

THE WHEELMER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.
PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—NO. 10.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JANUARY, 1887.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



From Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico,
From Eastport to the Golden Gate,



The Majority of Wheelmen Ride Columbias.



THESE ARE OUR WITNESSES.



Nine years of hard service upon every grade of American road has not worn out a COLUMBIA.



The world's story of the road and path is a recapitulation of victories by riders of COLUMBIAS.



The wise wheelman rides a COLUMBIA. The unwise is getting wisdom and a COLUMBIA.



POPE MFG. CO.
79 Franklin Street, Corner of Arch Street, BOSTON.

THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER BICYCLE.

(YOST & McCUNE PATENT.)

Invented by Riders of Experience. The Only Absolutely Safe Wheel Against Headers Made. The Best and the Cheapest. Do Not Buy a Wheel Before You See The Springfield Roadster.

No rake to fork.

No expense left out to warrant success.

No headers to "knock you out."



Coasting Without Danger!

Hill-Climbing to Perfection!

The clutch movement is noiseless and runs perfectly smooth.

The fork cannot be forced forward faster than the large wheel revolves.

Improved Clutch Lever



The above illustration shows the clutch from the inside, with the roller bearings and gripping mechanism. It is perfectly smooth and noiseless. No friction is added by applying the power. There is no waste of power. It grips at the slightest touch. No dead centers.



THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER, complete, with Enamel Finish, Nickel-Plated Trimmings, and Fish Adjustable Saddle, \$75. Diameter of front wheel, 50 inches; rear wheel, 20 inches. Made of the best weldless steel tubing and steel drop forgings. Warranted against defects in workmanship or material. All wheels fitted to suit the strength of the rider. None develop the walking muscles like the forward tread of THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER. The only safe and smooth coaster.

Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory. For further particulars, address

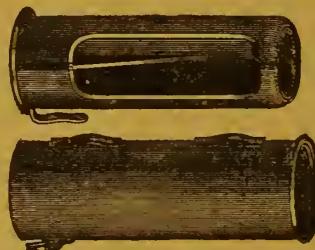
SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. CO.

19 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Or JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, Sole Agents for New England, 147 Washington Street, Corner of Cornhill and Brattle Street, Boston, Mass.

Fish Adjustable Saddle

Known to be the best.



TOOL BAG,

As shown in the cut of the complete wheel. Made with separate compartments for oiler and wrench.

1887

ANNOUNCEMENT

We beg to inform our agents and the public that our line of cycles for 1887 will consist of the following machines, and that our spring catalogue is now in press. Further particulars will be announced in the cycling press later on. Those desiring agencies are advised to apply at once. We are already booking orders for spring delivery.

The New Rapid Roadster.

With several improvements over last year, and higher finish.

The New Rapid Safety (Rover type).

Built on the lines of the "Ivel," but constructed especially for American roads. It contains several improvements, and, like all of our machines, is *thoroughly interchangeable*. This Safety may be ridden with hands off the steering-bar.

All of the above machines have TRUE TANGENT WHEELS, recognized universally as the correct principle for wheel building.

The Quadrant Tricycle, No. 8.

For gentlemen only. For the first time especially built for American roads, of greater strength, and with several improvements. A roadster of this make has a record of 2m. 38s. for one mile on the road.

The Quadrant Safety Bicycle.

With the Quadrant principle of steering, the device which has made the Quadrant Tricycle so famous.

The New Rapid Light Roadster.

Weight of 50-inch, 36 pounds. With all the points of excellence which made the New Rapid Full Roadster so popular in 1886.

The New Rapid Racer.

Weight of 55-inch, 22½ pounds. These Racers won and were placed in more races in England during 1886 than any other make.

The Ladies' Quadrant Tricycle.

Built especially for ladies. Bicycle steering, etc. This machine is a revelation in the art of tricycle building.

The Quadrant Tandem Tricycle.

With bicycle steering fore and aft, and proper distribution of wheel-load.

We are the sole importers of the above machines, and are prepared to book orders and appoint agencies. Send for catalogue. Correspondence solicited.

SAML. T. CLARK & CO.

2 and 4 Hanover Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

NOW IS THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CYCLING CELEBRITIES

GIVEN AWAY!

To any wheelman who will send us two subscribers to THE GAZETTE for one year, at 50 cents each, we will forward FREE any one of the following Photographs, 4-4 size, mounted on 8x10 maroon cards, gilt-edged and embellished with gold lettering.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1—W. A. Rowe, Lynn, winner of World's Championship, 1886. | 40—P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C. |
| 2—Columbia Group, including Atkins, Rowe, Hendee, Burnham, Adams, Crocker, Windle, Delteil, Cornish, and Wiswell,—the entire team. | 41—H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y. |
| 3—Columbia Team of Promateurs, 1886, Rowe, Hendee, and Burnham. | 42—T. W. Eck, Minneapolis, Minn. |
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| 5—Training Quarters of the Columbia Team at Lynn, 1886. | 44—H. G. Crocker, Newton. |
| 6—Training Quarters of the Columbia Team at Lynn, 1886, with group. | 45—Charles H. Frazier, Smithville, N. J. |
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| 8—E. P. Burnham, Newton. | 47—W. H. Huntley, Newton. |
| 9—C. P. Adams, Springfield. | 48—Start of 100-mile Road Race, Boston Bicycle Club, Oct. 4, 1886—Amateurs. |
| 10—Victor Team of Promateurs, 1886, including Ives, Rhodes, and Percy Stone, with manager and trainer. | 49—Start of 100-mile Road Race, Boston Bicycle Club, Oct. 4, 1886—Promateurs. |
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| 12—W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester. | 51—D. E. Hunter, Salem. |
| 13—Percy W. Stone, St. Louis, Mo. | 52—J. H. Sherman, Captain Lynn Bicycle Club. |
| 14—Victor Training Quarters, Springfield, 1886. | 53—C. H. Chickering, Smithville, N. J. |
| 15—Group, including Neilson, Rhodes, Gaskell, Rich, Williams, etc. | 54—Group on Machines at Magnolia. |
| 16—John Williams, Massachusetts Bicycle Club. | 55—Group of Twenty, Willow Cottage, Magnolia. |
| 17—H. W. Gaskell, London, Eng. | 56—Group of Six, Pavilion, Gloucester. |
| 18—Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont. | 57—Pavilion, Gloucester, from the beach. |
| 19—E. A. DeBlois, Hartford, Ct. | 58—Beaver Dam, between Gloucester and Rockport. |
| 20—Robert A. Neilson, Boston. | 59—Granite Quarry, Rockport. |
| 21—A. B. Rich, New York. | 60—Arch at Quarry. |
| 22—W. H. Langdown, Christchurch, N. Z. | 61—Landscape at Rockport. |
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| 24—Robert James, Birmingham, Eng. | 63—Peculiar Bowlder between Gloucester and Rockport. |
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| 27—Group of Judges at Lynn Tournament, 1886. | 66—Start of 2-mile amateur tricycle race, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886. |
| 28—W. Haradon, Springfield. | 67—Start of 10-mile promateur lap bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886. |
| 29—Eugene M. Aaron, Philadelphia, Pa., Secretary-Editor L. A. W., 1886. | 68—Start of 1-mile amateur bicycle race, first heat, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886. |
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| 31—Lynn Track, 1886, looking up home stretch, including judges, music, and grand stands. | 70—Start of 1-mile promateur tricycle championship race, Lynn, Sept. 25, 1886. |
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| 33—Columbia Tent, Hampden Park, 1886, exterior view. | 72—Start of 3-mile amateur bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 27, 1886. |
| 34—Columbia Tent, Hampden Park, 1886, interior view. | 73—Start of 2-mile professional bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 27, 1886. |
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| 36—Rowe and Hendee, Springfield, Sept. 17, 1886; start of promateur championship race. | 75—Start of 10-mile professional bicycle race, Lynn, Sept. 27, 1886. |
| 37—Rowe and Hendee, Lynn, Sept. 24, 1886. | 76—Group at dressing tent, Lynn track, Sept. 10, 1886. |
| 38—George Weber, Smithville, N. J. (deceased). | 77—South Side Hotel, Waltham, Nov. 6, 1886; finish of McCurdy's 305 miles in 24 hours. |
| 39—W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C. | 78—Henry Goodman, Hartford, Ct. |
| | 79—Goodman Brothers, Hartford, Ct. |
| | 80—A. A. McCurdy, Lynn, 24-hour champion, 1886. |

Ladies' Second Annual Tricycle Tour, 1886.

REMEMBER

These Photographs are NOT FOR SALE: they will be sent on the above conditions ONLY. Clubs sending their full membership subscription list will be entitled to one Photograph for every two subscribers, and one additional Photograph for every ten.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,

Sample Copy Free.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

EXTRACT FROM THE CUNARD CYCLE COMPANY'S PROSPECTUS.

"D. ROGERS & CO., Limited, of Newark, New Jersey, will continue to act as agents for the United States. In a recent communication from them they state that the CUNARD machines are very popular, and that they anticipate a large increase of orders for next season."

D. ROGERS & CO.

(LIMITED)

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES SMITH, 677 High Street, Newark, N. J.

D. H. ROGERS, 75 Clinton Avenue, Newark, N. J.

G. S. WOOLMAN, Orange, N. J.

And two other Directors to be elected at the first meeting of the stockholders.

BANKERS:

MANUFACTURERS' NATIONAL BANK,
Newark, N. J.

COUNSEL:

Messrs. COULT & HOWELL,
766 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

CAPITAL \$100,000.

20,000 SHARES OF \$5 EACH.

CAPITAL \$100,000.

ISSUE OF 5,000 SHARES.

Payment to be made as follows: \$2 on application and \$3 on allotment.

* PROSPECTUS *

This Company was organized on August 2, 1886, for the purpose of carrying on the sole United States agency for the sale of the celebrated CUNARD BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES, manufactured by FRANK GIBBONS, of Wolverhampton, England, and appointing sub-agents therefor; and although its business commenced so late in the season, it has met with unprecedented success, and is already in receipt of numerous testimonials from American wheelmen.

In December, 1886, however, MR. GIBBONS's business was converted by him into a Limited Company, under the name of "THE CUNARD CYCLE COMPANY," with a capital of \$250,000, which amount was *subscribed several times over* by public subscription. The following gentlemen constitute the Board of Directors of the English Company: VISCOUNT POLLINGTON, SIR STEPHEN HILL, C. B., MAJOR HARRY CREIGH, W. H. MAITLAND, C. & M. E.; and MR. HENRY OSBORNE, late manager of MESSRS. RUDGE & Co., Limited, of Coventry, England, who has been appointed manager of THE CUNARD CYCLE COMPANY, reports as follows:—

"The Directors of The Cunard Cycle Company,

"LONDON, ENG., November 26, 1886.

"Gentlemen—I have been to Wolverhampton and carefully inspected the works and plant of THE CUNARD COMPANY. These works require to be extended to be able to turn out 3,000 CUNARD machines per annum, but with additional buildings and machinery, for which I have specified, which will cost the sum of £7,000, this could be done and would show a profit of 25 per cent. on the capital of £50,000. This result is obtained to my knowledge by the principal firms in the trade at Coventry, and with Mr. GIBBONS's machines, which are equal to those of any other maker and are becoming very popular, there would be no difficulty in realizing this result.

(Signed) HENRY OSBORNE."

D. ROGERS & Co. have secured most favorable terms from THE CUNARD CYCLE COMPANY, and it is on this account, and to provide for the increased business expected in the spring, and also for the purpose of establishing branch dépôts in the most important cities, that the extra capital is required.

It is a notorious fact that all existing companies for the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles are paying enormous dividends, and that the public have, until now, had no opportunity of participating in such profits, the capital in nearly every case having been privately subscribed by a few individuals, and no shares can be purchased even at a very high premium. In the present case, however, it will be readily seen that the low price of the shares (\$5) will enable wheelmen and others to invest a smaller or larger sum at their option, thereby availing themselves of the full benefits arising from such investment in proportion to the amount subscribed.

To enable subscribers residing at distant places to have the full privilege of their votes at any meeting of stockholders, the Directors have made adequate arrangements by which such may be recorded by proxy.

As the Directors anticipate a very large number of applications, they wish it to be understood that the shares will be allotted in strict proportion to the total quantity applied for. If no allotment be made, the amount paid on application will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and forms of application, with testimonials, can be obtained at the Company's offices, 75 Clinton Avenue, Newark, N. J. The certificate of organization may be seen at the offices of the Company's solicitors.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

THE

24-HOUR WORLD'S TANDEM RECORD

OF

250 MILES, 140 YARDS,

RIDDEN ON THE

MARLBORO' TANDEM

BY A

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS BY OVER THIRTY MILES.

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO.

239 COLUMBUS AVENUE, - BOSTON, MASS.

—THE—

WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JANUARY, 1887.

NO. 10.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Terms of Subscription.

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	25 cents.
Foreign Subscribers,	- - - - -	4 shillings.

HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

Communications must be in not later than the 20th of each month, to secure publication for the following month.

Address all Communications to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to same.

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

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

Among the Clubs.

NEW YORK BICYCLE CLUB.

A full summary is here given of the riding for 1886, by the New York Bicycle Club, as far as reported; and totals of the same members for 1885, in reference to which it is only fair to say that Mr. Kitching was disabled from riding for the best part of 1886, and Mr. Jimenis was also ill for several months in the spring and early summer. The routes included traverse eleven counties in New York State, four in Massachusetts, one in Vermont, one in Connecticut, four in New Jersey, two in Pennsylvania, and one in Colorado, beside the Island of Bermuda. Of the 3,418 miles covered by Messrs. Roy, Jimenis, and Shriver, 1878 were outside of the New York City riding district, *i. e.*, Manhattan Island and Westchester county, within a radius of twenty-five miles from our club-house. Every month in the year is represented, the best month's record being 1,657½ miles in October, and the lowest 96½ in December. The first ride began with the birth of the new year, but our courage failed us on the night of December 31, and the last ride was taken on the 26th.

Members.	Days.	Best in one day.	Total, 1886.	Total, 1885.
F. M. Daniels,	112	71½	2,063	1,484
E. J. Shriver,	50	74	1,454	736
G. S. Daniels,	55	61	1,169	755
J. B. Roy,	38	104½	1,008	574
J. O. Jimenis,	33	113½	956	663
F. W. Kitching,	51	47	777	1,466
H. S. Raven,	43	38	634	1,158
M. L. King,	33	50	521	—
E. W. Adams,	25	32	343	400
J. C. Mott,	20	32	283	119
L. O. Maedaniel,	20	30	244	214
C. L. Childs,	10	25	160	96
R. R. Haydock,	9	30	138	127
W. A. Whiting,	12	22	131	377
H. Conkling,	5	30	74	83
E. D. Gridley,	6	20	61	229
			10,016	8,481

Yours truly,

EDW. J. SHRIVER,

Sec'y N. Y. Bicycle Club.

The once flourishing bicycle club, known as the City Club, of Brockton, has gone the way of all flesh, and its name will probably live in the future only as a memory of the past. For some time there have been internal dissensions which have threatened the dissolution of the club, and when in addition a debt of something under \$100 was added, the end was nearer. Another trouble has been the unwillingness of winners of club races to place their trophies in the hands of the club.

At a recent meeting nineteen members handed in their resignations, all of which were promptly accepted. It is claimed that the resignations were handed in because of a desire to get out of paying the debt. When the smoke cleared away it was ascertained from the records that the only members left were W. M. Pratt, Frank Buckley, and Fred Parker. On these three, then, will come the full debt of the club, which is \$75.25. But as an offset the fixtures and property owned by the club also descend to them, as the members who resigned thereby lost all ownership in them. It is thought the property will bring double the amount of the bill, and the three will therefore make money by the operation. They intend also to retain the name of the club, and perhaps build up another organization about this small nucleus. The club has reorganized with W. M. Pratt, president; F. M. Buckley, treasurer; F. C. Parker, secretary.

THE BUFFALO BICYCLE CLUB, Dec. 13, ratified a new constitution and by-laws and elected officers as follows:—President, C. P. Churchill; vice-president, Geo. Dakin; secretary, A. C. Richardson; treasurer, J. B. Newman; captain, R. C. Chapin; attorney, A. C. Spann. The club's riding season practically extended from April 3, to November 6. The total mileage was 48,936 miles. The greatest mileage of individuals was as follows: Dr. Appleby, 4,028; R. H. James, 3,906; C. P. Churchill, 2,839; R. C. Chapin, 2,200; C. G. Gething, 2,025; C. W. Adams, 2,001; F. M. Brinker, 2,000; J. H. Isham, 2,000. Twenty-five rode 1,000 miles or over. Century runs were made by C. W. Adams, J. A. Pferd, F. M. Brinker, C. P. Churchill, C. G. Gething, and R. W. Rummell.

THE PEQUONNOCK WHEEL CLUB, of Bridgeport, Ct., held its first annual road race Thanksgiving day. For the first class a 20-mile race was arranged. The following are the contestants and time made: W. M. Richardson, th. 32m.; W. M. Middlebrook, th. 32m. 20s.; J. Wilkinson, th. 35m. 30s.; George R. Fryer, th. 48m. 45s. The race in the second class was to the Southport Congregational Church and return, 13 miles. The result was as follows: Charles E. Moore, th. 30s.; A. B. Ray, th. 1m. 30s.; E. J. Morgan, th. 11m.; F. S. Isbell, th. 24m. 30s.; R. E. Wheeler, th. 32m. 30s. The judges were George H. Johnson and A. N. Stanton; referee, Calhoun Latham; starter, E. Stewart Sumner; checker at Southport,

W. F. Healy; at Green's Farms, E. H. Havens and C. E. Cole.

THE PHILADELPHIA BICYCLE CLUB opened its new house on Twenty-sixth and Perot streets Thursday night. The building is four stories high including the basement, which is used as a storage room for the machines. The second floor is the parlor, the third the apartment where the club members' uniforms are kept, and on the fourth floor is a thoroughly equipped gymnasium. The structure was erected and furnished at a cost of \$17,000. The club has now a membership of seventy-five.

THE DETROIT BICYCLE CLUB has moved into its new quarters, 126 Miami avenue.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

BUFFALO (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, C. P. Churchill; vice-president, Geo. Dakin; secretary, A. C. Richardson; treasurer, J. B. Newman; captain, R. C. Chapin; attorney, A. C. Spann.

BROOKLINE (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, G. M. Stearns; vice-president, H. G. Cushman; secretary, T. M. Seamans; treasurer, T. A. Singleton; captain, W. Kirk Corey; first lieutenant, C. S. Cobb; second lieutenant, E. E. Smith; color bearer, S. H. Keeler.

CALUMET CYCLING CLUB (Brooklyn, E. D.)—President, Robert Mabie; vice-president, Walter Bonner; secretary, J. W. B. Quail; treasurer, Irving G. Davis; captain, N. L. Willis; lieutenant, C. W. Richards.

CHICAGO (Ill.) CYCLING CLUB—President, W. Ashley Davis; vice-president, T. L. Sloan; secretary-treasurer, C. R. Griffith, Jr.; captain, John F. Palmer; first lieutenant, Wm. B. Buckley; second lieutenant, E. H. Carqueville; color bearer, Charles T. Klock.

DETROIT (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, B. J. Holcombe; vice-president, P. N. Jacobsen; secretary and treasurer, A. F. Peck; captain, W. E. Metzger; first lieutenant and bugler, J. H. Ames; second lieutenant, A. D. Bowlby.

LAWRENCE (Mass.) CLUB—President, Dr. Partridge; captain, H. Joyce; secretary, William L. Reed; treasurer, Francis Coggswell; captain, Alonzo M. Tracy; first lieutenant, Frank W. Dowling; second lieutenant, Harry Keep; club committee, Dr. Partridge, A. M. Tracy, William L. Reed, John F. Finn, Fred L. Leighton, and J. Edward Aldred.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) WHEELMEN—President, W. S. Jackson; vice-president, J. F. Plank; secretary and treasurer, C. M. Lindsey; captain, R. C. Woodworth; lieutenant, D. C. Wilgus; bugler, F. E. Olds.

MARBLEHEAD (Mass.) RAMBLERS—President, B. C. Roads; captain, C. W. Ware; secretary and treasurer, J. D. Paine.

OREGON CYCLE CLUB (Portland, Oregon)—President, Geo. Breck; captain, Dr. C. C. Newcastle; sub-captain and bugler, C. W. Scott; secretary, C. S. Wells; treasurer, Dr. B. E. Miller; color bearer, Lawrence Knapp.

OUTING CLUB (Kansas City)—President, John E. McKee; vice-president, J. W. Overall; secretary and treasurer, Nelson T. Haynes; captain, F. F. Austin; lieutenant, Harry G. Stuart.

PENNSYLVANIA CYCLE CLUB (Philadelphia, Pa.)—President, Isaac Elwell; vice-president, C. D. Williams; secretary, Lee McKinstry; treasurer, Eugene M. Aaron.

SOMERVILLE (Mass.) CYCLE CLUB—President, J. B. Cann; vice-president, W. A. Davis; captain, W. R. Maxwell; treasurer, Elizabeth Fisk; secretary, George Shaw; corresponding secretary, Fred Joyce.

UNION COUNTY WHEELMEN (Westfield, N. J.)—President, Dr. Fred. A. Kinch, Jr.; secretary, Arthur N. Pierson; treasurer, Albert Farrington; captain, Frank S. Miller; first lieutenant, Thos. H. Burnet; second lieutenant, John Z. Hatfield; color bearer, John A. Brunner.

VERMONT WHEEL CLUB (Brattleboro)—President, O. A. Marshall; vice-president, F. L. Shaw; secretary and treasurer, Leslie Scott; captain, Fred Reed; first lieutenant, C. R. Crosby.

The Trade.

PATENTS.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen, for the month ending Tuesday, Dec. 21, 1886, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, patent law office, No. 607, 7th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 352,952, November 23, 1886, A. W. Ingraham, of New York city, railway velocipede.

No. 352,989, November 23, 1886, E. S. Burbank, of Dow City, Ia., velocipede.

No. 353,060, November 23, 1886, F. H. Harris, of Toledo, Ohio, wheel.

No. 353,071, November 23, 1886, H. A. King, of Springfield, Mass., velocipede.

No. 353,152, November 23, 1886, R. J. McCarty, of Kansas City, Mo., velocimeter.

No. 353,330, November 30, 1886, J. K. Starley, of Coventry, County of Warwick, Eng., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, Ct., roller bearing for velocipedes.

No. 353,380, November 30, 1886, L. A. Rust, of Loudonville, O., bicycle.

No. 353,504, November 30, 1886, R. Rodes, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., bicycle handle.

No. 253,793, December 7, 1886, W. J. Lloyd and W. Priest, of Harborne, County of Stafford, Eng., tricycle.

No. 353,917, December 7, 1886, R. G. Britton, of Springfield, Vt., velocipede.

No. 353,935, December 7, 1886, J. Gibbons and C. D. Meneely, of Albany, assignors to the Meneely Hardware Company, of West Troy, N. Y., velocipede.

No. 353,904, December 7, 1886, E. L. Winey, of East Orange, N. J., bicycle.

No. 354,318, December 14, 1886, W. Hayes, of Los Angeles, Cal., railway tricycle.

No. 354,337, December 14, 1886, A. Mercer, of Brambleton, Va., tricycle.

No. 354,535, December 21, 1886, A. A. Carter, of Newark, N. J., bicycle.

No. 354,642, December 21, 1886, C. M. Linley and J. Biggs, of Southwark, County of Surrey, Eng., assignors of one-half to G. Tandy, Cedar Road, Clapham, County of Surrey, Eng., velocipede.

No. 354,649, December 21, 1886, L. F. Mohr, of Howard Center, Ia., velocipede.

No. 354,656, December 21, 1886, G. W. Rodecap, of Middletown, Ind., velocipede.

No. 354,777, December 21, 1886, G. D. Ferres, of Springfield, Ill., bicycle.

No. 354,850, December 21, 1886, H. M. Pope, assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, Ct., velocipede.

List of new English cycle patents specially compiled for THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by Messrs. Hughes, Eli & Hughes, patent agents and engineers, 76 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., England, of whom copies and information may be obtained.

No. 13,904, R. Robertson, of London, for improvements in tricycles.

No. 13,923, W. T. Shaw, W. Sydenham, and A. Sydenham, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 13,931, O. B. Granville, of Hampstead, London, for improvements in steering velocipedes.

No. 13,948, C. H. Guest and L. Borrow, of Birmingham, for an improvement in cycles.

No. 13,958, J. Cheshire and Adolf Bendschadler, of Birmingham, for an improved auxiliary spring motor for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 13,986, C. Kingston Welch, of London, for improvements in pedals for velocipedes.

No. 13,990, L. S. P. Rousset and E. Ingold, of France, for improvements relating to velocipedes.

No. 14,005, E. G. Pepper, of Lincolnshire, for an invention to facilitate the working or propelling of tricycles.

No. 14,048, N. Merrill, of London, for improvements in pedals for velocipedes.

No. 14,080, W. J. Lloyd and W. Priest, of Middlesex, for improvements in the bar handles of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 14,095, W. Bown and R. B. Chalmers, of London, for improvements in the manufacture of lamps applicable for velocipedes and other purposes.

No. 14,101, E. Cohn, of Germany, for improvements in cycles.

No. 14,144, H. A. Couchman, of London, for an improved locking apparatus for velocipedes.

No. 14,243, R. Dunlop, of Liverpool, for the pedestrian's unicycle.

No. 14,278, H. A. Couchman, of London, for improvements in bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 14,291, J. E. Holloway, of London, for improvements in wheels for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 14,428, G. Salter and J. Walker, of Birmingham, for improvements in saddle springs for velocipedes.

No. 14,486, S. B. Jeffery, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 14,529, J. Ashbury, of London, for improved mechanism for tandem velocipedes.

No. 14,544, G. J. Stevens, of London, for improvements in bearings for velocipedes.

No. 14,765, C. Lever, of London, for improvements in dynamo-electric machines.

No. 14,814, P. Hartendorff, of London, for improvements relating to lamp supports chiefly designed for use on tricycles.

No. 14,862, F. A. Gregory, E. W. Adcock, and

J. W. Trotman, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 14,969, R. Green, of Birmingham, for improvements in the manufacture of links for driving-chains for bicycles and tricycles.

No. 14,970, R. Green, of Birmingham, for improved method of steering velocipedes.

No. 15,041, H. J. Lawson, of Coventry, for improvements in steering apparatus applicable to velocipedes.

No. 15,048, J. B. Brooks, of Birmingham, for improvements in velocipede saddles.

No. 15,067, W. E. Crowther, of London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

No. 15,116, A. C. Hickling and H. F. Griffin, of London, for improvements in and relating to spanners and wrenches.

No. 15,181, H. Leeming, of London, for an improved automatic steering for rear-driving bicycles.

No. 15,199, I. W. Boothroyd and P. L. C. F. Renouf, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 15,381, A. L. Bricknell, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 15,384, E. G. Sheward, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 15,387, J. R. Trigwell, of Surrey, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 15,399, B. Green and S. Lee, of London, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

No. 15,406, H. E. Millar, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 15,502, T. Cooke, of London, for an improved cycle pedal.

No. 15,512, W. J. Lloyd and W. Priest, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

The *Bulletin* will increase its advertising rates. There was a loss of about \$2,000 on the paper last year.—*The Cycle*.

Brother editors, take notice. We are long suffering, and not over particular; but it does seem to our editor with the big name, that his cognomen has been before his brother scribes long enough, so that when they have to use it in print, they should spell it right. We have yet to experience the pleasure of so seeing it.—*Bicycling World*.

Editor Priall is after the League with the proverbial sharp stick. He says the League has done nothing, and furthermore says that the *Bulletin* could not get a handful of subscribers if those who received it had to pay for it. This makes good our remark that mayhap Editor Aaron's policy will bring the wheel press down upon him and the League.—*The Cycle*.

I have resigned all connection with the "Coventry Ring" rather than have my honest and straightforward communications to you and the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE gagged in the interests of any firm of English advertisers. I have been accused, in *Bicycling News*, of misrepresenting the facts with regard to the fifty-mile road race, and Hillman & Co.'s subsequent advertisement, but the journal mentioned has not carried out its threat to expose what it implied it could expose, as to my motives for reporting the matter as I did. Neither has the proprietor of the *News* allowed any withdrawal or explanation to appear. I, therefore, have left the "Coventry Ring," at some pecuniary sacrifice, rather than prostitute my pen to the service of lying advertisers.—*Fact, in Bicycling World*.

THE STORY OF STEVENS.

I. SAN FRANCISCO TO BOSTON.*

Confirmation has already been given—in the shape of foot-notes to my touring reports, showing the swifter average advance made by other riders on the same routes—of the fact insisted upon in the preface, that such reports instructively exhibit what anybody of ordinary physique can easily do. I have said that this book would seem much less likely to gain acceptance, as a valuable contribution to human knowledge, if it recorded the exploits of an athletic or exceptionally strong and vigorous traveler, rather than the commonplace experiences of a man-of-no-account, who regulates the speed and the distance of his riding by the simple rule of getting the most possible pleasure from it. As cumulative evidence in the same line of argument, I offer the present chapter to prove that my capacity to take pleasure thus, in laying down a long bicycle-trail, is by no means exceptional. There are plenty of other men who enjoy this particular form of "conquering the earth" just as heartily as I do; and several of them have indulged in such amusement much more extensively than myself. Those whose stories I here group together are fairly representative cases; and though the first one is likely to forever stand unique in history, the number of less notable long-distance tourists will surely increase with each advancing year.

Thomas Stevens (born December 24, 1854) rightly holds the place of honor on this record. He has already made a straightaway bicycle trail of 8,000 miles,—an incomparably longer and more difficult one than any previously in existence,—and he will extend it during 1886, until it completely encircles the globe, unless he gets killed on the way. Leaving the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco, April 22, 1884, he pushed the bicycle 3,700 miles before reaching the Atlantic at Boston, August 4; and resuming his trail, on the other side, at Liverpool, May 2, 1885, he extended it 4,300 miles to Teheran, the capital of Persia, September 30, where he halted again for the winter, to prepare himself for the third and most desperate stage of his dangerous round-the-world

adventure. A native of Great Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, England, he emigrated to America at the age of eighteen, and went immediately to join a brother who had settled west of the Mississippi. From that time (1871) he never re-crossed the river until the bicycle brought him to it, thirteen years later. Much of this period was given to farming and ranching in Missouri and Wyoming (his parents still carry on a farm near Kansas City); but for two years he was employed in the rolling mills of the Union Pacific Railroad, at Laramie City, and he also engaged somewhat in out-door "railroading," kept a small store for a while, and turned his hand to a variety of things such as offer a livelihood to an enterprising emigrant in a new country. Having a desire to vary this sort of life by "seeing more of the world," the notion occurred to him that the saddle of a bicycle might be made to offer a practicable outlook. Hence his decision to attempt the ride from ocean to ocean, in the belief that the incidents of so novel a journey might be formulated into an attractive book, whose publisher would supply funds for continuing the trail across Europe to Constantinople, and perhaps ultimately across Asia also. He had never even mounted a wheel, at the time of conceiving this idea; but a two hours' trial (Nov., '83) made him a rider, and, in the early spring, he went to San Francisco, for a few weeks' practice on the roads before starting out. He bought a Standard Columbia (painted, 50 in.), and quietly pushed it across the continent, in 105 days, asking favors of no one. Col. Pope then presented him with a nickelized Expert, in exchange for the old machine, but made no further motion to encourage a continuance of the enterprise; and a certain New York sporting publisher, who had been vaguely kept in mind as a possible patron of it, was found not to be the man whom such a scheme could depend upon for trustworthy support. So Stevens set about making his first serious effort with the pen; and, in the course of six or seven weeks, produced a narrative of some 38,000 words, which, by my advice, he sold to *Outing*, in whose columns it finally appeared (April, May, June, and July, 1885, pp. 42-52, 164-177, 290-302, 410-422), with sixteen illustrations by W. A. Rogers. Encouraged by advance payment for this, he worked steadily on, from October to March, preparing a more elaborate sketch (about 140,000 words) of his cross-continent adventures; and then began to look around for some book-publishers who might buy the manuscript. Just at this time, Col. Pope, a chief stockholder in the magazine, having been impressed by the value of his *Outing* articles, and the genuineness of his ambition to really push a bicycle round the world, invited him up to Boston, and commissioned him as a regular correspondent to complete the journey. Like all such correspondents, he is presumably allowed his expenses and a certain sum for each printed production. The exact details of the arrangement are unknown to me, but it embraces a plan of ultimately republishing his sketches in book form. Those which have appeared in the successive issues of *Outing*, as I write these words, are designated as follows:

"From America to the German Frontier" (Oct., pp. 35-50), "Germany, Austria, and Hungary" (Nov., pp. 183-198), "Through Slavonia and Servia" (Dec., pp. 286-302), "Roumelia, and into Turkey" (Jan., pp. 379-395). "Through European Turkey" is announced for February, and the story of his Asiatic experiences, from Constantinople

to Teheran (1,576m.), will begin in March and run through five or six numbers. If he survives the perils which beset the last section of his proposed pathway, through China, he will sail thence home to San Francisco, and then re-write his entire experiences to form a large volume ("Around the World on a Bicycle," illustrated by all the pictures in the *Outing* series and many new ones), for publication at the close of 1887. I believe that he left in London the manuscript of his "Across America," and I presume it would be printed there, in case he should get killed. Otherwise, he will incorporate it with the larger book, and never issue it separately.

In contrast to my own "guide-book ideal" of supplying minute facts about roads and distances, for the special benefit of cyclers who may wish to traverse the paths I have explored, he addresses himself to the task of pleasing the stay-at-home public in general, by exhibiting to them simply the salient points of his experience, without reference to its routine drudgery and commonplace details. I think he must succeed in this, for his gifts as a descriptive writer are considerable, and he evidently has the knack of telling a story in a way to make it interesting without much waste of words. Considering that such school days as he enjoyed were ended at eighteen, and that his only previous efforts with the pen were desultory paragraphs in a Laramie newspaper, the mere literary shortcomings of his magazine pieces are surprisingly few and unimportant. Indeed, I believe that a simple reprint of this *Outing* series, "From San Francisco to Teheran," would make a more readable book than any existing specimen of cycling literature; and I predict for "Around the World on a Bicycle," if he completes it, a very extended sale. As he has little liking for statistics, he prints few facts about himself or his equipment, except incidentally; and most of the information which I now give as to these points is derived less from *Outing* than from notes of conversations which I had with him during his eight months' stay in New York. On the first forenoon of his arrival here (Aug. 15, '84) he accepted an invitation to visit my chambers and submit to a rigorous cross-questioning; and the last thing I urged upon him when I said good-bye, on the deck of the "City of Chicago," just about starting to carry him to Liverpool (April 9, '85), was the "policy of putting some interesting statistics into his reports." A fairly-good full-length portrait of Stevens, in riding costume, standing beside his bicycle, occupied a quarter-page of *Harper's Weekly* (Aug. 30, '84, "from a photograph by Flaglor"), and was accompanied by twenty-two lines of biography. A rather better picture, also full length, was the lithograph which the *Wheel World* (London, June, '85) included in its "gallery of cycling celebrities," with a two-page descriptive sketch. A fac-simile of his autograph was appended to this, and also to *Outing's* vignette (Oct. '85, p. 34, from an English photograph), which is the most truthful likeness of the three.

The distance by rail from San Francisco to Boston is shown in the official guide as 3,416 miles. Stevens carried no cyclometer, and he took so little interest in the statistics of distance that he never even reckoned up the total from the tables in the guide. When I asked as to this total, he simply said that he "guessed his bicycle trail from ocean to ocean was at least 200 miles longer than the railroad track, and that he had heard this called 3,500 miles long." Consulting

* From advance sheets of Chapter XXX. in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (840 pages of 500,000 words, cloth bound, gilt top, heliotype frontispiece, price \$1.50), to be published in February by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, New York City. Copies will also be kept on sale at the office of the Springfield Printing Company, where the volume is manufactured.

In sending these sheets to the editor of the *GAZETTE*, December 24, 1886, Karl Kron writes as follows: "To-day, Thomas Stevens, if alive, completes his thirty-second year. The present dismal probability, however, seems to be that he was killed in China before completing it, for nothing has been heard from him since he left Hong Kong, October 4, though he ought to have reached Shanghai in about a month, even if he traveled no more than thirty miles a day. The story now given to you was put in type by me last January, but it has a certain timeliness, for many of its details have never yet been published, and very few people have any clear idea of how the great 'round-the-world bicycle tour' began, or what manner of man began it. The present editor of *Outing*, indeed, never saw Stevens, and seems to know almost nothing about him; for he repeatedly announced the tour as having begun a year later than it did begin in fact; and he even addressed a letter to the State Department at Washington (May 18, 1886), asking for protection of Stevens in Asia, 'as an American citizen,' though all the traveler's friends knew he was a British subject, and the American Minister at Persia was thus put to the trouble of telegraphing home a correction of the blunder."

The second section of the story, describing the journey from Liverpool to Teheran, will be printed in the February *GAZETTE*.

the guide, however, I find that the distance from Boston to Omaha, by way of Chicago and Rock Island, is 1,550 miles (Boston to Buffalo, 510m.; thence to Chicago, 540m.), and that the three sections of the Pacific Railroad, near which his route generally lay as far as the Missouri river, have their mileage given in the official guide thus: San Francisco to Ogden, 834; Ogden to Cheyenne, 515; Cheyenne to Omaha, 517. Of the first section, he was forced to walk from one-half to two-thirds of the way, and the proportion of riding for the next two sections was but little better. As to this rough and desolate stretch of continent, where his own trail must have considerably exceeded 1,900 miles, he told me that, if he were to push a wheel across it again, he would rather have the same belong to a barrow than a bicycle. Such propulsion would require more time, but would involve less hardship, for enough food and blankets to make the tourist comfortable could easily be trundled along in the wheelbarrow. Weighing 158 pounds at the start (his height being about the same as my own, 5 ft. 5 in.), he lost twenty-five pounds on the way to Cheyenne, but gradually regained it before the end of his journey. One who saw him in the city just named wrote: "In appearance, he was anything but a holiday wheelman. Brown as a nut, and mud-bespattered, all surplus fat had been worn off by his severe and protracted work. His blue flannel shirt was a deal too large for him and much weather stained. His knickerbockers had given way to a pair of blue overalls, gathered at the knees within a pair of duck-hunting leggings, once brown, but now completely disguised as to texture and color by heavy alkali mud." (These overalls were worn only 500m., Rawlins to Kearney Junction, where he was overtaken by the breeches which he had ordered at Ogden, and which, I think, served to the end.) He carried an extra riding-shirt, and a long cloak of thin waterproof, which he used as a protection against the drippings from the icicles and melting snow during his forty mile tramp through the railroad snow-sheds; but he had no coat at all, from ocean to ocean. "Coats are not in style among the Wyoming cow-boys," he told me. From Fort Sidney, 100 miles east of Cheyenne, "by the courtesy of the commanding officer, he was enabled to journey eastward under the grateful shade of a military summer helmet, in lieu of the semi-sombrero slouch that had lasted through from San Francisco"; and he wore this same head-gear on the day when I welcomed him to "No. 56." He used up four pairs of stockings and three pairs of canvas shoes. As for the bicycle itself, he certified to its makers that it stood the strain without break or any excessive wear, though he "took uncounted headers." I now offer his story, in the first person and present tense, as if I were quoting an abstract which he had prepared for me from his *Outing* narrative. In truth, however, many of the words and facts never appeared in this, but are derived from talks I had with him; and all the bracketed numerals (indicating miles from San Francisco on the railroad) are interpolated by me from the official guide, as approximately showing the distances on his actual route. It should be understood that most of these names to which numerals are attached represent merely section-houses, in charge of a section-boss and five or six Chinese laborers; and that the difficulty of getting any sort of food at such places, or blankets to sleep on, was often extreme.

"The rainiest winter known to California since 1857 preceded my start from Oakland pier (Tuesday, April 22, '84, at 8.28 A. M.), but level and good riding brought me to San Pablo, sixteen miles, in one and one-half hours. Beyond comes a succession of short hills, with many mud-holes and washouts, and then the low tule swamps, through which I find myself trudging at 6 o'clock, though I am afterwards able to ride, by the light of the burning rushes, and so spend the first night at Suisun, thirty-two miles beyond San Pablo. The second night is at Elmira, after thirteen miles progress in the rain, and the third at Sacramento, thirty miles, whereof six miles had to be walked, 'bump, bump, bump,' on the ties of the railroad trestle, because of the river's overflow. This weary task takes four hours, and when a train comes along, I squat on the end of a projecting cross-beam, and let the bicycle hang over. Another high trestle-bridge has to be crossed three and one-half miles east of Sacramento (whence a fine view of the snow-capped Sierras), and then I enjoy a ten-mile ride through a park-like sheep-ranch of 60,000 acres, but have to pay for it by tramping across-lots through numberless gates and small ranches to reach the main road again. Rocklin (113) is fairly in the foot-hill country, many of whose roads are of an excellent hard and stony surface, proof against the winter rains. Newcastle (122) is a station near the old-time mining camps of Ophir and Gold-hill; then come Auburn (127), Clipper Gap (133), Colfax (145), Gold Run (155), Dutch Flat (157), and Blue cañon (169), where I entered the gloomy but friendly shelter of the great protecting sheds, which extend with but few breaks for nearly forty miles. Winding around the mountain sides, their roofs are built so slanting that the mighty avalanche of rock and snow that comes thundering down from above glides harmlessly over into the chasm beyond. The stations, section-houses, and water-tanks are all under these huge sheds; and, when I emerge at the other end I shall be over the summit and well down the eastern slope of the mountains, within a few miles of Truckee (210). As I enter the sheds, gaunt winter rules supreme, and the only vegetation is the hardy pine, half-buried in the snow; though but four days have gone since I was in the semi-tropical Sacramento valley—which is rideable in dry weather for 150 miles. Beyond Rocklin, I had 'footed it' for four miles of excellent surface, owing to a header which temporarily disabled the bicycle; but from Newcastle onwards no riding was possible in the wagon roads, on account of the stickiness of the red clay, and I kept to the railway track, where I occasionally found rideable side-paths. I sleep one night at Summit (196), in the snow-sheds, 7,017 feet above the sea level, and the next at Verdi (234), in Nevada, four miles out of California. The two States have neither scenery nor climate in common.

"Over the Deserts of Nevada" is the title of my second *Outing* article. After leaving the sheds, I had followed the rapid Truckee river down the slope of the Sierras, through its cañon, without finding much good road till I crossed into the 'Sage-brush State' and approached Verdi; and good road continued when I started thence, on May Day morning, still following the Truckee, so that I roll into Reno (245) at 10.30 o'clock. I am told that, in 1882, F. T. Merrill and a companion had pushed their bicycles to this point,—following the wagon road over the mountains, as

their tour was made in summer when progress is possible outside the snow-sheds. The mountains containing the Comstock lodes are in plain sight of Reno, which is the point from which those famous mining camps used to be reached, and my route leads through a strip of good agricultural land, until the meadows gradually contract, and I am again following the Truckee down a narrow space between mountains. I sleep that night on the floor of a ranchman's shanty, about twenty miles beyond Reno, having wheeled two-thirds the distance, by short stretches; and, the next forenoon, at Wadsworth (289), I bid adieu to the Truckee, which I have followed nearly 100 miles, and start across the Forty Mile Desert which separates it from the Humboldt river. Not a blade of grass nor drop of water can be found in the whole distance, and though much of the trail is quite unfit for cycling, there are occasional alkali flats, which I wheel swiftly across, while the blazing sun casts my shadow on the white surface with startling vividness. From the desert, my road leads up the valley of the Humboldt. I halt during Sunday, May 4, at Lovelocks; then by turns ride on smooth alkali and trundle through deep sand, past Rye Patch (373), Humboldt (385), Mill City (396), to Winnemucca (424), the county seat, having 1,200 inhabitants. I climb the mountains twenty miles east of here, and from the summit even the sluggish Humboldt looks beautiful. Some splendid riding on the alkali is had before reaching Stone House (454), where I secure a supper but am denied a lodging; and as the intense cold ends my slumbers at midnight on the planks of an open shanty, I ride and walk by moonlight till daybreak at Battle Mountain (474). The valley broadens into a plain of some size twenty-five miles beyond here, and as the trail ends at a place where the river is less than 100 feet wide, I swim it,—using some fence-posts as a float on which to carry my clothes and the bicycle. Before this, in traversing the low alkali bottom through which flow dozens of small streams to the Humboldt, I had often jumped them, by using the machine for a vaulting-bar, or else waded across, carrying it on my shoulder. Beyond Beowawe (507), I follow the river through Humboldt cañon, in preference to a circuitous route over the mountains, reach Palisade (525) at 4 P. M. and Carlin (534) late in the evening. Little riding is possible through all this section, and in order to do the daily forty miles that I have imposed upon myself, I often start at daybreak. Taking dinner next day at Elko (557), I am cheered by a local Solon, who gives this bright summary of the trifling geographical obstacles ahead of me: 'There is only a small rise at Sherman, and another still smaller at the Alleghanies; all the balance is down hill to the Atlantic. Of course you'll have to boat it across the Frog pond. Then there's Europe—mostly level; so's Asia; except the Himalayas—and you can soon cross 'em. Then you're all hunky, for there's no mountains to speak of in China.' Passing Halleck (582), near the fort of that name, I gradually approach the source of the Humboldt, which has flooded the valley hereabouts, and at Wells (615) I take leave of it for good. My last night in Nevada is at Tecoma (677), close upon the border.

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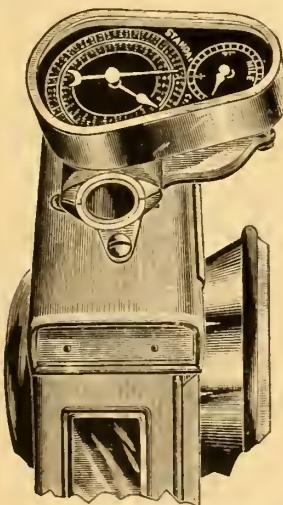
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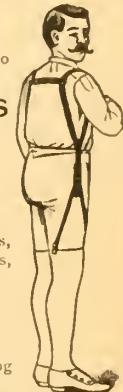
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is occasionally possible to a man who is disgusted with walking, and the dry saline air arouses an almost unquenchable thirst. At 3 p.m. I roll into the small Mormon settlement of Terrace (711), and spend the night at Matlin (721), where an extensive view may be had of the desert,—a plain of white alkali, stretching beyond the limit of human vision, like a motionless sea,—and where the section-house foreman assures me that a cyclo could skim like a bird, for many miles, on the smooth, hard, salt flats. A few miles east of Matlin, the road leads over a spur of the Red Dome range, whence I had my first view of the Great Salt Lake, in whose cold waters I am soon taking a bath. After dinner at Kelton (742), I follow the lake shore to the salt-works near Monument, at 6 p.m., and continue along it next day till my road leads over the north spur of the Promontory mountains, where I find some hard gravel that offers a few miles of the best riding I have had in Utah. In the pass of another spur of the same range, ten miles on, I have a view of thirty miles of mud-flats stretching east to the Mormon settlements, which dot the strip of fertile land between Bear river and the base of the mighty Wahsatch mountains. The flats are bordered on the south by the marshy shores of the lake, and on the north by the Blue Creek mountains; and they swarm with gnats and mosquitoes. On leaving Promontory (781), I expect to reach Corinne (809) for the night, but at 7 o'clock I accept the foreman's invitation to stop at the section-house of Quarry, and so it is to next day when I cross Bear river at Corinne, and find myself on the somewhat superior road which takes me to Ogden (834) at supper time. The contrast between the dreary deserts I have been traversing, and this verdant region of prosperous Mormon farms, with orchards in full bloom, seems magical. Ogden, with 8,000 inhabitants, is the only large town I have met since leaving Reno (which has about two-thirds as many, and ranks second in Nevada), and I halt there during the whole of Sunday, May 18. Then, riding and walking alternately, twelve miles east, I enter Weber canon, through which the river, the railroad, and an uncertain wagon trail make their way through the Wahsatch mountains to the table-lands of Wyoming Territory. As the river is flooded, I have to do much slow trundling on the railroad track, but I reach Echo (874) for the night. My last memory of the canon and of Utah is the magnificent Castle Rock (890).

I entered Wyoming at Evanston (909), late in the afternoon of May 21, and followed the trail down Yellow creek to Hilliard (923) after dark. At Piedmont (938), I decide to go around by way of Fort Bridger and strike the direct trail again at Carter (963); and the next noon finds me there in bed, after experiencing the toughest twenty-four hours of my entire tour. During that time I had nothing to eat; I forded no less than nine streams of ice-cold water; I spent the night in an abandoned freight-wagon, on a rain-soaked adobe plain; and I then had to carry the bicycle across six miles of deep, sticky clay, where trundling was quite impossible. On the 24th, however, I am able to push twenty-seven miles through the Bad Lands, amid buttes of mingled clay and rock, for dinner at Granger (990); and next day I pass the castellated rocks at Green River (1,020), and reach Rock Springs (1,036) for the night. Splendid alkali flats abound east of here and I bowl across them at a lively pace, until my route turns

up Bitter creek (1,081), where the surface is just the reverse. Crossing the Red Desert (1,104), so called from its surface of fire-red clay, on which nothing will grow, I stand on the morning of the 28th, at 10 o'clock, on the 'continental divide' (1,129), where, as I face north, all waters on my right flow east to the Atlantic, and all on my left flow west to the Pacific. The spot is a broad, low pass through the Rockies, more plain than mountain, from which a commanding view of many mountain chains may be had. Down-grade is then the rule to Rawlins (1,157), where I spend two nights and a day. Hardly half of this descent is ridable; but on the morning of the 30th I wheel along a very good road sixteen miles to breakfast at Fort Steele (1,172), on the west bank of the North Platte river. Just before getting to it, I ride through the first prairie-dog town on my route, though I meet plenty of others during the next 300 miles. Elk mountain, a famous landmark, now looms up, ten miles south, and, as I penetrate the Laramie plains, the persistent sage-brush, which has hovered about my trail for nearly 1,000 miles grows beautifully less, and the short, nutritious buffalo grass is creeping everywhere. I stay over night at Carbon (1,211) and, after passing through the valley of Medicine Bow (1,220), find some good riding on the hard gravel surface of the high-and-dry plains. These are divided into shallow basins by rocky ridges, and from the brow of one of them I have an extensive view of many mountain ranges,—the eastern one being the Black Hills, the last chain of the Rockies, and the only barrier that separates me from the broad prairies rolling towards the Missouri. After dinner at Rock Creek (1,242), I get caught in a storm of rain and hail, but I spend the night at Lookout (1,260), and by taking an early start reach Laramie (1,294) for dinner. I stop there for the rest of Sunday and also Monday, with my acquaintances, who comprise the first wheelmen I have seen since my tour began; and on June 3 I scale the final range and descend to Cheyenne (1,351),—the last twelve miles having such a smooth granite surface that my use of the brake heats the spoon and scorches the red rubber tire to blackness. The night of the 4th is spent at Pine Bluffs (1,394), which is within a few miles of the Nebraska border; and long before reaching it the Rockies have receded from sight and left me alone on the boundless prairie. In fording Pole creek, holding bicycle and clothes above my head, I tumble in the water and wet everything; but I continue along the creek next day, and pass the night of the 5th at Potter (1,434). The road improves as I approach Sidney (1,453), and I sweep into town at a good pace,—taking a spin to the neighboring fort while I wait for dinner. I am now approaching the western border of the farming country, and spend the night at Lodge Pole (1,471); but to-morrow I shall sleep beside the waters of the Platte.

"From the Plains to the Atlantic" is a title which shows the wide sweep of my fourth *Outing* article, for it covers much more than half of the tour. Trundling through the muddy bottoms of the South Platte, I pass Ogallala (1,525), and, after a night in a homesteader's dug-out, take dinner at North Platte (1,576), cross a substantial wagon-bridge just below where the north and south branches join and proceed eastward as 'the Platte' simply, and so I reach Brady Island (1,599) for the night. Stretches of sand alternate with ridable roads all down the Platte, and I re-

member Willow Island (1,617) as the place where a rattlesnake fastened his deadly fangs harmlessly in my thick canvas leggings. I consider it a lucky day that does not add to my long and eventful list of headers; but I am surprised when a squall blows me and the bicycle clear over,—though Nebraska is a very windy country, where a calm day seems quite the exception. More ridable roads are met east of Plum Creek (1,630), but they are still nothing more than trails across the prairie, until at Kearney Junction (1,672) they become excellent. I pass Grand Island (1,713) and Central City (1,735), and on June 15 ride from Duncan (1,768) to North Bend (1,805). The Platte turns south at Fremont (1,820), to join the Missouri at Plattsmouth, and I leave it, to follow the 'old military road'—a continuous mud-hole—through the Elkhorn valley to Omaha (1,866). Resting here a day, I obtain a permit to trundle my wheel along the railroad bridge to Council Bluffs; and nine days after thus crossing the Missouri into Iowa, I wheel along the splendid government bridge from Davenport to Rock Island (2,185), and thus cross the Mississippi into Illinois, rejoicing that two-thirds of my tour is completed. I celebrate the Fourth of July by rolling into Chicago (2,348), for a week's rest; and my fortnight's route thither may be thus shown,—the last town mentioned with each date being my stopping-place for the night; and the numerals signifying the distances by rail from Omaha: June 19, Council Bluffs to Carson, hilly; 20th, good to Griswold; 21st, very good and level to Casey, 90; 22d, similar to Stuart, 101, and Earlham, 112; 23d, fair to Des Moines, 142, and Altoona, 153; 24th, variable to Colfax, 165, Newton, 177, and Kellogg, 186; 25th, variable to Grinnell, 197, Brooklyn, 212, and Victor, 220; 26th, sandy to South Amana, 238, Homestead, 243, and Tiffin, 255; 27th, fair to Iowa City, 263, sandy to Moscow, 288, very good for last twenty miles to Davenport, 317, Rock Island, 319; 29th, some macadam, some sand, fair average, Moline, 321, Geneseo, 341, Atkinson, 348; 30th, level and improving, Sheffield, 363, Wyanet, 371, Princeton, 378, Lamoille; July 1, sections of splendid gravel, Mendota, 389, Bartville, Sandwich, 416, Plano, 420, Yorkville; 2d, fair, Oswego, Naperville, 453; 3d, Lyons, 472; 4th, rather poor and worn macadam to Chicago, 482. 'Variable' is the word to describe the Iowa roads, whose surface greatly depends upon the weather. When wet, the farmers' heavy teams wear it into ruts, which remain rough until ground down by traffic. The soil is a black loam or clay, very sticky after rain. Autumn is hence a better riding season than spring; and I may say the same for Nebraska and Wyoming, where I encountered the dampest May on record. The last twenty-five miles to Omaha, through the Elk river bottom, is somewhat rolling, and offered a fairly good surface, in spite of the muddy 'military road.' For seventy-five miles east of Omaha, the prairie rolls like a heavy Atlantic swell, and during a day's journey I passed through a dozen alternate stretches of muddy and dusty road; for, like a huge watering-pot do the rain-clouds pass to and fro over this great garden of the West, which is practically one continuous fertile farm from the Missouri to the Mississippi. My route after crossing this led for some miles up the river bottom, whose roads offer much sand; but this disappears near Rock river, where an excellent surface is found beneath the oak groves lining that beautiful stream, and their

shade is specially grateful since the thermometer shows 100° in the sun. In Bureau county the gravel roads are very fine.

"Good riding for fifteen miles from Chicago, and then tough trundling through deep sand for three miles, land me in Indiana, which, for the first thirty-five miles around the south shore of Lake Michigan, is simply sand. This is packed firmer on the water's edge, and, as the roads can hardly be traversed at all, I try trundling there for twenty miles, and then shoulder the bicycle, and scale the sand dunes which border the lake, and after wandering one hour through a wilderness of swamps, sand-hills, and hickory thickets, reach Miller's Station for the night. At Chesterton, five miles on, the surface improves, but there is sand enough to break the force of headers, which I still manage frequently to take, in spite of my long experience. At Laporte, eighteen miles from Chesterton, the riding is good for some distance, but I traverse several miles of corduroy road, through huckleberry swamps, before reaching breakfast at Crum's Point (after sleeping under a wheat-shock), whence splendid gravel roads lead to South Bend (27m. from Laporte), and on through Mishawaka (5m.), alternating with sandy stretches, to Goshen (21m.), a pretty town on the Elkhart river. It is 10 A. M. of July 17, when I bowl across the boundary line into Ohio, whose first town is Edgerton (59m. from Goshen), whence I follow the course of the Merchants' and Bankers' telegraph, through deep dust caused by drought, to Napoleon, and then go up the Maumee river,—first trying the canal tow-path, and then exchanging it for the very fair wagon road. At Perrysburg (where I can see the smoke of Toledo) I strike the well-known 'Maumee pike,'—forty miles of stone road, almost a dead level. The west part of it is kept in rather poor repair, but the sixteen miles from Fremont to Bellevue is splendid. Patches of sand are found after leaving this east end of the pike, but there are numerous good side-paths as far as Cleveland (67m. from Bellevue), where I spin down the famous Euclid avenue, to the village of that name (10m.), and continue by good or fair roads to Ashtabula (54m. from Euclid), and by rather hilly and sandy ones to Conneaut (14m.), just beyond which I enter Pennsylvania at West Springfield. As you have ridden west from Boston to Ashtabula (see p. 205), over roads mostly coincident with my own, I will only add that beyond Syracuse I tried the Erie tow-path and the highway by turns; but rode between the railroad tracks from Schenectady to Albany, and thence to the State line of Massachusetts, and also from Palmer to Worcester, without trouble except at culverts. My sleeping-places from Chicago, were: July 12, Miller's Station; 13, Laporte; 14, Goshen; 15, Kendalville; 16, Ridgeville; 17, near Perrysburg; 18, Bellevue; 19, Elyria; 20, Madison; 21, Girard; 22, Angola; 23, Buffalo; 24, Leroy; 25, Canandaigua; 26, Marcellus; 27, De Witt; 28, near Utica; 29, Indian Castle; 30, Crane's Village; 31, near Nassau; August 1, Otis; 2, Palmer; 3, Worcester; 4, Boston.

"It was 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon when I greeted the Atlantic, just fifteen weeks from San Francisco. I made no all-day halts east of Chicago, and my average for the twenty-four days thence to Boston (estimating the distance at 1,024m.; it is 1,050 by railroad) was forty-two and one-half miles. The fourteen days when I made no advance at all were April 27, at Clipper Gap;

May 4, Lovelocks; 11, Deeth; 18, Ogden; 29, Rawlins; June 2, Laramie; 18, Omaha; and July 5 to 11 inclusive, at Chicago. My shorter halts for a half-day or more would increase the total to at least twenty-one complete days, so that my actual time in traveling may be called twelve weeks. East of the Mississippi, I had average good weather, though it was hot and showery nearly all the way through Iowa and Illinois. In Wyoming, it was the wettest season on record, and rain fell almost every day. The adobe clay of that Territory, when thus soaked, makes the most terrible mud imaginable. Next to the eight miles of this which I waded through, May 22-23, before getting to Carter station, the worst surface I encountered was on the day I left Chicago, and plunged into the swamps and sands of Indiana. Yet some of the gravel roads of that State and Illinois gave better riding than I usually found in New York or Massachusetts; though I nowhere met a single long stretch comparable to the 'ridge road' that ends near Buffalo. On this, I took my longest day's ride, Girard to Angola (82m. by railroad); and the ride ranking second was in Nebraska ending at Kearney Junction, from a point near Plum Creek, about sixty-five miles away. Of the whole distance traversed, from ocean to ocean, I suppose at least one-third was done on foot. The chief discomfort of the experience was hunger, as my appetite was all the while ravenous, and a sufficiency of even the coarsest food was often unattainable." (Dividing 3,416, the total railroad mileage from San Francisco to Boston, by 84, as representing the full days of touring, gives a daily average of 40 $\frac{1}{4}$ m., which seems a very high one. The actual distance was much greater, probably approaching nearly to the "rough guess" of 3,700m.)

HAMBLIN'S RIDE.

A NEW ENGLAND CYCLING TALE.

BY CHRIS WHEELER

Harrison Hamblin
Rode from his gate,
Into the darkness,
That, black as fate,
Hung as a cloud
O'er the road, that lay
Like a whitened thread
Left behind by day.
Under the shadow
Of beech and oak,
Whose branches never
A whisper spoke,
And whose leaves' soft sleep
Not a breeze breath broke,
Swift rode Harrison,
Swift and still,
And rushing swept
O'er the road's first hill.

Into the night,
From window high,
Perhaps some maiden
Looked with a sigh,
While thinking of one
Whom she wished was nigh,
And shuddered to see
A form flash by
That puzzled sore
Her startled eye;
'Twas there, and then
It was gone, for you know

That Harrison rides
As hurricanes blow.
Well, Harrison went
Like the lightning's gleam,
And he made for the bridge
Over Rockford's stream;
He left the town
As struck the hour
Its sleepy chime
From the court-house tower.
Two struck the clock,
The old bell ceased,
And Harrison then
His pace increased.
Trees and hedges
Past him flew,
Distant forms
In the landscape grew
Large and larger,
Then fell behind,
As the rider made
For himself the wind
That whistled cool
By his burning ear,
Whistled, then died
With no breeze friend near.
Head o'er handle-bar
Stooping down,
Light in his eye,
On his brow a frown,
What in the name
Of all I see
Can Harrison's aim
Or object be?
Riding thus through the
Dark-flung shades
Which wrap their arms
Round the old road's grades?

A dozen miles
Of road behind,
I have seen his form
And heard the wind
That whistling clung
To his rushing wheel,
And wrung a song
From its ribs of steel;
A dozen miles
Have flown, and now
His flashing eye
And frowning brow,
Are softening down
Into lines that dwell
With greater ease
On a face that well
Old nature made
For a man who would
Rule the world,
If he only could.

Rush and whirl,
Whirl and rush,
O'er the stricken leaves
The swift wheels crush;
But the crisp, dead wealth
Of the beeches heed
Not the quick caress
Of the smooth shod steed.
Five more miles
That lately lay
Ahead, to the rear
Have sped away,
And the rider seems
To slacken now

His speed, as he nears
A modest row
Of cottage homes,
Which sleeping lie
Back from the road
That winds close by.

Hamblin is riding
Slowly now,
And the frown once more
Is on his brow,
As he leaps from his steed,
At a cottage gate
That he ne'er before
Has unlatched so late.
His steed by the fence
He has roughly flung,
Where shadows of
Maple branches hung,
Hiding a gleam
Of polished steel—
Which the rising moon
Would quick reveal—
Of another steed,
That is standing there,
Alone, unwatched,
In the chill night air.
Harrison sees it,
A muttered oath
Leaps to his lips,
And placing both
His hands on the
Wicket gate, he springs
Back to the road,
And once more the wings
Of fate seem spread
To chase the wind,
As the sleeping village
Is left behind.

Away, away,
And back once more,
The rubber tire
Of Hamblin tore
Its way o'er stones
And dead leaves dry,
That gave as he passed
A faint low cry,
Like the wail of a wind
That has learned to sigh.
Right into Rockford
Hamblin rode,
Reaching his home
To his room he strode,
Rushed to his desk,
And seized a pen,
Hesitated a moment,
And then,
Quick as his hand
Could move, he flung
On paper the thoughts
Which his stout heart wrung.
"You have deceived me.
May the love
I bore you, as strong
As if born above,
And which I gave you
As free and true
As could be asked by
Or given to you,
Turn for you now
To the hate I feel
For him who rides
From Durham his wheel."

Singing his name,
Harrison went
Straight to the street
And his missive sent.
Guess we with whom,
Or guess we for what,
Harrison's anger
Burned keen and hot?
Or guess why he muttered
With a flash from his eye,
That what love could best make
Out of life was a lie?
Guess we now
Why through the town,
Harrison walks
With that deep-cut frown,
Striving to trample
Some sorrow down?
Two days after
A letter came
To Hamblin, and while
He read it a flame
Rushed o'er his face,
And then a breath
Of pallor like to the
Shade of death
Spread o'er his bronzed
And rugged brow,—
That never had blanched,—
Why should it now?
He staggered and fell,
And the letter lay
Close to his face,
Which the sunlight's play
Showed to be white
As the sheet that told
That which his lips
Would never unfold.
Slowly he came
To himself, but ere
Full sense returned
Through his jet black hair
He ran his hand,
And in accents low
Dropped from his lips
The words breathed slow:
"Her brother! May God
Forgive me now."
And he struck with his hands
His dazed, blanched brow,—
"Her brother! I might
Have known before.
I have lost what Heaven
Will not restore."

A TOUR TO THE SPRINGFIELD (O.) MEET.

It was my pleasure to be one of three to make the longest day's run to the Ohio meet, last year. There was nothing remarkable in the run. Eighty-five miles across five counties is not remarkable, but you who work six days out of the week, as we do, and have only Sundays and an occasional night out of the week for recreation, will know that taking a century run in one day is right clever riding if nothing remarkable. If you don't know it, just get up at sunrise some morning and try it!

Prior to the meet, that energetic officer of the League, Mr. T. J. Kirkpatrick, wrote volumes upon volumes describing the elegant miles of roadway leading into Springfield. I doubt not but what to his enthusiastic descriptions is due the great amount of touring that was done to this

meet, but the little party that crossed the State from Findlay would have ridden to Springfield had gravel pikes never been mentioned.

Saturday night, on July 18, Faulhabn and I were escorted to the train by a bevy of females who wished us broken necks and godspeed! It is seldom that Faulhabn succumbs to female wiles but we had spoken our farewells and were five miles from the city ere he realized that he had gone away leaving his luggage carrier, gloves, and sundry articles, indispensable to the trip, lying on his desk. Great drops of cold perspiration rolled down his face as he reflected on pumping his wheel the whole distance, burdened with a coat and vest, the thermometer 90° in the shade! The telegraph was of no avail and the fate was inevitable!

Alighting at Findlay, friends met us, clasped hands, and informed us that the Findlay Club was already in bed and that we were expected to spend the evening at a certain residence. Ye gods and diminutive specimens of the finny tribe! We had expected to drop into bed on reaching the city. All such thoughts will-o-the-wisped immediately. It was midnight and past when we lay down on our beds to rest. Odors of natural gas and visions of the day to come sped rampant through our weary heads. With but three hours of restless slumber we were awakened by the shrill note of the cycle calliope, to find Fay, of the Findlay Club, already in the saddle. We dressed and waited in the twilight until the other members of this long remembered trip materialized. They were P. B. Oliver, Sam G. Hartman, Ollie W. Wurmess, G. W. Fay, and Representative Boger, of the Findlay Wheelmen; Frank A. Griffith and J. M. Wright, of McComb; J. L. Faulhabn and myself, of the Fostoria Touring Club. It was 5:30 when we bade farewell to Findlay and started on this trip. History has failed to record it. History knows not what she has lost!

With light, happy, expectant hearts sped forth that party of nine; forth to scenes upon which they had never before gazed; forth on roads they had never before tried.

Have you ever noticed that authors always allude to cyclers going forth with joyous, buoyant hearts? Has any one ever dared to describe their spirits on their return? I never have. Why should I when others more gifted than myself have eluded this point? The pedal is down. The dismount has been made. The day is done. How can I describe his feelings when the rider himself has so little to say?

That start was a happy one, happy to us all. No gravel track stretched itself beneath us. It was a badly cut macadam, enlivened with loose stone spread over its surface, which finally dwindled away into a rough, clay road,—regular old clay that made one long for suspension saddles. While ridable nearly always, in season, Hancock county is not noted for sandpapered roads at any time of the year. There is nothing startling or attractive in its scenery. Its country homes are quaint, old-fashioned affairs situated on broad farm lands and occupied by hospitable farmers.

Entering the little town of Arlington, eleven miles from Findlay, the first building to greet our eyes was designed as a skating rink; a roughly contrived affair, no sides, but roofed over, which would serve the double purpose of rink and bowery dance hall. What was to be done in winter was left to the observer to guess. For the present the town was satisfied with a skating surface.

All the small Northern Ohio towns were badly

infatuated with the craze at this time and Arlington was "on the list." No dismount was made here or at Williamstown, four miles farther on. Two miles beyond Williamstown, and half way to Dunkirk, where we intended to breakfast, we encountered the first specimen of gravel pike. Swifter and swifter went the pedals round and we fairly flew into the place.

Years ago, two of our club boys visited this spot and my mind went back to their reminiscences. Entering one end of the street they were beckoned onward by fair lasses and waving kerchiefs, but as they approached the fair visions disappeared. Farther on were others who in turn faded away as they approached. All the afternoon they followed a being they never found.

Entering this pretty town this morning previous descriptions were verified. A smooth, narrow roadway, fringed with shady maples, handsome, cleanly cottages and attractive lawns led through its center. It was not a desert but its streets were deserted. There was no mirage. The mirage was evidently in bed. There was a deep yearning beneath those woolen shirts,—not for the mirage but for breakfast,—and the hotel was assaulted by all hands. The proprietor, who had previously been notified of our coming, apologized for not having breakfast ready for us but said he would have it ready in half an hour. The spokesman, who seemed to have a desperate desire for broiled eggs and beef steak, politely informed our host that he could take his hotel to some place not down on our route, and we mounted our machines for ten miles farther on to Kenton.

Leaving Dunkirk, one enters on the well laid pikes for which Hardin, Logan, Champaign, and Clarke counties are noted. A mile out we put in at a dairy and in short order the hospitable lady brings forth the genuine lacteal of the Jersey, and the hungry cyclers inflate themselves until they resemble *Æsop's frog*. Half way between Dunkirk and Kenton, we encounter a couple of boys taking an early Sunday morning spin, and in the city limits we are met by Representative Crane and members of the Kenton Club, who kindly escort us to the Rease House for breakfast. Here we meet Theodore Fleck, of Upper Sandusky, who joins our party for the rest of the trip. An hour or more is spent in this beautiful city and once more we mount.

To Belle Center, twelve miles, we are accompanied by Kenton wheelmen and it is with regret that we see them turn back at this point. The little town of New Richland we speed through a mile or so beyond. I do not know if I am correct in my surmises, but I shall remember it as a little hamlet of low, squat houses, side by side, lying down to the road with an astonishing aggregation of diminutive colored ideas. The road at this point is superb. All the way from Kenton to Bellefontaine one finds a smooth gravel track through a rolling country that presents charming views on every hand. In front the clean sparkling gravel stretches beneath us, winding up and up, ever upward, in and around hilltops clothed with the greenest of verdure. To the right and left of us, the country stretches away for miles, the hills rising above, their sides sloping in gentle undulations, and the greensward reminding one of the blue grass region of Kentucky.

At Bellefontaine we stop for dinner, and as I dip the pen to register I find that our bright, joyous party of ten has dwindled to eight. Two of us have dropped by the wayside. I learned

afterwards that Fay and Oliver reached the city at six in the evening. We spend a pleasant hour in this pretty little city and then wheel on to West Liberty. Oh, cruel fate that led us there!

All the way from Kenton to Bellefontaine is one perceptible up grade. At West Liberty it ends in a long hill sloping down into the town. On this steep incline, Hartman, Wurmess, and Boger lost control of their wheels. When half way down they ran together with a frightful crash. Boger was thrown down the embankment twenty feet, to fall on crushed stone beneath. We picked him up a mass of bruises and cuts. A half hour elapsed before he spoke and then in a rambling way. The others were more or less injured but not seriously. Three Experts showed very plainly the effect of the collision.

Five of the boys here gave up the trip, sixty miles from home. Fleck, Faulhabn, and myself continued the journey, leaving Boger in the hands of our comrades and the Odd Fellows of the village, with instructions to express the party through to Springfield next day.

From West Liberty to Urbana the road is materially changed, being level and partly composed of clay. There is nothing artistic to catch the eye, and it has a common every-day and homely appearance to us of the North.

Entering Urbana, we are struck by the beauty of this flourishing city. A wide sloping street, filled with attractive residences and shady maples, leads one to the public square. It is no small affair, either. In the center a model fountain plays and sparkles in the sunshine, while the majestic walls of the Weaver House on the one side and of the business houses on the other mark the business prosperity of the city. Here we meet Captain Seiler, of the Mansfield Club, and many wheelmen from surrounding cities who intend wheeling to Springfield in the morning.

After spending a half hour with a friend at the hotel, we once more mount for the last fourteen miles of the tour. Again we encounter the hills and pike, but the end is near and we speed along as pleasantly as though but starting forth for a day. Passing a horse the driver whips up. For two miles we fly along side by side, then he pulls up with, "How far can you go like that?"

"Don't know," we reply. "This makes about our eightieth mile to-day!"

"If that's so, I haven't any business with you," he admits, bringing his horse to a walk.

A half hour later we dismount in front of the Lagonda House for supper, and it is with regret we reflect that out of a party of ten who took breakfast in Kenton in the morning but three of us grasp the pen to register at Springfield.

Summing up this tour, let me say of the five counties through which we passed, that they are delightful for touring on the wheel. The roads and scenery are superb but along the best of them one can ride for miles without seeing an attractive farm house. It would seem that the tax imposed for making these sublime road surfaces has materially affected the farmer. The strain upon the muscles of the rider is felt more keenly at sixty miles than at a hundred. The average speed maintained was ten miles per hour, though the last fourteen miles occupied but little more. To fully enjoy a tour I would advise the reader to attempt no more than fifty miles per day. The enjoyments of the trip are multiplied and the characteristics of the country more vividly retained.

FOSTORIA, O., Dec. 15, 1886. "PRES. MERG."

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



CHRISTMAS came to Philadelphia in 1886 much after its old fashion, and while it brought the usual amount of good fare and jollity, and while it also brought Jo Pennell's new book, and the new calendar of the Pope Company, it brought very little riding, as well as very little else in the cycling line. The newspapers, which charitably accord a space to cycling literature, crowded out items of interest to wheelmen, in order to give free run to the avaricious storekeepers, who desired to foist the holiday goods of a year ago, on the great public. The streets and roadways showed up a goodly gathering of mud and slush, the rather unwelcome complement to the proverbial beautiful snow, and last, but not least, as a cause for cycling inertia, may be mentioned the fact that in the Quaker City as in most other American cities, turkey and mince pie, just around this season, vie with everything else in absorbing the attention of the able-bodied wheelman.

Christmas, 1886, was an indoor day for Philadelphia cyclers. Sometimes in this neighborhood wintry weather holds off long enough to allow of some use being made of the "wheel" during the sunset hours of the year, but these last two winters in the Quaker City have been of too severe a nature to admit of much outdoor exercise being indulged in. There is one lot of happy Philadelphia cyclers, however, who have no reason to grumble while the stress of weather keeps them from "cavorting on the pike," as one of our city cyclers elegantly puts it. I refer to the members of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, who ought to have in their new house enough to interest them even if a double-ended snow storm should be a feature of every day of the winter of 1886-87.

Secretary-editor Aaron had quite a serious bout of sickness lately, and the League office missed his presence for over a week. He got around again apparently all right shortly before Christmas, and the *Bulletin* of Christmas week showed unmistakable evidence of his being once more at headquarters. There are not a few of his friends who say that the League work in addition to his other avocations was too much for him, and that even his dropping other business altogether, to attend to League duties pure and simple, had not very much of an effect in bettering his health.

At the last meeting of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, Mr. Fred A. Brown, its old and tried treasurer, than whom the club has no more valued member, found it incumbent upon him to resign the position which he had held so long, other duties necessitating his withdrawing some of the attention which he had before bestowed so generously on the interests of his club. The question as to how best to fill his place somewhat puzzled the members for a short while, until finally they got themselves out of trouble and got the indefatigable Aaron into fresh trouble, by electing him to the position. Now that the club is entering upon the experiment of house-building, the work in connection with the positions held by the various officers will necessarily be somewhat increased, and an increase of responsibility will be thrown upon the shoulders of those individuals whose enthusiasm for the cause prompts them to

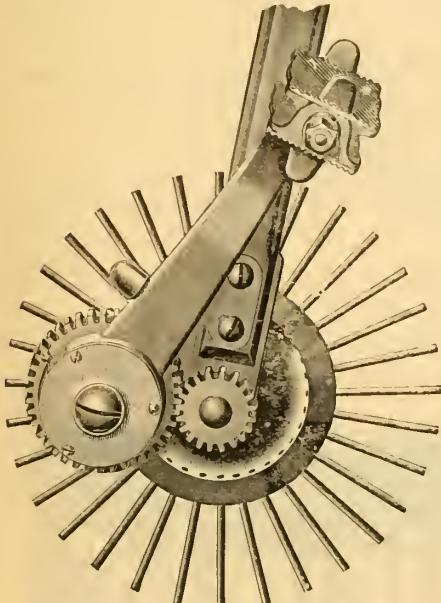
THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

IMPROVEMENTS IN BICYCLES

INCREASED SKILL USED IN THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER A PERFECT MARVEL OF STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

He would have been a bold man who would have dared to prophesy the extent and popularity which the bicycle has attained. Unlike other innovations or novelties the wheel sprung into favor with a bound, and, what is more, it has secured a place as permanent as it is popular. While owing to the newness of many parts of the country and consequently unsuitable roads, the bicycle cannot for many years hope to rival its use in England where well kept roads are the rule, yet no one would ever have supposed its employment would become so general as it is. Of course, when the demand was so great, its improvement became a study until those now built (or some of them) are marvels of beauty, strength, and skilled workmanship. As the ranks of the wheelmen are destined to receive a marked accession of num-



GEAR AND BEARING CASE FASTENING, WITH LEVER AND PEDAL.

bbers during the coming season, and as in construction and improvement there have been wonderful strides taken, we feel that a description of what is now the acme of wheels will be of interest and profit to many of our readers. It was, indeed, a matter of surprise to ourselves to note the perfection attained by the Springfield Bicycle Manufacturing Company in their Springfield Roadster.

This bicycle, manufactured under the Yost & McCune patents, has commanded the attention of professional riders and business men, the outgrowth of which was the formation of the Springfield Bicycle Manufacturing Company. There is no dispute as to the fact that their Roadster Safety Bicycle, as made for 1887, is the highest grade of wheel ever produced here or abroad. It is made of the best weldless steel tubing and steel forgings. It is absolutely impossible to take a header from this machine. It has speed, because a larger per cent. of the power expended is gained by the lever than by the crank motion. It is offered at a low price, because, from the manner of its construction and their experience in building bicycles, its makers are enabled to reduce the first cost of manufacture to a minimum, thus giving an advantage over other manufacturers, which benefit they propose to share with those who use their wheel.

It is durable, because the strongest and best materials are used, and every part so constructed and proportioned as to give the best possible results. No expense has been spared in getting the special machinery-tools, fixtures, gauges, etc.—with which to manufacture.

On our cover page we show our readers a cut representing the Springfield Roadster Safety Bicycle, with its combination of mechanical features so highly appreciated by all riders, which we believe will bring it to the front as the only safe, durable, and easy-riding wheel. To those learning to ride, this wheel cannot be overestimated. There

ciently to lock the fork and backbone to the clutch and thus force the large wheel over the obstruction by its own momentum and the power applied by the levers. The locking of the backbone and fork to the clutch prevents them from traveling forward after the speed of the large wheel has been retarded; and the weight of the body, combined with the power of the lever, forces the wheel over the obstruction. In short, with their clutch lever, the backbone and fork cannot be forced forward without revolving the large wheel. By this means, they change the pivotal point from the axle to the point of obstruction, thus preventing the rider from traveling faster than his wheel and taking a header by coming in contact with an obstruction.

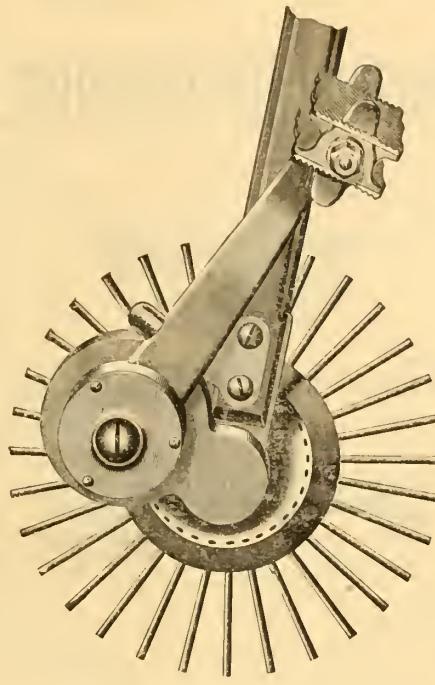
They claim for the Springfield Roadster:
That it has no equal in hill climbing.
That it is the only absolutely safe wheel for coasting.

That, from the use of the lever instead of the crank, long-distance road riding is made easy and becomes a pleasure.

That it commends itself to business men and all other riders, as being the only absolutely safe wheel to ride under all circumstances.

In connection with the engraving of this bicycle we show cuts of their wheel in sections describing the interior and showing the different positions of the lever fulcrum as adjusted to different riders.

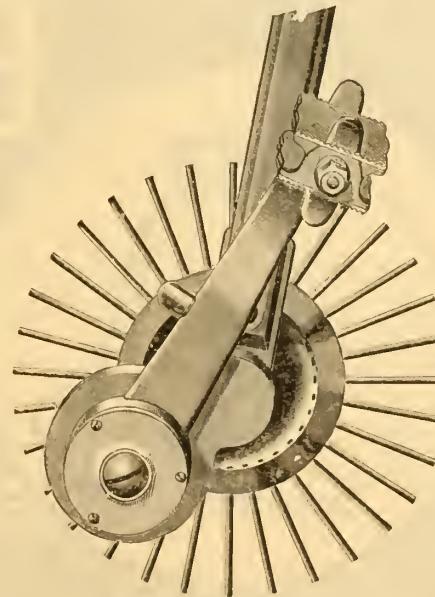
We could write much more that would be entertaining and instructive did space permit, but we can only say to our readers that as the best is always the cheapest, and as the superiority of the Springfield Roadster is too well attested to need proof, we can sincerely advise a purchase of this excellent wheel.



CHANGE OF POSITION OF FULCRUM, FROM THE CENTER, FOR A SHORT RIDER.

being no fear of headers, the rider is relieved from all nervous strain. He learns quickly to mount and control his wheel, which, from the manner of applying the power, enables him to take an easy and graceful position.

When the large wheel strikes an obstruction the pivotal point is changed from the axle to the point of contact with the obstruction. The power being applied back of the center of large



CHANGE OF POSITION OF FULCRUM, FROM THE CENTER, FOR A TALL RIDER.

wheel and directly underneath the weight of the body, with the levers forced downward, it relieves the blow; and the tendency is for the wheel to pass over the obstruction without materially checking its revolution. But should the revolution of the large wheel be checked for an instant, the momentum would raise the rear wheel suffi-



LEVER, PEDAL, GEAR, AND CLUTCH, FROM THE INNER SIDE.

The company's office is located at No. 19 Pearl street, Boston, and the officers of the company are A. C. Woodworth, president; E. J. M. Hale, treasurer; J. B. McCune, mechanical superintendent; J. L. Yost, superintendent of agencies; sole agents for New England, J. P. Lovell's Sons, 147 Washington street, corner Cornhill and Brattle streets, Boston.

The president of this company, A. C. Woodworth, was for many years the president of the Ames Manufacturing Company at Chicopee, Mass., and as the manager of that company built all of the Victor bicycles manufactured at their works prior to May, 1886.

Associated with him at the works in Chicopee were Messrs. Yost and McCune, the inventors of the Springfield Roadster, and it was while there employed, and observing the weak points in other bicycles, that the improvements suggested themselves and were put to practical test, resulting in the production of a wheel combining strength, durability, safety, beauty, and which can be placed on the market at a very moderate price.

This result has been accomplished and is due to the fact of the long experience of Messrs. Woodworth, Yost, and McCune, as manufacturers and business men. They early discovered that the one thing that interfered with bicycle business becoming general, was the danger from riders taking headers, and set themselves at work to overcome this objection. The results of their efforts are embodied in the Springfield Roadster, which includes a reduction in the cost of manufacture, and the adaptability to the changes, as shown in the cuts, for the different sizes of riders, without the necessity of making an entire new wheel, and special sets of tools for each size, as in the case of crank wheels. With this combination of mechanism, skill, and business ability, together with the standing and reputation of their New England agents, Messrs. John P. Lovell's Sons of Boston, the success of the business enterprise is assured.

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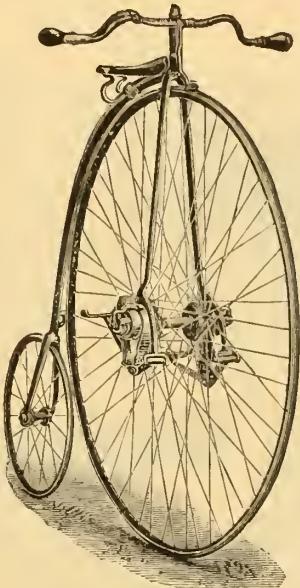
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The new hollow-felloe rim being very rigid, and the new tangent spokes interlaced make a very strong wheel.

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WHAT OTHERS SAY.

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.

HARRY R. HITCHCOCK.

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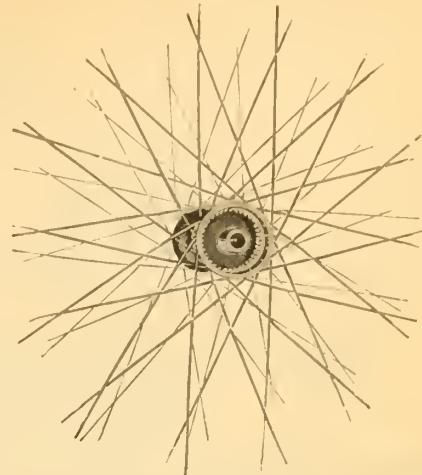
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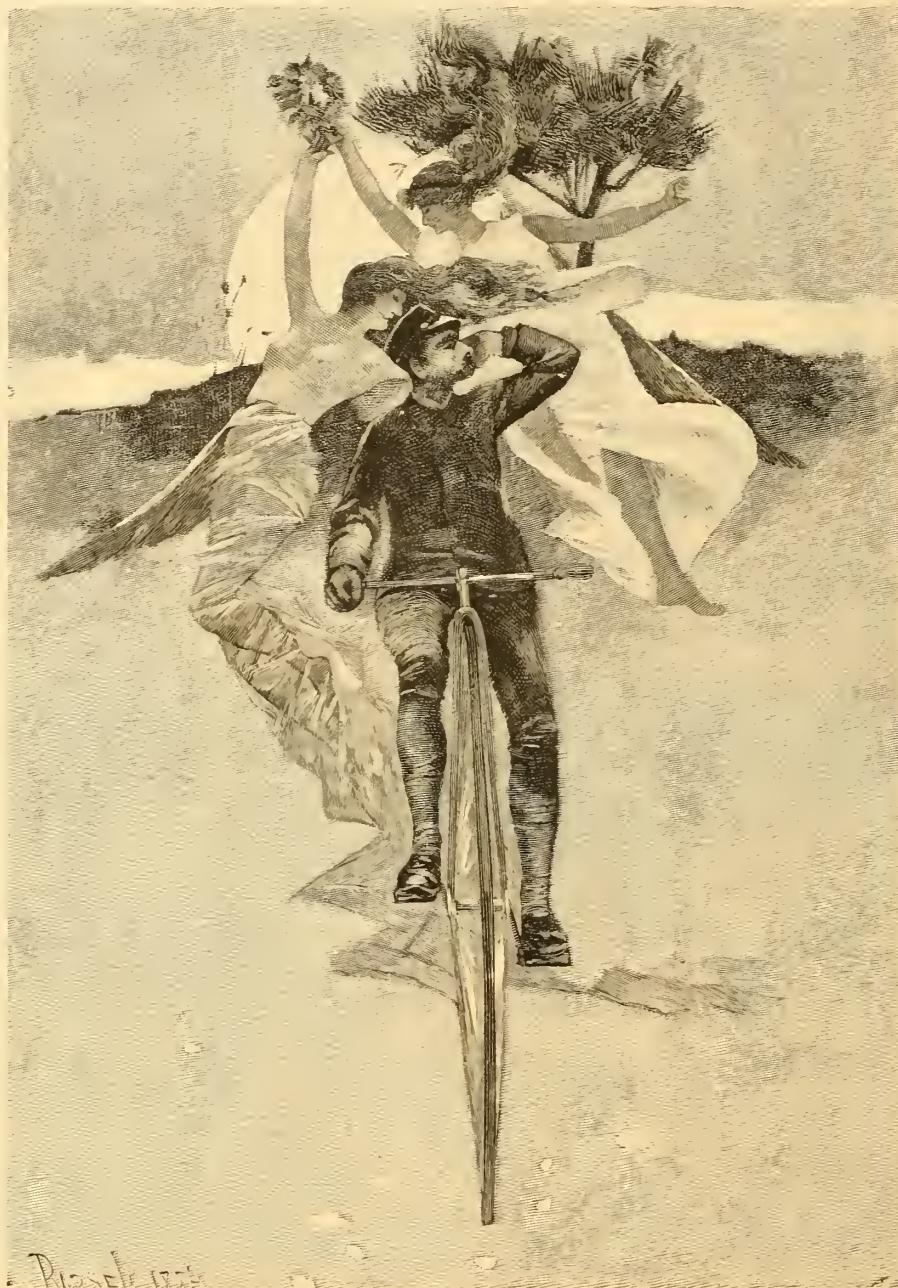
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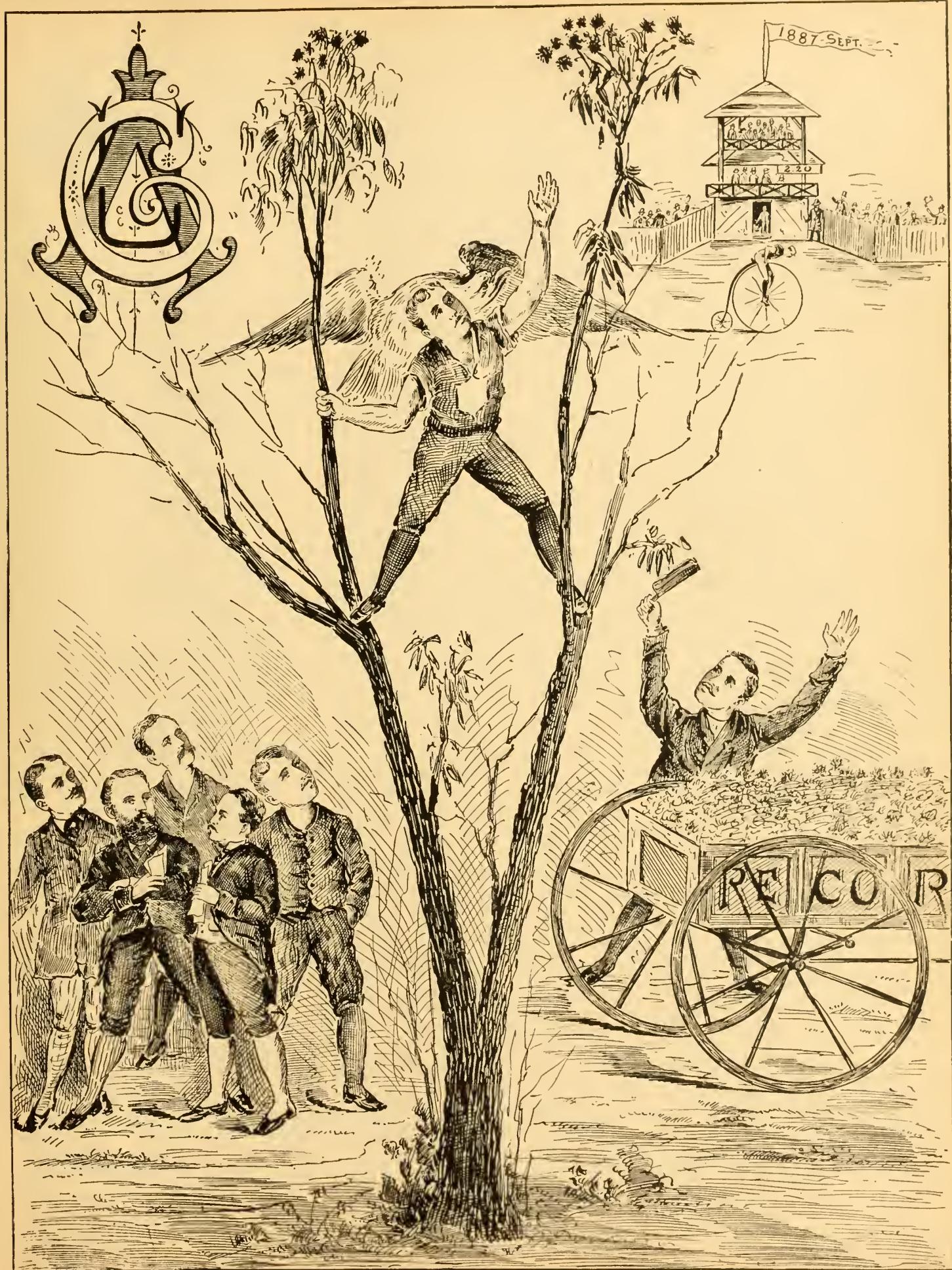
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"CHESTNUTS!"

perform work for which they get no pay, and very often but little thanks.

Philadelphia now boasts another cycling club. The South End Wheelmen were organized some little time since in the southern section of the city, and they start out with every prospect of becoming a strong and successful club. It will have, or rather it has, no rival organization in its immediate neighborhood, and as said neighborhood has always enjoyed the reputation of being rather an inhospitable one for cyclers, it is to be hoped that the South End Wheelmen will have an evangelizing tendency in the region they inhabit.

Club life in Philadelphia has not been anything to speak of for the season up to the present. On Thursday evening, December 30, the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club held a social evening that reminded many of its members of old times. In the person of Mr. H. L. Roberts, brother to the captain, the club possesses one of the best photographers in the city, and numerous pictures of cycling life taken on his various trips a-wheel have been presented to the club by its photographic artist. On this special social evening a collection of about a hundred views taken for the most part by Mr. Roberts when on cycling expeditions, was shown to the assembled members and their friends and created a great deal of interest and amusement. Some of the pictures were excellent. The ones which dealt with the trip of the Lake George party of the past season provoked a great deal of comment, both on the part of those participating in it and of those who had heard accounts of it. The views of the party as it appeared, not in cycling costumes but in the curious garments donned when a swim was considered better fun than a ride, were really good though they did not speak much for the elegance of Lake George bathing costumes. Of course, in addition to these pictorial reminiscences of cycling pleasure, some current cycling joys were indulged in, and piano and flute, at the bidding of sturdy pedal pushers, did their duty in helping to pass a pleasant evening. These social evenings of the Pennsylvania are to be features of the off season, and they will no doubt meet with good success. If a little more of the social element was infused into cycling club life much might be done towards strengthening the bonds of our wheel organizations.

It is almost too soon as yet to commence talking about the League meet, at least for Philadelphians it is. As far as I have heard the general impression among cyclers here is, that about the best place for the meet of 1887 is the West, where it is going to be held. And there does not appear to be much doubt in the minds of most of our men here but that the Western wheelmen are fully competent to fulfill the task which all thinking wheelmen see must be performed by somebody this next year; and that task is, or rather will be, the giving of the L. A. W. another boost on the turnpike of progress. At Washington, two years ago, an energetic movement was initiated for the bettering of our national wheel organization, and the good work has gone on well since then. It will go on without doubt, but many wheelmen think, and think rightly, that just within the next twelve months the great danger to be feared in connection with the life and progress of the L. A. W. is a reactionary tendency. The splendid work of the past two years runs a risk of flagging, and, as I said or was going to say, the West has here a splendid opportunity to step in, and at a critical

period just at one of those cycles of time, so to speak, or whatever you like to call them, when inertia threatens the interests of the organization, they can step in, and placing a big, strong, and willing shoulder to the wheel of League work, send the old ship of the L. A. W. on another two years' cruise of an active and useful existence.

We have been having, as a certain cycling paper remarked some time since, something of the nature of an earthquake in Philadelphia cycling circles, at least there has been quite a shaking up of late among our prominent wheelmen here, as no doubt you judged from my recent letters. The latest thing that has transpired is that Mr. Geo. D. Gideon sent in his resignation of membership in the Germantown Cycling Club. It is to be presumed that his action was an outcome of the late trouble consequent on the race-track dispute. No doubt Mr. Gideon thought his club ought to have made his cause its own, and put on the gloves in his behalf regardless of consequences. However, they did not do so, but took the wisest course and let him and those members of the other clubs who were at odds fix up matters between them. There is hardly a doubt but that his tendered resignation will be refused. The Germantown has not a mind to lose an old and valued member of the type of George D. Gideon. It was commonly reported that should this old and active member retire from the Germantown he would allow his irrepressible cycling energy to have free play in the service of the Century Wheelmen, our new and go-ahead city club. The Century men, from what they have already accomplished, would seem to have but little need of any more active or thoroughly enthusiastic wheelmen than they at present number in their ranks. The new club, which is already a pretty large factor in Philadelphia cycling club life, has only been in existence some seven months, having been founded in April of last year. It may therefore be said to be hardly out of its infant days, and yet it boasts of the phenomenally large membership of eighty-four active cyclers. It has a whole house for the accommodation of this large membership, and is finding that to provide for the number who are already enrolled, as well as for those seeking admission, larger and more pretentious quarters are necessary. One of the reasons for the extreme quickness of growth in the case of the Century Wheelmen is that they have started in a section of town where there are a great number of unattached wheelmen, and where there are better facilities for riding, in the matter of good pavements, etc., than in any other portion of the city. Therefore it is to be augured from what has already happened that we are to have another spectacle here, of the springing into existence of a cycling organization, that will for quick growth, and it is to be hoped for active life, rival the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club's career.

I have often promised you some notes in connection with our city clubs, and before long you will have them. Commencing with the foundation of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, the story of cycling in Philadelphia is an interesting one, and reflects as it were in small compass the history of the recreation in the country at large. I have your letter asking for some such historical gleanings, and if all goes well perhaps my future communications to you for a few months may partake of a retrospective rather than of a present day review nature. It would not be a bad idea for the GAZETTE to give some attention to the gathering

together and preserving of data in relation to the history of cycling in America.

Karl Kron's book of course is coming,—“some day,” you know, according to the words of that sentimental ballad; but it is a question whether the great earth or the great Karl will last until that last day of waiting on the part of the great cycling world. I must wish you the compliments of the season now, for if I say any more, I shall be getting friend Karl down on me, as well as most of the GAZETTE's readers, who do not want to find too much in one number of the GAZETTE from

CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31, 1886.

TOBOGGANING,

WHILE THE WHEEL RESTS

BY T. W. E.

Come, leave the steed well-housed and fed—
Bid idling now take wing—
We'll seek a snow-clad hill ahead,
And try tobogganing!

The fields not always can be green
Or ways invite our wheels;
Be glad each Nature's change of scene
Also new sport reveals!

Far up the hill our dainty craft
Soon will receive its freight,
Like merry children on a raft
While lilies close by wait.

For lilies now we vainly seek,
But certain 'tis the rose
Will bloom upon each lady's cheek
Ere the first trip shall close.

How fast the hours rejuvenate,
We seem our youth to win
Till realm of childhood elate
Opes to imagining.

Hurrah! or sun or moon may gleam
Upon us as we go,
Enough to sit, and glide, and dream
Of joys we used to know.

As rapidly as torrents flow
O'er e'en a steeper grade,
We sail o'er the frost-burnished snow,
In good ship, undelayed.

Again! again! till time is spent
And pastime calls for rest,
We revel in this merriment,
To cycling next the best!

Irish bulls are world-famous, and, perhaps, deservedly so; but is there no such thing as an English bull? A well-known agent in the north of England had the following sentence on his printed list: “All future lists canceled.” This is a fact, as also the following: A branch manager for a large cycle firm, seeing a new machine of another maker, exclaimed, “Copying again! copying again! that's just the way with that firm; they have made the very thing *we are going to make*.”—*Irish Cyclist and Athlete*.

A friend of mine, who nearly always wears knickerbockers, appeared on the street the other day in long trousers. I stopped him and asked the reason of the sudden change. “Keep it still,” he whispered, “for the sake of the wheel, but I am looking for a boarding-house.” “Well,” said I, in amazement, “what's that got to do with your shorts?” “Just this,” he answered; “you see the landlady, if she saw my knickerbockers, would say, ‘He's a bicyclist, and consequently has an awful appetite;’ and away would go my chance of getting that room. No, I'll wait till the agreement is all made before I let her know that I tone up my digestion with a good spin.”—*Spectator*.

NOTES FROM BROOKLYN.



HE Long Island Wheelmen and the Bedford Cycle Club have combined, or rather the Bedfords have joined the L. I. W. This makes the L. I. W. the largest club in the city. They will leave their present club rooms opposite Prospect Park, and move somewhere up on Bedford avenue, where they intend to build a large club house.

The Kings County Wheelmen have placed too much confidence in the racing powers of Bridgeman. As far as we can see, Bridgeman does not appear to have much more speed in him than most of our local riders. He is altogether too heavy for racing, and unless he indulges in considerable training he will never amount to much.

Mr. W. F. Miller, of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, gave a humorous lecture on cycling, at the club rooms recently. There was quite a large attendance, about one hundred and fifty being present, over half of whom were ladies. Mr. Miller's remarks were well appreciated, especially by the ladies, and the affair was thoroughly enjoyed.

Chas. Schwallbach, of the K. C. W., intends to enlarge his present quarters considerably next spring. He is the agent for the Royal Mail and has sold a great many machines here during the past season. His numerous friends wish him success, and with such an energetic business man as Mr. Schwallbach, the agency will very likely prosper as it did last season.

At the last regular monthly meeting of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Howard Greenman; vice-president, E. A. Wagenfeuhr; secretary, R. L. Calkins; treasurer, W. F. Miller; captain, W. J. Savoye; first lieutenant, H. H. Farr; second lieutenant, E. A. Hall; right guide, E. Hornbostel, Jr.; left guide, F. C. Farnsworth; bugler, Percy Seixas; color bearer, F. Hawkins. At a special meeting of this club two weeks later, four new members were admitted.

The Kings County Wheelmen gave a minstrel entertainment at Knickerbocker hall on December 9. On account of the event having been well advertised, a good number of cyclists and non-cyclists were present, and the club very likely succeeded in adding to their treasury.

Edward Hornbostel, Jr., the Columbia College champion, will appear on the track next season mounted on a racer. He recently defeated his brother by a few yards in a two-mile race, winning quite easily in 6m. 29s. His brother is, notwithstanding, confident that he can beat him, and they will both meet again in the spring. Although it will be an exciting race, Ed is looked upon as the winner, and his brother will have to work very hard to outdo him.

On December 4, a progressive euchre party took place at the rooms of the Ilderan Bicycle Club. The winner was Percy Seixas, and he received a handsome cigar case. The "booby" prize fell to W. J. Savoye, he having scored the least number of points. After the game was over refreshments were served and the gathering dispersed at a late hour.

Harry Hall, of the K. C. W., is a queer chap. All through the season he loses wherever he enters and disappoints all of his friends. Now, sud-

denly, he wakes up again and wins the great twenty-five mile road-race at Millburn, in 1 hour and 36 minutes. This race shows that Hall has still plenty of speed and endurance in him and it is wondered why he made such a poor showing at the tournaments.

When A. B. Barkman, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, made a twenty-four hour record of 205 miles it was thought that the club medal would surely fall to him. But no! Late in the season as it was, F. B. Hawkins started out to beat this record and succeeded in making 207½ miles within the twenty-four hours, and the medal is his.

The Long Island Wheelmen have presented a petition to the Prospect Park commissioners asking that the entire park be thrown open to wheelmen, and the prospects are that the extra privileges will be granted.

J. W. S.

News Notes.

Delaware has a State division L. A. W.

Lewis T. Frye contemplates matrimony.

Nashville wheelmen contemplate a trip to Niagara next June.

The *Scottish Umpire* comes to us in an enlarged and greatly improved form.

There is in Springfield over one hundred second hand L. A. W. badges for sale.

Harry Goodman, of programme fame, has established a fine cigar store in Hartford.

The *GAZETTE* articles on League uniforms have disturbed the working of the ring somewhat.

The Lillibridge saddle is about to be introduced into England, only they spell it "Lillie Bridge."

The German cycling paper *Der Radfahrer* contains two excellent pictures of the American fancy riders, Canary and Kaufman.

McCurdy has entered the employ of the H. B. Smith Machine Company, Smithville, N. J., manufacturers of the Star bicycle.

We are pleased to hear that A. L. Atkins is securing the benefits arising from the change to the warm climate of Los Angeles.

The *Cycling World* says: "Every one admits the inconsistencies and absurdities of the amateur rule, yet very few want it abolished."

Sport and Play publishes at the head of its fixture column, instead of "moon rises," "Time to Light Lamps" November 20, 4.03; November 27, 3.55.

Cycling editors and publishers vie with the regular press when it comes to the holiday season, for the cycle publishers are both short of copy and advertisements.

Captain Peck, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, finished a riding season of nearly 5,000 miles in 1886, all being accomplished on a 55-inch Rudge light roadster.

Captain W. M. Brewster, of the Missouri Club, has been appointed a member of the L. A. W. racing board, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. N. H. Van Sicklen.

There was a time when Springfield had nearly one hundred and fifty League members in good and regular standing. In the year 1887 you can count them on the fingers of your hand.

Gormully & Jeffery will probably never build a racing wheel. While they believe in sustaining race meets, realizing that they make bicycle riders,

they cannot see that a track reputation will do the reputation of their roadsters any good.

The loss sustained by the League on the *Bulletin* has caused the executive committee to give notice that they shall move an amendment increasing the League dues and initiation fees.

The Missouri Club's riding record for the season totals up 54,500. For a membership of thirty this is large. Captain Brewster tops the list with 4,275, then comes A. T. Stevens with 4,178.

In answer to numerous inquiries as to whether the Marlboro' tandem steers easily and with safety when guided by the hands of the lady only, we say yes, and have every confidence in that style of steering.

One hundred guineas is offered to the first cyclist who will ride either a mile on the path in 2.25, 22½ miles on the path in one hour, or 100 miles on the road in 6 hours, on any of the "Premier" make of bicycles.

Whittaker's time for the first ten miles of his famous twenty miles' run on the road was 29m. 1½s. The Champion he uses has been run over 2,500 miles at the speed he travels in training, and is as good, apparently, as ever.

A. G. Hill, the active and popular president of the Florence Cycle Club, has been elected mayor of Northampton, Mass. As showing the popularity of Florence Club's president, he received in his own precinct 236 votes to his opponent's 28.

At a meeting of the Wheel Board of Trade, in Boston, Friday, December 24, a black list was established, which is to include the names of all parties connected with the wheel interests of the country who have been found to be unworthy of confidence.

President Beckwith has "shut down" on the manufacture of League suits, until he gets a guarantee that the colors will be fast. A thorough overhauling of the whole business is promised. So much for the *GAZETTE*'s exposure of the poor quality of the goods.

It seems that the American press is wrong in attributing the attacks on America in the *Cycling News*, to Hillier. The real author is Mr. Harmsworth, of Coventry, Mr. Hillier simply being the figure head, while Mr. Harmsworth is the real power behind the throne.

The Rudge bicyclette is the original machine of this type, having been patented in England and America in 1879 by Messrs. Rudge & Co. It has had two years' good trial in England and possesses several valuable features of special excellence, and which will only be found in this machine.

A six days' bicycle professional race at Omaha, Neb., closed at 10.30 p. m., December 11. John S. Prince was the winner. He made 767 miles and nine laps; Frank Dingley, of Minneapolis, covered 765 miles; Albert Schock, of Chicago, 756 miles; Tom Hardwick, of Kansas, 746 miles, and E. N. Bullock, of Omaha, 672 miles.

The 1887 Stars will have a marked increase in the size of the front wheel, which will be half the size of the driving wheel. This will greatly reduce the vibration, which was one of the defects of the Star, and was extremely unpleasant when riding over rough roads. The increased size will make but little difference in the weight of the Star.

Among the many letters that Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. received in their mail last week,

was one in which a man wishes to exchange forty acres of land for a Rudge Humber tandem; in another a man has 200 pounds of gunpowder which he will exchange for a bicycle, and another wishes to dispose of 200 pairs of roller skates for any kind of a Rudge.

A Western paper states that Morgan and Woodside were to have ridden a 100-mile race at Washington rink, Minneapolis, Saturday evening, but owing to the bursting of a boiler, a postponement was necessary, but forgot to state whose boiler was burst. We think it must have been Morgan's, caused by an accumulation of gas preparatory to starting for Europe.

At the Sydney exhibition in London, Eng., there is on exhibition the largest ordinary racing bicycle ever built, being a 65-inch Rudge racer, built for the Sydney professional, W. Gordon. Gordon is six feet four inches in height, and weighs 189 pounds. This machine has had to be specially built in every part; but, notwithstanding the size, it only weighs, with saddle and pedals, thirty-one pounds.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has decided to discontinue the repair shop at its Boston office. This discontinuance necessarily threw M. Pierre Lallement out of work. The Pope Manufacturing Company very generously offered to set him up in the bicycle repairing business and to supply him with work, and undoubtedly M. Lallement would have taken up with this offer had not one been made him on a salary basis, which he has decided to accept.

"This has been a doleful year," says the *Sporting Life*, "for race-promoting organizations. The general sad story has been the same one of loss. There have been a few exceptions, we are glad to say, but the season of '86 has thrown a damper on the race meets on a large scale." Not so; the Springfield Club had, when all things are taken into consideration, the most successful meeting yet held, and will next year hold one that will open the eyes of the world.

The Sultan of Morocco is fond of tricycling, but too lazy to work the pedals himself, so he has had a gorgeous machine constructed, propelled by slave labor. He sits cross-legged upon an embossed couch, curtained and canopied with silk and silver and gold. At his right hand is a clock and at his left a compass, in order that when beyond the reach of the muezzin's call the faithful Mohammedan may observe the exact hour of prayer and the exact direction in which his orisons are to be addressed.

Mr. E. Moody Boynton, of West Newbury, met a delegation of business men from Haverhill recently, to present to them his plan for building a bicycle railroad. Mayor Weeks presided and introduced Mr. Boynton, who exhibited various drawings, and explained the plan of construction and operation, as it exists in theory. His ideas appeared to be kindly received, and considerable encouragement was given to the scheme by capitalists who were present. His proposition is to build a short experimental line to test the practicability of the plan. It is quite probable that such a line will be built in the spring.

Evidently Corey was not asleep while in England, for at Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co.'s we saw sample patterns of all their bicycles and tricycles for 1887. They have a number of specialties which they propose to bring out, including a

new pattern Rudge light roadster, a Rudge bicyclette, a Safety of the Rover type, an improved Rudge Humber tandem, a new Crescent tandem of the Crippler form, and the latest thing in the shape of a light single Crescent tricycle. They are making extensive preparations to place these machines on the market early in the spring, and orders are now being booked from their larger agents.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

The fates have brought such a bounteous supply of cycling literary matter from over the ocean, lately, that we have lost sight, too much, of home affairs and interests, but hope to make up for it by and bi.

Capt. W. A. Hurlbut, of the S. W. C., we are glad to say, is recovering from recent severe illness that very nearly carried him over to the other side.

The Solitary Club had about twenty-five miles in the brisk breeze and bright sunshine of December 25. A few days previous we went to New Canaan, over hubby roads, and had easy driving and entire safety on the Facile. One advantage in winter wheeling is you can climb hills on hard frozen ground that you cannot in any other season; and the colors in these winter scenes are such contrasts to those of summer time. You never know what a moss collector nature is, unless you ride in winter, especially when there is little or no snow. Here the brook that made melody for you in June, is locked in ice and voiceless, but not so the chattering red squirrel or the snow birds, those flighty mites who defy the cold. How we welcome a bit of warm color like the red end of yonder old barn, in all this mass of grays and browns in which bitumen and Vandyke have been used. They used ochre in their flake white on that sandy knoll up the road, and blue-black helped color the reddish clay in the lower level. What but vermillion could have touched the tips of the moss on old rocks and the tree trunks? Every season has its attractions, and we notice the changing seasons much more now than before becoming so willing a devotee to the enchantress—cycling.

That stone crusher has not yet done our streets any good, but one gentleman's private drives have been made delightful wheeling, and we hope for something to be done for us another season. Our patience is being severely taxed.

The resigned, matter-of-course air of most of our cyclers, in the loss of wheeling for three to five months, is wonderful to ye scribe, who felt very severely the loss of three days in December, and it calls for more questions and remarks when he misses a day, than when he rides.

The old and very original gag to "put runners on to that there thing!" when we ride in snow storms, is just as fresh as it was last winter. When sleet storms are on and people creep along with their lives in their hands, just ready to drop them, we skim along on the slippery streets with the utmost security and ease. Then they look, and even if they do not speak, their bulging optics plainly say, "By George!"

How about T or spade handles for use on our common roads. Can any one give experience with them, for benefit of GAZETTE readers? How about light weight, waterproof bicycle suits—what is best? Who will bring out a helmet that will stand

as much dampness as a second rate fog? Answers to the above will oblige the Solitary Club, and doubtless many another wheelman.

Among those who next season will give more time to tours, at a moderate pace that will give the greatest amount of pleasure, irrespective of what scorchers may say or think, will be found

"STAMSON."

Correspondence.

TRIALS OF AN AMATEUR WHEELMAN.

W. B. Powell, Haven, Kan.

DEAR FRIEND:— * * * * * Talk about the romance of breaking mustangs off on the wild plains of the far-off "Lone Star State," where a man will suddenly rise from astride of what is called a horse (but what in reality is the devil), up, up, up, and on up, until you think you have started upon a trip to the moon, and finally come back to earth with snow upon your cold brow, and say, "The Earth is my mother; I'll repose on her bosom." All this is as nothing, my dear Willie, in comparison to the riding of a bicycle, where a man is poised upon a slender steed with only one safe side—one that you do not have to watch, viz.: the hind side. Poised thus between heaven and earth, daring not to look to the right nor to the left, nor yet behind, but that steady gaze to the front, yours not to answer "Why can't I turn?"—yours but to go and die. Onward, onward into the valley of death rides the unfortunate amateur wheelman. This has been my experience, and you are so cold-hearted as to ask why I don't write. Ah! my dear, this is a cold, cold world and I find you, you whom I have trusted, you whom I have always counted as my dearest friend, ask "Why don't you write?" and at the same time knowing that I have gone through all this bitter experience. It causes me to weep until I can scarcely see the lines on which I write, to think you would be so cruel, so cold-hearted. My wheel is at present safely ensconced within the portals of our coal house, there to remain until the flowers are in bloom and the grass has grown green over my lowly head. For, such are the ways of the bicycle, that I feel that my time has come. Ah, dear me! that I had never seen that slender, fascinating thing, and unfortunate was the day that was so beautiful and warm as to tempt me to mount and "away over hill and dale." No, no, not over "hill and dale" (I dreamed that) over the front wheel, for that was the only side that was unprotected, as I had a small wheel behind me and a small boy on each side, and thought I was safe, and was smiling at the figure I would cut when I got on, and sped down through the thoroughfare with beauty and symmetry of motion, and blushed at the imaginary remarks of the beautiful belles as I passed them with a rush as swift and silent as that of the carrier dove. Thus I dreamed,—but thus was not the manner in which I went. My pride had a shock; it was humbled in the dust, and I groveled at the feet of that invincible wheel. Never did brave knight kneel at the shrine of fair lady with a quickness that excelled my kneeling before that innocent, flirting, but hard-hearted bicycle, and I was thinking of the beautiful little song my mother used to sing in the days of my childhood:—

"Have you no feeling, to see me kneeling,
My pride concealing, time after time?"

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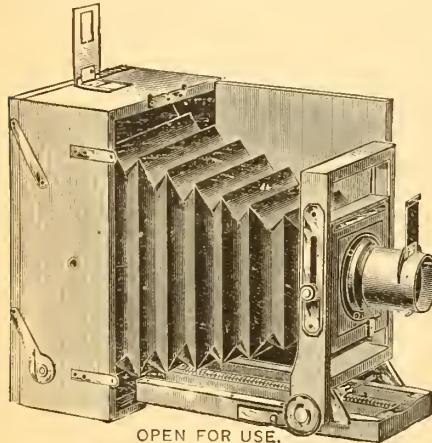
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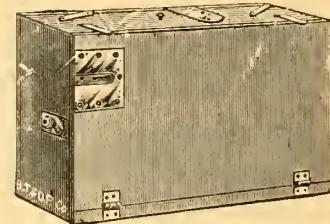
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and now I say:—

"Then must we sever, parted forever,
Canst thou, O, never let me ride?"

This is not an exact copy of the words, but you can sing it to the same tune.

Now I must stop my writing and go to work, for it is getting warm and I feel the fascination of riding coming back upon me and then I will be of no account for business. I can feel it stealing upon me like a thief at night, and my name is Dennis. I think I shall get my life insured and then let her go and may be I can learn to ride, for it will be luck to whomsoever it is payable, and I never was known to be of use to any one.

Now, Willie, my dear, hurry up with yours and we will ride or die together. Come up soon, for I have lots to tell you which cannot be consigned to paper, so with love to Fred I am,

Yours as ever,

H. W. BAKER.

HUTCHINSON, KAN., Dec. 15, 1886.

AN INDEX FROM INDEXVILLE.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Five weeks ago, I explained (GAZETTE for Dec., p. 151) how I was struggling to close up the final gap in the main text of my book. This comprises 50 "forms" of 16 pages each, and the whole 800 pages are now electrotyped. The latest-written chapter consists of a "Summary by States," extending from p. 573 to p. 590, and I wrote the last lines of p. 590 just on the stroke of midnight which put an end to 1886. Though hardly more than a dozen States had found places in the chapter, and though the valuable road-reports which I have been for three years gathering from all the other States clamored aloud against further neglect, I was forced to say to them: "Too late! The gap is closed. 'X. M. Miles' must try its luck without your help. When the 30,000 copies are sold, I will surely print you in my second book."

The "index to all the people named in the book," comprising hundreds of references, and the "index of towns," comprising thousands of references, have both been prepared, under my direction, as the book itself advanced; and they are now in shape for the type-setters. A dozen other special indexes have been made ready in similar fashion. But the great and general index, which my own weary left-hand must compile, is hardly more than begun. I have worked steadily during this first week of the year in devising the titles and catch-lines for 100 pages, or only an eighth of all. Hope tells the flattering tale that I may be able to finish the other seven-eighths in less than seven weeks; but I fear there is slight chance of sending out the completed book to my 108 depositaries before the very end of winter. A month hence, I can perhaps write with more cheerfulness, to the February GAZETTE, and approximately "name the day."

The binders are expected to turn out "about 200 copies" on that day, and each subsequent day; and nearly a month may therefore elapse before they finish with the "subscribers' autograph edition" (3,577 copies) and give me a chance to fill orders from later patrons. Hence, I announce again that whoever chooses to send me \$1.50, in advance, will have his name put on the early mailing-lists (which as yet contain less than 300 names), and will also find it inscribed on the "specially numbered and autographed fly-leaf" inside the book. By way of receipt and premium

for every such payment, I will send a copy of the special chapter (48 pages, of about 40,000 words) which describes the "unseen and abhorrent forces" that compelled me to build this monumental pile. "Index" might be an allowable name for that chapter also, though it is more amusing, and less useful, than the one which I am now desperately dragging into shape "from Indexville."

KARL KRON.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 7, 1887.

WELCOME TO THOMAS STEVENS.

The chairman of the reception committee of Thomas Stevens, of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, writes under date of December 21, in a letter to the editor of *Outing*:

"DEAR SIR:—All arrangements have been made for the reception of Mr. Stevens on his arrival here. The Olympic Club has joined with us and when he arrives will receive him down the bay; I as chairman of the reception committee have obtained permission from the custom house authorities and the quarantine officer to allow the committee to board the steamer down the bay. The officers and directors of the San Francisco Bicycle Club in connection with the officers and board of directors of the Olympic Club will give Mr. Stevens a banquet, and also hold a reception in the latter's rooms, to which only members of both clubs and their lady friends will be admitted. This club will also invite Mr. Stevens to their annual banquet, which takes place about the time of his arrival here. You can rest assured that the San Francisco Bicycle Club will receive him with open hands and look after him while he is with us

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Did it ever occur to the readers of the GAZETTE that there is such a place as New Gloucester, Me.? Well, there is; and thinking perhaps it may be interesting to some of the readers of the GAZETTE, I will tell you of the progress of cycling in this place.

Great was the astonishment, when, some four months ago, your correspondent first brought a wheel into this place. The old men glanced a fierce look at the bicycle, the small boys bestowed on the bicyclist looks of envious pride, the girls cast demure glances at the knickerbockers and long stockings, and the old women looked with mild disapproval upon the whole affair. One old woman went so far as to consider it her duty to give me a lecture upon the sinfulness of my ways (upon a bicycle). In short, many predicted that I would speedily become sick of "that contrivance," in addition to paying a doctor's bill. Then began a long squabble between the bicycle rider and the drivers of teams. It is wonderful to see how some people consider it a superiority to own or drive a horse and gig. I had an adventure with a couple of drivers of this type a short time ago. While riding down a hill at my leisure, I was suddenly pursued by two teams, driven by a couple of rather fast young men accompanied by their best girls. Now to be beaten in this way was more than I could stand, so I spurred up, although in immediate danger of breaking my neck. There chanced to be a bridge at the foot of the hill which I succeeded in crossing about three feet ahead of my pursuers; as I crossed another team entered the opposite end. I got away however, and as I passed the crest of the

opposite hill I caught sight of three teams wedged firmly in the bridge. I think this taught them a lesson, since I notice that they have adjourned all bicycle racing and are conducting themselves in a very quiet manner.

Bicycling is, however, steadily gaining ground. Several young men have expressed their determination to purchase a wheel at an early date. I hope to be able to report the formation of a club in the early spring.

H. D. PENNEY.

NEW GLOUCESTER, ME., Nov. 15, 1886.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

So many inquiries are made at this office for the post-office address of Thomas Stevens, that I beg you will inform his friends through your columns that I am sending letters for him to the care of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, 1,428 Market street, San Francisco, where he expects to arrive about the middle of January.

Yours truly,

POULTNEY BIGELOW, Editor of *Outing*.

"BLUE" vs. "BLACK."

Two wheelmen there be,
In Jersey City,
Who seem to rival each other.
The mile would decide
The feature of their pride,
If once they'd come together.

One said to the other,
"Come, wheelman brother,
To Orange we'll go and find out
That this cup belongeth
To the one who is strongest,
And not to both, without doubt."

So to Orange they went,
Over handle-bar bent,
To leave each other behind.
Much envy there burned
In each mind as he turned
His wheel toward honors to find.

There is, if you know,
A fine stretch that's below
The Roseville track, what's more;
Well, this is the place
Where "Blue" and "Black" did race
For the honors, as mentioned before.

Once up and once down
Was enough to drown
The smile of our man in blue.
He said little, coming back,
To the man in black,
To whom, however, the honors were due.

He won't give in
That he didn't win,
It's "Jersey," you see on the face,
But we trust this will draw
An acknowledgment for
The man who wore black in the race.

The "blue," it appears,
Has the advantage in years;
Superior in one sense of time.
In size they're alike,
Of stature and "bike,"
But hardly a match, in fine.

DE VILLE.

S. G. WHITTAKER.

S. G. Whittaker was born in England in 1862, and came to this country in 1864. His parents settled at Medford, Mass., in which place he resided till last year. In 1884 he caught the bicycle fever, and immediately commenced to astonish his friends with feats which proved him no ordinary rider. In August, 1884, when he had been riding but nine months, he entered the Boston Club's hundred-mile race, which he won in the then remarkable record time of nine hours. In the fall of this year, Whittaker went into business on his own account, but, meeting with unfortunate reverses, lost a small fortune. In 1885 he entered the employ of William Read & Sons. At this time he appeared in local path events, very often with success, and also proved himself a road scorchet, both on bicycle and tricycle. Whittaker left William Read & Sons, and was employed by the Simmons Hardware Co., of St. Louis. In his new home, "Whit" made many friends, competing at all the road and race meets within a fair journey of St. Louis. The season of 1886 he spent in Chicago, being employed by Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery in their office. Through the generosity of his employers he was allowed to enjoy his racing hobby to the full, and was given every opportunity to prepare for the more important events. He was "first favorite" at home, for the Clarksville road race, but a severe header in the early part of the race effectually shut him out. After a long rest, and a thorough recovery from the effects of his header, he went down to Clarksville, and carefully prepared himself to prove his superiority. His attempts to defeat the scythe-bearer were engineered in an admirable manner, the course being accurately surveyed, and the times carefully taken by experts. The times recorded, from twenty to three hundred miles, would not have been thought possible a year ago. A 20-mile straightaway course on the Clarksville road was ridden in 59m. 35 4-5s. In a 100-mile trial, the fifty was ridden in 2h. 54m. 46 1-2s., and the full distance in 6h. 11 1-2m. But his twenty-four hour trial capped the climax and put him fields ahead of Kluge, McCurdy, Hollinsworth, Ives, Rhodes, and other aspirants for road honors. The times were: 50 miles, 2h. 59m. 50 2-5s.; 100 miles, 6h. 1m. 15s.; 150 miles, 10h. 28m. 52s.; 200 miles, 15h. 13m. 30s.; 300 miles, 23h. 46m. 13 3-5s. This performance was forty-one miles better than Munger's record, nineteen ahead of Hollinsworth's performance, and thirteen better than McCurdy's, neither of which two have been accepted by the powers that be. Whittaker has also a path record of about 2.43. The machine used in the performances recorded above was an American Champion.

Whittaker's 100-mile road record—6h. 1m.—and

his records made in the twenty-four hour trial are better than the track records. He seemingly suffered no bad effects from his terrible struggle with the scythe-bearer, being about town, as usual, the very next day. "Whit" is at present employed as a clerk with Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery. We forgot to mention that, like most men of marked stamina, he is rather short, being but five feet five inches in height.



Just before the snow caused the bicycles to be packed away in cotton batting and camphor, a wheelman went into a house on Armory street, leaving his wheel leaning against the building. During his absence, some boys, looking at the machine, moved it along several feet. On his exit from the house he hurriedly took the bicycle by the handle, not noticing that the end against the house was directly under the window shutter, and

PHILADELPHIA TO QUEBEC.

A SUMMER TOUR OF 1,423 MILES.*

In '86, my tour started from within a stone's throw of Washington Square, Philadelphia, at 5:50 a. m., Monday, July 5. I had taken my initial runs of 80 miles on my new full-nickled Expert and was now used to its easy motion. My outfit resembled that carried always by me in every respect except it was augmented by an ordinary coat over the handle-bar. The weather the first week, although very hot (108° at Sing Sing, in the shade), was clear and pleasant, so that I easily reached Saratoga Springs at 5:45 p. m., Friday, July 9, and finished in a little under five days, a journey, with my numerous detours, amounting to 319½ miles. A stop until Sunday evening was made at the Spa, and it was Monday at 11 a. m., when I drew up at Hotel Sagamore on the beautiful Lake George, 350½ miles from Philadelphia.

The rest of the 12th and 13th I spent at L. G., enjoying the rows, hops, and moonlight strolls, and on the 14th an excursion party, among which were many ladies, was formed to give me a send-off from Rogers Rock, further up the lake. That afternoon *via* Baldwin, Ticonderoga, and the old fort, I accomplished only 22½ miles over rutty clay roads to West Cornwall, Vt., where the night was spent in a private house, there being no hotel in the village. Thursday I left W. C. at 10 o'clock, in a heavy rain which was set for the day. The rutty red clay roads were wretchedly muddy, and the mist prevented my viewing the fine scenery of the Green Mountains. Many stops were made before reaching Middlebury (7m.) for dinner. Two and a half hours I delayed there on account of rain before taking my muddy afternoon course to E. M. (6m.) and from there over a vile road up Green Mountain, *via* Ripton to Bread-loaf Inn (6m.) near the summit. I arrived there at 5 p. m., and stopping over night, enjoyed the evening dance. Fine views are to be obtained from this point of Lake George and the Adirondacks.

Rain fell until 11:30 next morning when I pulled out for the summit. A mile was walked and then came a beautiful descent over a good

*Karl Kron writes to the GAZETTE as follows: "One of the most industrious contributors of touring statistics to my forthcoming 'X. M. Miles on a Bi.' is W. B. Page, of Philadelphia, a member of the class of '87 in the University of Pennsylvania, who has spent all four of his annual college vacations in making long-distance explorations on the wheel, and whose total mileage is about 9,500. I devote pp. 494-499 of my book to connected reports of his wheeling till the end of '85; but the story of his long tour in '86 I have been obliged to distribute between 'Maine,' 'New Hampshire' and 'Vermont,' in my final 'Summary of roads by States.' Though it was written hastily, with the knowledge that I was to condense and rewrite it for use in such shape as my limited space might allow, I think the report deserves publication in full, and so I give the GAZETTE the first chance at it. No report of road from Montreal to Quebec has previously been printed. The best-informed tourist in Canada told me in December, 1884, that no cycle had then been pushed across that route; and I have never heard of any explorer of it since, in advance of Mr. Page."



STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER.

as he raised the wheel the shutter made an unexpected and startling flight over his head, striking the walk with a demoralizing crash. He replaced the wreck, and, believing the scene unobserved, kept the secret deep in his inner consciousness, till a few days after he was cruelly awakened from his fancied security by the personal question, "Say, what were you doing with that window shutter the other day?" He was "all broken up," but, trying to put a bold face on the matter, replied, "Oh, that was only a blind." —*New England Homestead.*

Would it not be a good idea for the *World* and *Cycle* representatives to go to Springfield and eat a Christmas turkey together? It might be the means of settling their ha(r)sh feelings.—*The Star Advocate.*

shale road and through wet vistas, rendered especially pretty by the sunlight. Near Hancock (10m.) the mountains closed in on all sides and the effect was grand. At Hancock I turned to the right at 1 p. m. and followed the fair loam road along White river to Rochester ($\frac{4}{3}$ m.) where I turned to the left up the last but steepest spur of the Green Mountains. About one and a half mile of walking brought me to the summit, where at 3.30 p. m. I obtained my first view of the White Mountains in distant New Hampshire. The descent over a red shale road was ridden and the course continued fine to Bethel (11m.), which was reached at 4.30 p. m. The remaining 8 miles to S. Royalton were sandy and along the river, a distance I covered at 6 p. m., finishing at S. R. Hotel a run of $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles to represent $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours' riding. My 13th day began at 5 A. M., when I glided along the good mud road to Chelsea (14m.), where breakfast was taken at 7 A. M. Turning right at 8.30 I walked a 3 mile long hill and at the top again was able to mount and ride most of the 22 miles to Bradford, on the Connecticut, for 1 o'clock dinner. My afternoon run was over the good limestone road along the Connecticut river, and winding in and out it took me through some pretty views of the stream and grand sights of the more distant White Mountains. Wells River (14m.) was reached at 4.45 p. m., and ten minutes later I crossed to Woodville, New Hampshire, and leaving there at 5 p. m., encountered 7 miles of sand nearly all of which I walked. While passing through Bath at 6.15 p. m., I received a pressing invitation to stop over Sunday with some delightful people, an invitation I accepted, and I therefore ended my run of 57 miles in 10 hours. On Monday 19th, a start was not effected until noon, when I rolled out of Bath before taking dinner at Lisbon (4m.). Between there and Sunset Hill the road was excellent until a heavy thunder and hail storm came up, which made cycle and me seek the dripping brush-wood and journey the rest of the evening over muddy highways. Near Franconia, my sketch of the mountains was cut short by another storm which made me put in at that town for the night with only 16 miles for the afternoon run. On the 20th, I had a beautiful morning run (6.30 to 9.05 A. M.) down the lovely Franconia Notch to the Flume, a wonderful work of nature which repays the tourist who takes the side-run. Going, there are 6 miles of up and 6 of down mountain riding, over a good shale road. The Flume is one mile beyond the Flume House (12m. from Franconia), in all, 13 miles from Franconia. Stops of one and one-half hour were made for sketching before I returned to Franconia to follow the hilly clay road to Bethlehem (6m.). Dinner at 1 p. m. was the order before I passed on over a loamy road *via* Maplewood, Twin Mountain House, Fabyan's, and the Crawford, all of which looked gay. At Franconia I arrived at 4.30 p. m., and stopped one-half hour for mail. At Crawford also I paid a short visit before descending over a shale road into Crawford Notch, where lights and shadows on the dense foliage from the crimson sunset were enchanting. At Willey House (20m. from Bethlehem) I ended my run of 52 miles to represent 7 hours and 50 minutes of traveling. I began my 16th day at 6.30 A. M., with a delightful run of 12 miles down the Notch before breakfast at Bartlett. 'Twas beautiful, in and out the foliage, over the fine shale course, and when the sun's rays struck the dew-wet mountains, the sight-seer could well imagine himself in Paradise.

Glen Station (6m. beyond Bartlett) I left at 10 o'clock for the Glen House at the eastern base of Mt. Washington. The stretch of 16 miles up the Peabody river was practically unridable, but the wonderful views kept one's attention upon them rather than upon the way. Sketches were taken of the most noble of mountains before I reached the Glen House, at 1.30 p. m., for the excellent dinner. At 3.15 p. m., I started on foot and alone to climb Mt. Washington, leaving the cycle at the base, and it was 6.20 when I reached Summit House (8m.). Seeing the view under favorable circumstances I started to descend at 7 o'clock, but before going far the glorious scene of Presidential Range by sunset forced me to take a sketch (20m.) before I reached Glen House (8m.) at 8 o'clock. This route of 50 miles was one of the hardest I had ever taken. Next morning retracing my previous day's course to Glen Station, I reached North Conway, 22 miles, for noon dinner. Afterwards my route bore to the left over a (mostly walked) 12-mile stretch to Fryeburg, Maine, which was reached at 4 p. m. A stop to see the provincial town was made before taking the 14-mile course to Bridgeton, half of which was sand and ran through stunted trees, and the other half was fine shale road and led around Mt. Pleasant, and near pretty lakes. On the smooth water one of these beautiful Maine sunsets reflected and before its crimson rays faded I had finished my 48 miles at the Columbia in Bridgeton. On the 23d, I attempted, at 7 A. M., a big undertaking to reach Augusta. Good clay roads were the rule *via* Harrison (5m.), at 7.30, and Norway, 14 miles, at 10 A. M., to South Paris; but there the course deteriorated into a sandy and stony road over the mountain *via* Paris. Rain delayed me before I obtained a striking view of the now distant White Mountains from the summit. I rode the descent to Buckfield (12 miles from Norway) in time for 12.15 p. m. dinner; and, after the stop of one and one-half hour, took the next 8 miles of vile road, mostly on a walk to North Turner, which was reached at 3.15, when I turned left to Wayne (12m.) over an improved road. Between 5.30 and 6.15 p. m., I had a beautiful shady shale course of 8 miles, along two pretty lakes to Winthrop, when I continued up the long hill towards Augusta. This road is at best, good, but the rain had made its macadam muddy and slippery. The hills were many and on them I ventured my first time since leaving New York State to coast. I enjoyed another beautiful sunset before reaching Augusta at 8.15 p. m., North Hotel, and finishing my 71 miles, out of which 19 were walked.

Saturday, the 24th, a start was not effected until 11.15 A. M., and I covered only 12 miles over the hilly but good clay road to South China for dinner at a private house where hospitality sat enthroned. The next 9 miles to Palermo were good and the following 27 miles *via* Montville and Belmont to Belfast were over a fine shale course, where I traveled in places 12 miles an hour. The road passed 40 lakes or large ponds in the 48 miles, which I finished at Windsor Hotel in Belfast in five and one-half riding hours. Next day, Sunday, I followed my usual rule of riding only in the afternoon by starting at 2.15 p. m. The loam and shale road was grand and passed through Searsport and Stockton. Over the whole route I obtained a strong sea breeze from the bay, and only one hill was unridable. I reached the ferry opposite Bucksport (18m.) at 5 p. m., and took a delightful dip in the cold, salty Penobscot before

taking the boat across the river to the town where I stopped for the night at 6 p. m. I began my 22d day at 7.35 A. M., and found 22 miles of fine clay road to Ellsworth, which was reached at 10.30. At 10.45 A. M., I left the town and arrived at Tompson's, 10 miles over an equally good course, at noon. I now left the mainland and crossed the long rough bridge to Mt. Desert Island, and halted at its third house for dinner, and until a heavy rain which had just begun, set into a drizzle at 3.15 p. m. Ten miles more over a muddy road and through the rain brought me *via* Hull's Cove to Mt. Desert street, Bar Harbor, at 4.30, and I there finished the first portion of my summer tour, 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Philadelphia. Out of the twenty-two days, over a week was consumed in stops at summer resorts and places of interest. During my pleasant stop of fifteen days at Bar Harbor, several rides were taken over the excellent roads upon the island and my wheeling amounted to 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It was August 10, when I pulled out for Canada. Following the gently sloping course over the edge of Green Mountain I passed Somerville and reached S. W. Harbor (16m.) in time for the 2 p. m. boat for Rockland, having made the trip in one and three-fourths hour. The steamboat ride through the islands was beautiful. August 11, my route led, 8.10 A. M., from Thorndyke Hotel, in Rockland, over a good limestone road of 4 miles to Thomaston, which was reached 20 minutes later. I now followed a very poor, sandy, mud road over big hills to Jefferson, 25 miles, *via* Warren (4m.) and Waldoboro (9m.), when I turned right. Dinner from 12 to 1.45 p. m., at the Lake House, before I took the fair clay course *via* the Soldiers' Home to Augusta, 23 miles, which was reached at 4.50 p. m. I was forced to stop at the capital for a money order until next morning—52 miles in 6 riding hours. Leaving Augusta next morning at 9.30, I found delightful clay roads and cool and clear weather along the east bank of the Kennebec to Winslow, where I crossed the bridge to Elmwood Hotel, Waterville, for a dinner of two hours, 12 to 2 p. m. The distance from Augusta with my detours was 22 miles. The afternoon course was against a strong wind and over a good but hilly clay road of 18 miles to Skowhegan, which was reached at 4.30 p. m. There a stop of 30 minutes was made to speak to a local wheelman, who politely accompanied me a mile out of town when I turned to the left for Solon. The country now began to grow wild and the only excuse for a village between Skowhegan and Solon was Madison, situated on a pretty lake; other houses were few and far between. I shall never forget the sunset. The clouds were gracefully formed and the clear blue sky was lit up grandly as the sun sank below the towering barriers of the Bald Mountain. A little later the moon rose and the whole effect was both grand and peaceful as I glided along the fine road. I reached Solon (20m.) at 7.30 and finished my 60 miles to represent 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ touring hours. Leaving Solon next day, Friday, at 8.15 A. M., I continued along the east bank of the Kennebec over the fine, level, shale road. The scenery, which was mostly forest-covered ridges running down to the bank of the river, was utterly wild and beautiful. Bingham was the only village passed, the other point, Moscow, was simply a hotel, and no houses broke the other portion of the forest edges. At the forks of the Kennebec (32m.), I arrived for 12.30 p. m. dinner. At 1.45 o'clock, taking the Canadian road I left civiliza-

tion and had a journey up the mountain through the beginning of the 100-mile forest. Throughout the whole course up the 5th, 6th, 7th and 1st ranges to Jackman's Plantation (15m.), the thick branches of the trees overlapped and caused pleasant shade. This plantation was the only house along the forest road until one comes to Moose River, 15 miles further. The road was excellent, and after my next 4 miles I had a continuous trip of 9 miles down the mountains. 'Twas very impressive to stand upon a high ridge and see no houses and indeed nothing except the fine rugged scenery of the forest, covered peaks, a few rivers, and a portion of Moosehead lake. Moose River Plantation was reached at 6.45 P. M., where I finished the 62 miles by stopping at the Custom House. Next morning proved to be rainy so that a start was not effected until 1.15 P. M. A mile walk brought me again into the thick forest and now came the uphill journey of 15 miles to the summit of the Bald Ridge, where a huge iron post indicates the national divide between United States and Canada, so that at 4 P. M., for the first time, I was on British soil. The hills were now in my favor and I easily reached the French town St. Come (21m.) at 7 P. M., where the accommodations were poor. This Sunday, August 15, I broke my usual rule by riding all day. Starting at 8.30 A. M., I found good clay road to St. George (9m.), where I had an exciting time running the custom house without depositing my \$50. Beyond, the course was wretched, most of the distance being over loose stones and long grass, and I found it hard to ride fast, which I attempted to do in order to avoid being overtaken by the customs officers. St. Joseph (24m.) I entered at 1 P. M., and while hunting for a hotel for dinner a curious crowd collected and a brawny man stepped forward and grabbed the handle of my machine. If he had succeeded in taking it from my grasp, the trouble would not have ended there, but others would have been bold enough to do me harm. I therefore brought a powerful blow with my fist to bear upon his extended arm, and caused him and the crowd to wonder what had hit him, while in the meantime I pushed on to the hotel, where I stopped an hour and a quarter. The whole course of 35 miles to St. Henry, via St. Marie, was wretched and over much of it I ran pushing the bicycle, for I was yet afraid of being overtaken by the custom people. St. Henry was reached at 7 P. M., and a macadam road of 12 miles stretched to Quebec. I stopped for supper 30 minutes before I finished the course to the ferry house in Point Levi by moonlight. From the wharf in Quebec a mile run around the Terrace brought me to Albion House at 8.30 and completed my run of 81 miles. This trip was a severe trial of endurance both for me and the machine, but the excitement in avoiding the customs under the penalty of having my wheel confiscated kept me up to the work. Riding time 10½ hours. During the next two days in which I stopped at Quebec I took a run with several local wheelmen to the famous falls (round trip 15m. over a fine limestone road) and one mile about town, and the rest of the time was spent in sight-seeing. It was therefore Wednesday, August 18, when two local wheelmen accompanied me to St. Augustin (15m. from Albion House), where we dined off eggs at 12 o'clock. Vile is no apt description of the road the rest of the distance to Island of Montreal. Before covering 20 miles, dropping the machine, I bent a crank, which I easily mended at a shop,

with borrowed tools. At 4.30 P. M., cramps in stomach forced me to put in at Deschambault, 43 miles from Quebec, where I was placed in a hard bed with no blankets, no sheets, but with simply a horse cloth thrown over me. Next day I was well and, at 6.40 A. M., pulled out over the vile course. Grondines (7m.) was reached at 7.40, and now walking through long grass and sand was the rule. At River Batiscan, making a detour of 2 miles, I stretched the distance to the town of the same name, 23 miles. Hard work brought me across the three rivers to Three Rivers, 21 miles, at 1.30 P. M., where an hour and a half were spent at dinner at Duffern's Hotel. The whole afternoon course ran through sand, and the black gnats were plentiful. I reached Maskinonge, 30½ miles, via Pointe du Lac, at 7.20 P. M., 74½ miles in 11½ hours. The meals could not be eaten and again no sheets being supplied, I found myself next day in poor form to get to Montreal. Starting at 7 A. M., I reached Berthier (18m.) at 10, over a fairly good mud road. But there my good fortune left me, for I again pushed through sand and high weeds for 15½ miles to Lavaltrie, where another poor meal was taken at noon. The only evidences of a road now were the defunct telegraph poles and wayside fences, everything else was overgrown with tall grass. Starting at 1.15, I reached the ferry house near Lachenaie (20m.) via St. Sulpice, at 4.30, but was there delayed an hour before taking the boat to Montreal Island. My last 13 miles to St. Lawrence Hall was over a limestone road and I arrived there 7 P. M., 66½ miles. The next two days I spent seeing Montreal. The M. B. C. took care of me and with wheels showed me around (5m.), and on Sunday wheel and I saw Mt. Royal Park (8m.). Monday, August 23, I began at Montreal my final day by starting at 10 A. M. I passed over the fine limestone road via Lachine to St. Anne, 22 miles; but before reaching the latter, rain forced what proved to be a pleasant stop at a pretty residence with a prettier lady. From St. Anne, I crossed the delta of the Ottawa river on boats and over the three mile island of Perrot. The course now consisted of huge stones and I found it slow traveling. Necessity forced me to be in Philadelphia in a few days, and I therefore decided to end my wheelback tour at Coteau du Lac (10m.), which was reached at 4 P. M. Thus ended my delightful tour of 1,423, a 50-day outing, and it was successful. Three falls were taken, the first in the sandy plains between Saratoga and Lake George, and the other two in Canada, between Quebec and Montreal. Only 24 days were used in active riding, so that the average was about 59½ miles per day. In all only three days of riding were stopped by rain, so that the weather was favorable.

Thus my mileage at the beginning of fall was 1,504 miles which I shortly increased by adding 499 miles of local riding to it. I also took a short tour from Philadelphia to Pottstown, Reading, Ephrata, Downingtown and return, amounting to 158½ miles. A run most of the way to Winchester, Va., was taken in Thanksgiving week, through rain, and the last 50 miles in 8 hours through 6 inches of snow. This is so far my last run, and it amounts to 140½ miles. Therefore, my this year's riding since July 1 amounts to 2,306 miles, and the tire of my new Expert has not once come loose.

W. B. PAGE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18, 1886.

WINTER RIDING.

Why is it, Mr. Editor, that so many, at the first appearance of cold weather or slight snow, cry out that "the riding season is over," and immediately put their wheels in vaseline, and sigh for the gentle zephyrs of spring? I also notice a disposition on the part of the press, as well as the dealers, to echo this sentiment, and to my mind it is radically wrong. To me, the riding season is never over, and those of my hardier friends agree that there is nothing as delightful as a scorch on a frosty morning. Of course, I do not pretend to say that I ride in all weathers, including rain and slush, but there are often times when our roads, especially macadam surfaces, are superior in winter after a thaw, followed by frost, than in the summer time. It does not take many hours for the ruts to be worn down, especially where the traffic is heavy, as in this city, and the lazy wheelman who puts his wheel in limbo loses many a delightful spin. Of course, proper care should be taken to protect the body, and warm clothing should be worn. The chest should be well covered, and there is nothing so effective as an old-fashioned sheet of wrapping-paper to avoid pneumonia and kindred ills. The much abused corduroy coat will not come amiss, and a pair of warm gloves with ventilated backs ought to answer for the hands.

Keep your wheels turning, brothers! It convinces the public that cycling is for all seasons, and does a heap of good to the cause in that respect, besides training up the system for the trying days of early spring.—FREDERICK JENKINS, in the *Wheel*.

There is a great demand by record fiends for the kind of cyclometer used by the Westfield gentleman who claims the 13,498 miles for the season of 1886.—*The Bicycling World*.

It is said that what is wanted in California to boom cycling, and particularly racing, is a few good men old enough to have escaped from parental control.—*The Pacific Wheelman*.

The *Bulletin* is grievously in error when it says the acknowledgment of the failure of the third class by us in our last issue must have been "a bitter pill." Having no hobbies, or axes to grind, and being irrevocably wedded to no idea, it gives us no bitterness to acknowledge the impracticability of a line of policy if it proves impractical, even should it have been advocated by us previously. Our aim is to secure the greatest good for the greatest number; not to coddle pet notions of our own. The promateur class was necessary last fall to save the tournaments from failure; today, however, the need has disappeared. In the government of organizations, as well as in the government of nations, there is such a thing as expediency. The acme of perfection cannot always be safely arrived at with one stride, and so it was with the class question last fall. One class is the acme of perfection, but it was inexpedient, if not impractical, to force so radical a change at that time. The third class therefore was brought into existence, and this third class was the first step toward one class. It was the connecting link, as events will prove, for it has already caused the eyes of wheelmen to be opened to the foolishness of class distinctions, and has called forth a general demand to have them swept away.—*The American Wheelman*.

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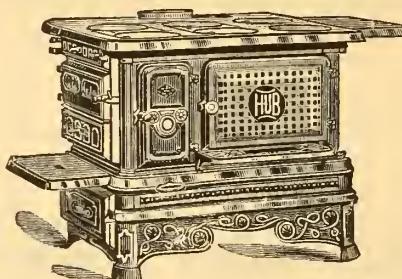
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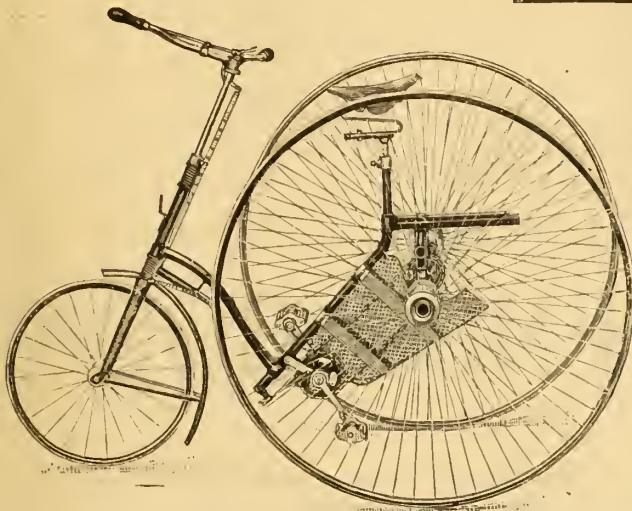
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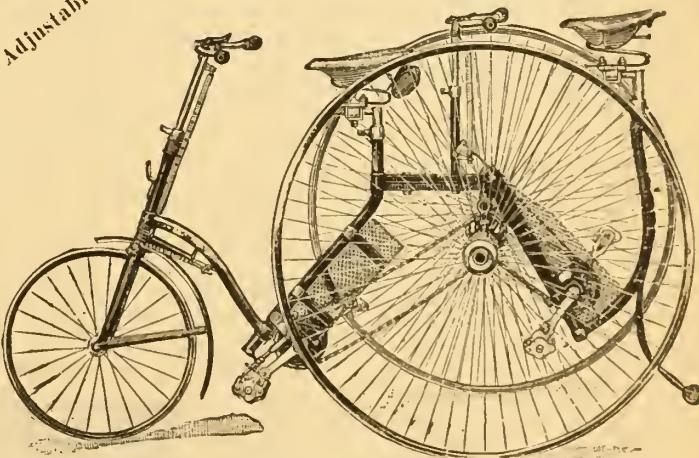
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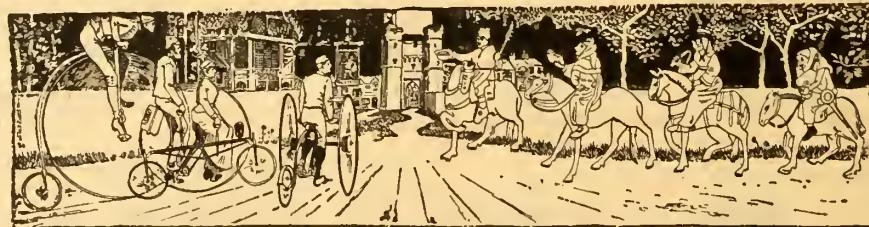
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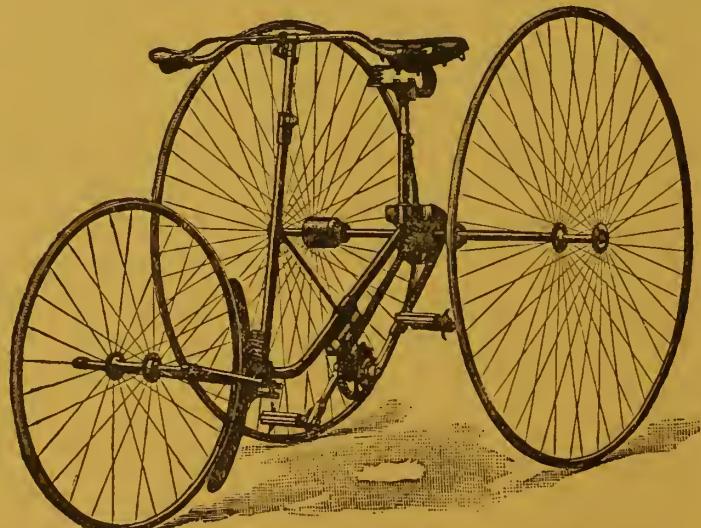
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