THE Bicycling & Archery World & Field

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CHARLES E. PRATT, LOUIS HARRISON, } Editors.

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MIDWINTER NUMBER

[BY E. C. HODGES & CO.

VOL. II] **CONTENTS** [NO. 10

BLOWHARD'S BICYCLE BUGLE.

BY KNICK O'BOCKER.

JEREMIAH BLOWHARD bought a bicycle bugle. This information is advanced for the edification of those who did not live in the immediate vicinity of the Blowhard mansion. Jeremiah came of an old and time-honored family; so ancient, in fact, that his intimate friends declared he could trace his ancestry back to the days when Enoch begat Jared, and Jared begat Methuselah. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, from the time Jeremy first appeared at his bedroom window with the bugle to his lips, the Blowhard stock stopped, vacillated, then suddenly sank below par in the estimation of the neighborhood. It is not our intention to write a funny article; heaven forbid! We simply wish to show that the purchase of the aforementioned piece of curled sheet brass was not a bit of foolish extravagance on the part of Mr. Blowhard, but an investment made after mature deliberation, for the purpose of increasing the importance of the Blowhard estate, and of tightening his grip upon respectability.

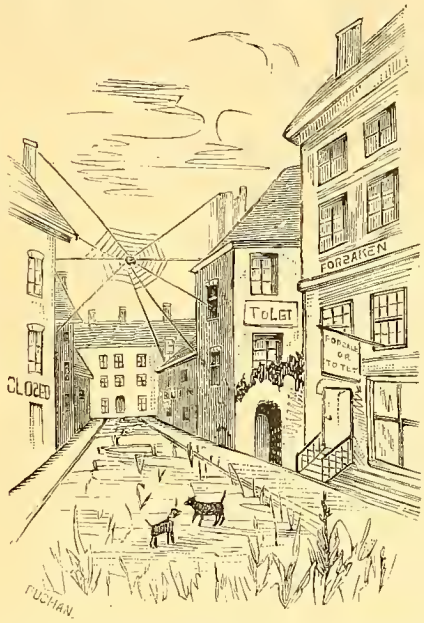
Like a great many of the young men of the period, Mr. B. had, in some unaccountable manner, expended the fortune accumulated by his dad, and his dad's dad, even unto the last trade dollar handed down from the old codger who chummed with Methuselah. He had come the avuncular racket with his watch, was fast being looked upon by the owners of free-lunch stands with the eye of suspicion, and had in serious contemplation the using of his left suspender for a necktie, when the bright idea occurred to him to buy a bugle, — which brings us again to the beginning of our tale.

Immediately after making the purchase, Jeremy set about the task of becoming thoroughly acquainted with it. For six days he blew all that he had to blow in the instrument; on

the seventh he evoked a small sound and rested from his labors. Dawn of the eighth day saw him begin anew, with determination in his eye and every nerve braced. About noon Mrs. Fidget, his next-door neighbor, sent in to ask if he would n't please stop. Ignoring her request, he persevered, and in three days' time had the satisfaction of tooting Mrs. Stout, over opposite, into a rapid consumption. He had mastered the "Star Spangled Banner," and was about tackling the variations, when a delegation of twenty-seven property-holders called to buy him off. Greatly encouraged by their appreciation of his efforts, he stuck to the bugle with renewed vigor. For depth of wind and great breadth of cheek he soon excelled the renowned cornetist Levy. Toward the close of the fifth week his heart bounded with joy as he descried crape hanging from Deacon Stearns's doorbell. Then four of his near neighbors went to Europe, while nine took Greeley's advice; and shortly after, he received a note from an old party in the

rear, saying that the writer was composing a volume of Spenserian verse, and begging him in pathetic hexameters to "let up." Jerry answered with "In the Sweet By and By," and poet and MS.

were escorted by the authorities to the insane asylum. About this time moss could be seen on every door-stoop, and upon every house-front was the sign "FOR SALE," and lo! the city canine



wandered disconsolately o'er the deserted pave. Mr. Jeremiah Blowhard smiled, hung the bugle on a peg, went around the corner and smiled again. Property in his street was n't worth a rap. Now comes the denouement. Jeremiah bought in the whole block on six months' time, went home, closed his blinds, and reported himself defunct. Quiet reigned once more in Topnotch Lane. Real estate went up, then went up some more, and then went up some more ups. Jeremiah sold out and realized a large fortune.

He is now an elder in a Dutch Reformed Church, president of the Dorcas Mission, director in four foundling asylums, and a much-respected man.

This little episode in Blowhard's career would seem to teach us that no matter how low down on the ladder of life we may be, or how darksome the outlook for the morrow, if we but persevere in overcoming obstacles, we may crawl to affluence and become a power on our respective blocks.

CURRENTE CALAMO

NOW is the time to swear *on* again.

BEGIN with one cigarette and a glass of beer, simply to quiet your nerves.

WE HOPE you are pleased with our Midwinter greeting.

OUR THANKS are due to those who have so kindly aided us with pen and pencil to make this number what it is.

SEVERAL valuable and interesting communications, kindly furnished for this number, are omitted for want of space and for the sake of variety. They will appear in our pages hereafter.

WE have hired a new editor. He was formerly engaged in the meat business, and has a taste for calves. His name is Bull, and he never makes any preliminary remarks when called upon in his capacity as "Fighting Editor," but settles right down to business. He will be at this office immediately after the issue of the Midwinter Number, and will answer all inquiries as to "who made those sketches."

A CHICAGO paper says that it is to the credit of bicycles that no man has been seen coming home drunk on one of them. The paper man was not on Columbus avenue upon the night after Percival's wassail.

THERE is a "prominent" bicycler who, in response to inquiries as to when the League Badge will be ready, invariably responds: —

"In a week or ten days."

He has been addicted to this practice for over a month, and the other evening when he got home from the club meeting, at two o'clock G. M., with a careworn look on his face, his wife asked him how long he had been out.

"A week or ten days," he replied, as he tried to wind up the clock with a coal shovel.

"You shall stay in for the rest of the year. You won't go to that horrid club again, will you?"

He threw his hat under the bed and carefully hung his boots on the chandelier, saying: —

"In a week or ten days."

This was not conducive to a beautiful and serene humility, but she compressed her indignation, and asked, quietly: —

"What time do you want your breakfast?"

"In a week or ten days."

It has taken him a week or ten days to recover from the moral suasion she administered with a flat-iron; and now, when he comes in with a poem on "The Beautiful Slush," or some other greatest effort of his life, and asks when it will be published, the editor absently says: —

"In a week or ten days."

AMONG the future attractions of the BICYCLING WORLD we are pleased to number an interesting communication from Mr. A. S. Parsons, some poems from the pen of a prominent wheelman's wife, and a thrilling story by Ixion.

The number immediately following this will contain, besides some of the above-mentioned contributions, the conclusion of Madeline's story "Justifiable Flirting," a continuation of Mr. Chandler's description of a tour in England, and a valuable addition to the series of articles upon the "Comparative Study of the Bicycle."

READERS who miss some departments and all the news in this number will find them in the next and subsequent issues.

IT is with regret that we are compelled to omit a cut of the L. A. W. badge, too long delayed by the artist for this number, and that candidates' names and other matters relating to the League of American Wheelmen must stand over till next time.

A MIDSUMMER'S IDYL IN MIDWINTER.

"THROUGH BY-WAYS GREEN."

BY IXION.

YON silver-throated lark, whose song so clear
Comes swelling thro' the happy morning air,
Greets, with a gladsome thrill, my willing ear;
Seeming to say, Away, away, harsh care!
The sparrow chippers from his thorny perch,
Then flies away, unwilling to be seen;
As though my noiseless wheel had come to search
For downy little nests, through by-ways green.

A faint perfume of apple blossoms sweet,—
That crown, with pure blush, yon gnarled tree, —
Carried, mayhap, on pollen-laden feet
Of this too hardly burdened honey-bee.
Rest, tiny worker, while my way is thine,
Till from some other flower thou wouldest glean;
Gladly my wheel shall carry load so fine
Towards thy sweet domicile, through by-ways green.

A joyous garb Dame Nature wears to-day,
From daisied turf to azure skies above;
While silently my grateful soul doth pray
That others too may feel her wondrous love.
Happy am I of her to be a part,
Turning my wheel the hedges high between;
Closely embraced unto her very heart,
Riding so softly on, through by-ways green.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS INTENDED TO REACH THE EDITOR'S ATTENTION SHOULD HEREAFTER BE ADDRESSED TO LOUIS HARRISON, EDITOR BICYCLING WORLD. BUSINESS LETTERS TO E. C. HODGES & CO.

THE Bicycling World & ARCHERY FIELD

Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. *Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.*

BOSTON, 14 JANUARY, 1881.

THE PERMANENCE OF BICYCLING is a theme upon which we touch without any misgivings. We enter upon no mystic discourse that because the wheel is the emblem of endless motion, it must go on spinning forever down the ringing grooves of change,—though we believe it will. Nor in this connection do we advert to the ten or fifteen years of ever-widening history abroad, or of its sure and steady increase in this country, which we have before reviewed. For a century at least the rider-driven wheel has been the subject of a tenacious and persistent struggle for more perfect accomplishment.

It has entered well into the arena of recreative contests. Behold the ball, which from earliest times has been used as an instrument of sport; and the wagon, which from the ancient chariot down to the modern sulky has never gone out of fashion.

The Bicycle, like the ball, or the bow and arrow, is an instrument of recreation, and a remarkable one, too, for the almost infinite variety of its exercise. There is this to perpetuate it; and the club spirit, the sodality and good fellowship and social opportunities, which it promotes are strong in its favor. It has, moreover, the charming "go" of the horse and the yacht; and like the latter, particularly, it has the fascinations of changing scene, of subjection, in some degree, to the fortune of the elements, of risk and adventure; and beyond all these, bicycling, like yachting, affords scope and stimulus to skill and intellectual exercise to a high degree along with the merely physical.

But beneath all these advantages of the bicycle, and underlying every other claim it has upon popular favor, and that in which we find a sure foundation for its permanence, is its adaptability and actual appropriation for practical conveyance. It is a ready means of travel. It is used by the salesman, the agent, the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman to a very large extent, in connection with business, and by all classes as an ever-ready and inexpensive horse, a car at one's own command, a "quick transit" held to no arbitrary rails, available with the utmost of freedom and exhilaration for social and business purposes. During ten months of the year the Bicycle is the most convenient and the least expensive vehicle in most parts of the country for such distances as a horse and buggy might be available for were they at hand instead.

This fact of practical utility, attested by years of experience, and a constantly widening verification in actual adoption, is sufficient to save the modern Bicycle from dependence upon any fashion in sports. We have no reason to doubt its constancy as an instrument of athletics, and as a subject of club interest, and as a means of recreation for old and young in multitudinous ways. But so long as men must get from place to place, so long as business and social necessities require a nimble and ready aid to locomotion, so long as excursions are attractive, and tours for health and enjoyment are to be made, so long as the active and self-reliant man prefers his own power and resources to borrowed ones, where the former are adequate,—so long will the Bicycle hold its place in the public highway, and in the march of industrial economies. And it may be added that while it is present in these practical ways, the incidental uses of it will not evanesce.

NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT in the matter of club uniforms. Four prominent clubs have made considerable improvements in their equipment, and many others have the matter of either complete change, or partial alteration, under consideration. The question of whether a club shall maintain the uniform that first gave it character as a club, or shall seek a betterment conformable with progressive ideas and with those improvements suggested by past experience, seems likely to be settled now in favor of the latter course.

The recent action of two such conservative clubs as the Boston and the Massachusetts, in discarding entirely their old uniforms and adopting new ones in accordance with the most recent and advanced ideas on the subject, is not without its significance for those who contemplate making a change. The Boston Club has adopted dark green for a color, and the Massachusetts dark blue, and in both cases the one shade will be preserved throughout. The uniforms differ in many minor details; but in regard to the style of the coat, the prevailing sentiment is in favor of a short, single-breasted jacket, buttoning up to the neck, and provided with a cadet collar, underneath which a white celluloid collar may be fastened. This coat can be worn over a club shirt, a white shirt, an undershirt, or no shirt at all, as may suit the taste of the wearer, and can thus be adapted to all conditions of the weather.

A dark uniform, of one color throughout, is dressy without being obtrusive, but it is open to the objection that it will show dust and dirt. This objection could not have been overlooked, as both committees have given the matter their careful attention for some time, and as it was referred to in the first report of the committee from the Massachusetts Club. As this reference to the objection seems to answer it, it is quoted:—

"'Most every committee on club uniforms has to contend, at the outset of their work, with the idea of uniting in one costume those qualities most serviceable in rough and dirty road riding, and those which are in keeping with a parade uniform. We, of the committee, feel that while individuals should be allowed the widest range of choice of a costume for long excursions or rough road riding, the club members should, for all occasions when they are upon parade, the objects of public attention and criticism, be provided with costumes that are uniform, that are suitable and becoming, and that are consistent with the position of the club."

JUSTIFIABLE FLIRTING.

A STORY. BY MADELINE.

A DIFFICULT question for me to decide has been, whether it is just and right for me to commit to paper the details of an affair which may unjustly involve a very dear friend. But since I have learned that the gossiping public, at least that portion in my suburban neighborhood, has made itself familiar with the intimate particulars of the matter, and has adjudged me gently of flirting in the first degree, I feel that silence on my part is almost equivalent to guilt. In justice to myself I should speak. I feel additional hesitation because much of the sentiment herein contained may give rise to prejudice against me, and because it looked unwomanly and ungenerous in me to say anything that may reflect upon the character of those whose identity would be exposed with mine. I believe, however, that my secret is in safe keeping, and hope that, with my readers, a delicate consideration for my feelings may outweigh any idle curiosity they may have.

My home is in a certain suburban place where it is too near the city to be called a summer residence, and yet far enough out to be utilized for that purpose in a case of dire necessity. The necessity came last spring. Early in the season papa came in every evening talking very confidently about a "boom" in something-or-other preferred stock, and as a result we were all informed several weeks later that our allowance would be cut down and that, as our grounds were looking very beautiful, we would remain at home for the summer. I understood the situation and resolved to accept it philosophically. I purchased a sea-grass hammock and a lot of trashy novels, and proceeded very methodically to ruin my mind.

The mild dissipation of swinging in a hammock and brushing off the flies contributed not a little to my resignation during the first of the summer; but, as the season advanced, I received from my dear friend Carrie, who was "doing" the White Mountains, some letters that greatly unsettled my philosophy. The knowledge that she was enjoying the fine, exhilarating air of the mountains, was the adored of many adorers at picnics and parties, and, more than all, was the adored of a very particular adorer, completely upset my beautiful and serene content.

I wanted to be on the spot.

Carrie's society reports were, for a while, very entertaining, but gradually she dropped glittering generalities and settled down upon the absorbing topic, Mr. Grenadine. This youth it seems waltzed beautifully, rode a silver-plated bicycle, and played upon the guitar and Carrie's heart-strings with consummate skill Upon moonlight evenings he and Carrie would hire a boat, drift idly out on the beautiful Echo Lake, and there, overcome with inexpressible rapture, would sing, "When I know that Thou art near me," "I live and love thee," "I would I were a moonlight's ray," and other duets well suited to their romantic temperaments.

It was very aggravating to think that I could not be there.

Finally, to my intense relief, those two ethereal young creatures became engaged. The fact was communicated to me by Carrie in a thirteen-page letter, and, from that time on, her part of the correspondence was devoted to biographical sketches of her "young man." Feeling that she would skip everything in my missives except what pertained to her "little-tin-god," I settled into a mere responsive state and wrote lengthy disquisitions on Grenadine.

The summer weeks droned on. Carrie's letters grew monotonous and I pined for some new excitement. The novels were a drug in the market, but flies were still active. One warm morning, while I lay in the hammock watching the fleecy clouds floating overhead, and lazily speculating upon how high they were, I received a telegram. I am not accustomed to telegrams, and I opened this one with a beating heart, expecting to find that at least half of my friends were dead; but it was nothing more than an announcement that the great Grenadine had arrived and would call on me in the afternoon.

I must confess that my interest in him was alive from that moment. Carrie is a lovely girl and such a universal favorite with gentlemen that I never dreamed of her resigning the champagne of society for the headache of married life. Hence I fully decided that this Mr. Grenadine, who had got such full possession of the young butterfly's heart, must be a most extraordinary person. I had hardly expected to see him so soon, and still less to see him upon his silver-plated bicycle, in all the glory of his bicycle regalia; but a note which followed the telegram announced that he would so appear.

At the appointed hour I was arranged in my most becoming *negligé*—for it was an early call—and was comfortably ensconced behind a convenient window-blind. A year's profound study of bicyclers in general had educated me up to a critical recognition of good and bad riding; and, as The Grenadine seemed so remarkable in every other respect, I believed that he would be defective in this and afford me an opportunity of picking a flaw in his beautifully perfect character. I think I secretly hoped that I should have the exquisite satisfaction of seeing him pitch over the top of the bicycle and land ignobly on his head; but no such pleasure was afforded me. When I first saw him coming up the road driveway in front of the house I immediately experienced something of a fellow feeling for Carrie. He sat very straight and rode very gracefully, while in the noiseless, rapid motion of his handsome bicycle, there was something so suggestive of self-contained power—as if it held within its elegant self an infinite resource of strength, speed and fine enjoyment—that I felt not only admiration, but a little envy also. As he neared the door he glanced up stealthily to see that his cleverness was properly appreciated, and then dexterously dismounted.

After his card had been brought up I spent a half-hour putting on a few finishing touches, and then descended to greet him and to apologize for my *hasty toilet*. Before the first conversational commonplaces were over, I saw that he had those little society elegances which distinguish the modern aristocratic young gentleman; such as a high-toned conceit, a pure and unaffected assurance, and a well-bred indifference to anybody's conversation but his own, hence I felt immediately at ease.

Our conversation, upon the occasion of this first call, was not of a very original character. I, of course, felt a desire to talk of Carrie and the engagement, but from a remark he dropped inadvertently I gleaned that he was not aware that I had been made Carrie's confidante, and deprived of this topic of conversation I could think of very little to talk about. My reserve did not, however, annoy Mr. Grenadine in the least. He mistook it for ignorance. He very kindly gave me the benefit of his little selection of stories and witticisms, and while I remained listening in a state of cheerful but idiotic acquiescence, I secretly wondered if he had them labelled and was giving them to me alphabetically. The rash young man would have exhausted his stock in one afternoon but for the timely interruption of another caller. He remained but a short time after the interruption, and went away well pleased—with himself, promising to call again soon.

Upon the following afternoon he came again, and this time with a message from Carrie. This put me in better spirits. I took part in the conversation, and, to divert Mr. Grenadine from rehearsing his little part over again, I suggested that he show me his bicycle. I made the request from a feeling of genuine interest, and I knew that I had hit upon a congenial topic from the intelligent smile that lit up the aristocratic stolidness of his countenance. He smiled so extravagantly as he preceded me out in search of the bicycle that I seriously thought I could detect the corners of his mouth coming around in under his ears.

The bicycle was a beautiful one,—on this occasion it seemed quite dazzling. Mr. Grenadine picked it up one way and gave the big wheel a spin, remarking that the funny little clock inside told how many times it went round. Then he picked it up the other way and spun the little wheel. Then he spun the little pedals and the motion became contagious, for my head spun when he began with a professional air to talk about cyclometers, locknut handles and tangent bearings. He said *his* was an especial, although to me it looked like all the rest of them, and then, as if to complete my confusion, he calmly remarked that his head was open, and that he had a scientific curve in his backbone. I felt

like a freshman class in applied mechanics after it has been playing "hookey" for a week.

"It must be perfectly elegant to know so much about the bicycle," I said, with some enthusiasm. "You must teach me some time all the names, won't you, Mr. Grenadine?"

He blushed faintly, — he had some blush left, — and replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure.

"It is very seldom that any lady feels as much interest as you do, Miss Madeline," he said, with a killing look.

"You must have awakened my interest," I said.

"I wish to heaven I could," he muttered, rather solemnly.

This, certainly, was entertaining. Carrie's "young man," fresh from one conquest, was ready, after a ripe acquaintance of two days, to besiege the heart of her most intimate friend. This was the faithful gentleman my tender-hearted little chum had chosen to love, honor, and obey. I thought it wise not to encourage him, and succeeded by expressing more "interest" in getting him off of the subject and on to his bicycle. There he appeared to a much better advantage. He rode very gracefully and skilfully, without using the handles at all, and so daringly that I several times feared that he would tumble. I said once as he approached me: —

"I should think you would feel nervous."

"Not in the least," he said, loftily, "I never fall."

Just at that moment the bicycle ran into some soft earth and stopped very suddenly, while he went ahead. It was a fall, undoubtedly, but as he had succeeded in alighting on his feet I asked, consolingly: —

"Do you always do that?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, with his customary assurance, "we very frequently dismount that way."

Mr. Grenadine continued his lectures upon what he knew about bicycles at frequent intervals during two weeks of bright weather that followed, and then there came a storm that demolished the roads, and he was forced to make his visits in a prosaic hack. Upon long, rainy afternoons, when everything else was wet, Mr. G.'s conversation, being quite the reverse, served to entertain me not a little. But often while I sat listening to the continuous drumming of the "rain upon the roof," or to the tuneless monotony of Mr. Grenadine's discourse, my thoughts would revert to "our mutual friend"; and, notwithstanding she had of late caused me more than one serious self-consultation, I could not comprehend either her betrothed's interest, or her lack of interest in me. She had gradually neglected my letters after her first burst of confidence, until she failed to respond at all, and whenever I, with a desire to get at the truth, subjected her "young man" to an examination, I elicited nothing but evasive answers. It was very evident that something had occurred to disturb the course of true love, and I had an uneasy foreboding that the something was of a very disagreeable nature. I raised the question with Mr. Grenadine several times, tried to cross-examine him, and experimented in various ways, to draw him out, but with no definite result. Once or twice I detected him looking at me very curiously, as if he were on the brink of disclosing a profound secret, but my first information of what had happened came from Carrie, as I hoped it would.

The letter she wrote was destroyed long ago, but its tone I can never forget. If it had been that of a vexed and wayward girl I should be prone to treat it lightly, but it expressed, as I do not hope to, all the sadness, disappointment, and indignation her gentle heart was capable of. Before she had been engaged very long, she began to feel that Mr. Grenadine was repenting of what he had done, and between her pride on one hand and her desire not to wrongly distrust him on the other, she hardly knew how to act. As the time approached for him to leave he became attentive once more, and she gladly forgave him. After he came away, bearing with him a letter to me, he wrote once to her, and then failed entirely to reply to her letters. Her situation, as may be imagined, was an exceedingly unpleasant one, and as a desperate remedy she wrote imploring him to tell her the real cause of his silence, however unwelcome it might be. This appeal elicited from him a reply, which she enclosed in her letter to me, without comment, but the bitter regret and heaviness of heart manifest in her letter were more eloquent than she imagined. The following is an exact copy of his letter: —

"DEAR CARRIE, — I grieve to say that you have been mistaken in me, and I in you. I dare say you will differ with me, but as I understand it, the best society of to-day does not regard a flirtation like ours as anything very serious. Flirting is, in fact, the proper thing to do, and that is why I did it. It is quite customary, and, if you are not used to it, this will be a good thing, as it will help you to get used to it, you know. Hoping that you will soon learn to appreciate the fun of the thing, I remain your friend,

ATHANASIUS G."

(*To be concluded.*)

A BICYCLE TOUR OF ENGLAND.*

BY ALFRED D. CHANDLER.

I.

IN a month we were to return to America. My affairs on the Continent had been arranged, and I had just reached our rooms on Duke street, St. James, London. My companion had in my absence been coaching with Keen, and had covered the track at Lillie Bridge in unusual time. We were both in the mood for it (though I was hardly in form), and we concluded to pass the month before our departure in a bicycling tour through England: not a tour cut out with mathematical precision, arranging the precise hour of arrival and departure at points on a settled route; but a rambling, free, independent run wherever fancy directed, keeping in view, however, such counties as were supposed to offer the best roads, with the finest rural and urban, as well as inland and sea-shore attractions. If it rained too hard and long, or the wind was too strong, or if we were pressed for time, we were to ride in the cars or on coaches, using our bicycles whenever we pleased; in fact, we went for enjoyment, — quite ready, however, to rough it or to work if occasion required: and the drenchings we had, the rough roads we passed over, and the sun-burned, hardy look we bore at the end, showed that we took to our sport in earnest.

As we had neither machines nor a correct knowledge of the country, we examined the stock of bicycles at every good depot in London, and bought several of the excellent bicycle maps sold by Thomas Letts, 72 Queen Victoria street, London, E. C. These maps are reduced from the Ordnance Survey, and are on a scale of four miles to an inch; they are safe guides; by them we never lost our way, and could depend almost entirely upon their aid for the selection of our route from day to day. They fold up in cloth covers of a convenient size for pocket use. They cover all England and Wales, the entire country being divided into sixteen sections, the section or two needed for immediate use being taken. For machines, we were at a loss, though in London; large as the stock on hand was at various places, yet we could not anywhere hire just what we wanted. At last J. selected a "Club," at Peake's, No. 14 Princes street, Leicester square, and from the same establishment I took a "Royal," — a machine just then coming into notice, and so named because it had been specially produced to fill an order for the Prince of Wales's son. The charge for both machines, with a few extras, was five pounds for one month, in advance; this was more than usual, but as the use of the new machine I engaged would make it second-hand, a little more was asked. J. carried a small satchel hung over his shoulder by a strap; I used a *multum in parvo* bag fastened to the rear of the saddle.

We concluded to make a run through the South of England for the first ten days, returning to our rooms in London for a change of clothing, for letters, etc., and then to try Central England and North Wales, returning to headquarters by rail once a week, till our final return with the machines before sailing. As we were never more than a few hours by rail from London, even when as far north as Yorkshire, this plan was easily carried out. Our dress was such as we use here in America, with stockings, underclothing, night-shirt, handkerchiefs, and sundry other articles, in our travelling-bags. The map sections we used, including

* Made in 1879, by the president, Alfred D. Chandler, and captain, John C. Sharp, Jr., of the Suffolk Bicycle Club, of Boston, Mass.


ENGLAND
AND WALES
Route of Tour
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
SCOTLAND
EDINBURG
Glasgow
Berwick
IRELAND
Carlisle
Durham
NORTH SEA
ISLE OF MAN
IRISH SEA
York
Tadcaster
Leeds
Selby
Doncaster
Thorne
Holyhead
South Stack Light
Conway
Liverpool
Manchester
Sheffield
Bangor
Caernarvon
Llanberis
Mt. Snowdon
Chatsworth
Chesterfield
Lincoln
Chester
Haddon Hall
Hardwick Hall
Matlock
Bath
Boston
Derby
Stafford
Burton upon Trent
Tamworth
Shrewsbury
Norwich
Birmingham
Kenilworth Castle
Warwick
Coventry
Rugby
R. Severn
Stratford upon Avon
Leamington
Cambridge
R. Avon
Banbury
Gloucester
Woodstock
Oxford
R. Thames
Wallingford
Newbury
Hungerford
Reading
LONDON
R. Thames
Margate
Bristol
Bath
Pewsey
(Starting Point)
Rochester
Canterbury
Ramsgate
Deal
Maidstone
Charing
Ashford
Dover
Folkstone
Ilfracombe
Stonehenge
Salisbury
Chichester
Arundel
Brighton
Hastings
Southampton
Ryde
Portsmouth
Newport
Ventnor
ISLE OF WIGHT
Exeter
Plymouth
Penzance
Lands End
ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL
BRISTOL CHANNEL
ENGLISH CHANNEL
STRAIT OF DOVER
FRANCE

Southern and Central England and North Wales, were numbers 5, 8, 9, 11, 13, and 14, or as they are sometimes labelled, letters C, E, F, I, L, and M.

On Tuesday, the 19th of August, 1879, we left Charing Cross by rail for Stroud, near Rochester in Kent. This was to get well away from London for the start; though the run from London to Rochester, and beyond to Margate at the eastern extremity of Kent, is often made on bicycles in a day. As a rule, we found the railway officials very obliging about our bicycles; the machines were either put into one of those very narrow luggage compartments, where two bicycles just fit in side by side, or they were placed with ordinary luggage, but always carefully handled. All over England a charge for the carriage of bicycles is made by the railroads, varying with the distance. The rates are: under 12 miles, 1*s.*; under 25 miles, 1*s.* 6*d.*; under 50 miles, 2*s.*; under 75 miles, 3*s.*; under 100, 4*s.*; and 1*s.* for every additional 50 miles,—*provided* a passenger accompanies the bicycle, otherwise double these rates are charged. Here is a copy of a receipt not collected, given by the London and North Western Railway. The receipt, like a check in this country, is usually taken up when you claim the machine.

London and North Western Railway.

(314) EXCESS LUGGAGE.

No. 10069 *Sept.* 15, 1879.

CHESTER to BIRMINGHAM.

Name.... .. *Passenger.*

Total weight.....lbs.

—Pass^{rs}. allowed..2 *Bicycles.*

Weight charged.. lbs. at £0 6*s.*

Clerk.

Mounting at the Stroud station, we rode across the Medway River bridge to Rochester, and then turned south for Maidstone. We were near the heart of Kent, famous for its hops, and during the season of 1879—which was very wet—one of the most successful counties in all England for crops. Just out of Rochester is a hill which we had to walk up, and from which we had a view of Chatham, one of England's great naval stations. From the hill-top it was fair riding all the way to Maidstone. When about five miles out, we began a long descent to the valley of the river Medway, having a fine view over the fields to Aylesford and the river. We dismounted when part way down to walk a few steps to "Kit's Cotty House," a singular Druidical ruin of huge stones, standing close by in a quite unaccountable way. J. commenced his sketches here, and before our trip was over I believe he had two books full of ruins, landscapes, castles, and the like. This accomplishment is a great source of pleasure, and on a trip of this kind one has constant opportunities to exercise and enjoy it.

We rode under the arch of the Queen's Head Hotel in Maidstone at about noon, and stopped there to dine in the coffee-room. This was the beginning of our experience with English hotels and inns, on this tour. How familiar we became with them, and how much we enjoyed all that they offer for enjoyment! As we were discussing the merits of a sweet omelette, the rain began to fall, and without much delay we started for Charing by the way of Harrietsham and Lenham. On that day we had "to catch it" on all sides. I found that my cranks were so much shorter than those I was accustomed to, that it was quite hard to get along, particularly as I was not in training. But I persevered, and ever since my English tour have used shorter cranks, and can now ride almost any hill about Boston with as much ease as formerly with long cranks. Short cranks appeared to be the rule in England, unless over very rough or very hilly roads.

J. now had a mishap within a hundred feet of the inn. The rain made the roadbed very slippery. The soil of the roads throughout a large part of England is oölite, or limestone, and when wet is treacherous. I wellnigh lost my balance before discovering what a surface we were riding over, and called to J. to take care; but it was too late, and down he came, bending his crank out of shape. In less than half an hour a blacksmith hard by had the crank in order. The charge was but a shilling, and I was surprised at his skill as a workman. My turn for a tumble on slippery roads came later on in Derbyshire. On we then went with great care, growing bolder as we became wetter. It poured so hard that at last we took shelter under some oak-trees. Two Englishmen in waterproofs drove by in a dog-cart, and smiled at us compassionately. We looked at each other and laughed at the series of incidents that in the last hour seemed to scatter to the elements the poetry of bicycling in England. However, we mounted and pressed on, stopping again at a little wayside inn, till the rain fell less, when we rode through to Charing, arriving at the Swan at half past six, after a ride of twenty-one miles from Rochester; the first part pleasant and interesting, the last part hard and nasty.

I cannot forget the courtesy and kindness shown us at the Swan, kept, as we had been told, by "a good family from London." Our wet clothes and shoes were nicely dried, our machines cleaned, and every comfort thoughtfully provided. It was as if we were at home, and this is *the* charm of a good English inn. Before leaving London, I had made out a list of inns and commercial houses along our route, taken from various guide and bicycle books; but we had often to depend rather on information obtained from persons met as we entered a town or city. We were rarely misled, our greatest mistake being at Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire; but that was soon corrected.

The next morning we left Charing, in a light rain, for famous old Canterbury. After climbing the hill near the inn, the route was undulating on to the valley of the river Stour, down which we rode, soon reaching Canterbury, where we stopped at the Falstaff, though we afterwards found the Rose was better. Of course the cathedral was the great attraction at Canterbury, and we devoted all our spare time to it. About four o'clock in the afternoon, as the weather improved, we rode on towards the northeast, over a good road, and in two hours arrived at the White Hart, in Margate, after a day's run of thirty miles, including several hours' stay at Canterbury to examine the cathedral. That part of Kent called the Isle of Thanet suggested our western prairies in miniature. Margate was full of people, it being midsummer, and the city thronged with visitors, though of a different class from those met at Hastings or Brighton. Here I first used the public baths so common in England; and though we passed through many an English watering-place, I always found it more agreeable to bathe in the excellent salt-water bath-houses, or natatoria, than in the sea itself. From the White Hart Hotel we looked over the little harbor which forms the foreground of Turner's painting of Margate.

The next morning was fair, and we were off at nine o'clock for the run to Dover, across the Isle of Thanet, leaving Ramsgate on the left, by the shore of Pegwell Bay, and so on through Sandwich and by Deal. We developed enormous appetites, and I recall the immense relief we had on coming up to the little Swing-Gate Inn, three miles or more out from Dover, where we ordered bread, cheese, and beer, about all the inn afforded, and which was served to us on a little balcony over the inn door, where we enjoyed the view over the fields, and were entertained by the arrival of a coach-load of passengers, many of whom got off to drink; and afterwards by the appearance of a young lady driving with a gentleman in a phaeton, and who appeared to be persons of superior station, the gentleman calling from the vehicle for brandy and water, with the request to "let me see the brandy before you put the water in." The whole was but another illustration of the constant proofs we saw of England's "national vice."

From Swing-Gate Inn to Dover was the most extraordinary bit of road we had met with. The mud, a whitish compound of limestone and water, was so deep that we were forced to dismount and climb along a ridge by the fence at one side for a long way; it was with difficulty that vehicles were dragged through. For such neglect of a road a New England town would be in danger of being indicted; but before we left England we discovered that the popular notion of the universally good condition of roads there is quite

at fault. Not only in Kent, but in Oxfordshire, Yorkshire, and elsewhere, we passed over miles of execrable roads, on which, if we kept in the saddle, we suffered from side-ache, and where we often had to dismount and walk. Yet it is true that for touring on bicycles, England offers facilities such as can by no means be obtained generally in New England, and for many a score of miles have we ridden over superb English roads, passing milestone after mile-stone quickly and easily.

The descent into Dover by the castle is dangerous; it is not safe to ride down: many even get out of their carriages and walk. Before descending to the city we stopped of course at Dover Castle, and then, after bathing in the city below, and watching a tremendous thunder-storm, which flooded the streets for a time, we passed the night at the Lord Warden Hotel by the pier.

From Dover to Folkstone is all up-hill, excepting the last mile, which is so dangerously precipitous that the Dover Bicycle Club have a painted sign placed conspicuously at the top, worded, as nearly as I can recollect, thus: —

"WARNING TO BICYCLE RIDERS.

"Bicycle riders are warned not to ride down this hill because it is dangerous.

'PER ORDER OF THE DOVER BICYCLE CLUB."

I asked the proprietor of a little bar at the hill-top what the favorite drink of the bicycle riders was, and he answered, "Soda and milk"; adding that sometimes thirty or forty riders a day passed there, most of them moving towards Dover to take advantage of the four-mile coast and of the prevailing southwest wind. We found that this southwest wind was a power; it seemed to be the prevailing wind all over England at that season, so much so that on completing our tour of the Isle of Wight we no longer struggled against it, but stood away for the north and ran all the way up into Yorkshire with the wind on our backs for about 300 miles.

In arranging an English tour it is perhaps well to regard this wind, and try to move generally from south to north or from west to east, rather than the other way. It is said that when young Appleyard made his wonderful ride from Bath to London (100 miles in 7 hours, 18 minutes, and 55 seconds), he had this wind blowing almost a gale behind him. As for the soda and milk, I found that it had staying qualities, without the heaviness of bitter beer or ale. Soda is sold everywhere in England in small bottles; and I well remember how satisfactory was the mixture of this that a young gentleman from Dorsetshire prepared as we were about to part after a swift fourteen-mile run side by side out of Chichester.

After leaving Folkstone, the next place of special interest was Hastings, in Sussex, where I saw the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh for a few moments. They were travelling in a special train, which stopped at the station. Their car was arranged in part like an American drawing-room car. The Duke appeared at an open window, returned the recognition of those observing, and conversed with some one awaiting him. The ladies of the party remained seated in full view through the large windows. A few quiet directions, a careful examination of the wheels, and the train moved away as quietly as it had approached. Even those who examined the grease-boxes were dressed in uniform, and the locomotive, with its immense driving wheels, the cars, indeed the entire train with its occupants, made an interesting study of English railroad travelling at its best. A few days later, at the Isle of Wight, the Queen crossed in the royal yacht to Gosport, and took a special train through to Balmoral, or rather Ballater, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, a ride of about 600 miles. The expense to royalty for special railroad service seems great, for I have read that the cost to the Queen is £8,000, or about $40,000 a year.

After Hastings was Brighton, the famous watering-place, where we stopped at the Old Ship Hotel, facing the sea; but it rained so violently that we soon longed to be off. We went about enough to get a fair idea of the city externally, but we were growing to like the country more than the city. I enjoyed the swimming bath there, and had the novelty of floating about while I tried to interpret the Greek and Latin inscriptions which encircled the interior. At noon we rode on through the rain to New Shoreham, stopping there to lunch. In the coffee-room of the inn were several scrap-books filled with entertaining novelties. From there our ride to Arundel was through mud and water with flooded roads; but the beauty of Arundel checked us. Our dinner at the Norfolk House was relished, and we stopped there for the night. While at dinner, there was a noisy demonstration without, and we were told that a travelling circus was announcing its exhibition for that evening, so to the circus we went; but I hope the Duke of Norfolk will provide a better place for such exhibitions in his neighborhood hereafter. There was a motley throng in attendance, with a few reserved seats where some persons of quality sat with us, watching the performance with but little emotion. The ground in the ring was soon a mass of sticky mud, the tent being pitched in a field soaked with the recent rains. The poor performers were unable to get about with ease, save where carpets were spread. The principal features of the circus were advertised as American. We came away before the crowd left, and had to stumble across the soggy field and grope in the dark to the highway leading to the town.

The old and new castle of the Duke of Norfolk are close to the hotel, and there can here be seen one of the most splendid baronial mansions in England; the castle dating back nearly two hundred years before the Norman conquest, and enjoying the peculiar privilege of conferring the dignity of earl on its possessor, without any patent or creation from the crown, — a privilege not enjoyed, it seems, by any other place in the kingdom.

On Sunday, the 24th of August, at ten in the morning, we left picturesque Arundel. It was a fine day; the road was very good. We were to run to Portsmouth, stopping some time at ancient Chichester, and were congratulating ourselves on the fair weather and an easy, peaceful run after the storms of the past; when just south of Slindon Park, five miles out, J.'s machine snapped in two where the backbone joins the head, and became useless. Our bicycle map showed that the nearest railway station was Barnham Junction, two miles south. In a few moments I had ridden there and returned with word that a Sunday train went up to London that afternoon; and London was only about fifty miles away. We at once arranged that J. should go up to London, replace his broken machine, and meet me at Portsmouth the next day. This he did, getting another bicycle at Peake's and joining me at the George in Portsmouth, where I telegraphed to him my arrival the day before. I mention this especially to show how such an accident can be managed in England, where, from almost any county, either London or Coventry (the headquarters for bicycles) may be reached in a few hours or less, and a return made as quickly.

It was unnecessary for me to go to London too, so I rode on to Chichester, where I was surprised at the beautiful octagonal cross, fifty feet high, at the junction of four roads, one of the finest structures of the kind in Great Britain.

My dinner that day was a solitary affair without J. I had sole possession of the coffee-room, and was at liberty to appropriate the entire copy of the *Times*, instead of a fractional part as the custom is. My reading had but commenced, when a slight though muscular young gentleman entered the room in bicycle dress, and ordered his dinner. In a few moments we became acquainted. It seemed that he was returning after a week's holiday on his bicycle through the South of England. He had ridden about forty miles that morning, and had about sixty more to do that afternoon and evening before reaching his home. This would be about one hundred miles for the day's run, of which he made light. He expected to reach home quite late, his route being to Southampton, thence across the New Forest (using a lantern), and so to Wimborne-Minster in Dorset. I asked him whether he had any scruples about riding on Sunday. He said he had not; that riding on Sunday in England was customary, and that his father was a clergyman who had accomplished his sixty miles a day on a tricycle. Later on in our trip, when at Warwick, we met a clergyman and his son who were "doing" England on tricycles at the rate of forty miles and more a day, his son being only about fourteen years of age. I rode with them part way to Kenilworth Castle, and observed the re-

spect with which they were treated on the road, every one recognizing the clergyman by his cloth. They were sun-burned and well; and by using tricycles carried with them plenty of clothes, umbrellas, and articles a bicycle rider dispenses with.

My route from Chichester to Portsmouth was that of my new acquaintance as far as Cosham in Hampshire; so we rolled along together over a very fine road, conversing as we went. It was a delightful ride; my companion was very pleasant. After passing Havant, he pointed out the batteries at the north side of the road, which, though five miles or more from the sea, were, as I understood, heavy enough to throw shot over Portsmouth into Spithead beyond. At Cosham I turned to run into Portsmouth, four miles to the south, while my companion kept on to the west, and I hope reached his long journey's end in safety that night.

Our time for the entire trip was limited to one month. This was not enough. We were often obliged to hurry on, when a longer stay would have been as instructive as pleasant. One can spend a month in almost any of England's forty counties with profit and pleasure, and to allow but a month for all is insufficient. But we travelled as far as we could in the time, on bicycles, on foot, on coaches, and in the cars, and the aggregate of our English and Welsh travel was about 1,700 miles, the route for only a portion of which is shown on the map accompanying this article; several long rides in the cars, our ride on the coach to Windsor Castle, and other trips being omitted as not strictly pertaining to this bicycle tour.

(To be continued.)

A BIRTHDAY FANTASIE.

IMITATION OF PEACOCK'S "DRINKING CATCH."

["THREE wise men of Gotham went to sea on their wheels; and if those wheels had been stronger, this lay had been longer." Kron, while taking a solitary Christmas-eve cruise on his stanch yacht "The Bull Dorg," in search of the Golden Fleas, amid the glittering wastes of the Paleocrystic Sea, meets with the goblin trio aforesaid, at the exact geographical point revealed to him in a vision by the nautical symbols, "G. B. V. 4. 5. 6." The following conversation then takes place:]

I.

"Cyclers three! What men be ye?"
"Gotham's brave clubmén we be."
"Whither on your wheels so free?"
"To rake the moon out of the sea.
Our wheels go trim. The moon doth shine.
'T is but a wheel. It shall be thine."
"The moon 's a wheel, which shall be mine!"

II.

"Who art thou, so hard adrift?"
"I am he they call Kol Kron."
"On this moon we will thee lift."
"No! I may not mount thereon."
"Wherefore so?" "'T is Jove's decree:
'On a wheel plough not the sea —
With a wheel vex not the sea.'

III.

"E'en ashore I could not ride,
For the moon 's a sixty-inch.
Fifty inches I may stride,
But from sixty, sure, I flinch."
"Fudge! Get on! T will play no tricks!"
"No! I drive a forty-six —"
I was born in '46.

IV.

"Strange at sea to meet such keels!
How with water can they cope?"
"'Tis magician floats the wheels, —
The Infallible, the Pope!"
"Your wheels go trim. The moon doth shine.
Now let 'The Bull Dorg' cleave the brine.
Just go your way, and I 'll go mine."

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., 24 December, 1880.

OUR NEW-YEAR'S CALLS ON WHEELS.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

IT was Lowe's fault. Lowe said, that if the leading fellows of the club would dress in full uniform, and make New-Year's calls in a body on half a dozen of the principal dignitaries of the city, riding their wheels, it would "give an h'eclaw to the h'occasion." (Lowe is h'English, you know.) High said that perhaps calling on the mayor's wife and daughters, on Alderman Obstacle's family, on Mrs. Tonish and her girls, on the family of the Rev. Dr. Ample, on the Hon. Popular Baggem's folks, and a few others of that sort, would have a good effect on the common council in the matter of the pending proposition to pass an ordinance restricting the use of bicycles. (High is an American-born, and a natural politician.) Twiddle said that it would be an excellent plan to make the wheel popular in the best society. (Twiddle is a drug clerk, with aspirations.) Condor said yes; he was ready to stoop to conquer. (Condor says this sort of thing to the verge of nuisance.) Bumps said he was on hand for any sort of fun. (Bumps is the biggest and awkwardest rider of the club; but the best hearted fellow you ever saw.) As president of the club, I duly weighed the proposition and the arguments in its favor, and concluded it might prove a good thing. That is how we six were led into it. But as I said before, Lowe was most to blame; he proposed it.

The wheeling was pretty good; icy in spots; weather fair; no wind; temperature 30°. We agreed to start at two o'clock, sharp. Unfortunately, in exercising his wheel, New-Year's morning, Twiddle tore his fine navy-blue broadcloth knickerbockers across a conspicuous place, by a sitting-down slide he caught on a bit of ice. But he routed up a reluctant tailor, and got the rent hurriedly but neatly darned. None of us noticed it till he asked our opinion if it would be visible to the ladies. Motion put and carried unanimously that it would n't.

We made the biggest show of anything out that day. Six wheels, — five of them polished till every spoke twinkled in the sunlight, and their backbones looked like strips cut from a mirror; mine japanned black all over, as shiny as polished jet. Handsome new uniforms; manly and athletic riders. People rushed to their windows to see us go by; boys on the street hi-hied two blocks long of admiration. President in front, to set the properly dignified pace; big Bumps in the rear, so he could n't get in anybody's way if he should take a header.

Called on Mrs. Tonish first. Three of us were honored by being on the bottom of her least select reception lists; and Twiddle was painfully anxious to obtain an introduction. Arriving with so much "h'eclaw," we were graciously received. Really the six elegant wheels and fine-looking wheelmen, gliding gracefully up the curved walk in front of the house, and dismounting in exact unison before the carved stone steps, observed from the windows by Mrs. Tonish herself and both her pretty daughters, did present what Twiddle called "a distingay appearance." Then we went up the steps in pairs, and the dignified colored porter, in white vest and gloves, and glossy full-dress suit, with gilt buttons, ushered us in with his very grandest manner, announcing "The Bicycle Club!" in his most impressive tones. Mrs. Tonish advanced and shook hands with all of us with smiling and evident pleasure. "This is really *so* kind," she said; "*such* a unique idea." And she presented her daughters to Twiddle and Bumps; and the girls were so cordial, particularly when I explained that this was our first call of the day, and we intended to call on only a select half-dozen of the first families, that Twiddle was delighted clear through, and Bumps really did n't know what to do with his big hands and feet. Then we fell to chatting, and the ladies themselves waited upon us to coffee in delicate china cups, about as large as the first joint of Bumps's thumb. And Eleanora, the eldest, devoted herself to putting Bumps at his ease. She told him about their last year's voyage around the world, and showed him the curiosities they had picked up. Among them was a curious Malay creese knife.

Bumps and she went toward the window to examine the fine wavy blue lines on the steel. Twiddle was doing his best to impress pretty Marietta, the younger sister. Mrs. Tonish was talking charmingly to the rest of us, when Bumps suddenly shouted: "Hi, there! you infernal hoodlum!" and brandishing the Malay creese unconsciously, he lunged toward the hall door. The dignified colored butler, seeing him coming in this startling manner, knife in hand, flattened himself against the wall behind the hat-rack, gray with fright; and Bumps darted out of the door, yelling, "Want your stuffing sprinkled all over pavement?" (Bumps had seen, through the window, a big hoodlum trying to see if he could mount his machine; and Bumps's wheel is the very apple of his eye, the cherished idol of his soul.) Half-way down the steps,

Bumps met the family doctor, Portly, just coming to make his New-Year's call. Dr. Portly appalled at seeing a giant lunatic burst out upon him, shouting, with a fearful knife in his hand, forgot his dignity and sat down heavily off the lower steps, remarking, "Bless my stars!" They *were* evidently *his* stars, by right of discovery. The hoodlum let the machine fall, stumbled over it and fell himself, hastily scrambled up, shot down the street, and scuttled into the nearest alley, with a face white with fear turned back over his shoulder. Bumps picked up his machine, looked at the doctor, who was slowly rising, assisted by Lowe, and realizing that he had "done it," handed the knife to High, and walked moodily off leading his wheel. The doctor was assisted inside and revived with a glass of wine. The club were crestfallen and silent. I explained hastily to Mrs. Tonish and the girls. Touched my forehead with my finger; shook my head mysteriously. "Remember the great burglary in Soper & Co.'s, in 1875? gallant conduct of clerk — that was Bumps; heard noise, stole out; saw burglars, two of 'em; they had turned out the gas and had a dark lantern; crept up and knocked one down with a sugar-scoop; fell on the lantern and smashed it; awful struggle in the dark; burglars got him down and pounded him over the head with a strip of hard dried-beef; concussion of the brain; hospital; gold watch from the firm; promoted; has outbreaks sometimes; has n't had one before this in nearly two years; indigestion; glass of seltzer stop it; probably never have another."

"How interesting!" from Miss Eleanora.

"Is n't he dangerous at such times?" from Miss Marietta.

"Not the least; best hearted fellow in the world; would n't hurt a fly; brave as a lion; strong as an ox; harmless as a lamb;" (sinking my voice to a tragic whisper,) "great secret; depend on your discretion; never reveal it; Bumps solemnly swore never to marry till he is entirely safe from such attacks; I consider him almost cured now."

Both girls — "Oh-h-h!"

Mrs. Tonish — "Very proper."

Eleanora — "How awfully romantic!"

Marietta — "Oh! is n't that lovely! We *must* see him again. Poor fellow! I suppose he feels so cut up when he gets over it! You must bring him here again. *I* did n't get a chance to talk with him at all."

Eleanora — "Yes; we depend upon *you* to bring him here again. Now don't forget; and call soon, that 's a dear, good man, won't you?"

Mrs. Tonish had turned away to see to Dr. Portly, and so the girls followed me to the door, and insisted till I promised. Then I mounted and rode gravely to the next corner, where the club was waiting and remonstrating with Bumps.

Made our next call at Alderman Obstacle's. Three girls there; were all delighted; said it was a shame of pa to act so in the common council; they thought bicycles were just lovely; Mrs. Obstacle said they *are* nice; all said they were going to just talk to pa real strong about it; we were convinced that we never should hear of that ordinance again. Whole family went to the door to see us mount; we did it all together at the word of command. Just as Lowe had his right leg over the saddle his left foot slipped from the step; hung by one leg a moment, frantically reaching for the ground with the other; toppled slowly over side ways; ice; bewildering scramble; stood on his hands and feet and pawed around; turned and sat down hard on the curbstone, with the machine in his lap. I dismounted and explained to the ladies that this was an extremely difficult feat; Lowe was the only man in the club who could do it successfully. They said they were much obliged; would n't have missed seeing it for anything. I offered to have Lowe do it again; but he declined on the ground of too much ice for safety.

Called at the Hon. Popular Baggem's; were handsomely received. Mrs. Baggem said her husband would be delighted if he were there; would be glad to have us call on him some evening. In the hall High whispered to Twiddle that his darn was beginning to rip. Twiddle was alarmed, but did n't believe it; made himself agreeable to Miss Baggem at once; conversation was about the wheel, of course. Mrs. Baggem asked if they did n't wear out clothes; happened to be looking at Twiddle; Twiddle turned pale and sat down quickly. When we left Twiddle sidled along the wall, talking hysterically; slipped out of the door; backed down the steps, making his adieux; backed up his wheel beyond the house corner before he ventured to mount; got off at the first hotel, went in and looked in the glass; darn was all right, did n't show the least; quarrelled with High all the way to the Rev. Dr. Ample's.

The doctor was at home. Greeted us cordially; said he had read of young clergymen in England riding bicycles; thought them harmless, but doubted if they did not tempt young men to ride out Sundays; that was his greatest objection to them. I explained to him that riders were all gentlemen; it taught them courtesy on the road, were all necessarily temperate; it promoted temperance, health, and good temper. He said he thought better of them, and he should withdraw his opposition. Promised to attend his church occasionally. Mrs. Ample said they were very graceful in operation; asked if any of us could sing. Twiddle said Condor could. (Condor is positively the most execrable singer in the State.) Mrs. Ample insisted on singing. She played, and Condor sang "I 'm Glad Salvation 's Free," in a way to make everybody wish it was n't — for him. Then we went out. The doctor wanted us to ride past his house; so we turned at the corner, and rode back. Right opposite the house Condor took a header over a chunk of ice; came down on his head, and remarked, "Damnation!" in a painfully emphatic voice. The doctor and his wife turned silently and went in; and I knew that they would certainly set down bicycling as tending to immoral speech and levity of behavior. Told Condor he had ruined us there; he put his hand on his head and said it had ruined him *here*. The club groaned in concert.

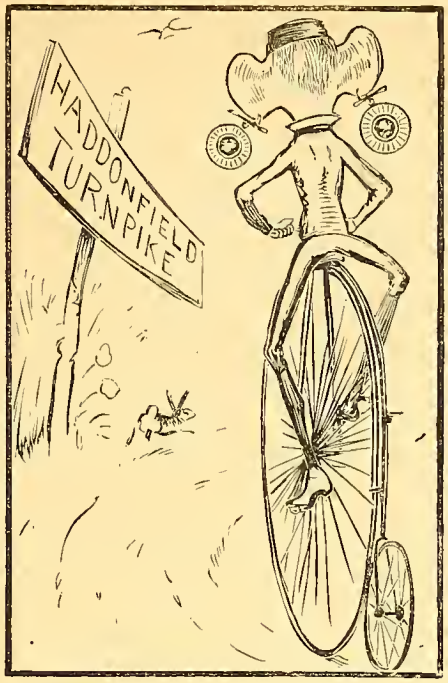
By this it was growing dusky. We went down the street at a slapping pace. Suddenly a party of young fellows, full of wine, shot out of a side street across our path, in a low open carriage. I, being ahead, put all my weight on the back pedal, with the brake down hard; the others turned out right and left. Driver pulled up till both horses stood on their haunches and pawed the air. I could n't quite stop; shot over the head of the machine; clasped the tallest young man in the back seat affectionately round the neck, and went with him overboard to the pavement. He remarked, "Happy New Year!" as he struck. With great presence of mind I put my head in his stomach. The shock must have uncocked him, for he gurgled wine and refreshments all over the street. Helped him up; he said he could "li-ugh-ick anybody-ugh-crowd." Other fellows with him said they could. Helped him into the carriage; then he wanted to "li-ick" the driver as they drove off. I said I could n't help it, being the head man. Condor said my offence was rank. More groans.

Made another call. Widow with two daughters, and a little four-year-old phenomenon, and two cousins from the country — the cousins bashful. To cover their bashfulness they stood the little phenomenon on a chair, and made much of her. Pause in the conversation; phenomenon piped up shrilly, "Is those bather desses?" Country cousin: "No; why?" "Tause" (pointing at Twiddle's legs), "they looks dust like sister Emmeline's in her bather dess." Sudden exit of sister Emmeline, with the struggling phenomenon. Awful silence of the country cousins and the club. Widow and I sit down and laugh suppressedly as possible, with the privilege of middle-aged people. Solemn but rapid exit of the club. Silent ride toward home for two blocks; then Bumps remarks, gravely: "Well, that *was* the worst place *I* ever was in." "Bah!" said Twiddle, gloomily, "s'pose you had been in *my* place!"

I asked, where next? Twiddle said he was going home. High said he had enough; Condor said this was too, too much. So we separated, and each went his way. But, after all, it was a jolly New Year; and we shall do it again next year, I hope, with still greater "h'eclaw." I only remark in closing, as I said in beginning: it was Lowe's fault.

MR. PARSONS, in his "Bicycles for Business," misrepresents himself as a bicycler of only a year and a half's experience, whereas he is in reality one of the veterans, and can add a year more to that record.

Who is the man, all shaven and shorn,
Who rides the Bi. with the crumpled horn,
Who cradled a jacket,
And said no one should lack it,
And kicked up a racket
When no one would back it?
He 's a
"Jack Easy."



Is this a wild Ponca Indian?

No, it is not an Indian but a member of the League of A-mer-i-can Wheelmen.

You see he wears his beau-ti-ful badges in a prom-i-nent po-si-tion.

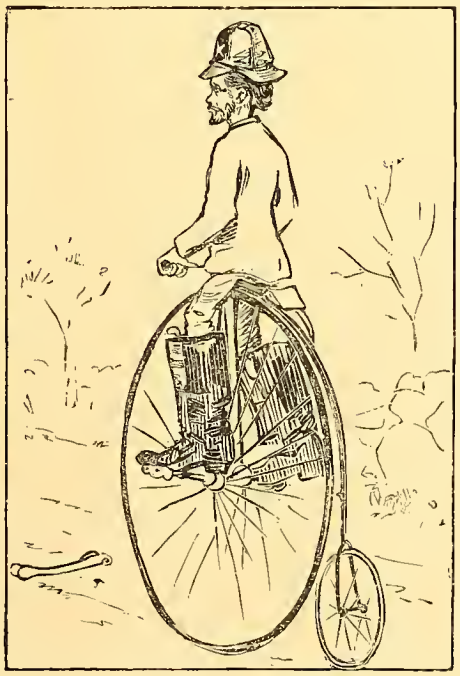
See the nice Turn-pike; it on-ly costs twenty-five dol-lars a month to ride on it.

Now, "Here is the steed, we the Cap-'Arison."

What has this man on his head, is it a tent?

No, it is not a tent, but the well ven-ti-la-ted shade-the-back-of-your-neck Helmet of the Bos-sa-chu-setts Bi-cycle Club.

This is Will. U. Quit-man,? the Lone Amateur of America, who last appeared in Boston, July 5th, 1880, and succeeded in scooping the prizes, judges, time-keepers, starters, and — the *uniform*.



Who wears high boots while riding round?
And wrote the "Lyra," most profound?
And criticises that and this?
"Ju Venis."

This is the kind of a bicycle the artist likes.

Does he make his mark because he cannot write or REED?

THE Bicycling World & ARCHERY FIELD

Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. *Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.*

BOSTON, 14 JANUARY, 1881.

WINTER RECREATIONS are by no means to be limited by any exclusive definition. And yet the active out-of-door pastimes (with which this journal has to do) are some of them so much modified in their possibilities of enjoyment, and others are so much dependent upon the severities of the season, that there is a pretty well-defined class of winter recreations. Archery and bicycling in our northern latitude are continued through the greater part of these winter months only by the plucky and the enthusiastic; rowing, yachting, canoeing, cricket, lawn tennis, and lacrosse, are suspended; while excursioning on foot or on horse affords too little margin of pleasure to be much attempted. Such havoc stern winter brings, and stables our hobbies!

Yet there are compensations. In the first place, there is perhaps less need of stated exercises. The cold and snow come at a busy season with ordinary avocations. They come at a time of many social entertainments and indoor diversions, which also keep limb and lung and brain on duty. There is something, also, in the fact that the struggle of the human system against cold, and the obstructions it creates, render less necessary the recreations and voluntary exercises on account of the increased respiratory, circulatory, digestive, and muscular work demanded by the conditions under which it is carried on.

From competent and reliable calculations, made from actual experiments, it has been estimated that the average amount of force expended by an adult weighing 150 pounds in simply living is equal to 3,400 foot-tons; and that the average expenditure of force by active men in daily occupations is about 300 foot-tons. Both these amounts are generally increased in winter. A distinguished professor, who has given much study to the subject, estimates that the amount of healthful exercise that may well be taken by men not physically overworked is about equivalent to nine miles of walking, or about 150 foot-tons, daily. The bearing of this upon the present subject is obvious.

But, as we have said, winter has its compensations, and in the way of out-of-door pastimes too, which the young, or those of sedentary occupations, or of active tendencies, may well prefer to whist, billiards, or the gymnasium. The swift sled and the seductive double-runner are popular with each succeeding generation. Skating has claims to being considered a sport, and has alleged records; but wherever, on the frozen cheek of lake or river or little pond, it may be practised as an art, it is one of the best and most elegant of pastimes. Snowshoeing is hardly so graceful; but the elephant has his antics, and the snowshoer has his clubs, dependent upon the capabilities of enlarged feet. The Scottish game of curling, which in the land of its home boasts of some five hundred clubs, has obtained largely in America already, and is a manly and jolly pastime for icy latitudes. Ice yachting is the intensest of winter diversions, and is pursued to an extent and expense unrivalled except by the summer fleets; and next of kin to this latter is sail-skating, with its fascinating and perilous attractions. To the list should be added snowball warfare, which, under modern developments, may be pursued as an art both brave and exhilarating, and deserves more encouragement than it has had. With all these, and more, who shall say that winter has not its sufficiency of positive recreations, even if the bow twang not nor the wheel spin along the highway?

"Mirth and healthful jolitie" are best sought in the open air. Sunshine, the winds of heaven, and the grades of earth are re-creators of men and women; and the manliest and womanliest, young or old, will find something better in winter than to suck the inane thumb or hover over the sickly fire, or muffle and grow pale in the lazy housing of city opportunities.

WE HAVEN'T put all our plums into one piece of the pudding. Those who find this number interesting should subscribe for the year. Not only are some of these papers to be continued, but others also are in reserve of equal interest, and we have some new arrows in our quiver.

AN OLD HUNTING BOW.

BY WILL H. THOMPSON.

THIS is no dead, insensate staff,
No lifeless bulk in bondage set;
The echoes of its ancient laugh
Roam through the wildernesses yet.

And fondling it, my eyes grow dim
With just a hint of hidden tears,
Seeing each rough and mighty limb
Bent with the toil of years and years!

Gone are the days, old friend, when we
In the green land went rovering,
And nought remains to comfort thee,
But one poor shaft and knotted string!

Do they find tongues to sing or say
Aught of thy vanished history?
Of mountain brook's wild runaway,
The pine-tree's murmured mystery,

The voices of the solitude,
From haunts of memory calling loud,
Tallulah from her rushing flood,
Toccoa from her falling cloud!

With whisperings of beasts, beset
With scent of slain things' sensuous blood,
Rousing thy slumbering lion yet
That lairs in memory's o dest wood!

Do my eyes fail me as I watch?
Or are the great limbs curving slow,—
The looped string creeping to the notch,—
Bravo! Well done, my dear old bow!

ARCHERY IN MIDWINTER.

BY CAPTAIN JACK.

Dear Editor:— Some account of my shooting this winter may be interesting to your readers, who have either hung up their yews or betaken themselves to the short in-door ranges. As long ago as Maurice Thompson first wrote about the pleasures of hunting with the bow, I determined to try it. Having to spend this winter in the Maine woods, I brought my bow and arrows, and have used them successfully against various kinds of game; but my first deer hunt brought the greatest pleasure, and it is my purpose now to tell about that.

There is a pond near our camp about eight miles long, with heavily wooded mountains on one side where the deer spend their nights, and on the other side

is a dense growth of young birches, just the spot where an old hunter would expect to find the deer feeding in the morning. One day last week, four of us, having eaten a hearty breakfast, started two hours before daylight for this pond, three carrying their double-barrels, and the writer with an Aldred yew and a few dozen hunting arrows. It is needless to say that the archer was much laughed at for carrying such childish weapons, and many bets were offered that he could n't kill a deer even if he should see one within twenty yards. All jokes, however, were taken in good humor and the bets covered, more from a feeling that I would n't go back on my own choice than from any real confidence in my skill.

We reached the pond a little before six, strapped on our skates and drew lots for positions, my luck gave me the farthest station up the pond, and about seven miles skating to reach it. No grumbling was the order of the day, and off I started, feeling thankful that my yew did n't weigh the 55 pounds it is marked, and thinking that arrows weigh less than a charge of buckshot, even if they are not so effective. Hardly had I reached my station when I heard the noise of a stag forcing his way through the thickets. Skating rapidly to the spot where I thought he would appear, I tried to string my bow. If any one wishes to try this kind of hunting and has n't strung his bow before he comes on the ice, I will tell him that the most satisfactory way of doing it is to lie down gently but firmly, cross his feet, hold the lower horn between them, get his neck between the bow and string, hold the handle of the bow across his left hip and try to press the string into place with his nose. If during this operation he can cut his string with his skates and smash all the arrows in his quiver, it will add greatly to his pleasure, if not to his game-bag. But *revenons à nos moutons*, — I beg pardon, to our deer: just as I was slipping the string into place, I caught a glimpse of a splendid pair of antlers breaking out of the woods. The next time I looked round there were several hundred stars with immense antlers chasing a flock of white rabbits all over the pond. I soon discovered my deer that was, going down the pond like wind; and then I heard the report of Tom 's gun and knew that the yew had been beaten by powder and shot.

After pulling myself together and skating ashore, I sat down to deliberate. Luckily I had brought some extra strings, and all my arrows were not in that ill-fated quiver; so thinking that things might be worse, I prepared for a fresh start, — before going on the ice, taking care that the string was on both horns, and taking a third horn inside by way of precaution. All ready, once more I put on my skates and kept travelling up and down the pond hoping for another chance; but all the deer seemed to have heard my fall and to take good care not to go near me. After waiting impatiently for over an hour, I thought it would be better to go ashore and hunt rabbits, which were very numerous in the young birches. There was no trouble about getting a shot at them: they would stay perfectly still and let me come within twenty yards of them without their moving.

In an hour and a half I had killed thirteen without missing but two shots, and could have kept on all day; but I already had more than we would want to eat, and besides, I did n't exactly like to give up the deer. I wanted another chance to miss one, at any rate. Going back to the pond, I came to a small heath some sixty or seventy yards across. Hearing some noise, I moved along very quietly, and saw on the other side a handsome stag feeding, with two does near him. Here was the chance I had wanted for so long. Nocking an arrow, I raised my bow; but owing to either the "buck fever" or the inefficacy of that third horn, I could not hold my arm steady. Lowering my bow and resting for about a minute, though it seemed an hour, my nerves grew steady again. Once more raising my yew, and taking the most careful aim possible, I loosed the string according to Hoyle (no, I mean Ford). Talk of the excitement of watching an arrow fly to the target! What is that to this? But my heavy yew sends its arrow quickly, and almost immediately the stag gave a great bound in the air and fell heavily to the ground. Like a fool, I gave such a cheer that it was echoed back from the mountains, and of course scared away the does; but I did n't care much for that, as I have n't been so happy since I had the measles. Too eager to go round the heath, I hurried across, sinking to the waist in mud and water, — for these heaths rarely ever freeze, — and found my prize dead, my arrow having struck his heart, and going clear through him, stood out a hand's breadth on the other side. This finished my hunting for that day, as I felt so excited I could not have held another arrow on the string, nor did I want to. I felt as if I had earned glory enough for one year at least.

Having killed my deer, the next thing was to get him home. Though only a few hundred yards from the pond, it was no easy task to carry two hundred pounds to it on my shoulders. If any one else had shot him I don't think I could have done it; but the pleasure of carrying your own deer gave me strength, and finally I got him to the ice. After going back for my bow and rabbits, — how small they looked now! — I cut some branches, and making a rude sledge, fastened my game on it with my bow-strings, and dragged them down the pond till I found the rest of the party, who had given up shooting and were sitting round a fire, eating their dinner. The stag that I had scared down to Tom was the only one they had shot. Three rabbits and half a dozen partridges made up the rest of their game, so the three guns had been beaten by one bow. But we all felt tired enough, and had a sufficient supply of meat to last the camp for a week, so we decided to give up hunting for the rest of the day. And there was so much comfort in lying round the blazing fire, smoking and telling stories, that it would have needed a good show of game to have tempted us on our feet again. However, it soon grew dark, and we had to carry our loads home to camp, where venison steaks, broiled partridge, and hot punch made us forget the hard work of the day. That night there was as much pleasure in our rough camp, telling stories of the day's hunt as we had on the piazzas of the Hotel Wellesley after the grand match. It would be hard to tell at which place I was laughed at the most, — there for having won a "tooth-puller," or here for losing a shot, and my graceful attempt at stringing my bow; but here my late success made up for the morning's mishap. Though after all I lost; for when we were talking of having the stags' heads stuffed, Tom proposed a game of old sledge, to see who would have both. The offer being accepted, we began the game, and soon both of us were six points and my beg. In spite of a most careful cut on my part, Tom turned jack, and both pairs of antlers will grace his home.

The season is n't over yet; and having learned to string my bow on shore, and to avoid seven-up, I hope to carry at least one pair of antlers home to hang my bow on.

SONNET.

BY FRANK H. WALWORTH.

A POET, fancy-pressed but loath to sing,
Let fall some golden drippings from his pen,
As light as music on the hearts of men, —
Gay, wild-wood vagaries, with no rhythmic ring.

But at the signal, lo! the gathering
Throughout the land, by upland, field, and glen,
Of the land's merry folk, beyond the ken
Even of the master's own imagining.

In many a group of men and ladies fair,
Wit, jest, and banter find a ready tongue,
And sheer stupidity forgets to stare;
And where the folk press merrily, old and young,
The myriad arrows gleam along the air,
Low-voiced with cadences of songs unsung!

WOODS FOR BOWS.

Editor of Archery Field: — I have read with pleasure the letter of your correspondent from Highland Park. I fear his directions in regard to home-made bows tend to discourage. The trunk of a straight-grained hornbeam, eight or ten inches in diameter, would cost at least $3.00. Then to split and shave to three inches in diameter, to hang up and dry two weeks, plane to two inches, working down at intervals of a week, alternately working and drying till the middle of March, — all this for a bow as good as a $4.50 lancewood! I presume it is not so difficult as it seems on paper, but it would look like one of the labors of Hercules to me. If some less laborious way of working could not be found, this fact alone would condemn the wood. But is hornbeam elastic enough? Will it not follow the string and lose power, like hickory? I have seen but one hornbeam bow, and this had the faults suggested

above. I am familiar with the wood in its general uses, but my experience is not so trustworthy as that of Mr. H. If, however, it will meet the requirements for a good bow, I am confident well-seasoned wood could be obtained as cheap as lancewood. Lancewood can be got for 50 cents a piece, and there does not seem to be much object in bothering about other woods, unless we can find something better. I tried last year the flowering dogwood (Cornus Florida), and for a time thought it would prove an excellent bow wood. It is tough, compact, but lacks elasticity. This fault is common to oak, ash, maple, hickory, and I think hornbeam.

The Penobscot Indians have used white maple for years. The elasticity of this, like most other woods, is very much improved by careful seasoning. Whether the smoke of the wigwam, or some pungent exhalation from the occupant himself, aids the process, I cannot say; but the Indian knows how to season a bow piece.

I suspect our manufacturers have not yet learned how much depends upon the time of cutting and manner of seasoning.

The essential qualities of a bow are toughness, elasticity, lightness. I wish to give especial prominence to lightness (specific gravity), not simply because it is more pleasant to handle, but there is scarcely any danger of recoil or jar. The great recoil of snakewood is due chiefly to its specific gravity. Any other wood has all the qualities of the yew in this respect, if it is equally as light; as, for instance, cedar, hemlock, juniper. No doubt Mr. H. has fully stated the merits and demerits of the American arbor vitæ (*thuja occidentalis*). It is too soft, too frail. The northern red cedar, or savin (*Juniperus Virginianus*), is tougher, more compact, takes a finer polish, and is highly elastic. It has a beautiful red heart and white sap. I have a bow of this wood that I think would not fail in trial with any yew of equal weight. I think if this wood can be excelled by any New England wood, it will be the limb of a white hemlock.

A. G. WHITMAN.

MELROSE, MASS., 27 December, 1880.

ARCHERY CLUBS

TOLEDO ARCHERY CLUB.

BY DEAN V. R. MANLEY.

Editor Archery Field: — It is always a pleasure for me to read of what is going on in the different corners of the "archery field"; and in the hope that the doings of our Toledo club may not be entirely without interest to your readers, I am led to send you a short account of how we are passing the winter.

As archers, we are hibernating. With the coming of frost and cold, we laid aside our bows and arrows, and shall await the springtime ere we call them into use again. We might, I suppose, with very little effort, have secured a hall to practise in during the winter months, but to tell the truth, indoor archery possesses little charm for us, — we tried it last winter with rather unsatisfactory results, — while outdoor archery these wintry days is little more inviting. Archery, it would seem, is peculiarly an open-air, a summer, and a sylvan sport, and derives much of its fascination from the beauties of living nature. The gayly colored targets, upon a green and velvety lawn and beneath ancestral trees, where flowers perfume the air and cooling breezes blow, tempt the archer to linger, and to send his feathered shafts in search of the golden centres. But archery circumscribed by brick and mortar, or out in the wet and cold, is a very different thing; and although many appear to enjoy it now, still it seems to us that their enjoyment, because it is somewhat forced, must be short-lived. There are very few pleasures in this world that will stand the test of constant indulgence, and where archery is put to this test, it is to be feared it will, sooner or later, become a bore. Whereas, if it is practised only during that season of the year to which it is best adapted, it will be greeted with freshness and eagerness at the opening of each new season, and may long live a pleasure to its devotees.

And so, as I have said, we packed away our bows and arrows with the advent of cold weather; but not to be idle. There is a heavy leaning in our club toward the social side of archery, — club gatherings for social enjoyment are frequent, and always in order; and having decided to do no practising before the targets this winter, we set about devising other plans for amusement, and ended by resolving ourselves into a dramatic association, while the cold weather lasts. Quite a jump, ours, from archery to the drama! The ambitious and hard-working archer, who loves archery exclusively for itself, and who would have all means used to help its popularization and to advance the skill of its devotees, will smile at us or frown at us, as his mood may be, I know; but he must remember that the great majority of archers are not as enthusiastic as he, and that very many of them need not a little persuading, else they would resign their fealty to the sport. It has been my observation, and I dare say that numbers of archers could corroborate it, that at least half of those who take up archery grow tired of it, or at least lukewarm towards it, by the end of the first season; and it is to hold these malcontents within the club, and thereby keep up the strength of the organization, that we have for the objects of our club, not alone the practice of archery, but other amusements as well. There are a dozen or more members of our club who are confessedly "sick" of their bows and arrows, and for these we shall purchase lawn tennis next spring. Our archery grounds are ample, and there is no reason why those who prefer to play at lawn tennis while the others are puckering the targets should not do so.

It is not always possible to find in a small neighborhood enough persons who are interested in archery to make possible the maintenance of a prosperous club; and where this is the case, where many members of a club lose interest in their bow, it is perhaps not bad policy on the part of those who do love archery to propitiate these disaffected ones by offering to them other pleasures than that to be found before the target. We have found the plan a successful one here in Toledo at least: our club is as healthy to-day as it was a month after its organization. Moreover, we think it a good plan for archery clubs to encourage social pleasures under any circumstances, howsoever well the club may flourish without them; and especially when these pleasures tend toward mental improvement Archery is a sport exceptionally well adapted to social enjoyment, and we might as well take advantage of this fact, and use it to improve our minds as well as our muscles. Our Toledo club anticipates much pleasure and profit from its study of the drama this winter, and will return with new energy to archery at the opening of spring.

TOLEDO, 27 December, 1880.

THE ARCHERY TOURNAMENT.

[The following lines appeared first in the *Indianapolis Journal*, and are supposed to be a description of the first prize meeting of the Wabash Merry Bowmen.]

"Ho, archers! On to-morrow's morn
Twang the bow and blow the horn.

"Chivalry and beauty blent
Will be at our tournament,

"Bold as bowmen ever stood
In the ranks of Robin Hood.

"Fail not one to cast his dart
Straight into the target's heart,

"And thus win the sweet applause
Justly due us, for our cause."

. . . . . .

Twang of bow and blare of horn,
Roused the echoes of the morn.

Rag and tag and bobtail, all
Hastened at the trumpet call.

Half a dozen archers fleet
Sallied down the muddy street,

And before him each one bore
Target, big as a cellar door;

Bore it as an olden knight
Bore his shield into a fight.

But, instead of coats of mail,
Dressed they *a la* Spotted Tail.

At the very verge of town
Each one cast his target down,

Called for pretzels and for beer, —
Danced a war-dance on his ear, —

While the scorers marked the spot
And the distance to be shot.

Twenty paces. O ye gods!
But they cried out, "What 's the odds?

"Were it less, or were it more,
We can hit a cellar door!"

Then each valiant archer stood,
Posed himself like Robin Hood,

Pulled his bow-string to his ear,
Shot, and missed the target, clear!

Then, with wide distended jaws,
Hoodlums yelled, and loud applause,

Mingled with uproarious fun,
Smote each archer's tympanum.

Sadly, back along the street,
Like an army in defeat,

Trod the heroes who, at morn,
Sallied forth with blare of horn;

And the daily papers told
How each one had pierced the "gold,"

Fairly, at a hundred paces,
With an ill wind in their faces!

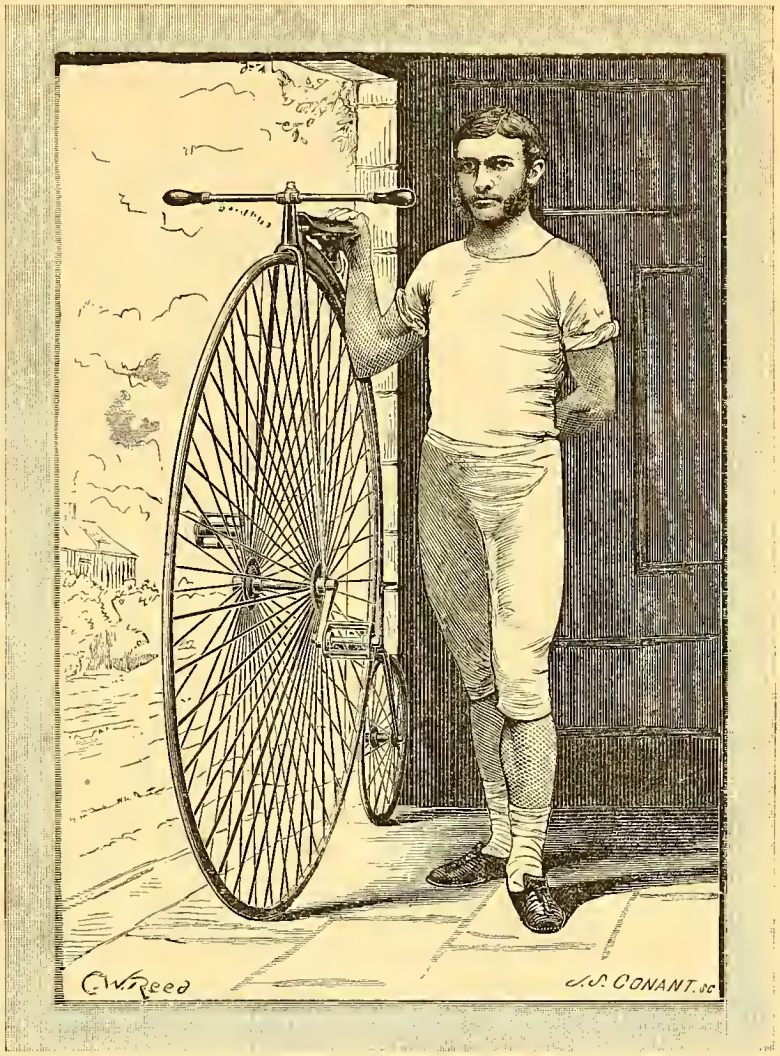
LLEWELLYN H. JOHNSON.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPION.

THE subject of this sketch, and whose appearance in racing costume has been pretty faithfully reproduced by our artist from a photograph, is undoubtedly the best known, the most experienced, and the most successful American bicycler on the path. We have selected him as the first of a series of prominent wheelmen, whose portraits we intend to present to our readers, because of his representative character in racing, and the number of distinctions he has won, though in doing so we have passed over others whose longer devotion to good wheelmanship or whose official positions might entitle them to prior places.

Mr. Llewellyn H. Johnson, of Orange, New Jersey, was one of the founders of the Essex Bicycle Club in March, 1879, and has ever since been captain of that club. He is also a member of the Orange Wanderers, an honorary member of the New York Bicycle Club, and one of the directors of the League of American Wheelmen for New Jersey. In May, 1879, he began his career on the racing path, and, although engaged most of the time in business pursuits, he has since that time entered in thirty-two races; in twenty-five of these winning first place, in four the second place, in one the third place, and in two he was unplaced. He holds for two seasons the two-mile amateur championship of America, and also holds the fifty-mile or long-distance amateur championship, the amateur championship of New Jersey, and the amateur championship of Canada.

Mr. Johnson is twenty-two years of age, was graduated at Swarthmore College, and is at present with Scribner & Co., of New York. He has entered with genial enthusiasm into all phases of bicycling; and though he does not show the fastest American record for the shortest distances, he does for thirty-six miles up to fifty. His success in racing is due largely to right training and good care of himself; and with the experience he has gained and the discretion, alertness and endurance, he has shown, he is likely to hold a foremost place in the racing of next season. Below we give a list of his races for the last two seasons: —



L. H. JOHNSON—RACING LIST.

1879.					
May 24.	Staten Island A. C.,	2 miles,	1st,		8.21 3-5
" 31.	Short Hills "	2 "	1st,		10.55
June 7.	Manhattan "	2 "	1st,		7.47
" 28.	Plainfield "	2 "	1st,		8.32
July 4.	Boston Races,	½ "	2d,		1.33 1-2
" 4.	" "	1 "	1st,	3.33,	3.40 1-2
Aug. 2.	New Jersey A. C.,	1 "	1st,		6.12
" 30.	Fairmount "	3 "			unplaced.
Sept. 2.	Providence Bi. C.,	2			"
" 2.	" "	1 "	2d,		3.29 1-8
" 6.	Manhattan A. C.,	2 "	3d,		7.19 1-4
" 27.	Champ'ship of Am.,	2 "	1st,		7.22
Oct. 10.	Mt. Holly Fair,	2 "	1st,	8.14,	7.59
" 18.	Elizabeth A. C.,	2 "	1st,		7.19 2-5
Nov. 27.	Manhattan A.C., 1 mile hdcp. scratch C, 215 yds.		1st,		3.36 3-4
1880.					
Jan. 2.	Columbia B. C., 2 mile (1st heat),		1st,		8.39 1-4
" 7.	Manhattan A.C., 1 mile hdcp.		2d,		4.12
" 17.	Am. Instit., 2 mile hdcp. (1st heat),		1st,		6.50 1-2
" 17.	" " 2 " " (2d ")		2d,		6.45 1-4
Feb. 21.	Long dist. amt. champ, 50 m.,		1st,	3.09	45 1-4
May 8.	Elizabeth A. C., 5 mile hdcp.,		1st,		21.06
" 12.	Manhattan A. C. champ., 2 m.,		1st,		8.24 2-5
" 22.	" 2 mile,		1st,		8.31
" 31.	New York " 1 "		1st,		3.34 1-5
" 31.	" " " 5 "		1st,		19.52
Sept. 7.	N.E. Fair, Worcester, 2 m., 1st heat,		1st,	6.30	1-2
" 7.	" " " 2 "		2d "	2d, unplac'd	
" 7.	" " " 2 "		3d "	1st, 6.31	1-5
" 18.	Manhattan A. C., 2 mile,		1st,		7.27 1-4
" 21.	Elizabeth A. C., 2 " hdcp.,		2d,		7.32
Sept. 24.	Championship of N. J., 1 mile,		1st,		3.20 3-4
" 25.	" America, 2 "		1st,		6.56 1-5
Oct. 2.	" Canada, 3 "		1st,		11.12
" 23.	Providence Bi. C., 2 m., 1st heat,		1st,	6.55	
" 23.	" " 2 "		2d "	1st, 7.13	1-2
Nov. 1.	Short Hills A. C., 2 "		1st,		7.36 3-5

MIDDLESEX WHEELING.

A SEASON'S REMINISCENCES — THE LAST TRIP — THROUGH STONEHAM TO WOBURN — THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF WOBURN.

"THE last, the best of all the game," was my thought, as I called up in memory the previous November Sunday, and its pleasant spin. But the thought was immediately qualified by the pictures of the many pleasant excursions of my first season of delights on the wheel, that passed quickly across the retina of my mind's eye like the gliding passage of a moonlight parade, and I concluded that the entire game had been so good that there had been no best to it. A Decoration day ride to Providence, a Bunker Hill day trip to Canton and Sharon, a Sunday's excursion along the North

Shore to Manchester-by-the-Sea, several spins to Lynn, Swampscott, Marblehead, and Salem, all with pleasant companions, were among the red-letter events of my summer's calendar, together with innumerable rides by sunlight, moonlight, and starlight, over the smooth roads and through the picturesque scenery of Middlesex, Essex, and Suffolk, — and with all that had been seen how much there was still left to be explored with all the zeal of novelty next season!

It was a cold Sunday of frozen sunshine; an icy wind was blowing from the north over stiffened roads, and my trusty steed of steel promised to have a good four-months' rest. So the recollection of the previous Sunday-morning jaunt seemed doubly sweet. It was the perfection of Indian summer, and the subdued sunlight filtered through the hazy air and spread over the landscape of drab and brown, and Mother Earth seemed to have taken on the guise of a placid young Quakeress. According to telephonic arrangement of the day before, a Melrose friend tinkled his merry gong before my door, and "whither away?" was the question. There is nothing like having a definite place to go to, with something to see or enjoy in anticipation at the objective point. There is a suggestion of European sight-seeing about it that agreeably recalls Continental experiences, and there are so many picturesque and interesting spots about Boston that it gives a double charm to a bicycling run. It chanced that we had not been in Woburn since the invention of the bicycle; the famous public library had been built since then, and we decided to run up and see it. The rough road between Medford and Winchester was an old acquaintance, with whom no wheelman cares to be on intimate terms, and so the Stoneham route was chosen. Up and away, then, along Washington street. That thoroughfare skirts the eastern edge of Middlesex Fells, in easy, graceful curves, and bounded by trees that group themselves in a way to be the delight of the landscape painter. On the east side a narrow meadow valley, through which passes the Boston and Maine Railroad; beyond the porphyry hills of the Essex region. Melrose towers and spires rise from among the trees in the northern vista. Above us on the left tower magnificent ledges, which illustrate the truth that grandeur of scenery does not depend so much on size as on form. These beetling crags of Middlesex Fells have the imposing dignity of mountain scenery. Here a lovely cascade pours down when the season is not so dry as now, and here are many spots where I have often gathered the shy hepatica in early spring-time.

At the "red mills," of Haywoodville, — now, alas! red no longer, but a prosaic glaring white, — we turn to the westward and go up a long hill, through a fine growth of pines and hemlocks till we touch the north shore of Spot Pond. It is a lovely picture looking down the mile's length of the highest and wildest of Boston's environing lakes, — a fleet of fresh-water looking sail-boats anchored in the foreground, and rocky tree-covered islands gemming the surface, which is also, at the present low stage of the water, dotted with the many black rocks, caused old Gov. Winthrop to give it the name of "Spot" Pond two hundred and fifty years ago. Skirting the pond for some ways, the road finally turns to the north, and we soon find ourselves out of the Fells and in the hill town of Stoneham, which, like its next neighbor, Woburn (pronounce it *Woo*burn), rejoices in the urban institution of a horse-railroad. We skim along Marble Street, — there is a quarry of fine marble near by, — generally down grade into North Winchester. Finely formed, dome-like hills rise up in the western perspective, and among them is Horn Pond Mountain, — an amateur mountain, — the Woburn reservoir crowning its precipitous, hemlock-covered sides like a mediæval fortress. We struck the main street from Winchester to Woburn, and what a street! The worst of the worst, it might be called! To be sure it is macadamized, but the heavy tannery teams have cut fourteen deep ruts in it, about two feet apart on an average. It is impossible wheeling there, so we make an exception to our rule and take to the smooth sidewalk.

In Woburn we find ourselves well repaid by the sight of the public library. It is one of the finest structures in New England, and the genius who created it is Mr. H. H. Richardson, of Boston, the architect of Trinity Church, and the leader of his profession in America. The Woburn library is more beautiful than Trinity, for its proportions are perfect and it is not marred by the faulty façade of the latter, — due to the interference of the church committee, and not to the architect, be it known. In color, the structure resembles Trinity in its polychromatic effects of light and dark brown, and it has a tile-covered roof of rich red. The situation is fine: a large open lot with plenty of breathing space, and a background of rugged, rocky hills. As in the Harvard Memorial Hall, the cathedral form has been used and freely adapted to secular use. At the chancel end is a semi-detached part, octagonal, and something like a baptistery in looks. The main structure is massively and firmly planted. A symmetrical tower rises from the front of the transept, with a cloistered porch at the base. A belt of rich carving forms the cornice. Let no one fail to survey it from all sides. One of the best views is from the northeast corner, where the tower recedes grandly from the bold massing of the lower projecting parts grouped in glorious harmony, affecting the eye as a grand choral does the ear. Hearing a noise within, we ventured to knock at the basement door, and were admitted by the janitor, who kindly guided us over the building. In the basement an antique colonial kitchen, with genuine old furniture, has been fitted up, making a fine local historical museum.

The interior of the main portion is as artistic as the exterior. From the entrance lobby one is ushered into a fine gallery, with open-timbered roof hung with paintings. On the right, another rotunda-like gallery occupies the "baptistery," and on the left, occupying the transept, is a noble reading-room, high-walled and decorated in perfect synchromy of subdued tones. At the north end is a beautiful stone arched recess, with a grand open fireplace. From the reading-room is an impressive vista down the lofty nave of the library proper, the columns supporting the circular arched ceiling of rich-hued native wood. Between the columns are the alcoves for the books. Every detail is in exquisite keeping with the architecture of the whole, and in the reading-room is some fine carved stone work. The library is a grand monument to the memory of its founder, — a young Mr. Winn, who, dying of consumption, thus nobly remembered his native town.

We went home over Montvale Street to Stoneham; a perfect road, with a steep coast of something like half a mile. From Stoneham, which from its western approach sits picturesquely on a hill-top, to Melrose Highlands. From summit of West Rock, in Melrose Highlands, fine view down the Wannalansett valley, with Boston framed between the hills.

The wheelmen all seemed to appreciate the autumn's farewell weather; we met them by dozens everywhere.

MIDDLESEX.

MALDEN, MASS., December, 1880.

AS TO RIGHTS OF IMPORTATION, the impression has gone abroad, and in some places prevails at home, that only one or two firms in this country have the right to import and sell foreign bicycles here; or in other words, that one or two firms have the entire monopoly of the business, and every one else must let it alone. This is entirely erroneous. There are several concerns importing bicycles (as well as manufacturing) in this country, with full rights in the matter. The field is practically open to any one else having the enterprise and responsibility to enter upon the importation of bicycles and placing them upon the American market. Licenses can be obtained from the owners of American patents; or, as the amount of royalties is substantially settled and not large, adjustment of the matter can easily be made. The owners of the patents are ready to grant favorable terms.

There will be a demand for, and arrangements made for the sale of, all those English bicycles which are well advertised and whose merits are made familiar to Americans. The practical utility of the bicycle is becoming every day more apparent, and the demand for it grows just as fast as this is realized.

It is the object of this paper to bring about this realization as soon as possible; and to successfully do so, we need the active co-operation of all those engaged in bringing the wheel before the public.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, BOSTON.