

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 13.

BOSTON, MASS., 24 DECEMBER, 1886.

THREE CENTS.

World's Tandem Record

— FOR 24 HOURS —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

* MARLBORO' * TANDEM *

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

STILL IN THE LEAD.

20 * MILES * ON * A * STRAIGHTAWAY * COUNTRY * ROAD

IN THE MARVELLOUS TIME OF

59 MINUTES 35 $\frac{4}{5}$ SECONDS.

A WORLD'S RECORD,

50 MILES IN 2 HOURS 55 MINUTES 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ SECONDS,

THE AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE,

AND

100 MILES IN 6 HOURS 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTES.

A WORLD RECORD, AND BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN TRACK RECORD.

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If Road Records Talk, then the AMERICAN CYCLES are the Easiest Running Machines in the World.

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GORMULLY & JEFFERY,
CHICAGO - - - - ILL.

CATALOGUE FREE.

THE CYCLE

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

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.



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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to insure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

THE A. C. U. has suggested to the L. A. W. the appointment of a committee to consider the expediency of a change in the amateur rule. When a very considerable number of the L. A. W. see the need for a change it may be well to appoint such a committee. At present, any report from a committee of this kind looking to a change in the rule would be buried under an avalanche of votes. The rank and file will decide this question.

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 does not altogether agree with Editor Priall, however.

WE regret very much that Daisie has been unable to send us her weekly contribution this week. She dropped her pen at the imperative commands of a serious illness, but we are happy to inform her friends that she is now convalescent, and hopes to be able to take up her work again next week.

AN advertiser, in a contemporary, who is given to slating the machines of other makers in his advertisements, says that he will not make wooden wheels so long as he has money to buy steel, and furthermore, that his wheels are not driven by a "pump-your-wind-out" lever motion. This is all very well, but suppose the other fellow should say, "We don't have to go to England for ideas, and our machine is not a servile copy of an English one?" That would be very hard, and we hope the other fellow won't say it.

THE proprietor of a contemporary is suing Gormully & Jeffery and that paper says, "We sincerely hope the cloud (the suit) may be dispelled without extreme measures having been resorted to." If he doesn't want a row, why doesn't he call off his dog?

CHRISTMAS AT CLOVER HILL.

BY COLIN GRAY.

(Commenced in issue 17 December.)

LAP V.

THE chief object of this veracious chronicle is, of course, to describe the manner in which we spent Christmas at Clover Hill; but I find some difficulty in handling the subject properly. It was much more pleasant to go through with than to describe.

We had games of "Copenhagen," and "Find the Thimble," and "Boston," and "Stage Coach," and "Rooster" and "Clap in and Clap Out;" in the latter of which the gallant Capt. Bombshell took his seat before Miss Araminta, and triumphantly remained, amidst protestations from everybody that they had a previous arrangement; and then, tired of these games, tired of looking at the stars and wishing, and gazing at the moon over their left shoulders, and throwing apple parings to discover their intended wives or husbands — tired of all this, and far from sleepy, the whole party made up a grand quadrille, to which succeeded a waltz, in which Capt. Bombshell and Miss Araminta figured; and then the whole was terminated by a wild and uproarious ten-pin cotillion.

The dancing at an end, some question of the propriety of retiring began to be mooted. But this was quickly vetoed; and Sam Towers having proposed ghost stories, his idea was hailed with enthusiasm. The young ladies gathered in a party upon low crickets, cushions, and pillows on the floor; the gentlemen essayed to imitate them; and Mr. Towers having carefully put out the light, and reduced the fire to a bed of dim coals,

the fearful amusement of relating ghost stories duly commenced.

Long afterward this evening was talked of, and various gentlemen were charged with the impropriety of pressing young ladies' hands in the darkness. These breaches of propriety were indignantly denied by them, and laid to the blame of the youthful members of the establishment; but as there was an evident "misunderstanding" of some description, I forbear from further dwelling upon a topic so very delicate and mysterious.

Thus the days sped onward, and the Christmas eve came in with joyful uproar. The very genius of mirth seemed to have taken up his abode at Clover Hill; and from the highest to the lowest — from the oldest to the youngest — every one seemed to revel in the glory of the time, and cast all sorrow to the winds.

We neglected not a single custom of the Christmas holiday. We hung our stockings by the chimney on the evening before, that Santa Claus might remember us, and the Christmas tree was not forgotten. An immense cedar was procured and decorated with candles, with muslin bags containing candy, and with pop-corn strung on threads, with cranberries interspersed.

Thus everything was ready; and with a few words in the way of preface, I shall proceed at once to tell what happened on the eventful day so long looked forward to, and now about to be heralded with joy and laughter.

LAP VI.

The few words in the way of preface will concern themselves with the state of things between a certain young gentleman and Miss Henrietta.

Her parents died when she was yet a child, and she was left alone in the world. And yet she was not alone, for her father, John Farmiloe, and Uncle Joshua had been very intimate friends, and in dying he left his only daughter to the charge of one whom he had proved to be of sterling worth. Uncle Joshua took Henrietta to his home, and managed her inheritance with great frugality. She was, in fact, his ward, but no daughter was dearer to him than was Henrietta. As a boy, I had been a frequent visitor at Clover Hill, and I had seen much of the young lady, and to have not loved her would have been a mortal sin — from which, fortunately, or unfortunately, my conscience was entirely clear. A more lovely nature I have never known, and this was not my own opinion merely. All the young men went crazy about the little beauty, and if report spoke truly, more than one of them had received a certain "No, I thank you, sir," in answer to a certain request.

Such had been the fate of Henrietta's wooers; but now came one who appeared really dangerous. There was much in Mr. Wilsonby to conciliate a young lady's favorable regards; and I think Henrietta, with

her habitual magnanimity, looked quite beyond his faults, and saw his merits only. He was brave, honorable, and generous; pride was his sole bad quality, or at least his chief drawback. And perhaps this weakness also would disappear after further knowledge of the world, and when age had sobered him. Certain it is that Henrietta treated Mr. Wilsonby with great courtesy and good humor, defended him when Sam Towers abused him, and declared that he was a great deal better than people supposed.

If I remember rightly, this course upon Miss Henrietta's part was far from agreeable to my feelings. To me Mr. Wilsonby was, of course, a perfect mass of affectations and pretension. I do not mind adding that his great offense—his unpardonable crime—was being so rich. I hated him with lofty indignation for that wealth; I referred constantly to the debasing influence of large possessions; I made out an excellent case for the army of poor gentlemen; but I could only get a smile from Henrietta, which made me more indignant than an angry frown.

As to Mr. Wilsonby, I doubt whether the idea ever obtained lodgment in that gentleman's mind that such a personage as myself could possibly pretend to be his rival. That a young fellow, preparing himself to starve at law, should bid against him for so beautiful and costly an object as Miss Henrietta Farmiloe, I am sure never seriously appeared possible to him.

This was the state of things on Christmas eve; and on this occasion Mr. Wilsonby was overwhelmingly gracious to me. He patronized me until my blood tingled; and I thought there was a mischievous expression in the eyes of the young ladies, indicative of their enjoyment of the scene. I lost my temper, grew extremely haughty, and Mr. Wilsonby turned away with well-bred indifference to talk with Henrietta, who replied with her sweetest smile.

I made my exit amidst a murmur of smothered laughter, and did not appear again that evening. On the next morning I met Miss Henrietta on the staircase, with profound ceremony and a stately bow.

"Good-morning, Will," she said, holding out her white hand, and smiling with the sweetest expression I ever saw; "you are not put out with me, or anybody, are you? You retired so early last night that I thought—"

"My being put out, or not, I should consider a matter of very small moment," I replied, with stately politeness and despairing wretchedness.

Her eyes met mine, and there was so much pain in them that my resolution faltered and shook.

"Are you offended with me, Will?" she said in a low voice. "I never thought you would—"

The fair face was turned away, and quick tears came to the beautiful eyes. They shipwrecked all my remaining displeasure, and in an instant I had caught her hand and commenced a speech decidedly compromising in its character.

But, alas for love's chances! Just as I was about to pour out all my pent-up affection, the voice of Captain Bombshell, as he descended, saluted us, and, with a hasty good-morning to that gentleman, Henrietta flitted by and disappeared.

I frowned at the worthy Captain, I think, but I was no longer ill-humored. A single look had healed my wounds.

LAP VII.

So Christmas came in laughing, and the joyous, splendid day rushed by with mirth and uproar; the great dinner was gone through with; the toasts to absent friends were drunk; the children's Christmas tree was reared aloft with all its gleaming tapers, pop-corn garlands, and gifts which clung like so many birds' nests to the boughs; then the great hall and every room was lighted, lamps blazed and glimmered through festoons of evergreen, and the night of revel came, with a dozen carriages full of revellers.

The actors in the fancy ball were nowhere to be seen. They were in the green-room, or rather the two apartments dedicated to the necessities of costume; and soon from these remote haunts they defiled down the great staircase and entered the drawing-room in a magnificent procession, amidst universal laughter, admiration and applause.

How the whole bright scene comes back again as I pause, and smile, and muse! How the beautiful pageant of sweet faces and gay dresses shines again through the mists of those vanished years!

Of the Highlanders, and pirates, and banditti, and sailors, I shall not pause particularly to speak; of the fairer forms I must, however, needs say something. How they pass before me now in a long, bright line—"Folly," with her dazzling silks, and scarfs, and ribbons, and jingling sleigh-bells tied under her robe, and tender eyes, which looked into your own with a sweetness truthfully reflecting the pure heart; the stately "Autumn," with her necklace and rosary of small crimson apples; the "Morning Star," in appropriate white; the little "English Bar-Maid," with her waiter, and bright auburn hair, and fascinating smile, though not more sweet than her lovely sisters—the Gypsies, Indian Maids, and all the pageant of them! And let me not forget the "Spanish Girl"—the little Senorita of the South—her beautiful dark eyes shining softly beneath the black lace veil—herself the sweetest type of Southern loveliness, of tropical beauty! By her side walked "Night," in a black robe strewn with snowy stars—gliding like some sad poet's dream, but sad no longer, when her ringing laugh was heard! If "Night" at all, it was a splendid night of midsummer, with a harvest moon above the tree-tops, and the star of love upon the very horizon of the sunset!

So much for the leading characters of the revel; but what words shall I use to describe the young lady who represented "Madame la Countess de P——?" She wore a blue checked silk, with a pink gown festooned above; her bare arms and shoulders were quite dazzling, and her hair, carried back after the old fashion from her temples, was covered with powder. It was a little countess of the elder day which I looked at—one of the old French *noblesse*—and never was the character more truthfully represented. It may be said that I am no impartial witness, as I happened to be madly, wildly in love with Madam—did I fail to mention that unimportant fact?—

but everybody thought as I did, and especially Mr. Wilsonby, who could not keep his British official gaze from dwelling on her face.

So commenced the gay and brilliant ball, and anon came dancing to the music of piano and fiddle,—excuse me, violin. We had the polka and the waltz. Very little polka and very much waltz. We danced the quadrille, the Virginia reel, and once more the ten-pin.

Then came the supper, then the *tableaux*, of which I have not room to speak; then the drama—the great tragedy!

Here, all at once, the sovereignty devolved on "Jemmy Twitcher," *alias* Samuel Towers, Esq. That gentleman had hitherto contented himself with throwing everybody into convulsions by his comic rendering of the part he had assumed; but now Mr. Twitcher, vagabond, became the great manager—upon him devolved the arrangement of the theatrical pageant, and to the task Mr. Towers bent all his energies. The recess from which a door opened into a library had already been partitioned off with a curtain, or, rather, curtains, which parted in the middle, and thus presented a view of the scene. The library was the common green-room of the performers, who required no change of costume; and to this apartment every one now resorted.



"Parts" were duly distributed; lights were arranged behind the curtain, and all others in the drawing-room extinguished to render the pictures more dazzling; then, having first rung a huge cow-bell prepared for the occasion, Mr. Sam Towers, with his official wand, beckoned every one to his or her station. A suppressed whispering in the audience indicated the general expectation; the bell rung again, the curtain rose, and Captain Bombshell, who had taken, at the last moment, the part of the "Pirate," advanced, with a terrific stalk, upon the stage, and commenced his soliloquy.

The appearance of Captain Bombshell upon this occasion was truly terrific. His head was bound with a crimson turban—indeed, it was Miss Araminta's shawl—around his waist a heavy scarf held the Turkish yataghan, with which Uncle Joshua was accustomed to cut sausages, and the countenance which frowned above this frightful dress was full of the most blood-thirsty ferocity.

The captain complained to "the seas and hollow caves" around him that his heart was dead; that since Zuleika left him he was but a walking shadow; and then, as he strode onward, or rather around, the Pirate was seen to start. The "Countess of P——" had suddenly appeared in the distance mounting the hill upon her tricycle. She was waited for. He was there to intercept her, for British gold had crossed his palm, and he had consented to bear the countess to the arms of a British officer. He withdrew to let her approach her doom.

Now enters Henrietta, as the countess, upon a tricycle, the chain of which has been removed. She appears to be pedalling with all her might, but close observers noticed that the machine was pulled on by a string which ran to the wings. She stops in the centre of the stage to rest. Then enters the terrible pirate, and drags her from the machine. She throws herself upon her knees,

THE CYCLE. THE CYCLE

 **75** 

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receive Subscriptions.

and begs for mercy. The terrible pirate threw himself into an attitude which drew down thunders of applause. The scene ended by the falling of the curtain, amidst applause still more enthusiastic, and the worthy captain made his exit to the green-room, or rather library, twirling his mustache and smiling. I observed that he and Miss Araminta did not exchange views upon the subject of the piece; and when the warrior paid Henrietta a compliment of immense extravagance, I saw Miss Araminta's pretty lip assume a decided pout. It seemed to me that Miss Araminta was disquieted by the admiration which her lover expressed for the Countess, but I had no opportunity of observing further. The play proceeded.

The next act was short, sharp, and snappy. The Countess is seen lashed to the handle-bar of the tricycle, while the pirate sits upon the seat and pedals vigorously. He is taking her to the British officer. She is pleading for mercy. He heeds not, but pedals on. The scene would have been more effective had the rear scenes moved along, but Mr. Towers said that so long as the pirate kept his feet going the people would think the machine was moving. It was an illusion in which the imagination was given large scope. The curtain fell as the pirate exclaimed,

"Now, by all the gods, we are here. Fair lady, I have done with thee."

To describe the play for the next two acts would be hard, indeed. The pirate had brought in his captive. He was at home, and the play pretended to show the characteristics of a pirate's home on shore. The great author had taken pains to render any intelligible description of his production utterly out of the question, and I recommend the course pursued by Mr. Towers on this occasion to some of my literary friends. They render their works too intelligible, whereas every great production should be mysterious. Such was "The Pirate of the Ægean." It proceeded with a grand contempt of the *unities* of both time and place. As there were no painted scenes, the audience, generally speaking, were utterly unable to comprehend the localities, and by this masterly arrangement Mr. Towers achieved his triumph. Gypsies, Highlanders, wheelmen, Indian maidens, and ladies mingled themselves picturesquely with the plot, and took part in it. "Night" and the Spanish damsel danced the cachucha; and when the Pirate of the Ægean felt for his sabre to execute a contumacious slave, he discovered that the weapon in question had been stolen by Mr. Twitcher, who was

busily paring his finger nails, to the intense enjoyment of the juveniles in the audience.

Thus with laughter and joyous uproar the tragedy went onward until the fifth act was reached, and the great scene of all was enacted. The fair captive was delivered into the hands of the British officer, who proceeded to lead her to his home, when in rushed a slave,—

"Mighty Pirate, your scouts have discovered upon the horizon an army of wheelmen. They come this way to succor the Countess, and one rides ahead who hath fire in his eye, and he cries for vengeance."

Then was the cheek of the British officer seen to blanch. He seized the Countess, and was about to lash her to the tricycle, when in rides the American on his wheel, armed with a deadly foil. Meantime the Pirate and his crew had gone out to meet the army of wheelmen, and a great noise behind the scenes represented a deadly combat. The British officer and the American wheelman are face to face, glaring at each other. The latter grasps the Countess and places her behind him, meanwhile pointing his foil at the officer.

Mr. Wilsonby did not forget his part. No sooner had I appeared upon the scene, and caught the arm of the Countess, than

the Briton threw himself toward me, and our foils crossed. I was an excellent fencer at that time, and I soon saw that my opponent was my equal, if not my superior. The collision seemed to excite him as much as me, and in a moment we were striking at each other with a ferocity which was rather too natural to be a part of the drama. I saw Mr. Wilsonby growing hot and enraged; his eyes glared upon me, and his teeth were set, as I did not give back an inch. So far from retreating, I advanced upon him, as indeed the play required, and drove him step by step to the wall. Here it was his place to fall, while I carried off the lady; but Mr. Wilsonby did nothing of the sort. He made a violent lunge at me, his foil snapped an inch from the end, and then I felt as if some one had pierced my arm with a red-hot needle. I only saw some frightened faces, felt a body which I clutched furiously, and dragged with me in my fall, then I fainted.

When I regained my senses, in a few moments, my shoulder was bare, and Aunt Dulys's hands were binding up my wound. Mr. Wilsonby stood by, protesting in a stately way, that he regretted the occurrence, but accidents would happen; and I remember laughing, and telling him it was only a scratch. Then a sort of dizziness came over me, a cloud passed before my eyes, and when it disappeared I was upstairs in bed.

The wound became inflamed, from the rusty condition of the foil, doubtless; and I had a fever, which kept me tossing for three weeks. I suffered immense pain from my arm, and I thought my pulses were two steam engines, so full of fever was my frame. Still, in spite of all, I do not regret that illness. Perhaps it was the luckiest event of my life.

LAP VIII. THE BELL LAP.

I have told of some of the incidents which were a part of our Christmas at Clover Hill, and as no more remains to be said upon the subject, I might pause, and leave my narrative as it is.

But perhaps it may interest you to know the meaning of that last mysterious sentence.

Well, the explanation is not excessively difficult. I was nursed in a great measure by a young lady named Henrietta. This young lady would bring her work, and sit by my bedside for hours; would read to me innumerable romances, in the sweetest and most musical voice; and when, often, I would fall asleep in the midst of some thrilling adventure, it seemed to me that gentle hands smoothed my counterpane, a beautiful face bent over me, and a pair of soft eyes gazed upon my feverish countenance through a mist of pity and compassion. At such times I did not stir or open my eyes. I feared to drive away the happy dream. I lay quietly breathing, filled with happiness.

One day Henrietta came into my room, and I observed a merry light in her eyes, a mischievous smile upon her lips, and when she spoke her voice indicated a decided tendency toward laughter. The origin of all this merriment soon came to be discovered. On that morning Captain Bombshell had requested Miss Araminta to promenade with him in the portico; there he had assured her of his

everlasting devotion, and the impossibility of living without her. In a word the amiable warrior had "popped the question" to Miss Araminta, and that lady had not been cruel. On the next day Captain Bombshell came with a radiant countenance to bid me farewell, and having confidentially informed me that he was as gay as a lark, by Jove, sir! and would soon be a married Benedict, sir! the inoffensive warrior wrung my hand with ardor, twirled his great mustache, and disappeared humming a martial song.

Three days after Bombshell's departure, Henrietta came in to pay me her habitual morning visit; and again I observed a singular expression in her countenance. It was now no longer merry and mischievous. The expression was agitated, and, I thought, a little stately and indignant. She looked more than ever like a Countess, and I informed her of the fact; still I could not induce her to explain her emotion, and her visit to my apartment was quickly terminated.

It was not until the next day that I heard from Aunt Dulys that Henrietta had discarded Mr. Wilsonby. The good lady seemed to regard the matter with much equanimity, for Mr. Wilsonby had never been a favorite with her; and, indeed, her face wore a decided smile as she plied her knitting and talked on. Mr. Wilsonby, she said, had expressed extreme surprise at the result, and even grown angry and complained of Henrietta's deportment towards him, "such as any gentleman, madam, might construe into encouragement." To which indignant and haughty words it seemed Miss Henrietta had replied with equal *hauteur*, that she was not responsible for Mr. Wilsonby's various constructions of her demeanor toward him; if he had discovered more than ordinary courtesy in her manner, she regretted it, assuring him that she had been wholly misunderstood. Mr. Wilsonby had grown angry upon this, made a speech of chilling ceremony, and begged leave to take his departure.

So had ended the hopes of this gentleman. I think Henrietta liked him up to the evening of Christmas; but he had displayed such want of sympathy for my suffering — indeed, showed so plainly that I was utterly indifferent to him — that the young lady's generous nature had revolted from him, and outlawed him from her friendship even. Was it — to hazard a briefer thought — from love to me? I think not. Up to that Christmas evening I don't think Henrietta cared more for me than our friendship made natural. But afterward things changed — the heart of a woman was touched by the suffering of a youth. There — I wander from my sketch of Christmas frolicking, and become the historian of my own life.

Why not? Is it not an appropriate picture for the curtain of the drama to descend upon — the beautiful Countess ministering at the bedside of her brave defender — as she gazes on his thin, pale face, passing from affection to pitying tenderness, and from tenderness to love? Nor is it a bad termination to a Christmas frolic — a happy marriage — at least I think so.

Mine has been happy. I do not tell my wife so, for she knows it. Her name is Henrietta, and for me she glows with imperishable youth.

CYCLETTS.

CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas season 's near,
With all its wealth and cheer,
And though the fields are bare and birds are mute, mute, .
mute,

And chilly blows the breeze,
Yet soon the Christmas trees
Will stagger 'neath their heavy loads of fruit, fruit, fruit.

The hose of old and young
Will very soon be hung
Behind the stove, and through the soot and dust, dust, dust,

Old Santa with a hum,
Will down the chimney come,
And cram them full until they almost bust, bust, bust.

Glad season of the year!
When all is mirth and cheer,
And folks to help their poorest neighbors try, try, try,

Good-will pervades the air,
There 's kindness everywhere;
All things are lovely, and the fowl hangs high, high, high.

When snow lies cold without,
Or flies in drifts about,
And gales blow directly from the pole, pole, pole,

The widow's heart then cheer,
And dry the orphan's tear,
By sending them supplies of wood and coal, coal, coal.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

AND a happy New Year.

IT seems superfluous to wish our readers a Merry Christmas.

THEY are bound to have it, for the lives of all our subscribers are one round of enjoyment.

NEVERTHELESS we wish them a Merry Christmas as a matter of form.

IF there are people who do not read the CYCLE, it is not our fault if their Christmas be not a merry one.

WE wish all our contemporaries a Merry Christmas. We are at peace with them all, and they all still remain our esteemed, etc.

"WITHOUT the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

OUR Christmas will be merry, but it would be merrier were we able to boast the editorial ability and the great business capacity of some of our e. c's.

SANTA CLAUS is now regnant. We had to put in a clause of that kind.

THE Overman Wheel Company has commenced suit against Gormully & Jeffery, for the infringement of the Bown ball-bearing patent. The claimed infringement applies to all of the better grade of machines having adjustable ball bearings. They are sued for the amount of \$20,000.

POSSIBLY Stone and Whittaker will have a whack at each other on the Columbus, Ga., track. The Columbians want them, and Cola says he is willing. Whit. to be heard from. — *World*. We are glad that Cola is willing, but we wonder how Percy got the news from him.

WOODSIDE claims to be suffering from a kidney complaint.

OLD Father Christmas once again
Has come to cheer us up,
We welcome in the old man's reign
By passing round the cup.

Our wiry steeds are stowed away
Till frost and ice are o'er,
Till woods resound with linnets' lay,
And flowers appear once more.

Outside the snow is falling fast,
In flakes of purest white;
But what care we for winter's blast,
Our fire is burning bright.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents.

Is all that we tax you.

FOR a year of the CYCLE.

AND no more will we ax you.

THAT's very bad rhyme, but the truth is
in it, just the same.

THE CYCLE has a good turn for every
one.

As a Christmas present, we claim to be
very cheap and very good.

Now is the time to subscribe. That's a
good deal of a chestnut, but chestnuts are
now ripe.

We have told the world that now is the
important time for a good many years, and
we begin to believe it ourselves.

THE *Bulletin* has reached an eventful
hour, for all of its subscribers will have to
send in their dollars once again.

WE hope to see the 15,000 next year;
and we certainly shall do so.

AND yet we have no successful ice tire
yet; though many have tried, none have hit
the proper thing.

HENRY E. DUCKER was in Boston last
week, and went the round of the cycling
houses. He paid his respects to the wooden
wheels.

ENGLISH cyclists are prone to visit the
club "smoker," just now. Santa Claus is
occupying the home smoker.

VICE-PRESIDENT KIRKPATRICK was in
town last week, and we enjoyed an hour or
more with him.

MANY of us find it expensive business to
ride the cycle, but the vice-president makes
money on his saddle.

JULIUS WILCOX, the Facile agent, has
gone across the pond to see what's going on
in England. Make him welcome, you men
over there.

IT was ladies' night at the Massachusetts
club on Saturday night. There was a very
large attendance of the fair sex, and the
committee furnished them entertainment in
the form of musical selections in the parlor,
and refreshments in the billiard room.

THE Board of Officers, L. A. W., will
meet at the Grand Union Hotel, New York,
on 17 January, at half-past nine A. M.

THE Executive Committee had a meeting
in Philadelphia last week.

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

THE following is a list of patentees of
inventions pertaining to cycling, to whom
Letters Patent were granted 14 Dec., 1886.
G. H. Gould, Somerville, Mass., cyclometer;
Wm. Hayes, Los Angeles, Cal., railway
tricycle; Alfonse Mercer, Brambleton, Va.,
tricycle.

ENGLAND sent us a Rowell, and he
"cleaned out" our pedestrians; she sent us
a Howell, who "wiped out" our cyclists;
now if she will send along a towel we will
"dry up."

WHEN Papa Weston gets a few house-
boats afloat, perhaps we may have one
fitted up as a cyclist's retreat. We might
call it the "Anchor," and make it as popular
as the "Anchor" at Ripley.

AT this time of the year, the most carefully
constructed room will not secure bright
machines against rust. Whenever warm
weather succeeds cold quickly, the moisture
is deposited on the cold steel. But if all
bright parts be previously coated with oil or
vaseline, there will be no trouble.

If a cyclist ran over a hen and her chickens,
And with the hen's "tootsies" his wheel played the Dick-
ens,
If the hen were left kicking on lameness the brink of,
What kind of a book would you nat'rally think of?

Does it not strike you as easy to see, dear,
T would call to your fancy a *hen-cycle-o-pedia*!
— *Tri. Journal*.

J. K. STARLEY has patented a new tri-
cycle chain, or rather, band. A steel wire is
turned into a coil at intervals, and arranged
to enter corresponding recesses in the chain
wheel. The coils are made for the purpose
of allowing the wires to twist or untwist
without breaking as the chain wheel re-
volves, and the strips adjust themselves to
the straight or the curve without undue
strain.

THE English mile record is held by Furni-
vall at 2.32½.

"FAED" is on the verge of matrimony.
So he writes us. He has our most sincere
congratulations and our best wishes for his
happiness.

NATURE has not been kind to Arthur J.
Wilson, for it has bereft him of hearing, and
left but little power in his eyes; but in spite
of all this he remains the prince of good fel-
lows, whom everybody likes.

M. D. GILLETT, who has been engaged
in the bicycle business in Springfield since
1880, has sold out to V. M. Cook and
Loring Dunbar. They will continue the
business at the old stand under Cooley's
hotel. Mr. Gillett has sold nearly 1,500
machines since he started in trade.

KARL KRON is forty years old on the 24th
of December inst. He welcomes his birth-
day with a great deal of fortitude.

W. W. STALL has shouldered his camera,
and gone south to get the alligators to sit
for their pictures.

THE next athletic entertainment of the
Massachusetts Bicycle Club will be held on
the evening of 6 January.

THE large group photograph of Massa-
chusetts club members, which has attracted
so much attention, was presented to the
club last week by the Notman Photograph
Company.

EDITOR AARON has been ill, but is again
at work.

THE Boston club will have a great game
of Polo at Winslow's Rink on the forenoon
of Christmas. As several of the participants

have never been on skates, there will be
more fun than a cartload of monkeys. The
actives will engage the associates.

MR. A. C. STEWART has sent his check
for \$100 to the Missouri club, with instruc-
tions to use it for the meet.

THE international tournament projected
and carried out by F. Cathcart, in London,
last May, will be repeated this year on a
larger scale. It will take place on the great
jubilee week in honor of the Queen, and the
probable dates are 23, 24 and 25 June. A
strong attempt will be made to have an
American team present.

It costs high, but it would well pay our
manufacturers to send a racing team to Eng-
land on the occasion of Cathcart's interna-
tional tournament. What if Rowe should
walk away with everything! Why, we could
not hold the American eagle down with a
hawser.

THE Christmas number of the *St. Louis
Spectator* is a beautiful specimen of art work,
and contains a very large quantity of timely
reading from the best of writers. We con-
gratulate the publishers on the success of
their efforts.

FREDERIC JENKINS has once again be-
come New York correspondent of the *Bulle-
tin*.

WILL PITMAN, the Vet., has designed a
Smyrna rug with a League badge in the
centre.

THE C. T. C. renewals are now due, and
although by mistake the English blanks and
not the American ones have been sent to
American members in the December Gazette,
the chief consul requests us to say that the
renewal fee is still seventy-five cents, which
should be sent, with the blank properly filled
out, to the acting deputy, Mr. Chas. H. Pot-
ter, 99 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

The life-membership fee for the American
Division is twenty-five dollars. Blanks will
be found in the December Gazette, which
can be used only by members of two years'
standing, and which should be sent to Mr.
Potter as above.

THE tenth annual exhibition of bicycles,
tricycles and accessories, at the Royal Aquar-
ium, Westminster, S. W. (the Stanley
Show), will be held in London, Jan. 27 and
Feb. 5, inclusive.

"Springfield luck" holds good in all bicy-
cle matters. President Henry E. Ducker
of the Springfield Bicycle Club, has received
a cablegram from England, stating that the
Springfield contingent, which held one hun-
dred and thirty-two tickets in the Iroquois
cycle drawing, which took place last week,
had drawn one Crippler tricycle and two Wal-
tham watches. The above drawing is con-
ducted by the Iroquois cycle company, and
is very popular across the water. This is
the first time that Springfield wheelmen have
tried it, but their share of luck is still with
them. — *Republican*.

FEARS are again felt for Thomas Stevens,
who in his travels around the world on a bi-
cycle left Hong Kong for Shanghai, 4 October,
and should have reached his destination
by the early part of November, even travel-
ling only thirty miles a day. But nothing



SAFE, PRACTICAL and FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

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

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

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W. W. STALL - - - 509 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,
SOLE AGENT FOR EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

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The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy; Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discount to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

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BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

of any kind, send stamp to

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,

for Large Illustrated Price-List of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange and Bought for Cash.

LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN
AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



has been heard from him, and there is much reason to apprehend foul play, as the Chinese are not over well-disposed toward Americans.

A DISPATCH from Haverhill says: Mr. E. Moody Boynton, of West Newbury, met a delegation of business men of Haverhill, in the shoe and leather association rooms, on Friday evening, 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.

AN exchange says that Prince is great on a winter ride. It would be better were he great on a ride to win.

HERE is the New York Club with an original idea. It abolishes the initiation fee during the winter months. Not a bad idea that. Men must have an inducement to join a cycle club in winter.

Oh maiden fair! the Christmas comes,
And Christmas snow is flocking;
Thou hast my heart, sweet one, or else
I'd put it in your stocking.

THE ladies of Minneapolis are the most enthusiastic patrons and admirers of cycling of any city in the world, judging by what has come under my notice since arriving here. They bet on any and every cycle race, with a charming disregard of condition or training, and such matters don't worry them in the least. In the Schock-Woodside twelve hour per day contest, held here last summer, a Mrs. Huber, who runs a millinery establishment down town, was not only a daily attendant at the race, but actually gambled \$800 on the same with the hardened betting-men about town. The lady even cuffed one gentleman's ears, when he ventured to remark that Schock was a "stuff" and couldn't ride a little bit. — "*Spokes*" in *Wheel*.

IF "Spokes" will call, we'll let him have the run of the dictionary for an hour, that he may get a good idea of the meaning of the word "lady."

"DAISIE" is receiving a very large number of replies to her call for riding records, and we think she will be able to present some interesting reading to those who are interested in her department.

THE January *Outing*, a special holiday number of this magazine of sport and outdoor life, has reached us; and as might be expected the sports of the season hold the place of honor. In this number Thomas Stevens tells of his trials in reaching Teheran, the capital of Persia. His article is splendidly illustrated, and gives the reader a vivid picture of what can be seen of the Orient by a shrewd Yankee wheelman. The college boy's voyage around the world introduces us to society in Japan, while the late war against the Apaches forms the theme of a richly illustrated article from the pen of an army officer. Snow-shoeing,

tobogganing, sparring, and a host of other good sports are treated of, while the full record of sports is, as usual, a leading feature of the magazine. 140 Nassau street, New York. Three dollars a year.

ACCEPTED RECORDS.

THE Records Committee of the N. C. A. have passed the following claims:

Bicycle (Path). — P. Furnivall, Berretta C. C., at Long Eaton track, 23 August, 1886, quarter mile, 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; half mile, 1.16; three-quarter mile, 1.53 $\frac{1}{2}$; one mile, 2.32 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Tricycle (Path). — F. W. Allard, Coventry C. C., at Long Eaton, 24 July, 1886, quarter mile, 43s. G. Gatehouse, C. U. B. C., at Long Eaton, 23 August, 1886, one mile, 2.46 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Tandem Tricycle (Path). — F. J. Osmond and S. E. Williams, at Crystal Palace, 25 June, two miles, 5.47 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Tricycle (Road). — Syd. Lee, Kildare B. & T. C., on Great North Road, 24 August, 1886, fifty miles, 3.9.15.

F. W. Allard has withdrawn his claim to the quarter, half, three-quarter, and one mile tricycle path records, with respect to his ride on 21 August at Coventry.

The claim of Messrs. Cripps and Ratcliff to the two miles tandem tricycle path record, with respect to their ride on 26 June at Long Eaton, has not been allowed, as the evidence forthcoming as to this claim is not satisfactory.

The claim of Messrs. Wilson and Mills to the 100 miles tandem tricycle road record, with respect to their ride of 14 Sept. has not been allowed, as the committee are not satisfied with timing arrangements.

For the Records Committee,

FINLAY A. MACRAE, *Hon. Sec.*

THE Mass. Board of Officers will dine once more, this time at the Quincy House, on the occasion of the January meeting.

SUNDAY, 9 January, is the date set for the visit of the Chicago delegation to St. Louis. The party will consist of the chief consuls of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Wisconsin, and with be under the charge of Tonr-Master Ayers and Secretary Oliver. Arrangements will be made for their proper entertainment, and a programme for 1887 mapped out.

CHRISTMAS comes! he comes, he comes,
Ushered with a reign of plums;
Hollies in the window greet him:
Schools come driving home to meet him;
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet and cold, and wind and dark,
Make him but the warmer mark.

Glorious time of great Too Much!
Too much fire and too much noise,
Too much babblement of boys;
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much ev'rything but thinking;
Solely bent to laugh and stuff,
And trample upon base Enough.

— Leigh Hunt.

DON'T RUB.

The man who has been thrown off a bicycle, a tricycle, a horse, or a pair of skates, does not feel amiable. In the first case, he feels as though he would vow to relinquish bicycling, and take to a trike; in the second — the rarest — instance, he contemplates relieving his feelings by viciously planting a kick at his spokes; in the case of a horse,

he usually larrups the quadruped in a manner which makes it more likely than ever to throw him again; and when a skater goes a "purler," a "drop sudden," a "fling utter," a "crash complicated," a "scramble ineffectual," a "tumble truculent," or any other of the varied styles of involuntary falls to which steel-shod man is prone, he looks slowly around for the nearest small boy who is grinning at him, and either swears vigorously or glares ferociously. We repeat, the man who has involuntarily embraced Mother Earth does not feel amiable, and it is additionally exasperating to hear a lot of hoarse lunatics yelling with frantic delight. Under the circumstances, the best thing is to affect a total ignorance of their cackination, and, without troubling to investigate the damage, to proceed on one's way as though nothing had happened. To show resentment only increases the glee of the scoffers. As Ally Sloper remarked in his treatise on *The art of being Kicked*: "Don't rub; if you do, it won't alleviate the pain, but will only increase the satisfaction of the kicker." — *Tricyclist*.

NEW ORLEANS NOTES.

OLD Boreas has been making himself felt even in our sunny clime, and as a result cycling, in common with other outdoor exercises, has come nearly to a standstill. Of course, there are many of our riders who use their wheels the year round in going to and from work, and on whom winter has no effect; but evening riders and meetings at the usual haunts are not now very frequent. Club life is also languishing. The N. O. B. C. is now homeless, having vacated their late quarters, preparatory to their being torn down to make way for the new club buildings, on which, it is said, work will be commenced within two or three weeks. The other club, the Crescent Wheelmen, are doing nothing. Something seems to be the matter with the latter club, as it is very seldom heard from. All its energy seems to have been expended during the first few weeks, and it has now apparently relapsed into a Rip Van Winkle sleep. I have heard, however, that an attempt will be made in the spring to reorganize on a larger scale than before. It is to be hoped that such will be the case, as there is nothing so stimulating as a little friendly rivalry, for though the Wheelmen were never very strong in numbers, they made the N. O. B. C. wake up and hustle pretty lively for a while.

On the 7th inst. occurred the most serious accident that has yet befallen a cyclist in this city. While Mr. J. Percy Phelan, in company with a couple of fellow-wheelmen, was riding along the avenue at a brisk pace, he had the misfortune to strike a large iron bolt lying on the street, which threw him headlong from his machine, and as he was riding with his gloved hands in his coat pockets, he could not extract them in time to save himself. He struck the asphalt pavement squarely on his face, breaking his nose and otherwise injuring himself, besides rendering him insensible for two hours, and the services of a doctor necessary for several days. He is up and riding again, however, for he is of the sort that takes more than a broken nose to make him give up.

A STOCK company has been organized to construct and maintain a new shell-road. They have already applied to the authorities for the necessary right-of-way, and before a great while we hope to have another splendid road added to our list, although a "croaker" has already set up the wail "that this will require an additional tax to be levied, which the poor can ill afford." This is almost always the case here, and accounts for more than one seemingly unpardonable example of municipal neglect. Another road will also be opened during next month,—the one leading to the National Cemetery,—and on which the Government has expended \$25,000 to put it in first-class order. It is only one mile and a half long, and very difficult of access by bicycle, hence will not be frequented to any great extent by wheelmen.

IN my last communication the printer made me say that Mr. Franklin was contemplating attacking the Southern twenty-four hour record. No doubt many have been wondering who Mr. Franklin is, as no such cyclist exists in these parts; but the party to whom I had reference was Mr. C. M. Fairchild, a prominent member of the N. O. B. C. Bt.

Statistics.

THE *News* publishes the following table to show the ground covered by each revolution of a cycle wheel:—

Inches.	Ft.	In.
36.....	9	5
38.....	9	11
40.....	10	5
42.....	10	11
44.....	11	6
46.....	12	0
48.....	12	6
50 ..	13	1
52.....	13	7
54.....	14	1
56.....	14	7
58.....	15	2

WHEELS AND ARMS.

THE interference suit between the Downs Cyclometer Company and the Butcher Cyclometer Company was first tried before the Examiner of the Patent Office, decided in favor of Downs. It was appealed by Mr. Butcher to the Board of Examiners, the Chief's decision as again in favor of the Downs Company. Again appealed by Mr. Butcher to Commissioner of Patents, and final decision was rendered by the Commissioner sustaining the decisions of the former hearings, and thus finally settling Downs' right to claim the original invention of a *spoke cyclometer actuated by a projecting arm to strike the fork*. The Downs Cyclometer is owned by the Overman Wheel Company and C. E. W. Woodward.—*World*.

This is not in accordance with facts. The case of interference which went to the commissioner was on a claim by the two parties to a rubber wheel at the end of the projecting arm. The decision went in favor of Downs, but the Butcher Cyclometer Company has been granted the patent on the arm a long time since, and Downs cannot use it. Thus Butcher may use the arm without the rubber wheel, and Downs may use the rubber wheel without the arm. It will be seen that Butcher may easily get around the wheel, but we cannot well see how Downs can do without the arm. Meantime, the Butcher Cyclometer Company has abandoned the cyclometer with the arm, and gotten out something much better. We think they are not at all disturbed that the decision was against them.

THE HOUSE-BOAT.

THE father of American bicycling has become the apostle of the house-boat?

Who is the father of American bicycling? Frank W. Weston, of Boston, Mass., familiarly called "Papa Weston."

Who says so? Everybody, from the public press of 1877 down to Colonel Pope in his new Franklin street store.

What is a house-boat?

A floating cottage, or villa, or palace if you will, that rides at anchor in whatever port the whim of the owner may dictate.

That comprehends the whole, and yet it may be well to be more definite.

We called on "Papa" the other day to get some idea of his new hobby, and over our cigars, which, by the way, he alone consumed, we talked the matter over.

It is well known that there are men who look upon life on the ocean wave as the ideal one; and where we find such an one it will be discovered in nine cases out of ten that he spends a deal of time aboard a yacht, cruising about or anchored in port. Lieutenant Henn and his wife make the "Galatea" their home, and Frank Weston himself used to spend the leisure time of whole seasons aboard his famous twenty-ton schooner, the "Mist." But those who live on yacht-board have to put up with many inconveniences, for the main idea in yacht building is to get a speedy vessel, and to this idea nearly everything is sacrificed.

The apostle of the house-boat proposes a piece of marine architecture in which speed, other than easy towage, is of little importance, and the comfort and enjoyment of the occupants the leading requirements to be satisfied in their "villa afloat."

"Papa" showed us the plans for a house-boat eighty feet long by seventeen feet six inches wide. Outwardly it has something of the appearance of the rebel ram Merrimac, a row of windows taking the place of the portholes of that notable craft.

Entering by the entry port we come to a large reception room fitted for the purposes of such an apartment, and from this one enters the saloon, which is twelve feet long by sixteen feet wide, and from the saloon open the sleeping apartments for the family and for the guests. In ordinary vessels the living rooms are aft; in the house-boat they are forward. Turning aft from the entry port one goes into the galley, the apartments for the employees, and the store-rooms. The rooms are of good size throughout, the state-rooms being from eight feet long by eleven feet wide to fifteen feet long by sixteen feet wide, dimensions hardly procurable even on the largest yachts. Below deck is comfort and convenience for even the most fastidious. The upper deck is a grand promenade, from which rise two masts, more ornamental than useful, for their main purpose is to fly the club colors, private signals, etc.

Having now the house-boat, which will cost us from \$2,000 to \$6,000, or more if we are an editor, we are ready for the summer.

A tow boat is taken into requisition, and we are taken to Nantasket, to Marblehead, to Hull, or to Newport, as we elect, or we can move from one place to another, as our fancy dictates, during the season. We are in no danger of unpleasant neighbors, for we

can up anchor and away at any moment, and we have no grounds to look after, no domestic troubles or trials of any kind. The possibilities for pleasant life stored up in such a craft can easily be imagined. Several Boston parties are now considering the idea of building house-boats for residence during the coming summer, and Papa Weston has been besieged with applications for designs and information on house-boats much as he was on bicycle matters ten years ago.

But the bicycle was an outside issue with him then,—a mere hobby; whereas the house-boat is, as he says, an unexplored branch of his own profession (architecture), and he finds fully as much interest in designing the interior of a house-boat as the interior of a house.

Papa has not got what he deserved out of the bicycle, but that it may be different with house-boats, and that they may increase and multiply, and mostly be designed by him, is a wish which will be joined in by all who know him personally and by many who do not.

AGAIN THE AMATEUR QUESTION

THE following letter has been forwarded to President Beckwith of the League:—

N. M. BECKWITH, *Pres. L. A. W.*

Dear Sir: Deeming it very advisable, and the season being very favorable, I think that if possible, the L. A. W. and A. C. U. should confer regarding the amateur question. The matter as it now stands is in a very unsettled state, and it seems that now is the time to settle it. My plan is for you, as President of the L. A. W., to appoint three or more members of the L. A. W., and Mr. Ducker as President of the A. C. U. to appoint an equal number from the A. C. U., who will meet and discuss the matter fully. Perhaps you can suggest a more feasible plan, and if so I should be very glad to have you submit it. The matter can better be settled now than when the cycling season begins or is at its height. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Yours very truly,
A. O. MCGARRETT, *Sec'y A. C. U.*

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

NEW YORK CLUB vs. BULLETIN.

Editor of the Cycle:—As many of your readers have doubtless noticed, one of the official correspondents of the *Bulletin* recently made an uncalled-for attack on the New York Club. Although he was discharged from the League's employ, and a tardy apology made in the editorial columns, the latter was qualified in such a way as to considerably destroy its force. It does not require an enormous amount of courage for a man to frankly own that he has erred, and Mr. Aaron has disappointed me sadly by falling short of this requirement, but he has even more astonished me by his want of readiness to set matters completely right by publishing the following letter, which has now been in his hands for two weeks, but has not yet appeared in the *Bulletin*:—

"*Dear Sir,*—At the risk of meeting another rebuke, for rushing into print with undignified haste, I find myself again compelled to give up valuable time to the unwell come task of objecting to the somewhat dis-

courteous remarks with which you accompany an otherwise graceful apology to the New York Club. It does no man harm to acknowledge that he is wrong, and an editor has always the legitimate excuse that objectionable matter has been overlooked; but the *amende honorable* should be promptly made.

Now the letter of a "Pencil," to which we objected, appeared in the *Bulletin* of 12 November, and not a word appears in the editorial columns in any way explaining it until the issue of 3 December. Our response was mailed to you 13 November, immediately on receipt of the paper, but it is not published until 26 November. If the *Bulletin* is in any way run as a newspaper should be, it is nonsense to say that matter received five days before issue is "too late for publication." But it is not necessary to assume this, for in the *Bulletin* for 20 November there are four communications dated the 13th, and two dated 15th, or two days later than our letter, which was certainly entitled to precedence, as it related to a journalistic question of privilege.

Your failure to make any reparation for the unfortunate (and I am quite willing to believe, accidental, so far as you are concerned) insult, freed our hands to publish a denial as widely as possible. But apart from this entirely, we had a clear right to do so. The slur on the club was public, and until disclaimed by the *Bulletin*, official, we were entitled to make our protest equally public. We don't want to get into any fights that we can help, and much prefer to mind our own business, and live at peace with our neighbors; but when we are hit, we intend to hit back, and do it just as hard as we know how. You may remember that the League organship was once taken away from a certain paper on account of just such mud-throwing; and now that we run our own organ, we certainly expect the same regard for journalistic ethics as was shown us by the *Springfield Gazette* on a similar occasion. Yours truly,

EDW. J. SHRIVER,
Secretary New York Bicycle Club.

The foregoing letter was mailed to Mr. Aaron on the afternoon of 4 December, and should have reached him the same evening; but although we have waited for two numbers of the *Bulletin* to appear, he has not as yet seen fit to publish it.

Yours truly,

EDWARD J. SHRIVER.

NEW YORK. 18 December, 1886.

THE PATH.

THE great 142-hour bicycle race began at Minneapolis at midnight on Sunday last, the start being made just as Sunday closed. The contestants are Albert Schock, W. J. Morgan, and Mlle. Louise Armaindo. The stakes are \$2,500, which, with fifty per cent of the "gate," will go to the winner. The second in will receive thirty per cent, and the third twenty per cent. The match, when first made between Schock and Morgan, was open to all, but when Prince applied he was barred. He is now very bitter in his feeling, and says that it is a hippodrome, and that Armaindo is entered simply as an attraction. He offers to race the winner for

\$1,000. He affirms that no stakes are up on the present race, and claims that there are no rules on earth that can bar a man from an open championship race if he is willing to post his money, and there is no given time for the entries to close. The race will be finished at midnight next Saturday, and the contestants will ride day and night. Mlle. Armaindo must make one thousand miles in order to get a share of the gate receipts. She has a record of 843 miles in seventy-two hours, made in Chicago in 1883, when she defeated all her male competitors.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 11 Dec. — The one hundred-mile race which took place at the Washington Rink, this city, Thursday night, between W. J. Morgan and W. M. Woodside, proved the best ever run in this city. Considerable excitement has resulted over the defeat of the champion, Woodside. Woodside was clearly outrun at seventy-five miles, and it was only a walk-away for Morgan from there on, and he won by fifteen yards. A great deal of money was wagered on the result, and Morgan's friends stuck to him until the last lap was completed. The referee, at the conclusion of the race, for some reason, withheld his decision, and to the surprise of everybody. In the morning papers announced the race a hippodrome, and declared all bets off. He stated that the race was slow, which is an inexcusable error, for the time, 6 h. 6 m. 20 s., is just 6 m. 22 s. faster than was ever before run in the rink, and 8 m. faster than Woodside ever made in his life. Morgan can be backed to lower that record from ten to fifteen minutes for \$1,000 at any date. Morgan's friends claim they were used very badly by the referee's decision. There never was such a prolonged cheer given at the finish of any race as was given Morgan as he passed over the line. Popular feeling was decidedly with Morgan. — *Journal*.

THE CLUB.

THE Buffalo Bicycle Club, 13 Dec., 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 3 April to 6 Nov. The total mileage was 48,936 miles. The greatest mileage of individuals was as follows: Dr. Appelby, 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. Rum-mell.

THE Somerville Cycle Club held its annual election of officers for the coming year 15 Dec. The election resulted as follows: President, J. B. Cann; vice-president, W. A. Davis; captain, W. R. Maxwell; treasurer, Ellsworth Fisk; secretary, George Shaw; corresponding secretary, Fred Joyce.

THE wheelmen of Hannibal, Mo., met and organized 6 Dec., under the name of the Marion County Wheelmen. The following

officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. C. Miller; vice-president, J. C. Irwin; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Appler; captain, J. B. Merkle; first lieutenant, W. H. Hall.

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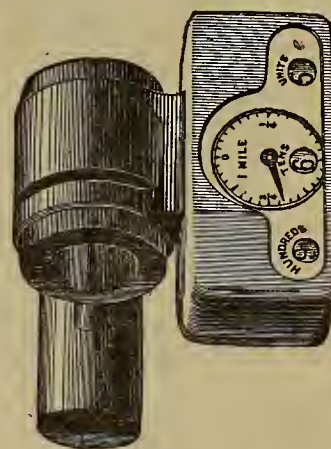
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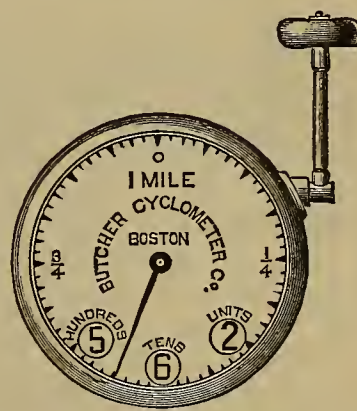
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