

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

VOL. I.—NO. 4.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY, 1886.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

ON THE ROAD THE COLUMBIAS ON THE PATH

The records made and the prizes won by riders of COLUMBIAS during the season of 1885 are familiar to wheelmen. Appended is a recapitulation of the more important victories for riders of COLUMBIAS during the opening of the present season.

The Columbias at Boston.

May 29.

1-MILE L. A. W. BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE, A. B. RICH.
1-MILE L. A. W. TRICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE, A. B. RICH.

The Columbias at Lynn.

May 31.

1-MILE OPEN RACE, FIRST, W. A. ROWE.
3-MILE RACE, 9.45 CLASS, FIRST, CHAS. E. WHITTEN.
1-MILE RACE, 3.20 CLASS, FIRST, CHAS. E. WHITTEN.
3-MILE LAP RACE, SECOND, W. F. KNAPP.
5-MILE OPEN RACE, FIRST, GEO. M. HENDEE.
3-MILE HANDICAP RACE, FIRST, CHAS. E. WHITTEN.
3-MILE HANDICAP RACE, SECOND, E. P. BURNHAM.
5-MILE PROFESSIONAL RACE, AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP, JOHN S. PRINCE.

Six Firsts out of a possible Eight, and Two Seconds, won on Columbias.

The Columbias at New Haven.

June 11-12.

1-MILE OPEN RACE, FIRST, W. A. ROWE.
1-MILE OPEN RACE, THIRD, CHAS. E. WHITTEN.
3-MILE HANDICAP RACE, SECOND, L. A. MILLER.
3-MILE OPEN RACE, FIRST, GEO. M. HENDEE.
2-MILE NOVICE RACE, SECOND, G. B. BUXTON.
2-MILE HANDICAP RACE, FIRST, W. F. KNAPP.
2-MILE HANDICAP RACE, SECOND, C. P. ADAMS.
20-MILE COLUMBIA CUP RACE, FIRST, A. B. RICH.
20-MILE COLUMBIA CUP RACE, SECOND, J. ILLSTON.
1-MILE RACE, 3.05 CLASS, FIRST, E. A. DEBLOIS.
1-MILE RACE, 3.05 CLASS, SECOND, E. S. HORTON.
5-MILE LAP RACE, FIRST, GEO. M. HENDEE.
5-MILE LAP RACE, THIRD, J. ILLSTON.
1-MILE BOYS' RACE, FIRST, F. A. CLARK.
1-MILE BOYS' RACE, SECOND, W. F. GRAHAM.
3-MILE OPEN RACE, FIRST, W. A. ROWE.
3-MILE OPEN RACE, SECOND, W. F. KNAPP.
3-MILE HANDICAP RACE, FIRST, E. A. DEBLOIS.

Every Open Event won on Columbias.

The Columbias at Lynn.

June 17.

1-MILE NOVICE RACE, FIRST, S. L. TRUESDALE.
1-MILE NOVICE RACE, SECOND, HENRY McBRIEN.
1-MILE OPEN RACE, FIRST, W. A. ROWE.
Time, 2.37.
2-MILE LAP RACE, FIRST, GEO. M. HENDEE.
2-MILE HANDICAP RACE, FIRST, F. S. HITCHCOCK.
4-MILE PROFESSIONAL TRICYCLE RACE, WORLD'S RECORD, T. W. ECK.
Time, .42.

The Columbias in New Jersey.

June 19.

25-MILE INTER-CLUB ROAD RACE, FIRST, E. H. VALENTINE.
25-MILE INTER-CLUB ROAD RACE, THIRD, H. CALDWELL.
On Columbia Light Roadsters.

The Columbias at Brooklyn.

June 19.

1-MILE NOVICE RACE.
2-MILE HANDICAP RACE.
3-MILE HANDICAP RACE.
2-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE, BEDFORD CYCLE CLUB.
5-MILE NEW YORK STATE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.
The above Events won on Columbias.

Long-Distance Riders on Columbias.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT, THOMAS STEVENS.
10,000 MILES, KARL KRON.
FROM PENNSYLVANIA TO NEBRASKA & RETURN, HUGH J. HIGH.
FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO (ON THE WAY), F. E. VANMEERBEKE.
FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO (ON THE WAY), S. G. SPIER.
FROM LYNN TO CHICAGO, P. C. DARROW.
AROUND THE WORLD (ON THE WAY), THOMAS STEVENS.

The Columbias in the West.

THE RECORD BROKEN.—SPLENDID PERFORMANCE OF S. P. HOLLINSWORTH.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., June 19.—S. P. Hollinsworth, of Russiaville, was wonderfully successful in his attempt to beat the long-distance amateur bicycle record of this country and Great Britain. He completed his task at Greenfield this morning at 4 o'clock, and in the 24 hours scored a total of 284 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. His actual riding time was 21 hours and 23 minutes, 2 hours and 37 minutes being lost in eating and in being rubbed down. Heretofore the best American record was 259 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, made by Munger of Detroit, at Boston, while the English record is 266. The best track record is 276.—*Special Dispatch to The Boston Herald.*

This record was made on a 55-inch COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER.—*Indianapolis Times.*

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AMERICAN SANSPAREIL.

AMERICAN CLUB.

SANSPAREIL LIGHT ROADSTER. AMERICAN ROADSTER.

Prices from \$60.00 to \$90.00.

 Machines will be sent on approval, and may be returned if not satisfactory, and money will be refunded.

SEND FOR PRICE-LIST AND PARTICULARS.

TESTIMONIALS FROM PURCHASERS.

WM. M. FRISBIE, Pres. New Haven Bi. Club:-

After giving the 57-inch SANSPAREIL LIGHT ROADSTER a trial of over 500 miles of hard riding, I am more than pleased with it; it gives me entire satisfaction.

N. K. NOYES, Manchester, N. H.:—

My SANSPAREIL LIGHT ROADSTER is as near perfection as a wheel can be.

J. L. ROSS, Eufala, Ala.:—

My 55-inch SANSPAREIL LIGHT ROADSTER suits me exactly. My weight is 175 pounds. I am highly pleased.

G. W. GREEN, Cuthbert, Ga.:—

The 56-inch AMERICAN ROADSTER has proved perfectly satisfactory, and is really more than you represented it to be.

HARRY K. FOX, York, Pa.:—

The 58-inch AMERICAN SANSPAREIL was perfectly satisfactory, and I consider it the best wheel made.

S. T. CLARK & CO.

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

 Extraordinary Demand. A Perfect Wheel Appreciated. Agents Wanted in Every Town. 

ROYAL MAIL!

THE Wheel of the Year! * The Most Complete and Improved Bicycle Ever Offered!

Best Road Record of 1885, 5056 Miles on One Wheel, Won by ROYAL MAIL!



The Demand for these Superb, Strictly High-Class Wheels continues

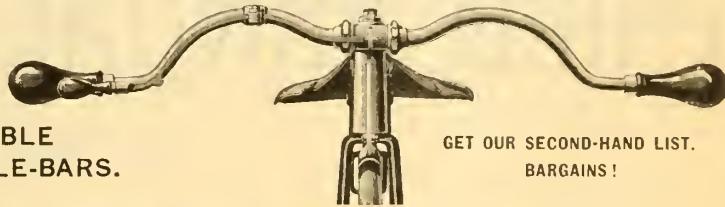
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Only Wheel with Genuine Trigwell Ball Head!

GREAT BARGAINS NOW ON HAND!

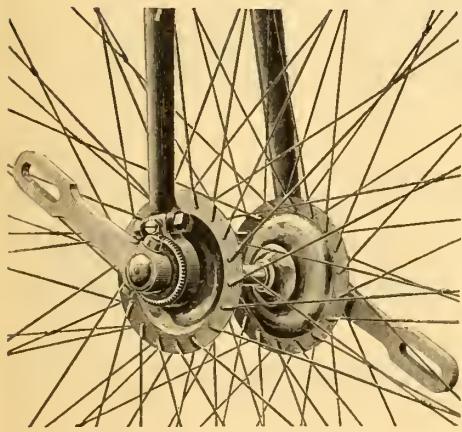
Some last year's model ROYAL MAIIS under price. Also a few this year's exchanged for different sizes and second-hands.



DETACHABLE
HANDLE-BARS.

GET OUR SECOND-HAND LIST.
BARGAINS!

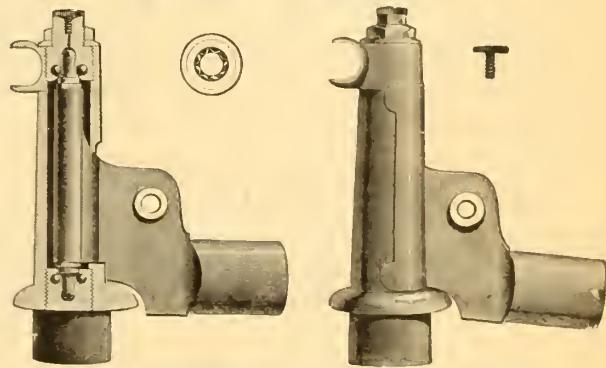
SIX IMPROVEMENTS. THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR.



SPOKES WOUND SEVEN TIMES,
Giving Rigidity to the whole Wheel. No Rattle.
Note this Tying.



GRIP-FAST RIM AND TIRE.
Needs no Cement; holds firmer than
Cement; no thin edge of Rim to dent;
whole Rim stronger; also seamless.



BALL-BEARING HEAD.

No friction of Cones, hence no loosening nor constant tightening up. Can be run six months with one adjustment and one oiling.

ALL PARTS INTERCHANGEABLE in ROYAL MAIIS this year. Offered as the Most Perfect Wheel yet shown.

READ THIS!

"Ever since the introduction of the india-rubber tire it has proved itself, like many other things, not altogether an unmixed blessing; for the difficulty to keep it on has ever been a great one, and many and various have been the devices adopted by ingenious makers to make its fastening to the rim secure. A year ago, at the Speedwell Exhibition, a rim and tire had just been patented, and our opinion was asked upon it. This rim was an ordinary crescent steel felloe, with the edges turned in so as to fit into a couple of longitudinal grooves cut in the rubber tire, and thus without the aid of cement holding the rubber firmly in its place. We at once spotted the idea as a good thing. As will be seen by the sketch, the tires are held firm in the rims without the use of cement, and are therefore cleaner in application than a cemented tire. Not caring to speak of such an important matter without practically testing the idea, we have ridden it in town riding, and the tires appear, if anything, more firmly seated than ever, despite the fact that our last experiment with them was to run our steering-wheel in the train grooves and repeatedly twist it out again suddenly, a proof which satisfies us that the invention is a success. As we have said, the tires have not yet come out with us; when they do—if they do—we shall let our readers know."

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

WILLIAM READ & SONS, Sole American Agents, 107 Washington Street, Boston.

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AND THE

CONNECTICUT BICYCLE CLUB

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UNDER THE

A. C. U. RULES.

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HENRY E. DUCKER, President.
SANFORD LAWTON, Secretary.

Organized May 6, 1881.
Incorporated January 23, 1884.

WILLIAM H. SELVEY, Vice-President.
WILLIAM C. MARSH, Treasurer.

* * *

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FIFTH ANNUAL BICYCLE TOURNAMENT

OF THE

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.



HAMPDEN PARK,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A., SEPTEMBER 14, 15, 16, AND 17, 1886.

A.C.U. Rules to Govern

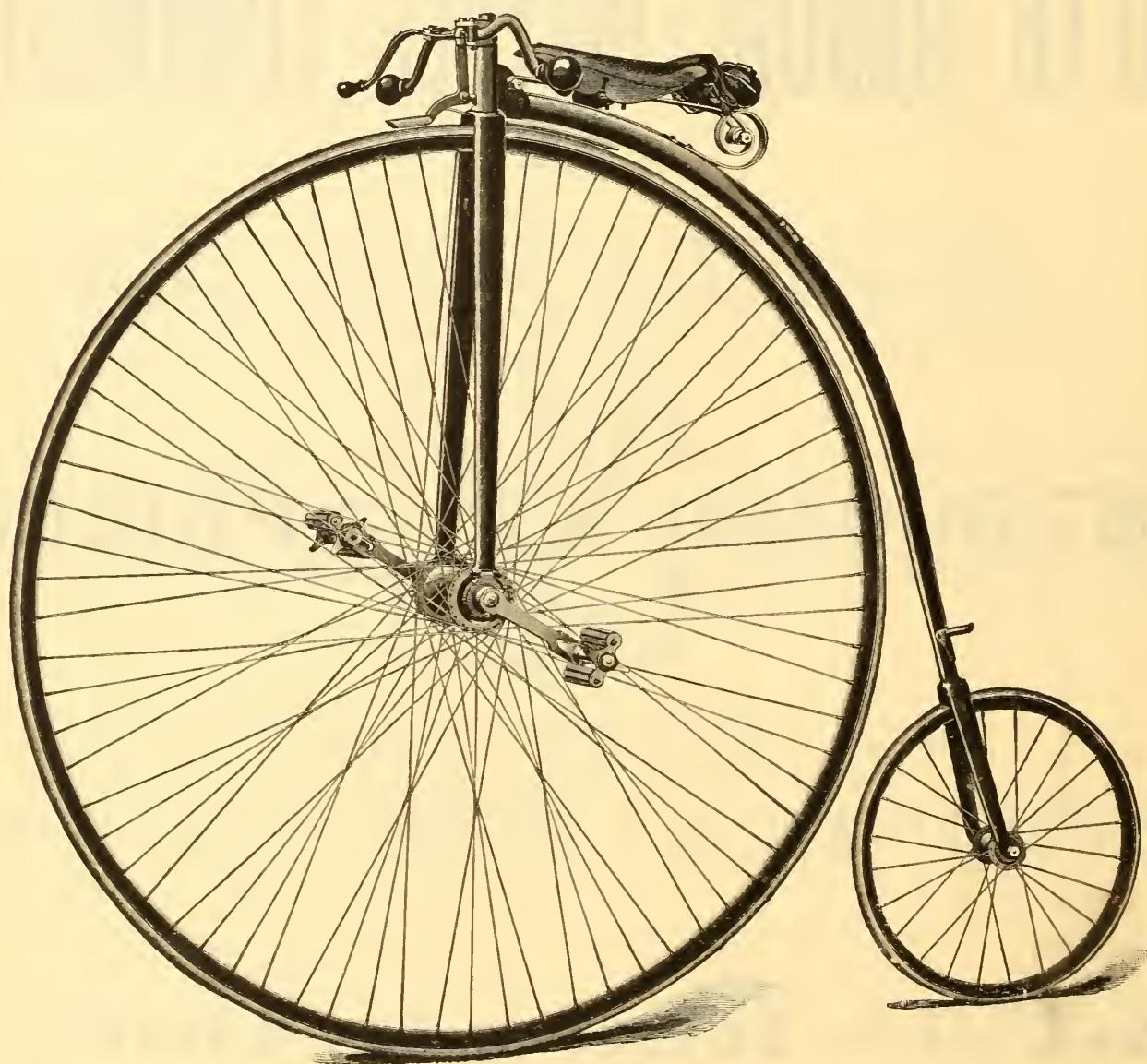
RACES FOR AMATEURS, PROMATEURS, AND PROFESSIONALS.

Entries Close September 7, 1886.

Remember 2.31 $\frac{2}{3}$, and then come and see
it beaten at Springfield in September.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

THE
True Tangent Wheel "NEW RAPID" BICYCLE True Tangent Wheel



The Handsomest, Strongest, and Highest-Grade Bicycle ever produced.

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—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. 1.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY, 1886.

NO. 4.

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.

SPRINGFIELD FOR RECORDS.

Springfield for records! The cycle racing season was gloriously inaugurated at Springfield on the morning of July 5 by the breaking, and, in fact, complete obliteration of the twenty-mile road record. Twenty miles in one hour, nineteen minutes, and fifty seconds! But as that is our first road race, we won't go too much into ecstasies over it, as we expect to improve with each contest and, therefore, do not wish to entirely exhaust our stock of enthusiasm. Then in the afternoon, Hendee,—“Our George,” to whom we still pin our faith, despite the fact that our Lynn neighbors almost take away our breath with their accounts of “Their Billy’s” exploits,—again we say, Hendee took his turn at record breaking and gave us the best one-mile record ever made in a race. And this was despite the fact that the track was rather rough, which caused him to ease up considerably on the last quarter. But had conditions been more favorable, there is no doubt but that the record would have been 2.30. A record of 2.34, under such circumstances, gives us every reason to believe that Springfield will continue its hold on the records, and that some surprisingly fast times will be made this fall. If Hendee and Rowe can break records at Lynn, there is no reason why they should not do the same here in Springfield. Lynn is fast establishing a reputation as the possessor of a good track, but it is our private belief (though we wouldn't dare state it publicly) that Springfield won't lose its grip this season. We are glad to hear such good reports from Lynn, and if we fail to give satisfaction as regards records this fall, we advise the disappointed ones to hie themselves to the Lynn tournament the week following, and if our neighbor fills the bill more satisfactorily than we are able to do, we shall be the first to tender congratulations. Talking about records, reminds us that even the Caledonians seemed to be under the mystic spell of Hampden Park, and they, too, made records, notably so in the case of throwing the hammer. The previous record was in the vicinity of 118 feet, but two of the contestants in this event made respectively throws of 125ft. 10in. and 125ft. Whether it was the atmosphere, the surroundings, or the fact that bicycle racing was included in the events of the day, we know not the reason, but this we do know, that Springfield and

Hampden Park's reputation for record breaking suffered no diminution by the results of the Fourth of July sports, or because the races were under the A. C. U. rules; on the contrary, new laurels were added.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

G. Lacy Hillier is a gentleman (at least he pretends to be one), and is interested in the publication of a paper called the *Bicycling News*, which caters to the best grade of people. In that case, how they must appreciate the choice language in the following extract from a recent issue of the *News*. Verily, the appended scurrility would disgrace the lips of the vilest peddler of billingsgate. What, then, can characterize such vileness on the part of this pretender to a position for which neither natural nor acquired ability ever destined him? His own words are sufficient condemnation:—

HIS NAME IS “MUD.”

Mr. H. E. Ducker's name, on his own showing, is now “Mud,” for the general meeting of the League of American Wheelmen has confirmed in every case the verdict of the racing board. Mr. Mud has started a new association and declared war, which simply means that Mr. Mud's Barnumment at Springfield will be a professional gala, mere competition in which will disqualify every cyclist who goes there. Mr. Mud will have number of respectable professional performers, who will doubtless go hippodroming round the country in search of dollars, and we make no doubt that they will all of them, in due time, hold one or other of those “world's records” of which Mr. Mud and Springfield retain the copyright. Let us hope that, now the game is up and Mr. Mud shown in his true colors, we may have some hint given us as to the way in which the noisy *entrepreneur* works his little “barneys.” No one will, we suppose, now assert that the interests of Mr. Mud and Mr. Mud's club are in any way distinguishable from the financial and money-making question. The grand fact remains that the action of the L. A. W. racing board was unanimously sustained, and that the list of suspends has now become a list of professionals.

Is not the above sufficient to give the lie to the writer's pretensions of possessing the least attribute of decency and gentlemanliness? Forsooth! If G. Lacy Hillier is the representative of English courtesy and fairness, we want none of it. But we are happy to state that Mr. Hillier occupies a very insignificant position among his journalistic *confreres*, and we should not have given him this extended notice had we not desired to show the gentleman (?) in his true light.

TO OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

Hartford, Springfield, and Lynn are to hold tournaments this fall, in the order named, and each will provide attractive features for their visitors from England. At present there seems to be great fear that our English friends will sacrifice their amateur standing if they come to America this year, owing to the L. A. W.-A. C. U. imbroglio. We hasten to dispel those fears, and give assurance that whoever may desire to come will be amply protected, and that their standing in their own country will remain unimpaired. We have information from authentic sources to the

effect that the L. A. W. will recognize the A. C. U.; in fact, before this issue of the *GAZETTE* has reached all its readers, we can confidently state that a settlement between the two organizations will have been publicly announced, and on a basis which will be perfectly agreeable to the N. C. U., and, we doubt not, that will be indorsed by that organization. Therefore, in our own behalf, and also for Hartford and Lynn, we extend a cordial welcome to the racing fraternity of England and guarantee them the best of sport, the best of tracks, the best of competition, and the best of records. Come and see us, and we'll make it a right royal time for all. Defeat will be taken gracefully, but we warn you that it will not come as easily as in past seasons. We have the tracks and records, and this year we shall try to furnish competition worthy the mettle of any of England's cracks. Once more we extend a hearty and cordial welcome. Come!

THE KING BICYCLE.

We are informed by Rev. Mr. King that he first made and tested his bicycle with his new patent motor, anti-frictional bearings, and power and speed gearing, arranged to steer with the large front wheel, and then made application for his fifth patent. He afterwards sought, if possible, to further increase the speed and power by steering with the rear small wheel, and made his sixth application for a patent, but after further tests is convinced that beginners will learn to ride the former front-steering style more easily, and that it will be more appreciated by riders of the crank wheels; hence the change in the advertisement and at the manufactory, to supply sample bicycles to agents and others, though they expect to make both styles after a few months. Every bicycle is to be thoroughly tested and sent out with the usual guarantee.

An article recently published in the Springfield *Union*, which, to say the least, was decidedly premature, announced that officials of the L. A. W. and A. C. U. had agreed upon a compromise whereby the League had agreed to abandon cycle racing to the Union, provided the latter organization would make provision for a third or promateur class of riders. The above-mentioned paper, in its zeal to make a specialty of bicycling news, has, in this instance, drawn too liberal an inference from certain circumstances and has, therefore, rather overstated the facts. While we do not deny that there is in contemplation an arrangement whereby the L. A. W. and A. C. U. may work harmoniously together instead of on divergent lines, we have no authority to state that any compromise whatever has yet been agreed upon. To be sure, the A. C. U. constitution has been altered and amended in such manner as to separate racing men into three distinct classes, viz., amateurs, promateurs, and professionals, but this has been due principally to the expressed

wishes of the promateurs themselves, who have asked to be classified as such. They do not desire to become professionals, neither do they desire to parade as amateurs, as defined by the L. A. W. They wish to be represented in their true light,—as makers' amateurs. Their request has accordingly been granted. It is earnestly hoped, however, that what was stated as a fact in the article under discussion may indeed become a reality, and we shall, therefore, render all assistance in our power toward the accomplishment of such a beneficent result. There is no reason why the L. A. W. and A. C. U. cannot work together harmoniously. If the League chooses to adhere strictly to the letter of its rule defining an amateur, well and good. Probably there are many who would prefer to race under L. A. W. rules, and would be content to live up to their requirements. But for those who wish to devote themselves entirely to racing, the A. C. U. provides ample opportunity, and, moreover, the rules are so drawn as to allow a rider to compete strictly in his own class and with his own equals. The promateur, under the rules of the Union, is given a chance to compete with the very best riders without being forced into professionalism, and his standing before the public remains untarnished just so long as he desires it. The large racing associations need such an organization as the A. C. U., as they can have races for all classes of riders; while the smaller organizations, which care only for contests among local riders, will be equally satisfied to be governed by the rules of the League. As we have stated above, there is no reason why the two organizations cannot enter into some harmonious compact whereby each can control its own specialties and recognize each other. We regret deeply that an apparent bitterness of feeling should have arisen between the League and the Union, and it is our fervent wish that the day is not far distant when the League of American Wheelmen and the American Cyclists' Union shall stand together upon the platform of fraternal love with hands joined in a fraternal grasp, while Public Opinion stands by pleasantly smiling approval of such a union.

THE CYCLISTS' JUBILEE.

\$14,000 IN PRIZES. THREE WEEKS OF GRAND RACING. THE CYCLING CIRCUIT—HARTFORD, SPRINGFIELD, LYNN.

America this fall bids fair to offer to the world three cycling events that have never been excelled, while to racing men an opportunity is offered for glory such as only the cycling path within the above circuit can offer. The three cities have unexcelled tracks, fast riders, unbounded enthusiasm of the citizens, with managers who understand their business, and who use their utmost endeavors to please the public in fine racing, excellent music, and last, but not least, fine weather. The trouble in the amateur ranks bids fair to be settled long before the opening of events, and in a manner entirely satisfactory to all; and the managers of the above circuit pledge themselves to protect those who favor us with a visit the coming fall. The size of the undertaking may be judged from the fact that the three associations offer in prizes the equal of all of the race meetings in the United States combined, which is of itself considerable of an inducement to men who love racing to wait and take their vacation in the fall, and spend a few weeks in the East, cultivating the art of fast pedaling.

Hartford opens the ball by a two days' meeting, September 8 and 9, and the Connecticut Bicycle Club has expressed the determination this year to eclipse all of its former efforts.

Springfield follows the next week, commencing Tuesday, September 14, and continuing the 15th, 16th, and 17th, with \$7,500 in prizes. The track will, as usual, contain the lightning so essential for speed.

Lynn, who has already shown herself capable of conducting race meetings second to none, comes on the following week, commencing September 23, and continuing the 24th and 25th. The track is, without a doubt, the fastest small or one-third-mile track in the world, and the management promises that the track shall be so improved in the fall that racers will be enabled to lower all records made at Hartford and Springfield, which in this case means the reverse of the old saying, "Last but not least"; for in the city of lasts they mean their records shall be the lowest, and we congratulate them on the plucky endeavor, but we think Springfield, which follows Hartford, will try to set a mark, that, if beaten, will be all the glory Lynn needs. In our next issue full particulars of each event will be given. Entries for Hartford will close September 1; Springfield, September 7; Lynn, September 16; and racing men will bear the above dates in mind.

We have always given Karl Kron credit for considerable shrewdness as an advertiser, but his good-fortune in respect to the recent Fourth of July races on Hampden Park fairly staggers us. He celebrated July 4, 1885, it will be remembered, by enrolling the long-fought-for "3,000th advance subscription" for his monumental "History of Columbia, No. 234"; and now he celebrates the first anniversary by persuading America's most famous bicycle racer to "lower the world's record" and ride that memorable mile in just 2:34.

"WHEN WILL X. M. MILES ON A BI. BE ISSUED?"

When, from Eastport to the Golden Gate,
Our country roads shall all be "nickel plate";
When Stevens shall have found the far North Pole,
And through Sahara's sands swift wheels shall roll;
When Karl's subscribers shall be dead and buried,
Their children's children come of age and married;
When Disappointment shall have conquered Hope,
And Victor wheels be manufactured by the Pope;
When Blaine shall come to rule fair Erin's Isle,
And tandems run a minute to the mile;
Then, oh, then—perhaps,—if naught shall brook,
Some unborn cyclist may behold the book.

"SUBSCRIBER."

REM INISCO·PROPHETICO.

Twenty cyclers are sweeping by
Fields and hedges that backward fly,
Where Coventry's city is stretching high
Its tapering steeples to pierce the sky;
And these twenty cyclers, on steeds of steel,
Are riding to visit the "home of the wheel."

Coventry's city is fair to see,
As you look across over meadow and lea,
Coventry's story is certain to be
Carefully carried o'er land and sea;
For far as it travels our steed of steel
Tells of the triple-spired "home of the wheel."

City, we greet thee, as slow we ride
Into the stream of thy busy tide.
Work that is honest is heaven's own pride,
And Coventry's work is known world-wide;
Yet, Coventry's will, worked in Coventry's steel,
Can't keep Coventry always the "home of the wheel."

CHRIS WHEELER.

A SUNDAY MORNING RIDE.

When fields released from snowy robes,
When Spring's warm breath the flower unfolds,
The cyclo, who by Winter's reign
Has banished been from hill and plain,
Brings out his wheel once more to try
A pleasant ride 'neath sunny sky;
Though in the air there lingers still
Faint traces of the winter's chill,
The blood leaps lightly through his veins
As on the leaf fall April rains;
The wild flowers, through the tender grass,
Peep shyly on him as he pass;
The bluebird, earliest of the train
From warmer climes, has come again;
And, flitting on from tree to tree,
Pours out his heart in melody.
This day, released from toil and care
With one or two his joys to share,
Upon a beauteous Sabbath morn,
Like fleecy clouds on air upborne
The cyclo, on his shining wheel,
New life within his pulses feels;
A rapture in his bosom glows,
Which no one but a rider knows;
The bursting buds on forest trees
Faintly perfume the passing breeze;
Or later on, in Summer's prime,
When bees go humming through the thyme,
The fragrant smell of new-mown hay,
Regales him as he wheels his way
Past lowland meadows, where the stream
Dances beneath the morning's beam,
Where blackbirds whistle and the thrush
Makes music through the Sabbath hush;
The lowing kine, in farm-yards seen,
Or roaming pensive on the green,
Seem almost conscious of the day;
The steeds, released from toil, may play
And gambol at their hearts' delight;
From early morn till dewy night
All nature rests. Our Maker knows
The peace which from the Sabbath flows.
Now carking Care may fold her wings,
Nor mar the peace which this day brings;
While sweet-toned bells, through balmy air,
Call grateful hearts to praise and prayer;
The churchward people, whom we pass
(Each stalwart man and blooming lass),
Look on us with a wondering eye,
As we all noiseless pass them by;
They think perchance we're sinners bold,
Whose fearful doom has oft been told
By preacher's voice from pulpit desk,
Whose words may oft pervert the text;
But He who, on a Sabbath morn,
In Jewish fields plucked ears of corn,
Proclaimed the *day* was made for *man*.
This is our Father's loving plan:
The pure in heart through fields may stray,
Nor desecrate the holy day;
May rest beside the murmuring rill,
And feel their hearts responsive thrill
With Nature's heart, or on a bike
May wheel along the lengthening pike;
And he who in the chancel kneels,
May feel no more than they on wheels.

JAMES D. DOWLING.

Thus use thy wheel not like a childish toy,
But love the patient steed that bears thee on
Where'er thou wish to go. The Arab loves
The barb that bears him o'er the sandy plain
Whose sinewy strength, by care and kindness nursed,
Returns the man's affection, love for love.

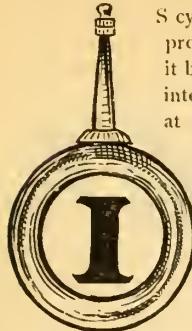
* * * * *

So ride that when thy summons comes to join
The mighty host of stalwart men who move
On to the annual meet of L. A. W.
As witness, or participants there,
Thou go not like a pampered officer
In palace car drawn by the iron horse,
But lightly poised upon thy turning wheel
Thou movest along the intervening road
Like fabled Centaur, man and steed combined,
Rejoicing in the modern name, wheelman.

JAMES D. DOWLING,

PHILADELPHIA.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

S cycling only another name for progress and unity? Last year it brought England and America into friendly rivalry on the paths at Springfield; a week or two ago England and France fought many stubborn battles on the tracks at Leicester and Wolverhampton, and to-day I am inaugurating with my pen cycling relations between the two great republics of the nineteenth century that, I trust, will be followed by many a well-fought race on each side of the Atlantic.

In this part of the old world, with all its republican institutions, we cannot boast of a progress to compare with that made by American wheelmen during the last few years. Frenchmen seem made of the wrong sort of stuff; like a certain pretty maid of world-wide notoriety, they have some sort of an idea that their face is their fortune, and the simple thought of "gravel rash" would frighten them away from a "bike." By and by, when the better half of La Belle France follow the lead so courageously set by the ladies of England and America, perhaps the youth of France will devote some of the time now given to titivating in front of a looking-glass to riding a spanking lick along the picturesque roads that surround Paris.

It is in the provinces that cycling has made most headway in France, and the clubs of Montpellier and Bordeaux advance about equal claims to be considered the Coventry or Springfield of the country. There are, however, two or three good clubs to be found in the capital; the Club de Cyclists de Paris organizes capital excursions, and as there are several Englishmen on the list of its members, American cyclists visiting Paris would do well to look them up in order to enjoy a good run with a few English-speaking companions. The Société Vélocipédique Métropolitaine is the club to which most of the French cracks belong. De Civry, the present champion of France; Dubois, holder of the junior championship; Médinger, a thundering hard man to beat on a "tri"; Pagis, the hero of the Paris-Vienna ride that created so much sensation in the infancy of cycling—are generally to be found at the headquarters of this club on a meeting night. There are two other clubs constituted entirely by Frenchmen: one, the Sport Vélocipédique, organizes good long-distance races, while the other, the Club Montmartre, came into existence on a series of fiascos, and appears likely to extinguish itself by the same means. All this sounds a lot like ancient history, but as it will clear the way for future notes, I'm going to ask the editor to be good enough to keep his pen off the copy. If I go back to the time when De Civry, Duncan, and Dubois returned from England covered with glory and loaded with gold, and Vidal with the glory, but *sans* cash (your readers will have heard of the Molineux row), I think I shall find a very good starting point for the news. Well, the cracks hadn't been in the country a week before they were obliged to "climb down." De Civry looked like a certainty for a couple of international events at Bordeaux, but Charlie Terront, of Agricultural Hall fame, thrashed him on the bicycle, while Eole, a young rider, ran away from him on the three-wheeler. On the same unlucky Sunday Duncan and Dubois were in for some good things

at Orleans, but a dark horse named Charron, who had not even a local celebrity to back him up, was too good for them and lowered their colors very effectively. Speaking of Charron as a "dark horse," a term which I suppose has the same significance in America as in England, reminds me of an incident that marred the proceedings. Whether Duncan was fairly beaten or succumbed to a fluke was much canvassed, some saying that the crack had the race so easily in his hands that he slackened before reaching the post and did not make allowance for the youngster "coming" at the finish. Anyhow the prize went to Charron and a scene occurred. Duncan appears to have recollect one or two forcible, if not polite, English expressions, which he translated for the benefit of his opponent, and there was sundry talk about punching "eyes," but the matter went no further. Frenchmen don't seem to tumble to the beauties of a rough and ready British description of a fight, and it's a long time since I have heard anything more comical than the *procès-verbal* of the squabble that was given me by a foreign listener.

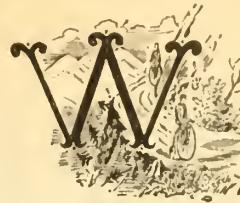
Several championships have been decided during the last week or two, but the principal events of the year are postponed until late in the season. On the 23d of May the long-distance tricycle championship of France brought ten or a dozen contestants to Bordeaux. A race of 50 kilomètres (31 miles 90 yards,) terminated as follows: Eole, 2h. 20m. 37s., first; Lautan, 2h. 22m. 40s., second; Leveilley, 2h. 25m. 45s., third. On the same day the championship of the Haut Rhone was decided over a course of 50 kilomètres on the road. A somewhat international character was given the affair by the presence of three Swiss riders amongst the eight starters, and the race turned out to be one of the most exciting ever run in France. Half a dozen of the competitors kept in a heap nearly the whole distance, and a rare finish resulted. Brionnet, Grenoble V. C., France, th. 57m. 30s., first; Bruet, Geneva V. C., Switzerland, th. 57m. 40s., second; Parent, Geneva V. C., Switzerland, th. 57m. 48s., third; Chatelain, Lyons V. C., France, th. 57m. 50s., fourth; Favel, Grenoble V. C., th. 58m. 30s., fifth; Dumolard, Grenoble V. C., th. 58m. 54s., sixth. By this race the record for 50 kilomètres has been pulled down by 11m. 30s. At Amiens, on the 30th, P. Médinger ran away with the two international events in the programme, winning the 2,500 mètres (1 mile 950 yards), tricycles, from L. Sourbadère and Jones, in 7m. 30s., and the 2,500 mètres bicycles in 6m. 4s. On the 6th of June, at Auch, there were also a couple of international races, the 4,000 mètres tricycle, resulting in favor of Eole, the champion of France, who won easily from Boyer, of Bordeaux, and Médinger, of Paris, in 8m. 30s., while Boyer and Médinger fought out the battle of the bicycles, the former just getting his wheel in front and completing the 8,000 mètres course in 17m. 35. There was a little race meeting at Adamville, a Parisian suburb, on the same date, at which Sourbadère, Castillon, and Capitrel, carried off the lion's share of the spoil.

According to present arrangements Duncan will be seen on the Springfield track this autumn, but I believe it is yet an open question whether either De Civry or Dubois will accompany him.

A visit to Paris is promised by Canary, the great American trick rider. De Civry and Duncan tell a queer yarn about him. I'll include it in my next month's notes for the benefit of readers of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

PARIS, June 12, 1886.

FROM OUR AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT.



E are fast approaching the close of another cycling season in this colony, and, when the present month is past, comparison will show whether this season has made the advancement that enthusiasts expected. Speaking as one who has been identified with the pastime since its infancy here, I must say the advancement does not appear to have been so great as I expected. The chief cause of this, however, is attributable to the very dry summer experienced, rendering the roads so loose that riding for some months had to be almost suspended. Nevertheless touring has been indulged in by many riders. One of the longest tours yet accomplished here was that of Mr. Langdown, who, in the early part of the season, started from Wellington, proceeded through the Manawatu gorge and through some very rough country to Napier on the east coast, thence crossing the ranges to Wanganui on the west coast. It was his intention to continue his journey by the west coast until reaching Wellington again, but, owing to his bicycle breaking down at New Plymouth, he had to abandon the intention. The time spent up to this point was about six weeks and the distance covered about 600 miles. Messrs. Lowry, Parker, and Painter also completed a long and difficult tour, viz., from Christchurch to Hokitika, or across the entire country. Many large rivers had to be forded and mountain ranges crossed, so that the journey proved one of considerable difficulty, and, although several riders had attempted the trip previously, I understand these are the first who have successfully completed the full distance. The distance traveled was slightly over 300 miles, and the time occupied ten days.

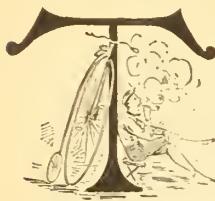
The New Zealand Cyclists' Alliance has carried out its bicycle championships. The first of these—the five miles—was held at Christchurch in December, in conjunction with the interprovincial bicycle races, and in the presence of His Excellency the Governor and 2,000 other spectators. The race included riders from Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin, and was won by Mr. T. C. Fisher, of Dunedin, with Mr. Langdown, the Christchurch champion, a close second. The one-mile was held at Auckland in January, won by Mr. Stewart, Mr. Fitton second, both Auckland riders. The ten-miles was held at Dunedin in April, won by Mr. Webb, recently from England, Mr. Reece, of Christchurch, being second. The Kangaroo pattern safety bicycles have come into extensive use here lately, more particularly by riders whose nerves will not admit of the dangers (in their opinion) connected with the ordinary machine. One of the results of the advent of the safety bicycle has been the almost total discardment of tricycles.

"PAEKIA."

CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z., May 22, 1886.

On June 2, P. C. Darrow, of this city, started on a trip from Boston to Indianapolis on an Expert Columbia bicycle. He reached home yesterday afternoon, after a tour of eighteen days. The route taken lay through Connecticut, along the Hudson river, across New York State, along the lakes, reaching home by way of Fort Wayne and Peru.—*Indianapolis Times*.

FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.



THE tournament is over; and London cyclists have almost ceased to talk about it already. It was a success, certainly, but our variable climate rendered it a very close thing, and failure dire and unutterable was only escaped by about forty-eight hours. The manager of the Alexandra Park athletic grounds has made a pecuniary profit, and a sporting success, of his venture, thanks to the cycling public appreciating his personal worth as a straightforward sportsman and painstaking manager; but the fickleness of our weather showed very plainly that the tournament is at the best a doubtfully lucrative speculation; for within forty-eight hours of the racing we were delayed by torrents of rain which, lasting over several days, actually washed away the surface of the track.

As far as the attendance was concerned, the numbers would not seem at all imposing to Springfielders; but for a London gate it was decidedly grand, exceeding every cycling or athletic meeting ever held in the metropolitan district excepting, perhaps, one or two of the Surrey Bicycle Club's gates at Kennington Oval, where the situation is exceptionally convenient for towns-people. Alexandra Park is on the road to nowhere, and although the railway journey from the city only occupies half-an-hour, or less, Londoners never have seemed to fancy it. So that when I say that the attendance on the Saturday was variously estimated at from 7,000 to 10,000, you must imagine that this represents 7,000 to 10,000 unusually sportive members of the great British Public. Saturday was, indeed, the day for spectators, our universal half-holiday system making it a foregone conclusion that the last day of the meeting would be the most important. On the Friday, the spectators were few, and on the Thursday fewer still, although good sport was presented on both those evenings.

The entries were the most numerous, and of the best class, possible; almost every crack rider in the British Isles had entered, and in the handicaps (which were all first-class, with a seventy-five yards limit to the mile, so that mediocre riders were kept out) the large number of scratch men was noticeable.

The first day—Thursday, May 20,—was devoted to preliminary heats, when the first good thing to be upset was in the tandem scratch race, the favorites—P. T. Letchford and A. J. Wilson—being defeated in their heat by the foreigners, Benkelaer and Kiderlen. Furnivall, Mayes, Speechly, and Illston beat Masters, Terry, and Adams, in the trial heats for the representation of England, Webber and English being absent through accidents.

On the Friday, there was not a breath of wind stirring; the temperature was equable, the track good, and the records began to go. W. A. Illston commenced operations by reducing the bicycle half-mile record to 1m. 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ s., which he further reduced in the final heat to 1m. 16s. In the one-mile tricycle handicap, A. J. Wilson brought the starting quarter down to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., and later on H. C. Sharp reduced this time by $\frac{2}{3}$ of a second. R. J. Mecredy made the tricycle mile in 2.58, only to have that record wrested from him by A. E. Langley, who did $\frac{3}{4}$ mile in 2m. 13s., and the mile in 2.55 $\frac{1}{2}$. J. M. Inglis was credited with the half-mile in 1.27 $\frac{2}{3}$. The feature of the day was the riding of

the boy Illston, whose win, from scratch, in the half-mile bicycle handicap, was very popular, the youngster having a beautiful style on his machine. Mecredy, the Irish representative, would have won the mile tricycle from scratch, probably beating Langley's time, but that his saddle came off. In the three-mile bicycle scratch-race the times were slow, all the men riding lazily; Furnivall was first, Illston second, and Speechly third. On this form, seeing that Illston had been riding in the handicap while Furnivall was resting, the boy should be a hard nut to crack for the championships this year.

On Saturday, there was some wind; and the only record which went was the two miles tricycle, which was broken by Kiderlen, 6m. 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. in his heat. In the final, John Lee rode a most game race, and won a splendid finish by a couple of yards from Kiderlen, Inglis being third. In the mile bicycle handicap, Illston was again the hero of the hour, but the wind would not let him approach the record nearer than 2.44 $\frac{1}{2}$. The five miles race for the International Challenge Shield was won, as was expected, by P. Furnivall, who, after a waiting race, beat E. M. Mayes by five yards; H. A. Speechly being third. D. W. Laing (Scotland) and S. R. Stedman (Ireland) were the other men in the final heat. The time was very slow, viz., 16m. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. The final heat of the five miles scratch tandem race produced a magnificent struggle, which sent the spectators fairly wild with excitement. It was the last event on the programme, and formed a fitting wind-up to the day's sport. Kiderlen (Holland) and Benkelaer (Belgium) rode together on a Humber tandem, and seemed to be most perfectly matched in their action, striking together beautifully, although Kiderlen was much the better rider of the two, on a single trike. J. Lee and Illston were also well matched, but although they made the pace at an awful rate, with the foreigners close up, they were left as though standing still when the foreigners put on a mighty spurt in the last lap and won by thirty yards. This broke up the British public, who mobbed and cheered the victors with the utmost good-will, considerably to the surprise of the visitors from abroad.

From the above it will be seen that England holds the challenge-shield; the representatives of Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and Belgium being fairly run off their legs by the three Londoners. Nevertheless, justice compels me to say that the intrinsically best show of the tournament was made by young Illston, the Birmingham lad, who rode splendidly in every event. Had he saved himself, as Furnivall did, for the scratch races, it is a moot point whether he would not have beaten the Londoner; but this question will be settled by the men's performances in the championship races, the first of which series will be held at Weston-super-Mare next Monday.

For the one-mile tricycle championship, Furnivall is most fancied. Letchford and Wilson are both stale, and the latter will not start, although *The Cyclist* predicts him as having as good a chance as anybody. Of the remainder, John Lee and R. J. Mecredy are the likeliest to trouble Furnivall; and if there is much wind (as there frequently is at Weston) I fancy most the chance of Mecredy, the Irish crack, whose forte is strength, as opposed to sprinting. For the twenty-five miles bicycle championship, J. E. Fenlon is most fancied, although his build is rather speedy than staying; but he is an improving rider, while all the others entered are either falling off, half-trained, or actual

mediocrities. Furnivall has not entered for this distance. These two races come off on Whitmonday, so that the results may perhaps be known in time for the present issue of your *Gazette*.

Of other scratch racing lately, the most noteworthy was the one-mile invitation bicycle race of the Racing C. C., won easily by Furnivall, Mayes being second and Wood third; and the same club's five miles tricycle championship, also won by Furnivall, fifteen yards in front of Letchford. For the latter race, Wilson had been the favorite up to the tournament day, but being overtrained this was to be his last race, and his chance was effectually extinguished by a collision which cut out every spoke from the outer row of his off-side driving-wheel. A. J. W. therefore disappears from the path for this season, for which the present writer is thankful, it being at all times a difficult task to avoid a feeling of egotism when stating broad facts about one's own racing performances. Just as this veteran racer (who has been on the path for nine successive years) drops out of the ranks, one of the best of the old-timers is returning to the track, in the person of M. D. Rucker, who was a very successful racing man up to seven years ago, and who bids fair to develop renewed powers after his long retirement. His initial performance last Saturday gained him a time-medal for the tricycle five miles above mentioned.

My news this month is essentially of the path. On the road, nothing of note has yet been done, if I except the private races, which are becoming very numerous among the clubs. In the immediate future, Alfred Nixon is contemplating an effort to regain his long-faded notoriety, by riding from Land's End to London in two days—a distance just under three hundred miles; and next Saturday week the North Road Club's open fifty miles road-race takes place; all kinds of cycles being eligible, and separate sets of prizes being offered for each class. This race is not so much to lower the records as to obtain comparative records showing the speeds of various cycles under identical conditions; and as I hear that some very representative entries have already been received, the results will be highly interesting.

On May 29, the Canobury Cycling Club—one of the oldest wheel clubs in London—promoted an open hill-climbing contest at Muswell Hill for which the entries of sixty-one riders were received. Safety bicycles and tricycles were barred, "ordinary" pattern machines only being allowed to compete; and the rider accomplishing the fastest time was rewarded with a gold medal, silver medals being given to the next five fastest men, and certificates to all who completed the ascent. The day was beautifully fine, and the surface of the road was in capital condition, so that nearly all the starters succeeded in reaching the summit without a dismount. P. L. Breysig, of the Finsbury Park and North Road Clubs, was the fastest, his time being 2m. 45s., and W. Travers was second, in 3 minutes, other competitors stretching out the time to as much as 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Some fuss has since been created by Travers alleging that Breysig used a bicycle specially built for the climb, but this turns out to be altogether wrong, the only peculiarity about Breysig's machine—which is the roadster he has been using for some time past—being that it is built for speed and power with a rather narrow hub, low handles, and no spring, the last being to enable him to ride a larger wheel than he could reach if he had a spring, as he is quite a little chap.

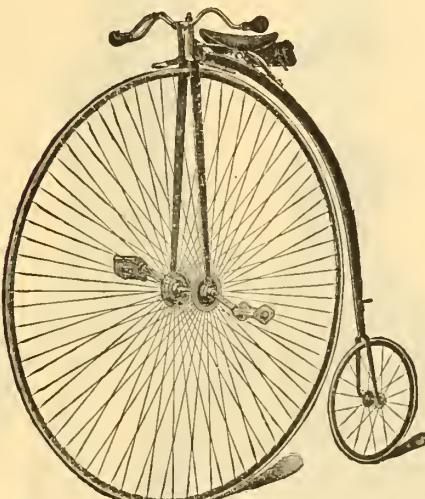
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On the same afternoon, a meet of tricyclists was held at Hampton Court,—the annual meet having hitherto been held at Barnes. Only three hundred riders or so attended, the Holborn Cycling Club scoring first honors by bringing nearly eighty riders into line. As a representative gathering of London tricyclists, the event was a ghastly failure, as will be understood when I say that some five or six years ago the bicyclists used to have an annual meet at Hampton Court, with about twenty times as many riders as attended the tricycle meet this year, although at the time there were fewer bicyclists in this country than there are now tricyclists.

The quarrel between the North Road Club and the Ripley Road Club has been amicably adjusted by a few of the leading spirits in each meeting at Ripley on the day after the tournament, and fraternizing in the utmost good fellowship. A friendly race is on the cards—or rather should be on them by this time—but, although the North Road Club offered to race the Ripley men on their own favorite ground—the ten miles between Ditton and Ripley,—twelve men a side, on condition that the Ripley Club would enter twelve men for the North Road Club's open fifty miles race, the match threatens to fall through owing to the Ripley men not being able to get together a team capable of racing such a long distance as fifty miles! No doubt, rather than spoil altogether, the North Road scorches will eventually race the Southerners on their own terms, but the absence of reciprocity is very marked, and it is rather absurd for an ostensibly crack road club to be unable to race fifty miles on the road.

Yesterday (June 12th) the North London Tricycling Club held its third annual road trial for twenty-four hours, six members starting from Barnet at midnight. Of these, C. W. Brown rode 266 miles by eleven p. m., the actual time in the saddle being 19 hours; E. P. Moorhouse went 175 miles; L. C. Brookes, 150; W. S. Harvey, 130; Dr. J. Greenwood, 130. Nelson's machine broke down, through his charging a curb-stone in the dark.

"FAED."

BIGGLESWADE, ENG., June 13, 1886.

WHEEL ETHICS.

"Tell me, O wheelman, ere you ride away,"
I asked, "where have you been this Sabbath day?"

Then the cyclo replied from his lofty perch,
With gracious mien, "I have been to church;
I have been to church, though, strange to tell,
I have heard neither parson nor tolling bell.

"Twas a volunteer choir, and the rapturous notes
That fell on my ear, as the tiny throats
Seemed bursting with praise of the Maker's name,
Thrilled with such joy I was glad that I came.

"And the air was so pure, so fresh and sweet,
Though I sat on a softly cushioned seat,—
That I never once thought of going to sleep;
Nor was the sermon too dull or deep.

"I remember the text, too, 'God is love,'—
'Twas everywhere written, around me, above,
On the stately columns that rose at my side,
To the vaulted arch so blue and wide.

"Upreeching to the very throne of grace,—
'Twas a grandly solemn, sacred place,
And I almost forgot how cold and drear
Is the earth, sometimes, heaven-seemed so near."

Thus I hold that pure worship has no part
In the time or the place, but springs from the heart.

CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



YCLERS are stewing just now, whether they be on their machines or off them, in all the glory of Fourth of July weather. Many parties of happy cyclers had arranged about a week since to take extended trips round the "Fourth" this year under promise at the time of the

making of arrangements of exceptionally cool weather, just the thing for riding. But such hopes were illusory. The "Fourth" is here and also the sun-god, giving us ninety in the shade, and the panting and frizzling bands of cyclers are at their wits' end to keep passably cool. A large party of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club are taking a two days' trip, the Fourth being observed as a holiday on the fifth, and notwithstanding that Philadelphia is reputably a very moral place, her cycling sons seem as a class to have very little compunction about riding on Sunday. I notice that in the columns of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, and other cycling papers, this subject, of the right or wrong of riding a bicycle or tricycle on Sunday, has been somewhat freely discussed of late. This is one of those questions which stand a very poor show of being settled either way, owing to the extreme views held by parties on both sides, and therefore, like all such matters which do not directly contravene what is generally supposed to be law and order, it may be left to what may be termed the jurisdiction of conscience. We are not having much stir in cycling circles here just at present. The association for the advancement of cycling lately started in Philadelphia is commencing work in a quiet way, a mode of starting which augurs well for its future. Already, as I have been given to understand, a communication has been received by it from the association of citizens formed some time since to agitate for improved streets and highways, throughout this much cobblestoned portion of the earth's surface. The communication from this august body of carriage and buggy drivers asked for the co-operation of the new cycling association. This little incident goes to show that the time may come, or rather that it will most surely come, when cyclers will have a considerable influence in matters relating to our roads.

Indeed this matter of agitating for good roads is one which ought to receive the attention of Philadelphia cyclers more perhaps than any others in the country. We have tried race meetings here and the building of race tracks. All the meetings have practically been financial failures, and the race tracks have come to naught. The really first-class one which was built a couple of years ago on South Broad street got so severely handled on account of alleged shortness in length, that its fate has not been deplored, since, amid the glory of falling records, it disappeared from the ken of cyclers. Since that grand *fauç pas* at Jumbo Park we have fought shy of any herculean attempts of a like nature to inoculate Philadelphians with any of the enthusiasm which Springfields have respecting cycle racing. So, as I said before, Philadelphia cyclers can hardly do better than to give their attention to the work of starting the ball of reform in the matter of roads and highways, rolling as fast and as far as it can possibly be made to go. Philadelphia is a good place to begin with.

Acting on the good old idea, to start with what is difficult or bitter and wind up with what is easy or sweet, if the initiative reforms do get started here (partly through the instrumentality of cyclers), who knows how far they will extend or what persons or places will find themselves under the necessity of imitating?

It having been demonstrated, and pretty conclusively, too, that it is but waste of energy on our part to attempt here what may be termed "Springfield racing," why not turn the spasmodic effort which has heretofore been expended on futile attempts to make fast time and full treasures, to good account in forcing, if possible, issues on the scores of good roads, etc.? The example of active work among cyclers in this matter would be worth something, too. We have seen how emulation in the matter of race meetings has been excited among different clubs and organizations of cyclers, and it is not too much to expect, in fact it is only reasonable to suppose, arguing from analogy, that active steps taken by cycling organizations, even in matters local connected with the bettering of our roads, would have a stimulating influence, and that wide-spread and well directed effort would emanate from, and be kept in active life by, the many little bands of wheel votaries scattered over the land. Rightly directed these cycling clubs and L. A. W. organizations throughout the different States might be so many little head centers, making their influence felt in political and municipal circles, in relation to all matters appertaining to the bettering of our roads. This idea has been broached before, and looking at the growth of the L. A. W. and to the development of cycling generally, it would seem as if at no distant date the idea will be an idea no longer, but that theory will have given place to something more substantial. As far as I am aware, this Philadelphia association for the advancement of cycling is the first thing of the kind yet started, and now if it can only meet with the support which it deserves, and achieve the success which it aims at, there is no reason why its example should not be followed, and why, as I said before, the emulative spirit should not be stirred into activity among our fellow wheelmen in other places.

Cycling in Philadelphia may be said to be undergoing the operation which the city is undergoing, *viz.*, one of steady, sure, and, if I am not mistaken, gigantic growth; none the less so that the process is apparently a slow one. Our quick growing trees and many other things are favored for the most part with comparatively short lives, while our toughest and strongest sons of the forest, as well as our toughest and strongest sons of humanity, are of slow growth, generally speaking. So, arguing from this, the stability of cycling and cycling institutions in this city would appear to stand assured. The Philadelphia Bicycle Club has at last laid the corner-stone of its new club-house, and a right comfortable and handsome house, according to all accounts, it is going to be. It will cost about \$20,000 and the appointments, etc., will be all that cyclers need ask for, even to accommodations for ladies. And here we note another step in the evolution of cycling in Philadelphia. Philadelphia's oldest club takes lady members, and while building its club-house special pains are being taken by it to have the comforts and needs of the fair members of the club attended to. Very probably the time will come when the tricycle will have made itself felt among the fair sex, when every bicycle and tricycle club

will have its lady members, and then the "cleaning out" fever, manifested so often on the road and elsewhere to the detriment of the physical make-up as well as the dignity of cyclers, will meet with a decided set back.

The Springfield meet will doubtless now be the thing to talk about. I should not be surprised if more cyclers shall go on to it from this neighborhood than went last year. If the fuss over the makers' amateurs, and the racing question altogether, about which you well know your correspondent knows nothing,—you were good enough to say so once,—can be fixed up, there will be no necessity for America's great race gathering to die.

CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1886.

FROM OUR PACIFIC COAST CORRESPONDENT.

Wheeling is on the boom, now that the season is fairly opened, and wheels are being rapidly disposed of by the agents.

To enliven the interest in cycling the ever energetic Bay Citys have offered a gold medal to the member scoring the greatest mileage up to November 1, and a leather medal (special) for the one riding the least. Competition is at present very brisk. Quite a number of Eastern wheelmen are visiting us, having taking advantage of the low rates, and they are in ecstasies over our climate and scenery, but they prefer their own roads.

Wednesday, May 12, the Bay City Wheelmen tendered a banquet to the newly elected officers of the California division of the L. A. W. It was a most enjoyable affair, about one hundred wheelmen being present. President Hill, of the Bay Citys, acted as toast-master and introduced the chief consul, Mr. R. C. M. Welch, of San Francisco. Welch made a very clever little speech, reviewing the life of the bicycle and the L. A. W., and wound up by proposing a toast to the L. A. W., which was heartily responded to. Speeches and songs followed in rapid succession, conspicuous among the latter being the following original song by S. Booth, Sen.:—

O, all you members of the League,
Whose lungs are good and strong,
Come join with all your voices in
The chorus of my song;
About a gallant wheelman and
A comrade good and true,
Elected district consul of
The L. A. W.

CHORUS.

This fine American wheelman
All of the modern time.

No shining stars nor golden bars
Attest his racing fame,
Nor do the cycling chronicles
His victories proclaim.
He holds no envied "record"
Of a mile, or of an hour;
His record is "good fellowship"
When out upon a tour.

CHORUS.

This fine American wheelman, etc.

In the heroic days of old,
Before great Caesar's birth,
To be a Roman consul was
The grandest thing on earth.
But not great Julius himself,
The day that he did squelch
The Roman Senate, was a prouder
Man than *Consul* Welch.

CHORUS.

This fine American wheelman, etc.

To win the Roman consulate,
And stand where Caesar stood,
Great Pompey and his friends went down
Amid a sea of blood;
And so to gain the lofty place
Which he adorns to-night,
Our modern consul comes victorious
From a gallant fight,

CHORUS.

Like a fine American wheelman, etc.

Among his brave competitors
Who came to sudden grief
Was Mohrig of the Drill Corps,
And erst their gallant chief.
Though wearing proudly on his breast
Full many a prize, I trow
His glistening stars and golden trophies
Could not save him now,

CHORUS.

From this fine American wheelman, etc.

"The San Franciscans" also had
Their champion candidate,
And fain had seen young Harry Greene
Crowned with the consulate;
But though his comrades mustered strong
And true across the bay,
And though hero of many a fall,
His worst fall was that day,

CHORUS.

By this fine American wheelman, etc.

Other competitors there were,
But all to fame unknown,
Who never spoke in others' praise,
But loudly sang their own;
And others still who trusted in
Their monumental cheek
For victory, but they, too, were
Compelled to eat the leek,

CHORUS.

By this fine American wheelman, etc.

And so we come to celebrate
His triumph here to-night,
With speech and song to welcome him
Victorious from the fight;
To lay our vows of fealty
And service at his feet,
And wish that as Chief Consul
The success might be complete,

CHORUS.

Of this fine American wheelman, etc.

The Clipper Quartette helped to make things lively by several very well rendered quartettes, and received round after round of applause. F. R. Cook responded to "our racers" in a few short remarks. When he had finished some one cried, "What's the matter with Cook," whereupon every one present arose and yelled, "He's all right every time, you bet!" It was quite a late hour when we dispersed, and it was universally said to have been one of the pleasantest meetings we have yet had.

Our division officers are truly "rustlers," especially the chief consul. He has traversed some 500 miles within the last few weeks, wakening the sluggards to join our merry band, and also getting items concerning the various roads of the State, for a road book, which he is preparing.

Messrs. Meeker and Hill, of the Bay Citys, and Kennedy, of Denver, recently took a trip to the Geysers, and upon the whole had a most enjoyable trip, though they had some startling adventures. Messrs. Tittle, Booth, and Welch recently took a trip to Livermore and returned the same day, a distance of about 75 miles; they report walking along the mountain ridges as very bad, though most of the way they had fine wheeling and some splendid coasts. Messrs. Cruikshank, Dubois, and Blinn, of the Highland Park Wheelmen, recently took a trip to the Yosemite Valley. They say they

came across a man who had never seen a bicycle before and took them for a traveling circus.

Cook has received his "walking papers" from the genial chairman of the racing board of the L. A. W. This is taken by the wheelmen on this coast as an insult, and is very keenly felt by the Bay City Wheelmen, who have worked so hard for the cause of cycling ever since their organization, and who were the prime movers in the formation of a State division of the L. A. W. I ask if you think this is treating us right, to expel our captain. May be the worthy chairman will imagine that we shall construe every action of the racing board as being perfectly proper without further comment, and calmly submit, bounce our captain, and send them a vote of thanks for their highly commendable action. But allow me to inform you that we are made of sterner stuff, and sooner than bounce our captain we shall bounce the League. It is well for the racing board that they do not reside in the "far West," or I am afraid their racing days would be brought to a speedy close. By the way, what's the matter with Van Sicklen that he was not "on the list"? Well, one thing is sure, we won't bounce our professional (?) captain, and we won't refuse to race with him; then again we don't allow professionals in our ranks, so "here's a pretty state of things." What is the racing board going to do about it? Better send a carload of certificates out, I guess, or warn us through the *Bulletin* to beware of "ourselves."

On May 31, the long-awaited races of the Bay City Wheelmen and the Albion Athletic Club came off. The day was very fine, but in the afternoon a rather stiff breeze came up, which, coupled with the softness of the track, made the pushing up the back stretch very much like work. The track was a five-lap one consisting mostly of gravel upon which about one week's work had been done. In some places it was very soft, the wheel sinking in as much as three inches, which accounts for the slow time. The bicycle events were a half, one, two, and five mile, and a maiden mile, the first two being scratch. In the half-mile were F. D. Elwell, of the Bay City Wheelmen, and H. G. Kennedy, of Denver. Elwell obtained a very poor start by giving his handle-bars such a jerk that they nearly broke. Kennedy thus got a start of about 40 feet; when Elwell got under way, however, he came like a streak, passing Kennedy in great style and winning the race in 1.33.

In the mile scratch were Elwell, of the Bay City Wheelmen, W. G. Davis, of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, and C. A. Biederman, all of San Francisco. Elwell and Davis lit out, leaving Biederman some ten yards behind, on the second lap. Elwell led until the last lap, when Davis passed him on the inside and won in 3.10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Elwell thought there was another lap and intended to let Davis lead half of it and was quite surprised, as were all present, to see Davis carry the tape. He claimed a foul, which would have been allowed had he cared to press it, but he preferred to run it over, to which, however, Davis objected. They will probably meet at a future date, if Davis has the grit.

In the two-mile handicap were Elwell, Kennedy, Biederman, II. S. Blood, and a few others. Elwell and Kennedy started from scratch, Blood fifty yards, Biederman sixty. From the start it was easy to see that the contest lay between Elwell and Kennedy. They soon overhauled the head men and then laid down to work, Elwell forcing the pace with Kennedy's wheel lapping him. If the track had been in any sort of condition a good

record would surely have been made. On the final lap, when near the tape Kennedy forged a wheel ahead of Elwell; the latter straightened up and throwing all his weight on the pedals came up even and just at the tape got his wheel about a foot ahead of his competitor, winning the race in 6.56½.

The mile maiden race was one of the most interesting of the kind ever run on the coast. The entries were I. S. Ireland, H. P. W., R. W. Turner, B. C. W., J. D. Sears, F. James, B. C. W., W. Hammer; the other entries failed to put in an appearance. Ireland and James started out at a good pace, closely followed by Turner. On the last lap the men got bunched very closely until the last half when Turner forged ahead and succeeded in keeping so to the close. Time, 3.27, Ireland second, James third. Before the two-mile race some friend (?) of Elwell's filled him with beer, the bad effects of which he felt after the race, so he concluded to stay out of the five mile. The race was started with Kennedy scratch, Blood, Sears, and Churchill with handicaps from 50 to 100 yards. Kennedy soon caught up the handicaps and led, with Blood second, Churchill third. Blood passed Kennedy several times but the latter always succeeded in catching up. On the five mile Churchill put on a good burst of speed and got to the front. Lap after lap was passed with him leading, Blood and Kennedy alternately trying to pass him but without success. On the last lap, however, Blood met with success and got to the front, but was in turn passed by Kennedy, who succeeded in winning the race in 19.04½, Blood second, Churchill third.

The meeting was a complete success in every way and was the best field day ever held on the coast. The races were all very exciting and closely contested, and the next meeting is looked forward to with considerable interest. The officers of the meet are to be congratulated on their admirable tact in conducting the affair as they did.

The following were the officers: Referee, F. R. Cook; starter, W. C. Brown; judges, E. Mohrig, E. F. O'Connor, J. J. Theobald; timers, Col. G. C. Edwards, P. McIntyre, A. W. Brown; clerks of course, Thos. L. Hill, P. N. Gafney.

At the conclusion of the races "Malty," the world-renowned trick rider, gave an admirable exhibition on the wheel, which was the best ever seen on the coast.

Sometime ago a tournament was given by the Bay City Wheelmen, in which the San Francisco Bicycle Club assisted, to create a fund for the building of a track. A treasurer was appointed to keep charge of the coin, who happened to be a Bay City Wheelman. This has worried the San Francisco Bicycle Club for a long time, and finally, to settle matters, the fund was divided between the Bay City Wheelmen and the San Francisco Bicycle Club, each taking one half. As the San Francisco Club had but four men in the parade against forty odd of the Bay City Wheelmen, and as the Bay City Wheelmen did all the work and all the racing, I presume the San Francisco Bicycle Club is satisfied with the settlement. "ROCKS."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 3, 1886.

FROM OUR NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENT.

Bicycling is on a greater boom than ever. Good weather, fine races, news from Boston tourists—why, we are all upside-down! Not less than nine young men, within the last month, have handed in their applications for membership in the handsome little N. O. Bi. Club. The plucky little

rider, Van Merbeeke, of New York, stopped in this city on his way to San Francisco, and was royally entertained by New Orleans riders. The Young Men's Gymnastic Club held its first annual athletic tournament at the Fair grounds, May 29 and 30. Among their many sports were bicycle races, tendered the New Orleans Bicycle Club. The first day's sport opened with a mile handicap, with the following contestants: W. L. Hughes, E. E. Marks, G. McD. Nathan, and our able young editor of the *Bicycle South*, W. W. Crane. The judges considered them so evenly matched that they were all started from the scratch. They were started at 4 P. M., exactly, Hughes a little the best, but he had hardly gone fifty yards, when his little wheel was seen to rear, and he took a lovely header. Not discouraged by his fall he quickly mounted, and was after the gang at a clipping gait. At the half-mile Nathan was about two hundred yards ahead, Mark second, Crane third, and Hughes last but rapidly gaining; at three-quarters, Nathan still ahead; seven-eighths, all bunched, when, unfortunately for Crane, he took a header and was out of the race. Down the stretch it was a pretty sight, and a hard tussle; when within ten yards of the finish, Hughes overtook Marks and was declared winner by six inches. He was warmly congratulated by his friends for his success, and also his nerve in mounting and riding after having taken a fall. Time, 4m. 3 1-2s. Half an hour afterwards there was a half-mile dash by the same gang, with the addition of F. M. Ziegler, Jr. Hughes had everything his own way, took the lead from the start, and won as he liked, legs on handle-bars. Time, 1.51½. Crane was unfortunate enough to take another header in this race, which used him up pretty badly. The next day being Sunday there was only one race and two starters, Hughes and Marks, a mile dash. Marks got the best of the start and took the lead, which he held until the seven-eighths, when Hughes caught him, passed him, and won by about forty yards. Time, 3.51.

The track on which the races were run is our race course, a one-mile dirt track, and, as it was not in the best condition, the time made is considered very excellent. Hughes was awarded his three medals the night afterwards, and of course feels very proud. Expect to have our L. A. W. races soon, when the boys will have another go at each other.

"NEW ORLEANS."

* * * * *

News Notes.

2.34.

He got there.

On Monday, July 5.

Hampden Park, Springfield.

His name is George M. Hendee.

Sin twisters, Hartford and Springfield.

Col. Pope and A. H. Overman are in Europe.

To differ with a League official is to declare war.

Dayton, Ky., is boiling over with bicycle enthusiasm.

Howell won the first professional race of the season.

A. C. U. stock has an upward tendency and is in lively demand.

No more loafing at A. C. U. races; the \$10 fine racket works to a charm.

The *Cycle* has been made the official organ of the racing board L. A. W.

The Lynn Cycle track is undergoing a few slight changes for its betterment.

Work is in progress on the bicycle track at the lacrosse grounds, Winona, Minn.

Dr. Geo. E. Blackham believes in reforming the amateur rule within the League.

Every wheelman visiting Dayton, Ohio, always calls on that prince of cyclists, A. W. Gump.

By far the best riding this season has been done by Weber in the Clarksville road race.

At a recent race meeting in the North of England three frying pans were offered as prizes.

The A. C. U. will have no official organ, as the daily press can furnish ample accommodations.

Over two hundred cyclists took part in the annual parade of the Brooklyn wheelmen, June 17.

English amateurs visiting America this fall can race under A. C. U. rules and not lose their standing.

The A. C. U. rules commend themselves to everybody and only words of praise are spoken of them.

The A. C. U. starts off nobly in the line of records, one-mile 2.34, all from five to ten miles inclusive.

How would the Englishmen like to compete with Star Weber in some of their hundred-mile road races?

Kluge, the Star champion, will not be able to ride for some time, in consequence of his fall at the Lynn meet.

What's the matter with Ducker? He's stubborn as a mule! Well, and what's the matter with the A. C. U.?

See "for sale columns" for bargains in racing wheels. No need of being dependent on the makers, with such bargains.

P. Harvard Reilly's trip to Europe is a success. The party leaves New York, Saturday, July 3, and includes ladies.

W. S. Maltby, the fancy and trick bicycle rider, has sailed for Australia, and will undoubtedly astonish the natives of the far south.

The Springfield treaty: The signing of the article of peace between the Pope Manufacturing Company and the Overman Wheel Company.

The Sporting and Theatrical Journal has now become the official organ for the Illinois division, owing to the death of the *Mirror of American Sports*.

Can any one tell the difference between an association that winks at men receiving their expenses and one whose rules allow what the other forbids but dares not enforce?

Racing men and others visiting Springfield this fall will be glad to learn that Mrs. Gardner has enlarged the house 39 Main st., and is better than ever prepared to entertain visiting wheelmen.

A correspondent asks the question, "Would not a toll road for cyclers along the line of railroads, constructed and kept in repair by them, be possible and profitable?" We think it would.

"Ride to the devil!" said Pat, with a contemptuous look at the combination of man and wheels. "Do ye think I cam from the aould country to drive a donkey-caart, bedad, and be me own horse?"—Record.

Albert Schock was arrested in Minneapolis,

Minn., June 17, having assaulted an employé in Brown Brothers' restaurant, in which he has recently taken an interest, with a carving-fork. The dispute arose over the filling of an order.

Col. Albert A. Pope, president of the Pope Manufacturing Company, in company with George H. Day, the manager of the factory at Hartford, sailed from New York, Saturday, July 3, for a two-months business and pleasure trip abroad.

The Lakin Cyclometer Company of Westfield offers the California wheelmen a gold cyclometer to be competed for between July 15 and January 15, owing to the difference in their riding season, which prevents their competing with riders of other sections of the country.

At last, the racing seems to be fast getting into shape, for which we have to thank the A. C. U. The members from Lynn, Newtonville, Springfield, and Hartford have worked like beavers, one and all; one full board meeting every week and an average of two minor meetings extra. Nothing like A. C. U. enthusiasm; it beats all.

The Boston *Globe* says: "One of the Boston cycle dealers stated recently that he had a waste-paper basket full of applications from non-suspended straight amateur racing men, asking that they be on the quiet furnished with machines and expenses for racing at all future events which are run under League rules. It is remarkable," said the dealer, "how cheaply you can buy League amateurs. They come at a much lower rate than do those in the A. C. U."

The Elmira *Tidings* asks a question of the city government: "The Council has denied the bicyclist the right of the sidewalk, even in wet weather, but the numerous children's tricycles and other vehicles are still permitted to obstruct the walks and annoy pedestrians. Especially is this true on the bridges. Even last evening we noticed a lady's elegant dress torn and smeared by a girl who needs must go at a breakneck speed, and occupied the whole passageway nearly. If one is denied, why not, city fathers, give attention to the greater evil?"

Percy Furnivall, the favorite here last September, is riding in great form both on the tricycle and the bicycle, having won the one-mile tricycle championship at Weston the 14th over Langley and Lee, the best heat being made in 2m. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. The 25-mile bicycle championship was run the same day. R. H. English, the champion at the distance, was entered for this, but suffered from a lame ankle, and finished seventh. It brought a new champion, J. E. Fenlon, of the Gainsboro club. Ratcliff was second and Gatehouse third. The time was good, 1h. 19m. 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

The *Sporting and Theatrical Journal*, Chicago, says: "Ed Wilcox, who is known all over as the best salesman in the trade, especially for pastures new where a bicycle has never been seen, was in town the other day. Wilcox has a farm down in Geneva, and when not thinking of the American cycles is quite apt to turn his attention to the disposition of the produce. That he has great ability in this direction is evident, as while riding down town with Mr. Gormully he sold him five hundred pounds of butter, one hundred dozen eggs, and a horse for home use. Verily, Wilcox, you are a dandy."

Gormully & Jeffery have recently received a very handsome bronze medal from the New Orleans Exposition Co. as a souvenir of the fact that

their wheels took the first award at the New Orleans Exposition. On one side of the medal is an allegorical design of "The Three Americas," similar to that on the Prince Albert memorial in London; and on the other is a suitable inscription. It is claimed that there are more of the American Cycles in actual use in the South than those of all other makes combined. Several of the largest clubs ride these wheels exclusively and take their club name from them.

The *Springfield Daily Union*, in a recent issue, says: "A. B. Norton, of Westfield, who is one of the contestants for the Lakin gold cyclometer offered to the amateur wheelman of the country recording the greatest number of miles during the year, has already scored nearly 4,000 miles. The contest closes December 1. Bank Clerk Goodnow of the same town made a record of 5,050 miles last year. The way the Westfield boys do it is to tackle a sort of square over there, the distance around which is about two miles, and keep pegging away at it for a number of hours. Goodnow, so it is said, used to leave the bank about 4 o'clock and ride into the night, and sometimes on moonlight nights he would ride all night. They have a good hard sidewalk and the road is thus an easy one."

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

"Grateful fragrance along the way
Revealed the presence of new-mown hay."

In a late run home by starlight; and we could in the dim light just make out the forms of the heaps of hay made ready for barn or stack. Fireflies seemed trying to light up the shadowy scenes as we passed, but their fitful flashes made the darkness darker, and objects more vague. Our silent progress now and then startled some night prowler, who skurried away through tall weeds and grass by the roadside, and at one time a little owl swooped about overhead, with the peculiar snapping sound of his hooked beak, as if he disputed our right of way. Scents and sounds familiar to all farm-yards greet us as we pass one where a big ox chews the cud of sleepy contentment beside the gray old barn. Carts and tools are strewn about where night found them, and the day's toil ended.

All along the way on this dark run of three miles, we rode so easily and securely without a lamp, that the Facile has scored a point as a night roadster.

The Stamford Wheel Club, and several unattached, sail and wheel to Coney Island on their annual run, July 15. They had a club run and shore dinner on the 5th.

At this writing the Solitary Club is preparing for the capture of New Jersey at an early day, and it will be well if they keep the roads clear, and have the *cuisine* of the hotels up to the standard!

Consul Baldwin is working up the road book, and Consul Reynolds is looking after the L. A. W. signals. The lack of one at Putnam's Hill has caused several headers, during the spring.

Three Meriden cyclers, touring to Tarrytown, Albany, Howe's Cave, and probably home by way of Springfield, called here recently. They rode two Stars and one Club, and looked equal to a long distance and a good time.

Those figures for a road of macadam are rather startling. We think that a steam crusher in this very stony section of country would lower them very much.

"STAMSON."

BROOKLYN NOTES.

The Bedford Cycling Club has been "fixing up" its club-rooms in general. It has also put in some new lockers.

Fisher, of the Bedford Cycling Club, is now on a three months' tour in California. Besides riding, he will also do some sketching.

Captain Pettus, of the Kings County Wheelmen, has received his new Royal Mail. He considers it quite a good machine for ordinary road-riding.

The Bedfords have been very quiet, during the past month, and seem to need a little shaking up. It is quite a large club, and ought to show some enthusiasm.

The Wayside Wheelmen are no more. With few exceptions they have joined the Kings County Wheelmen. Several of them went over to the Bedfords, and a few others remain unattached.

A. B. Barkman, president of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, and compiler of the Long Island Road Book, who recently sprained his ankle while dismounting near Jamaica, is riding again. He will ride a Victor this season.

At the Brooklyn Athletic Club's games, May 31, a two-mile handicap race was held in connection with the other sports. The bicycle race resulted in an easy victory for F. L. Ray, of the Ixion Bicycle Club, with J. S. Kulp second by nine yards.

The weather has been perfect during the past month, and a great many club runs and tours were held. Our local clubs were all well represented at the League meet, and the "boys" report having had a good time, although the business meeting was not what they had expected.

The two-mile road race of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club resulted in a victory for Hawkins, with Slocum a good second. The event proved very exciting, and was witnessed by a throng of wheelmen. The course was two miles of the Ocean Parkway, the favorite road of Brooklyn wheelmen.

E. Valentine is the coming man of the Kings County Wheelmen, as well as of Brooklyn. At the recent race meeting of the Kings County Wheelmen he gave A. B. Rich, the New York State champion, some hard work. He makes excellent home spurts, and if he continues will soon rival Rich.

The annual parade of Brooklyn and New York clubs took place on Bedford avenue. The start was made at 9 P. M. at Bergen street, and the long line of lights moved up the avenue to the Kings County Wheelmen club-rooms, where refreshments were served. There were about 200 wheelmen in line.

Harry Farr, the Ilderman Bicycle Club's coming man, took a bad fall by slipping his pedal in the road race. He was picked up unconscious, with both wrists sprained, his lip badly cut, and an ugly bump on the right side of his head. Nevertheless, he is now all right again, and raced in several of the Kings County Wheelmen's races.

The ladies of Brooklyn contemplate organizing a tricycle club. Several ladies have already signified their intention of forming a club if they can get enough members to make some sort of a display. The number of lady tricyclists is gradually increasing, and the forming of a club might be an inducement to a great many young ladies to become tricycle riders.

The competition among the Brooklyns, for the

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

PROVED ITSELF THE FASTEST CYCLE IN THE WORLD!

The Rover Safety

(Patented and Registered)

50 MILES ON THE ROAD, 3h. 5m. 34s.

10 MILES, 29m.

30½ MILES, 1h. 41m.

15 EXBURY ROAD, CATFORD HILL, May 6, 1886.
Messrs. STARLEY & SUTTON:

Gentlemen — After giving the ROVER SAFETY a thorough trial, extending over several months, I feel bound to testify my entire satisfaction with the machine. Although geared to 60 inches, I find that it not only equals but excels every other machine for hill-climbing, while coasting is a perfect luxury unattainable on any other one-track cycle that I know of; and its ample brake power enables one to bring the ROVER almost to a standstill on the steepest decline without the certainty of a nasty header, as would be the case on any ordinary bicycle or on most of the so-called safeties. Previously to this season I had always pinned my faith to the ordinary bicycle; but my experience of the ROVER has led me to the conclusion that it is not only the safest but also the swiftest cycle on the road, and I can safely say that my mounts in future will always be of the ROVER type.

Yours faithfully,

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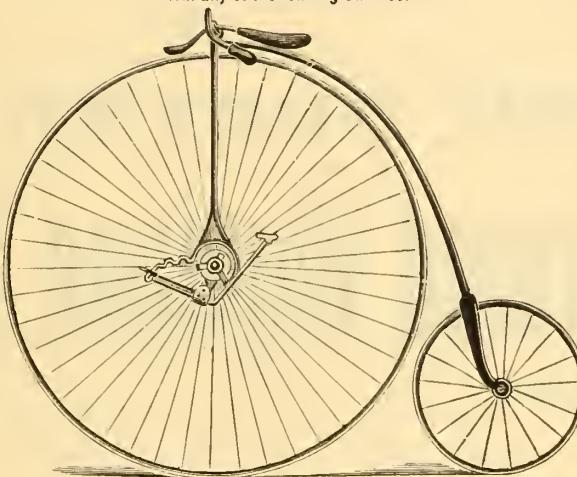
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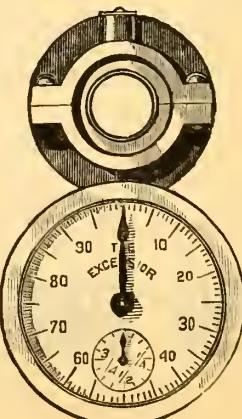
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various medals which have been offered, is becoming very strong. Hawkins rode 135 miles on the road in fifteen and one-half hours, and Messrs. Barkman and Skinner made a century run inside of ten hours. Meeteer, the winner of their one-mile club championship race, is also a good road rider, but does not seem to care for making records.

The Brooklyn Bicycle Club held a club run to Roslyn, L. I., on June 12. They took the 4.22 p. m. train from Brooklyn to Jamaica. The distance from Jamaica to Roslyn was made by wheel, and the return by boat to New York. This was a rather curious club run, as the distance from Brooklyn to Roslyn and return is fifty-one miles, while but fourteen miles were ridden on bicycle.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* devotes a column or more every day to so-called "Sports and Pastimes." Generally it had a whole column filled with baseball news, and once in a while throws in some cricket news. But it does not seem to consider cycling a sport, for it never has anything to say on the subject except when some important event takes place, and then it condenses it as much as possible.

The Kings County Wheelmen have proved that they can put the best team on the road by the manner in which they won the inter-club race of the New York and New Jersey Team Road Racing Association. Ed. Pettus, their captain, who has been out of training for over two years, and who everybody thought would have no chance whatever, managed to come in fifth and received great applause.

Jamaica, L. I., which is about twelve miles distant from Brooklyn, has about fifteen bicycle riders and a few tricycle riders. A few of the boys would like to organize a club, the same as some of our Brooklyn clubs, the members of which do a great deal of touring with them. If they could get the support of all Jamaica's riders, form a club, and hire some nice, comfortable club-rooms, they would very likely attract a great many young men who are not yet riders.

The Kings County Wheelmen held their annual race meeting at the Brooklyn Athletic Association's grounds. Numerous entries had been received from all the best racers in the State, and some pretty good time was made. The track is of cinder and measures five laps to the mile. Harry Hall was to have raced, but did not turn up. He is said to be getting some surprisingly fast time out of his Star, and many of the riders present wanted to see him test it on the track.

The Kings County Wheelmen and the Independent Wheelmen held club runs to Pachogue on Decoration Day, returning the following day. When they reached Babylon, about twenty miles from Pachogue, they were all soaked, having ridden some distance in a heavy shower. The Kings County Wheelmen and all of the Independents took the train from there, except two of the Independent Wheelmen. They resolved to ride the whole distance, and were rewarded by having a cool, clear afternoon.

An accident occurred on Henry street by which a prominent wheelman almost got into a scrape. A small boy was playing ball in the middle of the street, with his back towards the approaching cyclist. The rider turned to one side to pass him, when the boy, unconscious of all danger, ran to the same side and collided, the bicycle throwing the rider, and falling on the boy. His father immediately had the wheelman arrested, but, on

learning that his son was not hurt, refused to press a complaint, and the wheelman was allowed to proceed.

Hello! The Prospect Park badges are out at last. They are certainly not very attractive, and are very large. The badge is round and a trifle larger than our silver dollar. In the middle the rider's number is inscribed in plain black figures. Above this is printed in black letters "Wheelmen's Badge," and below "B. P. C." Half the size would have sufficed, but the Brooklyn Park Commissioners seem to think a wheelman likes to make as much show as possible, or may be they are trying to make him look as stupid as possible, by compelling him to wear conspicuously on his breast a badge larger than our cart-wheel dollar. However, we have to submit to it and pay fifty cents besides, if we wish to have the privilege of riding in the Park. Another dodge of the commissioners was to commence selling the badges from number 300 up, and as soon as they had become known to most wheelmen, then they commenced to sell the lower numbers.

Among the Clubs.

CONNECTICUT DIVISION L. A. W.—The annual meeting of the Connecticut State division L. A. W. was held at Hartford on Tuesday, June 29. At the officers' meeting a number of important matters affecting the interests of the division were considered. The subject of a road book of Connecticut was taken up. The book will probably be issued this fall and will contain careful details of about 3,000 miles of road in Connecticut, with maps and distances, besides a general description of the character of the road. It was voted to formally demand of E. M. Aaron, the national secretary-editor, the sum due this division and for some unexplained reason unpaid. The subject of changes in the racing rules of the League was discussed, and while a change of some sort was felt to be necessary the exact form of it was not the subject of a vote. A motion to allow all wheelmen, members of the League, to race in classes (except professionals), provided they had no better record than that of the class entered, was lost.

At the general meeting there was an attendance of a little over 100 members. The report of the secretary-treasurer was read and showed receipts of \$243, a balance of \$95, and due from the national secretary-editor about \$329. The ballot for secretary-treasurer of the division resulted in favor of D. J. Post by a vote of 56 to 45 for F. H. Crysler.

The annual report of the chief consul, C. G. Huntington, was a strong document. It reports a membership of the division of nearly 550 against 307 at the last annual meeting and an increase from six to ten representatives. The percentage of growth has been as great as that of any division except Massachusetts. The matter of racing is thus treated:—

"The racing interests of this division are very considerable, and in referring to them I beg to here state that I consider the course now being taken by the national racing board most unwise and unreasonable. In my judgment want of reason has become a chronic and constitutional malady with this racing board. The effect of its recent action, if consummated, would entirely cripple the tournaments without giving any offsetting advantage whatsoever. The noise and stir made throughout

the country by the great race meetings of the past three years have worked wonders for the general benefit of cycling. I claim that it is a most important part of the work to which the League's support is pledged to do everything possible toward the encouragement and success of these race meetings. What lies at the bottom of the League's persecution of the 'makers' amateur' and the branding of him as a 'professional'? I can conceive of nothing unless it is 'because it's English, you know.' * * * The 'makers' amateur' rides to win the race; the 'professional' rides to win what, if you will excuse the vulgarity, I should term the 'boodle,' and the worst of it is, the unsuspecting public has no means of determining whether the 'boodle' goes with the head or the tail of the procession which passes under the wire. True, the outward and visible occupation of the 'makers' amateur' may be cycle racing, but he does not ride with professional intent, according to the best meaning of the term as applied to athletics, and he should not be classed with those who do so ride. The League justly forbids racing for money prizes. Such racing is demoralizing. * * * Whatever the League does toward the elimination of the gambling element is commendable, but it goes too far in rule II. The whole vexing question could be easily and effectively settled by taking every man morally entitled to recognition as an amateur and placing him on the path by time classification, strictly according to his ability."

RACE MEETINGS.

BRUSHITON (PA.) BICYCLE CLUB.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26.	
<i>One-Mile Handicap.</i>	
W. D. Bunker, scratch, Pittsburgh, Pa.	Time, 4.57
John E. Harris, 55 yards, Pittsburgh, Pa.	
<i>Half-Mile Amateur.</i>	
W. D. Bunker, Pittsburgh, Pa.,	Time, 1.34 3-4
J. W. McGrady,	

CANADIAN WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Date of Meeting, July 1, 2, and 3, 1886. *Track*, cinder, 4 laps to a mile. *Weather*, very fine and bright. *Wind*, very strong.

OFFICERS—*Referee*, J. S. Brierley of St. Thomas, Ont.; *Judges*, W. L. Malby of Montreal, Angus Grant of Montreal, W. G. Eakins of Toronto, Ont.; *Timer*, J. A. Taylor of Montreal; *Starter*, J. A. Muirhead of London, Ont.; *Clerk of Course*, W. G. Ross of Montreal; *Secretary*, I. G. Gualdinger of Montreal; *Attendance*, large first day, medium second day.

THURSDAY, JULY 1.

One-Mile, 4th Class (green).

Chas. Ware, Marblehead, Mass.,	Time, 3.20 1-2
D. Pollock, Montreal,	" 3.37 3-8

One-Mile Championship of Canada.

H. W. Clarke, Woodstock, Ont.,	Time, 3.09 1-2
Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont.,	" 3.09 5-8

100 Yards Run, in Heats. 1st Heat.

J. S. Robertson, Montreal,	Time, 10 1-5
Bert Field, Woodstock, Ont.	

100 Yards Run. 2d Heat.

J. S. Robertson, Montreal,	Time, 10 2-5
<i>Three-Mile Roadster Machines, 40 lbs. or over.</i>	

T. Fane, Toronto, Ont.,	Time, 10.08 1-2
J. H. Robertson, Montreal,	" 10.08 5-8

Time by Miles—1st, 3.13; 2d, 6.56 1-2.

Half-Mile Dash Without Hands.

Chas. Ware, Marblehead, Mass.,	Time, 1.46
D. B. Holden, Montreal,	" 1.48

Five-Mile Championship of Canada.

Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont.,	Time, 18.56
J. R. Scales, Montreal,	" 18.57

<i>Time by Miles—1st, 3.38 1-2; 2d, 7.22; 3d, 11.05; 4th, 14.56.</i>	
<i>One-Mile Tricycle Championship of Canada.</i>	

A. T. Lane, Montreal,	Time, 3.51
G. A. Mothersill, Ottawa, Ont.,	" 4.30

440 Yards Run.

J. S. Robertson, Montreal, Time, 52 1-5

J. F. Owens, Montreal.

Three-Mile Open.

H. W. Clarke, Woodstock, Ont., Time, 10.04

D. E. Hunter, Alberton, P. E. Island.

FRIDAY, JULY 2.

Road Race (scratch) to Lachine, 10 Miles.

Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont., Time, 42

M. F. Johnston, Toronto, Ont., " 42 1-4

J. R. Scales, Montreal, " 42 1-2

T. Fane, Toronto, Ont., " 43 1-2

F. W. S. Crispo, Montreal, " 43 3-4

SATURDAY, JULY 3.

One-Mile (3d Class), Open to all Amateurs who have never won a prize except in a 4th Class Race.

Chas. Ware, Marblehead, Mass., Time, 3.23 1-2

D. Pollock, Montreal, " 3.33 1-4

Half-Mile Trial Heats. 1st Heat.

Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont., Time, 1.34 4-5

J. H. Robertson, Montreal.

2d Heat.

H. W. Clarke, Woodstock, Ont., Time, 1.30

D. E. Hunter, Alberton, P. E. Island.

220 Yards Run.

J. S. Robertson, Montreal, Time, 2.30 2-5

W. R. Thompson, Montreal.

Half-Mile Final Heat.

H. W. Clarke, Woodstock, Ont., Time, 1.30

Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont.

880 Yards Run.

J. W. Moffoet, Montreal, Time, 2.03 2-5

S. D. Jones, Montreal.

Five-Mile Open.

Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont., Time, 17.10 1-2

T. Fane, Toronto, Ont., " 17.25 3-8

Two-Mile (2d Class), Open to all Amateurs who have never won a first prize from scratch, except in a 3d or 4th Class Race.

Chas. Ware, Marblehead, Mass., Time, 6.47 1-4

N. L. Lusher, Montreal, " 6.49

Three-Mile Open.

Fred Foster, Toronto, Ont., Time, 9.55 1-5

T. Fane, Toronto, Ont., " 9.55 2-5

A. T. Lane ran one-mile tricycle against time, in 3.52 2-5

The meeting of the O. W. A. was held in connection with the Montreal Bicycle Club, and passed off without a hitch. Very strong wind each day.

BINGHAMTON (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB.

Date of Meeting, Monday, July 5, 1886. Track, clay, in fair condition, five laps to the mile. Weather, very hot. Wind, slightly breezy.

OFFICERS.—*Referee*, Geo. R. Bidwell of New York City; *Judges*, N. M. Beckwith of New York City, W. S. Bull of Buffalo, N. Y., E. J. Wheeler of Albany, N. Y.; *Timer*, Fred C. Hand, Scranton, Pa.; *Starter*, W. H. Hecox, Jr., Binghamton, N. Y.; *Clerk of Course*, Gerry Jones, Binghamton, N. Y.; *Attendance*, about 2,000.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

Two-Mile Dash, Open.

A. B. Rich, New York, Time, 5.56 1-2

H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., " 5.56 3-4

J. R. Schlager, Scranton, Pa., " 5.57

Time by Miles—1st, 2.57; 2d, 2.59 1-2.

One-Mile Novice.

C. B. Kies, Rochester, N. Y., Time, 3.04 1-2

L. Davis, Elmira, N. Y., " 3.05 1-2

H. A. Niles, Binghamton, N. Y.

One-Mile N. Y. State Championship.

J. R. Rheubottom, Weedsport, N. Y., Time, 3.05 3-4

H. C. Hersey, Elmira, N. Y., " 3.06

A. B. Rich, New York, " 3.07 1-2

A waiting race and slow time.

Half-Mile, Boys Under 15 Years.

Fred Bump, Binghamton, N. Y., Time, 1.43

Bert Warner, Scranton, Pa., " 1.46

Bert Kenyon, Weedsport, N. Y.

One-Mile Binghamton Bicycle Club Handicap.

W. A. Platt, 11 seconds, Time, 3.05

C. E. Titchener, scratch, " 2.55

W. H. Stone, 22 seconds.

This was the fastest mile made during the meet, 2.55.

Three-Mile Handicap Open.

H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., 75 yards.

A. B. Rich, scratch,

P. J. Duckelow, Rochester, 90 yards.

An easy victory for Kavanaugh.

One-Mile Ride and Run.

W. H. Stone, Binghamton,

C. J. Connelly, Rochester, distanced.

Three-Mile, 9.45 Class.

C. E. Titchener, Binghamton,

H. C. Hersey, Elmira,

P. J. Duckelow, Rochester.

One-Mile Consolation.

C. J. Connelly, Rochester,

P. J. Duckelow, Rochester,

One-Mile Team Race.

Binghamton Bicycle Club, Binghamton,

C. E. Titchener, Time, 2.55

W. A. Platt, } 15 points.

H. A. Niles, } Genesee Bicycle Club, Rochester.

C. B. Kies, } 6 points.

C. J. Connelly, } 6 points.

G. S. Montgomery, }

This meet was largely attended by wheelmen throughout the State and vicinity. About 250 wheelmen paraded in the morning, followed by the races at 3 p. m. and a rink entertainment in the evening. Scranton Bicycle Club won prize for drill squad.

All races were contested by "Simon Pure" amateurs (?) and run under L. A. W. rules.

BOSTON (MASS.) RACES.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

One-Mile Novice.

F. W. Perry, Time, 3.26

W. W. East, Boston, Mass., " 3.30

Two-Mile Amateur.

C. W. Ware, Marblehead, Mass., Time, 6.55

F. G. Gibbs, Cambridge, Mass., " 7.07

One-Mile Tricycle.

H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., Time, 3.55

J. T. Williams, " 3.57

Two-Mile Lap.

C. W. Ware, Marblehead, Mass., Time, 6.55

F. W. Perry, " 10.20

Three-Mile Amateur.

H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., Time, 10.20

C. W. Ware, Marblehead, Mass., " 10.40

CALEDONIAN SPORTS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MONDAY, JULY 5.

One-Mile Handicap.

W. M. Haradon, 150 yards start, Springfield, Mass.

Geo. M. Hendee, scratch, Springfield, Mass., Time, 2.34

Time by Quarters—1st, 36 2-5; 2d, 1.13 2-5; 3d, 1.52;

4th, 2.34. One-Mile, High School.

W. M. Haradon, Springfield, Mass., Time, 3.60 2-5

J. G. Norton, W. Springfield, Mass.

Half-Mile Against Time.

C. P. Adams, Springfield, Mass., Time, 1.21 3-4

SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

Road Race, Twenty Miles.

F. A. Eldred, scratch, Time, 1. 19.50

C. P. Adams, two minutes, " 1. 25.17

H. B. Wadsworth, scratch, " 1. 29.29

CLEVELAND (O.) BICYCLE CLUB.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

One-Mile Novice.

S. J. Herrick, Jr., Cleveland, O., Time, 3.11 1-2

Lucian Davis, Cleveland, O.

Half-Mile, 1.30 Class.

V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa., Time, 1.26

W. D. Bunker, Pittsburg, Pa.

One-Mile Handicap.

J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, O., Time, 2.59

V. C. Place, scratch, Greenville, Pa.

One-Mile Tandem.

G. Collister and C. Howland, Fred Palmer and W. L. Martin, Time, 3.00

Quarter-Mile, 50 Class.

Lucian Davis, Cleveland, O., Time, 42 1-2

H. Crumley, Mt. Vernon, O.

Two-Mile, 6.30 Class.

F. P. Root, Cleveland, O., Time, 6.25 1-2

J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, O.

Five-Mile, 17.00 Class.

J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, O., Time, 17.15

L. Davis, Cleveland, O.

One-Mile Tricycle, Handicap.

Geo. Collister, scratch, Cleveland, O., Time, 3.20 3-5

G. C. McNeill, Akron, O.

Two-Mile L. A. W. Championship.

V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa., Time, 6.15

F. P. Root, Cleveland, O.

Half-Mile Handicap.

H. Crumley (six seconds), Mt. Vernon, O., Time, 1.30 1-4

J. T. Huntington (two seconds).

One-Mile, 3.00 Class.

J. T. Huntington, Time, 2.56 1-4

V. C. Place.

W. D. Bunker.

One-Mile Handicap. Tandem Tricycles.

Fred Palmer, } Cleveland Bicycle Club, Time, 3.36 1-2

W. B. Martin, } Cleveland Bicycle Club,

Geo. Collister, } Cleveland Bicycle Club.

C. Howland, } Cleveland Bicycle Club.

One-Mile, 3.00 Class.

J. T. Huntington, Cleveland, O., Time, 2.56 1-4

V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa.

W. D. Bunker, Pittsburg, Pa.

WALTHAM (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB

MONDAY, JULY 5.

Half-Mile.

Alfred Hales.

A. M. Haynes.

Half-Mile Safety.

G. W. Chamberlain.

G. F. Walters.

BROOKLINE (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

One-Mile.

W. K. Corey,

Slow Race.

Time, 3.47

H. B. Seamans.

NORTH ADAMS (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

One-Mile Novice.

H. Lee,

Time, 3.13

Three-Mile County Championship.

C. D. Heath,

Time, 10.15

One-Mile Open.

H. L. Burdick, Albany, N. Y., Time, 3.03

One-Mile, 3.20 Class.

Grant,

Time, 3.06

Three-Mile Open.

C. D. Heath,

Time, 10.13

One-Mile Tricycle.

Gardner,

Time, 4.08

Five-Mile Record.

H. L. Burdick, Albany, N. Y., Time, 17.10

One-Mile, Boys.

Kiernan,

Time, 3.29

Half-Mile Dash.

H. C. Getchell,

Time, 1.25

One-Mile Consolation.

Dewey, Pittsfield, Mass., Time, 3.19

Five-Mile, Horse vs. Man.

Horse,

Time, 17.37

W. J. Morgan, Chicago, Ill.

CHELSEA (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

One-Mile Novice.

A. B. Stoddard,

Time, 3.00

One-Mile Championship of Chelsea.

L. H. Frost,

Time, 3.04 1-2

F. A. Woodman,

One-Mile Lap Race.

F. A. Woodman,

Time, 3.08

A. B. Stoddard.

WAKEFIELD (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

Five-Mile Race.

J. Clark,

Time, 14.34

J. E. Coombs,

Three-Mile Handicap.

J. Clark,

Time, 13.29

H. R. Emerson,

Two-Mile, Boys.

Eugene Cann,

Time, 10.06

R. J. Eaton.

NEWTON (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.

MONDAY, JULY 5.
Ten-Mile Road Race.

H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass.,	Time, 40.46
C. W. Page, Cohoes, N. Y.,	" 41.12
G. F. Williams,	

Ten-Mile Road Race for Boys.

A. E. Vose,	Time, 41.49
E. B. Bishop,	" 41.59

LYNN (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.

MONDAY, JULY 5.
One-Mile Novice.

H. N. Farnham, Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 3.04 1-5
F. M. Barnette, Lynn, Mass.,	" 3.05
E. A. Packard, Lynn, Mass.	

Two-Mile.

W. F. Knapp, Denver, Col.,	Time, 5.45
Geo. E. Weber, Smithville, N. J.,	" 5.45 1-5
E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass.	

One-Mile.

W. L. Lewis,	Time, 3.00 4-5
F. S. Hitchcock,	" 3.02 2-5
Geo. E. Porter.	

One-Mile, Boys.

W. H. Senter, Lynn, Mass.,	Time, 3.14 2-5
M. Porter, Newtonville, Mass.,	" 3.15 2-5
John Williams, Lynn, Mass.	

Three-Mile Handicap.

W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass., 250 yds.,	Time, 9.35
A. A. McCurdy, Lynn, Mass., 350 yds.,	" 9.35 1-2
F. S. Hitchcock, 450 yds.	

One-Mile.

W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester, Mass.,	Time, 2.51 1-5
S. L. Truesdale,	" 2.53 4-5
Geo. E. Porter.	

Five-Mile Professional.

W. M. Woodside, Chicago, Ill.,	Time, 15.00 1-5
R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass.,	" 15.00 4-5

Ten-Miles for a Record.

W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., New Records.	Time, 28.03 2-5 Miles.
1	2.35 2-5
2	5.21 3-5
3	8.07 2-5
11.05	11.11 4-5
13.57 2-5	14.07 2-5
16.47	16.55 2-5
19.38	19.47 2-5
22.24 2-5	22.41 4-5
25.18 2-5	25.41 4-5
28.03 2-5	28.37 4-5

Miscellaneous.

SOLITARY TOURS.

One does not have to be exclusive, nor peculiar, in order to get positive and lasting pleasure out of a "lone tour," as some may think. Much, of course, depends upon how ardent a lover of nature he is, and his notes of the jaunt, which help him wonderfully to live the scenes and experiences over again, whenever they are read. Note-taking, especially when on long tours, is too little practiced by the average wheelman, and should be "added to his virtues," sure, with the coming of another season, for it pays!

Many most delightfully satisfactory trips awheel have we taken, when no one could make it convenient to accompany us, and on such solitary runs one advantage is in being able to stop, and start, and take any rate of speed at will, knowing that no one was ahead or behind, and that we should displease no one,—in fact, the glaring absence of the, to us, dread of all road-riding, the "scorcher," was quieting and restful in itself.

How any one can find comfort in riding at a race-horse gait, when out ostensibly for pleasure, is one of the things past our finding out, and we do not claim to be one of the slowest, either.

Many and pleasant to the ear are the voices of nature, heard by the roadside, in woods, and fields,

as the listener silently rides along, and, under the right conditions, we prefer this charming communion and quiet delight to the company of noisy, and at times almost rude cyclers, who have been known to "carry the thing too far."

For "voices of the night" in profusion and perfection, take a moonlight run, in summer. We remember several of last July and August. How loudly prominent the katydids were, and yet how ably seconded were they by the cricket family, who are a whole field-orchestra in themselves, and seem on such an occasion to have had ample rehearsal, for they never miss a note.

How softened by a little distance and vaguely indistinct are protruding objects, as great rocks, clumps of foliage, and buildings. The wheel breaks a small stick in the roadway, with a resounding snap that by daylight would be unnoticed, and nothing more harsh occurs to disturb our reverie as we wheel into and out of the shadows of the great trees, under which there are "heaps of moonlight," the like of which we never had in studies at school.

STAMSON."

A BICYCLING YARN.

It chanced one day that three wheelmen, overtaken by the rain, came together in the same way-side inn. As time hung on their hands, they thought of shortening their *ennui* by telling one another adventures. One of the wheelmen, having lit his cigar and prepared himself for talking, unfolded the following yarn:

"In the summer of '83, as you know, I was spending a short vacation in the country, living at my uncle's farm. I had taken my wheel with me as there were fine roads in the vicinity. Well, one fine morning, I started out for a ride. Soon I came to a hill, a mile and a half long, which had a beautiful riding surface. Nobody being in sight on the hill, I resolved to coast it. I soon reached such speed that it was hard for me to breathe. Soon I saw a cross-road ahead, and to my intense horror heard a vehicle approaching. I could not yell, as the wind produced by my speed took my vocal power; I could not halt. Destruction seemed inevitable. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck me. I took firm hold of my handle-bar and kept my body stiff. I struck the side of the wagon between the wheels with such vehemence, that I turned a complete somersault over the wagon, resting on my head for an inconceivably short time. I landed safely on my wheel on the other side of the wagon and continued on my way unhurt. Soon a bridge which was being repaired hove in sight. It consisted of piles connected by large cross-beams, running in the same direction as the current of the river. As the old timber running across the cross-beams (in the same direction as the road) had become worthless, the repairers had removed it and were just going to lay new timber on the cross-beams, and had laid loose planks across for the carpenters to walk on. These did not run in one line, but were scattered. Nearest to the side of the road on which I was, lay a plank. I could not stop. The carpenters yelled to me to halt, if life was dear to me. I thought my last hour had come. An admirable idea flashed through my mind at that moment. Leaning back well, I let my machine run until I got on the plank. Then I applied my brake with all the force I could command. My plan succeeded. By the inertia of my wheel the plank was moved across the bridge. As soon as I reached the other side I let go of the brake and continued on my way with increased speed!"

"Why so?" asked the listeners.

"Because the inertia of my wheel was so great that a temporary check did not lessen but augmented its speed, just like, when sprinkling, a stream of water can be made to fetch farther by checking its flow for a few moments."

"The end of the hill was near, but I had reached such a rattling speed, that I could not halt. I saw a hay-stack in a neighboring field and a foot-path running to it. I took this, as it led through an opening in the fence. My plan was to ride against the hay-stack and so stop my furious momentum. When I struck the hay with the front wheel, I was astonished that I did not take a header; I gently slid off my seat landing safely on the hay. But my machine was not there! It had cut its way through the stack and was traveling on without its owner at the rate of ten miles per hour! It was already a quarter of a mile away. I could not overtake it. Hurrah! I had a plan. Picking up a flat stone, I threw it in front of the large wheel. It struck the wheel on its flat side (the stone's). By the pressure of the air against it (while striking the wheel), it lessened the machine's speed considerably, so that I was soon again possessor of my wheel."

"But how could the stone you threw, strike your wheel when it was already so far away?" the other wheelmen laughingly inquired.

"Why, easy enough," was the rejoinder, "there was a strong breeze blowing at the time and it carried the stone to its destination."

The rain had now stopped, the sun appeared again, and after hearty "farewells" the wheelmen were in their saddles, pursuing their course to their different destinations.

INDEPENDENT."

RIFLE PRACTICE IN AUTUMN.

The GAZETTE's offer to "give a bicycle rifle worth \$15" to the man mailing it a postal card inscribed with the date which approximates most nearly to the day when my long-delayed "X. M. Miles on a Bi" shall actually be published (p. 43 of June issue), is an offer which has no restrictions; and a sarcastic friend of mine says that my best chance for making any money at all from three years' toil on the book consists in offering the "correct guess" and capturing that rifle! Such a weapon would doubtless be useful to me for defense, if I live to go on the road as a full-fledged book-agent (since I expect then to advertise myself ten times more obnoxiously than ever I have dared to do while drumming up the 3,000 subscribers), but I feel that I am in fact quite unable to win it. I would gladly give double the price of the rifle for the ability even now to foresee the arrival of my "actual day of publication."

That day still seems to me—exactly as it has seemed every week since I enrolled my 3,000th subscription, a year ago—"just about two months ahead." Like an ever-receding mirage in the desert, this sort of self-deception, which makes me believe that I'm "almost in sight of the end," has given me strength to keep advancing. However slowly my left hand may limp along, I always feel as if its pace for "next week" or "next month" must certainly be much faster. Since the 29th of May, when my last letter to you expressed the hope of "finishing the three unwritten chapters by the middle of July," I've been struggling continuously with a "statistical history of wheel literature"; and the two other chapters (shorter and

less laborious, I trust) have not yet been touched. Afterwards, I must compile the contents-tables and indexes, on whose perfection and elaborateness I pin my hopes of selling 30,000 copies of the book.

Reflecting upon this exhibit, I must confess that the chance seems slight of finishing before September. If I can get the last page of copy into the printer's hands by the first day of autumn, I shall do all that can be reasonably expected. How long it may take the printers to bring out the book, after my own personal part in its production has been finished, I have no means of knowing. I can offer no better points than this to those who wish to "guess for the rifle"—for I presume you will decide to extend the date of receiving postal cards for a month or more beyond July 20, which you named at first.

For the benefit of subscribers who may not have read my former announcements in your paper, or who may have forgotten them, I remark that the sheets of the first 544 pages of the book (6,200 copies) were printed five months ago, and are stacked in the store-room of the Springfield Printing Company, awaiting the others. About 100 pages more are already in type; and my wish is to compress the remaining chapters into 50 pages of about 1,000 words each. The indexes and other matter for the front of the book will cover a good many pages in addition to the 700 which form the body of it, and I am not sure but what even the body alone will exceed "700 pages of 450,000 words." This shows the danger of putting a price upon a book, and beginning to print it before the whole is actually written. My first prospectus which called for dollar subscriptions promised only "300 pages," which might have been filled by no more than 75,000 words. The moral of this comparison is that an enormous sale will be needed to justify my putting so elaborate a book into the market at any such low rate as \$1.50.

A few pledges at that rate have straggled in to me since I announced the closing of the regular \$1 subscription-list, last February, and others which may arrive for the next month or so will have their makers' names printed in the supplementary list. Such persons will also receive the book somewhat earlier than those who wait to buy it; for only about 200 copies a day can be turned out of the bindery, and subscribers will be supplied first. The June GAZETTE (p. 52) printed a list of those who have kindly consented to act as my distributing agents in 108 towns, and to whom I shall send packages by express. Residents of adjoining towns, who may find it convenient to have their books included in those same packages, will please notify me. Subscribers whose books are to go by mail need not begin sending in any money until September 1, though all remittances will be promptly acknowledged. A recent trade-order for 250 copies has brought the total of pledges up to 3,796.

KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING,
WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., July 10, 1886.

ABOUT SUNDAY RIDING.

In the last issues of the GAZETTE considerable space has been consumed by the discussion of the right or wrong of Sunday riding. Its *pros* and *cons* have been ably set forth by such writers as "Dash" and "Cycle"; but none of their arguments seem altogether satisfactory, and only tend to induce such scribes as myself to take up the question.

This is "the land of the free and the home of the

brave," and, accordingly, we can do and say what we wish about riding on the Sabbath. "Dash" being, perhaps, a little religiously inclined, thinks it improper to ride on Sunday, saying that Sunday should be used for rest and devotion. His argument can be controverted by saying that a man taking a pleasant ride on his wheel derives more benefit, because he sees the Creator's handiwork more impressively than a man sitting—and perhaps sleeping—on the benches of a crowded church. "Cycle's" argument, namely, that it is perfectly right to go cycling on a Sunday, can also be controverted by inferring that those wheelmen who go riding on Sundays are apt to acquire the habit of considering Sunday as they do any other day. Thus we see that each side has its *pros* and *cons*, according to a man's opinion. But through "Dash's" and "Cycle's" arguments no decision as to what is right or wrong is reached. Each maintains his own ideas and disregards the opinion of others. Would he be satisfied with only thinking little of others' opinions, all would be well; but no, he must make unnecessary and unwelcome comments thereon, assuming that people who are not of the same mind as he must be stupid. I am sorry to say that the "more religious" belong to this class, and indeed, "Dash," who seems to be of that character, commenced arguing about the Sunday-riding question first.

We all have different views and ideas of a thing. The Latin saying, "*De gustibus non est disputandum*" (one must not dispute about tastes), applies well to the case before us. If a man thinks it right to go out on Sunday, let him go; but let him refrain from trying to induce others to follow his example. If a person thinks it wicked to go out riding on a Sunday, may he keep his opinion to himself; for, in plain English, *it is none of his business what others do*. I'll wager that the average reader, glancing at the title above, will skip the article, because he does not care to hear the opinion of others. Let each go about his own business and follow up his own ideas.

"INDEPENDENT."

SPOKELESS SELF-CONCEIT.

BY T. W. E.

I'm glad I was not born a god,
A god of self-conceit,—
Expecting all to cower or fall
Most humble at my feet

And honor the great one—myself—
Because *they* seem so small,
While my eyes pass around like glass
Reversed—belying all.

Unto this one there's nothing right
Except he thinks—may do—
And comely naught—despised thought—
But likeness own to view.

As faulty as a spokeless wheel,
This soulless, vain idea;
The road rough paves for him it 'slaves,
Far better from it steer.

Perfection's "hobby" 's hard to ride,
And seldom in repair;
And "buckled" style provokes a smile,
If self-pride takes no care.

In this I'd fain give wheel no part,
Lest it be indiscreet;
But if found there, the moral share—
Scorn "spokeless" self-conceit!

Better have less in head—of self—
And something in the heart
For others who are good and true,
And of God's world a part!

1886 TOUR OF THE IOWA DIVISION L. A. W.

The Iowa Division L. A. W. will leave Des Moines, Monday, August 9, for a tour across the State to Spirit Lake, where the annual fall meet of the division is to be held Monday, August 16. The headquarters at Des Moines will be at the League hotel—Sabin House, corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets—where all wheelmen are expected to report on arrival at Des Moines, prior to starting upon the tour.

The start will be made at 1 p. m., from the Sabin House, the tourists wheeling *via* Waukeee to Adel, twenty-three miles, where the first night will be spent. On Tuesday they will make an early start from Adel, wheeling through Redfield, Linden, Panora, and Herndon, reaching Jefferson, the home of the chief consul, for the night, a distance of forty-five miles, the longest day's run of the tour. On Wednesday the start will not be made till 10 A. M., the party making only twelve miles to Churdan for dinner, and eleven miles to Lohrville for supper, after which train will be taken to Fonda, and accommodations secured at Hotel Ewing for the night. Thursday morning, after a twenty-mile ride *via* Newell, the party will reach Storm Lake for dinner. Here the remainder of the day will be spent in fishing, boating, bathing, or "doing the town," which, by the way, is a very pretty one. During the evening all who wish can join in a sail on the lake, while other amusements will probably be furnished those who do not care for boating. Baggage will be on hand here, and all can indulge in the luxury of a change of apparel. Friday will be spent in wheeling over the famous prairie roads of northwestern Iowa. Capt. John A. Pallister lately rode over this section of the route and reports it in excellent condition. Twenty miles will bring the tourists to Sioux Rapids for dinner, and again twenty miles and they reach Spencer for the night. Saturday, August 14, will see the end of the tour. Leaving Spencer after breakfast, and wheeling over eighteen miles of fine roads, they reach Lake Okoboji, and six miles further enter Spirit Lake,—about 184 miles having been made in the saddle and 27 miles by rail.

Of the pleasures about the lake regions of Iowa it is useless to write; suffice it to say that in addition to all those enjoyed by thousands of ordinary mortals who frequent these regions annually, the wheelman will have all the pleasure of the wheel, including many fine runs through this country of lakes, prairies, and woods.

At the fall meet races will be indulged in, adding a little spice to the cycling amusements. That the stay at Spirit Lake will be highly enjoyable all last year's tourists will testify.

The first question in regard to the tour is, "What will it cost?" The touring board would say that every item of expense will be reduced to the very lowest figure, and though much of the detail has not yet been arranged, still it may safely be said that the expense from the start at Des Moines to the finish at Spirit Lake will not exceed \$10.00, and upon arrival at Spirit Lake arrangements are in progress to furnish the tourists with first class accommodations at very low rates. The route selected follows some line of railroad the greater part of the distance, being never more than eight or ten miles distant. The pace of the tourists will be such that an ordinary rider will be able to keep with them easily.

All wheelmen, whether of Iowa or neighboring States, are cordially invited to join in this tour.

THE Bicycling World.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!

THE BICYCLING WORLD CO.

179 Tremont Street, BOSTON,

Publishers of THE BICYCLING WORLD, and
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STURMEY, Coventry, England.

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THE CYCLIST, the leading paper of England, is a well-filled newspaper, containing the earliest, the best, and fullest reports of all wheel matters. No other paper covers the ground as the *Cyclist* does, and it is not only the largest in size, but has by far the largest circulation of any wheel paper. Edited by Henry Sturme and C. W. Nairn. \$2.50 per year, including postage.

BICYCLING NEWS (English), including the three papers, *News*, *Tricyclist*, and *Wheel Life*. Edited by George Lacy Hillier, W. McCandlish, H. H. Griffin, and a staff of writers of great ability. Cartoons every week. Bright, breezy, newsy. A good thing to have. \$2.50, including postage.

TRICYCLISTS' INDISPENSABLE ANNUAL AND HAND-BOOK.—By Henry Sturme. Describes every machine made, with detailed analysis of all the various parts, principles, or novelties in present use, etc. Profusely illustrated. Edition for 1884, revised and enlarged, 50 cents, by mail. There will be no edition of this book for 1885.

BICYCLISTS' INDISPENSABLE HAND-BOOK.—We are promised an edition of this work for 1885, and shall announce its appearance.

SAFETY INDISPENSABLE.—By Henry Sturme. A complete analysis of the Safety Bicycle, and illustrations of each kind. By mail, 30 cents.

HEALTH UPON WHEELS.—By W. Gordon Stables, M.D. Contents: What is meant by Health; Health of the Skin; Baths and Bathing; The Morning Tub; Rules for Seaside Enjoyment; Dyspepsia; Errors in Diet; The Man and the Stomach; Remarks on Diet; Drinks on the Road; Advice on Training and Exercise; Medicines in Training; Road Comforts; How to Ride; Clothing; Care of the Feet; Care of the Hands; Soap—Toilet Requisites; Calmatives—Nervousness—Sleeplessness; Mineral Waters; A Tourist's Filter. Price by mail, 50 cents.

CLUB SONGS.—A collection of twenty bicycle songs, set to popular airs. By mail, 25 cents.

THE TRICYCLE IN RELATION TO HEALTH AND RECREATION.—By B.W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. By mail, 30 cents.

TRICYCLING FOR LADIES.—By Miss F. J. Erskine. "For some time past there has been a real need with many ladies who have had their interest awakened on the subject of tricycling for some small book which should put them in possession of the most useful and necessary information without having to pay for it by their own experience. This want is now supplied, and in Miss Erskine's book will be found hints on the choice and management of tricycles, with suggestions on dress, riding, and touring, etc., adapted to a lady's special requirements." 25 cents.

TRAINING FOR AMATEUR ATHLETES, WITH SPECIAL REGARD TO BICYCLISTS.—By Dr. H. L. Cortis. The author of this work being at once a responsible medical man and a rider of world-wide renown, it has an authority which no other book on training possesses. As its hints and directions are in every way practical, it can be strongly endorsed as giving all the information that a book can give on this important subject. Second edition. 50 cents.

BICYCLE PRIMER.—A bicycle alphabet in rhyme. Illustrated. 10 cents.

A. B. C. OF BICYCLING.—This little book is the best instructor for beginners yet published. 12 cents.

LYRA BICYCLICA.—New edition. Just published. One hundred and sixty pages. Bound in cloth. A collection of wheel poems, by J. G. Dalton. \$1. First edition. 20 cents.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.—The Christmas numbers of the *Cyclist* are profusely illustrated, and filled with entertaining reading matter. "Our Camp," the current number, has made a furor in the wheel world. We have a few copies left. 25 cents.

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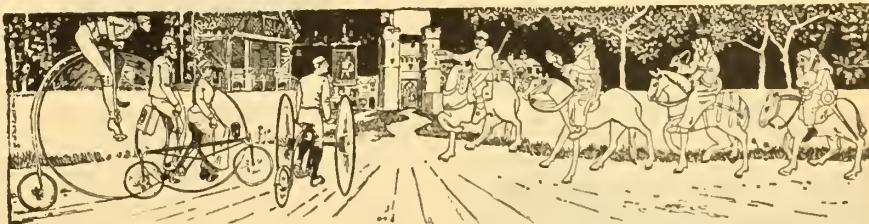
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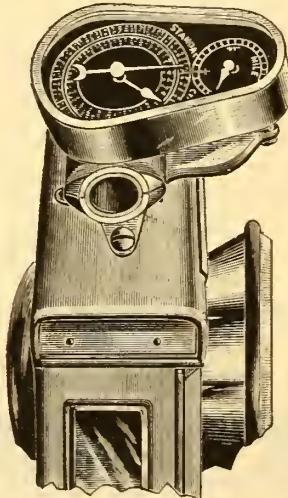
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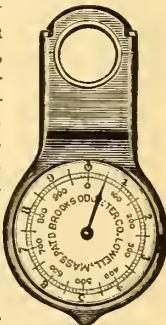
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All who possibly can are expected to be in the saddle at the start in Des Moines and stay to the finish, but if this is not practicable they can join en route, but they must so inform the touring board.

As it is very important that the touring board should know as soon as possible how many will go, all who expect to go should at once notify J. F. Rall, secretary-treasurer Iowa Division, Iowa Falls, Iowa, and all must so notify before July 25th, as entries to the tour will close on that day. Even if not certain of going, those who may go should send their names, so that any further circulars, etc., may be sent them.

This tour having been arranged at a large outlay of time and work by the officers and members of this division, all who join the tour are expected to be or become members of the L. A. W. Every Iowa wheelman should be a member of the L. A. W., whether taking this tour or not. Any information in regard to joining the L. A. W. or going on this tour will be given by addressing the secretary-treasurer, as above.

J. F. RALL, Chairman, Iowa Falls, CHAS. D. HOWELL, Winterset, W. M. FERGUSON, C. C., Jefferson,	Touring Board, Iowa State Division L. A. W.
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THE RUDGE.

[I was asked if I wrote "The Humber," in the *Bulletin* of June 11. I did not write it, as my sentiments are those given below.]

L. H. P.

Was there ever wheelman
With heart so cold,
But he loved the cycle
Upon which he bowled?

Was there ever cybler,
Callous to all worth,
But he thought his own wheel
Best of all the earth?

I have rarely met one
So devoid of zeal,
But he sang the praises
Of some maker's wheel.

Nor am I exception
To the mighty throng,
Neither when I praise one
Do I others wrong.

All makes have their lovers,
Each as best they claim,
But the wheel most perfect
Is the one I name.

Of all 'tis most graceful;
Yields in speed to none;
Faster than its compeers,
Records best has won.

Lighter than all others,
As "light roadster" claimed;
Stronger than the strongest
Which "light" wheels are named.

Firm, and very rigid;
True beyond compare;
On the coast the fastest,
Like a bird of air.

Smoothest in its motion,
Fastest up the hill;
Like a sentient being
Yielding to the will.

More than any other,
Life endowed it moves;
Its surpassing virtues
Always fresh it proves.

Ask you what the wheel is,
Chiefest known to fame?
Need I but pronounce it,
Light Rudge is its name!

TOURING IN MINNESOTA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRIP TAKEN BY FARIBAULT'S "BIG FOUR."

Yes! there were four of them.

Who they were I won't say, as it will make little difference to most who read this, and to those who saw them they will be recognized readily by the following names by which they were dubbed on the trip:

First came Prince, seated astride of a New American Champion, followed in order by Stuff, on an Expert Columbia; Jack, the heavy man, on a Columbia Light Roadster, and Schock, also riding a Champion.

Mounting their wheels in the order named, they left Faribault (Minn.) at precisely ten o'clock one morning, bound for Owatonna, a distance of eighteen miles.

During the night before, a shower of rain had left the ground nice and soft, and considerable kicking was indulged in by some of the party, as to whether it would be policy to attempt the journey. Prince and Schock were bound to go; of course the roads would be all right out of town; they knew all about it.

"Suppose they are too muddy," said Prince, "we can take the railroad track and get there in no time. I've gone that way before, after a rain storm, and got there a-flying; what's the matter with trying it again?"

(He didn't say whether he went by the cars, or on a bicycle; only that he went.)

"Bet your life," said Schock, and so they started.

Prince set an easy pace with the rest of the party close behind. After riding about a mile the first hill was reached, and here the trouble began.

Owing to the slippery condition of the road the large wheel spun around at a terrific pace; throwing a shower of mud in every direction, but making scarcely any perceptible headway. You can bet, however, that they got to the top at last in good shape (by walking) and with a determined air set out to break the record,—or their necks.

But fate and mud seemed against them,—fate against their breaking the record, and mud against their breaking their necks. They soon found that further riding on the highway was impracticable. The railroad track being but a half mile to their right with a level stretch of meadow-land between, they concluded to climb over the barb-wire fence and make for it.

Pushing their machines before them, they pressed forward. After a few minutes' walk, Stuff mounted his wheel; and the others, seeing that he could ride through the deep grass all right, followed his example. For a time all went well and the spirits of the party rose rapidly; but suddenly, a loud yell from the rear, followed by a crash, caused them to halt and investigate.

With the perspiration dripping from their faces, Prince, Stuff, and Jack drew together for a consultation. Stock was taken immediately and upon further inquiry the discovery made that Schock was missing—in fact had entirely disappeared. What had become of him was a mystery. Various theories as to his whereabouts were put forward but none seemed to meet with favor and were thrust aside.

The most feasible was that expressed by Jack—"Took a header!"

Just as they were about to turn back to hunt him up a commotion in the clover drew their attention. They stepped back in amazement. That a fierce struggle was going on there, was plainly

apparent from the glimpses obtained now and then of shining metal and navy blue uniform, which by turns showed above the field of clover. Finally the blue uniform came out on top, and Schock—for it was he—yanked his bicycle to an upright position in a twinkling, meanwhile giving vent to his feelings in sulphurous language.

After a good hearty laugh all around, during which Schock stood not a little guying, another mount was made and shortly afterwards they arrived at the railroad track. Here they found pretty fair riding. In some places where the ties rose above the gravel filling, riding was rendered necessarily slow. Then again stretches were met with where the gravel lay loose and the party were obliged to foot it. As before Prince took the lead, followed closely by Stuff, while Jack and Schock brought up the rear. The riding was tolerable but nothing to brag of; many times were they compelled to dismount and pursue the journey on foot.

It was after eleven o'clock when Walcott was reached; only four miles from Faribault. Walcott is yet a small city. In time it may become a rival of Cannon City, but as yet nothing marks the locality save an empty box-car standing on a side track.

Prince and Stuff arriving a few minutes ahead of their companions seated themselves under the shady side of the city (box car), until they were joined by the others. While reclining on the iron rail, a better view was taken of their surroundings.

Before and behind them lay the long stretch of railroad track. On either side, as far as the eye could reach, extended the beautiful rolling prairie, with its standing grain waving gently to and fro in the light summer's breeze. The sun shone brightly. Its warm rays caused the four sturdy wheelmen to perspire like a flock of mud-hens: better known as hell-divers in these parts. The only evidence of life about the place was a blackbird squaking from the top of a telegraph pole. Jack got mad and fired a rock at the noisy citizen, but with such precision that it came within fifty feet of its intended mark.

After a few minutes' rest the journey was once more resumed. Taking a brisk pace, with Stuff in the lead, the party sped swiftly onward. Away they went, bounding over the ties, crossing the trestle bridges to the imminent danger of having their necks broken, and having a tough time generally until Medford hove in sight.

Medford is only a small village, with perhaps 400 or 500 population, and situated nine miles south of Faribault. No stop was made here outside of the time spent in oiling machines and filling up on cold water; but considerable cussing was indulged in over the shaking up they had received on the trip by rail. They swore that they would keep on the road the remainder of the distance even though compelled to walk it knee-deep in mud.

Prince again took the lead with Stuff at his little wheel. Away they flew down the road, Prince doing some of his phenomenal spurring, while Stuff was vainly trying to keep him in sight. On and on they went; but suddenly the scene changes. Prince is about to attempt a flying leap over a mud puddle when,—

Lo! and behold!

He is seen to pause. He spies something in the mud before him; a moment he is poised in mid-air and then shoots forward with lightning-like rapidity.

"Has he got it?" This is the question asked by the excited pair who are fetching up the rear.

They gaze upon the sight with mingled feelings of alarm; Prince is up and away almost before they can think. The next moment brings them to the same place; both spy the same object as seen by Prince; both go through the same performance.

Prince, who is standing by, quietly watching the proceedings, waits until after they have arisen, and then asks:

"Well! did you get it?"

Winking at each other but deigning no reply they again move forward.

But what has become of Stuff?

He had just time enough to choose between the mud-puddle route and a barb-wire fence, so he chose the latter and fortunately slid along the whole length of wire between posts, without damage to himself or being compelled to dismount. As he hung to the fence post, with the remainder of the party trudging along behind, Prince shouted: "Come off, Stuff! Might as well make up your mind to walk it now, as at any other time, for you can't ride through all this mud!"

"Come off, nothing!" he returned, "not till I get to Owatonna. I'm going to ride to Owatonna; you fellows can walk if you wish."

"Walk!" exclaimed Prince. "If you are going to ride I am, and don't you forget it."

Prince then mounted and flew after Stuff, who was spinning along the road at a brisk pace; while Jack and Schock, following more leisurely, were soon left behind.

The roads to Clinton Falls, three miles beyond Medford, were pretty much dried off, as in fact they were all the way to Owatonna, barring here and there a mud-pool; thus allowing the party to move forward at a much faster pace than heretofore.

Stuff and Prince arrived first. Looking back nothing could be seen of the other two and they concluded not to wait for them.

Stuff was in the lead, but going up the long hill at this station he on his Expert Columbia found it rather tedious work and almost did the stand-still act several times; while Prince on his Champion was allowed to go by and again capture the lead, which he succeeded in holding throughout the remainder of the race.

From Clinton Falls until Owatonna was reached nothing worthy of note occurred. One stop of half an hour was made about two miles this side, to give Jack and Schock time to catch up, and when at last they were sighted about a mile to the rear, pushing their machines before them, the pair again mounted and resumed their journey. When at last they got into Owatonna, at half-past two o'clock, they went straight to a restaurant; for the inner man was in sad need of refreshment. Twenty minutes later Jack and Schock arrived. Schock was a beautiful sight. He was literally covered with mud from head to foot and presented a most ludicrous spectacle.

"Where in thunder have you been, Schock?" asked Prince, munching a mouthful of pie; "you look as though you had just come out of some real-estate speculation."

"So I have!" he grinned. "When I got to the bottom of that dang big hill back there I tried to turn out for that mud-puddle, but somehow I lost my grip and ran off the bank into a slough instead. Jee! but you should have seen me; went way out of sight in the rushes and mud; bent my crank and handle-bar and had to yell for Jack to pull me out. Darn such riding, any way!"

"Well, you're a dandy!" exclaimed Stuff.

"What'll your girl say when she sees you in that condition? Better not go near her to-day."

"Aw! let up, Stuff, can't you? I ain't got no girl; but I'm hungry and want some grub." So saying he seated himself at the table and sent in his order.

"What kept you fellows so long?" asked Prince, turning to Jack. "We waited for you back here a ways about half an hour, and just before we saw you I was saying to Stuff that either you had turned back or continued on the railroad track."

"Why! Schock here, the darn cuss, kept me back! Every little while he would take a header and I'd have to go back to straighten him out; I wasn't going to leave him alone. You'd 'a' died laughing to see the headers he took!"

After this Schock was guyed unmercifully throughout the remainder of the meal. He was made to believe that no rest would be taken; but that the homeward journey would be resumed immediately. He took it so hard, however, that they finally let up, and it was decided to remain in the city over night and return home the next morning on the early train.

Dinner over, the four merry cyclists went outside. Again mounting their wheels, Prince taking the lead, the ride to the central portion of the city was completed, where inquiries were made for the whereabouts of the Owatonna Club.

Some one said that they had gone to Waseca. This was a severe disappointment to the boys, but still they kept up hope, thinking that perhaps some still remained in the city. They rode as far as the Arnold House and dismounted.

Hardly were they comfortably seated on the veranda of the hotel, when they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of the Owatonna Club. After a hearty exchange of greetings and introductions, some one suggested that a wheel be taken around the city, to which all were willing and the procession formed in double line.

The cyclists' party, now swelled to the number of eleven, made a fine appearance as they swept through the streets. All places of interest were visited and several rounds of fluid taken in at Ganser's Brewery by those who were so inclined. Thus a highly enjoyable hour was spent, and when the return was made to the hotel for supper, a more genuinely enthusiastic set of fellows than were Jack, Prince, Stuff, and Schock could not be found within a radius of fifty miles.

While the jolly party of wheelmen were standing about outside awaiting their turn at supper, Jack, our heavy man on the light roadster, was prevailed upon to give an exhibition of his skill as a fancy rider. Fancy riding is one of Jack's strong points and the way he pitched into that machine was a caution.

After riding it in all conceivable shapes on the two wheels, he unfastened the backbone and taking up the large wheel proceeded to give such an exhibition of one-wheel riding as is rarely witnessed in these parts. A large crowd of spectators soon gathered and applauded Jack's every effort. Such riding many had never seen before, and, after he had finished, he found himself the lion of the hour.

Supper was then announced, and the way those four sturdy wheelmen from Faribault slaughtered the viands should be a warning to all hotel men in the future. After the inner man was satisfied, Jack and Prince, lighting a couple of cigars, set out for a stroll about the city. During their absence, however, Stuff met with quite a severe accident.

It appears that while coasting down Cedar street

hill, in company with Schock and the Owatonna Club, his tire became loosened by coming in contact with a stone, throwing him forward and bruising him quite severely about the face and arms.

He was picked up insensible and conveyed to the house of a relative in a hack, where he was well cared for and may be all right again in the course of a week.

Prince did not get back until quite late and expected to find his companions sound asleep, but imagine his surprise when, upon entering his bedroom, there lay Jack and Schock in his bed, propped up with pillows, the lamp still burning and each of them puffing away at a cigar.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. "What in Sam Hill is the matter with you fellows? Are you crazy; or do you want to set the bed afire?"

"Set nothing afire," replied Jack; "only taking solid comfort."

"Where've you been, Prince?" asked Schock, rising and spitting out of the window. "Jack said you went to see your girl. Is that so?"

"Never you mind, Schock," answered Prince, disrobing, preparatory to going to bed. "She is well and happy, and that is all you'll find out from me," saying which he lighted a cigar also and crowded in between his companions.

All had a high old time.

Schock said it was the most fun he had had since he took his header from the bridge into the river on his way to Northfield. Jack thought he never had had such a picnic since the time he defeated Louise Armaindo in their two-hundred-mile race last winter. Prince also expressed himself favorable to the occasion.

After finishing their cigars, the lights were put out and the boys turned over to go to sleep. Schock was soon in the land of dreams. He tossed restlessly and ever and anon would mutter a few unintelligible words. Prince listened closely, but could only distinguish the following disconnected sentence:

"Dove — green grass!"

The next morning, all were up bright and early. Prince and Schock took a wheel around the city before breakfast to get up an appetite; after which they returned to the hotel and did full justice to the meal.

After settling their bills, they took leave of the genial proprietor and wheeled their way down to the depot where they were met by a couple of the Owatonna boys who came down to see them off.

Here the party indulged in a few minutes' pleasant conversation and after wishing their friends good-bye, the four tourists stepped aboard the cars and were soon speeding away towards home. All were well satisfied with their trip and should the Owatonna Club accept the invitation to visit Faribault, they can rest assured that no pains will be spared to make their stay a pleasant one.

"ONE OF THE FOUR."

♦♦♦

There is a growing wonder if the L. A. W. racing board exists for the purpose of booming Mr. Bassett's *Cycle*. Official notices appear in it first, and in the official organ of the League next.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

It is suggested now that the A. C. U. has shown its strength that it would be a very graceful act on the part of that organization to take steps for a compromise with the L. A. W. whereby that association shall relinquish bicycle racing to the A. C. U., which in turn may yield one or two points regarding the M. A.'s.—*Springfield Union*.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

By the way, speaking about amateurs, did it ever occur to you that the most illustrious example of the "pure amateur" is a resident of Springfield and that his name is Henry E. Ducker? He has worked and toiled and spent time and money in the promotion of cycling, and as a reward of all his labors is to-day the most roundly abused and misrepresented person in the cycling world,—not excepting the chairman of the racing board L. A. W.—*Springfield Union*.

W. M. Woodside has a very pretty and wealthy lady admirer in Minneapolis. The lady's family, however, don't take kindly to the mode of life adopted by their prospective son-in-law, and have made vigorous "kicks" to no purpose. When all other plans failed to win their daughter from the six-foot record breaker, they sent her two hundred miles away, much to the young Irishman's sorrow. Four days later, however, when in the midst of a six-day race, the following telegram was handed to him on the track:—"Keep up courage. Although far away, my heart is with you. EMILY."—The spurt that followed surprised Schock, and the rafters of the rink re-echoed with applause from the admiring throng of spectators. Did they know the cause of the spurt? We guess not.—*Sporting Journal*.

The League of American Wheelmen, at the recent annual meeting in Boston, struck a blow at racing when it voted to expel the twenty-five or thirty riders suspected of having accepted more or less financial support from manufacturers and dealers. An immediate result of this severe policy was seen at the League meet, where the races, which in former years have proved an attractive and important feature, this time amounted to nothing. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion which we reached sometime ago, that a milder and more lenient course would have been better for the interests of cycling as a sport. But the L. A. W. seems to have thought differently and to have decided that it can get along better without than with the racing men. Possibly the racing men may find that they can get along very comfortably without the League. The season of 1886 will serve to test the matter all round, and everybody will be the wiser for a year's experience when the wheelmen shall gather for the next annual meet.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

Two recently-fledged tricyclists of the genus dude were gayly speeding about Chestnut Hill reservoir one afternoon last week, and endeavoring to make every one they met appreciate the fact that they were "real la las." Soon along came a couple of lady tricycle riders, who became so impressed with the beautiful appearance of the young gentlemen that they concluded to try a spurt with them. Away went the quartette at their topmost speed, puffing frantically for more wind, and leaning far over the handle-bars. It was a novel sight, and additional interest was lent to the race by the lusty shouts of half a hundred merry cyclists standing on the hillside at the wheelmen's rendezvous. They of the gentler sex fell behind at the start, but, bracing up their feminine muscle, they forged ahead, and coming down the straight where the wheelmen were cheering, they had a good long lead, much to the disgust of the two "dudes," who were glad to turn about and push home as fast as their tired legs would permit, in order to escape the jeers of the spectators on the hillside.—*Boston Globe*.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE LEAGUE AND THE AMERICAN CYCLISTS UNION.

MUTUAL CONCESSIONS NECESSARY.—WHERE THE TWO ORGANIZATIONS DIFFER, AND HOW THEY MIGHT AGREE.

The difference existing between the two main organizations, the League of American Wheelmen and the American Cyclists Union, is the principal topic of discussion in cycling circles at this time. The League of American Wheelmen has from the first been the representative of all that is strict in amateur ruling. So particular has it been in this matter that it has always refused to allow its members to receive from their clubs or from any association of their friends any contribution toward their expenses, either traveling or otherwise, incurred in attendance of race meetings and tournaments. From the stand-point of most amateur organizations this has been a very ultra view of the case. As is well known to all Philadelphia readers, the gentlemen of Philadelphia, when they went to England to defend America's reputation in the cricket field, had all or nearly all their expenses paid for them by admirers and friends. So, too, in other organizations we find clubs frequently setting aside certain sums for the traveling and other expenses of their champion or representative men.

It is this action of the League which the American Cyclists Union claims to oppose and gives as a reason for its separate organization. But it goes much further than any other athletic organization and opens the amateur ranks to those men who take money on the quiet from manufacturers and dealers to pay them for winning certain races and riding certain makes of machines. The League claims that this line of conduct is the most reprehensible of which wheelmen can be guilty, holding that the straightforward professional who takes money openly is a much better and nobler order of being than the underhanded makers' amateur, who, claiming to race for the laurel wreath, in fact is taking money for his efforts and thus obtaining it under false pretense. It is the opinion of many well versed in the League and also in the organization of the Union, that if the latter would make concessions leading to the setting apart of the class of makers' amateurs, and the former would make concessions allowing clubs to help defray the expenses of their special prides, that all differences would then be at an end, and that the League would in time be glad to hand over to the Union the care of all racing interests, confining its own attention to the furthering of other cycling interests and to the advancement of touring, and the legal rights of wheelmen, for which it was originally formed.

NOTHING TO BE GAINED BY WARFARE.

Be this as it may, it is admitted by all that neither organization can gain anything by a continued warfare. So far both organizations have had to occupy alternately defensive and offensive positions, and both have been materially harmed by being placed in the latter. The very form of attack which it has been necessary for the League to indulge in has no doubt contributed largely to increase the membership of the Union, and the same form of attack indulged in by the Union has doubtless kept many a worthy and energetic man from joining that organization, and while the two organizations must suffer by the continuation of this warfare the cause of cycling in America must doubtless suffer in a still greater degree.

The better element of wheelmen, those whom the health-giving properties of the wheel, its possibilities for recreation and rest, have attracted,

and who, by the very nature of things, are at present the bone and sinew of the wheeling interest in America, will naturally fight shy of either organization so long as a part of their income and a part of their active endeavors are given to the tactics brought forth by a warfare between the two rivals. If, however, on the other hand, the American Cyclists Union will show itself worthy the confidence of American wheelmen as a class, the League, the representative of that class, will gladly relinquish the racing interests and hand them over to the keeping of the Union.

PROTECTING THE BICYCLIST.

Beginning with the expense entailed by correspondence and its printing, by many precious hours of legislative assemblies, and their records, and by the never-ending efforts of the League racing board, the League has, from first to last, spent many dollars to legislate for the racing interests and to protect the amateur from the professional, either openly or on the quiet. A large minority, if it be not a majority, of the League believe that this money has been worse than wasted. They look upon it as money that should have been spent for the maintenance of their rights on the public highways, and for the education of all those who have charge of legislation and action affecting the condition of those highways. They all see that the efforts of racing interests have ended in nothing but bickering and discontent, hence they consider this expenditure an unfortunate waste of money. Looking at it from that stand-point they would hail with joy the day when a union and more rash organization would undertake to manipulate racing men and to legislate so as to suit their many minds, for it is a fact, well known to all, that the hardest problem to solve is, "What will please the racing men?" for that class have never been able to discover that themselves.

THE AMATEUR QUESTION.

However, the Union can rest assured that while the makers' amateurs are allowed to race promiscuously with amateurs of the purest type, under their rules, the League will never consent to hand over to them the care of the racing interests, as they will always, under those circumstances, deem them unworthy of the trust. The League is composed, theoretically, of an enormous number of pure amateurs, to whom a laurel wreath or even a leather medal would be sufficient indication of glory that they have been won in a race.

Practically, this large majority of pure amateurs are not only unwilling to race themselves or to take any active interest in that branch of the sport, but very many of them are unwilling to waste their time in attending these meetings, as the matter has become to them an old song and is considered by them pre-eminently the cycling "chestnut." The above will express the opinion of the great majority of the members of the League, and, we have reason to believe, that of a large number of the Union.

To recapitulate, if the League desires to maintain its hold upon the racing interests and to bury its antagonism with the Union, it is necessary for it to do away with the rule which prohibits clubs from assisting their members in their expenses at contests of all sorts. If, on the other hand, the Union wishes to assume control of the racing interests and to influence the League to relinquish those interests to their keeping, it is necessary for them to place the makers' amateurs in a class by themselves; and, lastly, if either of those organizations wish to continue as organizations, or wish to continue a healthy life, they must learn that bicker-

ing and constant strife will always be a barrier to that end, and that so soon as they decide to pool their issues and prove to the wheelmen of America that they are more interested in procuring their good than they are in quarreling over mere quibbles, they will find that the old period of prosperity and harmony which has characterized the life of the League for the past two years will return with promptness. "D," in *Philadelphia Times*.

AM I AN OLD FOY?

The amateur question is a chestnut—wormy, too. It has been written nearly out. Still I should like to be permitted to say my say, which is that the old, time-honored definition of an amateur as, a gentleman who does not contend for a wager or a money prize, nor with those who do so, is good enough for me. I can't see wherein our sport is so different from all other sports as to need a different definition of an amateur. Our boat clubs train and expend much money and time preparing themselves for racing. Somebody pays the bills. We have sent amateur boat crews to England, and we all can remember how indignant we were when the English objected to one or two of our crews because some of the oarsmen were accused of working at manual labor for a living, and therefore not being gentlemen in the English sense of the word. But nobody objected to them because their expenses were paid. Our wonderful sprint runner, Meyers, went to England and cut down all the records, coming back loaded with medals and fame. To accomplish this required months, and even several successive years, of training. But nobody ever asked if he paid all the heavy expense of this out of his own pocket. He remained an amateur until he ran for a money stake. Are we proud of him? Well, rather.

I don't race. I ride on my dignity, not on my speed. I would like to trade a mountain of dignity for just a little bit of speed, but can't. But when I go to see races I want to see speed. Especially when I pay for seeing races do I want to see the best speed there is. I would pay a dollar to see Hendee, Rowe, and Weber contend in a record-breaking race sooner than I would pay a dime to see all the duffers between Halifax and the city of Mexico cover their miles in over three minutes. The flying Get There captures my money and my enthusiasm; so he does the money and enthusiasm of the American people. The American people want to see the fliers; they don't care a straw for the duffers. If bicycling wants to captivate the American people, it has got to parade the fliers. If the League wants to spread the glory of the wheel, it has got to beat the British records, and breed the fastest fliers in the world. That is one of the surest ways to make bicycling universally popular.

Well, now fliers don't grow like weeds. They have to be carefully cultivated from the hardiest stock. Somebody has got to pay for their cultivation. Hendee and Rowe and Weber and the rest can't beat the English unless they spend months of time and hundreds of dollars of expense in training and procuring the best wheels that can be manufactured. Not one in a thousand of the fliers is a rich man. The flying stock is usually derived from the ranks of labor and active business. Unless somebody foots the bills, you don't have fliers. Whether the club, or a manufacturer, or a wealthy promoter of the sport pays the expenses, makes no difference with the result. It is

the trained cracks who draw,—who always will draw,—who do more to promote bicycling as a national sport than any other class. So long as they do not ride for wages, or with betting men, they are amateurs in the old-fashioned sense. Why should they not be? But there are, or may be, amateurs and amateurs. Why not compromise this business, and divide amateurs into two classes? Class A: Those who pay their own expenses, and fall within the present rule. Class B: Those whose expenses are paid in whole or in part by their clubs, or by promoters of the sport, no matter who, provided that such expenses are paid by men who are themselves gentlemen amateurs, and not gamblers. And disqualify any who ride in a class to which they do not belong. It seems to me that here is the sensible compromise. This would give Class A a fair chance, and their best men would graduate into class B, and so keep this class of renowned fliers full to hold the championship for this country. If the League is to take entire charge of racing, it may also create a third and wholly separate class of distinctively professionals.

I don't believe in forcing the best into the professional class, but in keeping the best as long as possible in the amateur class. I have the natural prejudice of millions against gambling and against those who contend for bets or money. But Cola Stone was good enough company for me, and so are Hendee, Rowe, Weber, and scores of others of the now proscribed fliers. I don't want the League to lose its control over gentlemen riders merely because they train and win, and make the sport renowned all over the world. I don't want Stevens kicked out because he is trying to ride around the world, and somebody pays his expenses. I want my club, if it has a rider of exceptional excellence, to have the privilege of training and sending him at our expense abroad, if we choose to capture glory for ourselves. I want the League to promote, and not to obstruct, the highest possible development of speed. I am getting old, and I want to live to see the wheel beat the horse for a mile. At the same time, I want to see the untrained riders given a chance to take prizes in their classes, and so be encouraged to develop more fliers to enter the trained class. I want to see the sport become as popular as base ball is now, so that every city in the land will have its track, its meets, its great crowds of ladies and gentlemen to witness the trials of speed and endurance, and thus make the wheel the popular American institution, and its triumphs the ambition of all our athletic young men. If not, why not? Am I an old fogey?

—PRESIDENT BATES, in *Bicycling World*.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.

Near ten o'clock on Tuesday morning finds Angora the scene of more excitement than it has seen for some time. I am trundling through the narrow streets towards the appointed starting place, which is at the commencement of a half-mile stretch of excellent level macadam, just beyond the tombstone-planted suburbs of the city. Mr. B— is with me, and a squad of *zaptiehs* are engaged in the lively occupation of protecting us from the crush of people following us out; they are armed especially for the occasion, with long switches, with which they unsparingly lay about them, seemingly only too delighted at the chance of making the dust fly from the shoulders of such unfortunate wights as the pressure of the throng forces anywhere near the magic cause of the com-

motion. The time and place of starting has become generally noised abroad, and near 3,000 people are already assembled when we arrive; among them is seen the genial face of Suleiman Effendi, who, in his capacity of mayor, is early on the ground with a force of *zaptiehs* to maintain order, and with a little knot of friends, behold, is also our humble friend, the Armenian pastor, the irresistible attractions of the wicked bicycle having temporarily overcome his contempt of the pomps and vanities of secular displays.

"Englishmen are always punctual!" says Suleiman Effendi, looking at his watch; and, upon consulting our own Waterbury, sure enough we have happened to arrive precisely to the minute. An individual named Mustapha, a blacksmith who has acquired an enviable reputation for skill on account of the beautiful horseshoes he turns out, now presents himself and begs leave to examine the mechanism of the bicycle, and the question arises among the officers standing by, as to whether Mustapha would be able to make one; Mustapha himself thinks he could, providing he had mine always at hand to copy from.

"Yes," suggests the practical-minded Suleiman Effendi, "yes, Mustapha, you may have *marifet* enough to make one; but when you have finished it, who amongst all of us will have *marifet* enough to ride it?"

"True, Effendi," solemnly assents another, "we would have to send for an Englishman to ride it for us, after Mustapha had turned it out!"

The mayor now requests me to ride along the road once or twice to appease the clamor of the multitude until the Vali arrives. The crowd along the road is tremendous, and on a neighboring knoll, commanding a view of the proceedings, are several carriage loads of ladies, the wives and female relatives of the officials. The mayor is indulgent to his people, allowing them to throng the roadway, simply ordering the *zaptiehs* to keep my road through the surging mass open. Whilst on the home stretch from the second spin, up dashes the Vali in the state equipage with quite an imposing body-guard of mounted *zaptiehs*, their chief being a fine military-looking Circassian in the picturesque military costume of the Caucasus. These horsemen the governor at once orders to clear the people entirely off the roadway—an order no sooner given than executed; and, after the customary interchange of salutations, I mount and wheel briskly up the broad smooth macadam between two compact masses of delighted natives; excitement runs high, and the people clap their hands and howl approvingly at the performance, whilst the horsemen gallop briskly to and fro to keep them from intruding on the road after I have wheeled past, and obstructing the governor's view. After riding back and forth a couple of times, I dismount at the Vali's carriage; a mutual interchange of adieus and well-wishes all around, and I take my departure, wheeling along at a ten-mile pace amid the vociferous plaudits of at least 4,000 people, who watch my retreating figure until I disappear over the brow of a hill. At the upper end of the main crowd are stationed the "irregular cavalry," on horses, mules, and donkeys; and among the latter, I notice our ingenious friend, the armless youth of yesterday, whom I now make happy by a nod of recognition, having scraped up a *backshesh* acquaintance with him yesterday.—THOMAS STEVENS, in *Outing for June*.

The issue of the first number of the *Bicycle Herald* was delayed, but will appear in a few days.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Sale and Exchange.

This department is for the convenience of our readers, in which their wants may be made known at a trifling expense. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to exchange or sell his machine, or a new-comer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel; here are offered the desired facilities. The charge will be *one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order.* Initials and abbreviations count as words.

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BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—125 shop-worn and 2d-second-hand wheels now on exhibition. Stock constantly changing; no price-list; correspondence and inspection invited; open Saturday evenings. **BUTMAN & CO.**, Scollay Square, Oriental Building, BOSTON, MASS.

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FOR SALE—52-inch Victor, new, \$100. **A. W. GUMP**, DAYTON, OHIO.

FOR SALE—50-inch Expert, all nickel but wheels, \$75. **A. W. GUMP**, DAYTON, OHIO.

FOR SALE—54-inch Sanspareil, all nickel but wheels, \$50. **A. W. GUMP**, DAYTON, OHIO.

FOR SALE—Victor Tricycle, in good running order, \$55. **A. W. GUMP**, DAYTON, OHIO.

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FOR SALE—40-inch Facile Bicycle, No. 1 order, \$60. **A. W. GUMP**, DAYTON, OHIO.

FOR SALE—54-inch English Bicycle, enamel, almost like new, \$50. **A. W. GUMP**, DAYTON, OHIO.

FOR SALE—52-inch Sanspareil, all nickel but wheels, ball-bearings, \$60. **A. W. GUMP**, DAYTON, OHIO.

FOR SALE—52-inch Expert, new tires, all nickel but rims, just like new, \$95. **A. W. GUMP**, DAYTON, OHIO.

FOR SALE—54-inch Expert Columbia, nearly new; also half-nickel Standard Columbia. **C. S. SCOTT**, CADIZ, O.

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FOR SALE—55-inch second-hand Royal Mail Racer, in excellent order; \$65. **AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY**, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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FOR SALE—English double Children's Tricycle, just about as good as new; cost new \$65; price \$25. **AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY**, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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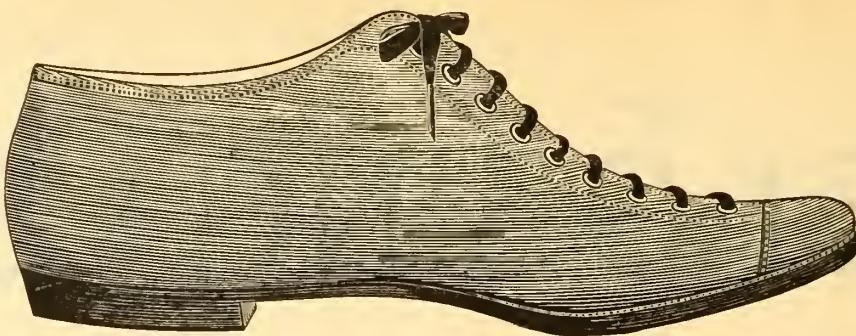
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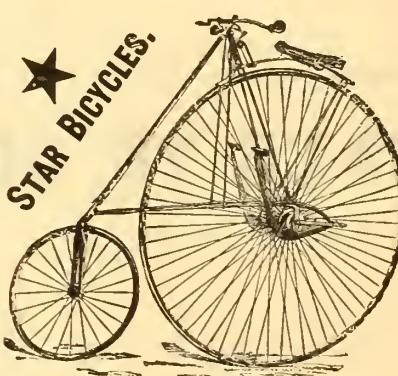
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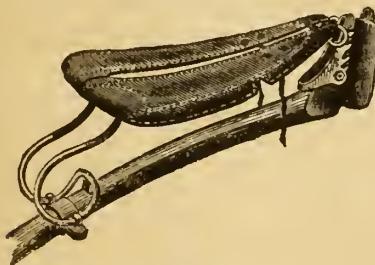
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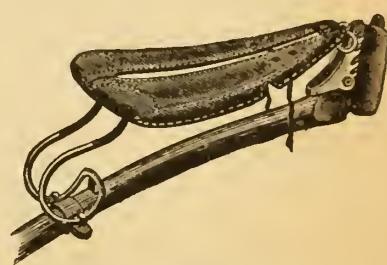


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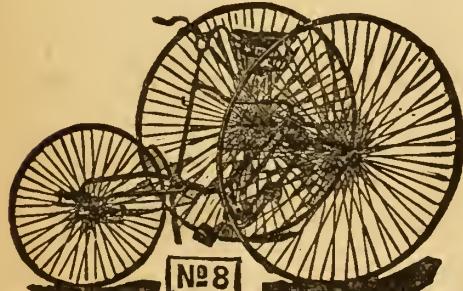
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