THE
WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.
A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.
Vol. III. No. 11. INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1888. 50 cents per Annum.

—THE—

WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III. INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1888. No. 11.

The Poet's Woe.

DON'T suppose you recognize me," remarked a freckel-faced young man who strolled into our sanctum *via* the composing room last Wednesday morning.

We admitted that we did not, with the cheery brevity with which we are wont to welcome those who visit our composing room on press day, and endeavor to mingle social intercourse with the ordinary leaded brevier of typography.

"Why don't you know," he said, "I am Demitrus Jaques, the party who used to run the 'Poet's Corner' in the *Plumber's Register and Coal Heavers' Gazette* when you were in charge of the humorous department. You remember me now, don't you?"

We nodded reluctantly.

"Oh, I knew you would.—

The memory that on snowy pinions borne,
Flees to the far off orient of thought,
Returns again.—

As I shall take occasion to say in my forthcoming poem 'Endymion.' This is to be my great life effort. But in the old days of the P. R. and C. H. G., I used to do some very pretty, unostentatious work, didn't I?"

It is always easiest to agree with a crank, so we said, "yes."

"You remember that little gem of mine, 'The Lay of the Turkey Egg,' and another 'Ah, Winged Feet of Time,' fine, weren't they! Well, I have something here for you equally as good, its a little cycling poem of the heroic sort. I call it 'The Birth of the Cycle." Directly I heard that you were editing a bicycle literary magazine, I knew that you would expect something from my pen.—

'My trembling soul with lutultion, coy
Did feel thy throbbing wish, with joy.'

That is from my new poem' entitled, 'What is Life,' it expresses my feelings exactly. I knew that you were expecting something, so I posted up on cycling subjects and threw of a few sprays of poesy. Of course I am not thoroughly informed on the subject, but after I have read it over we can commune together and with a few suggestions from you I can alter it slightly if necessary."

Then the poet sat down on a large pile of Karl Kron's books that decorate one corner of our editorial *boudiore* and taking a few scraps of paper from his pocket, proceeded:

'In ages past, the sound of war
Forth to the battle summoned Thor,
His prancing chargers stood near by,
Ready to plunge tho' the stormy sky,
And bear him to the battle that raged afar.

"But he turned away from each prancing steed,
For he knew their uttermost strength and speed,
And it would not suffice for the bitter fray,
That he would participate in that day.
No flesh and blood horse could do that, indeed.

"So he grasped a cyclone and twisted it round,
In the forked lightning the spokes he found,
A rain-bow furnished the bright back-bone,
With the drag-wheel made of a smaller cyclone
He brazed them together with thunder sound.

"Thus 'tis that the noble storm king wrought
In executing his mighty thought,
Before him a cloudy path unfurled,
As forth on his shining wheel he whirled
To the battle field where he nobly fought."

When he had finished reading he paused impressively for a few moments and then said rather testily:

"Well, why don't you say how you like it?"

"Oh, it'll pass, I suppose, but what in the blazes is it all about?" we asked.

The poet made some remark about blunted sensibilities and said:

"The title furnishes the obtuse, a suggestion as to what is to follow. 'The Birth of the Bicycle,' it is a song of the origin of the noble steed of modern times, expressed in the fanciful and classic metaphor of the ancient."

"That's it, is it? Well, if you are trying to tell about how the bicycle originated you are away of the track."

"I expected," said the poet mildly, "that you would have a few practical suggestions to make; pray make them."

We arose and hung our coat on a peg, rolled up our sleeves and otherwise prepared to begin the job of editing poetry.

"Now, Mr. Jaques, you go back too far to get your start, that's where you get tangled, and instead of picking out one of the twenty-four original and only genuine inventors of the bicycle, you come dragging in this Thor. There are too many in that crowd now, and the public don't want any more. Better shoot all that part. If we go back to the time of Dan Rudge it will be far enough to suit our readers."

"Probably that is a good idea," said the sad young poet, "but it would not sound harmonious to say:

'In ages past the sound of war
Forth to the battle summoned Daniel Rudge.'

" Certainly not," we said, "certainly not; what you want to do is to straighten up that whole verse and make it hang together. Something after this style would be about right:

In eighteen-sixty-three, Dan Rudge,
(That was about the time, I judge,)
Borrowed a few small tools and tried
To build a wheel that he could ride,
And everyone said, "Oh fudge, oh fudge!"

"Now there is something that sticks to the facts in a general way, yet it is not definite or technical enough to be poesy. Suppose we use it,', we suggested.

"But my dear sir," said Mr. Jaques, "fancy how that would sound in connection with the other verses!"

"It will be easy enough to fix those other verses," we assured him. Suppose we alter the second a trifle, and make it read this way:"

He scoffed at the crude velocipede
For he knew its uttermost strength and speed,
It was easy enough for Dan to tell
They were nothing to build, but hard to sell,
Now, he wanted something to raise the "screed."

"There now, you would scarcely notice that the verse was altered at all, yet is vastly more to the point in its present shape. The next verse might be improved some. You make a slip-up of that

mechanical description. You want to steer clear of all that, so we will cut it out and generalize a little more. You know yourself that it is more artistic."

He said in a hopeless kind of a way that he supposed it was and we proceeded:

So he sliced of a piece of tempered steel,
And he twisted it round, till it made a wheel,
For further description and explanations,
See patent drawings and specifications.
With technical subjects we never deal.

"Now suppose we touch up the last verse a little:"

Thus Daniel tinkered and hammered away,
And his scheme expanded from day to day,
Till in many way it was slightly like
The modern light-weight, high-grade bike,
And further, dependent hath naught to say.

"There you are," we said encouragingly, for we always like to encourage strugling genius, "there you are, and with the few alterations that have been made, you have a very creditable poem, much better than it first appeared to be. We don't pay for poetry, you know, but we will put your name at the bottom in italics, and will be very glad to receive contributions from you again." And Mr. Jaques uttered what we believe to be deliberate untruth.

"I shall do so with greatest pleasure," he said, and went away sadly, leaving a large chunk of gloom behind him.

G. S. D.

A Wheel Among the Zaptiehs.

URING my bicycle journey around the world, I travelled about fifteen hundred miles through Turkish territory—four hundred in European Turkey, and eleven hundred in Asia Minor. While in the Sultan's dominions I was frequently ndebted to the *zaptiehs* for helping me out of difficult an annoying situations. The zaptiehs are a sort of military police, whose duty is to preserve the peace, suppress brigandage, escort travellers and collect taxes. Their uniform is a coarse blue European suit trimmed with red braid, and the national Turkish fez. They are armed with swords and revolvers, and when traveling on horseback also carry carbines.

When starting into the interior from Constantinople, I determined to travel without the customary escort of zaptiehs, prefering to take my chances of unpleasant adventures to having zaptiehs always at my heels. A well-meaning friend advised me, as the next best thing to do, to rig myself up in a zaptieh's uniform, the mere sight of which would, he assured, strike terror into the hearts of evil characters, who otherwise might attack and rob me. I prefered, however, to travel in an ordinary bicycle suit rather than fiy false colors, and so declined to blossom forth as a make-believe zaptieh.

A week after I had started on my lonely ride I was traveling about the streets of Angora (ancient Galatia) in the center of a hollow square of these same handy zaptiehs. The fame of the Frank riding through their country on a wonderful iron horse, spread like wild fire through the city, and vast multitudes of people thronged the streets and bazars to try and see me and the bicycle. To enable men to get about the streets the Pasha kindly detailed a squad of zaptiehs to protect me from the crush. The zaptiehs armed themselves with long willow switches, and forming themselves into a hollow square around me and the bicycle, flogged for us a passage through the streets.

Desirous of giving the people an opportunity of seeing the bicycle ridden, the Pasha requested me to appoint a time and place. I selected a half-mile stretch of level road just outside of the city, and the Pasha had his officials notify the people. At the appointed time several thousand people were congregated there, filled with intense curiosity to see me ride. These people are but half civilized, and little given to self-restraint. They swarmed and crowded on to the road until it was quite impossible to ride. The Pasha was equal to the occasion, however, for he armed a mounted troop of zaptiehs with whips, and had them gallop briskly to and fro, flogging a passageway through the multitude for me to ride along.

This sort of reception, with variations of detail, awaited me in all the Asia Minor cities I passed through between Constantiople and the Persian frontier. At Uuzgat the crowds were so clamorous that after the zaptiehs had flogged a passage through them for the bicycle we had to resort to strategy to get me back to my quarters in Tifticjeoghlou Effendi's salaamlik. As I wheeled out of the narrow "fissure" the zaptiehs had opened through the crowd, and sped away to more open ground, the *Caimacan* sent a fleet-footed zaptieh after me to conduct me in a roundabout way back to my quarters to avoid the crush.

The excited rabble, however, were not to be so easily shaken off and deceived as the Caimacan thought. By taking various short cuts they managed to intercept us, and as though considering that having detected and overtaken us in trying to elude them they were justified in taking liberties, they crowded about and refused to allow us to proceed until their insatiable curiosity was satisfied. "*Biu bacalem!*" they shouted clamorously—"*bin bacalem!*" (let us see you ride,) and yet they hadn't sense enough to clear a passage for me to grant their wishes.

Trusting to our ability to dodge back without encountering the mob, the Caimacan and the other zaptiehs had returned to their quarters. The one zaptieh that was now with me was arrayed in a brand new uniform and jack-boots, all heavy enough for the winter, whereas the sun wns broiling hot. He and myself fought like Trojans with a couple of lithe willows to protect the bicycle from the crush and pressure of the mob, until, with prespiration and the clouds of dust, we were both well-nigh unrecognizable.

We had to protect ourselves as best we could until, hearing of our predicament, the Caimacan sent an adequate force of zaptiehs to our rescue. These formed a hollow square about me, and with much shouting and flogging we proceeded slowly toward my quarters. As we reached the *konak* gate there was a great crush about it for admittance. In spite of the frantic exertions of my escort the mob pressed determinedly forward. The hollow square became broken, and I found myself wedged in among a struggling mass of natives, all filled with a wild determination to rush through the gate when it should be opened for my admittance. A cry was raised by the faithful zaptiehs of "*Sakin araba! sakin araba!*" (take care, the bicycle), a supreme effort was made, the gate was flung open, myself and wheel fairly carried in, and the gate closed again. Besides the zaptiehs, about two dozen happy determined mortals had gained admittance.

One day I overtook a mounted zaptieh on the road. He was allowing his horse to walk leisurely along, while he concentrated his attention upon a watermelon, the spoils of a recent visit to some neighboring melon garden. The zaptieh handed me a portion of the booty, and pleasantly announced his intention of keeping me com pany to the next town some twelve miles distant. The paths were smooth and level, and I determined to make a race of it, and enlighten the zaptieh by proving the bicycle superior to his horse. For the first two miles the zaptieh spurred his gallant steed, and kept alongside the bicycle, in spite of my determined pedalling to shake him off. Rare fun this, the zaptieh thought, racing against the Frank's iron horse, the like of which he had never seen nor heard of before. Pretty soon, however, his horse began to pant and lag behind, and the road continuing good, I spurted ahead. Faster and faster spun the whirling wheels, and in spite of whip and spur, liberally applied, the zaptieh dropped farther and farther in the rear. More steam was put on and I rounded a gravelly knoll, and by-and-by, looking back, I saw that the zaptieh had given it up.

When the Pasha of the town we were going to kindly offered to provide me with an escort of zaptiehs to the next city to protect me from possible robbers, I related the story of the race between the bicycle and the zaptieh's horse. The Pasha was highly amused, and said it would be no good for Circassians to try and rob me, for I could "fly away from them like a bird." An hour later the zaptieh himself rode into town, and embellishing his story with many an many an Oriental extravagance, set the populace wild with curiosity as he poured into their willing ears a tale of the marvelous speed of the Frank's iron horse.

THOMAS STEVENS.

A tricycle has been patented by Mr. Patrick Gallagher, of New York City. It has a front guide wheel and rear-driving wheels mounted on a light and strong framwork, with a suitable seat, the machine being propelled by a crank handle mounted in arms pivoted to uprights on the frame and secured in position by adjusting bolts

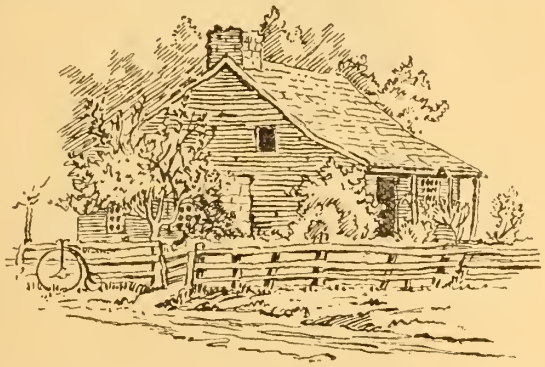
BY CYCLE TO BELLE HAVEN.

A NOVEMBER OUTING.

BETTER day than that Thursday could not have been made to order for the two Stamford (Conn.) Cyclers, Facil-ers, who went rambling over old Nutmeg Hills to charming Belle Haven-on-the-Sound.

They went out Main and West Broad streets, at 8:10 A. M., and were soon over Hubbard's Hill and among delightful rural scenes, and absorbing ozone in a way that was health-giving.

For once there was no head wind, nor any trace of frost in the air, and they sauntered on joyfully as only cyclers can, for not only is fresh air needful, but exercise as well, which carriage riders do not get, and this is a most important point in an outing for the benefit of gas-poisoned lungs. The many tints and shades of grays and brown's that the loiterers expected to find were there, and many of the brighter ones also, late as it was for them, for most of the foliage was down, as is usual in an old year's afternoon.



Up on Palmer's hill, an old house that must date back to Revolutionary days, has been modernized, which seems sacrilege, for we have reveled in its old-time appearance for years past, much of which is marred now by the vandal hands of "the restorers." From its weather worn door steps you could see long reaches of pretty New England hill and dale, and vistas of Long Island Sound that will be pleasant memories in days to come, and which we shall recall "when the North winds do blow and we have snow."

Away yonder, seeming anything but the three miles are the spires of Greenwich, with an enchanting gradation of distances intervening, as outlined by the hills and foliage, which is enlivened by touches here and there of the emerald of the spruces, that are ever a part of these old hillside torches.

On again down the steep, stony and crooked hill went the Facile riders, without mishaps, and only stopped amid the barrels, tanks and presses of a wayside cider mill, where an unending stream of amber liquid runs throughout the livelong day.

Steam has been called in here to do the work of the hand press of olden times, and no horse walks the weary readmill round, as in old almanac pictures of boyhood's days.

The charm of a September like temperature was upon road and field as again the wheels rolled on over the little wooden bridge crossing the Mianus river, at Dampling Pond,—North Mianus, the habitants wish it called,—and up the hill past the sentinel. Chimnies of the old Sacket house, which yet stand as quiet guardians over the peaceful scenes below, in which the river with its superb reflections is a telling feature.

Troops of school children and a pretty "school marm" are met as the hill to Mianus is climbed, and the Boston Post road taken, passing a famous old oak under which councils of Indian warrior-hunters have been held, and which was of historic interest during the Revolution.

Now Putnam Hill is reached, and the musing sentimentalist of the party on wheels tried to look back through the flight of years to the time and scene of Putnam's daring ride, and to locate the exact spot where he went down that rough bank that basks so quietly in the mild sunshine of these modern times.

Where there were huge forest trees, now are aged apple trees, a house, and pleasant pasture lands.

Through Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, with its luxurious homes of many, wealthy New York people, several churches and fine buildings, went the roamers to the center of Greenwich, where, failing to secure the company of the best man in the town, they turn and coast down the half mile or more of Greenwich Avenue *en route* for Belle Haven.

And a Haven of rest it must be for it has a beautiful location atop the everlasting hills, from which the views of sound and shore are grand and far reaching. They have quite a good macadam road that winds about in a maze of turnings that make it the more attractive, and it is the delight of the driving public.

The Haven is strictly one of residence, and the architecture is of the prevailing old English styles, with a variety of detail that is generally in pleasing harmony.

Down at the pebbly shore we found a fountain, a wharf, and a large bathing house with a dancing pavillion on the second floor, probably for the accommodation of picnic parties.

President Johnson of the Edison Electric Light Company, has a fine residence at the Haven, as many another New Yorker has, and the place is already in the front rank as a desirable summer home.

Hazy as the atmosphere was there were pretty vistas in all directions, notably out upon the water which ever is of interest to inland dwellers, for the play of sunlight and shadow, the shifting sails, the fishermen, and birds of the air all have their places in these marine pictures.

There are cozy nooks alongshore, where small boats of the fisher folks are safely moored, or hauled out on the sandy beach, amidst the usual collection of odds and ends of the oyster and clam diggers' outfits.

What a bracing, brackish breeze sweeps in from over the blue-green water, as the cyclers, strolling along, watch the waves breaking gently at their feet!

But the day-dreaming spell is broken, and with a parting look at Captain's Island light-house, away to the westward, in a "shimmer of sunlight on the sea," the wheels are headed homeward.

Apples were taken from trees by the way; squirrels were watched at their work and play as they hid away nuts for winter time feasts, and scampered along the walls or across the road.

At one place a couple dozen quails close by the road were frightened up which went whirring over the wall and meadow until out of sight beyond the wooded hills.

What a bright picture of wild game life they made in their haste to get away from the silent riding phantoms on wheels, and how a dog-and-gun-man would glory in a couple of shots into them.

Once we started a partridge, a noble bird, that went clipping away through limbs and vines, and was in sight long enough for an easy shot.

The sumacs vied with the maples in painting the hillsides red, but the rich maroon of the former holds out much longer than the temporary fire of the latter, even all winter, and add bits of warm color to the landscape when all else, nearly, is gray and cold.

Fresh earth mounds along a stone wall and among the rocks

yonder, are evidence that the woodchucks at least are not decreasing and no doubt their impish little ones have been the cause of many a scolding from their bustling red squirrel neighbors during the past summer. But almost before we are aware of it, or desire it, the cycles have brought us home, and the half day's outing is but a recollection. STAMSON.

The Cycler of a Generation Ago.

The other Sunday, on a road crossing a suburban common, I was passed in less than half an hour by, I should think, at least fifty cyclers. That, like pansies, is "for thoughts." For what we call progress is perhaps more instructively illustrated in these minor inovations upon our lives than in greater matters. Who would have beleived thirty years ago that such a future was in store for the old "velocipede"—that respectable machine which did so much more justice to the second half of its derivation than the first? Who that at Blackheath in those days was privileged to see the velocipedist mingling on Easter Monday in that lively cavalcade in which the palm (when the driver had no stick) was contended for by a crowd of baby-laden donkeys, not without dust and heat, could have believed that he would ever be match for it with a fairly speedy ass? Firmly seated in a sort of armchair, itself weighing probably about 20-pound, and with a mass of machinery in and around him sufficient to set up in business a young locomotive steam engine, this pioneer of progress plodded bravely on, his knees mounting at each stroke to about the level of his chin, the dew of his anguish beading his furrowed brow, and his countenance wearing the joyous expression observable on the faces of those engaged in the not disimilar exercise of climbing the treadmill. His friends, indulgently accommodating their pace to his, walking by his side, encouraging him with their remarks. After about ten minutes of these violent gymnastics, the athlete usually began to show signs of that satiety which dogs the footsteps of all earthly pleasures, and at the conclusion of a quarter of an hour he generally restored it to its enterprising proprietor, together with the modest fee charged for its use. The performance was an interesting one, but the general feeling of the spectators was for the most part closely akin to that attributed by the late Joseph Miller to the hirer of the sedan chair from which the bottom came out—namely, that were it not for the superior dignity of the conveyance, one might almost as well walk.—*H. D. Traill, in the English Illustrated Magazine.*

I am an admirer of the bicycle and tricycle in their proper place and when their riders are possessed of some sort of idea of the everlasting fitness of things. But there are times and occasions when the cycle enthusiasts of both sexes make me laugh. Here is one of them: It was 4 o'clock of a bright afternoon, and State street and the approaches thereto were crowded with gaily-attired and swiftly-moving galaxy of shoppers. The crowd of pedestrians crossing Madison street on the east side of State was at its densest, when along Madison, from the direction of the lake, came a "tandem" or double seated tricycle. The front seat was occupied by a young woman; the rear one by a young man. At a glance it was evident that the riders had traveled far, for the machine was covered with dust, and moved along at a snail's pace, and every turn of the wheels was clearly the result of prodigious effort on the part of both pairs of tired feet. But it was the aspect of the riders that created consternation. Their faces were as red as beetroots and covered with perspiration, their clothing disordered and their general appearance one of extreme fatigue. While only the girl was in sight the swarm of well-dressed pedestrians only grinned; when the man lumbered into view the male promenaders held their breath and the women giggled and turned their heads away. He was a stoutly-built fellow, of much flesh and muscle. His extremities were attired in the regulation knee-breeches, stockings and canvas shoes. His sole upper garment was a grey gossamer undershirt which, flabby and limp with perspiration, had rebelliously shifted its southermost moorings and made good headway in an endeavor to climb to the back of the wearer's neck. The sleeves of the garment were rolled to the elbow, while a couple of buttons at the throat had either been purposely loosed for ventilating purposes or else had been frayed free by friction. The general result was a display of manly charms that caused a stampedge of the lady onlookers into the nearest stores. The men, myself among the number, merely gazed in wonder and amusement at the "tandem" till it was out of sight.—*Chicago Journal.*

A WHEELMAN'S PICTURE GALLERY,

No gallery hung with paintings rare,
And graced by sculptured marble fair.

May be his lot; yet the wheelman's heart
Has treasures richer than wealth of art.

Ten thousand pictures of earth and sky
Are his to hold while the years go by;

No light can fade them, no eye made dim;
Bright memories ever shall dwell with him.

When the world is wrapt in winter's snow
And the ice-hung branches bending low,

Rock in the strength of the north wind's blast,
He dreams of the sunny days gone past.

One picture is his of hill and stream,
Weird and bright in the moon's pale beam;

Another is gay with autumns blaze,
With trees of scarlet and purple haze.

Resting on mountains and far-off dales,
Through the golden air the thistle sails;

The asters bend as his wheel flies by,
And maple-leaves on his pathway lie.

Once more he beholds a valley fair,
And feels the touch of its perfumed air;

He knows each path in this cool retreat,
Its fern-decked dells, and its fountains sweet.

Or, again he sees the mirror lake,
Where the pure-voiced echoes oft awake

At notes from the wheelman's bugle clear,
And carry the music far and near.

Now, memory paints a rocky shore
Where the foaming breakers ceasless roar;

In a sunny cove the bright sands lie
And white gulls over the waters fly;

A wonderful veil far out at sea
Has hidden the ships in mystery;

The distant waters, like opals rare,
Are changing shades in the noonday glare.

But the fairest picture of them all
Is a face that hangs in memory's hall.

And this secret dear the lover knows,
That when smiling spring shall melt the snows,

His wheel must speed without resting place
'Till search is done, and he finds the face.

—*Greylock.*

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid, - - - - - - - - - 50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid, - - - - - - - - - 25 cents.
Single Copy, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10 cents.
Foreign Subscription, - - - - - - - - - - 4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, - - - - - - - - - - - - Editor.
BEN L. DARROW, - - - - - - - - - - - Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
25 Sentinel Building. Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 *different* wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

When will we find an honest professional?

What's the matter with our Constitution Committee? Have they collapsed.

We hear that Mr. Chas. Richard Dodge and Mr. C. T. Chapman, artists, have been writing and sketching the historical points of interest between Gloucester, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H., the results of which will shortly appear in print.

The *San Francisco Daily Examiner* of Oct. 14 contains a 4-column illustrated article on "Bay City Wheelmen." It contains portraits of Chief Counsul Edwin Mohrig, ex-Chief Counsul Robert M. Welch, Jos. J. Bliss, F. Russ Cook, G. R. Butler, Dr. Thomas L. Hill, F. D. Elwell and Capt. W. M. Meeker.

A Mormon, the happy posessor of several wives, and who also is addicted to riding the bicycle, recently took a fall that would have knocked any ordiany man into the Kingdom Come, he, however, escaped with but slight injuries. After a man has been cuffed, bossed, and kicked around by a job lot of wives a little tumble like that is looked upon simply as light exercise.

The hold that cycling has obtained upon the affections of the public is eloquently witnessed by the frequent appearance in the daily and weekly press of narratives by the many hundreds of riders who, returning from their holiday jaunts awheel, find renewed pleasure in relating, for the delectation of their many friends and acquaintances their manifold experiences.

We have been for many years trying to find the average number of cyclers who have taken the trouble to master the rudiments of riding. We regret to say it is diminishing each day. One cannot sit properly, another is unable to pedal, a third works with his shoulders, another considers an in-kneed action graceful, and only equalizes matters by going about with a bandy-legged rider, while as for the ladies, as a rule they want a special mission started at once to bring them out of the state of hopeless darkness in which they start cycling and remain for the lack of instruction or a desire to do better.

Some people may wonder what socials have to do with cycling. Nothing whatever, so far as cycling in the abstract is concerned, but in the vitality of a club such gatherings are an important factor. Anything which tends to keep members of a club together, and to bring into prominence identity of interest, is of importance, and the feeling of good fellowship which prevails among cyclists is in the main responsible for the marvellous popularity of the sport. We do not mean by that statement to decrease the physical advantages of cycling; they are very great, but when leavened with the social advantages they find more ardent partakers.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM OCTOBER 15 TO NOVEMBER 15.

Connecticut. Harvard College annual road race Nov. 8.

Delaware. Three races took place in connection with the fair in Wilmington Oct. 11. Result. One mile, novice—Charles R. Gulden, Reading, Pa., won in 3m. 26½s. Half mile, championship of Delaware—B. F. McDaniel first, in 1m. 34½s. One mile, 3:30 class—B. F. McDaniel won, in 3m. 37s. There was more racing on the following day, the events resulting as follows: One mile open—S. Wallace Merrihew, Wilmington Wheel Club, first; time 4m. 7½s. One mile, 3:00 class—S. Wallace Merrihew first. Three mile lap race—W. I. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa., first; time 13m. 28s. One-half mile open—W. I. Wilhelm first; time 1m. 45½s. Two mile, 6:20 class—S. Wallace Merrihew first; time 8m. 4½s. One mile consolation—George Scheele, Reading, Pa., first; time 4m. 10s.

Illinois. Six day, eight hours per day, race at Battery D Armory, Chicago, Oct. 15-20. Lincoln Cycle Club of Chicago, smoker Oct. 30.

Massachusetts. Somerville Club run to Lexington Woods, Mass. Oct. 28. In the Y. M. C. A. games held at Worcester, Oct. 20, the one mile bicycle race was won by D. W. Rolston. Somerville Club run to Salem, Mass., Oct. 21. The Cambridgeport and Dorchester Bicycle Clubs on Oct. 25 attempted to ride off the tie for the Eastern Road Club Cup, starting from the Faneuil House, Brighton, Mass. The course was twenty-five miles, and the result of the contest was another tie. Only two men from each club started, F. E. Carmen and Charles E. Fay representing the Cambridgeports, and J. P. Clarke and Capt. Benson the Dorchesters. Wakefield Bicycle Club's reception, Nov. 8. The Fall races of the Danvers 'Cycling Club took place on Oct. 20, on a heavy track, with this result: Mile novice—J. Ogden, of Middleton, 3m. 4s. Half mile, club challenge, two in three—M. W. Robson, of Salem. Mile tandem tricycle—R. H. Robson and mate, of Salem; 4m. 50s. Mile handicap—E. A. Bailey, of Somerville, scratch, 3m. 37s. Mile tricycle—R. H. Robson, of Salem, 5m. 15s. Mile county championship—R. H. Robson, of Salem, 4m. 14s.

New Jersey. Rutherford Wheelmen's race meet, one mile open handicap, Nov. 6. The Orange Wanderers held a twenty-four hour road race over a ten-mile course, starting at 6 P. M. Monday, Nov. 6, and ended at 6 P. M. on Tuesday, election day. The start and finish was at Brick Church Station, opposite club house.

New York. Outing Athletic Club's one and two-mile handicaps, at Brooklyn A. A. Grounds, De Kalb and Classon Avenues Brooklyn, Nov. 6. Grand bicycle tournament, Berkeley Athletic Club, at Morris Dock, New York City, Oct. 27. The Manhattan Club had a smoker and refreshments at the club house on Hallowe'en.

Pennsylvania. Banker Bros., of Pittsburg, made a mile tandem bicycle road record Oct. 21 in 2m. 41½s. The South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia held their annual ten-mile road race Oct. 13, five starting, and the winner being E. G. Kolb, whose time was 42m. The Lancaster Bicycle Club opened their new club house on Oct. 9, and the members gave an enjoyable reception to a large number of their friends. W. C. Furnelton and Harry Mayer engaged in a ten-mile safety bicycle race on the Lancaster Pike, Philadelphia, Oct. 29, the former being successful in 39m. 20s.

Virginia. Tournament at Richmond Oct. 29 and 30, resulted as follows: The one-half mile for novices, was won by C. W. O'Neil Forfolk, in 1m. 40½s. The two-mile race for amateurs was won by H. L. Kingsland, Baltimore, in 7m. 18½s. William E. Crist, Washington, was second. The one-mile, Virginia Division, L. A. W., championship race, was won by A. A. O'Neill, Norfolk, in 3m. 17s. In the one-mile race for professionals, H. G. Crocker, Boston, finished first, with W. J. Morgan second. Time, 3m. 40s. Crist and Kingsland won the mile handicap tandem tricycle race in 3m. 42s The half-mile handicap, for boys under eighteen, was won by C. F McClure, Richmond, in 2m. 10s. The one-mile championship of the O. D. W. fell to W. G. Long, Richmond, in 4m. 12s. The half-mile race, without handles was taken by Phil B. Brown in 1m. 50s. Isaac Hinds, Baltimore, won the half-mile consolation race in 1m. 41s.

FOREIGN.

England. At Coventry, Oct. 20, Jack Lee and S. G. Whittaker

ran a ten-mile safety race, Whittaker winning in 30m. 31⅘s. Oct. 9.—Messrs. Albone and Tingley rode their tandem tricycle fifty miles in 2h. 59m. 38⅘s. R. Tingley rode fifty miles on the road mounted on a tricycle in 3h. 2m. 44s. Mr. and Mrs J. T. Smith lowered the world's tandem record at Long Eaton, Oct. 1, making thirty miles in 1h. 40m. 24⅕s. A five-mile match on bicycles between Richard Howell and W. Wood, for $500, took place at North Shields, Eng., Sept. 29, the latter winning by a yard and a half, in 16m. 34⅕s.

Coming Events.

Nov. 20.—Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago, entertainment "Athletic and Smokenstic."

Nov. 21, 22, 23.—Tournament at Columbus, Ga.

Nov. 24.—One and two-mile bicycle handicaps at 23d Regiment Armory, Brooklyn.

Nov. 27.—Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago. Literary address by Rev. E. J. Petrie.

Nov. 28.—New Haven Bicycle Club's reception and entertainment, at New Haven Opera House.

Nov. 29.—Races at Opelika, Ala.

Nov. 29.—Prospect Harriers' ten-mile bicycle handicap, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dec. 17.—Twelfth Regiment Games at Armory, Ninth Avenue and Sixty-second street, New York. Two-mile.

Dec. 17.—Chelsea, Mass., Cycle Club's reception.

Dec. 4.—Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago. Medical address by Wm. T. Belfield, M. D.

Feb. 8, 1889.—Entertainment and reception of Manhattan Bicycle Club, at Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York City.

SETTLED AT LAST.

The Discovery of an Ancient Tablet, of Which, the Above is an Exact Fac-Simile, Proves Conclusively that the Ancients Rode Cycles.

New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipeds and attachments from Oct. 2 to and including Oct. 30, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

390,368. Oct. 2. H. H. Holtkamp, Knoxville, O., attachment for bicycles.

390,641. Oct. 9. H. Baines, Brooklyn, N. Y., velocipede.

390,662. Oct. 9. T. L. Gable, Savona, N. Y., velocipede.

390,733. Oct. 9. L. Wheelock, New Haven, Conn., velocipede.

390,897. Oct. 9. R. A. Perret, Moers-on-the-Rhine, Germany, velocipede.

390,916. Oct. 9. W. F. Stevens, San Francisco, Cal., bicycles.

390,952. Oct. 9. F. M. Drake, WilkesBarre. Pa., bicycle.

391,100. Oct. 16. E. Weeks, What Cheer, Ia., velocipede.

391,210. Oct. 16. R. T. Torkelson, assignor to I. Johnson, Worcester, Mass., velocipede.

391,212. Oct. 16. R. T. Torkelson, assignor to I. Johnson, Worcester, Mass., velocipede treadle.

381,241. Oct. 16. T. H. Gongware and E. K. Hanley, Elmira, N. Y., bicycle lock.

381,253. Oct. 16. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Manufacturing Co., velocipede.

391,333. Oct. 16. W. T. Osborne and J. Johnson, Martling, Ala., velocipede.

391,417. Oct. 23. A. H. Lucas, St. Louis, Mo , velocipede.

391,490. Oct. 23. W. E. Smith, Washington, D. C., assignor to Smith Cycle Manufacturing Co., of Washington' D. C., tandem bicycle.

391,499. Oct. 23. F. M. Wolfe, Springfield, Mo., velocipede.

391,882. Oct. 30. G. S. Chapman, Tottenham, Middlesex Co., England, velocipede.

391,895. Oct. 30. J. W. Hall, London, England, velocipede.

391,900. Oct. 30. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Manufacturing Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.

391,947. Oct. 30. J. S. Copeland, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Manufacturing Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.

New English Patents.

12,524. Aug.31. J. B. Brooks, Birmingham, Improvements in velocipede saddles and saddle springs.

12,559. Aug.31. J. W. Richardson, London. An apparatus for indicating the speed of bicycles, tricycles and other similar machines while running.

12,595. Sept. 1. J. W. Boothroyd and P. L. Renouf, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

12,688. Sept. 3. S. L. Hart, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

12,742. Sept. 4. C. S. Young, Ashton. Applying by leverage the power of engines or machines worked by steam or other motive power, or a combination of them, or machines worked by muscular action, such as bicycles and trieycles.

12,836. Sept. 5. G. Nobles and R. Stamper, London. Improvements in the method of driving velocipedes and in apparatus therefor.

12,888. Sept. 6. J. Hawkins, London. Improvements in brackets or supports for holding bicycle and tricycle lamps.

12,899. Sept. 6. H, Bogaerts, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

12,941. J. Harrington and G. Meader, London. Improvements in or connected with the saddles or seats and springs of velocipedes.

13,017. The Quadrant Tricycle Co. Improvements in rear driving bicycles and tricycles.

13,034. G. A. Schubert, Manchester. Improvements in, and relating to velocipedes.

13,043. A. Sharp, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

13,073. G. H. Washbourne, Highgate. Improvements in velocipede lamps.

13,099. J. Lucas, Birmingham. An arrangement for a safety or signal lamp for cycles.

13,152. T. Ward and T. Edmondson, Warrington. Improvements in the gearing of velocipedes.

13,252. W. A and J. T. Smith, Birmingham. Improvements in saddles for bicycles, tricycles and other machines.

13,636. J. T. Tilby, Middlesex. Improvements in the construction of lamp brackets for the use of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

13,638. Sept. 21. C. A. and F. J. Millner, Birmingham. Improvements in velocipede lamps.

13,847. Sept. 25. Charles Lock, London. Improvements in and relating to bicycles and other velocipedes.

13,933. Sept. 27. August Braun, Middlesex. Improvements in velocipedes.

14,313 and 14,315. Oct. 5. C. P. Byrne, London, and F. T. Haisman, Hanwell. Improvements in velocipedes.

14,378. J. S. Edge, Jr, Birmingham. Improvements in the production of velocipede ball pedal plates.

14,666. Hugh Edwards, Berlin House, Llanrhryddlad, Anglesea, for "Improvements in safety bicycles or other velocipedes."—Oct. 12.

15,679. William Henry Upton Marshall, 50 Bedford Row, London, W. C., for "Improvements in cycles."—Oct. 12.

14,680. Richard Nightengale, 6 Richmond Row, Portobello, Dublin, for "Reducing the vibration arising from riding over bad roads, in safety bicycles, tricycles and other carriages."—Oct. 12.

14,719. George Barden, High Street, Tenterden, for "A lady's safety bicycle."—Oct. 13.

14,725. John Law Garsed, Town Hall Buildings, Halifax for "An improved combined bicycle or tricycle or model locomotive and barrow or go-cart."—Oct. 13.

14,749. Walter James Cock, Fair View, Murray Road, Ealing Park, Brentford, Middlesex, for "An improvement in velocipedes, a detachable stand and locking apparatus."—Oct. 13.

14,929. James Alfred Lamplugh, of the firm of Lamplugh & Brown, 7 Staples Inn, Middlesex, for "Improvements in the saddles or seats of tricycles, bicycles and other velocipedes, and in snpporting the said saddles or seats."—Oct. 17.

Recent Publications.

THE ART OF TRAINING FOR CYCLE RACING. by *George Lacy Hillier* and *T. H. S. Walker*, is a 100-page book devoted to the training of a racing cycler. The subject is, we can assure our readers, in good hands, for Mr. Hillier and Mr. Walker are considered authorities in their countries. That it is especially issued for Continental wheelmen can be readily seen. Each page is divided into three parts, one English, one German and one French, so that all of this book could easily be gotten in 30 pages if printed in one language.

We would advise every racer and club Librarian, however, to secure a copy, as it is well worth perusal. It is issued in paper at 50c. or ornamental cloth at $1.25. We can supply any who wish copies.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES OF X M. MILES ON A BICYCLE, by *Karl Kron*. Many favorable paragraphs have recently appeared in regard to the 100-page gift-book which Karl Kron is distributing among all who address a request to him at the University Building, New York. The *Wheel* calls it "an interesting and unique production." The *Louisville Commercial* says, "it is all so arranged as to be decidedly readable." The *Star Advocate* declares "the pamphlet itself is worth half the price of the book it is intended to sell." The *Publishers' Weekly* asks booksellers' attention to it, as being "without doubt the longest advertisement of a single book that is until now on record." The *St. Louis Spectator* pronounces it "a curiosity worth the attention of all wheelmen. It will help you pass away a spare hour and will interest you." "Both interesting and iustructive reading," is the verdict of *Wheeling*; while the *Sewing-Machine and Cycle News*, (London), speak as follows: "The mass of press notices here collected redound with praises of Mr. Kron's great work, and there can be no doubt that it deserves all the praise that can be given to it. 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle' will prove interesting to all who delight in travel and in the study of men and manners'.'

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE Vol. II, by *Thos. Stevens*. Charles Scribners Son's Publishers, N. Y.—This second volume of Stevens' wonderful travels is quite as interesting as Vol. I, which appeared some time ago. The illustrations, while numerous, are not as good as those of the former volume. While a large part of the matter is reprinted from *Outing*, where it originally appeared, there are several new chapters that have never been in print before. In size and general appearance the volume is exactly similar to Vol. I. Both are large substantial-looking books, and, taken together, present nearly 1,000 pages of very interesting reading. The price of both volumes is $8, or $4 each.

Odds and Ends.

There is a village in England called Fakenham. Good place for Rowe, Temple and Morgan to retire to.

The Cyclists' Union of Long Island, now numbers some 200 members, and is still growing.

There is a loud wail going up to heaven that the day of honest professionalism in bicycle racing is over.

The Wissahickon Wheelmen, the latest addition to the list of Philadelphia cycling organizations, is in a fair way of doing well.

The *Scottish Umpire* and *Scottish Athletic Journal* have been merged into one publication to be known as *Scottish Sport*; this change occurring Nov. 6.

C. E. Urbahns, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., had a 50-inch New Rapid bicycle, No. 3370, stolen from him Oct. 11. Any Information concerning it will be thankfully received.

If Windle is to represent the New York Athletic Club, as rumor says he is, Halsted will have to show more speed if he is to be the representative rider of that organization.

Galignani's Messenger, the English paper published inParis, has gone in for a series of articles on cycling which are well written and seem to have created considerable excitement in the gay capital.

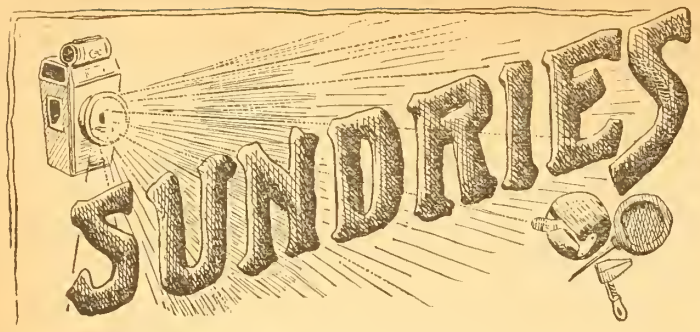
The hill that is now claiming the attention of Philadelphia riders is the one that starts from under the Reading Railroad bridge, just northwest of the red bridge over the Schuylkill, near the Falls Village.

Freemasonry of the wheel! Dark night. Enthusiastic pedestrian to cyclist who carries lamp which shows an excellent light—"Whose lamp's that?" meaning maker's name "Eh?" "Whose lamp?" Faintly in the distance, "*Moine.*"

The New Haven Bicycle Club has hired the New Haven Opera House for the evening of Nov. 28th, Wednesday evening, day before Thanksgiving. The program is not made up entirely yet, but they will have some of the best local talent, also fancy riding by some professionals, and a first-class program generally.

The *Cyclist* thinks that safeties should be fitted with rear wheel brakes; that the present front wheel spoon-brake is not powerful enough. The *Cyclist* thinks that the public is rapidly coming to recognize this and advise dealers to manufacture a fair proportion of wheels fitted with rear brakes for next season's trade.

The Holyoke Bicycle Club are conducting a series of drive whist sociables to be held monthly at the club-rooms in Rigalio, on High street, in that city, and are soon to commence a whist tournament with the Chicopee Falls Club, the opening games to be played Nov. 9 at Chicopee Falls, Nov. 16 at Holyoke, and every Friday night following until March 1. Visiting wheelmen that are lovers of that sport will be cordially welcomed.



The parade at Kansas City had 260 wheels in line.

* * *

The *Cyclist* entered upon its tenth year October 10.

* * *

They speak of a man who is training in Minneapolis, as "rolling dust."

* * *

The date of the Richmond, Va., race meeting was postponed to Oct. 29-30.

* * *

Aesthetic wheelmen in Connecticut, trim their wheels with the gorgeously tinted leaves of autumn

* * *

The Boston Club have formed a bowling club. The first of the meetings was held at the Gymnasium Oct. 30.

* * *

Atlanta, (Georgia) championship has been decided by a series of three races between E. Durant and H. Ried. Darant won them all.

* * *

Miss Pauline Hall, of the Erminie company has recently been interviewed in regard to her riding a ladies bicycle. She speaks of it very highly.

* * *

A party of Eastern capitalists have taken hold of H. G. Kennedy's Railroad Tricycle and intend to start a factory in the East for building the machine.

* * *

Van Sicklen now weighs more than he did before his accident, and declairs he never felt better. Unless he changes his mind, however, his racing days are over.

* * *

The Bavarian cyclers always carry a long carriage whip when riding. They do this as a protection against imprudent children and dogs of a sanguinary turn of mind.

* * *

Italy is not the cyclist's paradise, if we are to believe the statement of tourists, who claim that they are subjected to all sorts of annoyances at the hands of the Italian Custom House officials.

* * *

An English invention is the "centercycle," having four wheels a foot in diameter and a large wheel in the center. With it the rider is enabled to go up hill as easily as to go forward on level ground.

* * *

Though life be sad and murky,
It 's always worth the living
When we set down to the turkey
On Thanksgiving.

* * *

Harry Etherington, ex-propriator of *Wheeling* and well known in American racing circles, has sailed for Melbourne, where he will manage Etherington's Improved Switchback Railway Co., which has recently been started with £20,000 capital.

* * *

Rowe says he will retire and go into business in Lynn. Temple has gone to Chicago, where he will also engage in business. Both are tired of professional racing. There are also other people who are very tired of this kind of sport. Mr. Foudrinier, for instance.

* * *

S. G. Whittaker, the American bicycler, now in England, in a recent interview; said that four months ago he openly challenged any man in the world to a race on safety bicycles, any distance, and staked $50, but no one came forward, and he now throws down the gauntlet to the world again, to race for the championship of the world on a safety bicycle, any distance. Since this second challenge has been made Jack Lee has accepted it, and, at Coventry, Oct. 20, a a ten-mile match was run, Whittaker winning in 30m. 31⅗s.

* * *

Sailing through the azure vapors,
Sailing through the dusk of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset,
Was the ancient Wainamomen;
On a wheel both strong and graceful,
Made of steel and India rubber,
Made of balls in every bearing,
Sail'd the ancient Wainamomen.

* * *

The latest English novelty is a juvenile road race, open to youths and girls under fifteen years of age. A race of this sort was recently decided at Leeds. The distance was 4½ miles. Nellie Maude and Charlie Maude, aged five and three respectively, allowed twenty minutes start, held the lead for three and a half miles, when they were passed by A. Aldred, fifteen years old, allowed two minutes start, who went on and won. The little Maudes rode a superbly made miniature Humber tandem tricycle. Among the entries was Little Bobbie Chorley, aged five, who is a marvel on a safety, but who was prevented by sickness from riding.

* * *

We noted recently that the authorities of Berlin, having probably come to the conclusion that cycling is not revolutionary or demorilizing after all, had relaxed the stern law which forbad this facinating pastime to be indulged in within the city boundaries. Cyclers however, must still regard the busy portion of the town as closed to them, but in the suburbs they may tear along to their hearts' content. At first the rider of the "Dreirad," as the Teuton calls the tricycle, appeared timidly in the streets amid the jears of the cabmen, who did all they could to impede his progress, in more than one case even running him down. Now, however, we are told the cycler has triumphantly asserted his rights, and has risen to the dignity of being freely caricatured and guyed by the funny men of the Berlin press. In all the principal thouroughfares tricycles may be hired, and the appearance of the streets in fine weather seems to indicate that the hiring business is a lucrative one.

* * *

Some people seem to think a safety is a family machine which is equally appropriate for the father of half-a-dozen children as for his youngest son aged six. We hope fathers will be careful how they accept this, or they may ruin the cycling future of their children in a way they little think of. A safety has an adjustable seat, we know, but it won't rise and fall feet in the ordinary course of things, and the lowest reach will probably prove a straining point to a young boy. Again, a man's handle-bar reach is long, and on a man's safety a very long bar is fitted, as a rule. This is again a strain on a boy's arms, and the result is painful to the onlooker—and what it must be to the rider we do not venture to guess—when a youngster is riding along hardly able to touch the handles, much less grasp them comfortably. By all means let your boys cycle, fathers of the coming generation, but make them ride machines appropriate to their size, we implore you.

* * *

In spite of its astonishing popularity, there can be but little question that cycling has still its difficulties—sometimes very trying to its votaries. The knowledge now common to every living soul in the land that a bicycle is not an easy thing to manage, does not prevent numerous somnolent cartmen from lumbering heavily along the road, taking up all the room, and stolidly refusing to heed the warning tinkle of the cyclist's bell or his sonorous shout, thus driving him over a stony and impassable track, or sending him to sprawl in a ditch. It does not prevent children from dancing in front of him much to his own danger and to theirs, it does not hinder them from throwing heavy missiles, such as old shoes and tin kettles, in the path of his wheels. Highways in a bad state of repairs constitute. of course, a grivence of long standing, which, however, the rapidly increasing favor shown to cycling, combined with many influences at work, has already reduced and may be trusted to mitigate still further. Yet if cyclists have not altogether realized up to the present a full measure of happiness, they are content to wait and make the most of what they enjoy.

Selections from Poetry and Prose Dedicated to Prominent Wheelmen.

Altered Words are Italicised.

F. P. Prial.

"The world agrees
That he writes well who writes with ease." —*Prior.*

Jay A. Hinman.

"He can ride as well as write." —*H. G. Kelly.*

Violet Lorne.

"With what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. —*Arbuthnot.*

"You have a nimble wit." —*Shakespeare.*

Jos. J. Bliss.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrude
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less but nature more." —*Byron.*

T. J. Kirkpatrick.

"Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness," —*Shakespeare.*

Abbott Basset.

"Ne'er shall oblivions murky cloud
Obscure his deathless praise." —*Sir W. Jones.*

Chris Wheeler.

"The critic with a poets fire." —*Pope.*

Pres. Bates-

"Meretricious popularness in literature." —*Coleridge,*

J. S. Dean.

"Clear headed friend, whose joyful scorn,
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
The knots that tangle human creeds." —*Tennyson.*

Jack Rogers.

"At billiards he is said to be first rate." —*Thackery.*

'Spectator' Page.

"A combustable character." —*Irving.*

Art Munson.

"The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite;
But groves, hills and valleys diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight." —*Cowper.*

"By my fegs!
Ye've set old *Cycler* on her legs." —*Beattie.*

Sam Miles.

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free." —*Carey.*

E. H. Corson.

"Oh, he was all made up of love and charms!" —*Addison.*

W. H. Emery.

"Endued with great pertinacity." —*Johnson,*

C. W. Foudrinier.

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul" —*Pope.*

Karl Kron.

"Give me the good old times." —*Bulwer Lytton.*

"Deep learned in the mazy lore
Of *cycling* philosophy. —*P. Francis.*

Thomas Stevens.

"I have rode out the storm when the billows beat high,
And the red gleaming lightnings flashed through the sky." —*Southey.*

O! what men dare do! What men may do!
Not knowing what they do." —*Shakespeare.*

"His fancy lay extremely to traveling." —*L'Estrange.*

W. S. Doane.

"He was touring about as usual, for he was as restless as a hyena." —*De Quincey.*

George B. Thayer.

"Where'er his fancy bids him roam,
In every inn he finds a home." —*W. Combe.*

Henry E. Ducker.

"A jolly little red faced man. —*Dickens.*

"His caligraphy, a fair hand
Fit for a secretary." —*B. Johnson.*

Sam Hollingsworth.

"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work'" —*Shakespeare.*

W. D. Maltby.

"I do know but one
That unassailble holds on his rank
Unshak'd of motion." —*Shakespeare.*

'Senator' Morgan.

"How know you him?
By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his susceptability." —*B. Johnson.*

"There he stood with such *sang froid* that greater,
Could scarce be shown, even by a mere spectator." —*Byron.*

The 'Big Four': Morgan, Temple, Alley & Rowe.

"To *fake*, or not *to fake*
That is the question." —*Shakespeare.*

Ralph Temple.

"He does smile his face into more lines
Than are in the new map." —*Shakespeare.*

"When he appeared
A secret pleasure gladdened all that saw him." —*Addison.*

"'Twere good you knocked him." —*Shakespeare.*

N. Kaufman.

"With just bold lines he dashes here and there.
Showing great mastery with little care." —*Rochester.*

Wm. A. Rowe.

"No winter could his laurels fade. —*Dryden.*

"Ye may as easily
Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast." —*Ford.*

"There is no competion but for second place." —*Dryden.*

"He is in high condition, and fit to run." —*J. H. Walsh.*

Frank Dingley,

"With winged expedition, swift as lightning." —*Milton.*

Prince Wells.

"A young man of visionary and enthusiastic character. —*W. Irving.*

Eddie McDowell.

"I'll die or make good the pace." —*Dryden.*

S. G. Whittaker.

"Electric *Whit*, quick as fear,
With race-dust on his cheeks, and clear,
Slant, startled eyes." —*E. B. Browning.*

"He distanced the most skillful of his contemporaries." —*Milner.*

H. G. Crocker.

"Virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape." —*Milton.*

Wilber F. Knapp.

"He was in form and spirit like a supple-jack, yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke." —*Irving.*

Wm. A. Rhodes.

"Thus formed for speed, he challenges the wind,
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind." —*Dryden*

Tom Eck.

"None but the brave deserves the fair" —*Dryden.*

George Weber.

"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career." —*Byron.*

Wm. Woodsides.

"After him came spurting hard
A gentleman almost forespent with speed." —*Shakespeare.*

Robt. Neilson.

"What nervous arms he boasts, how firm his tread,
His limbs how turned!" —*Pope.*

Richard Howell.

"Lovely in your strength as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman." —*Byron.*

Allard and Lee

"It is said that the form of the one is equal to that of the other." —*J. H. Walsh.*

"The two stand to one another like men; rally follows rally in quick succession." —*T. Hughes.*

"The least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure." —*Wordsworth.*

Percy Furnivall.

"Gash'd with honorable scars." —*Montgomery.*

"Learned he was in medicinal lore." —*Hudibras.*

Hal Greenwood.

"To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first." —*Shakespeare.*

N. H. Van Sicklin.

"And we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise," —*Tennyson.*

The Banker Bros.
"The nicest eye could no distinction make
Where lay the advantage, or which side to take." —*Dryden.*

Frank Dampman.
"Lo! from the dread immensity of space,
Returning with accelerated course,
The rushing *cycler comes.* —*Thomson.*

Percy Harris.
"Fair-haired, azure eyed, with delicate Saxon complection,
Having the dew of his youth and the beauty thereof."
—*Longfellow.*

Kenneth Brown.
"Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve." —*Addison.*

Will Windle.
"Turn *Windle,* turn thy wheel and lower the proud." —*Tennyson.*
"He went off at score and made pace so strong, he cut them all down." —*Lawrence.*
"How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed,' it to the *record* saith." —*Longfellow.*

A. E. Lumsden.
"Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm and cloud."
—*Tennyson.*

John A. Wells.
"His great attempt, which nigh the birth,
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast." —*Milton.*
"His performauces *on Eagle Rock Hill* were equally good."
—*Dickens*

W. E. Crist.
"A certain miracle of symmetry." —*Tennyson.*

Col. Albert A. Pope.
"But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt among the war of elements." —*Addison.*

Edwin Oliver.
"O! he's a lovely gentleman." —*Shakespeare.*
"Each popular delirium caught his enthusiastic mind."
—*W. Irving.*

Geo. D. Hazars.
"A great knack at remarks." —*Attebury.*

George H. Jessup.
"A fit man, forsooth, to govern a realm." —*Hayward.*

Wm. Read.
"He hummed and hawed.„ —*Hudibras.*

Jens Pederson.
"He was a perfect timist. —*C. Reade.*

George Hendee.
"About him were a press of gaping faces
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice." —*Shakespeare.*

Sam Clark.
"Wisdom and dicipline and liberal arts,
The embellishments of life." —*Addison.*

L. S. Copper.
"Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength."
—*Pope.*

Geo. Bidwell.
"In composure of his face
Lived a fair but manley grace" —*Crashaw.*

A. W. Gump.
"He's a lusty, jolly fellow that lives well." —*Swift.*

T. B. Jeffery.
"A popular man. —*Dryden.*

R. Phillip Gormully.
"So excellant a touch of modesty." —*Shakespeare.*
"O! but to have gulled him
Had been a mastery." —*B. Johnson.*

C. H. Lamson.
"He is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms."
—*Addison.*

L. H Johnston.
"His enunciation was so deliberate." —*Wirt.*

Howard A. Smith,
"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine." —*Pope.*

Harry Corey.
"My love is a Rover." —*Old Song.*
"How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution!" —*Shakespeare.*

W. M. Frisbie.
"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky." —*Wordsworth.*

A. Kennedy Childe.
"That comely face, that cluster'd brow.
That cordial hand, that bearing free,
I see them yet." —*Mathew Arnold.*

A. H. Overman.
"He moves with manly grace." —*Dryden.*

Lincoln Cycle Club, of Chicago, Ill.
"Come, musicians play
A hall! A hall! give room and foot it girls." —*B. Johnson.*

Learning.

THE TRICYCLE.

The general public labor under the impression that anybody can ride a tricycle, and most beginners start with this idea. They are sadly mistaken, however, which most beginners find out to their cost. In fact the worst falls are often sustained off the lowly three-wheeler. The novice who attempts to master the narrow-guager has a due regard for the magnitude of the undertaking, and lays his plans accordingly, with the result that he often learns without a single fall. The novice who tackels the three-wheeler has a lordly disregard for his mount, and is convinced that he has nothing to do but get on and ride off, and thus over-confidence generally leads to disaster.

Commonly known as the cripper-type tricycle, with, however, numberless modifications, is now almost the only three-wheeler in the market, and with the exception of mounting and dismounting our remarks will apply to every other with hardly an exception.

Standing directly behind the machine, grasp the handles firmly, and placing the left foot on the axle or bridge, slip into the saddle. This is the commonest method adopted. A better way, however, is to get the left pedal nearly at the highest, and raising the left foot over the axle, step quickly on the pedal and thence into the saddle. A rider with a long stretch can reach the pedal when at the dead point, when his weight coming on it in a forward and downward direction will start the machine. This method of mounting is easily acquired and much nicer looking than the other.

Put either foot back until the axle or bridge is reached, and then raising the weight onto it step off. It is neater and quicker, however, to step from the rising pedal, and in that case the weight of the rider resting for a moment on the rising pedal tends to stop the machine.

The learner should next make himself acquainted with the workings of the brake, for on this his safety may depend. Our first attempt on a tricycle has left a most lively impression on our mind. we started to ride down a moderate incline, without making ourselves acquainted with the workings of the brake. The machine was a side-steerer and half way down the pace became unpleasantly fast, but we could not check it, and swerving and swaying from side to side, we reached the bottom after several hair-breadth escapes.

Professor Drummond, of London, has been traveling through uncivilized Africa, and, judging by his reports, it would be quite practical to make an extended bicycle tour into the heart of the Dark Continent. He says that no country in the world is better supplied with paths than this unmapped continent. Every village is connected with some other village and the explorer has simply to select from this network of tracks, and he can travel from place to place. These native tracks are the same in character all over Africa. They are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest by centuries of native traffic, and, as a rule, the paths are marvelously direct. A new world is thus open to adventurous pioneering cyclers. Fancy a bicycle tour across Africa! There the wheelman would find no comfortable hotels, nor be able to obtain any good square meals. He would have to pay his way in cloth and beads; that is, if the natives would wait to trade. It is more than probable, however, that on first sight of a bicycle they would flee as from a strange god.

A German firm is building a copy of the "American Star" bicycle.

Brakes.

Of brakes in use on cycles there are two principal kinds—band and spoon—the former retarding the machine by friction against a drum attached either to one of the hubs or to the axle of the machine; the latter, by means of a spoon pressed on the rubber of one of the wheels by some system of levers. The spoon is much the oldest form of brake; it was used on the Boneshaker of olden days, and generally acted on the hind wheel. The great danger was of the string breaking going down hill. When the modern form of bicycle came in the usual brake was a small roller applied to the hind wheel by means of a lever and a string going along the backbone to the handles which rotated. This brake proved very unsatisfactory, as it was not powerful enough, was not safe on account of the danger of the string breaking, and because it cut the hind wheel rubber a great deal. Now, however, for Ordinary bicycles, the double lever spoon-brake has out-distanced all competitors and is universally used on this type of machine, but I very much doubt whether it could have been used on the earlier spider wheels, as they were very rarely true, and with an untrue wheel, the brake goes on more at one part than another—a state of affairs likely to cause a header. When, however, the tricycle was introduced, it was clear that, although used on many rear-steerers, a spoon-brake was unsuitable for the front steerers, which in those days had loop frames, 18-inch front wheels, 46-inch drivers, and very little weight on the front wheel. Therefore, a band-brake was adopted, which, by acting on the balance gear, retards both wheels equally. When, however, the Cripper, or bicycle-steering type of tricycle came in with plenty of weight on the front wheel, a spoon-brake applied to the front wheel became possible as soon as the front wheels were made large enough to apply the spoon without danger of stripping off the rubber, so that now there are the two systems of brakes applied to tricycles—the spoon-brake, acting on the front wheel, and the band-brake, acting on the drivers through the balance gear. To compare the advantages and disadvantages of these two systems of brakes is the object of this article. The strength of the spoon-brake depends, firstly: on the force with which it is pressed against the wheel, and, secondly: on the state of the rubber —*i.e.*, whether it is wet or dry. The first is constant, and depends only on the leverage of the brake, and the pressure with which the handle is grasped; the second is obvious to the eye, and thus the rider can accurately foretell to what amount his brake will act. The strength of the band-brake, however, depends not only on the force with which the band is drawn round the drum, and the size of that drum, in relation to the wheels, but also on the state of the surfaces of the drum and the band, a thing which is not at all obvious to the eye. All know how badly a band-brake acts if there is oil on the band, and how well if a little resin is applied, but at no time can a rider be certain that a little oil may not have got on the band, and caused the brake to act badly. Again, if resin has been applied, it may melt while going down a long hill. From this happening, a run-away, which might have been very serious, took place while the writer was going down the hill from Glencree to Enniskerry on a tandem, in company with an English friend. Thus, it will be seen that the strength of a band-brake cannot be with certainty foretold by the rider. Both band and spoon-brakes are rarely made with sufficient leverage to enable the rider to go down a long and steep hill without his hand or foot getting fatigued, and if the leverage is made sufficient the brake-handle must have a good long range, in order that the band may come well clear off the drum, or the spoon well clear of the wheel, so that mud will not collect. This necessitates the brake-lever being a long way out from the handlebar, so that the brake-handle cannot be grasped without taking the band off the handle to draw it in. There is a strong prejudice against having the brake-lever so far out, but for many years I have had a brake so fitted, and have found it no disadvantage, and it is impossible to make a brake with what I consider sufficient leverage without doing so. Again, the width and diameter of the drum of a band-brake must be sufficient to prevent the leather with which the band is lined being squeezed out by the pressure. Of course, such a brake must be used with skill and caution, or the result may be disastrous, but for many years I have used a brake on my wheel, which, if applied hard, would promptly put me over the handles. Lastly, the band-brake has the advantage that it does not dirty the rider, no matter how wet the roads are, while the spoon has an unpleasant trick of covering him with mud. Thus, we have on the side of the spoon-brake *certainty*, and on the side of the band-brake *cleanliness*, and when proper care is taken to keep it in good order, a large degree of certainty.

In the case of Tandems there is rarely enough weight on the front wheel for a spoon-brake on it alone to be sufficient, and I consider it best to have a spoon-brake on the front wheel and a band-brake on the drivers, which latter may also with advantage be arranged to be applied by the foot of the front rider, as well as the hand of the hind rider.

On rear-driving Safeties the brake is applied in three ways. A spoon-brake to the front wheel or hind wheel, or a band-brake on the hind wheel. As to the relative advantages of the spoon-brake to the front wheel and the band-brake to the hind wheel, the arguments are the same as in the case of a tricycle, but I should wish to point out that a spoon-brake applied low down to the hind wheel is as clean as a band-brake, and, if properly fitted, has the advantage of greater certainty, but the fitting of it complicates an all ready complicated part of the machine—*i.e.*, in the neighborhood of the crank axle. Again, in those machines in which the chain is tightened by shifting the hind wheel, the brake is liable to be thrown out of adjustment when the chain is tightened.

GERALD STONEY.

A writer in the *Field* contributes some very interesting remarks *apropos* of town riding, from which we reproduce the following: "For getting along in busy thoroughfares, the rider must be fairly expert in the management of his machine. For such purposes nothing, perhaps, is more suitable than the small rear-driving safety bicycle. Brake power is of primary importance in enabling the rider to pull up suddenly when his way is blocked unexpectedly by vehicles or pedestrians. The only other machine adapted for town riding is the ordinary front-steering tricycle, and this has one advantage over the safety bicycle in that it can be brought to a stand-still without the necessity for a dismount. This is occasionally a convenience, as the bicycler, when dismounted, finds it difficult to obtain, amid the traffic, that brief respite necessary to enable him to regain the saddle. On the other hand, the bicycle is of narrower gauge than the tricycle, and can he taken through openings in the traffic that are closed against the tricycler. In other respects, there is little to choose between the two classes of machines for use in towns. The question of stability may come into consideration where badly paved roads have to be traversed; for then, when these are covered with a deposit of greasy mud, riding over them on a bicycle is not particularly safe, though it appears to the rider to be more dangerous than it really is. The dexterity with which a bicycle can be manipulated, and the accuracy with which it can be steered enable the rider, if an adept, to thread his way through busy thoroughfares with a facility that is inexplicable to those who have had no experience in riding or driving. It is a considerable tax upon the attention, however, as a constant vigilance has to be exercised to avoid accidents that are rendered possible by the great carelessness often exhibited by men intrusted with the management of horses and carts—men who barely know the rule of the road, and whose knowledge of driving is often acquired at the expense of others. One of the acts of careless drivers which is often productive of accidents consists in turning a horse and vehicle round in the streets without first ascertaining what is behind them. Instances of this kind may be witnessed any day in the streets of any large city, in which collisions are only narrowly averted. A bicycler is, however, more liable to be caught in this way, as drivers trust as much to their ears as their eyes to warn them of any approach from behind; and if a glance to one side does not disclose a coming vehicle, and they hear nothing, they will suddenly pull across the road without the slightest warning. No more complete trap can be laid for anyone, and if the move is not anticipated or detected in time for a shout to stop the man, or for a sharp turn to the left to enable the pursuer to pass on the near side, there is generally a collision of some kind.

Cyclers are not lunatics, but most of the wheels they ride are driven by cranks.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

A CYCLING ESSAY.

It was a pleasant day in July. We had dismounted in the village at the village church. The sweat trickled down our manly brows and soaked the riding habits which covered our athletic forms. All of this I mention to prove the pleasantness of the day.

We wiped the perspiration from our faces and satisfied our thirst. Those of us who had not satisfied their thirst had dismounted farther up the street and were manfully endeavoring to do so.

To fully express the beauty of the day, I might say it was hot! Writing, as I am, to-day, with the bleak winds of the winter howling without my palatial abode and ever and anon shrieking through the cracks in the logs, I look back on the warmth of that day with a trace of longing that can not be obliterated. Even now, methinks I see that narrow roadway, fragrant with the perfume of the flowers that adorned it. (I am not certain whether flowers adorned it on this particular day, but the editor has insisted that I make this flowery and I cannot miss the only opportunity I have of working the line in.)

We dismounted at the village church. Now, have you ever seen a village church?

Standing out in bold relief. To the rear the grave yard. The country church yard with its white palings, its marble shafts and crumbling stones. The resting place of the village fathers, the sub. ject of a hundred elegies. But I am not in the elegy business. Gray has immortalized himself by his truly good poem and why should I detract from his glory!

Beautiful indeed is the village church in poetry. Ah! how different in reality! To-day, I look on this—"lonely and vast, in its grandeur sublime!" A one story frame structure. Once painted white, now darkening as the years roll by. Booms of neighboring towns destroying its attendance and its pride. Yesterday, it rang out love and truth, good will to man. Here, to-morrow, the rabble with fight for the supremacy in a township election! A week—a month—a year is gone and with it the vestige of this holy place-Tradition points it out but those who fed tradition have passed away with the village church.

To-day, we watched the children, with their snowy dresses, come up the path toward us. Farther down the road approach their elder sister, with their brothers, or, perchance, some other sister's brother. Then the parents, all bearing toward the common center.

This the day, this the hour, this the place. The haven of rest in this world as in the next. The seat of knowledge, of pleasure and of prayer. Here acquaintance is formed, here love springs up, here marriage is consummated, here the loved one is laid to rest!

Have we intruded? Before us they pause. The gossip, the laughter, the lovely sentences are hushed. We become the center of an observing multitude. Blushing girls receive our modest attentions. Little misses guy our lathy proportious or corpulent forms. Bold escorts finger the nickeled backbone or whirl the pedals. Then they kill us with questions until the hour calls them within the church. Will we join them in their Sabbath school? Will we?—we have entered in.

No extravagant, artistic frescoing decorates the village church. No tapestried pulpit adorns a carved and inlaid rostrum. No upholstered pews flank a brusseled aisle. No ushers in broadcloth and ivoried linen beckon you at the door. This is not the sanctuary. This is not the cathedral. This is simply the "meetin' place," this and nothing more. No palace organ with innumerable pipes and stops ornaments this little house. The deep voice of the brawny farmer lad, the tender notes of the farmer's daughter, trained and cultured as she roams o'er meadow and woodland, join in the lusty swell.

Salaried choirs, selected vocalists may charm the ear and please the senses but will He, in whose honor these praises go up, not turn aside to listen to the chorus uncultured and unpaid that rises from the village church?

But, to-day, ah! what has hushed those tender notes? Why does father and mother and brother alone join in that sweet refrain? Why should those pasteboard covers conceal blushing countenances? What causes the shy glance that now and then is cast our way?

How it pains the heart of the President, who has long since learned the meaning of those flushed faces, to know that these young men, whom he has always endeavored to guide in the proper paths of decorum, have been uttering honeyed words and subtle compliments to those innocent rural belles. How his heart aches to tell them that these self same young men, flushed with the blood of youth, attractive in their neat fitting uniforms, have wives at home who await their return.

But, to-day, I look on the interior of the village church calsomined and striped from its wainscoting to its ceiling. Above the pastor's chair, some artistic sister has endeavored to describe a semicircle with evergreen motto, "God Bless Our School." The years gone past have dried and bleached the green. Letters have dropped out and been replaced wrong side up and in total disregard to the fact that a "curve is the line of beauty." The old stove in the corner has rusted to a rich mahogany that but poorly matches the painted pine pews upon which, here and there, the irrepressible small boy and his knife have left their intricate forms and fancies. Resting on that cracked and rusted heater is the superintendent's half smoked stogie, whose delicate perfume is now and then wafted to our nostrils. In front of us an antiquated melodeon groans and wheezes under the torture of a young and freckled faced deciple of Bethoven. When a false note is struck and the discord results the congregation pauses until the proper rendition is obtained and then resumes the sweet refrain! To our left, the infant class, whose minds are too frail to grasp the words of holy writ, are instructed in their A B C's. Now and their lispings of "o-x, ox; b-o-x, box" rise far above that ceaseless hum, above that vile tobacco smoke and the psalms of David! The secretary reads the list of "male teachers, female teachers, male scholars and female scholars" present, the regular singing school meeting is announced and the papers are passed as we go out. A glance at these reveals a continued story, a puzzle and chess column and a receipt for producing whiskers in six weeks!

Back into those blistered saddles we vault and speed down the road. Smiles and glances of admiration follow us out of sight.

The years to come will bring those little feet to the bustling city but in their dim eyes will be vivid again the picture of the village church, as it stands to-night, enshrined in the rosy light of the setting sun.

Turn my wheel! Carry me hither and thither, through the whirl of yonder city out into the silent paths of the woodland. But—stay! Is there a spot on earth so full of happy recollectians and associations, so dear to our gray haired fathers and mothers as their old country home and their "meetin' place?" PRES. MERG.

At present there are about 64 cycle factories in the German Empire, employing 1,150 people, while many others make them outside of their principle trade. Thirty-seven factories derive half-finished parts of these machines from domestic, others from foreign makers; for instance, 36 from English manufacturers, 118 English and 132 Germans are employed in putting together the different parts. The average value of a wheel, with all accessories, is about 350 marks. The number of machines manufactured amounts to about 7,000 per annum. The import of English machines is much larger. The total number of cycles sold is rated at 20,000 in Germany. In races which took place last summer and autumn in Germany, the German beat the English machines in several instances. Cycling is more and more applied to practical uses. The Diet of the Province of Hanover recently appropriated 7,000 marks for cycles to be used by highway supervisors.

Parents and guardians of youth please copy. The other day an exclusively feminine household was a good deal shaken from its usual calm by the visit of a schoolboy relative, for whom there did not appear to be a more suitable provision of amusement than crochet work or the manufacture of puddings. Some bright inspiration suggested the borrowing of a safety, which was placed at the youth's disposal on ascertaining that he was capable of disporting himself upon it. From that hour his happiness was secured, and a worthy family was freed from the burden of his entertainment. He scoured the country for miles round; saw everything that was to be seen, or, so he vows; was out of everybody's way during his entire stay, and left declaring that he had never had such jolly holidays in his life before.

Bicycle riders are pedalers.

The Romance of Stonekill Glen.

HE city of Merlinford is furnished with an abundance of water from an artificial lake, twenty-five miles distant. This reservoir, a mile in length and three-quarters in width, was created by throwing a dam of heavy masonry across the river, where it debouches from the uplands in a series of leaps and plunges among the rocks which gave it its name. The Stonekill, fifty years ago, was a stream of respectable size, flowing between wooded banks and smooth, slopeing lawns, or precipitous bluffs where the water, always in shadow, whisked by like a green serpent seeking its den among the marshes in the valley below. But the necessities of man, ever at war with natural beauty, have changed all this. Instead of a broad current with picturesque pools and rapids, known to enthusiastic trout-fishermen, a petulant little brook murmurs along the bottom of the glen, spanned here and there by small foot-bridges, a single plank wide, and buried from sight at midsummer by the luxuriant growth of flags and rushes.

The old river bottom has been converted into arable land, and where the salmon once turned his shining sides to the sun, houses and barnes are built. One of the most pretentious of these, at the period of this history, was owned and occupied by Abiah Suthern, his family and a dozen boarders from Merlinford. Mr. Suthern was, to use his own modest description of himself, "a pretty considerable genius," with a turn for most things likely to yield a profit; uniting in his own proper person the several characters of farmer, boarding-house keeper, wheel-wright, deacon of the church and inspector of the dam, which later was something more than half a mile distant from his dwelling.

The most onerous duty connected with the inspectorship was the monthly journey to Merlinford for the purpose of drawing his salary; for he rarely troubled himself about the dam, confining his office to a prefunctory visit once or twice a year. His indifference, however, was that of pure faith; he had as much confidence in the dam as he had in himself, which is a metaphor for infallibility.

The deacon—he preferred that one of his many titles—professed to have studied human nature and to know a thing or two about it. When summer boarders had been decided upon, he immediately set about securing them upon sound philosophical principles.

"Find out a pretty girl and her ma," he said to his wife, "and the thing is done."

And it *was* done. The pretty girl and her ma were discovered, and presently the deacon's diplomacy began to bear fruit. Several young men, known to the aforesaid pretty girl, happened along—quite by accident, of course—were immeasurably surprised to meet a city friend in that out-of-the-way region, and, detecting hitherto unsuspected sanitary virtues in the air and water of the district, concluded to stop awhile. A number of acquaintances and relatives followed in turn, and the deacon's house was full to overflowing.

"Human natur' is human natur'," observed Abiah, sententiously; "the same as it was, wife, when I went sneakin' round after you, thirty years ago."

The pretty girl in question was Miss Amy Fawcet, another example of the deacon's judgement. For she was a very pretty girl, indeed; a slender, flower-like creature, just in the debatable land of immature womanhood, with the stateliness of a budding goddess and the affectionate gentleness of a child. A trifle of a flirt she was, perhaps, but only as an innocent girl may be to whom passion is yet but a rumor, and the solemn mysteries of the heart a book in an unknown tongue. Miss Amy had ideas, nevertheless, and was pragmatical on questions of moral manners; but if her views were not very deep or original, her way of expressing them was delightfully piquant, so that nothing was lost in the end.

Among her little court of admirers at the farmhouse, there was at least one who was frankly in love with her. Stanley Parr, with characteristic impetuosity, had already offered himself to her after a three week's acquaintance, and had been informed that his proposal was regarded as an impertinence.

Utterly abashed and miserable, Stanley had resolved first to join the Army and get himself killed by the Indians, leaving behind a better upbraiding her with his premature deccase; next, to go to sea as a common sailor, and wait until one day when she would be crossing the ocean in a storm, obligingly sent for the purpose, he would rescue her from a watery grave and die with her name upon his lips, and finally—to light a pipe, sit down and think it over coolly.

The result of his meditations was that he had acted like a fool in trying to win such a girl by a *coup de maiu*—a dash and scramble worthy of a clown—and that he had only received his just deserts. The shock of her refusal had taught him that he did not love her seriously and earnestly, and that, though she was far too good for him, he could never be happy without her. He determined to make a prudent and manful fight for her and to commit no more blunders.

He had thereupon assumed a diplomatically penitent air, begged her pardon, and since she was really not very angry with him, been received into favor again as a friend.

He was a tall muscular fellow, with a handsome boyish face, honest gray eyes, incapable of concealing or disguising his least emotion; an innocent, useless, generous lad, heavily handicapped by a large fortune in his own right, with no natural abilities or tastes, except, it might be, for athletics, in which he excelled. He could row, ride, cricket, run, swim like an otter and box like a pugilist.

"But you don't remember a single Latin verb," objected Amy, to whom he had recited a catalogue of his acquirements one afternoon at the farmhouse. You don't know the name of the commonest botanical plant, and you have never read Emerson."

"Well, I never had a head for such things," replied Stanley, argumentatively. "Heads are so different as legs and arms. Now, the professor couldn't lift a hundred pounds, whereas I can lift twice that with the professor upon it to boot. Don't you see?"

"That is mere brute strength," said Amy, disdainfully. "A horse is as much stronger than you are——"

"As I am stronger than the professor," interjected Stanley, jealously; "that's true, but I would rather be a horse than that hollow-chested, chalk-faced creature, with his drivel about the conduct of the crustiores and secondary strata."

"The professor is a friend of mine," answered Amy, with dignity; "you appear to forget. I consider your remarks in very bad taste, besides showing that you are quite incapable of appreciating the moral and intellectual worth of a man like Professor Waldruff."

"Which you are, no doubt," restorted Stanley, satirically. "But let me give you one bit of advice, Amy. When you go botanizing with him again, take care not fall into the brook, for the best he could do would be to put up his glasses and look at you, as he does at one of his specimens, and say, 'How very remarkable!' "

"I think," said Amy, with indignant emphasis, "that we had better not converse longer on this subject. Our minds are of so different cast that we cannot by any possibility understand each other."

"You mean, in plain terms, that I am a fool, don't you?" asked Stanley, sorryfully. "You are right, and I know it only too well. I wish I were the kind of a man you approve of Amy. I would even change places with the professor for your sake. You know what I mean by talking as I do. I am jealous, miserably, shamefully jealous, and that is the truth."

"You have no right to be," answered Amy; sharply, while a faint blush rose to her cheek.

"I know that," admitted Stanley, "but I can't help it. I love you so that I am jealous of the very air that stirs your hair, of the flowers you wear at your breast. It is in me; it has become a part of my life, and you might as well forbid me to breathe as forbid me to love you."

She arose and turned away.

"I took you for a man of your word, Mr. Parr," she said, haughtily, "when you assured me that you would not refer to the subject of your—your affections again. I accepted you back as a friend on that one condition. I precieve that you are not to be trusted. I shall know how to guard myself from a repetition of this scene."

Poor Stanley sat looking after her, as she walked slowly away, with a mournful expression.

"I was a fool to hope," he muttered, dejectedly. "She will never care for me as I care for her. I am not her equal, and this is a fact. They say a woman must respect a man before she loves him, and

what is there to respect in me? I have made the best mile running; I pulled stroke in the winning crew at Yale; I have won three prizes in succession for a hundred miles on the wheel. But what is all that to her? If I could talk Herbert Spencer to her as the professor does —curse the professor," he added savagely, "I would like to take a round out of him without gloves; I'd mix up his confounded strata for him."

His bicycle—for poor Stanley, unfortunate in love, was the admiration of all adepts in wheeling—stood against a neighboring tree. He sprang upon it and grimly trundled off up the road toward the dam for his regular afternoon spin around the reservoir.

He was in no mood for the exercise to-day, however, and arriving at the dam, he dismounted, and threw himself upon the sod in shadow of the huge wall.

"Why *am* I such an utterly good-for-nothing fellow?" he said, scanning the structure discontedly. "Why couldn't I have been built such a thing as *that?* Some one was proud of it, I suppose, though it is an ugly, commonplace heap of stones at best." He arose and walked to the foot of the wall. "And leaks, too," he added, examining a dozen little jets of water, which were spouting viciously through the masonry. "That can't be right, I am sure. What was that problem they used to give us about the detrition of water against stone?. I never got the answer, I remember. No doubt the professor could give the figures to an ounce in weight and a second in time."

He went and threw himself upon the grass again and remained buried in moody reflections until near sunset. Then he arose and cast another glance at the wall. He was consequently startled to observe that the jets of water had increased in number, and that some of them had grown in size to the thickness of his wrist. A deep crack, which he had not noticed before, had opened perpendicularly in the face of the wall, and small pebbles and particles of mortar were dropping down. He could feel a preceptable tremor in the ponderous stonework, and he fancied that he could hear a low, threatening sound, like the muttering of an angry voice, arising from the depths of the foundation.

"I will swear *that* is not right," he said with a sensation of teror, looking up at the mighty structure confining thousands of tons of water, forever struggling to escape, like a chained giant. There had been a series of heavy rains of late, and the reservoir was full to overflowing. "I will speak to the deacon about it to-night."

"He mentioned his discovery at the tea-table to the no small amusement of the worthy inspector.

"That dam was put there to stay," he said; "and you can't knock it down with a pea-shooter, young man."

"But the leaks enlarged while I sat looking at them," insisted Stanley; "and I felt the walls shake."

"I have examined the dam," observed the professor, with calm certainty. "It is built upon sound scientific principles, The angle of resistance is geometrically correct, and the base lines——"

"I don't care for angles or base lines," retorted Stanley, with the anger which the professor's pleasant allowance for his ignorance always roused in him; "that dam is unsafe, and as this house is directly in the old path of the river, I think it ought to be looked to."

"The law of resisting angles is very simple," replied the professor gently. "I could give you the equation, Mr. Parr—that is, if you could understand it."

Stanley would have insisted, but he saw that Amy was looking at him compassionately and he remained indignantly silent.

'She thinks I am displaying my stupidity before the professor," he said to himself, and his fingers itched to pitch the learned gentleman out of the window.

But though silenced, he was by no means convinced. For once in his life he passed a restless night. Many times the stir of the wind among the trees sent him to the window with a bound; and—it was not fancy either—there were odd, unacustomed moanings and sighings in the air, inarticulate voices of warning proceeded from the direction of the dam. The house-dog went whining and pattering about the door-pard, and the cattle stamped uneasily in the sheds with the instinctive foreknowledge of danger which man in his wisdom has lost.

The rising sun partly dissipated his fears. With the placed glory of the morning flooding the lawns and meadows, and the soft wind breathing perfume at his window, danger and death seemed the unhealthy fancies of a dream. Somewhat reassured, therefore, he submitted to the deacon's bantering on the subject with perfect good-humor. But he resolved, notwithstanding, to satisfy himself by another visit to the dam.

In truth, in the present state of affairs, he had need of something, however unimportant, to distract his thoughts. He had tried to make peace with Amy, but without avail. He had offended her too deeply. He had spoken disparagingly of the man she loved; for it was plain enough to him now that the professor had won the place in her heart which he would have given ten years of his life to have occupied.

"Poor little girl!" he said; "she is right, after all. It wouldn't do. I am jealous of the professor, of course, but there must be something in him or she wouldn't like him. But I don't see how I am going to stand it." His eyes filled with tears and his lips quivered: "I'll go away somewhere; I don't much care where. I must make sure about that dam first, though."

Toward four o'clock he mounted his bicycle and rode toward the reservoir. On crossing the brook, near the house, he was startled to discover, that the water had risen during the night, so that the footbridge was submerged and a swift, muddy current, ten yards wide, was boiling along the valley where a tiny stream had trickled before. Even as he stood looking at it, it seemed to increase in volume and a number of planks dislodged from the fences and clumps of uprooted willows swept by.

As he hurriedly remounted his bicycle, a roar like distant thunder came through the woods from the direction of the dam, followed by a series of smaller detonations. He hesitated an instant, undecided as to whether he had better return to the house at once and give warning, or proceed to the dam and ascertain the exact state of affairs. He finally decided upon the latter course, and set out at a rapid rate toward the spot where the reports growing louder and more continuous every instant.

Arrived at the base of the dam, he uttered an irrepressible cry of terror at the scene of destruction which met his gaze. The small stream he had noticed on the previour day had enlarged into torrents. All along the face of the stonework appeared jagged cracks, widening visibly and emitting hundreds of foaming jets, while pieces of rock and fragments of cement fell in an uninterrupted shower. At intervals, sections of masonry toppled down with a crash, flinging up fountains of spray.

Shaking off the trance of terror which benumbed him; terror not for himself but for the incredulous and unconscious occupants of the farmhouse; for Amy; he tried to think clearly what he ought first to do. The deacon's dwelling, though in line with the course the liberated flood would take and certain to be swept away, was fortunately but a few hundred feet distant from the high ground where all would find safety. Casting a final glance at the crumbling structure Stanley saw that he must act promptly. A new crack had opened diagonally through the wall from top to bottom with a sharp report, and the huge fragment was swaying to its fall. When this gave way, the whole lake would instantly precipitate itself into the valley below. He sprang upon his bicycle and started down the road, riding as he had never ridden before, even upon the race course, with the eyes of breathless thousands upon him. Trees, rocks and fences whirled by in a confused phantasm; the wheel bounded beneath him like a spirited horse touched with the spur. His heart swelled with an emotion of pride; though Amy despised him she would owe her life to his foresight and devotion.

His shout brought Abiah, the professor and one or two of the boarders to the door. Amy was nowhere in sight.

"The dam, the dam!" he cried; "the dam is going! Run for your lives!"

"Come, come," said the deacon, still obstinately incredulous; "no insinuations ag'in' that dam, young man!"

"Professor Waldruff," said Stanley, turning to him with impressive calmness, "on my honor as a gentleman; the dam if falling! I have seen it going under my very eyes. Take the women and make for the high ground yonder. Don't wait for to look after your baggage, but get out! You haven't ten minutes to spare!"

"The angle of incident——" murmured the professor with a white face.

He was interrupted by a terrific crash which shook the very earth.

"Hark!" said Stanley; "if you won't believe me, will you believe *that?*"

By this time the tenants of the farmhouse had congregated in the doorway, breathless and bewildered with terror; Stanley ran his eyes over them, and turned with a sturtled cry, to the professor, who, with the now wholly converted deacon, was prepairing to head the flight toward the hight ground.

"Where is Amy?" he demanded sharply.

"I believe she went to the brook to gather some specimens of mallow," answered the savant, with an expression of real distress.

"Take care of yourself," exclaimed Stanley, seeing that he was makind a feeble and indeterminate movement in the direction indicated; "I will look after her."

Stanley sprang to the saddle again and spun down the path toward the bottom of the glen with fire in his eyes and despair at his heart. He rode on over ground surely never attempted by a bicyclist before, among rocks and moist earth, bounding and staggering headlong down precipitous places at the rish of his neck. The brook had become a broad, impetuous river, pouring over ground which had been cultivated meadows an hour before. He glanced anxiously over the foaming expanse with a shuddering dread that he was already too late. But no, at the further side of the stream he discovered a little white-robed figure composedly picking its way, with raised skirts and delicate tread, across the muddy flat. He sprang from the wheel, and dragging it after him, waded through the water waist deep.

Amy looked up inquiringly as she saw him approach livid, soaked with presperation, and dripping with the foul slime of the river.

"Isn't it singular?" she said, with a puzzled smile, "the brook has risen so rapidly that I had to run, and I have wet my feet as it is."

And she exhibited a dainty kid boot and stocking, soiled with mire. But Stanley, with unappreciative haste, seized her by the arm.

"On, on!" he cried, "we must get out of this at once. The dam is broken."

"But both the deacon and the professor say you were very wrong," she objected, shyly. "The professor ought to know don't you think?"

"Confound the professor," ejaculated Stanley, explosively. "It is his fault, with his infernal sines and angles, that you are in danger now."

"You are very rude," she said with dignity. "Leave me by myself, please; I don't wish to be under any obligation to you."

"Amy," he answered, earnestly, "I know that you despise and and dislike me, and I dont say that you are wrong. All I ask is the privilege of placing you in safety.

"For Heaven's sake don't let us waste valuable time. I swear to you we havn't an instant to spare, if it isn't too late already."

"And the people at the house?" she inquired, still hesitating.

"I have warned them, and they are safe by this. Don't be afraid, I saw the professor start with them," he said with a suppressed sigh.

"Very well,; let us go then," she replied, moving away with a deliberate step, and with due care of her skirts.

Still somewhat incredulous as to the actual and immediate danger, Amy presisted in walking at a quiet pace, casting demur glances now and then at Stanley's anxious face. And, indeed, the young man himself was beginning to hope that he had exaggerated the situation, when, as they stepped through hedge upon the road, a phenomenon met their gaze, which struck them both motionless with horrow. A huge wall of water, of a deep, livid green, bearing upon its crest *debris* of trees, fences and out-buildings, was rolling toward them with a hoarse, deadly sound, cutting down everything in its path as the mower's sythe cuts the grain.

Stanley threw a wild, shuddering glance around him.

"Yes, yes," he groaned, answering her mute, beseeching look, "poor little girl, I will save you, or——" his eyes fell upon the bicycle resting against a tree, and uttering a cry of hope and joy, he seized the shrieking girl about the waist, flung her upon the saddle, and crowded himself upon it behind her. The wheel rocked from side to side in gyrating curves, and but for his wonderful skill would have lost its balance entirely. But he had not won his prize for nothing; and was he not riding now for a prize dearer than life—the safety of the woman he loved? So after an instant of terrific struggle and doubt, he gained control of the machine and set off down the road with the speed of the wind.

With the flood foaming and bellowing behind him, he labored on, his teeth clinched, his eyes blazing and every muscle in his vigorous young body quivering like the flanks of a horse at a gallop. Amy had instinctively thrown her arms about him, and as he rode he could feel her warm breath fanning his cheek and the quick beating of her heart against her breast. And it seemed to inspire him with the strength and courage of ten men. He looked down at her, meeting her startled gaze with a yearning tenderness which he had no thought of disguising.

"Another minute, oh God!" he whispered; "one minute more!"

But it was not granted him. A few turns of the wheel, a hasty scramble up the side of the bluff and they would have been safe; but now the waters were upon them; first in a blinding dash of spray, then in a mountainous billow, which overturned, caught them up, still clinging to each other, and whirled them away like straws. But Stanley, ignorant of sines and cosines, was a powerful swimmer, and, after the first bewildering concussion, he shook the water from his eyes, and, lifting the girl's head clear of the torrent, struck out for the shore. It seemed well-nigh helpless. But after ten minutes of desperate effort, Stanley discovered that they were drawing diagonally toward the bank. With eyes glazed, and his breath coming in thick, choking gasps, he swam painfully on, and presantly he dimly preceived that they were floating beneath a clump of willows still firmly rooted in the soil. With a final effort of his expiring strength, he pushed her up the slope.

"Climb, climb!" he panted, and saw that she obeyed him and was safe.

"Then, in the midst of his exultation, while she stood stretching out her hands to him from the bank, there came a sudden, sharp, universal sound, a sense of violent pain, and he dropped back and floated away into darkness and silence.

His next impression was of a faint, far-off voice, speaking his name, and of a light warm touch upon his aching forehead. He still lay with closed eyes until, to his clearing senses, the warm touch resolved itself into a palpable pair of lips and the far off sound; now close at his ear, into Amy's voice. He raised himself and looked vaguely around. Kneeling beside him on the moist earth, drenched and shivering, but with flowing tears of pity and joy, he beheld Amy herself.

"Are you better, dear?" she asked, hesitating a little over the tender epithet; then, as he put his hand confusedly to his brow, she drew his head to her breast and burst out sobbing again. "It is all cut and bleeding!" she said. "It was a plank that struck you there, just as you had helped me ashore. And oh, when I saw you shut your eyes and float away, I remembered how shamefully I had treated you, and I was going to throw myself into the river and die, too. But the water washed you ashore, and I got you out. And now I am so happy, and you are going to live and forgive me, Stanley, are you not?"

"Bless your little heart!" answered Stanley, sitting upright and looking at her wistfully; "I have nothing to forgive!"

"Yes, you have!" replied Amy, determinedly; "I lied to you—yes, it was a lie!"

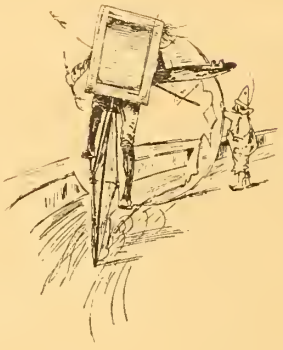
"Oh, Amy!"

"Yes, I did, when"—she averted her face from his eager gaze—"when I made you believe I did not care for you!"

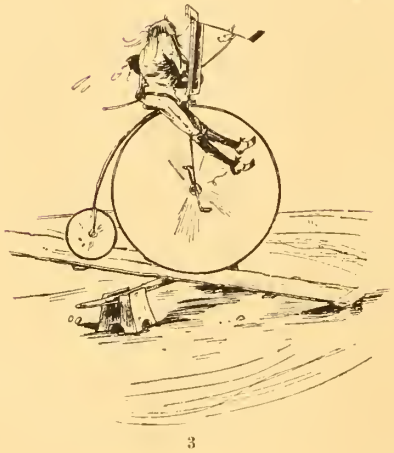
"But I don't understand," said Stanley; "the professor, you know——"

"Do you know what a flirt is, Stanley?" she asked soberly. "Well I will tell you. A flirt—that is not really a wicked, selfish flirt—is only a foolish, petulant girl, vain and affected, craving for admiration and amusement; till one day something terrible happens which compels her to pause and reflect; then she learns that she has a heart, and that it is overflowing with love for somebody. And oh, Stanley, if I had lost you what should I have done?"

1

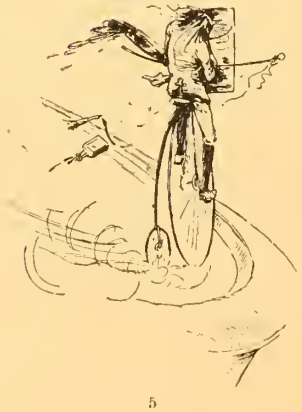


2

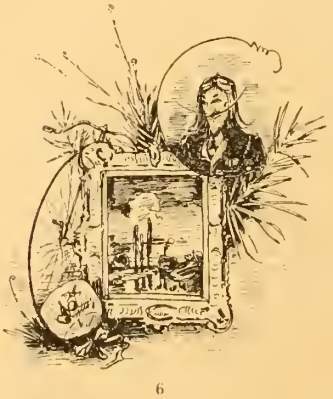


3

4



5



6

THE ARTISTIC CYCLER,

or

The "Realistic School" Illustrated.

LAMPS,

LAMPS,

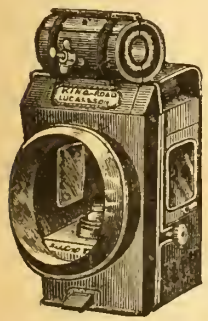
LAMPS.

No better time for riding than these cool Autumn evenings, but night falls early and one cannot enjoy the luxury of a spin without a good serviceable lamp which will throw a brilliant light. No lamp on earth can equal the world wide celebrated

King of the Road.

Riders should insist upon their dealers giving them the KING OF THE ROAD and take no other. See that you get one with the 1888 improvements. If he cannot supply you send direct to us.

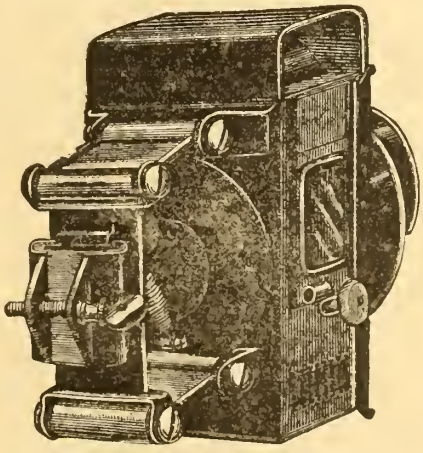
All patterns, head lamps and hub lamps, in Nickel and Japan, fully described in our catalog, which will be sent to every one mentioning the "WHEELMENS' GAZETTE."



Hub Lamp No. 130.

CONTAINING

Improved Detachable Reflector,
Ruby Side Prisms,
Improved Ventilation,
They do not leak,
They do not jar out.

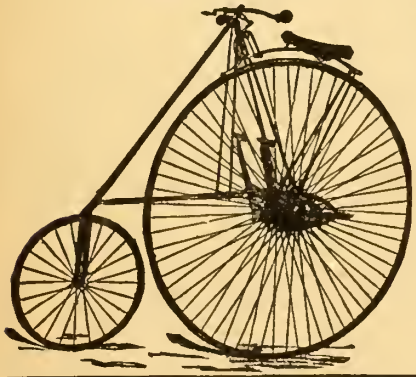


Head Lamp No. 145. Non vibrator.

We are sole United States agents for the sale of these lamps and invite the trade to send for discount sheet.

THE CLARK CYCLE CO.,

BALTIMORE, MD.



Star Bicycles,

Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles.
World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.
First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour.
Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.
Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881.

Send for Catalogue.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.,

Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

For Sale, Cheap.

Second-hand Bicycles and Tricycles. Send for our large list before you buy. Prices low as the lowest. Second-hand machines taken in trade.

WM. M. FRISBIE CO.,
16 Crown St., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MARTIN RUDY,

Cycle Dealer, - - Lancaster, Pa.

Send for catalog of Cycles. I sell them all, and it will pay you to deal with me. A full line of Sundries always on hand. Difficult Repairing a Specialty, 10 years' experience. Broken Backbones, Hollow Forks, Hollow Handle Bars, etc., repaired without showing the joints, and guaranteed to be as good and strong as new.

L. M. PRINCE & BRO.,

Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUMENTS,

Apparatus and Supplies of every description.

Cameras, Lenses, Stands, Printing Frames, Dry Plates, Sensitized and Albumenized Papers, Chemicals, etc.

Amateur Outfits in great variety from $8.00 upwards.

Regarding this **new method** of **PHOTOGRAPHY**, any body can make **good** photographs with the **Dry Plate Outfits.** No previous knowledge of the art necessary. Business suitable for everybody. Process simple and sure. Catalogue of 180 pages, with complete instructions of **How to make Pictures,** sent on receipt of 20 cents to pay for postage. Address,

L. M. PRINCE & BRO.,

148 West Fourth Street, . Cincinnati, Ohio.

OHIO AGENTS FOR THE BLAIR CAMERA.

THE

B. F. Goodrich Co

AKRON RUBBER WORKS

Akron, Ohio.

—Manufacturer of—

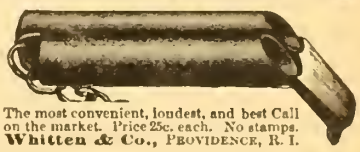
BICYCLE TIRES,
HARD & SOFT RUBBER HANDLES,
SPADE GRIPS,
PEDAL RUBBERS, Etc.

Write for Price List.

The Best Bicycle Lock.

No chain; can not be picked or pulled open; neatest thing out. Price, $1.00.

The BEST BICYCLE WHISTLE.



The most convenient, loudest, and best Call on the market. Price 25c. each. No stamps.
Whitten & Co., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BETTER THAN EVER.

PUNNETT'S

JERSEY CLOTH GARMENTS.

Knee Breeches Only $4 a Pair.

Club Uniforms a Specialty.

Be sure and write for samples and Measure Blanks.

PUNNETT,

Merchant Tailor and Athletic Outfitter.
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

STEEL BALLS FOR ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS.

Of Best Cast Steel.

HARDENED, GROUND AND BURNISHED

3-16" to 3" diam. Samples and prices on application

Simonds Rolling Machine Co., Fitchburg, Mass

WHEELMEN'S REFERENCE BOOK,

CONTAINING

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF OVER TWO HUNDRED LEADING WHEELMEN; DESCRIPTION OF DIFFERENT MAKES OF LEADING WHEELS; FULL AND COMPLETE RECORD TABLES, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN; LEAGUE OFFICERS, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES; TABLE OF RACING EVENTS OF THE YEAR; A CLUB DIRECTORY; HINTS ON TOURING, THE CARE OF CYCLES, ETC.

49 * FINELY-EXECUTED LITHOGRAPH PORTRAITS * 49

IN THREE COLORS, OF THE FOLLOWING WELL-KNOWN WHEELMEN.

F. F. IVES,
W. A. RHODES,
L. D. MUNGER,
E. D. HUNTER,
W. H. HUNTLEY,
F. P. KENDALL,
C. H. POTTER,
C. E. PRATT,
N. M. BECKWITH,
A. BASSETT,
J. S. PRINCE,
FRED WOOD,
R. HOWELL,
W. M. WOODSIDE,
R. A. NEILSON,
R. H. ENGLISH,

M. V. J. WEBBER,
P. FURNIVALL,
R. CRIPPS,
R. CHAMBERS,
E. F. LANDY,
F. R. COOK,
G. M. HENDEE,
N. H. VAN SICKLEN,
W. C. MARVIN,
THOS. STEVENS,
B. B. AYERS,
W. W. STALL,
C. A. HAZLETT,
H. J. HIGH,
C. E. KLUGE,
A. B. RICH,
E. P. BURNHAM.

W. F. KNAPP,
J. G. HITCHCOCK,
L. B. HAMILTON,
WM. A. ROWE,
L. A. MILLER,
GEO. E. WEBER,
WM. E. CRIST,
H. D. COREY,
A. H. OVERMAN,
A. A. POPE,
W. S. ATWELL,
A. G. SPALDING,
H. B. SMITH,
H. W. GASKELL,
S. T. CLARK,
W. B. EVERETT,

PRICE 50 CENTS, POST-PAID.

We have a limited number of copies of this work and will give a copy to every one, who when subscribing, encloses a stamp to pay postage.

"At the Kansas City Tournament, last week there were twenty-one events, each and all of which were won by VICTOR LIGHT ROADSTERS, the track being too bad to use racers, This is a rare occurrence, but shows the popularity of the VICTOR in that part of the country."—*Spectator.*

We did n't lend these bicycles. The riders bought them to win on.

Yes, 21 is a large persentage of the events, but what we call your attention is the bicycles were the same as we sell to riders; not racers, made to win races, and entirely different from roadsters. If you want a racer buy it or borrow it of those who make racers. We make Roadsters, and make them to "get there." Racing bicycles bear little relation to roadsters,

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON.

"Way Down in Maine."

Maine had her first L. A. W. Meet at Fairfield Park, Oct. 11th. There were several interesting events, including the half and mile L. A. W. Championship. Some of the Pine Tree boys rode COLUMBIAS, and these COLUMBIAS carried the first and second men over the tape winners in every event.
