

# THE WHEEL

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### WHEEL GOSSIP.

The "Barnet House," at Canton, Ohio, has been appointed an L. A. W. hotel.

Mr. H. D. Corey has departed from England, and is now *en route* for home.

The second Paul Pry, A. K. C., is receiving that sort of recognition he deserves in the English press.

The New York, "Harlem Wheelmen" are contemplating joining the L. A. W. in a body on January 1st.

Chas. Frazier has paired with Grant McConney, of Smithville, who is said to be a good one, and are waiting for polo engagements.

A Hallowe'en party was given at the residence of the Captain of the New Orleans B. C., on October 31, intended for wheelmen solely.

A six-day's safety bicycle race is talked of, for Boston, to take place some time in December, at the Boston Institute, or Mechanics Building.

Westfield, Mass. Wheelmen have formed a class for bible study, to meet in the club-rooms every Sunday afternoon. That's the way we do in New York.

At a meeting of the Niagara B. C. on October 30th, resolutions were adopted mourning the death of A. Wesley Staples, a member, companion and friend.

J. A. Hayes, secretary of the Waterford, Ireland, B. C., and one of the most prominent wheelmen in that part of Great Britain, died on October 30th, of typhoid fever.

C. C. Aaron solicits assistance from the members of the Pennsylvania Division, towards making the next edition of the Pa.-New Jersey hand-book as free from errors as is possible.

Washington wheelmen have arranged for a run Nov. 26, Thanksgiving Day, to Martha's Vineyard and return. The start will be made at 8:30 A. M., from in front of the club-house of the W. C. C.

A member of the New Orleans B. C. and once President of that club, states, that he owes his improved health,—having once been subject to hemorrhage, but now entirely free from same,—to the bicycle.

The Fort Wayne *World* is of the opinion that few men can win races or break records. That's so; but show us the wheelman who hasn't a lingering sort of an idea, that the paragraph doesn't apply to him.

A Mr. App, of Cleveland, is touring in Southern Ohio. Latest word from him states, that he had just left Frost, *en route* for Coolville. The trip is a business one, and will total over 2,000 miles on its completion.

"Doodle" Robinson has returned to England from his Australian voyage, looking well and hearty. Either Robinson has restrained his *penchant* for valuable prizes, or our Australian friends have caught on to him.

The Victor Bicycle Club, Corpus Christi, Texas, is 400 miles distant from the nearest similar organization, but its members are of the every-day practical sort of men, and make good use of their wheels on the plains.

A sixty-miles bicycle race, for the North of France championship was contested at Longchamps on October 25th. Out of the thirteen entered, ten started. It was won by M. Dubois, in 3h. 34m., beating F. De Civry by 19 metres.

With that great india-rubber activity with which Dr. Blackham, of Dunkirk, N. Y., you know, has always been vested, has risen to inform the readers of the "*Bulletin*," what they shall write about. We advise him to drop the subject "me."

*Bicycling News* of Nov. 13th, publishes a cartoon representing Canary standing upright on his wheel, under the caption of "A Real American Record." Just so, friend *News*, and like all the other real records made at Springfield, will stand.

The Portland Wheel Club will give a drill and ball on Thursday evening, December 3rd. As the club have always shown considerable

enterprise in affairs of this nature, a very enjoyable time is anticipated by all who will have the good fortune to attend.

Riding from Lexington to Independence, Mo., is reckoned quite a performance by wheelmen, as the road, forty miles in length, is very rough. Mr. Jas. W. Neill probably holds the best record over it, accomplishing the feat a short time since in 6¼ hours.

The N. C. U. Record Committee has arrived at the conclusion that J. H. Adams is not entitled to his record of 232½ miles, so Gossett still wears the palm-leaf with his 231 3-4 miles. It is evident that Englishmen make mistakes as well as Americans in laying out a record course.

At a meeting of the "Institution of Mechanical Engineers," held recently in Coventry, England, Mr. Robert E. Phillips, of London, read an exhaustive treatise on the subject of the construction of Modern Cycles. Bicycles, tricycles, tandems, safeties, and all other machines were treated in a masterly manner.

Mr. W. D. McCoy, of Newark, N. J., arrived home from his business trip to England on the 13th inst. He disposed of his "Anatomical Saddle" to Messrs. Lamplugh & Brown, who will put it on the market at once. Mr. McCoy has taken the American agency of the Sparkbrook Convertible Tandem, as well as the Robinson and Price bicycle.

A meeting of the "Keen Fund Committee" was held on the 2nd. Mr. S. E. Waldegrave had the chair. The subscription fund was found to amount to £239. But £30 more is needed, and the total will be sufficient to purchase a small house in the neighborhood of Surbiton, which will be at once presented to the "old vet."

Claims for the next season's meet of the Ohio Division have already been sent in by a number of cities in that state. Canton has been especially vociferous in its own praise, and at present, has the best chance of securing the event. The placing of the meet rests with C. C. Kirkpatrick and his board of officers, and will be decided at a meeting to be held in the near future, and at which delegates from the cities presenting their claims, are requested to be present.

The North Shield's Bi. Club, with true American vim, has made these fixtures for the coming year. April 26--27, Easter meeting; Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in Newcastle race week, (no date), Great Anglo-American Tournament; August 2nd and 3rd, Eighth Annual Sports. It is to be hoped that some of our fast men, Rowe especially, will find it to their interest to show our English cousins, some of the stamina and speed possessed by American men-of-a-day.



The Cheyenne, Wyo., B. C. has a membership of thirty. Pretty good for a "cowboy" country.

Walter Jennings figures as the "Amateur Champion of Utah." His best time for the mile is 3.00 4-5.

Young, the Boston professional, professes to be much benefitted by his year off, and expects to show up as quite a speedy man next season.

Saginaw, Mich., is the proud possessor of a bicycle drill team. The boys are making themselves popular by offering their services to church socials, etc.

R. J. Mecredy, the Irish champion, is certainly the best racing man in the Isle. During his eventful career he has ridden 76 races, capturing of these no less than 71 prizes.

It is rumored that R. Howell will shortly enter into double harness. Poor Richard! After conquering the numberless "professional champions of America," to succumb to a mere woman.

The Ottumwa, Iowa, B. C. are hankering after a club-house, and as a means of securing the needful have engaged the fancy-riding team, Friedberg and Wells, to give exhibitions in their city, and expect to realize heaps of the shining shekels.

The Chicago B. C. is discussing the advisability of establishing North, West, and South side divisions of the club, each with its own quarters. But few oppose the movement, and there is every prospect of its being consummated in the near future.

John Williams, the colored tricyclist can point to a good record from the commencement of the riding season. He has won three important road races, in all of which good riders contested, besides capturing first prize in the Corey Hill affair.

Speaking of Rowe's recent records, the *Athletic News* asks: "Why did not this man show this form in the big tournament at Springfield?" Because, friend *News*, he was then merely a novice at the business, untrained, inexperienced, and minus the wonderful stamina which he has since developed.

The latest wonderful doings of "Billy" Rowe, as he is affectionately called by Lynrites, have given a grand impetus to cycling in his native city, and as a consequence both the resident clubs are booming. The Boscobel B. C. especially, is booming, and will place a pool-table in their rooms in Market street. The club has thirty-four members, and holds, what promises to be an interesting ten-mile road race on the 26th.

After failing to prove that THE WHEEL is not on a paying basis, the *Bulletin* claims that two of the former's stockholders have not received any dividends. The *Bulletin* cannot substantiate that statement, much less give the names of the parties furnishing the information. The *Bulletin* is evidently being run in a channel far remote from what League members expected or appreciate, and should pay stricter attention to League business and look to its own profits, and not those of its neighbors.

In another column is recorded the wonderful feat of L. D. Munger in breaking the 24 hour record, held for but three hours by W. H. Huntley, by two miles, lifting it to 259 and 13-16 miles. Munger's indomitable energy has been displayed to advantage, and his many tries for the record, are fresh in the minds of our

readers, and we cannot but cry "Bravo!" at his success. In W. H. Huntley, who has evinced his determination of regaining the record, is a foeman worthy of his wheel, as ditto Ives, Rhodes and McCurdy, all of whom will again endeavor to capture the biscuit.

Thanksgiving Day, the 26th, is the date for which many road races and runs have been arranged, throughout the world of cycledom. The Chicago B. C. hold a Hare and Hound chase, with very slight chances of the Hare coming in second best as he is allowed five minutes start. The Ixions, of this city, will give their Rome-howl club contest to McComb's Dam Bridge and return. That energetic club called the New Haven B. C. hold a run to Cheshire, and return, 28 miles, for three prizes; Dr. W. G. Kendall's twenty-five mile contest at Boston will attract the fliers, and we may look for some fast time. In the more Northern State, the last runs of the season have been arranged to come off on this popular holiday, to be followed by a feast, furnished by real, *bona fide* spring Turkeys.

A case of peculiar interest to wheelmen was heard before Judge Stephen in the Lincoln County Court, England, recently. It was Price vs. The Lincoln B. C. Jno. H. Price, the plaintiff, is a member of the London Stock Exchange, and on the Executive Committee, N. C. U. He had received a programme of the Lincoln B. C. sports, stating that the contests were open to gentlemen amateurs and would be held under N. C. U. rules. Mr. Price entered. He subsequently learned that several riders who had previously ridden under A. A. A. rules were also entered, and, as competing with them, by reason of a recent quarrel between the two organizations, would make Price a professional he protested to same, and was told that the men would not be allowed to ride. On reaching the grounds on which the races were to be held, he ascertained that one of the objectionable men would compete, and at once left for home, and instituted proceedings for recovery of 7s. 6d., entrance fees; £1 is., railroad fare, and 9s. hotel bill. The case was virtually one between the two organizations, and as such, has gained much notoriety. The judge granted a verdict for the plaintiff of £1 14s., with leave to appeal.

The Citizens Club are having hard lines with their club house. Built on leased grounds they only put down their foundation four feet instead of ten as the law requires. For two years they have enjoyed undisputed possession, but only recently contractors commenced to break ground for a six story apartment house next door. The result is that their west wall has partially caved in and the plastering is badly cracked, lockers sprung and the whole house demoralized. The cost for repairs will be in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars. To crown all, it has been discovered that a party wall agreement has existed between their neighbors and the club may be called upon to pay for a four story wall. To add to the complications, Mr. Bourne, their mainstay in regard to the club's relations to the Clark estate, their landlord, has been very dangerously ill with typhoid fever, and at one time was not expected to live. Although convalescent, it will be a long time before he can attend to business. In the meantime, there are six holes in the wall big enough to drive a twenty inch bicycle through and the cold north wind sighs mournfully through them as the tardy contractors try to pry the wall back into place. From all these difficulties the club will no doubt emerge stronger and better for the severe lesson.

## A BICYCLE SUIT ENDED.

The final hearing has been had in the bicycle suit of the Pope Manufacturing Company vs. T. B. Jefferey, in the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois, some time pending, the decision of the court being in favor of the Pope Manufacturing Company, for damages, costs and an injunction.

## STILL ANOTHER ROAD RECORD.

Two more attempts to break the 24-hour bicycle road record were successful Saturday. The first one to start was W. H. Huntley of the Nonantum Club of Newton who holds the 24-hour tricycle road record of 191 miles. He started promptly at 2 p. m., Friday. L. H. Frost of Chelsea made the pace for the entire lap, in which 53 22-32 miles were covered. He didn't cover as much in the second lap, when he rode in the dark. Charles Haven pulled Huntley along 14 1/2 miles in 1h. 4m., then Jack Vivian and Corey bore him company. 42 miles were covered this time. On the third lap, J. Corey of Charlestown, Hook of Charlestown and Swan of Dorchester made the pace. The return was made at 7:30 a.m. L. H. Frost of Chelsea and Porter of Newton then rode out. The latter is a little fellow, about 14 years old, and rides beautifully. Crocker of Newton and McCurdy made the pace in the last lap. At 1:59 Huntley returned, and was greeted with applause. He had covered 257 1-16 miles, excelling McCurdy's record. He was taken up stairs and rubbed down, and found to be in good condition. As was to be expected, he was quite tired, but his performance was all the more meritorious from the fact that it was made under much more unfavorable conditions than when the previous records were made. The chilly weather, too, had its effect upon the men, and not particularly exhilarating. A couple of headers were taken, but they did not injure wheel or rider in the least.

Huntley is about 28 years old, weighs 140 pounds, and stands 5 feet 8 inches. He rode a 54-inch Rudge light roadster, weighing 39 pounds. Following is a summary:

|            | Start.   | Finished. | Cyclometer. | Time.    | Rest.  |
|------------|----------|-----------|-------------|----------|--------|
| First lap, | 2:00     | 6:09      | 53 11-16    | 4:09     | 21     |
| Second "   | 6:30     | 10:21     | 42 15-32    | 3:51     | 18     |
| Third "    | 10:39    | 2:33      | 42 21-32    | 3:54     | 17 1/2 |
| Fourth "   | 2:50 1/2 | 7:30      | 50 07-16    | 4:39 1/2 | 22     |
| Fifth "    | 7:52     | 11:06 1/2 | 36 09-16    | 3:14 1/2 | 13 1/2 |
| Sixth "    | 11:20    | 1:59      | 30          | 2:39     |        |

Total distance, 257 1-16; total riding time, 22h. 27m.; total resting time, 1h. 32m.

## MUNGER ALSO SUCCESSFUL.

L. D. Munger, the hero of the wonderful exploit of Saturday, which has placed him at the head of the 24-hour road riders of the country, started on his task from the Faneuil House, Brighton, Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The course was published in Saturdays papers, and was verified by riders who had been previously over it, and by two Butcher cyclometers on one wheel of the rider and on the wheels of the pace makers. Munger is the captain of the Detroit Bicycle Club, and is a fine athletic looking man. He is about 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 160 pounds and is 22 years of age. He rides a 57-inch Apollo machine weighing 34 pounds, the same wheel which he has used in previous attempts. This is his fourth attempt within three weeks. The particulars of his three attempts to break the record and the reasons for failure were fully given in THE WHEEL at the respective times. It will be seen that he is a very plucky rider. He was bent upon remaining East



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until he succeeded in going over the full 24-hours' course.

The conditions of the contest were very unfavorable to success. The weather was intensely cold, and the wind was so piercing that it almost entirely benumbed the riders, and on the third lap, early in the morning, his pace maker, Martin, was almost frozen. There was a very severe frost, and his eyeglasses were so covered that he could not see. The roads, as a whole, were very good for the season, but during the night they froze and got rutty, causing the pace-makers no little trouble, and making them take a few headers, from which, however no injuries were received. Munger was advised by his physician not to go into the contest as on Monday he foolishly rode, with McCurdy, in the 100-mile record race, and then hurt his knee. In this race he has been riding with a bandaged knee.

## ON THE FIRST LAP.

he was accompanied by A. A. McCurdy of Lynn, who holds the record. McCurdy went 14 miles, and then Charles A. Martin of the Massachusetts Club, made the pace for the remainder of the distance, everything passing off very pleasantly. In the second lap Mr. L. E. P. Smith of the Massachusetts Club, went out, and when about seven miles out he was heavily thrown. He got a bad bump on the head, cut his nose, and his lip was badly swelled. Munger came back for another pacemaker and Lieut. E. Sayer of the Somerville Club traveled the full distance afterward. Martin went in at Newton Centre and escorted the twain home. On the third round, Drummond, the colored rider, made the pace. In the fourth lap Ellesin rode with Munger as far as Newton Center, and Drummond went the rest of the way. In the fifth lap McCurdy went to Newton Centre, and C. O. Danforth and E. C. Getchell of the Cambridge Club saw him home. It was 4.50 as he came into the yard of the Faneuil House. A large party of wheelmen and spectators had gathered. The announcement received beforehand that at 4.06 he had covered 250 miles led everyone to believe that Huntley's record could only live three hours. It also showed that Munger could not reach the English total of 266 1/4 miles. He was heartily greeted as he rode to the door of the hotel, and acknowledged the compliment by doffing his hat. He had been away ever since 10.44, six hours and 14 minutes, during which time he had not visited the hotel. His speed fell off a trifle, as was natural. When asked how he felt, he said that he felt all right, but as though he could eat a raw horse. A large crowd of admirers and enthusiastic wheelmen followed him to the room, and, in answer to the query "What's the matter with Munger?" shouted in concert "He's all right," upon the announcement of

## HIS RECORD, 259 13-16 MILES.

Among those on hand to verify the performance were Messrs. Freelon Morris of the Boston, Harry Saben of the Newton, and Morton of the Massachusetts club. Munger was at once rubbed down and given a hearty meal of raw oysters and beefsteak and put to bed.

Throughout Munger had pulled his pace makers. His knee troubled him somewhat, but his ankle not at all. His appetite has been excellent, and he was given, during the rests, roast chicken, roast turkey, and beef tea. In the early morn he encountered a milkman, who felt delighted at being permitted to treat. He received the best of care and treatment at the house, Messrs. W. L. Ross, W. F. Pope, John Williams and C. I. Swan caring for him. Mr. J. Butcher attended to the starting and timing. Three quarters of an hour was id-

den in the rain. The pace makers deserve great credit for their part of the feats of the afternoon. The table below gives a summary of the work of the 24 hours. There is necessarily a slight variation between the totals of the individual laps and the total taken on the cyclometer from start to finish, caused by the reading of the cyclometer while it was changing numbers :

|   | Started.<br>P. M. | Arrived.<br>P. M. | Cyclo-<br>meter.<br>Miles. | Time<br>elapsed.<br>H. M. | Rested<br>M. |
|---|-------------------|-------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|--------------|
| First lap   | 5:00              | 9:14<br>A. M.     | 53 1/8                     | 4:14                      | 19           |
| Second lap  | 9:33<br>A. M.     | 2:52              | 61 7-8                     | 5:19                      | 28           |
| Third lap   | 3:20              | 5:25              | 19                         | 2:05                      | 22           |
| Fourth lap  | 5:47              | 10:24             | 52 5-32                    | 4:37                      | 20           |
| Fifth lap   | 10:44             | 4:58              | 73 21-32                   | 6:14                      | —            |
| Total distance, 259 13-16 miles. Total riding time, 22h. 29m. Total resting time, 1h. 29m.— <i>Herald</i> . |                   |                   |                            |                           |              |

## FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

*Editor of The Wheel:* The first races of the Eufaula, Ala. B. C. were held under the auspices of the East Alabama Fair Association, November 5th and 6th. The track, which bids to be far the best in the South, a perfect circle, made of clay and gravel, 1/4 mile round, owing to the rain, was in most miserable condition. Three mile professional on account of condition of track changed to half-mile heats best 3 in 5. Polhill and Horton both of Macon, Ga., only entries. First two heats were won easily by Polhill in 2.11 and 2.11 1/2. Last three and race was won by Horton in 2.11 1/2, 2.12 and 2.24. Purse \$25.00 to first; \$15.00 to second.

Quarter-mile handicap, boys under twelve, was next, and was won by H. Kolb, with 175 yards handicap; Reeves second. Prize, silver medal.

One-half mile, mount at word go, was won easily by T. L. Ingram of Columbus; Mortin second, 100 yards; Polk third. Gold and silver medals to first and second.

## SECOND DAY'S RACES

were called at 2.30. First was fancy riding. It was supposed Ingram had it all his own way at the beginning of the riding, and this belief was confirmed at finish, he having done every thing J. B. and G. W. Whitlock had gone through with, and ten or twelve tricks not even attempted by them, but the judges announced first prize to J. B. Whitlock and Ingram second. Whitlock himself said first prize should have been awarded to Ingram, but the judges were not riders and all Eufaula men.

One-half mile, 2.10 time was next, with about ten starters. Just before word go was given, the judges announced that Ingram would not be given the prize if he won, having already secured two, (this, after his entry was accepted that morning); all except Barnett of Eufaula and Polk of Montgomery came in ahead of time. Barnett winning in 2.11; 34 Polk second 2.11 1/2. 100 yards slow and E. Bi. C. championship declared off.

Nearly 3000 people witnessed the races (?) and would no doubt have been very enthusiastic if there had been some genuine racing. A great mistake most of the clubs are making, is in having races for boys, time, slow, fancy riding, &c., instead of open or handicap races. This is what the people like to see, and is much more interesting to the contestants. Thomasville, Ga., will have several race meets during the winter, and it is to be hoped they will not make the same mistake.

The weather now is simply perfect, and, although the only wheelman who dares attempt our country roads, have enjoyed some very pleasant trips in the country. Have ridden

from Baltimore to Albany, N. Y., and the very worse part of the trip (Downingtown to Paoli) is magnificent, compared to the best 10 miles of road we have South. Took quite a ride Sunday, to Hamilton, Ga., 22 1/2 miles and return; first 6 miles in one hour, 6 dismounts; 9 miles, 16 dismounts, and for 20 miles, not less than 50—4 1/2 hours for the 22 1/2 miles and am considered by far the strongest and best road rider in this section, and the only rider having made 100 miles straight-a-way in this State. Notwithstanding the poor roads, two of us start Saturday morning and attempt to do 104 miles in two days; an accurate account of the dismounts, headers and time will be kept, and if agreeable, will be glad to give our Northern brethren an account of the pleasures (?) attending touring in the South. With many wishes for the continued success of THE WHEEL. Yours very truly,

L. A. W. 6778.

COLUMBUS, GA., Nov. 17, 1885.

## HENDEE'S RECORDS.

SPRINGFIELD, 11 November.—Geo. M. Hendee made an attempt to beat the records to one hundred miles this day, and was timed as below. He stopped at the ninety-third mile from weakness. An asterisk (\*) denotes best American record :—

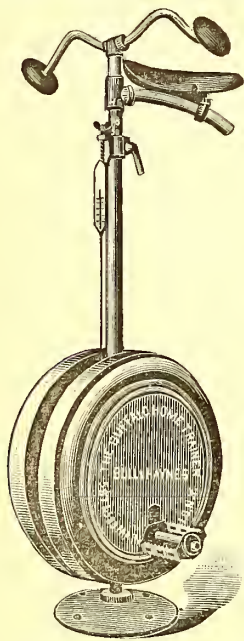
| Miles. | Time.        | Miles. | Time.        |
|--------|--------------|--------|--------------|
| 1      | 3.17         | 48     | *2.50.03     |
| 2      | 6.57 4-5     | 49     | *2.53.37 4-5 |
| 3      | 10.06        | 50     | *2.56.56 4-5 |
| 4      | 13.17        | 51     | 3.09.30 3-5  |
| 5      | 16.39 4-5    | 52     | 3.14.48      |
| 6      | 20.04 3-5    | 53     | 3.18.13 1-5  |
| 7      | 23.26        | 54     | 3.21.33 4-5  |
| 8      | 26.42 1-5    | 55     | 3.24.54      |
| 9      | 29.53 3-5    | 56     | 3.28.22      |
| 10     | 33.08 3-5    | 57     | 3.31.53 2-5  |
| 11     | 36.33 1-5    | 58     | 3.35.39 4-5  |
| 12     | 39.55 2-5    | 59     | 3.40.02 3-5  |
| 13     | 43.14 1-5    | 60     | 3.44.40      |
| 14     | 46.28 1-5    | 61     | 3.48.39 3-5  |
| 15     | 49.47 2-5    | 62     | 3.52.43 2-5  |
| 16     | 53.08 2-5    | 63     | *3.56.32 1-5 |
| 17     | 56.23        | 64     | *4.02.59 3-5 |
| 18     | 59.41        | 65     | *4.06.28 3-5 |
| 19     | 1.03.02      | 66     | *4.09.58 3-5 |
| 20     | 1.06.20 2-5  | 67     | *4.13.32     |
| 21     | 1.09.43 3-5  | 68     | *4.17.12 3-5 |
| 22     | 1.13.09      | 69     | *4.21.26 3-5 |
| 23     | 1.16.31 2-5  | 70     | *4.27.27 1-5 |
| 24     | 1.19.54 1-5  | 71     | *4.31.03     |
| 25     | 1.23.10      | 72     | *4.34.30 3-5 |
| 26     | *1.26.32     | 73     | *4.38.01 1-5 |
| 27     | *1.29.52 1-5 | 74     | *4.41.35 3-5 |
| 28     | *1.33.13 3-5 | 75     | *4.45.07 4-5 |
| 29     | *1.36.39 3-5 | 76     | *4.48.48 1-5 |
| 30     | *1.40.09 2-5 | 77     | *4.52.31 1-5 |
| 31     | *1.43.39 2-5 | 78     | *4.56.11     |
| 32     | *1.47.07 3-5 | 79     | *5.00.05     |
| 33     | *1.50.40     | 80     | *5.04.17 2-5 |
| 34     | *1.54.21 4-5 | 81     | *5.08.25 3-5 |
| 35     | *1.58.12 2-5 | 82     | *5.12.33     |
| 36     | *2.01.51     | 83     | *5.16.43 1-5 |
| 37     | *2.05.42 2-5 | 84     | *5.20.45 2-5 |
| 38     | *2.09.41 3-5 | 85     | *5.24.41     |
| 39     | *2.14.12 1-5 | 86     | *5.28.23 1-5 |
| 40     | *2.18.19     | 87     | *5.32.01 3-5 |
| 41     | *2.22.18     | 88     | *5.35.50 1-5 |
| 42     | *2.26.26     | 89     | *5.39.55 2-5 |
| 43     | *2.30.37     | 90     | *5.43.57     |
| 44     | *2.34.49 3-5 | 91     | *5.47.58 2-5 |
| 45     | *2.39.54 3-5 | 92     | *5.52.24 3-5 |
| 46     | *2.42.43     | 93     | *5.57.55     |
| 47     | *2.46.25 3-5 |        |              |

Referee, C. S. Fiske; judges, H. P. Merrill, A. B. Homer, E. D. Curtis; timers, W. N. Winans, H. W. Collins, A. L. Atkins.—*Bicycling World*.



# THE WHEEL.

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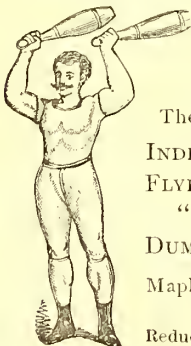
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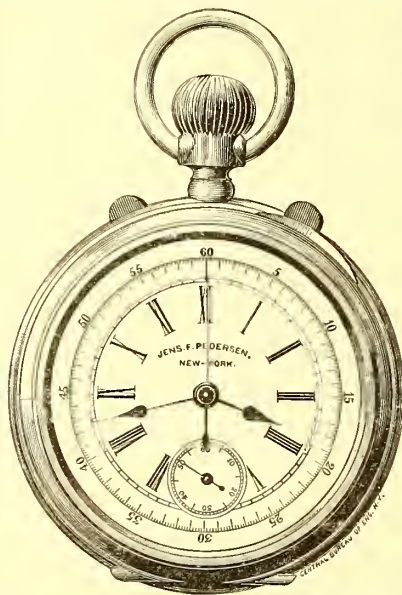
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## STEVENS IN PERSIA.

A GRAPHIC LETTER FROM THE FIRST CYCLING EXPLORER.—AN EXHIBITION FOR THE DELECATATION OF THE SHAH.—SKETCH OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE EASTERN MONARCH.

Arrangements have been made where y Mr. Thomas Stevens, who is now on a bicycle journey around the world, under the auspices of the Outing Magazine, will furnish a series of letters, expressly written for the *Herald*, descriptive of his experiences. His first instalment contains a very interesting account of his appearance before the Shah of Persia.

In the afternoon of Oct. 7, just six days after my arrival in Teheran, while sitting alone reading, chair tilted back, and bootless feet elevated upon a newly arrived package of Outing Magazines and *Heralds* on the centre table, Ali Akbar, one of the Persian servants attached to our bachelor establishment (by "our" I mean myself and three young Englishmen, employees of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, who upon my arrival here cordially invited me to make one among them during my stay here), announced a visitor for "Sahib"—meaning me. Upon being admitted, the visitor proved to be an officer from Nassir-el-Mulk, the Shah's minister for foreign affairs, who in broken English announced that his majesty, having heard of the extraordinary journey I had just finished from San Francisco to his capital, had expressed a wish to see both myself and the bicycle and would I favor them all by following the soldiers who would be sent around for me tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, Ferenghi time? "Certainly I would. I should be most happy to accommodate, and to show to his majesty the latest wonder from Frangistan," that mysterious wonderland of Orientals, the land from which they obtain every mechanical thing, from the tiny cambric needle, whose eye is the only Ferenghi eye to which the innermost secrets of their zenanas are revealed, to the big Krupp gun on the public square, the concussion of which nearly scared them out of their wits by shaking down the flimsy towers of one of the city gates, close to which they had unwittingly fired it on first trial.

Punctually (strange to say) at the hour appointed a couple of cavalymen presented themselves, and mounting my ever-ready Columbia, I follow my escort, being accompanied by two of my young English friends on horseback. Together we ride along several fairly rideable streets to the foreign office, the soldiers riding ahead and clearing the road of pedestrians, laden donkeys, camels and horses, driving them unceremoniously to the right, to the left, on to the sidewalk, anywhere, in fact, out of my way, for am I not for the time under

### THE SHAH'S SPECIAL PROTECTION?

the latest novelty and wonder that has arrived at the Persian capital, on my way to gratify the not unnatural curiosity of the "Shah in Shah, King of Kings, and greatest Monarch on earth," as he is blindly believed and popularly understood to be by his unenlightened subjects, and in a less broader sense, also by himself?

The foreign office, like every building of pretension, either public or private, in the land of the lion and the Shah, is a large substantial edifice, built of brick and mud, surrounding a court yard or garden, in which splashing fountains play amid a wealth of vegetation; this latter springing, as if by the wafting of magician's wand from the sandy soil of Persia wherever water can be abundantly applied. Tall poplars are gently swaying in the morning breeze: the less lofty almond and the pomegranate, sheltered by the

surrounding buildings, rustle never a leaf, but seem to be offering Pomona's choice gifts in the shape of ripe almonds and rosy pomegranates, with modest mien and silence, while beds of rare exotics, indigenous to this sunny clime, impart to the atmosphere of the cool shaded garden a delightfully refreshing perfume. Here, by the aid of my two companions and the Shah's interpreter, I am introduced to Nassir-el-Mulk, a kindly faced, yet business-looking old gentleman, who, I think, has previously been Persian ambassador to England; and at his request I mount and wobble several times around the confined and quite unsuitable footwalks of the garden. This performance causes no small wonder, and elicits not a little admiration from the crowd of officials and nobles gathered here, who, true to their Persian instincts of inquisitiveness, forthwith proceed to catechise me unmercifully for the next half hour concerning the mechanism and capabilities of the bicycle, the meaning of my L. A. W. badge, and about the past and future of my journey around the world.

In company with the interpreter, I now ride out through the suburbs to the Dorshan Tepe gate, one of the 12 gates of Teheran, where we are to await the arrival of the Shah and his suite; the foreign minister going part of the way with us in his carriage, in order to see me ride to better advantage than was possible in the garden. From the Doshan Tepe gate are some two farsakhs (7½ English miles) of fairly good macadam road, leading to the royal palace and gardens of Doshan Tepe. His majesty goes this morning to the mountains beyond the palace on a hunting excursion, and wishes me to ride out with his party a few miles, thus giving him a good opportunity of seeing something of what bicycle traveling really is. The tardy monarch keeps us and a large crowd of attendants waiting fully an hour at the gate ere he puts in an appearance; but I find plenty of amusement, satisfying the curiosity of newly arriving horsemen, beaters, etc. Among the crowd is the Shah's chief shikaree (hunter), a grizzled old veteran, beneath whose rifle many a forest prowler has fallen in the great boxwood forests of the Caspian slope, where but a two days ride from Teheran leopards, wild boars, and even tigers are said to be plentiful. The shikaree upon seeing me ride and not being able to comprehend the possibility of keeping one's balance on a vehicle that cannot stand alone, eyes the bicycle a moment in silence, and then exclaims aloud, "Oh ajab Ingilisti!" "Oh the wonderful English!" Everybody's face is wreathed in smiles at the old shikaree's exclamation of wonderment; and when I jokingly advise him that he ought to do his tiger hunting in the future on a bicycle, and once more mount and circle about and ride without using my hands, to illustrate the possibility of shooting off the saddle from a bicycle, the delighted crowd of horsemen burst out in hearty laughter, many of them exclaiming "bravo!"

At length the word goes round that the Shah is coming; everybody dismounts, and, as the royal carriage drives up,

### EVERY PERSIAN BOWS HIS HEAD

nearly to the ground, remaining in that highly respectful attitude until the carriage halts and the Shah summons myself and the interpreter to his side. I am the only Ferenghi in the crowd, my two English companions having ridden back to the city. The Shah's carriage is drawn by six splendid dapple gray stallions, each near horse being ridden by jockeys in tasty liveries of quiet gray and gold braid. The horses are richly caparisoned, and the carriage itself is a magnificent English brougham,

upholstered in crimson plush, the interior being furthermore embellished by much mirror work, and a small unique specimen of a clock. The Shah is the sole occupant of this marvellous vehicle; and on this occasion all those features of regal splendor and magnificence which we are accustomed to read of and expect in the costume of an eastern monarch are conspicuous by their absence. He is simply dressed in the ordinary costume of a wealthy Persian nobleman, partly Europeanized; a Persian head-dress of fine black Austrian lambskin, an albaz of rich cashmere-shawl material of flowery pattern, a pair of broadcloth trousers and patent leather shoes. His majesty impresses one as being a much more intelligent man than the average of his subjects, and although they are, as a nation, inordinately inquisitive, I have never yet met a Persian who took a more lively interest in everything concerning the bicycle than the Shah seems to take, as though his interpreter he plies me with all manner of questions. Among other questions, he asked me if the Koords didn't molest me when coming through Koordistan unguarded; and he seemed greatly amused upon my relating a certain incident in which a small party of these nomads were held in check by the revolver until rideable ground was reached, when I sprang into the saddle and outdistanced them.

Another cloud of horsemen arrived with the royal carriage, swelling the company to perhaps 200. Three jilowdars (outriders) went ahead of the carriage. I rode alongside in the best position for the Shah to see while the crowd brought up the rear, many of them galloping their chargers over the stony plain through which the Doshan Tepe road leads. After half a mile the Shah deserts the carriage and mounts a horse, in order to the better "put me through some exercises." First he requests me to favor him with an exhibition of speed; then I have to ride a short distance over the rough stony plain to illustrate the possibility of traversing a rough country; then ride at the slowest possible pace, etc., in all of which he appears greatly interested, and he seems even more amused than instructed, laughing quite heartily several times as he rides alongside the bicycle at a smart canter. After a while he again exchanges for the carriage, and in due time we arrived at the palace garden. Here I am again requested to make a spurt for the royal edification down a long smooth footpath. The garden is traversed by a network of irrigating ditches; but his majesty solemnly assures me that there is nothing of the kind across the path he wishes to see me ride down as fast as possible. Two hundred yards from the spot where this assurance is given, sees me executing a lightning-like dismount, while going at a 12-mile pace, to avoid running into the very thing I had just been told didn't exist. It was the narrowest escape from what might have proved a very serious accident.

Riding back toward the advancing party, I pointed out my good fortune in escaping the tumble. The Shah asked if people ever hurt themselves by falling off bicycles; and the answer "that a fall such as I would have had by running full speed into the ditch might result in broken limbs." The idea seemed to strike him as particularly humorous; and from the way he laughed I couldn't help thinking the sending me

### FLYING TO A CERTAIN HEADER.

was one of those little practical jokes of his which he is occasionally in the habit of playing. He next wanted me to go at full speed up a newly made walk of loose deep gravel; but this was, I think, only a little pleasantry on his

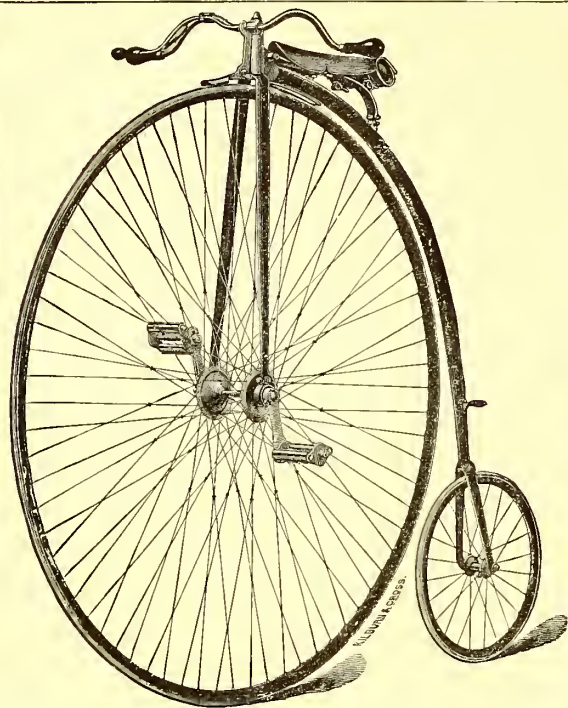


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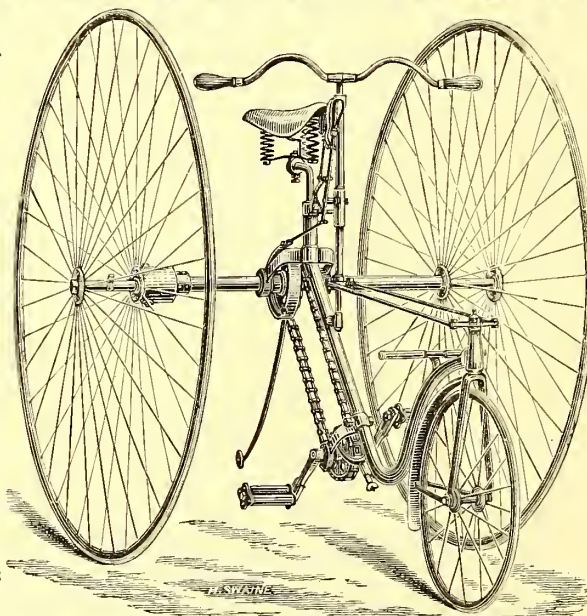
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part, or perhaps a desire to see what I could do in that sort of stuff.

With some difficulty I mounted and forced my way through it for a few steps, to satisfy his curiosity, and then, dismounting, trundled along with the party to a small menagerie, enclosed in the garden. On the way the Shah inquired about the number of cyclers there are in England and America, why they don't use iron tires instead of rubber, and many other questions, proving the great interest aroused in him by the first bicycle visiting his capital. (There has been a tricycle here, but mine is the pioneer bicycle.) The menagerie consists of a cage of monkeys, about a dozen lions, and several tigers and leopards. We passed along from cage to cage, and as the keeper coaxed them to the bars, the Shah amused himself by poking them with an umbrella.

At this stage of the programme my two young Englishmen who left us at the Doshan Tepe gate suddenly appeared up a side avenue. In turning to greet them I came near making the unpardonable breach of etiquette of turning my back to the Shah, and was only prevented doing so by the ever-attentive interpreter, who—more likely for himself, perhaps, than for me—grabbed me by the shoulder just in the nick of time. It was arranged in the original programme that I should accompany them up to their rendezvous in the foot hills of the Elburz mountains two miles beyond the palace, and take breakfast with them (the Persian breakfast time is high noon), but seeing the difficulty of getting up there with the bicycle, and not caring to destroy the favorable impression of a bicyclist's capabilities, which I felt conscious of having created by traversing an unrideable road, I requested permission to take my leave at this point, the interpreter returning with us to the city after showing us through the garden, which contains nothing extraordinary for a royal garden in Persia.

THOMAS STEVENS in *Boston Herald*.  
Teheran, Persia, Oct. 10.

## THE K. C. W'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The Kings County Wheelmen gave an entertainment Monday evening at the club-rooms, No 159 Clymer street, Brooklyn Eastern District. Among the favorite selections was the singing of a duet by the Misses Vinnie M. and May E. Seibert, entitled, "I Love and Live for Thee." The banjo solo by James L. Hewlett and Charles H. Simonson also received marked applause.

The programme concluded with the one-act comedy, "The Two Buzzards." After the entertainment dancing was engaged in and continued until a late hour.

The Committee of Arrangements were E. S. Seibert, Frank H. Douglass, R. J. Knox, W. A. Locke and E. Johnson.

## A VERY NOVEL RACE.

*Editor of The Wheel:* A very large audience assembled at the Olympian Rink to witness the first obstacle race ever held in Cleveland. The following riders took part: R. P. Ruck, J. McTigue, A. E. Douhet and Walter Collins, all riding Star machines. The programme of race was as follows:

1. Tandem, once around the hall.
2. Carrying bicycles over obstacles.
3. Riding over tilting board and through net.
4. Riding over bag and between partitions of paper.
5. Riding down steps.

6. Riding and mounting with mattress fastened to riders back.

7. Eating suspended apple.

8. Rolling keg across hall.

The race resulted as follows: R. P. Ruck, first; J. McTigue, second.

A great many of our local riders are attending Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, and training for next season's races. S. S. LEVY.

## THE NEW JERSEY CYCLING AND ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Before the close of another cycling season Newark will possess grounds for amateur athletic sports upon which it may be reasonably hoped many world's records will be broken. For the purpose of "obtaining and maintaining suitable accommodation for sports and games, including a race track, club house, and the necessary appurtenances," the New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association has been organized with a capital stock of \$10,000.

For a long while the wheelmen of this vicinity have been agitating the question of building a race track somewhere in the Oranges. It was firmly believed that, were a track built in that locality, so situated as to be easily accessible by both horse and steam cars, and conducted on sound business principles, the enterprise would prove one of the most successful affairs of the kind in this country. It was not until lately, however, that vague discussions of the subject took tangible form. But at a meeting of wheelmen representing all the local clubs, held in the Roseville Rink, corner Orange and Sixth streets, on Monday evening, the question was settled definitely. There were present Messrs. Parsons, Willever, Zacharias, Smith, Clark and Alyea, of the New Jersey Wheelmen; Messrs. Knight, Lunger, Peck, Sergeant, English, Taylor, Crane, Clapp, Farnsworth, Fish, and Slate, of the Essex Bicycle Club; Drs. Sanger and Gray, of the Orange Wanderers; Mr. L. B. Bonnett, of the Elizabeth Wheelmen; Dr. E. W. Johnson, of the Hudson County Wheelmen, and Mr. R. W. Weir, of the Montclair Wheelmen. Mr. Herbert W. Knight, of the Essex Bicycle Club, was chosen to preside over the meeting, with Mr. J. C. Willever, N. J. W., as secretary. After a preliminary discussion of the subject, it was unanimously resolved that "the meeting there assembled form a stock company to be known as the New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association; the capital stock to be ten thousand dollars, to consist of one thousand shares of a par value of ten dollars each." The following gentlemen were named as incorporators: Messrs. D. E. Drake and W. H. Parsons, of the New Jersey Wheelmen; Messrs. H. W. Knight and W. H. Peck, of the Essex Bicycle Club; Dr. R. M. Sanger, of the Orange Wanderers; Mr. L. B. Bonnett, of the Elizabeth Wheelmen; Dr. E. W. Johnson, of the Hudson County Wheelmen; and Mr. R. W. Weir, of the Montclair Wheelmen. Stock to the amount of \$7,150 was immediately subscribed for, the New Jersey Wheelmen taking one block of 600 shares.

In discussing the financial aspect of this new enterprise, Dr. Sanger said both Col. Pope of Boston, and Mr. H. E. Ducker of the Springfield *Wheelmen's Gazette*, had personally assured him of their confidence in the success of a racing track in this vicinity. Col. Pope's opinion was that "a good track in the neighborhood of the Oranges must be a success," while Mr. Ducker had said: "Springfield has a population of about 30,000. The annual races here are attended by 15,000 people. A race meeting near the Oranges, with the great floating population near by, should draw 60,000." A plot of ground, sufficiently large for a quarter mile

track, and all the necessary buildings, has been secured. The track will be broken at once, so that it may have the advantage of the workings of frost, and in the spring properly completed, when the grounds will be enclosed and buildings erected. The situation of the track, on Park avenue, near Roseville, is most desirable, the locality being both high and level. It is within thirty five minutes ride from New York, and near the centre of the most beautiful section of country in the United States. The grounds will not be devoted exclusively to bicycling, but will be fitted up for all amateur athletic sports, tennis, etc., and, supported by all, will not be conducted in the interest of any particular club. A committee was appointed to invite the co-operation of the Roseville Athletic Association.

The meeting was adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

A recess was taken during the meeting, upon the invitation of Messrs. Zacharias and Smith, to witness a fine exhibition of riding in the rink by George E. Hutchinson, who had been engaged by those gentlemen especially for this occasion.—*Cyclist and Athlete*.

## BELL AGAIN DEFEATS WOODSIDE.

The second five-mile race between William M. Woodside and Grant Bell, occurred on the evening of Nov 17th, at the Washington Roller Rink. Before the race there were about 300 skaters on the floor, while there were nearly 3,000 spectators occupying the seats around the rink. In the race, which was called at 9:25 o'clock, Bell drew the inside position. He got a poor start, however, and Woodside took the lead which he held until he reached the 26th lap, when Bell spurred, and, amid tremendous applause, took the lead. Here Bell passed by taking a turn on the inside of the track, running some distance in towards the middle of the rink. He had made several other unsuccessful attempts. After securing the lead he opened up a gap of nearly half a lap, and won by that distance.

Following is the time by miles: 1st, 3m. 10s.; 2nd, 3m. 27s.; 3rd, 3m. 38s.; 4th, 3m. 5th, 4m. 5s.

Total time: 1st, 3m. 10s.; 2nd, 6m. 37s.; 3rd, 9m. 30s.; 4th, 12m. 40s.; 5th, 16m. 45s.

Before the race Samuel Vowell, a prominent member of the Chicago Bicycle Club, wanted to bet \$300 on Woodside and found no takers. The Timekeeper was Dr. I. Algier, Referee, S. H. Heath, and Scorers, F. J. Scudder and A. F. Pillsbury.

Next Tuesday evening the third of the series between Woodside and Bell will occur at the rink.

Woodside up to last Saturday held the 50-mile championship of the world, but on that day at St. Louis, John S. Prince cut it down several minutes. Woodside now states that he is confident of breaking the record made by Prince, and if Manager Clark will raise the corners of the Washington Rink he will do it there. Mr. Clark states that he will do this, and the public will soon see what Woodside can do.

## TO WOODSIDE AND THE PUBLIC.

In reply to Woodside's challenge to me to run a race in the Washington Rink with raised corners put in and let me name my start, I would say, that owing to my having beaten him twice, I will not accept any start, but will race him even for five miles to show the public how near I can keep to him on a track where a man can use his best speed.

GRANT BELL.

*Editor of the Wheel:*—The above, clipped from this morning's *Tribune*, is mainly correct



and the times I think can be relied on. Woodside set a brisk pace from the start, but could not shake off Bell, who seemed to have an easy time in following him, putting in his best work, after he had passed Woodside. The improvement in time over the preceding race, 1m. 8s, shows both men were in earnest, and did their best. The same machines as before were ridden, although the papers had announced that Woodside would ride a machine with wider tire. To those watching it would seem that a crank machine, especially as small a wheel as Woodside rode, has no chance with a "Star" built for racing. When Bell's wheel was well under way it almost "ran itself," especially in rounding corners, while Woodside had to pedal incessantly and rapidly to hold the same pace. The rink was quite warm, and both men perspired freely, though Bell looked the cooler of the two. Woodside takes his defeat philosophically, but is anxious to meet Bell on a different track.

L. B. G.

#### A PIOUS FRAUD.

"Hit him on the nose, punch his ear, duck him, knock him down," and similar suggestions, advanced with great earnestness by the outer section of a semi-circle of villagers to their brethren in the front rank can hardly be described as encouraging to the exhausted and bleeding wheelman, who with his back against the wall of a Fenshire public-house was keeping them all at bay as best he could with the splintered handle of a stable-broom; its head and remainder of the handle lay on the pavement of the inn yard alongside a showily dressed young man, whose stentorian breathing and staring eyes showed he was badly stunned.

The bicyclist, who held his yard of stick by the middle in true Irish fashion, suddenly struck one of the crowd on the temple with the butt, and then, instantly stabbing the man next him in the face with the splintered end, dashed between them with the strength and skill of an old football player, and ran up the road at full speed. He was immediately followed by a number of the men, who pressed so closely after him that it was evident he would not long escape them. He seemed to know this, for he turned up the first lane he came to towards a large water-mill and without hesitating a minute, sprang into the back-water and swam to the meadows on the other side, and as no one cared to chase him further, he escaped.

His bath washed the blood off his face, and showed him to be a well-built, handsome young fellow, of two or three and twenty, with fair hair and a pleasant, honest look about him which would incline any sensible man to fraternize at first sight.

He walked along the bank of the main stream of Cowper's favorite river, for some distance without any clear notion of what was next to be done, when he heard the sound of a banjo, and rounding the bend in front came a boat, rowed by two powerful men, whose bronzed arms and faces showed they had been some days on their trip. In the bows lolled a jolly looking fellow, wearing a scarlet football cap, who was twanging a banjo and singing a chant to which the rowers kept time, and the chorus, vigorously taken up by two men in the stern, sounded loud and clear over the water.

"Come and join the Roy—al  
Naval Volunteer Artillery—e—e—e  
Loyal hearts and true—ou,  
Come and join the crew—ou  
Of the Naval Volunteer Artillery."

"Just what I should like to do," thought the dripping wheelman, and on the impulse of the moment sang out—

"Hold hard a bit you fellows, I'm in a regular fix."

They stopped rowing and the steersman inquired what was up. "Are you R. N. A. V. men?" was the answer, and finding they were, the wheelman jumped lightly into the boat, saying that though they did not know each other, he was sure they would help a comrade. When he was settled comfortably in the bows they pushed off and drifted down stream, whilst he explained his appearance by saying—

"I was riding quietly along the Great North Road when I heard a horse and trap behind me, and presently I was overtaken by a young man driving a splendid black horse. He cursed me as a 'cad on castors,' and deliberately cut at me with his whip: the lash caught me round the neck and nearly dragged me over, and my throat feels sore now."

"And well it may," said one of the crew, "there's a strip of your hide gone off all round."

Only vouchsafing a grunt in answer to this remark, the wheelman continued—

"When I had got steady again the black-guard was several yards ahead, and was touching up his horse to a tremendous pace. Of course I went after him, determined to teach him a lesson, but though I can ride as well as most men, I could hardly do more than keep close behind him, and whenever I gained a little he sent the horse along at a rate that I hardly believed possible. It was a flyer, for though the road is as level as a racecourse and of beautiful hard gravel, I could only just keep up with him. I knew I was bound to leave him sooner or later, and stuck to my work. Once or twice at a turn of the road I saw the horse, and noticed it was gradually getting into a regular lather but apparently as full of go as ever. The driver turned to look at me now and then, laughing at me, and advising me not to excite myself. Just before we reached that village"—(and the speaker pointed to a church spire peeping beyond the American poplars which fringed the river banks)—"we met a wagon taking up all the middle of the road. The trap dashed over the loose gravel at the side, but I had to slack up, and before I got up speed again he had distanced me. However, I was near enough to see him drive into the yard of the inn, and before he had got out of the trap I dismounted and went for him. He struck at me with the butt of his whip, so I snatched a stable broom and broke it over his head, and fetched him out of his cart. Then one and another set on me, and I had a job to get clear. I should not mind much, only I had to leave my machine."

"Served him jolly well right," was the unanimous verdict, and then all hands were piped to dinner. They landed on a meadow, lit a fire of brushwood, and the head cook was soon getting some steaks ready. Meanwhile the wheelman borrowed some flannels, and hung his wet things before the fire. After a good feed, the contents of a stone jar were served out, pipes lit, and basking in the sun, the question of how the bicycle was to be recovered was discussed.

"Now, Earl," said the Captain, addressing the banjo player, "you are the man to do it somehow, and you will have to, and that's the end of it."

"All right, skipper," was the reply; "think I see a way. Pass up my bag."

The bag was handed out of the boat, opened, and Earl took out first a suit of ordinary tweed, then a parcel which contained a nigger wig and gigantic flap collar, together with a Gibus hat of bright red and a bottle of liquid burnt cork.

"You see," said he, to the wheelman, in explanation, "we sometimes have a lark of an evening."

He soon dressed himself, and when his face

was blackened, looked the picture of a Margate nigger.

"Now, boys," said he, "row me down about two or three miles below the village, and stop at the first lane that looks likely to lead into the main road."

When they had reached a suitable place they pulled up, and taking the banjo with him, Earl jumped out, and telling them to expect him in an hour or so, walked briskly away, and made tracks to the village. As soon as he reached it he went into the inn, called for bread and cheese and beer, and was soon engaged in eating, drinking, and chaffing the occupants of the tap-room. The room soon filled with loafers, and after a bit he went outside and began singing comic and sentimental songs to the accompaniment of the banjo. Though an artist by profession, and a successful one too, he was a most clever improvisatore, and soon had half the village alternately laughing at him, and the butts he selected as the subjects of his songs and chaff. The landlord in high good humor stood at the door and beamed on the crowd as if the entertainment were conducted at his sole expense.

"Did any of you ever see me ride a bi., standing on my head and playing the banjo?" Earl suddenly inquired. Of course the crowd gaped in astonishment. "Well, then, if only I had mine with me I'd show you something that would astonish your small minds."

The landlord pricked his ears. "There's one in the stable belonging to the man who half murdered the young squire this morning. If the chap called for it I was to lock him up, and no one was to touch it, but it can't hurt to have it out for a few minutes."

A dozen of the crowd rushed off to fetch it, and handing his banjo to the landlord, Earl asked the spectators to form a ring, and then mounting the machine, began to circle round and round. He was really a fair rider, and when he had got accustomed to his seat, called for his banjo. It was given him, and he continued riding round and round, twanging the instrument, and lecturing his auditors about the wonders he would presently show them. When he had sufficiently excited them he told them to stand aside whilst he got up a spurt so as to let the machine run by itself whilst he performed the next trick. When a lane was formed he rode off a little way and then, turning back, tucked the banjo under his elbow, came flying down at full speed, shouting at the top of his voice, "Look out!" "Look out!" They did look out, but instead of seeing him stand on his head, they saw him dash along towards the end of the street, and as he turned the corner into the main road, he saw them patiently waiting. How long they did wait he has no means of knowing, for pegging away at full speed he soon reached the lane where his companions were anxiously expecting him. The bi. was lowered into the boat, they pushed off and rowed quickly down stream till they came to a lane on the other side of the river, where they landed the wheelman to continue his journey in peace.—*Wheeling.*

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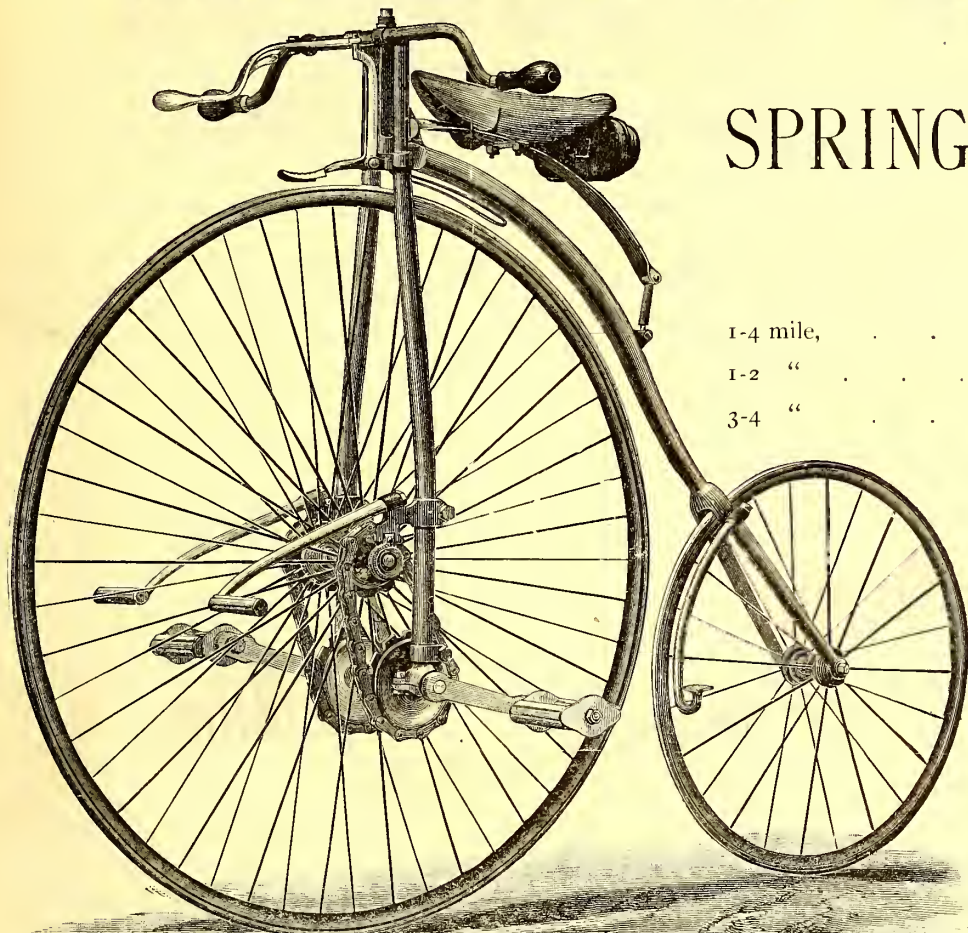
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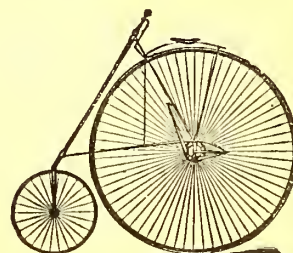
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