to be downed, and after a flourish and big blare of trumpets the N. C. U. meekly submitted to the most humiliating terms from their intended victims. Yes, the highest English cycling executive board to-day grovels in the dust at the feet of the makers' amateurs (or promateurs as we call them here) and dares not lift even a finger of protest.

America, urged on by the hue and cry in England against the promateurs, took the matter vigorously in hand and soon relegated the promateurs to their proper places. It took nerve and backbone but these were not lacking, and to-day the American promateur's position is clearly defined. But he is none the less respected. Indeed the promateurs have materially aided the L. A. W. in having their positions defined and unlike their English brethren decline to pose as "pure amateurs." On this point, then, we have beaten England. To-day our promateurs are known and openly acknowledged as such. In England it is openly admitted that the promateurs control the N. C. U.

But the question arises, if the promateurs control the N. C. U., why do they not come to America and openly defy the N. C. U. to withhold its sanction? Because the promateurs control the N. C. U. If they come to this country they will be under the jurisdiction of the L. A. W. and A. C. U. It is well known by this time how these organizations are dealing with the promateurs, and the English promateurs are probably shrewd enough to see that however successful they may be in posing as pure amateurs in England they never can be recognized as such in this country.

The mystery now is, why the N. C. U. does not avail itself of this glorious opportunity to deal with the English promateurs. By giving its sanction, allowing them to come to America this year, the much vexed question would have found an easy solution. As soon as the English promateurs had reached this country they would have been so declared by both the L. A. W. and A. C. U. When they had returned to England the N. C. U. could have said: The L. A. W. has declared you promateurs. As we recognize the action of the L. A. W. we must follow its example. But the N. C. U. has refused its opportunity. It can only be from the most narrow-minded and bigoted reasons.

It is hinted that the racing men themselves may have been instrumental in causing the N. C. U. to withhold its sanction to their racing in this country this year. It is rumored that they are

not over anxious to meet Rowe and Hendee on the racing path this year lest England should be compelled to lower its colors to America. Be that as it may, it is definitely settled that there will be no international contest this year or the year following, and, indeed, until the N. C. U. recedes from its present position. We had hoped to witness this year one of the grandest cycling contests that ever took place. We had looked forward to it with especial interest as a means of definitely deciding the superiority of England or America on the racing path. Unfortunately that question cannot now be settled. America is ready and anxious but England is timid and hesitating. We have heard a great deal of English pluck, but that quality seems to have departed from England this year and taken up its residence in America. But if our English cousins will agree to cross the water we will return their share and, if need be, give them some of our own courage. We had counted on a visit to England but she closes her doors against us and inscribes on them the legend: "Not at home." But if our English friends wish to visit us they will find the door wide open and some one standing on the threshold ready to welcome them with a hearty hand-shake, and prepared to extend the hospitalities with which it has been our pleasant lot in seasons past to welcome our visitors from across the water.

THE RACING STATUS OF FRENCH RIDERS.*

When the amateur question crops up in France, as no doubt it will in time, affairs will be found in a state exactly opposite to those which have existed in England and the States. In those two countries the amateurs hold the field with all the tyranny of majorities; here it is the professional that monopolizes the racing path and the club. This state of things has many drawbacks, and accounts in some measure for the slow advance cycling has made in France. It is where a rivalry other than a sordid one exists that sport is found to flourish, and although I would not suggest for a single second that our professionals are not actuated by the highest aims of true sportsmanship, yet the fact that they in many cases make their bicycle their business, detracts from the local interest taken in their performances. Several months ago three of our leading men went on an exhibition tour through a neighboring country. From first to last it was a series of magnificent finishes, in which the firsts were pretty fairly divided. But what advantage accrued to cycling? It did not need that a person should be acquainted with the relative capabilities of the men at different distances to show that the results were arranged. To be perfectly fair, I don't think the riders made any attempt to conceal it. They thought, and rightly too, that as they were traveling in company, it mattered little how the spoil

* Written for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by ERNEST SMITH, Paris, France

was apportioned so long as the spectators got some little excitement for their money. But against this, amateurism is almost necessary to give tone to the sport, and the question cycling bodies in the birthplaces of the pastime are engaged in solving is, how these two elements can exist, not as repellent forces, but working together in the interests of cycling. Between the exclusive professionalism of France and the rigid amateurism of England, a medium must be found. Whether the intermediary body created by the A. C. U. will be the basis of the future, time must prove. The regulations affecting racing men in France are of the simplest nature. There is no question of amateur or professional status to worry the council of the Vélocipédique Union; they are not occupied at one board meeting in the drawing up of a list of "suspensions" to be suspended at their next gathering; they have not a lot of riders under their jurisdiction whom they persist in regarding as suspicious; in fact they are only engaged with the question of racing men once a year, and then for the pleasant duty of promotion. In France there are but two sections of racers, seniors and juniors, and this is the only distinction known in cycling circles in the republic. At the close of each season the council meet, the form of the men who have appeared on the racing track during the year is considered, and promotion to senior rank is accorded those who have done great things amongst junior riders. Unfortunately handicap racing is nearly unknown in this country, so the existence of professionals of the caliber of Duncan, De Civry, Dubois, Médinger, Eole, and one or two others, affects considerably racing enterprise. As soon as a man quits junior rank, he finds himself in company of such riders as those mentioned, if the prize is worth their attention, if not, the second-rate riders have to consider themselves whether the gaining of a trifling prize would pay their expenses, and thus cycling suffers. Amateurism is needful. For a trumpery bronze medal an amateur will train himself till he is as thin as a rake, and consider himself well repaid for expense and inconvenience with the applause of his friends, and these friends, interesting themselves in those whom they know, soon acquire a liking for the sport on its own merits. A judicious infusion of amateurism, or well-arranged handicapping, would bring new names into the French winning lists. In some districts successful handicaps have been run, but no central organization has interested itself in the question, so starts are allotted without that appreciation of relative merit possessed by a gentleman on the staff of the London *Sporting Life*, who told me he could handicap the best known foot-racing men in Great Britain and bring them within six inches on the tape. This handicapping question reminds me of an incident which took place this season at a club meeting in the neighborhood of Paris. Its recital in the columns of the *Cyclist* got me out of the good graces of the excellent president of the Club de Cyclists de Paris. I hope for a day of reconciliation, but at the risk of retaining his eternal displeasure I must repeat the story of the handicap. It was a club race. Amongst the twelve or fourteen competitors were all sorts and conditions of riders. Well, the French idea of handicapping was to start them level in two heats and then handicap the final. To clear all the weakest men out by way of scratch heats was comical enough, but when it came to giving one of the men who had got into the final three hun-

dred yards' start in a little over a mile sprint, the affair became absolutely ridiculous, and is one that I shall remember as long as my interest in cycling lasts. This article is very discursive; its object has been to explain French regulations concerning racing men, and point out the necessity of joint amateur and professional talent to insure the advancement of cycling in the country. It is important, however, that they should be co-equal, so to speak, and that neither shall exist on sufferance alone. With the makers' amateur question of course we have not been troubled in France, and no difficulties ought to present themselves in the way of accepting any well thought-out solution of the amateur and professional question at which American or English wheelmen may arrive.

THE N. C. U. REFUSES

ITS SANCTION TO INTERNATIONAL RACING.

The N. C. U. has come out flat-footed and adopted the following: "Under no circumstances will permission be given by the N. C. U. to any English riders to compete in America against any class of riders except such as are recognized by the L. A. W. as amateurs, as distinguished from promateurs and professionals, the A. C. U. recognizing the two latter classes as being, in fact, professionals."

London *Wheling* comments on the above resolution as follows:—

"There is something truly English about this decision—something which appeals to the admiration of all stubborn-minded Britons. Across the ocean goes ringing the bold refusal of King Todd and his merry men to allow their pure and undefiled racing men to compete against the promateurs of America. Right glorious in their conscious purity from promateur stain, stand the racing division of England. Receipted bills for machines, parental checks for expenses, employers' permits for continual holidays, are waving in the wind and striking conviction home to the breasts of the sapient legislators of Basinghall street. Shall these spotless amateurs, these virgins of the path, compete against America's erring sons, who have sinned in the eyes of all the world, and must forever bear the stigma of lost amateurism? And with one accord the legislature of the sport reply: 'Our promateurs are not as other people's promateurs are. They're English, you know—quite English.'

We may be accused of want of patriotic feeling because we write strongly on this subject, but we will risk that in the firm assurance that we are doing right in calling attention to the hypocrisy of the Union's attitude. It is a patent fact to all who know anything of the racing life of to-day, that numbers of amateurs have their expenses paid by makers, and their machines supplied to them. The same thing is done in America. There, however, the A. C. U. boldly divides these men from the pure amateurs and constitutes of them a promateur class. The English legislature, which knows perfectly well that the men they call 'English amateurs' are exactly on the same footing as the American promateurs, pretends that the two sets of men differ, which pretense we deliberately characterize as absurd, indefensible, and unworthy of a great association.

"It is now too late, we fear, in view of the Union's decision, to do anything this year, but we would ask the general reader of the cycling papers, the clubman whose voice can influence a delegate's

vote, the delegates of clubs and local centers themselves, to think out the Union's position. Think of the men who would go out to Springfield to race as amateurs, and by special permission against the promateurs for the nonce. Would they have their expenses paid by the trade or no? We need not reply. Then, we ask, what harm would be done if they met the great riders of America as promateurs? The interests of international sport demand permission for such a meeting. The interests of international hypocrisy deny it.

"There will no doubt be a jubilant cry over the Union's decision from the quarter which is responsible for the continual insults to American sports and sportsmen, but the time will come when the honesty of the American position will have to be recognized, and then the reviler will once again resume the very small appearance which must be now getting pretty familiar. As to the League of American Wheelmen, that body's position, as regards racing, can only be maintained for the very shortest period, and the N. C. U. will find that in reckoning with it as still being the representative racing association of America, it has made another great error."

LAID TO REST.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE GEORGE E. WEBER.

The funeral of the late George E. Weber, the bicyclist, who died at Smithville on Tuesday evening, August 24, of typhoid fever, took place from the residence of his parents in East Burlington, Friday morning, August 27. Promptly at ten o'clock the funeral *cortege* moved from the house, preceded by Messrs. Dixon, Finley, McAnny, and Finley, carrying floral offerings to the deceased.

The remains were encased in a large casket, covered with black cloth, furnished by Undertaker M. H. Keeler, of Mt. Holly, who had charge of the funeral. Messrs. P. Fitzpatrick, Charles McDonald, Isaac J. Alston, Thomas Sherman, and James Flynn acted as pall-bearers, assisted by Charles Frazier, Charles Bishop, Albert Tiball, and others.

On the coffin, at the head, lay a handsome floral pillow with "Geo. E. Weber, died August 24, aged 21" on it, and a dove pendent on a pedestal over the same. A cross and wreath also lay on the coffin. An unique floral bicycle and an arched basket with "G. E. W." on same, a present of the Springfield (Mass.) Bicycle Club and racing men at Springfield, were carried by the gentlemen before named. The other floral offerings came from the employés of the Smithville works, thirty-seven of whom attended the funeral.

The remains were conveyed to St. Paul's Roman Catholic church, where a high mass of requiem was celebrated, after which all that was mortal of George E. Weber was laid to rest in the grounds that surround the church.—*Evening Reporter*.

WANTED TO HEAR IT AGAIN.

He sat on a bicycle straight as an icicle, and she on a tricycle rode by his side.
He talked like a jolly fop and naught could his folly stop, with all kinds of lollipop enlivening the ride.
At last incidentally, more instinctive than mentally, he grew sentimentally saccharine sweet.
And he told with intensity, of love's strong propensity, its force and intensity, fervor and heat.
Just then o'er some hummocks he sprawled out kerflummox, and she thought what a hummix to tumble just then!
But he climbed to his station, while she said with elation,
"Renew your narration; say it over again."—*St. Louis Spectator*.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is very little racing gossip from the continent of Europe this month, the period of the year having arrived when all who have the means betake themselves to spots where they can enjoy refreshing sea breezes. Although less than three hundred miles south of London, we have extremes of climate in Paris that rarely trouble cyclists in the English metropolis. For the six weeks following the middle of July, horse racing and almost every other out-door amusement is suspended in the interior of France, and even cycling becomes difficult in consequence of the excessive heat. *Qui veut la fin veut les moyens*, say the members of the Lyons Club; so precisely at midnight the other Saturday five members started off for their usual Sunday run. Seven hours' riding took them far from home and at Monta Pila the wheelmen rested from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, when the return journey was commenced, and at eleven o'clock at night the five men rode into Lyons satisfied that their holiday had not been ill-spent. Some plucky riders are now engaged doing France; indeed, I am assured by those who ought to know, that never before have so many cycling tourists passed through the country between Dieppe and Paris. If wheelmen were well advised they would wait for the cooler days of September and October before undertaking a continental journey. However, as many have only Hobson's choice in the matter of holidays, they will find the best thing they can do when they go south will be to make the most of their mornings and evenings. With the intention of riding on this principle a couple of tourist parties from the Club de Cyclists de Paris started off for Switzerland last week with a jolly fortnight's trip sketched out. The roads in that direction are stated to be good, the scenery is undoubtedly magnificent, and most likely a good many English and American cyclists who get so far as Paris will undertake a like excursion before the season is at an end.

A few days ago I had an opportunity of mounting a Columbia,—the first American made machine I have seen in Paris—and was delighted with the appearance of the bicycle. She had not been ridden a mile and went a trifle stiffly, but was so easy a machine to sit that tourists ought to be happy in such a saddle.

An international exhibition is open at the Palace of Industry in Paris, and although bicycle makers were invited to exhibit, only one firm, that of Clement & Co., have made a show in the exhibition building. French manufacturers complain that foreigners cut them out in their own markets. How can they be surprised when they are absolutely wanting in enterprise themselves?

In my last letter I gave a brief account of the race for the championship of France. At the same meeting a long distance race of 100 kilomètres (62 miles 150 yards) was decided, Dubois of Paris winning in 3h. 55m. 29s., the other placed men being Boyer, of Bayonne, 3h. 57m. 58s., Lanlan, of Blaye, 4h. 1m. 59s., and Charles Terront, of Bayonne, 4h. 9m. 13s. Twenty kilomètres were clocked 47m. 31s., and 50 in 1h. 46m. 11s. Terront was taken suddenly ill and dismounted, but was able to retake his place on the track after a short rest. Records don't seem to go over here, nor will they until we get one or two decent tracks

in the country. If you compare our times with those of your "fliers" at Springfield you will think our men ride bone-shakers; they don't, although the correspondent of a French journal states that he saw one threading its way through the Boulevard des Italiens at four o'clock the other afternoon. Some of the best paved roads in Paris are closed to cyclists by the authorities; others are so wretchedly rough that cyclists close them for themselves, so I am glad to know that our bone-shaking friend has found out where machines run the easiest.

Monsieur Baby is a cyclist well known in France, and to-morrow he starts on an attempt to make a record between Pau and Calais. Duncan tried to accomplish a similar task early in the year, but after fighting against five or six days almost incessant rain he gave up any idea of making a record performance.

It was owing to M. Baby's initiative that the Minister of War accepted the service of cyclists for military duties in the forthcoming autumn maneuvers. Wheelmen have been tried with an Austrian army corps, and did some handy work, so it is likely that a few cyclists will be permanently attached to the Austrian army.

On Sunday week the championship of the Grenoble Bicycle Club was run over a course of 10,000 mètres. Brionnet won in 20m. 16s. (32 seconds better than Duncan's championship time), Limbard was second in 20m. 35s., and Perin third in 21m. 41s.

Dubois is going to Springfield with Duncan. He is now in training at Leicester for several professional events in England, and as he expresses a partiality for a thoroughly good track, he will be in his glory in America, and ought to do well in the long distance races. De Civry left here on Saturday for England, but I believe it is still an open question whether he will go to Springfield.

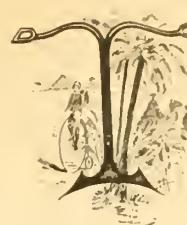
Most of the French championships will be run early in September, but if the "g-r-r-and" riders are away they will lose in interest. A meeting of European interest takes place at Berlin next week, and as nearly every nationality will meet on German territory the affair will be of world-wide interest.

Baby started on his record tour, as announced, on the 12th, and is reported at Paris as having made his first stages in the times that he published in his itinerary for the journey. It is not likely, however, that he will do the 1,050 kilomètres in the time stated, but if he completes the trip it will no doubt be a record performance. At the time of writing, he is due at Paris, but neither Baby, nor the troop of riders who went out to meet him, has yet appeared at the Porte Maillot.

De Civry, ex-champion of France, has, it is believed, decided to go to America, but for what firm he will ride I have not yet heard.

Among the most successful pastors in Philadelphia the following are enthusiastic riders of the bicycle: Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., of the Baptist Church; Rev. George K. Morris, D. D., and Rev. S. O. Garrison, D. D., of the Methodist Church; Rev. J. C. Chapman, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. Henry Sharpe, D. D., Rev. C. C. Dickey, Rev. William L. Ledwith, Rev. William C. Rommel, and others of the Presbyterian Church. For a minister to ride a bicycle is not so much of an innovation, after all. It is decidedly more dignified and graceful than the riding of a horse, and there is no exercise more conducive to health.—*Southwestern Observer*.

LAKE CITY ITEMS.



HERE seems to be a general feeling of regret in this section over the fact that the League was foolish enough to start the row that resulted in the organization of the A. C. U. The boys, as a rule, think it would have been just as

well for all concerned if the amateur question had been handled as it was in England and the makers' amateurs winked at. Now that the racing board have had their way and Mr. Bassett has been permitted to slaughter right and left, we are looking for something beneficial, but cannot discover anything. I believe myself that the League has still remaining a big enough field for action, if it carries out a scheme somewhat after that of the Cyclists' Touring Club. But most of the boys feel considerably hurt at the way the A. C. U. have stepped in and already acquired the monopoly of the best tracks.

Chief Consul Blake remarked to me yesterday, in private conversation, that he thought it was very foolish for the League ever to have given Bassett the swing he had, on the theory that too much one-man power was bad. "Of course," he said, "I have no feeling against the chairman of the racing board, and I am in sympathy with the sustaining of a strict amateur rule, but I should have liked the matter adjusted quietly between the makers' amateurs and the L. A. W., so that equanimity would prevail on all sides, and my impression is it would have been much better for all concerned, excepting the A. C. U. However," says Blake, "there is plenty to do in this division without dabbling with racing."

Burley Ayers is very much chagrined at the present attitude of the L. A. W. towards racing, and often expresses himself in unmistakable terms regarding it. In fact, I never heard Burley so emphatic about anything before, always excepting touring. He thinks we have had lots of music, but is inclined to think that the show will not draw the crowd. And as to Van Sicklen, he is unofficially in sympathy with the promoters, and has been from the start, though this leaks out only in private conversation, and generally when he is in a corner where he can't get away from the scribe. Well, I presume the L. A. W. is satisfied, and that being the case, its members must be.

We don't race very much out this way, but we are rolling up a good deal of mileage in touring. The Owl Club have had a number of tours, and next Saturday the Chicago Club go to Peoria for a day's run, at the invitation of that club. The Western Division T. D. have their monthly tour regularly, which is always well attended. The last one, to Lake Geneva, on the 14th, only numbered thirteen, on account of the threatening aspect of the sky about starting time. Still, that number is plenty for a good time, which all the participants report. The limit of the L. A. W. tour is fast being reached, and those wanting to go will have to be very quick about it or there won't be room. The route is attractive enough to please the most particular, and the daily mileage is easy, which is a great point to the older ones. This tour will undoubtedly be a great success.

On Saturday, August 21, the Chicago Club will give another matinee at the Base Ball park, at which all the local fliers will compete for fun or patriotism, as there will be no medals or prizes.

The proceeds will go to the club-house fund. The Owl Club announces a race meet next month, and a very good series of events has been arranged, with suitable medals. A new club was formed on the West Side last week, under the name of "The Illinois Cyclers." It starts out with a membership of about twenty, and are all young fellows. It has several members whose ambition lies in the direction of the track, among whom Messrs. Roe and Bowbeer have both shown fast material already this season.

The Chicago Club is soon to be incorporated, for convenience. Its direct aim is to get a club-house worthy of the Garden City, and it looks more as if it could do so this time, as there seems to be more pluck and stay to this movement than to any of the previous ones.

The dealers report that business is still keeping up. The McDonnell cyclometer cannot be purchased except by the lucky ones, as the arrangements for their manufacture are not at all commensurate with the demand for this really excellent little instrument. Gormully & Jeffery are still on the boom, and are working to the full capacity of their factories. They will have a magnificent place when their new building is completed, and will rank among the first of Chicago manufacturers in point of capital invested. The way their wheels have come to the front this season has been a surprise to the local knowing ones. The old story of the prophet, you know. Mr. Gormully is expected home from Europe about September 1. There have been but few Rudges and Victors sold here, so far. The latter has not been represented, while Vowell's regular caligraph business leaves him little time to devote to the Rudge. Maynard manages to sell a Star occasionally, and once in a while an Apollo. Most of our riders use either the Columbia or G. & J. wheels.

"VERAX."

CHICAGO, ILL., August 21, 1886.

MY GEM.

BY T. W. E.

Gems and jewels of whatever name,
Glistening beauties meriting fame,
However prized by the world they are,
My gem I prize above these by far.

Diamonds throwing out shafts of light
Help in their way to make earth more bright,
But though possession increases wealth
Never their use can give tone to health.

Not as doth my gem, 'neath summer sun
Seen brightly sparkling as fairest one,
Bearing me often by river and rill
And scenes causing my senses to thrill.

Not least of all the grand exercise—
Turn of the pedal health shall devise—
Equal in beauty, useful and fleet,
Unknown the object that can compete.

Glorious wheel! thy mission is high;
Gem of all gems 'neath star-jeweled sky,
Were I offered richest diadem
I'd not exchange thee, my precious gem!

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

English law requires that women in factories may not work later than 10 p.m. As it is necessary for later work than this at the *Cyclist* office on mailing day, the male typos and the office hands wrap the papers after ten o'clock. Thus the law prevents the females from doing mail work.—*The Cyclist.*

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



OMING, coming—gone! By the time my next communication gets under way to cross the "three rivers" to Springfield, the big tournament will be a thing of the past; some new cycling history will have been written; many existing reputations will have been lost, and many new ones will have been made. All the fuss, activity, and life in cycling circles seem to be setting towards the East, with, however, a strong tendency to diverge to the West. At least apparently this is the case, for it would seem that in reality cycling life is growing and expanding in some shape or other all over the country. No better work is done in the racing line than is done in the East; no better solid politico-legislative work is accomplished anywhere in our cycling world than is accomplished in our middle and our upper Southern division, while the great Western section of our cycling community is becoming noted for a happy blending of the two foregoing features of our wheel world, which happy combination bids fair to make the West a big factor in the cycling history of the future. It would appear to me that the West is bound to be, and that at no distant date either, as great a "cycling countrie" as is proverbially the group of Eastern states where cycling first took its rise in this land, and from whence the inception of most of our cycling institutions may be said to emanate. Writing to the *GAZETTE*, I do not think it out of place to remark that one of the main factors in the matter of associating the Eastern states with cycling progress may undoubtedly be said to be the mammoth meet and tournament held annually by the Springfield Bicycle Club. It would be hard to find any more potent way of drawing the attention of the public to what concerns cycling and cyclers than that one instituted by the Springfield Bicycle Club several years ago, viz., the holding of a race meeting of a character, and under regulations, which would place it beside any gathering of any one kind of sport in the country. There is no doubt that the Springfield tournament has given cycling in America a lift forward that is far in advance of any other help of a like nature that it has ever received, and therefore it is with a great deal of interest, not to say solicitude for success, that the meet of this year is looked forward to by most wheelmen, whether they be in the L. A. W. or out of it. Partisans on either side of the vexed amateur question can hardly hope anything else than that the tournament of this year will be as successful, or even more successful, than those of past years; while those cyclers who sit astride the fence, with one sympathetic foot dangling in the sweet flower garden of pure amateurism, and the other as fully sympathetic pedal-pusher cultivating the good fellowship of the cabbage garden of professionalism, cannot but wish for peace at any price, which can best be assured, they no doubt think, by everything going on swimmingly, and everybody being half satisfied, because nobody gets wholly "left." But dropping this half serious, half light, way of treating a grave subject, I may say, and say with truth, that Springfield, as far as the tournament is concerned, carries the sympathy of the bulk of cyclers, though like all reformers—or would-be reformers,

I won't say definitely which—in the matter of the correct way of dealing with the amateur-professionals, etc., she has not the sympathy of the majority, and how could it be expected she would have? Cyclers generally know the L. A. W. to be a good thing; they know the Springfield tournament to be a good thing, but they are chary about new doctrine and the A. C. U. Well, it is but the old story, and, as in every other instance, what is best will come out ahead, and time will settle all things. I do not know at present what sort of a representation will go on from Philadelphia to take in the series of big race meetings on East during next month. If what is offered this year induces, comparatively with last year's racing feast, a like representation of Philadelphia cyclers, then quite a goodly number of Quaker City riders will find themselves in the State of Massachusetts somewhere about this time next month. Talking of races, we are to have, for a wonder, a race meeting here within the course of a few weeks. It is to be held under the auspices of the Association for the Advancement of Cycling, with the object of interesting a certain class of people in cycling who can be reached, it would seem, in no other way. Racing is not one of the features of the new association, and many persons were surprised when they learned that the association was to hold a meeting, but, as I said before, the idea is for the new organization to act up to its name, and to advance the cause of cycling by whatever legitimate means it can command. I may as well remark that the association is doing remarkably well. One of the main objects of those directing its fortunes is to enlist as many influential men, whether they be great cyclers or not, in the cause of "the wheel." Its work was to be mainly legislative, and its principal attention was to be given to the solid and permanent good of cycling. The regular club organization could be trusted to look after the individual cycler, and to see after race meetings and so forth, but the Association for the Advancement of Cycling was to be a body of heavier caliber than the conventional cycling club, and was to do things and attend to matters that our regular cycling clubs would very rarely, if ever, give any attention to. Within the past month or so, several influential citizens have been added to the association's membership roll, and joint action between the drivers of buggies and carriages and the riders of cycles is looked forward to to insure a better condition of our roadways during the future. This race meeting, therefore, is only a means to the great end of pushing cycling before the notice of at least our Philadelphia public. Fashion does a great deal, and the support of prominent people for anything—for a charity, an amusement, a speculation, for almost anything in fact—is half the battle. The mere fact of two daughters of the Prince of Wales being tricyclers, and not being afraid, princesses though they be, to do their fifty miles in a day on their three-wheelers, has without doubt an immense effect over the water yonder, in popularizing the tricycle among the gentler sex. What we shall be able to do here in the way of boozing the cause of the "wheel" remains to be seen. If the new association was made up of the Aaron, Gideon, Wells, or Wood stamp, there would be a good account rendered before very long, but, as is always the case, a small batch of such individuals do all the work and the general congregation gets more than its share of the credit. The firm of A. Coningsby & Co., of this city, have put in condition, and in-

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

SPRINGFIELD,

SEPTEMBER 14, 15, 16, AND 17, 1886.

GRAND

ONE-MILE RACE

FOR THE

Bicycle Championship of the World !

❖ SPECIAL CONDITIONS ❖

(ADDITIONAL TO A. C. U. RULES).

Contestants must have a Record of 2.45.

The Race to be run in heats of two men each, the winners of each heat to run to a final heat.

First Prize to the winner of the final heat, who shall be declared the Champion of the World. Second Prize to the winner of the fastest heat. Both Prizes of equal value.

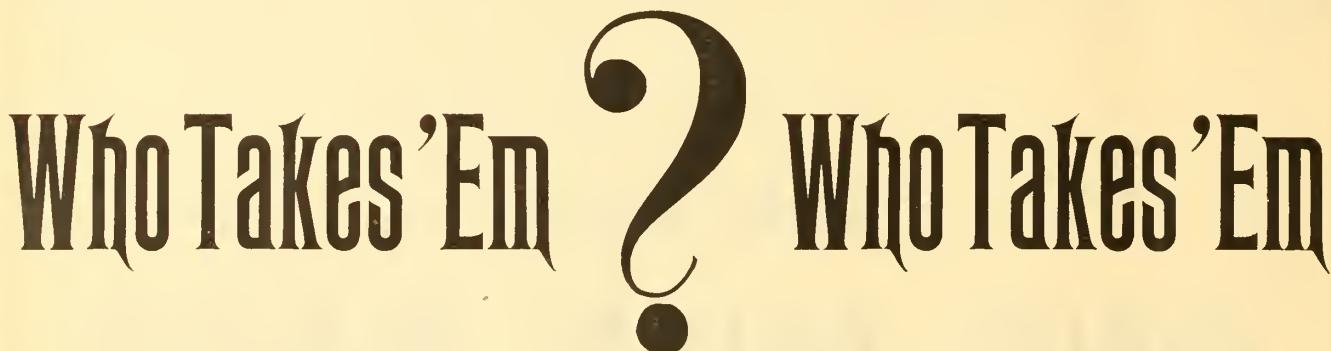
Only two men in each heat, and three heats each day.

For particulars, address SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., September 14, 15, 16, AND 17, 1886.

FIFTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.



OFFICIAL LIST OF RACES AND PRIZES.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.	FIRST PRIZES.	SECOND PRIZES.	THIRD PRIZES.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 1st heat. Novice.	Vase Lamp, hammered copper and A. C. U. Gold Medal. [oxidized. \$100 Cash.	Scarf Pin, diamond setting. A. C. U. Gold Medal. \$60 Cash.	Fancy Inkstand, gold and oxidized. A. C. U. Gold Medal. \$40 Cash.
10-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	A. C. U. Championship.			
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.			
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle				
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 2d heat. 16.30 Class.	Gold Watch, open face. Gold Watch, open face. \$62.50 Cash.	Vase Lamp, gold and Silver. Ewer, antique brass, embossed. \$37.50 Cash.	qué, gold lined. Smoking Set, hammered and appli- Opera Glass, pearl mounted. \$25 Cash.
1-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Open.			
3-mile	Promateur	Tricycle				
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Open.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 3d heat.	Two Gold Medals.	Two Silver Medals.	
1-mile	Amateur	Tandem	A. C. U. Championship.			

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.	FIRST PRIZES.	SECOND PRIZES.	THIRD PRIZES.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 4th heat. Lap.	Gold Watch, open face. Diamond Stud. \$62.50 Cash.	French Clock, with bronze figure. Gold Watch, hunting case. \$37.50 Cash.	Glass Vase, decorated gold stand. Silver Chronograph Watch. \$25 Cash.
5-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Handicap.			
3-mile	Promateur	Tricycle	Open.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 5th heat. Lap.	\$62.50 Cash.	\$37.50 Cash. [brech-loader.	\$25 Cash.
3-mile	Professional	Bicycle				
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Lap.	Gold Watch, hunting case. \$62.50 Cash.	Stevens Shot-gun, double-barreled, \$37.50 Cash.	Silver Chronograph Watch. \$25 Cash.
3-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Handicap.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 6th heat.			
3-mile	Amateur	Tricycle	Open.	Gold Medal.	12 Silver Knives, renaissance pat- tern.	Traveling Clock, and case.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.	FIRST PRIZES.	SECOND PRIZES.	THIRD PRIZES.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 7th heat. Open.	Gold Medal. Diamond Stud. \$50 Cash.	French Clock, with bronze figures. Gold Watch, hunting case. \$30 Cash.	Gold Watch Chain. Gold Watch, hunting case. \$20 Cash.
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Lap.			
10-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Open.			
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle	World's Championship, 8th heat. Open.			
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Lap.			
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle				
1-mile	Promateur	Tricycle	Handicap.			
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle	World's Championship, 9th heat.	\$62.50 Cash.	\$37.50 Cash.	Stevens "Hunter's Pet" Rifle. Gold Watch Chain. \$20 Cash.
3-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.			
1-mile	Professional	Tricycle				

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.	FIRST PRIZES.	SECOND PRIZES.	THIRD PRIZES.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, 10th heat. 9.45 Class.	Gold Watch, open face. Diamond Stud. \$120 Cash.	Carving Set, renaissance pattern. Complete Fishing Outfit. \$90 Cash.	Gold Cuff Buttons, stone settings. Water Set, silver, gold lined. \$60 Cash. Fourth, \$30 Cash.
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Open.			
10-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Lap.			
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle	World's Championship, 11th heat.			
3-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.	Diamond Stud. Gold Watch, open face. \$100 Cash.	Scarf Pin, diamond setting. Pedestal Lamp, antique brass, tulip \$60 Cash.	[and oxidized. Biscuit Jar, decorated china, gold Gold Watch Chain. \$40 Cash.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	2.40 Class.			
5-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Open.			
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	World's Championship, final heat.			
1-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Consolation.			

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 7, 1886.

All Events have three Prizes, where there are four or more starters. Entry Forms, Blanks, List of Prizes, etc., will be furnished upon application to SANFORD LAWTON, Secretary Springfield Bicycle Club, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

tend to keep in condition, I believe, the track on which the races at the coming meeting are to be run. What the track will be like is not known yet, but our local fliers are expecting to have a better show for making fast time than they have had for some time past. Our old time champion and record-holder, George D. Gideon, is in the hands of the trainer and appears to be taking to the path with all of his old ardor. His brother, Sam Gideon, is the favorite among Philadelphia cyclers as a fast man, and his physique, pluck, and judgment seem to warrant the belief that he will yet make his mark on the track.

Our new track here is a five-lap one, and therefore labors under the disadvantages of having numerous turns. The drawback with the University track in this city are the turns, and the bad feature about the old Stenton track, where "Gid" used to figure in times of old, is precisely the same thing; we do not appear able here to get a respectable oval to speed our men over. There are a few of them now who can speed, and if they had the track they could doubtless make the time.

Louis Hill, the new flier of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, is in a fair way to do some very respectable work at no distant date. Formerly he did all his work, and it was not bad work either, on a heavy machine, and laboring under the disadvantage of being a green hand. Now, however, he is in the hands of an experienced trainer, and when he makes time at the end of this week at Millville, N. J., in company with Gideon and some other Philadelphians, he will be on a twenty-two pound racer, and will doubtless show if there is really much go in him.

The scheme of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club of building a club-house is still in an incipient state, with better prospects of its being realized very shortly, however, than on my last writing. A large sum of money has been guaranteed, and no doubt Pennsy will soon own a domicile of some pretensions to comfort and elegance. Not much is heard from the club of late. A number of the active cyclers have been out of town during summer, and consequently active work on the road and elsewhere has not been a feature of the past month. The party of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club who made the trip to Lake George had, as one of them asserted, a "royal good time." Nothing in the way of attention, especially from cyclers along their route, was too good for them. An escort from the local club of almost every town and village on their route met them on their arrival, and then saw them off on their departure. In some instances the guard of honor saw their visitors on their journey some thirty to fifty miles before leaving them. Captain Roberts deserves to have his name honored among the members of cycling clubs. He is one of the representatives of our club captains. Holding his position almost from the date of "Pennsy's" organization, he has for these past years given much of his time, and taken an extraordinary amount of trouble, to the feature of touring. He has made travel on the wheel one of the first objects among the members of his club, and their fine record as road-riders shows how his efforts have been rewarded. He is constantly organizing runs, tours, and excursions for the benefit of members, and it is questionable if there is a more unobtrusively deserving, and consequently a more truly popular wheelman in the city than C. Arthur Roberts, who carries on his shoulder the captain's insignia of "Pennsylvania."

Hill climbing has taken a step forward here. Ford hill, the great bugbear of Fairmount Park, has already surrendered to numerous riders, and now the noted Conshocken hill, with a total length of one mile and a rise of five hundred feet in that distance—the grade in many places being too much, as has hitherto been said, "for gods or men"—has been surmounted by W. A. Stadelman and Frank Kohler, two of our Pennsylvania Club's hard road-riders. The next man to have a crack at it will doubtless be our new chief consul, Mr. John Wells, who is an A 1 hill-climber, and was among the first to vanquish Ford hill.

Mr. Wells is proving a worthy successor to Mr. Aaron in the chief consul's chair, and under his supervision the Pennsylvania Division bids fair to go on and prosper.

CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20, 1886.

TOURING.

Some hold that racing is more important for the cause of cycling than touring. "Racing brings cycling before the public," they say. Well, it does in a certain way, but it carries erroneous ideas with it sometimes. For instance, the on-looker may get the idea into his cranium, that the bicycle is only good for a smooth track, etc. Meanwhile touring is considered as worthy only of a back seat. It is the writer's opinion that touring is on the same level with racing and is sometimes to be considered worthy of a higher position than racing. It is a mistake to suppose that touring does not bring cycling before the public. It *does*. If people hear of the performances of the wheel on the path, they generally think, "well it was done on a race-track; after all the bicycle is not a practical vehicle." If the same people read of a road ride, their opinion on the subject is changed. The touring cyclist imparts and disseminates bicycle knowledge. Racing promotes professionalism in a certain degree, touring does not; for the latter is done for one's own edification while the former is done more for the pleasure of the on-lookers. Touring promotes good-fellowship; does racing? Racing can only be done by strong persons, touring can be done by the weakest of cyclists. Touring makes a person healthy; can this always be said of racing?

When the undersigned mentions the word "touring" he means *judicious* touring. Judicious touring is the delight of the wheelman's life. It not only develops him physically but also mentally, by opening his eyes to the beauty of nature. What is judicious touring? The wheelman who tours such a distance that he comes home all tired out, does not do judicious touring. Nor does he who tours only for "winding up" miles. Much less that one that never looks around. The scrocher belongs to the latter class. He either leaves you or makes you ride faster than you wish to. When he injures himself, you are expected to spoil your own pleasure.

There is nothing more delightful than a judiciously undertaken tour.

"INDEPENDENT."

AN IDYL FOR OCTOBER.

Editor *Wheelmen's Gazette*:

The man who expects to go gunning with that "bicycle rifle worth \$15," which you offered on p. 43 for the "nearest guess concerning my actual day of publication" (to be filed with you not later than July 20), is hereby informed that he will have to wait at least two months longer for the realization of his hopes.

The prospects of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," which were detailed by me in the GAZETTE of June (p. 52) and July (p. 65), are still quite uncertain; and it is not in my power even approximately to "name the day." I can only report that, during the last two months, I have produced 150 manuscript pages on my chapter devoted to "wheel literature"; that 50 pages more will be needed to complete it; that two shorter chapters must then be put together; and that the final task of compiling the contents-tables and indexes will be slow and difficult.

At least a week's delay has been caused by the necessity lately put upon me of rousing up public opinion against a Jersey cycling club, who issued a manifesto recommending illegal and prohibitory local rules against touring wheelmen. As the success of my book depends upon the undiminished popularity of touring, this intolerable act of the Orange Wanderers, besides being an affront to the self-respect of cyclers in general, was a direct blow at my business as a publisher. Simply as a book-agent, therefore, I was bound to resent, as forcibly as I could, their strange attempt to discourage bicycle travel by a threat of "\$5 fine or thirty days imprisonment.

KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING,

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1886.

INJURIOUS, NOT BENEFICIAL.

Cycling journalism, so-called, has an elasticity and adaptability peculiarly its own. For instance Mr. Amateur Pencilpush, in his strife after sufficient matter to fill his weekly drivels in the "Pedal Pusher's Own," sees in a daily, a note stating that Princess Beatrice since marrying Prince Blackenbrush has given up tricycling and in consequence thereof has grown exceedingly fleshy. He therefore uses this as a moral to adorn a tale and launches into a lengthy advice to ladies not to give up tricycling, not even if they *do* marry a prince, but to keep on riding if for no other reason than to keep from overstocking the dime museums with fat women, which profession is already crowded with ladies of monstrous proportions who secured fame in the avordupois line solely through not riding tricycles. The issue of one hundred and fifty copies of the "P. P. O." is hardly off the press, when a note is handed Mr. Pencilpush marked "Important," with a big I. Opening this he finds it is a communication from the local dealer, who wants his "ad" removed at once on account of the foregoing note. Bankruptcy thus staring Pencilpush in the face causes him to at once call upon the offended dealer, when it transpires that the aforesaid dealer had lost a sale of a single track trike to Miss Featherweight through her reading about the Princess gaining weight by *not* riding, while the dealer had been using as an argument for the sale the immense advantage that Miss Featherweight would have for gaining flesh through riding; he thus considered this article aimed at his business and intended to at once withdraw his advertisement from the offending journal.

An explanation takes place and the next week's issue of the "P. P. O." has the following: "Mrs. James Brown Pottery, the well known society lady, finding that the continuous recitation of "Hustler Joe" was causing her to lose weight, has taken to tricycling and in consequence thereof has regained all her former weight and beauty. We advise all ladies desiring to increase their physical charms to take to tricycling, etc., etc." Mr. Dealer sells the trike, increases his "ad" \$2 a year more; Mr.

Pencilpush prides himself on his journalistic qualifications and takes to singing that old nursery rhyme concerning a gentleman named Jackson Horner, Esq., who always congratulated himself with the remark of "what a great boy am I!" firmly believing that he and Jackson are identical in this respect.

Such is not an exaggeration, as any who have made but a passing study of cycling literature will readily admit, and until such rot and truckling to agents and manufacturers ceases, the cause that they attempt to uphold suffers, rather than benefits, by their efforts.

FRANK ALOY EGAN.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.

THROUGH THE SIVAS VILAYET INTO ARMENIA.

It is six hours distant from Yuzgat to the large village of Koehne, as distance is measured here, or about twenty-three English miles; but the road is mostly ridable, and I roll into the village in about three hours and a half. Just beyond Koehne, the roads fork, and the Mudir kindly sends a mounted *zaptich* to guide me aright, for fear I shouldn't quite understand by his pantomimic explanations. I understand well enough, though, and the road just here happening to be excellent wheeling, to the delight of the whole village I spurt ahead, out-distancing the *zaptich*'s not over sprightly animal, and bowling briskly along the right road within their range of vision, for over a mile. Soon after leaving Koehne, my attention is attracted by a small cluster of civilized-looking tents, pitched on the bank of a running stream near the road, and from whence issues the joyous sounds of mirth and music. The road continues ridable, and I am wheeling leisurely along, hesitating about whether to go and investigate or not, when a number of persons, in holiday attire, present themselves outside the tents, and by shouting and gesturing, invite me to pay them a visit. It turns out to be a reunion of the Yuzgat branch of the Pampasian-Pamparsan family—an Armenian name whose representatives in Armenia and Anatolia, it appears, correspond in comparative numerical importance to the great and illustrious family of Smiths in the United States, and following—or doubtless, more properly, setting—a worthy example. They likewise have their periodical reunions, where they eat, drink, spin yarns, sing, and twang the tuneful lyre in frolicsome consciousness of always having a howling majority over their less prolific neighbors.

Refreshments in abundance are tendered, and the usual pantomimic explanations exchanged between us; some of the men have been honoring the joyful occasion by a liberal patronage of the flowing bowl, and are already mildly hilarious; stringed instruments are twanged by the musical members of the great family, whilst several others misinterpreting the inspiration of *raki* punch for terpsichorean talent are prancing wildly about the tent. Middle-aged matrons are here in plenty; housewifely persons finding their chief enjoyment in catering to the gastronomic pleasures of the others; whilst a score or two of blooming maidens stand coyly aloof, watching the festive merry-makings of the men; their heads and necks are resplendent with bands and necklaces of gold coins, it still being a custom of the East to let the female members of a family wear the surplus wealth about them in the shape of gold ornaments and jewels, a custom resulting from the absence of safe investments and the instability of national affairs. Yuzgat enjoys among neighboring cities a reputa-

tion for beautiful women, and this auspicious occasion gives me an excellent opportunity for drawing my own conclusions. It is not fair perhaps to pass judgment on Yuzgat's pretensions, by the damsels of one family connection, not even the great and numerous Pampasian-Pamparsan family, but still they ought to be at least a fair average. They have beautiful large black eyes, and usually a luxuriant head of hair; but their faces are on the whole, babyish and expressionless. The Yuzgat maiden of "sweet sixteen" is a coy, babyish creature, possessed of a certain doll-like prettiness, but at twenty-three she is a rapidly fading flower, and at thirty is already beginning to get wrinkled and old. Happening to fall in with this festive gathering this morning is quite a gratifying and enlivening surprise; besides the music and dancing and a substantial breakfast of chicken, boiled mutton, and rice *pillau*, it gives me an opportunity of witnessing an Armenian family reunion under primitive conditions. Watching over this peaceful and gamboling flock of Armenian lambkins is a lone Circassian watch-dog; he is of a stalwart, war-like appearance; and although wearing no arms—except a cavalry sword, a shorter broad-sword, a dragoon revolver, a two-foot horse-pistol, and a double-barreled shot-gun slung at his back—the Armenians seem to feel perfectly safe under his protection. They probably don't require any such protection really; they are nevertheless wise in employing a Circassian to guard them, if for nothing else, for the sake of freeing their own unwarlike minds of all disquieting apprehensions, and enjoying their family reunion in the calm atmosphere of perfect security; some lawless party passing along the road might peradventure drop in and abuse their hospitality, or partaking too freely of *raki*, make themselves obnoxious, were they unprotected; but with one Circassian patrolling the camp, they are doubly sure against anything of the kind.—THOMAS STEVENS in *Outing* for September.

A DARING FEAT.

A daring and foolhardy feat was performed by a bicycler a day or two ago at Cabin John Bridge, near Washington, D. C. The place is a general pleasure resort, about twelve miles from town, over the military road built by Jeff Davis while the latter was secretary of war. The bridge is said to be the longest single span of masonry in the world. It is 125 feet high and about 200 feet long, a single magnificent arch spanning a deep and rocky gorge.

There is a brown-stone coping on the three-foot wall on either side of the roadway. This coping is about a foot broad and is beveled on the two upper edges for an inch or two. On the inside of these walls is the solid roadway above the duct. On the outside is a perpendicular descent of about 125 feet in the center of the bridge and no less than 75 feet at either abutment. The young man stopped and dismounted at the end of the bridge and lifted his machine upon the coping. The act was noticed by a couple of gentlemen smoking under the trees, but it was looked upon as a freak of a young man who had been drinking a little too much, and no particular attention was paid to it. The next moment there was an exclamation of horror from the direction of the bridge, and the young man was seen mounted upon his 30-inch wheel deliberately riding along the narrow coping.

The sight froze the blood of the ladies and children picnicking in the gorge below, and was enough to appall the stoutest heart. The gentlemen in front of the hotel started to their feet and

called to the other wheelmen within. "Stop him! For God's sake, stop him!" shouted a lady with two children clinging to her, wringing her hands with fright. It was too late. The young man was already in the center of the bridge. He never swerved a hair's breadth from his seat. From the end of the bridge he seemed a toy machine running by mechanism, so erect and motionless he sat and so evenly he rode. "Let him alone," said one of his companions; "he could ride it if it was a rope." Nevertheless, the fear that interference might hasten the horror that all wished to prevent, left the party rooted to the spot. In two places, the coping makes a zigzag by the widening of the roadway, and at these places the rider must steer his wheel through a very narrow space at nearly right angles with his course. The daring fellow had passed the first of these ticklish spots, and when he carefully wore round the second not a single one of the horrified spectators could draw a breath for fear. From thence to the end was a short and straight run, and in another moment the young man had completed his dangerous ride, dismounted, and was waving his hand laughingly at the frightened men and women and children who had witnessed it.—*Boston Herald*.

For the first time in his career as president of the L. A. W. has Doctor Beckwith made a move that is distinctly hostile in its character, and the friends of the gentleman are no doubt as much surprised as I am that he has put his foot squarely down and laid himself liable to the attacks that declaring the office of chief consul of Massachusetts vacant will naturally engender. Those who are acquainted with the Doctor know a gentleman who is polite to a high degree, who is very loth to take any step that tinctures of the war cry even at a distance, and who is very apt to think several times before putting himself in a position to be criticised. Judging the situation at this distance from the seat of hostilities necessarily takes the form of conjecture, more or less as the facts when they reach us are apt to be obviated by after happenings; but from a purely guessing standpoint, I should say that the Doctor in this instance had allowed his usually conservative ideas to sink beneath the pressure that the racing ring and its followers were able to bring to bear, and hence we see the second exhibition of capital punishment in the history of the League. That Mr. Beckwith has taken this decided stand reluctantly goes without saying. That he will hereafter defend himself, if accused, with all the wisdom that many third persons can suggest is also true. If, however, the Massachusetts Division should declare in favor of Mr. Ducker, I fear that our president will live to regret that he was forced to exercise his executive prerogative against this gentleman, who can be charged with nothing save a sincere antagonism to the dictates of the racing board. This case calls to mind the fight between Fred Jenkins and Henry Ducker, when the former was badly worsted, and with a good deal to be said in his favor, too. And it remains to be seen whether Mr. Beckwith, with the backing he has secured in the three years he has occupied the executive chair, and with the assistance of the *Cycle*, and its editor Mr. Bassett, can successfully squelch the wily Ducker, whose entire make-up is of the consistency of a rubber ball, and whose pluck will never wane until the end is come. I think Mr. Beckwith has a Spartan this time surely.—VERAN in *Sporting Journal*.

FROM THE HUB TO HOOSIERDOM.

NUMBER 2.



HARTFORD, besides being the abiding place of Mark Twain and seven-eighths of the insurance companies of the United States, enjoys the further distinction of standing second only to Springfield in bicycle racing matters. This I am confidently told by one of the Hartford club members who is doing the hospitalities

on the evening of my arrival.

I remember with reasonable distinctness of hearing one-third of this remark made concerning Lynn a few days before, and a more searching retrospection brings to mind that I have been told the same concerning both Chicago and Cleveland, while attending races in those cities.

Why the *second* place should be such a matter of dispute, when it would be just as cheap to claim first, is one of those things no fellow can find out. As it is though, all concede Springfield first place and content themselves in a wild scramble for second.

Before retiring I received explicit directions for finding the way out of town on to the road to New Haven. The back of a small address card serves as sailing chart, so to speak, and it is covered with "T. R.," "two blocks to left," "T. L.," "second four corners," "school house at cross roads," and other remarks of like import, the memorizing of which might shatter the strongest intellect. All this is done, as I had decided to start at four o'clock the next morning.

Let me say right here that after this, my third day out, my enthusiasm having dampened considerably, I took no more four o'clock starts on an empty stomach.

The two hours sleep between four and six, backed up by a good healthy breakfast, became more and more enticing after a while, and though I afterwards often rode some distance before breakfast, I always made sure of a reasonably good eating place being within two hours' riding distance.

This particular morning, however, breakfast didn't materialize till nine-thirty and to say that I was hungry was to put it exceedingly mild.

Given a four o'clock start and by six a wheelman is ravenously hungry; by eight, grim famine stares him in the face; by ten he is liable to slay a human being and commit the horrible crime of cannibalism.

Fortunately for me, and all other parties who might have been concerned, relief arrived at nine-thirty—or rather I arrived at the Berlin Hotel. Now, Berlin is not such a great distance from Hartford—ten miles, perhaps—and some of the Connecticut wheelmen who have been over the road time and again in one-fourth the time, may smilingly remark that I must have made a regular scorch of it. Here let it be recorded that I did not scorch. I might have stewed or boiled, but the fires of *sheol* couldn't have scorched me in such a rain as I pulled through that morning.

Had I been anything of a weather prophet, I would have seen that it would rain within thirty minutes after leaving Hartford, and it did rain to break the record.

A convenient barn along the roadside offered a temporary refuge. Everything about the place and the house near by was as quiet as could be—

apparently the folks were not yet up—and so it was with somewhat the feelings of a tramp or horse-thief that I drew open the stable door and climbed in on the hay.

I lay there for what seemed a day and a half. Calmer investigations afterward put the time at about thirty minutes. And as I lay there I thought of all the good things I would eat when I got to the next town. The subject of breakfast weighed so heavily on my mind that I finally tried my best to find an egg in the hay, but my agricultural instincts were not sharp enough to track down the luscious hen fruit.

Disappointment gave way to other emotions when I saw approaching from the woods across the way, a man with a shot-gun and dog accompaniment. He was evidently the owner of the premises, and a solitary squirrel, which he carried by the hind legs, showed that he had been out foraging for breakfast.

He stopped short as he caught sight of me and looked astonished. I know he is surprised to see visitors this time in the morning. He didn't say so, in so many words. Still, I feel safe in saying he was surprised.

It didn't take long for me to convince him that my mission there was a purely peaceful one, and not at all incendiary in its purpose. But not so with the dog. He was one of those suspicious brutes whose acquaintance is hard to cultivate, and although I acted toward him in a purely reserved and dignified manner, he did not take kindly to me, and we parted no better friends than when we met.

I pitied the poor farmer, for it seems that a man who would tramp through the wet woods in his shirt sleeves, during a drenching rain, all for a poor, two-pound squirrel, must be very short run in the home commissary department, or else his taste for fried squirrel was positively abnormal. For a while I encouraged myself by thinking that maybe I would be invited in to breakfast, and after throwing out two or three broad hints as to the peculiar merits of fried squirrel, I saw all was useless, and rather than stand out in the barn and hear the wild revelry of breakfast in which I could not partake, I pulled out on to the soggy road and made the best time I could to the next town ahead.

The road along here is composed of a peculiar red clay, which looks as though in dry weather it would be very fair riding, but it is now so sticky and soft that continuous wheeling is next to impossible. The mud runs up the tire and is caught by the forks, and drips down, covering the whole machine, and in time the frequent mounts and dismounts work a very fair percentage of it on to my clothes. The mud is about the color of a well-faded League uniform, so in this particular case the muddiness of costume is not glaringly apparent.

My wheel was a sight to behold when I reached Berlin, the handle-bars being the only visible portion. There is but one way known to science for cleaning a bicycle in such a condition. Could my bicycle have talked and expressed its emotion at this time, I feel quite sure of how our conversation would have drifted:

"O Mulchacy, are you a friend of *moin*?"

"Yis, Muldoon, that I be."

"Thin turn the hose on me!"

I turned the hose on.

And this calls to mind the greater convenience to tourists of an enameled wheel over a nickelized one, for, by the time breakfast was over, my Columbia stood in the shed dry and clean. Had it been nickelized, an hour or so would have had to be spent in rubbing it down.

The rain has now stopped, but I spend the rest of the morning in this puritanical burg, which differs in more ways than one from its German namesake. About the middle of the afternoon I wheel into Meriden, and put in the rest of the day lounging about the Meriden club rooms, or about town.

The scenery so far down the Connecticut valley is very picturesque. Small villages can be seen from the road, dotting the hill-tops for miles around. I know that, theoretically, I am going down hill all the way, but the contrary seems the case. In fact, I would have taken it as a very logical fact had I been told that the Connecticut river ran up hill. The apparent up-grade of the road would certainly have gone far towards proving such a statement.

From Meriden, which I leave next morning, a very picturesque road leads into New Haven, but sand soon interferes with enjoyable riding. About four miles out of town I strike a sidewalk, which is a welcome relief. I expect every minute to be seized by a policeman—for how do I know what local law I may be transgressing—but sooner than work my way through the sandy streets, I take my chances with the vigilant patrolman, and luckily get through all right.

From New Haven through Milford, Stratford, Stamford, and a dozen or so more fords on to New York, I find, contrary to expectations, fairly rideable roads. Scarcely any of the road lies within eight miles of the sea, or sound rather, but a peculiar brackish odor which is wafted on the breezes, is an unmistakable sign that the ocean is not far off. My Western readers who have never had the opportunity of visiting the seaside, can catch this same perfume with considerable exactness by standing on the windward side of an old mackerel barrel and drawing in a few deep breaths. Every little while a sandy stretch of road takes the place of the fairly good pike, and in one of these places a header causes the loss of considerable personal property, a list of which I append. It is hardly likely that they are there yet, unless my "missing link" thoughtfully volunteered to chain them down. Still, if any wheelmen in the vicinity happen to find any of these articles, they are hereby given a quit-claim deed to the same, and the full power of ownership, based on the right of discovery.

The list includes: One small wrench, good as new.

One folding screw-driver, ditto.

One nickelized spoke wrench—never been used.

One needle and thread, carried to darn stockings with, ditto.

One "missing link"—still missing—and

One bunch of adhesive tire tape.



It is scarcely to be hoped that these chattels will be fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a wheelman. More than likely some ingenious Yankee has cut the tire tape up into fly paper, used the screw-driver to mash potato bugs, and laid by the spoke wrench to use in the winter for cracking hickory nuts.

At about this time I make a rash mistake that I do not repeat. Stopping at a small hotel over night, I fall into conversation with the landlord, and tell him that I am wheeling from Boston to Indianapolis. Then he asked all the regulation stock questions. How fast could I go? How often did I fall? Was it harder than walking? How far could I go in a day? and so forth and so on; you wheelmen know how it is; and finally he took a last critical inventory of me and my machine, and said, "Well, it wouldn't do for me to travel that way; I'd break my neck, first thing; but I should think, for a young man with lots of spare time and a good deal of money, it would be a very nice way of traveling."

I did not catch the full force of the last of that remark till next morning, when I settled an extra first-class bill for scant second-class accommodations. This landlord evidently thought that a long cycling tour was *prima facie* evidence of boundless wealth, and more than that, a wealth that he would never again have an opportunity of reducing. Landlords as a rule, and especially country landlords, consider a wheelman on a long tour of any kind, as necessarily the scion of some bloated millionaire, and knowing that he will not come their way again, consider it their plain duty to strike him for all they can. On the other hand, if they suppose he lives in the adjoining county, and that he and probably friends of his may come that way soon again, they modify their charges considerably. So thereafter, until I reached Indiana, I always hailed from the town just back and was going to the town just ahead. This hint is freely offered to the cycling world, but before I send it forth, let me embody it into a plain, terse precept, "Cycle tourists should always travel 'incog. and without baggage.'"

The proximity of the metropolis is evident quite awhile before you sight New York itself. The country roads gradually blend off into city streets, and finally "shantytown," in all its glory, bursts into view. This is the native lair of that omnivorous poster-eating quadruped, the shantytown goat, and here you find him in all his picturesque and aromatic grandeur.

Perched high upon a shelving bank are the mansions of the O'Reekees, the McGinnisses and the O'Toolees; while numerous Mikeys run along the sidewalks, notifying their immediate neighborhood to "look at the dude on the boycikle."

I reach Central Park about the middle of the afternoon, and the rest of the day is spent in seeing the sights. Knee breeches are common enough around the park, but are evidently unknown in the lower part of the city; and they attract so much attention that my stay down town is shortened on that account. I can stand being referred to as a "bicycle dude," whatever that is, but when I hear one street arabi inquire of another if he knows Oscar Wilde is in town—then I feel that I am in uncongenial company, and take the L road up town again.

In endeavoring to obtain the badge which, I am told, is a necessary passport in order to gain safe passage through the Park or Riverside drive, I meet with no success whatever; and so, armed

with a road book of Long Island, giving the route as far as Albany, I make my way northward out of New York early next morning. It is early; too early for the vigilant patrolman to be on deck. I also figure on being able to outrun any who might possibly interfere with my badgeless journey, and so I take the Riverside drive. I am inclined to think, however, that the New York policeman is not as fierce as he is painted, for several that I passed made no move on the transgressor of the law, and I finally made bold enough to stop and inquire of one the way, which information was cheerfully given, and all without the magic talisman of the leaden medal, so judiciously distributed by the Citizens' Bicycle Club.

The ride up Riverside was really grand, but, like most other good things, too good to last. I will not describe it. Wheelmen who have been over it know all about it, and those who haven't could get but a faint idea of it from any description of mine—so we will branch off on to the road up the river towards Albany.

Traveling by guide book of any kind always appeared to the writer as a sort of cut-and-dried way of taking enjoyment. There is about the same difference between one of Cook's "personally conducted" tours of Europe and a go-as-you-please ramble over the old country, as there is between an eight-dollar ready-made suit of clothes and a well fitting tailor-made garment. In the first case, in each instance, if it don't fit you, you have to fit it, whether you like it or not.

A bicycle route book, while not at all arbitrary in its directions, approximates this ready-made style of traveling to such a degree, that, after looking over the route and getting a general idea of the roads and distances, I put it in my bag, and there it stayed till I arrived at Albany.

The ride up the Hudson compensates for all the bad roads lying behind and before me.



The river, which is in sight nearly all the morning, rolls lazily along hundreds of feet below, while on the opposite shore the high bluffs loom up through the morning mists, revealing the long blue range of the Catskills in the distance. An occasional scow or steamboat is the only thing to break the solitude of the scene. Even these glide serenely by, as though not daring to disturb the serenity of the picture.

The fine roads along here enable the wheelman to move along without any apparent effort, and his thoughts naturally tend to the long train of historical associations that linger along the lower Hudson.

He can almost imagine the feelings of Henry Hudson as he sailed up this sublime river for the first time, or the feelings of the Indians as they watch from the bluff the strange craft which has intruded on to their favorite grounds. But times have changed since then, and it is a question which would have been the most surprised, Henry

Hudson or the Indians, could they have stood by the shore of the river last summer and seen the one hundred and fifty Big Four tourists wheel down the road and into the village of Hudson.

But all these thoughts are interrupted by the gnawing tooth of famine, and I stop at the historical little place of Tarrytown and quiet my appetite. A steep hill leads from the road into the town, and in starting out again I fear I took the wrong road, for it grows unbearably sandy for a while, and walking is again in order, but after I arrive at Peekskill, the road again becomes as good as the average and improves right along.

When on a tour, there is nothing so discouraging as to strike, on a bad road, a long, steep hill, but on a smooth, hard road, the exact reverse is the case, and every hill and undulation adds to the variety of the ride, and a fine coast on the down grade fully repays for the extra push on the pedals going up the hill. These last are the kind of hills you find going up the Hudson, and furthermore the hills are continuous, following each other in almost unbroken order. The level stretches in all the road from New York to Albany, if put end to end, wouldn't make a full twenty miles.

Along in the middle of the afternoon, without any apparent cause, and certainly without the owner's knowledge or consent, my new "Slaughter" cyclometer, which I had fixed on the hub of my wheel at Boston, stops registering. At least I supposed it had stopped, or was going backwards. It had only registered three miles for three hours' riding, and I was almost positive I was going faster than a mile an hour.

A further trial of an hour longer satisfied me that there was no go in it, and I then and there join the great body of cyclers who swear there is no perfect cyclometer yet invented. This fact is remarkable, inasmuch as the cyclometer is the only member of the great family of meters that ever stops or refuses to register. It seems to be the one black sheep of the flock.

Poughkeepsie is my stopping place for the night, and the next day, which is Sunday, I start out bright and early before breakfast. The name Poughkeepsie is a sort of shibboleth of the natives of this part of the country, and I know I disclose my being a stranger more than once by the way I pronounce it in answer to various inquiries along the road. For all that day I hailed from Poughkeepsie. After thirty or forty attempts, however, I acquired a reasonably correct pronunciation, and rather flatter myself on my ability to master foreign names, when the next day and the day after, Schenectady and Canajoharie laid me low.

The first ten miles out of Poughkeepsie, through Hyde Park and on to Staatsburg, is the finest stretch of country road up the whole river. The hard, wide roadway, sheltered the whole length by trees, is faced on both sides by wide, spreading lawns. The regulation farm-house gives way to handsome country residences, and there is an atmosphere of wealth and prosperity pervading everything. The passing wheelman unconsciously breathes in part of it, and at the end of the ten miles he feels as wealthy—if not wealthier—than any of the property owners along the road. Just as ten miles on a rutty dirt road would make him feel as forlorn and poverty-stricken as the meanest inhabitant in the neighborhood.

As I pass through Staatsburg, apparently no one is up, so I shove on to Rhinebeck over a fairly good road. Old Dutch farm-houses now

THE NEW RAPID

(WITH TRUE TANGENT WHEEL)

"UNDoubtedly THE LEADING BICYCLE OF THE YEAR."

See Testimonials on the Following Pages.



BECAUSE IT PRESENTS MORE POINTS OF REAL EXCELLENCE.

It has stiffer Forks and a stronger Backbone than other machines. It has the TRUE TANGENT WHEEL, and every ounce of pressure on the Pedals is carried direct to the Rim. These points make it the best hill-climber.

Take a NEW RAPID and spin the wheels, front and rear; they will continue in motion longer than any wheel you ever saw. Because the bearings and balls are made with the greatest care to micrometer, are thoroughly hardened, and are ground in emery after hardening. These points make it the easiest-running and the fastest coaster.

It is the most durable, because no cast or common metal is used. It is ALL STEEL, and every part is made from drop forgings, to fit gauges, and is therefore ABSOLUTELY INTERCHANGEABLE.

Its weight is 40 pounds for a 50-inch. It is therefore the lightest Roadster on the market. Few Light Roadsters scale less.

It is easily guided, because it has hemispherical centers and cow-horn hollow one-piece Handle-Bar, from 28 to 31 inches in length. This Handle-Bar is detachable in a few seconds. This device is the only one thus far that absolutely will not work loose.

It is readily adjusted everywhere, and new spokes may be put in without removing the tire.

It is fitted with square rubber Ball Pedals, Coil Spring, and Eclipse or Lillibridge Saddle, at option of purchaser.

It has no paid riders to push it to the front, but wherever exhibited has been awarded the Gold Medal, and is constantly winning the golden opinions of its numerous riders.

We want you to study the specifications of this machine. Send for our new Illustrated Catalogue.

SAML. T. CLARK & CO.

We want Active Agents Everywhere. Write for Terms.

Baltimore, Maryland.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

BETTER THAN TRACK RECORDS MADE ON
RACING MACHINES BY PAID RIDERS.

What is Thought of The New Rapid.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST.

BALTIMORE, Md., August 7, 1886.

Gentlemen—I write to say how pleased I am with the 52-inch NEW RAPID you furnished me in the spring. As you know I am no light-weight and am considered a hard rider, and much of my riding is over roads that many consider very bad. My machine has carried me safely, however, and I am surprised and delighted at its easy running and marvelous hill climbing powers. Long distances are accomplished with far less effort than with my former mounts, and I climb hills with much greater ease. Its beauty and excellence of workmanship deserve notice, and I am glad that so many of the veteran riders of my Club (I believe there are now about twenty-five NEW RAPIDS in the Club) are selling their old machines and taking NEW RAPIDS, which has made considerable improvement in their riding. I first hesitated about buying an imported machine, thinking there would be difficulty in procuring parts for repairs in case of breakage, but my fears on this point were allayed when you showed me that you kept a large stock of every duplicate part that might be needed. I am happy to say, however, that I have not yet needed any of these parts.

Yours, I. C. CANFIELD, JR.,
Captain Maryland Bicycle Club.

SEWICKLEY, Pa., June 8, 1886.

Gentlemen—The 54-inch NEW RAPID I purchased from you has, I think, been given a thorough test. I believe the True Tangent Wheel to be incomparably superior to any other in practice, as well as in theory. The heavy perch lessens vibration, and large trailer takes ruts very easily. The long handle-bars do away with hard work ordinarily connected with steering, even when climbing a hill, and there is enough rake to insure an ordinarily careful rider immunity from headers. My machine weighs, all on, but forty-three pounds, with one and one-half inch perch, eighteen-inch trailer, heavy forks, handle-bars, and felloes. I think this is at once the strongest, stiffest, and lightest wheel made. But the hill-climbing qualities of the machine are, I believe, its strongest point. Six-inch cranks give power; but above all, the rigidity of handle-bar, head, forks, and bearings take you up hill. When depressing the right pedal, you do not have to pull handle-bar toward you to hold her straight. In other words, she goes just where you "point" her, and don't wobble all over the road. My wheel has run from 1,550 to 1,600 miles since I got it, and is in first-class condition. The Hub Cyclometer, ordered the evening of May 28, and received the morning of May 29, surprised me, as it is something quite unique to find a firm who ship promptly upon receipt of order and deliver goods 300 miles in a half day.

Yours truly, Seward H. Murray,
Captain Sewickley Valley Wheelmen.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 11, 1886.

Gentlemen—The NEW RAPID purchased from you this spring is entirely satisfactory, and in some respects has exceeded expectations. It is all the manufacturers claim for it, and more. As a hill climber, it has not its equal on the American market to-day. It is simply astonishing with what ease I can climb hills on it that I have failed to climb on other machines. Its stiff forks and rigid wheels are strong points that commend it to every considerate wheelman. I predict for it a large sale in this country as soon as its merits become more generally known.

Yours truly, H. E. BIDWELL,
Captain Keystone Bicycle Club.

NEW YORK, August 11, 1886.

Gentlemen—Mr. C. M. Phelps, Second Lieutenant of the Harlem Wheelmen, made two attempts upon Sunday, August 1, to climb the hill on the road from Fordham Heights to Kingsbridge, starting at Kingsbridge. On his first attempt he came within seventy-five feet of the top, and his second carried him twenty feet farther. Upon Monday he tried again, and succeeded in topping the hill at the first attempt. He was witnessed upon the first day by Messrs. Edwards and Halstead, and upon the next by Mr. George Pearce. The length of the hill is about five-eighths of a mile, and the rise is very sharp. At the lower end the grade is about one foot in eight feet, the middle about one foot in eleven, and near the top one foot in seven. The hill has been attempted many times, but all were unsuccessful. Below is Mr. Phelps's testimonial.

Yours, F. L. BINGHAM.

NEW YORK, August 2, 1886.

Gentlemen—I take great pleasure in announcing to the wheeling fraternity that the NEW RAPID BICYCLE is the best machine I have ever ridden for hill-climbing. Its exact adjustment of bearings, long cranks, rigidity of wheel, ease of steering, and general firmness, combined with the strong handle-bar, with its heavy drop, makes your wheel the easiest of hill climbers. I cheerfully recommend it.

Respectfully, C. M. PHELPS,
Second Lieutenant Harlem Wheelmen.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 22, 1886.

Gentlemen—in the last six years I have owned six different makes of wheels, and have tried as many more, but can truly say the NEW RAPID is the best of the lot. I never climbed a hill with half the ease or coasted so fast on any other machine. I ride to and from business over Belgian block (rough), cobble stones, and badly paved roads; and, after having done some hundreds of miles of this riding, my NEW RAPID runs noiselessly, and has never required the slightest adjustment. In short, I consider it the most desirable bicycle I ever saw.

Sincerely yours, E. P. HAYDEN,
President Maryland Bicycle Club.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 24, 1886.

Gentlemen—After fourteen years of varied experience with best makes of bicycles, I take great pleasure in stating that I find the NEW RAPID the most rigid, easiest running, and altogether the best roadster I have ever owned. Its growing popularity is certainly merited.

Yours very truly, H. NORTHWOOD.

1121 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 29, 1886.

Gentlemen—I was invited to try the first NEW RAPID sent to Philadelphia, and was so well pleased that I immediately placed my order and sold my Light Roadster. I find it the most rigid machine I ever rode, and can especially commend the True Tangent Wheel, very rigid handle-bar, and black rubber tires. For a thoroughly rigid roadster, it is by far the best wheel I ever rode.

Yours very truly, LOUIS A. HILL,
Pennsylvania Bicycle Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., July 19, 1886.

Gentlemen—I take pleasure in informing you that in the course of an experience as a wheelman of over six years, during which time I have tried various makes, I have never mounted a more rigid or solidly constructed machine. The manner in which the spokes are tied near the middle renders them far less likely to be kicked out or broken by an accidental blow; and the handle-bar and its method of attachment give especial satisfaction to all of my friends owning NEW RAPIDS. In my opinion the machine is a long stride toward perfection in the manufacture of the bicycle. • Very truly yours, ROBT. M. RIDDELL,
Draughtsman, P. R. R. Co.

NEW HAVEN, Ct., July 17, 1886.

Gentlemen—it is with pleasure that I can with others say, at last we have found a perfect wheel in the NEW RAPID, with the True Tangent Wheel, long cranks, long handle-bar, and rigid forks. The NEW RAPID has given me more easy riding than I ever had on any other machine I have ever ridden. It is simply a matter of trying a machine to buy it.

WM. M. FRISBIE.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1886.

Gentlemen—I received my NEW RAPID from you before attending the meet at Boston. I found that I could ride the hills and cover more ground with less exertion than I could before I had a RAPID. Its rigidity and strength gives the rider greater confidence while riding over rough and dangerous ground than any make that I know of.

Respectfully, FRED. L. BINGHAM,
Harlem Wheelmen.

BEAVER FALLS, Pa., July 19, 1886.

Gentlemen—the NEW RAPID does up the world on hill-climbing. As an all-round roadster for the rough roads of Western Pennsylvania, the NEW RAPID has proven itself, in the history of our Club (The Beaver Valley Wheelmen), always ready for everything rideable, and first to the top of all hills. Firm and rigid, and not a loose spoke in a wheel this season, and everybody swears by the NEW RAPID handle-bar.

J. M. CRITCHLOW.

ELIZABETH, N. J., July 19, 1886.

Gentlemen—I gave up my — to get a NEW RAPID. Have ridden the latter some 500 miles, and am well satisfied with the change. Respectfully yours, GEO. J. MARTIN,
Captain Elizabeth Wheelmen.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

ALTOONA, PA., July 19, 1886.

Gentlemen—The NEW RAPID BICYCLE I purchased this spring has exceeded my expectations. I find it very rigid, light, easy-running, and a perfect machine. The ease and comfort with which it is ridden is favorably commented on by every one who has tried it. A friend of mine, who owns another well-known make, after riding the NEW RAPID, declared enthusiastically that it was as solid as a horse. Yours very respectfully, E. C. MANN,
Secretary Juniata Valley Wheelmen.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 14, 1886.

Gentlemen—In regard to the NEW RAPID I purchased of you in June last, would say that in my past five years' riding I never rode a machine that pleased me as well, and would further state that for climbing hills the NEW RAPID is perfection. Yours, CHAS. F. MUNDER.

303 Kennard Street, CLEVELAND, O., July 29, 1886.

Gentlemen—I expect you think it is time for me to report and let you know how I like the NEW RAPID BICYCLE. I am happy to say that I have tested it to my full satisfaction. It is, in my opinion, the most rigid and strongest wheel in the market. On the last 54-inch I ordered two beginners learned to ride. We abused it fearfully—falling in the spokes, and throwing the bicycle around in every direction. I told the gentleman it was too bad to take a new machine like that to learn on; he said he knew it, but had no other, and must learn to ride. I sent to Mr. Samuel T. Clark & Co. for some new spokes to have them ready in case I should need them. When I got through with the riders the machine was not hurt in the least; I took it, and wiped it up, and it looked as if it just came out of the crate new; I turned it over to the gentleman and he paid me, and said he was satisfied that no other machine would stand the abuse he gave that, and if he could help me by telling his friends to purchase the same machine he would. He then said, "Pankhurst, if all machines are built as rigid as the NEW RAPID, you will have to shut up your repair shop." I have examined the NEW RAPID very closely, and have had the best experts to look at it with me, and cannot find the least fault about it. I have agents that sell other makes come to see me, I ask them how they like it, they say it is a good wheel and have no fault to find about it. One of them told me it was the best wheel for our roads, and also said if it was not so late in the season he would get one, but promised to buy one of me next season. I have had six years' experience in bicycles, and can say honestly that the NEW RAPID is the most rigid and strongest wheel in Cleveland.

Yours truly, T. J. PANKHURST.

CINCINNATI, O., July 17, 1886.

Gentlemen—You ask me what I think of the RAPID. In my opinion it is the strongest, handsomest, easiest running, and most rigid wheel in the market. It makes a pleasure of the greatest drudgery of cycling—hill climbing. I have climbed hills with ease on my RAPID that I have not been able to get half way up on my — Light Roadster, while down hill it leave everything. This is not only my opinion, but the opinion of all who have seen it.

Yours truly, H. B. BURROUGHS

BURLINGTON, IA., July 16, 1886.

Gentlemen—I have ridden on the road, during four years, all the principal makes of bicycles, but must confess, have never ridden a machine equal in any way to the NEW RAPID. Its hill-climbing qualities, as well as coasting, ease of running, and general stanchness are unexcelled, and have so been pronounced by all who have seen or ridden it.

Very truly yours, OTTO L. KROPACK,
Burlington Bicycle Club

TERRE HILL, MD., July 19, 1886.

Gentlemen—Enclosed you will find check for \$140, to pay for my 54-inch NEW RAPID. The machine is more than you claimed it to be, fits a glove, and if I were blindfolded, I would not know when I came to a hill.

Very truly yours, W. S. GLEIM

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., July 20, 1886.

Gentlemen—The NEW RAPID which I obtained from you, I fully tested on all kinds of roads, and pronounce it the best machine I have ever ridden. Its strongest points are: First, rigidity and strength combined with lightness. Its easy running and unexcelled hill climbing. Its disinclination to headers, secured by a proper rake and easy spring. When once tried a rider would have no other.

Yours respectfully, ELMER SWOPE

CLEVELAND, O., July 15, 1886.

Gentlemen—I purchased a 56-inch NEW RAPID through T. J. Pankhurst, your Cleveland agent, and wish you to know how thoroughly I am pleased with it. I have ridden other machines, and I must say that none of them compare with it in easy running.

W. M. ALLEN

2244 Euclid Avenue, CLEVELAND, O., July 19, 1886.

Gentlemen—I am delighted with the NEW RAPID. It satisfies every claim made for it, and surpasses in lightness and durability of construction any wheel I know. In fine, it is well pleasing throughout. I may say that the machine took me safely through my novitiate, and is none the worse for that ordeal.

Yours, MATTON M. CURTIS.

CHEVENNE, WYO., July 20, 1886.

Gentlemen—I believe that the True Tangent is the wheel. I like it for its lightness combined with its great strength. I have ridden my NEW RAPID over 650 miles in the two months that I have had it, and think it the lightest, easiest running wheel I have been on.

Yours truly, FRANK A. GILLESPIE.

NEW HAVEN, CT., July 22, 1886.

Gentlemen—I have ridden several machines of different makes, but for a handsome, easy, and silent running machine the NEW RAPID takes the lead. I have given the machine a severe test, riding it over cobble-stone pavements every day, but have not had to tighten any bearings since I received it, and it is as perfect as the day it came.

Yours, E. O. JERALDS.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1886.

Gentlemen—in regard to the RAPID, I would like to state that I am well satisfied with it, and that I think it is all you claimed for it and what I thought it was when I bought it. It is behaving splendidly down here on the rough roads, and on the good roads at a distance it is of course all right.

Yours, EDMUND W. TRYON,

Citizens Bicycle Club.

NEW YORK, August 3, 1886.

Gentlemen—The NEW RAPID that I purchased from you last spring has given me the best satisfaction of any wheel that is in the market to-day. I find it is much easier for hill-climbing than other wheels. I think it is the most rigid machine that I have ever ridden, and together with its true tangent spokes, its long, beautiful, curved handle-bars, and its partly nicked spokes, it is the prettiest machine that the market affords. I have ridden considerably on it, and I have not yet spent one cent on it for repairs. I have raced with it, and have been victorious, receiving some one of the prizes awarded. I predict that the NEW RAPID will be the coming wheel, it only wants a little time for bicyclists to become thoroughly acquainted with it. Riders who are using the Light Roadster have tried my machine, and they say it runs much easier than their own. Hoping that you may have success in the future, I remain,

Yours truly, IRVING M. SHAW

Evion Bicycle Club.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., July 10, 1886.

Gentlemen—The NEW RAPID in my possession has had some severe tests, and I don't hesitate to pronounce it the most rigid and the easiest running wheel I have ever ridden, and I've been on nearly every kind in the market. At the Michigan division of the I. A. W. meet at Detroit, June 26, I had my NEW RAPID, and all who examined it were very favorably impressed with its rigidity and beauty. Would not sell mine for double its price if I could not get another.

Yours respectfully, WILL S. TURNER.

McPHerson, KAN., July 17, 1886.

Gentlemen—I am glad to express you my satisfaction about the NEW RAPID I bought of you. I find it a splendid hill climber; the tangent spokes are unsurfaced, while the long, one-piece handle-bar, bringing the handles in the best position for the rider, and the rigid front forks add greatly to its strength, and easy going and steering, they being the strongest on any wheel I have yet seen. It was pronounced by experienced riders and mechanics the best wheel, and ahead of all American and other English makes. I can recommend it heartily to all wanting a first class mount.

Yours truly, PAUL G. WAKENHUT.

HANOVER, PA., July 15, 1886.

Gentlemen—The NEW RAPID machine I procured from you a short time ago is the first one of that make that has been brought to this section, and with pleasure I can say, gives entire satisfaction. It appears to be perfect in all its appointments and construction. The combination of strength obtained in the peculiar construction of the wheel is superior to all that ever came to my notice, and is so pronounced by experts.

Respectfully, W. BOADENHAMER.

ELLIOTT CITY, MD., July 16, 1886.

Gentlemen—The 54-inch NEW RAPID purchased from you some time since has been ridden over a great variety of country, and proved very satisfactory. Its ability to climb hills is really something remarkable, and, considering the time I have been riding, I am often much astonished at the way I can get up a hill. The lightness of the machine, combined with its rigidity and strength, is a very pleasing feature. As an object of beauty (as far as beauty can be found in a machine) the NEW RAPID exceeds, in my opinion, the majority of wheels. Were I about to select a wheel I should unquestionably choose the NEW RAPID, being thoroughly satisfied as to this superiority. Yours very truly, WM. H. GIBBONS, Jr.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

COLUMBIA, CHAMPION, AMERICAN CHALLENGE, FACILE, OTTO, and other Bicycles and Tricycles sold on easy payments, with little or no extra charge except for interest. SECOND-HAND WHEELS bought, sold, and exchanged.

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REPAIRING AND NICKEL-PLATING.

Send for our large new finely-illustrated Catalogue, with "A PILGRIMAGE A-WHEELBACK," illustrated, now in press. Our Catalogue is of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman.

GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 7 G Street, Peoria, Ill.



HELLO !



RUDGE TELEPHONE MAN.

HELLO !

Hello, Mr. Ducker! Please enter me for the Springfield Races. I have just got a beautiful RUDGE RACER from STODDARD, LOVERING & Co., Boston, and I shall be on hand, sure pop! Am going "great guns," and intend to have some of your medals,—and don't you forget it. My RUDGE is a dandy.

THE MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY, ART LITHOGRAPHERS AND PUBLISHERS,

DESIGNED, ENGRAVED, AND PRINTED THE

"UNCLE SAM" BICYCLE SHOW CARD

FOR THE

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BRADLEY'S WHEELING AND DRIVING CHART OF SPRINGFIELD AND VICINITY.

A New Map of Ten Miles Around Springfield, with Many Novel and Valuable Features of interest to any wheelman. Folded in neat covers for the pocket. Sample by mail for 25 cents. United States Postage Stamps of any denomination accepted.

HALMA—A NEW GAME.

The latest excitement in board games is Halma, which is a most interesting and scientific game, both social and solitaire. Adapted to Club and Association Rooms. A folding paper board, with box of men. Price, by mail, \$1.

HALMA, CHESS, AND CHECKERS IN COMBINATION.

For Club and Association Rooms this is an elegant combination. A polished cherry tray frame surrounds a central board with Halma on one side and a chess and checker board on the reverse. Accompanying the board is a box containing a set of Halma, chess, and checker men. Price for the entire combination, only \$1.75. Cannot be sent by mail. Send for illustrated description.

MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY, Springfield, Mass.



DAYTON BICYCLE STAND & CAMP STOOL

Patented by A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

It can be used as a stand, converted into a stool, used for cleaning, or folded into small space. Adjustable to any size Bicycle. Weight 5½ pounds. Price \$2 each.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE, send stamp to A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio, for List of NEW AND SECOND-HAND MACHINES.

take the place of suburban homes, and there is a general air of comfort and plenty about. Every door-yard has its cluster of pink and yellow rose bushes, and these, with the locust trees scattered along the road, scent the whole morning air. The old oaken bucket has not yet been superseded by the more modern pump, and an occasional thatched roof, with the chimney on the outside of the house, shows that you are going through an old settled country.

By the time I get to Rhinebeck I am quite ready for breakfast, but breakfast is not yet ready for me.

There is an old-fashioned hotel here. The only person visible at this time in the morning is an old Irishman engaged in sweeping out.

"Did they know ye was a-comin'?" he asks, in reply to my question as to when I could get breakfast. "Well, none of the help is up yit, and if they didn't know yer was comin' ye can't get breakfast for more than a couple of hours, nowow."

This was encouraging. Would I have to send out postals, like a commercial traveler, notifying folks several days before my arrival?

There is a little bakery across the street, which is run by a colored woman, where, upon explaining the situation, I am served in a twinkling with as nice a breakfast as one could desire.

I have been on the track of a tandem since leaving Rhinebeck, and about ten o'clock I come up to two young men seated on a Humber, resting under the shade of a tree. Of course I stop and we exchange particulars of our respective trips. They tell me they have been four days out of New York, and from their apparently exhausted condition I don't doubt it a bit. They are bound for Hudson, which they expect to reach by nightfall. I expect to get dinner there. They carry baggage enough to fill an ordinary-sized trunk, which they tell me is constantly trying to work its way on to the underside of the backbone.

We start out together after a while, but in descending the next hill, which happens to be rather steep, the man on the rear of the tandem loses control of his steering,—the machine bounces frantically from one side of the road to another, till finally spying a suitably large stone, it heads straight for it, and in an instant the two tandems are rolling frantically over each other down

the hill. The Humber lies on its side with an artistic twist in one of its wheels. This is the first buckled wheel I have ever seen, and I hope it will be the last. A buckled wheel is not a pleasing thing to look upon. I helped the two tricyclers unbuckle their wheel and watched them start off. Then I wheeled ahead by myself. From the shaky appearance of their off wheel, when they started, it is doubtful if they ever got to Hudson, unless they walked.

A little further on an old Dutch farmer, who is sitting in front of his house smoking his Sunday pipe, calls me in and fills me up with hard cider. He assures me that there is nothing in it but the pure juice which he put up himself.

Every time I would stop drinking he would begin: "Wat, wat, you don't was done yit! I make dem cider myself. A leedle boy could drink more as a bucket full of dat, and it doan' hurt him." Then he would pour out another glass, and it is

just possible that before I quit I did drink "more as a bucket full."

The reader will please note that the rather florid description of the lower Hudson was written during the morning and so cannot be credited to the virtues of the above mentioned cider.

Along about here I became painfully acquainted with the practical workings of a feature in the road laws of the State of New York. To say that the road laws as they stand now are a disgrace to the Empire State is not putting it at all strong.

It seems as though each farmer is allowed to work out his own road tax, and the way some good roads are plowed up and made impassable under the deluded notion that they are being improved, ought to render the builders liable to a fine for destroying a highway. The general manner of "improving the roads" in New York is as follows: Some spring morning when there is nothing in particular to be done about the farm, all hands turn out on the road. The old road plow is pulled out of some corner of the cow lot where it has lain since last year, and the old horse is harnessed to it. Then the soil along the side of the road is plowed up and shoveled on to the hard road bed. This is sprinkled in with a liberal mixture of sod, bricks, old drain pipe, broken crockery, or whatever else comes convenient. Sod and turf are used in the majority of cases, but I remember a place where the old granger had recently torn down a brick out-house and had used that *débris* with which to make road.

I hear that in all well regulated New York farm-houses they keep an old barrel which answers as a receptacle for an accumulation of bric-a-brac, which is saved from one season to another to be used in making roads.

If Samantha Ann breaks a wash bowl or Pete finds an old trace chain or the baby smashes a toy elephant, it all goes, as everything in the Empire State goes, into the broad, free, homogeneous highways.

They are left thus without any attempt at rolling down or pressing and all that is necessary to make them "first-class highways" is to pass the inspection of the road inspector; generally some ignorant farmer who knows about as much about good roads as he does about logarithms.

These kinds of roads or rather absence of roads occur at intervals of from ten minutes to half an hour and generally run from one hundred yards to half a mile. To attempt to ride one of these stretches would be to tempt Providence. It is likely they get packed down in time, but surely bicyclers and foot passengers do not contribute to that end.

I dine at Claverack, about four miles east of Hudson, and take another lunch at Kinderhook. Kinderhook is a quaint old town some four miles from either railroad or river. I am told to look out for Martin Van Buren's old homestead a little ways out of town, and full directions are given for identifying it by a communicative storekeeper, where I am lunching on ice cream and crackers.

The road from here on takes me over part of the Big Four tour of last year and I hear about them all along. At every farm-house I stop, the men folks, who are all at home to-day, meet me at the gate, and one of the first things I hear, is of one hundred bicyclers who came down the road last summer. Sometimes the number runs up as high as five hundred, all owing to the enthusiasm of the narrator.

Then certain hills or rocks are pointed out where some unfortunate wheelman took a header, and I am introduced to the same identical pinup where they took a drink or shown a bunch of trees where they rested. It is plain to see that the narrative of this tour is taking on the form of a family tradition and it will probably be generations before the natives will have done talking about it, especially if the subject of conversation in any way concerns bicycles or bicyclers.

Albany is sighted some time before I get into the city and I know that my journey for the day is nearly done. I go down the long hill that runs into Greenbush at a rattling rate, and nearly tip up several times on account of the uneven surface of the road.

From the suspension bridge a fine view can be obtained both up and down the river, and I am taking this in very intently when I am rudely awakened by an officer of the bridge, who demands in a loud voice, why I tried to dodge the toll-gate on the other side. As no one on the other side had made any demand on me for toll, it is hardly fair to charge me with running the gate.

The irate gatekeeper was scarcely to be pacified by such explanation, however, so depositing my toll I rode on leaving him growling like a bear.

I take supper at the Kenmore and by the looks of the guests at the table and the increasing anxiety of the waiters as I go through the bill-of-fare from soup to nuts, I know they think I have been fasting for a week. But I have not, as my landlords back along the road will testify. I am hungry, as hungry as a—as a—well, as hungry as a hungry bicyclist, and if that don't express the superlative of hunger I don't know what does.

At length, as I was about finishing, the waiter glides up and smoothing down the table cloth in that seductive way peculiar to his class, inquired: "Well, boss, is you going to be with us for breakfast?" He didn't say, "If you are not, you had better tip me that quarter right now while you think of it," but he meant it just the same.

I saw through his scheme.

"Yes," I answered, "I will be here. You may tell the steward to prepare for the worst."

Oh, what a lie that was! P. C. DARROW.

[To be continued.]

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.



Rustic:—"Say—"

Wheelman:—"Can't stop to talk; bound for Springfield."

THE SADIRON GHOSTS.

(Written for the GAZETTE by PRESIDENT BATES.)

CHAPTER I.—THE MAN.

The Rev. Pyromander Sadiron had preached a powerful "awakening" sermon to an unusually large audience that Wednesday afternoon. The log school-house in which he had "held forth" had been filled to its utmost capacity; besides thirty or forty persons, unable to gain admittance, had listened from outside of the building, their interested faces blocking up the open windows and the wide doorway. The meeting had plainly shown signs of the opening of a "revival." The hymns had been sung with unusual unction and twang. The solemn tones of Balerma and the mournful minor of China had been executed with peculiar nasal pathos, while the richer and more jubilant melodies of Coronation and Dunbar had been pealed out by the united voices of the settlers. The groans of the leading members during prayer, and their exclamations of "glory!" "bless the Lord!" and "amen!" had been given with special fervor during the sermon.

After the service, the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron, first exchanging solemn greetings with various of the "brethren and sisters," gravely mounted his tall 56-inch bicycle, and rode sedately away, to preach at another "revival meeting" in another settlement, some miles distant, that evening.

The place was in the northwestern part of the Canadian province of Ontario; the time October, 1885. The Rev. Pyromander Sadiron was a mission preacher of the itinerant Methodists. He "supplied" no less than four settlements, preaching at one in the morning, at another in the afternoon, at a third in the evening, and at the fourth, and least important, occasionally. He was now holding a series of week-day "revival meetings" in two of his charges. His afternoon service, this day, had been before his largest congregation. In the evening he was to preach before the next largest. His life was a hard-working and anxious one, inasmuch as his success in his profession, his hope of being called to a more "settled" and better rewarded ministry, and of becoming an influence in the church, depended upon his "building up" into permanent church organizations at least two of his four missions. He was a young man, hardly past twenty-four years of age, tall, strong, and what is called cleanly built, with an intelligent face, an impressive head, showing him to be an intellectual as well as a physical athlete, and a fountain of sinewy if not very polished eloquence, well adapted to move and impress his rude audiences. Already he was spoken of by his elders of the clergy as "the most effective and earnest young preacher in any of the northwestern conferences."

The sermon had been somewhat longer, as well as more earnest, than usual, and already in that high northern latitude the brief October sun was hastening to its setting. The day was clear, the air a cool and pleasant tonic, fragrant with the balsamic odors of the pine and hemlock forests, and the roads were dry and firm. One of the first improvements the Canadians of Ontario Province make in their new settlements is the construction of at least one good gravel road, leading to the nearest market town. Along this road the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron drove his black-enamede wheel, relieved by its glittering nickel-plated head, pedals, handle-bar, and springs, at first with a grave ministerial moderation, conscious that the eyes of his congregation, and especially of its young people, carefully noted every item of his carriage and

conversation. If his thoughts were somewhat complacent, that was hardly a fault. He had a right to feel pleased with the prospect that "the Lord was apparently about to bless his labors with an outpouring of the Spirit," as his mind phrased it, after the manner of his order. And if he felt a natural exultation in the idea that a "revival" bringing many "redeemed" to his "fold," would be followed, in due course, by the organization of a strong and self-supporting church, whereby his own fortunes would be greatly advanced, it was a train of thought which could hardly be avoided even by one far more ascetic than his twinkling blue eyes and good humored mouth proclaimed him to be in his "natural man."

These pleasant thoughts unconsciously inspired his muscles with a happy activity, his body yielding readily to the pleasurable excitement of his mind, so that presently he was speeding at that rapid and exultant pace over the smooth road which is most delightful to a strong and practiced wheelman. Mile after mile the small farms and the bordering woods drifted behind him, like a landscape flowing backward in a swift tide. Presently the sun set behind the crest of the great pine forests; and then the brief twilight began rapidly to wane. It was just when the darkening atmosphere had taken that mysterious and uncanny shade which the Scotch call "gloaming," and which is neither light nor darkness, that he rode over the crest of a long hill, overlooking a deep valley, on the opposite side of which, a mile beyond the little creek which rippled through the hollow, lay the settlement to which he was bound. As he threw his legs over the handle-bar for a long coast, his vision took in the whole scene. Below him the valley lay already half hidden in the dusk of the coming night. He could barely discern the gray outlines of the short bridge he must cross over the creek. But upon the opposite hill the lingering day still shed its level light. The road up the steep incline showed distinctly its white line against the soft browns and greens of the hillside; and, near its summit, the white headstones of the settlement grave-yard gleamed spectrally on the left hand, over against a thicket of trees and underbrush on the right.

Just when his wheel had acquired a steadily increasing velocity down the smooth descent, the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron was suddenly startled by observing a tricycle, ridden by a lady coasting down the opposite hill to meet him on the bridge. It did not at first strike him as singular that he had not seen his approaching vis-a-vis pass over the brow of the opposite hill, and yet his gaze had been directly upon the roadway there at the moment she must have passed. He was conscious of being mysteriously shocked, without as yet perceiving why. At first his thought did not grasp the fact that no tricycle rider, and especially no lady tricycle rider, was known to exist within more than a hundred miles of that locality. Hence, as he remembered afterward, the appearance of anybody, especially of a woman so mounted, in that place, was surprising.

But was she in that place? In some peculiar way the hill down which she was gliding was another hill than the one which lay opposite him—a hill which he knew, located nearly a hundred miles away. While he saw the true hill opposite in its proper shades and proportions, there appeared to lie over it, and between it and his eye, the distinct picture—or the phantom, if there can be a phantom of scenery—of that other and distant, but familiar

hill; and the strange tricycle rider was coasting down that other and distant hill, apparently to meet him on the bridge at the foot of this hill.

What first surprised and startled him was the distinctness of this unexpected vision, at such a distance and in such a light. The stranger wore a soft, gray dress, with a pale blue belt; a gray cap, with a pale blue feather floating over it; and a spray of late flowers tied with one or two early autumn leaves in a small knot of pale blue ribbon on her bosom. All these details the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron saw distinctly while she was yet apparently almost a fifth of a mile distant; also that the strange fair was young, tall, and graceful, with a noble graciousness of figure. Her face was not beautiful—not even pretty—but intelligent, joyous, and gentle, though wearing a troubled expression.

These impressions were gained at a glance, for the pair were gliding together with the speed of skimming swallows, and in an instant would meet and pass each other on the bridge. The wheel of the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron had already reached the slight rise of the bridge approach, and the face of the stranger woman was directly before him, not more than four rods distant. He seemed to see her features, her dress, her tricycle, as distinctly in that dusky hollow as though it were broad daylight. But, as his wheel touched the first plank of the bridge, and hers seemed to be mounting the opposite side, tricycle and woman and phantom hill suddenly vanished. At that precise fraction of a second, the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron had allowed his glance to drop to the ground, to be sure and give ample room for the two vehicles to pass each other safely. It was but the flashing of a glance, the literal twinkling of an eye; but when he looked up, with a half involuntary motion of his left hand toward his hat, she was gone!

The shock so startled the reverend rider that his wheel wavered; he dropped his feet toward the pedals, at the same time involuntary applying force to the brake; and the next moment he took a flying header from the farther end of the bridge, plowing the slight dust on the surface of the road with his hands and knees, while his bicycle turned a half somersault and landed in the ditch, with the little wheel up and spinning violently. Mr. Sadiron scrambled to his feet with violent activity, and at once turned about and looked back along the road to see the stranger, who, he felt sure must somehow have passed him, and be now climbing the hill down which he had just coasted. But she was not in sight. He turned and peered on every side as well as he could through the dusk; but no one was in view: he was unquestionably alone!

The Rev. Pyromander Sadiron was a firm believer in miracles performed two thousand years ago, but not in modern ones. Probably you might search the entire county, and all adjoining ones, and not find another man more solid in his rejection of physical and psychological mysteries. Outside of his religious faith, everything supernatural was dead and dusty with antique grime; only the natural survived. Or, if there were unexplainable phenomena, they were of the powers of evil, and not of good; the latter had retired from the jugglery business these many centuries. The miracles he believed in had been done for a purpose, necessary and wise and grand—to attest the revelations of Deity. A miracle with a woman and a tricycle, with no higher perceptible object than to mystify and astonish a Canadian mission preacher, he would be the first to reject and ridicule. Therefore,

after peering about, examining every possible and impossible place where the stranger might have hidden, he dusted his clothing with his handkerchief, wiped the blood off a slight scratch on the end of his nose, picked up his wheel, swung himself into the saddle, and toiled vigorously his way up the steep ascent. Thrice on the way up, he spoke aloud to himself, in a partially aggrieved, partially astonished tone: "By George!" This unclerical expression had not passed his lips for half a dozen years. It was a reminiscence of his unconverted state in the sinful days of his boyhood. He did not think of it until next day, when he blushed to himself at the memory of such a lapse from ministerial morals. As he rode on into the hamlet where he was to preach, he carried in his memory a vivid picture of the face, form, and dress of the apparition. In vain he strove to rally his thoughts to a review of the sermon he was about to deliver; the face of the unknown rose constantly in his imagination. It so interfered with his appetite that Mrs. Buswing, his hostess, several times inquired if he was well, as he did not eat as heartily as usual, and he seemed too preoccupied to take his proper part in the conversation. In fact, it had only been by a mental effort that he managed to ask a blessing before eating; and this in an unusually perfunctory manner.

The more he reflected upon his singular adventure, the more the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron was disturbed. New evidences of the peculiar nature of the apparition kept occurring to his mind. He now remembered that the form and face of the unknown were not only totally strange to him, but he could not recognize in the features any trace of any family he had ever known. There was no hiding place where the woman had disappeared in which a human being, much less a tricycle with its glittering nickel-plated parts, could be concealed. The water of the creek was not over a foot in depth, and there was no place under or about the bridge into which he had not looked. The ground all about the bridge was clear, without a bush, much less a thicket. There were no fences until the height of the new cemetery on the brow of the hill was reached.

He went to his evening service with his mind so greatly perturbed, and especially with such a distinct memory of the haunting face and figure, that he was almost afraid to begin his sermon, feeling unable to fit his thoughts upon his subject with his usual clearness and power. The audience room was crowded, and here, also, were manifest signs of a religious interest, which he longed to kindle into a flame. He was conscious, however, that his opening prayer and hymn-reading, were cold and mechanical. He could not give to either his text or the opening of his discourse that singleness of spirit which the occasion demanded. The solemn words of the hymn, sung by the quavering voices of the older settlers, by the dim light of a few lamps, to the pleading old air of Windham,—

"Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight,"—

sounded distant and melancholy in his ears, as never before. In vain he strove to rally his oratorical powers—they refused to answer to his will. Nevertheless, little by little, as a strong speaker will often affect himself more than his audience, he became exalted through his own eloquence; and the latter half of his long sermon was marked by a force, a clearness, a fervid fire

of persuasion, such as he had rarely attained, and at its close there were nearly a score of his hearers attesting his power by penitential tears and sobs and moanings.

Then followed the usual revival scenes—prayers with many groans and loud "amens," exclamations of "glory," weepings and "wrestling with the Spirit." At a late hour the meeting broke up. But, in the midst of the benediction, the Rev. Pyromander Sadiron suddenly paused, standing motionless, with uplifted hands, staring hard at the door, framed in which, and lighted by two lamps, one on each side, he saw, or thought he saw, the woman of his vision, standing and looking at him with a sad and appealing countenance, the pale blue feather of her hat trembling in the current of air which rushed through the open doorway. For several seconds he stood thus, until a number of his congregation also turned and looked curiously at the door; when, seeing nothing peculiar there, they once more turned, wondering, to the preacher, who now recovered himself with an effort, and finished pronouncing his blessing.

To the questions asked by several of the elder "brethren" Mr. Sadiron replied evasively that he "felt a sudden peculiar sensation—it was nothing of consequence—let me get a breath of the fresh air, please." So speaking he hurried to the door, and looked eagerly up and down the road and about the building, examining closely the congregation as they poured out and departed. But nothing rewarded his search; and he went home with Mrs. Buswing and sought the seclusion of his room, to ponder alone over these mysterious visitations. It was long before he fell asleep, and his slumbers were disturbed by romantic dreams, in which the form and face of his fair apparition bore a conspicuous part in various imaginary scenes.

[To be continued.]

Correspondence.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:

At last it can be said that there are as many styles of wheels as there are ages of riders. The consolidated catalogue of bicycles and tricycles contains hundreds of machines of every quality and price. To select from so immense a list the wheel best suited to one's use is indeed a difficult thing to do if one is disposed to hearken to the bugle blasts of some manufacturers and dealers which appear in every cycling paper published. Whether the price of the really high grade bicycle and tricycle is too much above what would be a fair living price is not to be discussed in the absence of sufficient data to substantiate any opinion. When the wheelman has an intelligent conception of the enormous expense of the plant and care, and the quality of material required to make a practical roadster which will carry a two-hundred-or-more pound man over good, bad, and indifferent roads for ten or more years, and weigh less than fifty pounds, it will be time for him to dictate upon the price of cycles. There are high grade bicycles, medium grade bicycles, and poor grade bicycles at proportional prices. The statement that in either, one gets his money's worth, is borne out with a fair showing of facts, but the wheelman should not expect to receive two dollars worth of machine for one dollar. It would appear that it is a mechanical and commercial impossibility to sell at profit a high grade machine at a medium grade price. The announcement of certain makers or dealers going the rounds of the advertising pages of the press,

that they sell the highest grade of machines at a price which could not possibly admit of better than medium quality, is misleading to the innocent cyclo. The machines in question are worth probably all that is charged for them, but they cannot be of highest grade when compared with the bicycles and tricycles which sell for a great deal more. These words are written by a wheelman to caution every prospective cyclo to look before he leaps—upon a bicycle, and to remember that claims in printer's ink are often quite different from pure reality.

WITNEY.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:

The wheelmen's meet in this city, July 5, was one of the most successfully conducted celebrations that ever occurred in this section, and has been marked by all attending, either as spectators or participants, a red letter day in the annals of "Bonnie Maryland." For the rescue of the day from the orthodox demonstrations of the past and the inauguration of "something new under the sun" entire credit is due the officers and members of the Hagerstown Bicycle Club. Bold in conception, their plans were energetically accomplished, and where all were so assiduous in arranging and entertaining, particular mention would be unjust, except in the case of Captain Geo. F. Updegraff, who worked with tireless energy from first to last and "knew no such word as fail."

The club numbers twenty-five members, who wear the regulation uniform, and is officiated as follows: R. B. M. Reno, president; Geo. F. Updegraff, captain; Harry G. McComas, sub-captain; Harry B. Irvin, secretary; Geo. E. Stever, treasurer; Frank S. Heard, bugler; Dr. E. A. Wareham, surgeon. It numbers among its members Will C. McComas, the pioneer bicycle rider of Western Maryland, who has done much to promote the interests of wheelmen in this section.

The day dawned bright and beautiful and revealed the city nestling like a rich gem on the fair bosom of this beautiful "Vale of Cumberland," robed in myriad wearings of the national colors and, floating in profusion over all, the starry emblem of the free. Early in the morning large crowds began to arrive in every conceivable sort of vehicle; all trains were crowded and before noon the city presented a most animated appearance. A large number of wheelmen arrived on Sunday and were met by reception committees from the local club and escorted to hotels, where every provision was made to secure their comfort. The wheels were stored at the Hose Opera House, the headquarters of the bicyclists.

By 10.30 o'clock the visitors had all arrived, with the exception of several Baltimoreans who "gave out," and took a rest at Martinsburg, arriving in Hagerstown as the procession was passing. The ringing of church and fire bells was the signal for all to assemble in the central square, where a speakers' platform had been erected. Vast crowds braved the burning sun, and streets, windows, and balconies were a solid mass of humanity.

Mayor R. J. Halm, a popular young attorney, delivered an address of welcome to the wheelmen, on behalf of the local club and the municipality, and extended to the visitors the freedom of the city. He was an early favorite with the boys and "What's the matter with the Mayor?" "He's all right," was chorused by the crowd. At the conclusion of his remarks the Capital Club, of Wash-

ington, D. C., sang, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," to the tune of America. J. Kemp Bartlett, Jr., of Baltimore, chief consul Maryland Division, L. A. W., responded to the welcome in a neat address, complimenting highly the citizens, the local club, the city, and the excellent roads and streets, which he said were a "paradise for wheelmen." He was tendered the chief marshalship of the parade and formed the clubs in the following order:—

Hagerstown Bicycle Club, blue uniform, blue caps with white bands and white shirts, preceded by Frank S. Heard, champion bugler; McConnellsburg, Pa., Club; Williamsport Wheel Club, of Williamsport, Pa.; Harrisburg, Pa., Club; Chambersburg, Pa., Club; Martinsburg, W. Va., Club; Harrisonburg, W. Va., Club; Woodstock, W. Va., Club; Capital Bicycle Club, of Washington, D. C.; Washington Cycle Club, and District Wheelmen, of Washington, D. C.; Cumberland, Maryland, Club; Maryland Bicycle Club, of Baltimore; Baltimore Cycle Club; Cycling Ramblers, of Westminster, Md.; representatives and unattached riders. Nearly 200 wheelmen were in the city, but owing to the intense heat but 158 wheels were in line. The effect, however, was grand and novel and won the applause of the assembled thousands. The Capital Club, of Washington, thirty-five members, were accorded the honor of being the best drilled and best riding club present.

An eighteen mile run over an excellent road, was vetoed in the afternoon on account of the heat, much to the disappointment of people along the line who had assembled in great numbers with refreshments for the boys. The city streets were newly graded, graveled, and rolled, and tempted riders from the shade, by twos and threes, during the afternoon, while in the early evening wheelmen whirled everywhere. Speeches, running races, games, etc., filled the afternoon programme, and in the evening a firemen's and military parade was followed by a grand display of fireworks. At 11.30 P. M. the Hagerstown boys tendered their visitors a grand banquet at the Hose Opera House. The auditorium was draped with bunting, flags fluttered everywhere, and flowers bent their lovely heads above the rich laid tables. A huge "Welcome" in artificial flowers rested on the proscenium arch, and a large floral bicycle attracted much attention. Mr. J. K. Bartlett presided. Among the guests were ex-Gov. W. T. Hamilton, Col. H. Kyd Douglas, Mayor Halm, Rev. E. H. Delk, the only ministerial bicyclist in the State, and representatives of the local press, Baltimore *Sun*, and WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Letters of regret were received from several prominent people including Hon. L. E. McComas, of Maryland. After the banquet the visiting clubs mostly departed on special trains for home, and thus closed the first bicycle meet of Western Maryland, leaving a lasting impression for the good of all wheelmen and pleasant memories of its pleasures and success.

Among the visitors were S. T. Clark, of "True Tangent" fame, Baltimore; Geo. W. Ribble, Star trick rider, Harrisonburg, W. Va.; Jno. W. Leggett, of Detroit, Mich.; Ed. T. Pettengill, chief consul, L. A. W., District of Columbia, and J. Kemp Bartlett, chief consul of Maryland.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., July 8, 1886.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

It's singular how very exacting some people can be. Here are a couple of poor fellows down East who have been suspended by their club simply

because they went into a saloon to get a glass of beer, leaving their bicycles on the outside. I believe the offense consisted not so much in getting the beer, as in leaving their machines in a place where they would publish the fact that their owners were taking a drink. What a model set of men the wheelmen must be down Yankeeland-ward. Bless their dear innocent hearts, there are mighty few of us who would stand the ghost of a chance with them. This is a place whose habits are founded on German customs to a very great extent, and in consequence every one drinks beer. The German population feed it to their babies, and the youngsters seem to thrive on it. It is considered the proper thing for a person to go into a beer saloon to quench his thirst, and our best people all do it, although it looks odd to a stranger. In the fatherland the custom obtains to even a greater extent than here, and one of our prominent divines tells a good story on himself in this connection. It appears that he had an eminent German minister stopping with him some years back, and the reverend stranger was a thirsty soul. So the day after his arrival he proposed to his host that they go down to a saloon and get a glass of beer. Now, although German customs are strong here, yet the sentiments of the English-speaking community have drawn the line at pastors going to saloons and gardens for the extract of malt and hops, consequently the worthy doctor explained to his guest that however much it might do at home, it was not the custom here, and that he was too well known to be seen entering a saloon. However, as his guest was unknown, he said he could go in, as the doctor saw nothing wrong in the beer-drinking itself, so the two walked down to Bissinger's—one of our noted resorts—and the doctor waited outside for his companion, not in front of the door however. Enjoying a chat with an acquaintance who happened along, he was suddenly tapped on the shoulder, and turning around, to his surprise and horror, beheld the German dominie with a glass of foaming beer in each hand, which he had brought out to enjoy with his friend. *Tableau!* And they say that the doctor has never been able to quite explain away this little incident.

Our German friends will tell you that lager is not intoxicating, but don't you believe it. Some of the old wooden-heads here can get away with from twenty to forty glasses in the course of an evening, but it catches the unaccustomed drinker sure pop. However much it may do for the Germans—habituated to its use from infancy—there is no doubt but that the license afforded by their habits is a curse to Americans. Only a Sunday since I saw a respectable looking young girl come in from one of the beer resorts in the suburbs (of which we have numbers, and which are all crowded on Sundays) so drunk that she could not walk straight, and had to be supported by two of her companions. This is not intended as a temperance lecture, but I do say that it is a disgrace to any community to sanction the open and public drinking of beer by men, women, and children, indiscriminately.

I had occasion to read a couple of our beer-swilling countrymen a lesson on the rights of the road, last Sunday. Several of us were quietly wheeling along the pike about two miles from town, when I was saluted by "Get out of the way there! Run him down!" from a buggy which was driven furiously along behind me, and I had barely time to jump off and get out of the way

when they bore past. I was mad—fighting mad, although I have a pretty equable disposition—and I bounced on my wheel and made up my mind I'd trail those fellows to town. Well, I did, and overhauling them just outside of the city limits, advised them forcibly that I intended having them arrested, the very first policeman I met. To say that my cheering proposition was met by a torrent of profanity would be putting it mildly; but it wasn't any use. I quietly jogged along at the tail end of the carriage and presently my companions came up. By this time we were in the suburbs, and, waking up to the fact that we meant business, they began to take water. First, one fellow says: "Say, I'll give you a dollar if you'll say nothing more about it." The thing began to be ridiculous, and as it was Sunday, and I didn't care about having a row, I told them that if they would apologize, and take it all back, we would drop it. They jumped at the chance, and then—being half-seas over—became quite loquacious and wanted to shake hands all around; so we mounted and left them to waste their protestations on the air. I don't think they'll try to run any more wheelmen down, however.

We had a case not long ago in which one of our local wheelmen—a Mr. Mauger—was run down by a team, and the driver refusing to pay the damages, suit was brought; but it never came off, for the chap finding his position untenable paid over both damages and costs, although it was done with very ill grace.

We have been having some little "meets" on our own account down this way, to console ourselves for the deprivation of Boston. On Decoration day the Reading Bicycle Club gave an afternoon's racing at the Three-Mile House, a very good number being present. Wilhelm won all the races in which he entered, although the track was in such wretched condition that no time could be made. The one-mile novice race was very close and exciting. R. Eckert won in 5.13, but Charles Graeff made such a plucky spurt in the last hundred yards that it made a very close and exciting finish. He was completely exhausted though, and had to be helped from the track. Why fellows will go into racing without the proper training is a conundrum. Now there's Wilhelm. The fellows say he wins because he is a big, muscular man. It is no such thing. He wins simply and solely because he trains and practices regularly. By the way, he is developing into quite a racer. He captured several prizes at the Newcastle, Pa., races, and also at Pottstown. His principal race at Pottstown was the 25-mile, with Hugh J. High of that place. A great deal of interest was taken in this race, but it was devoid of excitement. Wilhelm simply pulled along with High until they struck the homestretch on the last lap. He then put on steam and landed a winner by about fifty yards. High's only chance for winning would have been to have made the pace and pumped Wilhelm—if he could. The two-mile race at Pottstown was quite close and exciting. Dampman, of Honey Brook, and Schwartz, of Reading, came down the homestretch neck and neck, but Dampman slipped his pedal and Schwartz crossed the line ahead. The gentleman who took third prize in this race is to be congratulated, for his performance was a remarkable one for him. He has been using a pack or two of cigarettes daily (tobacco—particularly cigarette tobacco—is good for the wind, you know), and came on the track with one of the odorous things in his mouth,

HURRAH FOR LYNN!

FIRST GRAND

INTERNATIONAL FALL TOURNAMENT

OF THE

LYNN CYCLE CLUB TRACK ASSOCIATION

AT

Lynn, Mass., September 23, 24, ^{and} 25, 1886.

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1-mile Novice Bicycle, Open.....	1st, Gold Medal.	2d, Gold and Silver Medal.	3d, Silver Medal.
2-mile Amateur Bicycle, 5.45 Class.....	1st, Fruit and Flower Stand.	2d, Silver Revolving Butter Dish.	3d, Silver Bell Spoon Holder, gold lined.
1-mile Promateur Bicycle, Open.....	1st, Snowflake Silver Embossed Tea Set.	2d, Silver Engraved Ice-Water Set.	3d, Cake Basket, hammered, Venetian chased.
3-mile Professional Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, \$60 Cash.	2d, \$40 Cash.	3d, \$20 Cash. (gold lined)
2-mile Amateur Tricycle, Lap.....	1st, Base Parlor Lamp, gold and oxidized.	2d, Silver Vase, gold inlaid and oxidized.	3d, Russia Leather Satchel.
10-mile Promateur Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, Fine Gold Watch, stem-winder.	2d, Silver Festoon Chased Tea Set.	3d, Gold Watch Chain.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, Open.....	1st, Silver Water Set, snowflake chased.	2d, Silver Vase, gold and oxidized.	3d, Gold Watch Chain.
5-mile Professional Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, \$75 Cash.	2d, \$50 Cash. [plaque.	3d, \$25 Cash.
3-mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, Silver Tilting Water Set, gold ornamentation.	2d, Clock, Persian chased, appliquéd, candelabra,	3d, Pair Pearl Opera Glasses.

SECOND DAY—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

1-mile Professional Bicycle, Open.....	1st, \$50 Cash.	2d, \$30 Cash.	3d, \$20 Cash.
1-mile Promateur Tricycle, A. C. U. Championship (time limit, 3m.5s.)	1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	3d, A. C. U. Silver Medal.
10-mile Amateur Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, Lynn Prize Cup.	2d, Dessert Set, coral rose, glass and silver.	3d, Nut Bowl, gold lined, oxidized finish.
5-mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, Gentleman's Fine Gold Watch.	2d, Epergne, engraved, oxidized, gold finish.	3d, Snowflake Chased Tilting Ice-Water Set.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, 3.05 Class.....	1st, Fishing Set.	2d, Cake Basket, gold lined, oxidized finish.	3d, Fine Russia Leather Satchel. (gold lined)
5-mile Professional Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, \$75 Cash.	2d, \$50 Cash.	3d, \$25 Cash.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, A. C. U. Championship (time limit, 2m.50s.)	1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	3d, A. C. U. Silver Medal.
3-mile Promateur Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, Double Walled Silver Ice-Water Urn.	2d, Shot Gun, double-barreled, breech-loader.	3d, Silver Watch.
3-mile Amateur Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, Center Piece and Fruit Dish, Crystal Dishes.	2d, Flower Stand, cut glass, gold, oxidized finish.	3d, French Pearl Opera Glasses.

THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

1-mile Promateur Bicycle, Open.....	1st, Lynn Prize Cup. (Special Prize for Record.)	2d, Base Lamp, gold inlaid and oxidized finish.	3d, Diamond Breast Pin.
3-mile Amateur Bicycle, 9.10 Class.....	1st, Base Lamp, old silver and hammered.	2d, Vase, gold finish.	3d, Gentleman's Gold Ring.
2-mile Professional Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, \$50 Cash.	2d, \$30 Cash.	3d, \$20 Cash.
3-mile Amateur Tricycle, Lap.....	1st, Photographer's Outfit.	2d, Silver Watch.	3d, Fishing Set.
5-mile Promateur Bicycle, A. C. U. Championship, (time limit, 15m.)	1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal, diamond setting.	2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	3d, A. C. U. Gold and Silver Medal.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, Fruit Dish, rich cut glass, gold, oxidized.	2d, Cigar Box, oxidized.	3d, Gentleman's Gold Chain.
10-mile Professional Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, \$100 Cash. (\$50 extra for Record.)	2d, \$50 Cash.	3d, \$25 Cash.
3-mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, Handsome Oil Painting.	2d, Silver Cashmere Band Tea Set.	3d, Dessert Set, coral rose and glass.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, Consolation.....	1st, Half dozen Napkin Rings, gold ground, satin case.	2d, Silver Watch.	3d, Russia Leather Satchel.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 16.

All Events have Three Prizes where there are four or more starters. Entry Forms, Blanks, List of Prizes, etc., furnished upon application to E. M. BAILEY, Secretary Lynn Cycle Track Association, LYNN, MASS.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

SEPTEMBER 30, OCTOBER 1^{AND} 2,

ARE THE DATES FOR THE

FIRST ANNUAL

CYCLING TOURNAMENT

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

NEW JERSEY CYCLING AND ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION,

MAGNIFICENT THIRD-OF-A-MILE TRACK AT

Roseville Station, Newark, N. J.

RACES FOR AMATEURS!

RACES FOR PROMATEURS!

RACES FOR PROFESSIONALS!

RACES FOR BICYCLES!

RACES FOR TRICYCLES!

RACES FOR TANDEMS!

A. C. U. RULES TO GOVERN !

Plan your vacation so as to take in this event. It will conclude the circuit of big Tournaments, and you can enjoy the fine riding in the celebrated Orange District and the pleasures of the metropolis. Only 30 minutes from City Hall, New York, by the D. L. & W. R. R.; Ferries at Barclay and Christopher Streets.

\$2000 IN PRIZES.

Address all communications to FREDERICK JENKINS, Manager, Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.

so I say it was a capital record for him; and I venture the prediction that if he will only let the festive cigarette alone he will make a racer. *Mem.*: He sports orange and black colors on his handle-bar. Let's see. Those are the colors of Baltimore, are they not? Why of course! It's a city and not a girl that he carries the ribbons for. Didn't know he was a Baltimorean though. Thought he came from the other direction.

A gentleman in the *Bi. World* of June 11, pays me his compliment under head of scraps from this section, signing himself "Owl." If it be the party whom I suspect, he has chosen a singularly felicitous name, for he is a night-hawk of the most approved kind, and his relaxations are taken under cover of the darkness when most respectable people are safe abed. If he tries any "Screamer" serenade dodge on me, I'll snap an instantaneous photo. of his "shape" and distribute it among the girls. 'Ow'll that do for a sweet revenge?

The "Wheelmen's Reference Book" has been received, and is the most complete thing of its kind ever offered the wheeling public. It should be in the hands of every rider. The legal points on cyclers' rights are alone worth the price of the book.

"CYCLE."

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

A person taking a stroll along our St. Charles avenue and looking at the number of cyclists would scarcely believe that this most enjoyable sport has increased so wonderfully in the last twelve months, despite the many obstacles that have been thrown in their way, such as ordinances compelling them to ride in the street, to carry lamps and bells, and to the general complaint of the public, but with it all we have now nearly two hundred riders.

Until recently there were very few makes of machines here, but now one looking at a turnout on the "ave" can see every conceivable sort of wheel, Humber, rotaries, and trikes, quadricycles, and nearly every crank machine that is made.

A great deal of the above is due to the untiring efforts of L. D. Munger, who spent quite a time with us some few months ago, also to the New-Orleans-to-Boston tourists, for since his visit and the tourists' ride cycling has been on the increase.

The membership of the L. A. W. now numbers about sixty, which of course entitles us to a representative, and I am sure that it will not be a very long time before we have one.

Do not be surprised if the Crescent City should spring into prominence, and rival the great "Springfield," for through Mr. C. H. Genslinger's efforts we are now having meetings for the organization of an athletic park, bicycle and race track, and if his efforts should be crowned with success, look out for a tournament that will surpass anything that has ever been given in this country.

Two well known cyclists, namely Harry H. Hodgson and Samuel M. Patton, celebrated their respective births on the second of August, by giving a stag supper. As most of the N. O. Bi. Club were invited, you may imagine what an enjoyable evening was spent; music, recitations, magic lantern, and the drinking of good wine was the programme for the evening.

The annual meet of the L. A. W. will take place on the 26th and 27th of this month. It will be the finest we have ever had; two championships are to be run for the L. A. W. and the N. O. Bi. C. The most likely candidates for the above are Hughes, Hill, and Guillotte. We expect to see the Columbus record of 2.53 broken.

All hands are hard at work and can be seen on the "ave" night and morning.

It would be more than pleasant to have E. P. Baird with us this year to see if he would carry off the prizes as easily as he did last. I think he would find it a difficult thing to do.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 17, 1886.

News Notes.

Are you going to the Hartford bicycle races?

England now has the best mile record for the world.

Abbot Bassett has accepted the position of referee at Springfield.

Titchener, of Binghamton, made a mile in 2m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. at Scranton last week.

Mr. R. P. Gormully, of Gormully & Jeffery, sailed from Liverpool for New York August 21.

The L. A. W. *Bulletin* calls the Springfield tournament "the world's great race meet."

The lantern parade of the Wilkesbarre Bicycle Club on the evening of Aug. 7, was a grand success.

Very few wheelmen from this section of the country will participate in the L. A. W. tour this year.

Dan Canary, who is still giving exhibitions in Europe, has been presented with twin Canaries by his wife.

What is the matter with the Rudge telephone man? He is busy ordering wheels for the coming fall tournaments.

The Springfield *Union* administered a sharp and well-deserved rebuke to Editor Aaron on his makers' serif article.

The Cleveland Club did not display very good taste in selecting one of its members as referee, thereby creating some dissatisfaction.

The New Rapid has taken a strong hold on the Pacific coast, and since it was introduced there large orders have poured into Messrs. Clarks' hands.

A mathematical calculation has shown that if the muscles of a racing man were relatively as strong as those of a flea he could do a mile in one minute.

A. B. Rich races as an amateur saint, because, as he says, "he can win more prizes." A specimen of the simon pure branded on the left leg amateur.

A. O. McGarrett was married on Wednesday, Aug. 25. We blush to say it, but our genial secretary was an amateur under the A. C. U., likewise his charming bride.

The largest simon pure amateur race meeting in the United States was held at Cleveland, O., and we are sorry to announce was a complete failure financially.

A young lady was looking at a picture representing two lovers on a sociable with the gentleman gently clasping the waist of his lady fair, when she immediately exclaimed, "How natural!"

Outing has arranged with the Connecticut Bicycle Club for facilities for taking photographs and sketches of the coming tournament, and will publish an illustrated account of the parade and races.

No further evidence is needed to show how small and mean it is possible for a man to be than

the last action of G. Lacy Hillier in cutting off the *Bicycling News* from the exchange list of the *Gazette*.

The New Rapid bicycle has proved itself a marvelous hill climber and was the first machine to be ridden up the famous Breakneck Hill, near New York, a hill which is longer and steeper than Cory Hill.

Eugene M. Aaron says, "I have all along believed that it was the duty of League officers to allow the A. C. U. to run its own course. If it was wisely managed nothing that we could do or say as League officials could take from it success."

Mr. W. H. Langdown, of Christchurch, N. Z., has arrived in the city to participate in the Springfield tournament. In appearance he is the very *beau ideal* of an athlete, and we have no doubt but that he will maintain the cycling honor of his country.

During the Springfield tournament the Pope Manufacturing Company will open an office at the Massasoit House, and the Columbia tent upon the grounds will afford an excellent rendezvous for visiting wheelmen, who are cordially invited to make it their headquarters.

A. W. Gump, of Dayton, Ohio, who is well known as the largest dealer in second hand machines in this country, has declared in favor of the American safety; read his testimonial in the Gormully & Jeffery advertisement on another page. This speaks well for that machine.

Fred Lees will make his first visit to this country this year, and before he leaves Springfield he intends doing 22 miles within the hour. Lees is a little fellow who rides a 55 to 56 inch wheel, and is able to ride any distance from one to 1,000 miles, and is one of the best of all round riders of to-day.

In the history of the League's official organs a no more abusive article has ever appeared than the one of Editor Aaron on makers' serfs. That it has cost him the respect of many is not to be wondered at, and it should have cost him his official position. Abuse is not argument, and Mr. Aaron is aware of it.

The WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for August, when it was laid on our desk on Thursday, looked so bright and attractive that work had to be laid aside to glance it over. It is sparkling and spicy from cover to cover.—*N. E. Homestead*. Beg pardon, gentlemen, for interrupting business, but the shoe is on the other foot every week.

There are a number of large and active clubs in various parts of the United States who have taken their names from Gormully & Jeffery machines, and, Aug. 15, fourteen riders in Albany, Ga., organized themselves into the "Gormully Bicycle Club." Compliments of this character demonstrate the popularity of this enterprising firm.

The action of the Philadelphia Association for the Advancement of Cycling in deciding to help discourage reckless riding is commendable. The Philadelphia *Times* hit the truth when it said: "Those guilty of this practice are in nearly all cases novices who cannot resist the temptation of exhilaration afforded by fast riding and 'coasting.'"

"Oh, did I tell you about little Henry, grandma? He's got a bicycle." "Sakes alive! Well, don't get excited about it. Jest you put a big poultice of soap and sugar on it, and change it

every morning, an' it'll be gone in three days. Your grandfather used to have 'em every hayin' time, reg'lar as June. They ain't nothin'; they'll do him good."

The *American Wheelman*, published monthly at St. Louis by L. S. C. Ladish and "Jack" Rogers, signalizes its second volume by changing its former rather bulky sheet to a nearer and more compact 16-page paper, size and style of the *GAZETTE*. The *Wheelman* is now one of the very best of monthlies, and is in every respect a worthy competitor of the *GAZETTE*.

The Springfield *Union* objects to the appellation of "makers' serfs" as applied to the promateur. We ourselves think the name a bit powerful, to say the least of it. Even the promateur is entitled to consideration and courtesy, strange though it may seem to some.—*Bicycling World*. Verily there is none perfect save one, and he is secretary-editor of the *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

Mrs. Brown (with her dander up): " Didn't I caution you not to make a noise with that horrid tin whistle?" Little Johnny (quite crestfallen): " Why, pa told me to." Mrs. Brown (getting angry): " You naughty boy! you know very well he didn't." Little Johnny (pertinaciously): " Oh yes, he did, ma. I asked him to buy me a bicycle, and he said I would have to whistle for it."

Every wheelman in Connecticut should go to Hartford, with his wheel, September 8. All cyclists, whether members of any organization or not, are invited to join the parade to be held under the auspices of the Connecticut Division of the League. The races at Charter Oak Park on the 8th and 9th promise to be unusually brilliant, and with good weather the attendance will be immense.

The annual 100-mile road race of the Boston Bicycle Club is set down for September 27, the start to be made at 11 A. M. The course will be carefully laid out, and will measure fifty miles. There will be two classes, the amateur and promateur, and the race will be run under A. C. U. rules. Entries, accompanied with \$1, to R. J. Toombs, 36 St. James avenue, Boston. Entries close September 25, at noon.

Considerable curiosity is manifested among wheeling circles as to what disposition is to be made of N. H. Van Sicklen, of Chicago, and a member of the L. A. W. racing board. This man is one of the makers' amateurs who has escaped the hatchet, and the question is, will he race in this city?—*Y. E. Homestead*. Just wait till the A. C. U. gets after him, and it will not be slow in placing Mr. Van Sicklen in his proper place.

Messrs. S. T. Clark & Co., of Baltimore, claim to have struck it rich on the "New Rapid." They report very extensive sales, in fact much beyond their most sanguine expectations. From their advertisements in this issue it certainly seems as if they were rushing things. Seldom have such thoroughly good testimonials, from such well known riders, been presented to the public, and we congratulate the firm upon the magnificent wheel they have produced.

The dates for the Connecticut Bicycle Club's annual tournament this year are September 8 and 9. All classes and conditions of professionals, promateurs, and "straight" amateurs are provided for in the excellent programme of races. Perhaps the most important race will be the one mile A. C. U. championship. Hendee and Rowe, who have beaten everybody else, but have never raced to-

gether, will, it is announced, meet for the first time as competitors in this race.

The success of the American manufacture of bicycles is making itself felt in England. A manufacturing house at Birmingham advertises as manufacturer of Columbia racers, roadsters, and safeties. "It's American, you know!" may shortly be favorite slang with foreign cyclists. English manufacturers could not have paid American cycles a higher compliment than by taking advantage of the lack of international trade-mark law to utilize a name so thoroughly American.—*Boston Globe*.

American excellence in the manufacture of bicycles is making itself felt abroad. In Birmingham, Eng., a manufacturing company is advertising itself as manufacturer of Columbia racers, roadsters, and safeties. The manufacturing industries of Great Britain could not have paid a better compliment to the nicety of American manufactured machines than by choosing for a name a word which is so familiar to wheelmen all over the world, and in every respect American.—*Boston Herald*.

Another New York amateur has given rule II the cold shake. Wonder what salary Fred Jenkins is to receive for managing the Roseville tournament under A. C. U. rules? It's remarkable how the simon pures catch on when they have a chance, but then, they are all welcome.—*Lynn Bee*. How about the president of the League? He gave it the cold shake some years ago. Still that is all right, or will be till the rank and file find it out. But we happen to be in a position to know whereof we speak.

The race meetings of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, given annually at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, are always liberally patronized by the best people of Hartford and surrounding towns. Nothing is permitted within the grounds in the way of open betting, pool selling, or any of the numerous gambling devices which have been so largely accountable for the decline of horse racing as a healthy sport. The rules as to the proper dress of the contestants are very strict, and the most fastidious person finds nothing offensive to his best idea of propriety.

Pray what business has New York Division to arise and indorse President Beckwith in the Ducker matter, which is none of their business? This was a blunder, and it does seem as if blunders were the order of the day in the L. A. W. lately.—*Bi. World*. The *World* is not posted. Don't you know that there is a club in New York, non-League at that, and it contains the president of the League, one of the executive committee, one chief consul, and four representatives? A nice little ring which controls League matters. What if a Boston club should contain so many officers? Whew!

Connecticut wheelmen are anticipating the Hartford tournament, to be held September 8 and 9, with great interest. The general public, too, has come to regard cycle racing with high favor as a healthful out-of-door attraction, and an immense attendance at the Hartford meeting is indicated. An attractive feature will be the parade of the Connecticut Division of the L. A. W., which will be participated in by the various State clubs of the organization. The list of races includes two or three important championships, and among the competitors are the fastest riders of America, England, France, and even New Zealand. Local interest in the meeting is very great, and excursion

rates will be given by the various railroads leading to the city, for the benefit of the outside public.

The committee on rules and regulations L. A. W. have reported the following changes: (a) The election of the president and vice-president by the membership at large. (b) The establishment of a reserve fund. (c) A new rule under which officials can be suspended or removed. (d) A clause giving 25 per cent. of the initiation fees to the state divisions. (e) A new method of canvassing the votes for officers of the board. (f) Making the treasurer a salaried officer at \$200 per annum. (g) A change in the tenure of office of the secretary-editor, so that that officer shall hereafter be elected annually. (h) A provision permitting State divisions of 500 members or more to make their own regulations as to the method of apportioning, casting, and counting vote for chief consul and representatives in said states. (i) Defining the status and privileges of a League club and the restoration of the proxy system for League clubs.

The *Wheel* gives utterance to the following "happy thought": We are informed that a "pure amateur" has been discovered by Bob Neilson, who will "bring him out" for the fall tournaments. We are glad that Mr. Neilson's investigations and observations have resulted in the discovery of this new planet. And right here we elevate to orate, why do not the managers offer a prize for the discovery of the largest number of "pure amateurs" between now and September 8? The plan has been used successfully by a university, which offered \$200 for every new comet. It is needless to say that comets are discovered quite often, the most successful at the game being Professor Brooks,—not of Blossburg, Pa.,—who discovers a comet or an asteroid whenever his funds run short. If the Springfield Club should offer \$100 for the discovery of every cycling planet, Eck, Neilson, Higham and other "bringers out" would simply glue themselves in the observatory chair and peer into every corner of the country in their efforts to pocket the shekels.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

The consul is working the road book, and we look for something about right for this section.

Mr. G. S. Benedict is secretary-treasurer of the Hartford Wheel Club, in place of W. L. Baldwin, resigned.

Owing to Mr. or Miss-management, one of our wheelmen badly sprained an ankle recently. He was on a big wheel, and Facile stock is steadily rising, as its riders are not treated to any such little eccentricities.

One of our cyclers has been touring, but left his wheel at home and went by rail. Such a man in the Solitary Club would get promptly court-martialed. They usually ride, and no chapters of accidents follow, either. [Beg pardon.]

Postmaster Palmer, of Sound Beach, gave us the pleasure of his full nickeled Expert company in a late run to "the Landin," and Dumpling pond. He is convinced as to the easy going and coasting qualities of the Facile.

Some popular members of the "Scorch Club" are keeping an eye to the opening of the various old cider mills along the way on their frequent jaunts, and watch the ripening of fall fruits, as well. They say their favorite mill is "nearly ripe"!

Ever notice how accounts of club runs or tours bristle with mishaps, and the accidents and headers outnumber the sketches of fine bits of scenery along the way, and the stops for note taking? Without the ever present header what would the average club run amount to.

President Michaels brought home from England better health and a Humber Crippler, which is a beauty, and would be more available here if we had good street pavements, which we are agitating now. We have heard of "fire-brick," with foundation of sand and broken stone or gravel. Will anybody shed light on this subject in the columns of the GAZETTE?

It's a glaring fact that some of our people who are well enough informed in other matters, do not know macadam from cobble-stone pavement. We understand that the fire-brick can be furnished and laid for 63 cts. per square yard, and that the asphalt, so favorably thought of at Washington, and which, according to one writer, is superseding macadam and all the rest, costs \$1.80 per square yard. As our sewers are well under way, and a horse railroad ordered and promised in running order by December, we think it high time we had decent pavements, and as we have said ever so supplicatingly in our local papers, give, O give us, better roads!

Some autumn tours are already planned, and among the others are some by "STAMSON."

HARTFORD NOTES.

Chairman Way, who has been seriously ill, is convalescent.

The Hartford Wheel and East Hartford clubs will show powerful representatives in the team races.

The parade promises 500 riders. Weed's band will succeed the buglers of last year in furnishing music.

Prizes for the races are attracting great attention in Schall's window. The parade prizes are at Eckhardt's.

We are looking for something of a crowd from Springfield. Excursion tickets, including admission to the park, \$1.50.

Excursion parties will come from Springfield, Boston, New Haven, Bridgeport, Stamford, Waterbury, Danbury, and New Britain.

Rhodes's late surprising performances add additional zest to the speculations as to the result of the A. C. U. championship. It is now rumored that Hendee and Rowe will both be started in this race.

Next week will be wheelman's week in Hartford. This week the horsemen have the track to themselves, the "wheel" being excluded until the close of the trotting meeting. Next Saturday, September 4, the wheelmen will be given exclusive control of the park until after the tournament, and they will make lively use of it. The preliminary practice of the men previous to the meeting will be considered by the public hereabouts as a part of the proceedings not to be missed, and beginning with next Sunday crowds will go out daily to watch the spins.

Well, every detail of the many arrangements necessary to make the Hartford tournament a grand success is receiving careful attention from the hard working committees, and you may be sure that with good weather, the turnout will be

immense. Hendee, Rowe, Burnham, Knapp, Ives, Rhodes, Stone, Gaskell, Rich, Foster, Valentine, and I couldn't begin to here tell you how many other well appreciated fast ones are to be with us. We have not yet given up hope of greeting our English friends, and with them the field will be as large as can be easily handled.

II.

RACE MEETINGS.

COMING EVENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

- 3, 4 Friday, Saturday—New York Division meet and races, at Buffalo, N. Y. Five-mile L. A. W. championship.
- 4 Saturday—Race meeting of the Orange Wanderers, at Rossville, N. J.
- 6 Monday—Grand tour of the L. A. W. from Niagara Falls and Buffalo, through Central and Southern New York, Virginia, and the Shenandoah valley, winding up at Harper's Ferry, September 18.
- 6, 7, 8 Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—Annual meet Ohio Division, at Massillon, Ohio.
- 8, 9 Wednesday, Thursday—Annual race meeting of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Ct.
- 9, 10 Thursday, Friday—Races at Crawfordsville, Ind., of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society.
- 10, 11 Friday, Saturday—Annual tournament Berkshire County Wheelmen, at Pittsfield, Mass.
- 11 Saturday—Races of Harlem Wheelmen, at Manhattan Grounds, New York.
- 14 Tuesday—Races of the Columbia Bicycle Club, at North Attleboro, Mass.
- 14 to 17, Tuesday to Friday—Springfield Bi. Club's Fifth International tournament at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass. Race for the championship of the world.
- 18 Saturday—Races of the associated clubs at Allegheny City, Pa.
- 18 Saturday—Races of the Passaic County Wheelmen, at Clifton, N. J.
- 18 Saturday—Races of the Kings County Wheelmen, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 21 Tuesday—Races of the Wyoming Wheelmen, at Wyoming, Pa.
- 21, 22, 23 Tuesday to Thursday—Bicycle races at Junction City, Kansas.
- 23, 24, 25 Thursday to Saturday—Fall tournament of Lynn Track Association, at Glenmere Park, Lynn, Mass.
- 27 Monday—Annual 100-mile road race of the Boston Bicycle Club.
- 30 Thursday—First day of tournament of New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association, at Roseville Station, Newark, N. J.

OCTOBER.

- 1 Friday—Illuminated parade of wheelmen, at St. Louis, Mo. J. S. Rogers, care of *American Wheelman*, St. Louis.
- 1, 2 Friday, Saturday—Second and third days of tournament at Newark.
- 1, 2 Friday, Saturday—Interstate meet at St. Louis, Mo.

WEEDSPORT (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB.

Date of Meeting, August 19, 1886. Track, fair, two laps to the mile. Weather, fine. Wind, none.

Officers.—Referee, Gerry Jones of Binghamton, N. Y.; Judges, J. P. Becker of Syracuse, N. Y., S. B. Alley of Moravia, N. Y., W. R. Brock of Weedsport, N. Y.; Timers, O. E. Higley, C. C. Caywood of Weedsport, N. Y.; Starter, C. C. Teall of Chicago, Ill.; Clerk of Course, H. E. Rheubottom of Weedsport, N. Y.; Secretary, H. E. Rheubottom of Weedsport, N. Y.; Attendance, good, about 500.

The third annual meeting. A large attendance of visiting wheelmen. Parade.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19.

Half-Mile Novice.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| L. W. Putnam, Weedsport, N. Y., | Time, 1.35 |
| W. B. Perry, Syracuse, N. Y., | " 1.37 1-2 |

One-Mile Open.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y., | Time, 2.58 |
| E. H. Gamble, Batavia, N. Y. | |

One-Half Mile Boys' Race.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| Bert Kenyon, Weedsport, N. Y., | Time, 2.17 |
| Henry Brewster, Weedsport, N. Y., | " 2.28 |

One-Mile Club Handicap.

J. R. Rheubottom, scratch,	Time, 3.04
L. W. Putnam, 100 yards,	" 3.09
F. L. Durbin, 150 yards,	" 3.10

One-Mile, 3.20 Class.

B. A. Pratt, Rochester, N. Y.,	Time, 3.20
W. B. Perry, Syracuse, N. Y.	" 3.11
W. F. Herring, New York City.	

One-Mile Central New York Championship.

C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y.,	Time, 3.09
J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y.,	" 3.11
John G. Elbs, Rochester, N. Y.	

One Hundred Yards, Slow Race.

J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y.	
J. G. Elbs, Rochester, N. Y.	
E. I. Rice, Syracuse, N. Y.	

Half-Mile, Hands Off.

J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y.,	Time, 1.42
J. G. Elbs, Rochester, N. Y.	
C. J. Connolly, Rochester, N. Y.	

One-Half Mile Ride and Run.

W. H. Stone, Binghamton, N. Y.,	Time, 4.42
J. G. Elbs, Rochester, N. Y.	
W. F. Herring, New York City.	

One-Mile Tricycle.

W. F. Herring, New York City,	Time, 4.46

Three-Mile Lap Race, Score by Points.

C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y.,	24 points
J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y.,	18 points
J. G. Elbs, Rochester, N. Y.,	12 points

One-Half Mile Time Race. Time, 1.40.

W. H. Stone, Binghamton, N. Y.,	Time, 1.40
C. J. Connolly, Rochester, N. Y.,	" 1.40

One-Mile Consolation.

F. L. Durbin, Weedsport, N. Y.,	Time, 3.44
E. I. Rice, Syracuse, N. Y.	

SCRANTON (PA.) BICYCLE CLUB.

Date of Meeting, Tuesday, August 24, 1886. Track, one-half mile. Weather, fine. Wind, none.

Officers.—Referee, Gerry Jones of Binghamton, N. Y.; Judges, Ira Dayton of Williamsport, Pa., S. B. Vaughn of Kingston, Pa., J. G. Carpenter of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Timer, Harry Boyden of Pittston, Pa.; Starter, Fred C. Hand of Scranton, Pa.; Clerk of Course, B. P. Connolly of Scranton, Pa.; Secretary, John J. Van Nort of Scranton, Pa.; Attendance, about 2,000.

One hundred and fifty-two wheelmen in parade. Commander, Gerry Jones, Binghamton, N. Y. Staffs, Geo. A. Jessup, Fred C. Hand, M. T. Andrews, J. A. Spencer, F. D. Watts.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24.

One-Mile Novice.

Edward Siebecker, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 3.01
H. C. Wallace, Scranton, Pa.,	" 3.03
W. T. Andrews, Williamsport, Pa.,	" 3.03

Two-Mile Pa. State Championship.

J. R. Schlager, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 6.10
Arthur Monies, Scranton, Pa.,	" 6.20

One-Mile Open.

C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y.,	Time, 2.46
E. P. Baird, Brick Church, N. J.,	" 2.55

One-Mile Club Championship.

J. R. Schlager, scratch, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 2.51
Arthur Monies, 125 yards, Scranton, Pa.,	" 2.53
H. C. Wallace, 150 yards, Scranton, Pa.,	" 2.53

One-Half Mile Boys' Race.

H. M. Coursen, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 1.41
C. A. Raub, Scranton, Pa.,	" 1.44

Three-Mile Handicap.

C. E. Titchener, scratch, Binghamton, N. Y.,	Time, 8.59
J. S. Kulp, 100 yards, Wilkesbarre, Pa.,	" 10.00

One-Mile Ride and Run.

John B. Nallin, Scranton, Pa.,	Time, 4.22
W. H. Stone, Binghamton, N. Y.,	" 4.26

Three-Mile Lap Race.

J. R. Schlager, Scranton, Pa.,	
E. P. Baird, Brick Church, N. J.,	

One-Mile Consolation.

W. H. Stone, Binghamton, N. Y.,	Time, 3.23

One-Half Mile Tandem Tricycle.

Scranton, Pa., team,	Time, 1.44
Wilkesbarre, Pa., team,	" 1.48

ROSEVILLE NOTES.

The Roseville track is fast getting in shape and a number of the local fliers are in active training every day. Brown and Crist, of Washington, are here training for the big tournaments, having arrived this week from Cleveland. A. B. Rich came out to try the track and was so well pleased with its appearance that he decided to cut Buffalo and remain for the opening race meet under the auspices of the Orange Wanderers on the 4th inst. Rich will do all his work at Roseville and expresses himself well pleased with the shape and construction of the surface. The grand stand has been fitted up in good shape for the accommodation of the riders. Commodious dressing rooms have been built, and large lockers that will accommodate racing machines have been provided and a number have been leased to men who propose to continue in active training. The wheelmen are beginning to appreciate the fact that they can now have all the advantages of Springfield at their very doors, and the grounds have already attained a popularity that speaks well for the future. Roseville is exceedingly well situated. Over ninety trains on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad stop at the station, and a few minutes' walk brings one to the gates. Every arrangement has been made for the comfort of the riders; an ample shower has been constructed which is duly appreciated.

The arrangements for the big tournament on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1 and 2 are being rapidly completed and there is every evidence that the meet will be a big success. Of course in opening up new grounds there is much to contend with, but every effort is being made to make the tournament complete and satisfactory. The following programme has been outlined but is subject to some slight changes, which if made will be duly announced:—

First Day, September 30.

- 1-mile novice, bicycle.
- 2-mile amateur, bicycle 5.45 class.
- 1-mile promateur, bicycle.
- 3-mile professional, bicycle lap.
- 2-mile amateur, tricycle.
- 1-mile promateur, tricycle.
- 10-mile professional, bicycle.
- 3-mile promateur, bicycle lap race.
- 3-mile amateur, bicycle handicap.

Second Day, October 1.

- 1-mile amateur, bicycle lap.
- 3-mile promateur, bicycle handicap.
- 5-mile professional, bicycle.
- 2-mile amateur, tandem tricycle.
- 3-mile amateur, bicycle.
- 10-mile promateur, bicycle.
- 1-mile professional, bicycle handicap.
- 1-mile amateur, bicycle, 3 minute class.
- 2-mile promateur, tricycle.

Third Day, October 2.

- 1-mile professional, bicycle.
- 2-mile amateur, tricycle handicap.
- 1-mile promateur, bicycle handicap.
- 5-mile amateur, bicycle scratch.
- 5-mile professional, bicycle handicap.
- 5-mile promateur, tandem.
- 1-mile amateur, bicycle.
- 5-mile promateur, lap.
- 1-mile amateur, bicycle, consolation.

The list of prizes will be carefully and judiciously selected and there will be a variety that will be sure to please. Further details will appear in the cycling papers from time to time, and any letters addressed to Frederick Jenkins, manager, Station D, Roseville, N. J., will receive prompt and immediate attention.

MUST GET ALONG WITHOUT ENGLISHMEN.

REASONS WHY THE PUBLIC AND THE CYCLISTS HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR—THE WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT OF HOME RACING MEN AND WHEELS.

The managers of the tournaments this fall are confronted by the fact that they must settle once for all the question whether America can support big cycling meets without the presence and competition of English riders. The latest cable news makes the statement authoritative that no English amateurs will come, except perchance Speechley and M. V. J. Webber, who have been sent for by friends in this country. A half-dozen of the best professional riders are already on the way, and the fact that more American professionals are now in training on Hampden Park than ever before, and that they are one and all in vastly better shape to compete with the Englishmen than they were last year, makes it evident that there will be some very hot contests for the money prizes this fall. But there is disappointment in store for the people who think that they cannot enjoy a tournament unless every race is an international contest, for the promateur and amateur classes will be filled by Americans solely. Many people growled last year because the Englishmen took home most of the prizes, and heartily wished the Britishers had staid on the other side of the ocean; and all such will have a chance to see the non-professional races contested by our own riders. Thus there are two sides to the matter from the point of view of the public who are depended on to support the tournament. But from inside the cyclists' unions there is but one view, that of the standard or ranking of the riders. The League of American Wheelmen has recognized the American Cyclists' Union, so that there is no trouble at home; but the National Cyclists' Union of England has refused to allow its amateur members to come to this country to race with American promateurs. Yet these Englishmen who race as amateurs are not wanted here to appear in the amateur contests, for no American pure amateur would race with them for the double reason that they would be beaten badly, and would be racing with makers' amateurs which would involve expulsion from the L. A. W. and make them promateurs in the ruling of the A. C. U. These fast-riding Englishmen are all under engagement to cycle makers. It is not generally known, perhaps, that the Springfield Bicycle Club never has dealings with the racing Englishmen themselves, whether professionals or amateurs, but simply negotiates with British cycle makers for the appearance of their best men and these firms send such riders as they choose. But the makers' amateurs seem to have decided that they prefer to maintain allegiance to the N. C. U. rather than stand by their contract with the manufacturers.

Hence the question arises, will the fall tournaments be impaired by the absence of the English makers' amateurs? It would seem that America had been long enough in the cycling business to "go it alone." Systematic training, the development of speedy American wheels, experience in handling race meetings, and the liberal outlay of money have combined to place this country at par with England in the matter of cycling tournaments. The presence of the Britishers has helped wonderfully to stimulate growth in all the features named, and doubtless riders and manufacturers could learn more by further contact and rivalry. But it will be shown this fall that Americans can

get along very well without outside help. For several years the records have been sliding down the scale, largely through the competition of British and American riders, but almost wholly by the enterprise of American managers. New men have been brought out constantly, some of whom have not been heard from a second season, while others have developed from year to year, and at each successive tournament have showed that America has good racing stock to call on for fliers. There are probably more pure amateurs in training this summer for the fall tournaments than ever before. Now that the promateurs are out of their way, they will have a series of exciting brushes between themselves. The League has consented to let its amateurs enter the A. C. U. meets, hence the fall races in their classes cannot fail to be as interesting as ever. Again, there is more money in bicycle racing this year than ever before. Several new tracks have been built at considerable cost expressly with a view of fall tournaments. None, perhaps, are so good or so costly as the Springfield track, which when the snow began to fly last fall held every one of the 38 world records made last season by American riders besides the two world records made by Howell and Wood. But all the new tracks are patterned after the Springfield course and will in time be worthy rivals of the now peerless Hampden Park. Money has also been lavishly spent in systematic training. The public may never know how much it costs Col. Pope to maintain his Columbia team, their trainers and manager, or how much the Overman Wheel Company have invested in the same business. But \$10,000 a year for this sort of an advertisement for the Columbia and Victor wheels is perhaps a moderate estimate. A year ago last spring an American racing machine was unknown. It cost \$3,000 to build the first one, and doubtless every one sold this season cost more than the price charged. The prizes, too, average better than ever before, Springfield alone offering professionals \$1,500 in cash.

The country was, therefore, never in better shape to get along without the English cyclists. Every meeting which calls together the professionals and promateurs now in training on Hampden Park and the amateurs who are doing their work in the background cannot fail to show the public as spirited racing as was ever seen, without the jockeying which disgusted so many last year. Too much cannot be said in praise of the systematic training which our riders have undergone this summer. The results were shown on the park Saturday, when 37 seconds were knocked out of the five-mile record as it was left last year after all the paring and lopping which the records underwent at that time. The outlook for the Springfield tournament is even more promising than last year, and if the local club succeeds in demonstrating that in pleasing the people, in developing riders, and in keeping for its famous track more records than any other can boast,—all without the help of English "amateurs," it will do a great favor for cycling in this country, for other enterprising clubs can then hold race meetings, which are debarred now by the great expense of importing English riders. On the last bank holiday 90 English tracks and clubs had race meetings, and there is no reason why the same cannot be done here, with our own men, and even give the Britishers points, as we do now in timing riders to the fifth of a second.—*Springfield Republican.*

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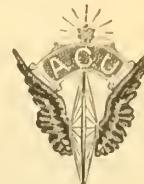
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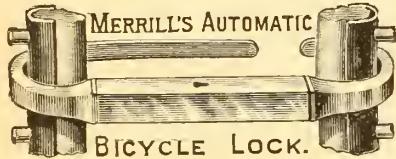
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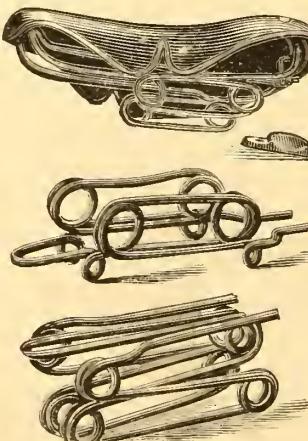
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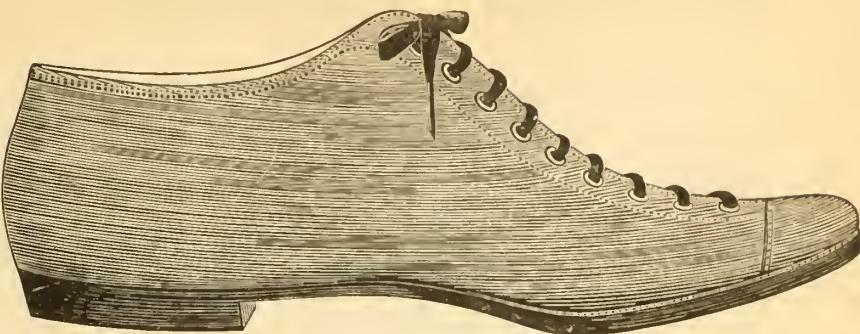
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The King SPRINGFIELD'S NEW BICYCLE The King

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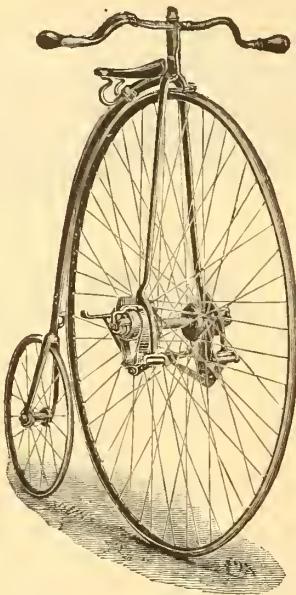
Because it is propelled by levers, giving a constant application of power so highly prized on sandy or muddy roads and in hill-climbing.

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Because, the treadles being in the rear of the hub, there is an uplifting at the fulcrum in front, removing the danger of "taking a header."

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Because it can be run backwards, has the silent coasting ratchet, and any rider can tighten a loose spoke with a spoke-tightener or insert a new spoke. Extra spokes sent with each bicycle.



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Because the new motor, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands, enable the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals.

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Because the new adjustable anti-friction bearings run very easily, are very durable, and cannot roll together.

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The new hollow-felloe rim being very rigid, and the new tangent spokes interlaced make a very strong wheel.

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Made at the Celebrated Cycle Works of the Ames Manufacturing Company.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS., August 12, 1886.

I have ridden a crank wheel for five years, and the past few months have ridden THE KING SAFETY BICYCLE on the track and over rough roads, through mud and sand, up hill and down. In ascending a hill the weight can be utilized as well as muscle, and in coasting down hill THE KING SAFETY beats all others. It runs more easily than the crank wheel, and is safe against headers, as the weight is always on one pedal in the rear of the hub. There is no machine more easy to mount and dismount. I have let many ride it, and they are all delighted with it.

CHARLES QUIMBY.

Mass., August 1, and called at the factory Monday and examined the cycles. We were not present, but wrote him soliciting an article, and received the following note:—

DEAR BROTHER KING—I enclose you a bit on re-creation. I think you have a good machine. I have always ridden the crank wheel, but think yours will have more power and safety.

Yours truly, O. P. GIFFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., July 28, 1886.

After riding a crank wheel for three years, I have given it up, for fear of going over the handle-bars, and purchased a Star. Have also tried THE KING SAFETY BICYCLE, which I think fully as safe and good.

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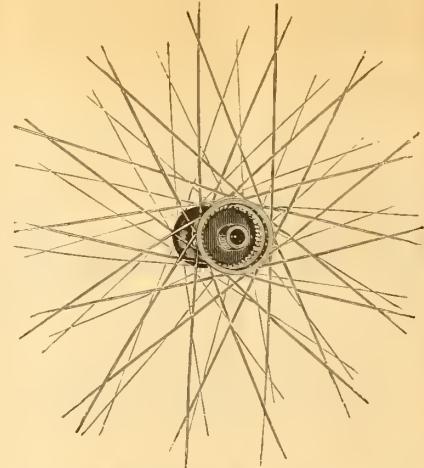
Enamel Finish,
One-fourth Nickel Finish,
One-half Nickel Finish,
Full Nickel Finish,

One-fourth Nickel includes Saddle - Spring, Handle - Bars, Brake, and Head; One-half Nickel includes also the Spokes of the large wheel; Full Nickel includes all except the Rim.

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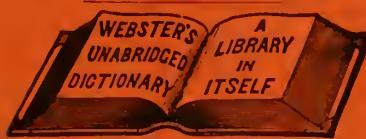
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It is original, too, and not a copy of a foreign make.

We append herewith the unsolicited testimony of three of the largest dealers in the country, who sell all the well-known makes, and who have purchased, paid for, and are now riding this machine, because they know it is the best and therefore the mount for their personal use.

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Very respectfully, A. W. GUMP.
Bicycles and Sundries.

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Yours truly, C. F. SMITH.
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Yours truly, FRED. BRIGHAM.

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