

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. No. 11.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1889.

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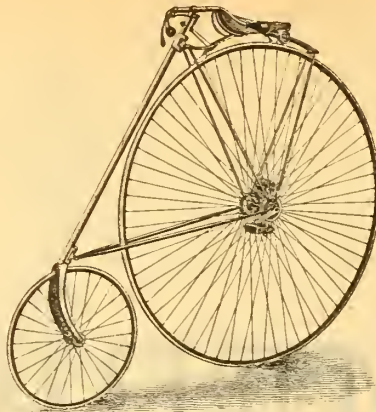
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Van Wagoner and the EAGLE to the Front.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE EAGLE? IT'S } ALL } RIGHT.

Wilmington's Road Race.

(From the American Athlete Oct. 25 1889.)

The great Wilmington road-race is now over, and Van Wagoner on his wonderful EAGLE bicycle is victor. His time was 1:37:52, and he won handily.

The start was a good one, and there was little change in the order of the men on the first half of the course. Then Van Wagoner quickened his pace and the next mile and a half passed Seeds. One by one the Newport men overhauled his opponents, until all had been passed.

His riding was excellent and the machine he rode showed up wonderfully. When the other riders, on coming to the railroad tracks and other obstructions, would have to slow up and sit erect in their saddles. Van Wagoner would keep his racing position and allow his EAGLE to rush ahead at will. During the first half of the race he gained four minutes on all the scratchmen. At twenty miles he had a fall, but the ground being soft he received little or no damage, and mounting again, took things easy to the finish, coming in half a minute ahead of Dampman, the second man.

The handicapping for this race was good, three scratchmen coming in ahead while the fourth and fifth men had handicaps. At times Van Wagoner would lift up his little wheel and bowl along for some two hundred feet on one wheel, and he would invariably shoot over railroad tracks and other obstructions on one wheel. He cleaned out the Kings County men, and no mistake, and if the race had been decided by points, the first four Wilmington men would have counted one point more than the first four Kings County men. For a road-race, the route selected was first class, as it embraced stretches of both good and bad roads. Among the men who distinguished themselves was Pearson, the well known Vineland, (N. J.) wheelman, who, if he had not met with an accident early in the race, would have surprised some of his friends. The winner had his choice of prizes, and the second man in had to take a "Victor" bicycle, whether or not he had become a sudden convert, to the "Victor's" wheel. Certainly the EAGLE did splendidly, and Van Wagoner is a darling rider. Our own Taxis did not ride, more's the pity; he might have vanquished Van, but there is no telling.

CHRIS.

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—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 11.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE. A STORY OF A TRIP, AWHEEL AND AFLOAT.

BY CHAS. H. SIEG.

DAVID CHERRY and myself were the most intimate of friends. Indeed for the two years we had spent together at Ann Arbor, attending the famous University of Michigan which is located in that pretty city, we had been almost inseparable. Our college friends had laughingly dubbed us "The Siamese" and now that I reflect upon the subject I acknowledge that we merited the name.

David was a tall and vigorous young fellow. I was not. His disposition was totally different from mine. He was quiet, cool and somewhat gloomy. I was gay, hot-headed and never borrowed misery. Our studies were totally different. I presume the very opposite

of our natures served to cement the close ties of friendship between us. Our greatest pleasure was to spend the spare hours together rambling over the smooth gravel road, mounted on our wheels, riding side by side, enjoying the sweet perfume of the wild flowers and regaling our eyes upon the constantly changing panorama of shady dells and picturesque hills. We would ride out early in the spring and welcome the delicate blades of grass that were beginning to thrust their pretty heads above the frost bitten earth. We rode through the same country when it was clad in its summer splendor of flowers and clover, wheat and corn. We had ridden side by side over the fallen leaves, and gazed across the empty fields that Autumn had left shorn of their treasures of ripened grain.

David was studying medicine. He was an earnest student and had upon more than one occasion lectured before his class. He was in his element and at his best when explaining the action of various fever



"GOOD DAY"—HOW ABSURD IT SOUNDED.

microbes. My blood would fairly run cold when he talked on the subject. I did not like it, but then, "I was only studying law and could not appreciate such a glorious subject as fever microbes" David would remark.

Two years had passed since we parted, David had returned to his home in Grand Rapids, where he had hung out his shingle, and I had, upon more than one occasion, heard that the young doctor had prospered amazingly. My modest shingle had been hanging before my office for two months before I had succeeded in introducing myself to a single client. By dint of a great deal of energy and patience, I had, after two years practice, only just succeeded in getting fairly established, and now for the first time during my two years struggle for business, I determined to take a short vacation. Having made up my mind to this, I next resolved to visit David, and after a little inquiry about the condition of the roads through northern Illinois, Indiana and southern Michigan, I resolved once more that I would visit David, and that I would tour awheel from Chicago to his home.

It did not take me long to get ready. I found a half starved young lawyer, and left my law books and office to his tender care, praying meantime that he would be successful in making enough money to enable him to eat at least once a day. Two days later before the August sun had fairly awakened I sprang into the saddle of my fairy like steed, and started at a merry pace toward the rising sun. The miles rolled back under my rubber shod wheel and it seemed to me that as each mile passed I grew gayer. I had bolted a little breakfast before starting, and now had not a single care in all the world to worry me until dinner time. Along I rolled over all kinds of roads, and when I suddenly hove in sight of the queer little hamlet of Porter, at eleven o'clock I was really surprised to find that I had ridden nearly 50 miles.

Heaven help the unfortunate wheelman who can't reach a dinner table at least two times a day.

A bicycle is the best appetizer in the world. Almost famished I seated myself before the festal board, and really felt amused to see the astonishment pictured openly on the freckled faces of the quiet young ladies who repeat the names of the various viands ready for the serving, in such a rapid short-hand manner as to make a chap think they are suffering from acute rheumatism of the throat and want to get through talking as soon as they possibly can.

At 2 P. M. I found myself once more in the saddle and hummed serenely along over good, bad and indifferent roads until at six o'clock I was but seven miles from Dayton. Although tired and hungry, I gracefully refused an invitation from a kind old farmer who wished me to stay to supper. He would hardly believe that I had ridden that day from Chicago. It was comical to see the expression on his yellow stubby beard—his face was completely hidden behind its stubbed growth—when I told him I had. "By goodness young feller, it's 90 miles! I've got the best ole boss in this neighborhood, and she couldn't make it in two days!"

I laughingly advised him not to try it, and bidding my new acquaintance a hasty farewell, resumed my journey. Before 7 o'clock I reached Dayton and after getting a choice lot of real estate off my hands and face by the aid of a piece of sandy soap and a bowl of brown water, I made a rapid move into the dining room, and when I left it I felt like a new fellow. My day's trip of 97 miles warranted me in feeling tired, so I easily contented myself seated quietly in a great easy chair, smoking a fragrant cigar, a supply of which I had brought from home, having carried them safely in the bosom of my flannel shirt. I was divinely happy; too tired to do anything but sit still and smoke and think.

Two days more if everything went well I would arrive in Grand Rapids and see dear old David. How delighted my friend would be to see me! I had chosen to surprise him, and found myself picturing the scene of my entrance to his sanctum sanctorum.

A low, broad porch jutted out from the side of the hotel, and on this porch I was seated. My wheel I had tenderly placed in the stables, it was safe, and a few moments later I was also safely stowed away, between two snow white sheets, sleeping the sleep of the justly tired.

Early the next morning I recommenced my journey, hoping to cover at least 70 miles before night. I had, unfortunately nearly 20 miles of sand roads before me, and found walking a great deal easier

than riding, the greater part of the way. "The course of true love never runs smooth" is an adage that suits some cases, but I thought "The course of a wheelman's trip is seldom free from sand," would suit my case better. Finally I struck a smooth clay road and went dashing along at a swinging pace, endeavoring to make up for lost time. For nearly two hours I went bowling along until nearly thirty miles were reeled off, when I deliberately rode into a rain storm. Nothing daunted I kept on, but alas! that lovely clay road did not take kindly to the splashing rain, it was soft and soggy, and soon became unridable. I worked as though my very life depended on my exertions.

Completely soaked, and my black uniform covered with beautiful splashes of yellow clay, I presented a picture far from what might be termed intense joy. If an artist wanted a subject for "abject misery" the sight of me would have gladdened his heart. On I labored until a stone disputed the right of way with me, and I slid down over the front wheel to argue the matter out. This style of dismount would correctly be termed a header.

Regaining my feet and composure I tried to look dignified and busied myself in taking the soft affectionate clay out of my eyes, nose and mouth. "Poor fellow" I heard a soft voice remark, and turning beheld a covered buggy drawn by a white horse. The good natured looking beard of my friend of the other day, the farmer peeped out from behind an oil cloth blanket whilst a scarlet headed young lady seated by his side gazed at me with compassionate eyes.

"Whoa Bess!" yelled the old farmer. I don't know why he said whoa, the horse was evidently willing to stop, for—I beg his pardon—she had stood perfectly still since I had noticed the equipage.

The rain was still pouring down, and a tiny rivulet was running merrily over my feet and down the road. With perfect indifference to the pelting storm I bowed gracefully and about a pint of water poured from the rim of my hat down my neck.

"Good day"—how absurd it sounded—"just got off to fix this saddle. It's loose."

"Wall I thou't ye fell."

"Fell!" I said scornfully, "no indeed, that is the quickest way to get off."

"Wall I don't doubt that my boy. You certainly went by 'lectricity. Me an' Mame—that's my darter—are goin' down to my sister's, just sit in the back o' this an' come along."

Did I do it? well you can depend that it did not take me long to stow the greater part of my anatomy under the seat of that good natured farmer's buggy. Then away old Bess went through mud and rain. I held my wheel firmly by the handle-bars in such a way as to allow it to run freely behind the buggy.

In a short time we drew up before a little stone farm house. The front door was opened by a motherly looking old soul, and the red-headed girl sprang lightly out of the buggy and into the house while the farmer and his white horse went in the direction of a little red barn. It did not take me long to get inside that house. My clothes were soaking wet, and the old lady bade me to "go at once into that room and take them wet duds off." Heaven bless her good old heart. I got into a comfortable little bed while the farmer, his daughter and the nice old lady were wringing the water out of my clothes, and hanging them back of a roaring wood fire. I felt like a healthy invalid as I lay there listening to the rain beating against the window panes. Soon, however, I felt better as I had some clothes to wear. The old lady had taken out of the clothes press a nice soft flannel blouse and a pair of trousers, they were several sizes too small for me, but I was not particular, and soon was seated in the cosy little sitting room surrounded by my good friends, who listened with evident interest to a detailed description of my trip, I had covered but forty-one miles that day but nevertheless I gratefully accepted the invitation to stop until the next morning.

"You would catch your death of cold, boy, if you put them wet clothes of yours on to day, I won't let you do it 'cos I would feel just like a murderer if I did," said the old lady her kindly eyes twinkling.

After dinner old Bess was called into service, and I bade the old farmer good bye, and gently squeezed the fair Mame's hand.

About this time two young men came in from the field, and I was introduced. They were prime companions and after helping me to dry out my small stock of cigars we passed a very pleasant evening

together, playing dominoes, talking and smoking. The next morning found me astride my wheel, waving an adieu with my cap to the hospitable farm-folk. The balance of my trip was nearly uneventful. I had crossed the states of Illinois and Indiana and had headed north through the lovely state of Michigan. Taken as a whole I had struck excellent roads, and received splendid treatment all the way. On the morning of the fourth day after leaving Chicago, I rode into Grand Rapids. Although a good sized city I found that David was fairly well known, almost the first person of whom I inquired furnished me with the desired information. A few minutes later I rode up to a handsome house which was located on what was evidently a very fashionable thoroughfare. A small black sign bearing the name

DAVID CHERRY, M. D.

in well rounded gilt letters stood in the center of a handsome flower bed. I hastily dismounted and rang the bell.

"Is the doctor in?" I inquired of the servant who answered the ring.

"No sir."

"When will he be in?"

"I don't know sir."

"Do you expect him this morning?"

"I don't think she does sir."

"Who is she you speak of, is the doctor married?" I asked surprised.

"O dear no! Sure I mane his nither," she answered smiling.

"Well I will come in please, tell your mistress that Mr. Stevens of Chicago has called and would be happy to see her if perfectly convenient" I said, somewhat disappointed, that I could not see David at once.

"Step right in sir," said the maid, and I was ushered into what I saw at once was David's office, a large room, at one end of which stood a walnut desk. The blinds were closed as though the room had not been used for some time. The flood of light that greeted the opening of the blinds showed me a room elegantly decorated and furnished, a little dark room opened on the left, peering into the darkness of which I saw a peculiar chair such as is used by surgeons; this and a low strong table seemed to constitute the only furniture of the place. Quite a contrast I thought, to the rich carpets and elegant appointments of the office, but then David always was a queer fellow. I seated myself in a great plush chair to await the coming of David's mother, whom I had never heard him speak of during all the years of our acquaintance, a thought that now struck me as being very odd. In a very short time I heard the rustle of a silk dress, and then a tall thin lady stepped into the room. She was a woman of perhaps fifty years of age, although her hair which was very abundant, was as white as snow.

I hastily arose from my seat and bowed. David's mother took my hands in both her own, the muscles of her face twitched nervously and I fancied her eyes were dimmed with tears.

"Mr Stevens why do you come alone? How is my boy? God grant he is safe and better, tell me is he better?" These questions were asked of me in a soft sweet voice, a voice that seemed to tremble as though fearful of the answer. I was at a loss to understand. One glance into the mother's face told me that David was not the same self-reliant, calm David of my old acquaintance. What did it mean? My looks must have been the answer she feared. An ashy pallor seemed to have spread over her face, she shivered and would have fallen had I not assisted her gently to a chair. Heavens how her eyes looked into mine, it seemed as though she were reading my very soul.

"Mrs. Cherry" I managed to say. "I am at a loss to comprehend your words—where is David?"

"Aye!" Those eyes still looked through me as she said. "Where is he?"

"I have not seen David for two years or more and have just come to day. Is he sick?" I asked.

"You have not seen my David. He——" a great sob seemed to swell up from her heart, the pallid face dropped down on her breast. She had fainted.

Before I had time to collect my thoughts she recovered. I chafed her cold thin hands and was soon rewarded by seeing her eyes open. For a second her glance roved around the room and then settled on

me. She gasped, and muttered her thoughts aloud. "O God have mercy, where can my boy be."

"Tell me Mrs. Cherry about David," I said still holding her hands in mine. "He is my dearest friend."

"I know, I know, he said he was going to you. He said you could cheer him up, he said he must see you or he would go mad. My boy has been studying night and day. He has worked too hard, he has worked until his brain has become overtaxed. He needed you Mr. Stevens, and said he would go to you. I knew he was not well and told him so. He should have sent for you, but you are here now, did he send for you?"

I listened eagerly to her disjointed story and feared what she feared. How strange it was that David had started to see me at almost the same time I had started to see him. We had not seen each other for two years, we had not even corresponded during that length of time, and now two years after we had separated it was strange indeed that we should each, at almost the same hour seek the other. He had undoubtedly arrived in Chicago by this time I thought, and after a few more words with his distracted mother, who knew so well her son's affliction, I bade her good bye determined to return home at once. Perhaps poor David was now roaming around in the great city searching for his friend.

I telegraphed my associate that I would be home the next morning, and purchased a ticket to Grand Haven. Two hours later I stepped aboard the steamer City of Chicago.

During the summer months the great lake steamers are patronized to an alarming extent by the thousands of excursionists and travellers who prefer a trip across the clean refreshing waters, to the noisy, dusty ride across the heated country. As I had supposed, the steamer was crowded, and I considered myself fortunate in being able to secure a berth. I would have gladly paid a reasonable bonus for the luxury of a state room for my own personal use. When I spoke to the purser he looked at me sadly, evidently sore at heart because he could not get the bonus offered.

"Simply out of the question young man, can't be done. I shall have to put you in 49, nice young gent in there with you."

With this he handed me my stateroom card and I made my way up the broad staircase and into the elegant salon. The heavy rumble of the freight laden trucks had ceased, the noisy operation of loading up had been finished, and the good vessel had just commenced her journey across the great Lake Michigan. The daylight had long since been covered up by the grey twilight which in turn had been obliged to submit to the darkness of night.

At nine o'clock I dropped the novel I had purchased. It was dull and my thoughts were almost entirely centered on David. I had a cigar and immediately the thought struck me I lighted it and made my way to the deck. The moon had almost reached her full. It was directly overhead where it hung like some gigantic fairy lamp floating in a sea of stars and blue.

She poured down her silver brilliancy in a perfect flood upon the bosom of the dark rolling waters, that parted under the sharp bows of the vessel with a soft mournful swish, and threw feathery spray far up into the air. The heavens were decorated with a million twinkling stars. The atmosphere was cool and grateful, in truth, the night was perfect and poetical. How different to the awful scene that was soon to harrow my very soul.

On, like a living breathing thing of life, the great, white, deep chested steamer wended its way across the trackless flood, her ponderous engines beating heavily and regularly, as they swung the immense paddles in their ceaseless circles. A soft wavy line of black floated in swelling columns from the red throated chimneys and was lost in the grey of the night.

I sat for several hours enjoying the beautiful scene, and then with a sigh of regret made my way back into the now dark and deserted salon. I walked on tip-toe by the many staterooms, the silence only broken occasionally by deep snores and the thump, thump, thump of the engines far beneath.

Stateroom No. 49 may have been just like the other, 48. It was about 8 feet square, and nicely carpeted. On the right stood a little washstand while on the wall above hung a light colored coat and vest, and a soft grey felt hat. On the floor lay a pair of muddy shoes. The deep regular breathing that emanated from the depths of the upper berth, told me that my room-mate was asleep. I opened the

blinds of the little window that looked out upon the lake, and by the light of the bright moon undressed and hopped into my berth. I must have wandered into dreamland at once.

The rain storm, the farm house, my meeting with David's mother all came before me. I dreamt that I saw David, how horrible he looked, my dear ambitious friend, alas, poor David was like many others who have thirsted for unbounded knowledge; his mind had paid the penalty. His robust body had gone and left in its place a weak and attenuated physique. His strong hands trembled. His thick black hair had given place to a thin grey growth that ill became a man of thirty. His ruddy cheeks were sunken and as white as ivory. The soft black eyes through which one could read the kindly heart two years ago, were now like living coals. This awful dream, this dreadful picture my mind had drawn of David caused sleep to flee and I opened my eyes as a shudder ran through my body and soul.

The curtains of the berth had been drawn aside. I saw the figure of a man bending over me. I had not seen his face. Yet a strange thrill told me it was my friend.

I noticed that the moonlight was growing brighter and brighter, the vessel was evidently tacking. A moment more and we were out of the shadows, a great silver flood of light came through the open state room window and rendered the little room as light as day. A second had hardly elapsed yet it seemed to me to have been an hour.

There before me stood David, clad only in his trousers and a flannel shirt which hung open at the throat. His arms were bared and crossed over his breast, his head was held erect and a hard chirp like sound issued from his thin white lips, his eyes burned with all the intensity of a madman's, and his tangled hair hung down over his white forehead. The rocking of the vessel had no effect on him, it seemed as though he had taken root on the spot.

There I lay, not daring to move. Alone with a madman! Is it any wonder I shuddered. God! he speaks!

"Another subject. How this stupid world will wonder, how they will honor David Cherry the discoverer of the life forever. Ah! see how white he is, and is it a wonder, when 'tis known that millions of squirming microbes are feasting on his vitality. The world will thank God, for having a David Cherry. Just a little time and I will save him. Now for the instruments."

He had turned and caught quickly a little case from the berth above, in a moment it was opened and a small vial extracted. I watched him, my heart had almost stopped its pulsations. I was wet through and through with perspiration. Lying back in the shadows of the curtain I saw David uncork the bottle and wet a white cloth with its contents.

My God! it was chloroform!

If I did not rouse myself quickly I would never see the light of another day. Softly the mad man approached me, nearer and nearer he drew, then with bated breath and burning eyes he leaned over me. Like a shot from a cannon my two hands flew up and encircled his throat. With a roar and curse he staggered, the saturated cloth fell full on my face. To inhale it meant death. I dared not breathe. A terrible choking sensation came over me and with an awful effort I sprang from the narrow berth, together we rolled across the little floor fighting for our lives.

The white cloth had fallen, and as I squirmed backward and forward gasping for breath and praying for strength, I happened to get it in my hand, a moment later I had it clapped over David's face, and despite the terrific struggle he made I succeeded in holding it there.

Gradually his hold relaxed and soon his maddened senses fled. I threw open the stateroom door and called loudly for help.

I can hardly realize what happened next, but I do know that when I opened my eyes again I found myself tucked snugly in my own bed and the kindly face of David's mother smiling down on me.

"Don't worry my dear you have been sick and David is getting better," she said replying to my look of inquiry.

Two months later I called to see David who had been sent to the Elgin Asylum. He was almost well and cried like a child when he found out that he had almost killed his best friend. He is now at home attending to his practice, and I do not think he will ever again attempt to perform another operation on a perfectly healthy man.

A DISCOURAGER OF RELIGION.

BY BILL NYE.

THERE are a good many difficult things to ride, I find, besides the bicycle and the bucking Mexican plug. Those who have tried to mount and successfully ride a wheelbarrow in the darkness of the stillly night will agree with me.

You come on a wheelbarrow suddenly, when it is in a brown study, and you undertake to straddle it, so to speak, and all at once you find the wheelbarrow on top. I may say, I think, safely, that the wheelbarrow is as a rule, phlegmatic and cool; but when a total stranger startles it, it spreads desolation and destruction on every hand.

This is also true of the perambulator, or baby carriage. I undertook to evade a child's phaeton three years ago last Spring, as it stood in the entrance to a hall on Main Street. The child was not injured because it was not in the carriage at the time, but I was not so fortunate, I pulled pieces of wire out of myself for two weeks, with the hand that was not disabled.

How a sedentary man could fall over a child's carriage in such a manner as to stab himself with the awning, and knock every spoke out of three wheels is still a mystery to me, but I did it. I can show you the doctor's bill now.

The other day, however, I discovered a new style of riding animals. The Rev. Mr. Hallenjah was at the depot when I arrived, and was evidently waiting for the same train I was in search of. He had put his valise down near an ordinary baggage truck which leaned up against the building.

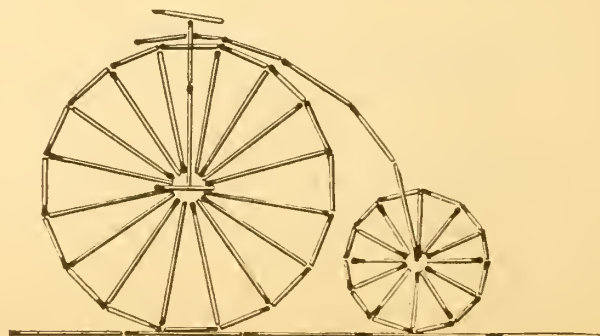
Allow me to say here that the Rev. Mr. Hallenjah should be considered authority on riding almost any kind of animal. He had an old cast iron bicycle that he used in calling on his parishioners, and anyone that could maintain his balance on this loose jointed combination, could surely ride anything that he could get his feet on.

He strolled along the platform a few moments, communing with himself, and agitating his mind over the subject of Divine Retribution, and then he went up and leaned against the truck. Finally he somehow got his arms under the handles of the truck, as it stood up between his back and the wall. He still continued to think of the plan of Divine Retribution, and you could have heard his lips move had you been looking.

Pretty soon some young ladies came along, rosy in the wintry air, beautiful beyond compare, frosty crystals in their hair, smiled they on the preacher standing there. He returned the smile and bowed low. As he did so, he stepped back on the iron edge of the truck that the baggage man generally jabs under the rim of an iron bound sample trunk when he goes to load it on the train. Anyhow Mr. Hallenjah's feet flew out toward the horizon. The truck started across the platform with him, and spilled him over the edge of the track ten feet below. So rapid was the movement, that the eye with difficulty followed his evolutions. Mr. Hallenjah got up and tried to smile but made a very dismal failure. The back seams of his coat were more successful however.

It is rumored that Mr. Hallenjah has sworn off riding on anything more ferocious than a street car, and that anyone wishing a second hand bicycle can now secure a bargain.

A MATCHLESS CYCLE.



THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	50 cents, postage extra.

Newsdealers supplied through the American News Co., and its branches.

DARROW BROS., Publishers,
25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

Circulation, 10,000 copies per. issue. Advertising rates on application.

Change of Address. Always give both old and new address when ordering a change.

Subscriptions may begin with any number; back numbers can always be supplied at regular rates.

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Errors. We make them; so does everybody, but we will cheerfully correct any we may make if you will write us. Try to write good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write us anyway; do not complain to your friends and let it pass; we want an early opportunity to make right any injustice we may do.

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

A base ball player was recently given a gold watch for stealing bases, and from the same town we hear that a man has been given four months for stealing a bicycle. Is justice a failure?

Inquiring Spectator. (at the races)—Can you tell me who it was that won that race?

Speculating Spectator. (gloomily)—I dont know who won but I know most of the men that didn't win.

A minister who rides a bicycle a great deal was visiting one of his congregation and in dismounting at the gate accidentally fell. "Darn—" he said audibly, and then seeing his parishers coming out to meet him continued, "—ley was born in 1663."

First Cycler.—What was the result of the club team race, to day?

Second Cycler.—Oh, we beat the other fellows bad, we had only one man hurt, while they had a broken leg, a couple of sprained ankles, and a collar bone fractured. Why they can't ride a little bit.

"Is there a wheelman in the delegation?" asked one of the committee.

"Why" asked another.

"Because if there is, he would be the proper person to act as spokes-man."

"So you've got a tricycle at last, Mrs. Rogers," said one lady to another.

"Yes I've had it for some time, and I am perfectly delighted with it."

"How did you get it?"

"Got it from a man my husband knows."

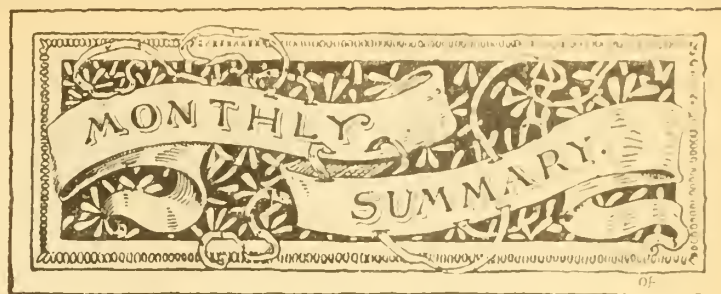
"Did you take it for debt, like we did."

"Oh no, but Rogers says it will be taken for debt is he doesn't pay the second installment pretty soon."

Mr Sharpe.—My dear, I wish you would cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Brown. She is a very charming young lady.

Mrs. Sharpe.—I'm very glad you think so, for I admire her greatly myself. Her husband got her the nicest tricycle the other day, and she thinks the world of it.

Mr. Sharpe.—On second thoughts, my precious, you had better not have anything more to do with her, she is hardly the kind of woman I wish my wife to associate with, as trade is rather dull a present.



FROM OCTOBER 15 TO NOVEMBER 15.

Connecticut. First annual race meet of the Capital City Ramblers at Hartford, Oct. 19.

Delaware. Wilmington Bicycle Club's 25 mile handicap road race. Oct. 15.

Georgia. Tournament at Macon, Oct. 23, 24, 28, 29.

Illinois. Annual 10 mile handicap road race of the Capital City Cycling Club was run Oct. 17, H. A. Johnson, scratch, winning in 45:52.

New Jersey. Ten mile road race of the Atalanta Wheelmen over the Irvington-Milburn course, Nov. 5. N. J. A. C. 1 mile championship, Nov. 1. Elizabeth Wheelmen's and Prospect Wheelmen's 10 mile club race over the Irvington-Milburn course, Nov. 5. Kings County Wheelmen's 25 mile handicap road race, Nov. 5. Riverside Wheelmen's club race, Nov. 5. Hudson County Wheelmen's race for the Benedict medal, Nov. 5.

New York. Two mile handicap at Manhattan Athletic Club's grounds, New York, Oct. 18. Three mile bicycle handicap at Staten Island, Oct. 25. Road race from Buffalo to Rochester, Oct. 29, won by Iven, in 5:45. Brooklyn Bicycle Club's 10 mile road race, Nov. 5. New York Bicycle Club's 5 mile road race, Nov. 5.

Rhode Island. Race meet at Newport, Nov. 6.

Tennessee. One hundred mile road race at Memphis, Oct 20, won by Deupree, in 8:52.

Wisconsin. Fall handicap road race of the Milwaukee Wheelmen over the Whitefish Bay course, Oct. 26.

West Virginia. Meet of the L. A. W. division, at Wheeling, Oct. 15-17.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Tournament at Toronto, Oct. 21-26.

England. A. J. Sheen, Oct. 19, lowered the standing $\frac{1}{2}$ mile record for safeties to 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

COMING EVENTS.

November 28. Manhattan Bicycle Club's 2 and 10 mile road races.

Joint race meet of Bay City and Vineyard Valley Wheelmen at Napa, Cal.,

December 11. Races of the Twelfth Regiment Athletic Association, New York.

December 17-21. Hudson County Wheelmen's fair.

December 16. Long Island Wheelmen's theatre party.

January 28-February 4. Stanley show, in Crystal Palace, London.

February 7. Manhattan Bicycle Club's ball.

A VALUABLE ADJUNCT. *Professional Cycler* (to manager of Colossal Collection of Cycling Celebrities, about to make a tour of the world)—Pardon me sire but I would like to be honored with a position among your aggregation of talent.

Manager.—What's yer specialty.

"Well when I'm slicked up I can borrow more money on my face than any man in the country."

"Say no more my dear feller, consider yourself permanently engaged."

KEEN PERCEPTION. "So you take a ride on your bicycle for your health every morning?" asked his friend.

"Yes sir, that's what I do," was the reply.

"Well I thought you did, seeing you went out on it every morning."



NEW AMERICAN PATENTS.

A selected list of patents reported especially for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by C. A. SNOW & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

- 412,322. Oct. 8. J. Copeland, Hartford, Conn. Velocipede.
- 412,391. Oct. 8. C. Jorgenson, St. Paul, Minn. Water bicycle.
- 413,104. Oct. 15. D. W. Saxton, Brewster, Neb. Velocipede.
- 413,189. Oct. 22. J. A. Kirk, Washington, D. C. Attachment for bicycles.
- 413,414. Oct. 22. T. O'Brien, New York, N. Y. Bicycle.
- 413,639. Oct. 22. J. E. Eddy, Swansea, Mass. Velocipede.
- 413,719. Oct. 29. G. H. Klotzsche, Saxony, Germany. Water velocipede.
- 413,804. Oct. 29. J. Kirby, jr., Dayton, Ohio. Brake handle.
- 414,046. Oct. 29. R. T. Huggins, Florence, S. C. Tricycle.
- 414,048. Oct. 29. D. E. Hunter, Salem, Mass. Velocipede.

NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

- 14,585. J. McCammon, London. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 14,657. J. Harrington, A. Adams and G. Meader, London. Improvements in spring saddles for velocipedes.
- 14,771. R. Kendric and F. McClelland, Birmingham. Improvements in bicycles.
- 14,800. H. Lucas, London. Improvements in lubricators for velocipedes and the like.
- 14,817. T. W. Robertson, Dublin. Rigidity in cycle and vehicle wheels.
- 14,818. T. W. Robertson, Dublin. The reduction of vibration in cycles and vehicles.
- 14,835. J. Pollet, Manchester. An improvement in spring forks for bicycles and other velocipedes.
- 14,847. Sept. 20. W. C. Lee. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
- 14,954. A. E. Haslem, Manchester. Improvements in velocipede saddles.
- 14,978. C. J. Reynolds, London. Improvements in the transmission of power, applicable to velocipedes, and for similar purposes.
- 14,993. A. G. Brooks, London. Improvements in rubber tired wheels.
- 14,994 and 14,995. A. G. Brooks, London. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 15,004. G. Townsend, London. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
- 15,010. The instantaneous cycle saddle, a special preventive against the saddle becoming wet or damp, rendering it dangerous to sit upon.
- 15,082. E. Edwards, London. Improvements in cycles.
- 15,100. W. L. Pearson and H. Watters, Dublin. Adapting bicycles to advertising purposes.
- 15,201. H. Roe, Coventry. An improvement in the propulsion of cycles, entirely or partially dispensing with chains.
- 15,261. T. F. Wiley. An improved or new tire for the wheels of carriages velocipedes, perambulators, invalid or ambulance carriages, and similar road vehicles.
- 15,267. Sept. 28. H. Bottomly. Sheathing bicycle and tricycle handles with india rubber casing, to afford a firmer grip for the rider and remove the inconvenience of palm perspiration.
- 15,341. Sept. 30. W. Phillips. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 15,403. Oct. 1. W. Whetstone. Improvements in or relating to bicycles, tricycles and the like.

15,448. J. G. Churchward. Improvements in tricycle horses, children's horses and carts, carriages, roundabouts, velocipedes and the like.

15,462. W. W. Mansfield and R. S. Wood. Improvements in variable driving gear for bicycles, tricycles and similar machines.

15,517. W. A. Walter, Gloucester. A brake holder for an auxiliary brake for bicycles and tricycles.

15,519. J. B. Brooks. Improvements in saddles and saddle springs for velocipedes.

15,560. J. A. Bryce. A new or improved wheel for cycles and other light vehicles.

15,577. A. W. Kitson and S. Muir. Improvements in the means of adjusting the tension of the driving chains of safety bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

15,596. J. W. D. Hoare. Improvements connected with cyclo-meters for vehicles, particularly applicable to velocipedes.

15,685. R. Graveley. An improved method of making or rendering tricycles, velocipedes, and such like machines collapsible.

15,705. S. D. Gibson. Improvements in wheels for cycles and other wheels.

15,756. W. Goulden. Improvements in the method of and in appliances for taking up the slack and adjusting the driving chain of velocipedes.

15,931. H. Waterson. A new or improved pneumatic or air buffer handle for obtaining a non-vibrating grip or hold of the steering handle-bar, brake lever, or other parts of bicycles, velocipedes, and other carriages.

16,012. D. Jones and F. J. Underwood. Improvements in cycle gearing.

16,119. J. B. Dunlop. An improved frame for rear driving safety bicycles and other cycles.

RATHER DIFFICULT TO OBEY.



"John, I want to ride my bicycle this afternoon, so clean it up and bring it around to the club house promptly at 5 o'clock. Hold on," as John starts away "If it should rain at 5 o'clock, I shall start at 3 o'clock, so prepare yourself accordingly."

A clumsy-footed man,
A 54 inch cycle,
A little rock, unseen
A somersault, some swears,
A dull thud in the road,
And that is all.

HOW I CAME TO RIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE:—

Your letter lies before me, and lying back in my chair the past six years of my cycling life float through my mind like a bright cloud in the horizon. Idle minded, I sit dreaming and wish for all the world that I could manufacture a magic lantern which by a twist of the handle I could turn for your gaze the life pictures of a somewhat remarkable career. To be brief as possible I will tell you "How I came to ride."

In the summer of '82 my elder brother Louis Friedberg built for himself—he being somewhat of a mechanic—a two wheeled bicycle a velocipede, we called it, as at that time we had no particular authorized name for the silent steed down in central Illinois, Galesburg, my old home, and in which place I first saw light. Years have rolled by and I have seen the most desperate races fought to a finish, yet even now it seems to me that my brother used to literally fly, and in imagination I think his wheel went faster than I ever saw a wheel go.

My brother Louis in '83 built for me a velocipede, one of those jiggers, which to mount, you first had to mount a fence, and I well remember that if I did not strike between the fence and walk, I struck full in the face a lamp post on the right side of the walk. I can at this moment see that lamp post battered and worn; it is however still there.

The year following I purchased a \$35 rubber tired wheel. A few weeks previous, a companion of mine had secured one of these wheels which we all sniffed at, on account of the little red rubber band which we swore would soon wear out. But it did not take us long to learn the value of the rubber tire, which has made the modern bicycle. Masters Nevleschr and Geo. Williams together with myself at odd times practiced trick riding, having seen the Stirk family perform at the theater.

I know you wouldn't believe that these odd moments took in the greater part of the daily twenty-four hours, so I wont assert the fact. We three after a time became quite renowned in our little world. I left school at the time the roller skating craze began, and commenced to perform under the auspices of the cycling club, which further extended to a six months tour of the middle states during the winter of '84. In '85 I took charge of a riding school in Chicago, and during the summer months wrestled with new beginners. In the fall of the same year, a big tournament took place in Chicago, and off 40 yards on a 38 pounds, 51 inch wheel Jack Prince, Woodside, Neilson, etc., had to go to catch me, and was done on the post in 2:46. In the fall of '85 I joined forces with Mr. Prince Wells. Prince is well known in Indianapolis, and indeed, in what part of America is this genial southerner not known? We toured all the states to the west, and several in the north. We tobaggoned in the upper peninsula, rode bronchos on the prairies and climbed to the peaks of the Rockies. We were snowed in on the prairies nearly two weeks, and floated down the Ohio river listening to the sweet voices of the colored slaves in the evening time. Good old Prince Wells.

I then settled down at home for awhile, when the roaming spirit struck me again. I buckled on my armor with a promise to the "home ones" that it would be my last season. In the winter of '86 M'dllse. Zinga Zikoff, a female bicyclenne of merit toured the states with much success. Her ladyship was none other than myself in female impersonation, and for seven months (with few exceptions) I was not known otherwise. Financially it was a great success.

I was about to return home and settle in business when I received a letter from Wm. J. Morgan (Senator) asking me to make one of three, to go to Europe to represent America, with Wm. M. Woodside American champion as to the particular star. We went, we saw, we conquered. Sorry to say Woodside did not keep up his reputation and the American team's pocket suffered.

It is an undoubted fact that the name of Dick Howell actually scares many a racing man. This is a fact as regards the case of Woodside, Rowe and others, and when they see the big stalwart Englishman at their sides, his teeth pressed, and his face and figure denoting determination, their gameness, if they are possessors of this needful accessory, fails within themselves.

I am probably unable to actually give the true reasons for my success on the path. I may at no late date write a treatise on train-

ing, and of course things will be seen from my side of the fence.

Possibly no rider has ever received advice from trainers and champions equal to myself. Closeted at No. 1 Crown Court, Threadneedle Street, London, in the office of Mr. Geo. Lacy Hillier, editor of the *Bicycling News*, and the old amateur champion, I have received such lore as seldom falls to the lot of the racing man. In my opinion Geo. L. Hillier stands on the same basis that Mr. Henry Sturmev editor of the *Cyclist* does to the more needy cyclist. Percy Furnival at the Stanley show in '88 did his best to show me how I could keep up my $\frac{1}{2}$ mile spurt at a distance. Teddy Mayes, Syner, Chas Lisles and Osmond I also have to thank. Galchouse and hosts of others, and such trainers as Jimmie Brooks. Harry Leeming, Bob Pointer and others.

The question is constantly asked me if the winner of the worlds bicycle championships is content to leave the path. The answer lies in a nutshell. When I commenced cycling six years ago my schooling and buisness suffered, and finding I could not properly attend to both, decided on cycling. The same question now lies before me. Buisness or cycling? Bicycling in the extreme for me has seen its day. Now I intend to settle down to buisness, and if possible make a like success. Buisness is the all-absorbing topic of American life. Make money, spend money, save money, is the past present and future.

Cycling is an enjoyment of which one never tires; a renewed pleasure every time one mounts; so I suppose I shall spin my wheel over road and hill until the bearings have done their work, the balls worn thin, and the time must come when they crack asunder and life expires, leaving only the soul of expression "He has been a good un."

RALPH FRIEDBERG.

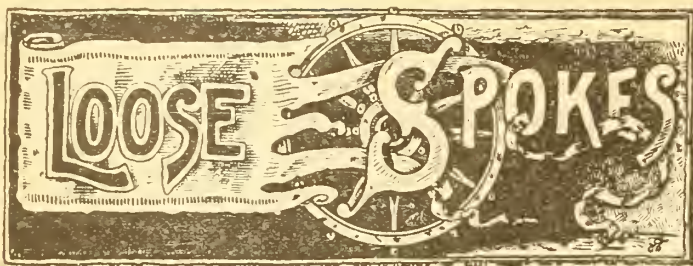


We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers the above illustration of the Lozier & Yost Bicycle Mfg. Co., recently established in Toledo, Ohio. The officers are Mr. H. A. Lozier, President, well known to cycle dealers throughout the country. Mr. Jos. L. Yost, Treasurer and General Manager, who was a few months ago connected with an eastern manufactory in the same capacity and who has a very enviable reputation among cyclers all over the country. Mr. C. J. Moore, Superintendent, and Mr. F. S. Hodgman, Assistant Manager. These two gentlemen last mentioned, were connected with Mr. Yost in the east, and have had a valuable and varied experience in cycle manufacturing.

This company will manufacture five kinds of safety bicycles, known as the "Giant," and this list will include wheels ranging from a 24 inch boys wheel to their 30 inch high grade wheel for men.

Their catalog will be ready for distribution, in a few weeks, and their machines will be on the market at least by January 1.

"A Family Doctor," in *Cassell's Magazine* refers to our pastime as follows:—"Cycling is my favorite form of exercise, and after getting indoors from a spell of riding, I retire to my dressing-room and change my damp underclothing, as often as not, rubbing the body first with a wet sponge, and next with a roughish towel, before re-dressing." Excellent advice, and worthy of being followed at all times.



The Elwell foreign tour this year was so successful that it has already been decided that another one will be conducted next year.

* * *

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., will open a Boston Branch house at 176 Columbus Ave., under the management of Albert E. Schaaf.

* * *

Rouse Hazard & Co., of Peoria, Ill., have issued a neat little book entitled, "Hints to Lady Cyclers." A copy may be had on application.

* * *

In France, where the bicycle is rapidly growing into favor, the rider is henceforth to be called a *veloceman* and his female companion a *velocwoman*.

* * *

At present Niagara Falls stands the best chance of getting the League meet in 1890 but it seems to us Wheeling, W. Va., would be more appropriate.

* * *

With proper daily exercise there would be fewer broken down nervous wrecks, and far more vigorous intellects. Wheeling offers the best and most enjoyable means of taking this exercise,

* * *

The Indiana Bicycle Mfg. Co., of this city have commenced the erection of a three story factory, 50x200 feet in size, on South Liberty Street, and it will be occupied by them about January 1. This will largely increase their capacity for manufacturing safeties.

* * *

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., have issued a beautiful photo-gravure, containing portraits of Prince, Whittaker, Dingley, Eck, Munger, Knapp, and Crocker. The likenesses are perfect, and the picture forms a fitting decoration for the club room or office.

* * *

A telegram from Zanzibar, Africa, dated Oct. 15 states that Thomas Stevens, the bicyclist who was sent to find Stanley, has returned to the coast entirely unsuccessful. It is now believed that Stanley is seeking ivory, and when he does appear will bring a large quantity of that material with him.

* * *

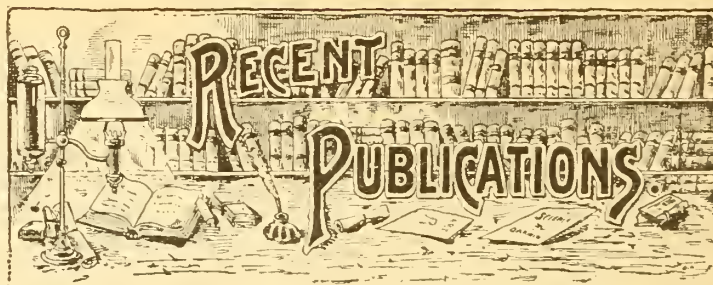
Betting on the races,
"Bless me, this is fun"
Says the little clerklet
Taking chances, four to one.
And the little clerklet,
Now the season's o'er
Will, though a great deal poorer,
Know a damsite more.

* * *

The *Youth's Companion*, according to the announcement for the coming year will retain its former high standing in every line, many interesting and instructive serials and short stories are promised and an article "Economical Bicycling in Europe and America" by George B. Thayer is announced.

* * *

Now along the country road-way
Gayly rides the festive wheelman,
And along the crumbling stone wall
Lightly trips the supple squirrel,
While the golden rod is fading,
And the pretty leaves are blowing
All around the murky landscape,
Where a veil serene and hazy
Floats about in purple winglets,
Now the partridge on the mosses
Trips and masticates the beechnut
And the merry song of harvest
Mingles with the robin warbling.



Cycling, Art, Energy and Locomotion, by Robt. P. Scott. J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Highway Improvement. An address by Col. Albert A. Pope.

Robt. P. Scott has added a book to the literature of cycling known as, *Cycling Art, Energy and Locomotion*, and which in many particulars is very interesting.

Part I. of his book deals with cycling as an art, and describes in detail, illustrating with diagrams all the forms of bicycles from the early wheel of Dennis Johnson, which was patented in England in 1818 and which consisted of two wooden wheels placed tandem and connected by a frame on which was placed the saddle, which supported the body, but allowed the rider to use his legs as a motor power, which combination is certainly the most primitive of man-motor carriages, to the high grade spider spoked racing road wheels of the present day, and, studying the natural evolution of the cycle we see it developed from its crude primitive form, when its use caused its owner to be ridiculed and classed as a crank, to the almost perfect bicycles of to-day whose use in the world and benefit to the health of those who use them is acknowledged by all, whether active cyclers or not.

The first part also describes, with the aid of diagrams all of the vital questions of a scientific nature which have any connection with our sport, and explains them in a very graphic manner.

Part II. is devoted to illustrating and describing the various styles of cycles which have been patented in the various countries of the world, and the author makes many pertinent comments on them.

This book is handsomely printed and bound, and sells for \$2.00. Orders may be sent to this office, or direct to the author.

WITH STRUGGLE, STRENGTH.

I set my face to the bitter wind
And my heart to the freezing sky;
The arrow drift of the sleet may blind
And sting as it hurries by.

Yet with hot blood coursing to either cheek
From the strong red heart within,
I laugh aloud and sing as I seek
My onward way to win.

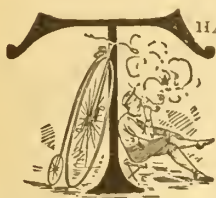
For the cold and wind and the pelt of rain
Are a whip to nerve and limb;
And the harden'd frame is aglow again
In spite of their fury grim.

Then hurrah! for the leaden day so dark
With its steely sleet and hail!
The cumber'd path and tempest's wrath
In the roaring wall of gale!



HOW WE SPENT THANKSGIVING.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER PERSONS



THAT night was one of the earliest in November; one which belonged to a day that was full of every evidence that the glorious season of autumn was here at its very best, seeming to have paused on its way southward as an advance guard of the sterner and less agreeable winter to follow.

The last days of summer had been unusually extended, as if they would hold on to life as does a dying man, and then die struggling.

The day had been remarkably warm, but as the sun was sinking below the line of rugged blue in the west, now aflame with gold, cold winds came screeching down over the hills from the north, and it seemed for hours as if King Winter had slipped up on Queen Summer, and entered her domains uncontested.

That night the northern winds poured in and tore and raged about the city. Tin gutters and street signs screamed and rattled, while the great rows of elms and water-oaks moaned and swayed as though they would cry out that their days of beauty for that year were ended. Off in the distance somewhere a dog sat and howled, while just over my window, under the eaves, a pair of pigeons perched and cooed to each other of this sudden change of things. Otherwise all was silent.

Above all this, perched in majestic calmness, the full moon, making queer shadows dance about in mimicing glee, as the night winds swayed their forms above. But old King Sol seemed to have gotten news of the march stolen upon him, and next morning came peeping up with a look of disquitted indignation, with a determination to do or die, and by noon that day it was as warm as on the day before.

As the day waned, the old fellow again passed from sight with a satisfied smile on his face, but as the shadows grew long and the day died, the cold winds came down from the north, and again there was a night as of mid-winter, killing and chilling tender herbs and flowers; and putting the first tinge of a beautiful red on the rustling garments of the trees overhead.

Looking over my mail for the day, I found a notice that there was to be a club meeting next evening, at which the matter of a run on Thanksgiving day was to be discussed. At the appointed hour the President of the club called the meeting to order, and began with the regular routine of buisness. When this was through the matter of a Thanksgiving holiday and how to spend it, was thrown open for discussion.

Now the first fire of the season in the elub rooms was ablaze on the hearth, and of course Uncle Kerlumbia deemed it his privilege and duty to stay in the shadow, but occasionally he would step forward to pile on more logs. Until now he had been resting very quietly on the corner of the wood-box, but when the subject mentioned was brought up, he waited to see if anyone would speak, and then tripped over to where the President sat; and whispered a few words to him, and then went back to his corner.

The President explained that Uncle Kerlumbia wished him to say that he had a plan on foot for our happiness on the 26th. He (Uncle K.) was willing to place his "reputashun" at stake as to the complete success of his scheme, provided we would leave the entire matter in his hands, and in no way try to find out how he was progressing, or what disposition he was to make of it. Several new members who were not acquainted with our old stand-bys' reputation for faithfulness, were rather adverse to putting an affair of such importance in his hands, but we who had enjoyed a closer acquaintance felt sure that he could be relied upon.

After the meeting the fellows crowded around the fire awhile, each questioning the other as to what he supposed Uncle Kerlumbia's plan was, but no one had a plausible theory to advance.

* * * * *

The golden days of autumn sped along, and in the interval between the club meeting and Thanksgiving, I will pause a moment to record a bit of history that I found scribbled in my diary about the middle of May.

The young ladies of the city had formed a cycle elub, and at first

we were overjoyed at the knowledge, as we foresaw much pleasure in the joint elub runs, and the like, but we were doomed to very bitter disappointment. The young ladies refused our advances in that line, saying that we we would have to wait until all hard feeling against the sport had died away in the city, before we could really enjoy ourselves. So of course we were anxiously awaiting the day when, through eruel public opinion, we should not be compelled to deny ourselves the harmless pleasure of a club run with the young ladies. It is true that we would sometimes meet or pass them on the road, but their frigid looks and stiff bows had always had the desired effect of keeping us at a distance.

Now, the young ladies had a suite of club rooms as well as we, and strange to say the maid—or janitoress, as you like—was Uncle Kerlumbia's wife, who filled the same position with them, as he did with us, though I doubt if they were treated to any such delightful stories as Uncle Kerlumbia favored us with.

* * * * *

Well, time went by on fleeting wings, and Thanksgiving day was rapidly approaching. So far, Uncle Kerlumbia had not mentioned the club run since the evening of the meeting when it was first mentioned, and several of the younger members were growing restless under the older ones seeming complete resignation to chanee. However, their minds were at rest on the evening of the 23rd., when the captain explained the presence of a strange darky by saying that he was to fill the place of Uncle Kerlumbia for a few days, while the latter was off working up his scheme for our Thanksgiving entertainment. Then we knew that it was all right.

On the 24th. and 25th. a notice, calling the members for an all day run on the 26th., was posted in the elub room, with instructions to be prepared for an all day's outing, and to bring no lunch. That was all very well as far as it went, but where were we to go. The Captain was the only one who knew, but he would not divulge the secret. Of course it only made us all the more anxious to know, and Thursday morning there were twenty wheels at the club house door, their owners all ready to start.

Some miles out of town the road forked, and the captain took the one to the left. We followed. Soon he rode into the woods a bit, and dismounted. We inquired what was the matter, and he said if we would dismount for a few minutes, he would explain all he knew of the trip. Of course we dismounted. Then he informed us that Uncle Kerlumbia had requested him to lead us out to "Rippling Waters;" to leave the club rooms at exactly seven o'clock, and to be sure and take the left hand fork. We knew the right hand one to be the better, but as Uncle Kerlumbia never gave advice without having good cause for the stand he took, the captain thought it best to follow his instructions to the letter.

"No doubt the old fellow knows fully well what he is doing, but for the life of me I cannot see through his scheme," he remarked as we mounted and continued the journey.

The cool morning air was very braeing, and made one feel like riding, and not many stops were made. The fifteen miles were run off in good time, and we arrived at our destination in the best of spirits. The place consisted of a great stretch of park-like woods, on the border of which ran a large creek, its power being utilized in running an old mill which had stood for nearly three score years. When this was not in operation, the large body of water glided in thousands of ever changing ripples over the rocks, down the hill and around the bend in a beautionous way which would attract the eye of one who least admired nature. But the woods were not green and alive that day with the scent of fragrant flowers as in spring. Far from it. They had taken on a coat of brown and amber, which made distant hill tops where they met the horizon look like golden clouds of the far west, late in the afternoon of an Indian summer.

The place was a great favorite with out of town picnicing parties, and the grounds had been nicely fixed up by them. Near the large dancing pavilion we dismounted, and put our wheels inside.

"Howdy, young mens," we heard a voice cry at that moment, and turning saw Uncle Kerlumbia step from behind a big pine tree, from where he had watched our arrival with much interest.

"And now what have you got for us," the captain asked.

"Lor' boss but diers eberyting erbout heah, ef you'll look fer it!"

"I'll tell you what's a fact Uncle Kerlumbia; if you have fooled us

out here for nothing, it will go hard with you."

"Who said I done fooled yer?" he hurriedly asked, in a tone of indignation.

"Oh, no one has, but mind that you do not. Now, what have you got around here that a crowd of fellows can do for amusement?"

"Lord honey, you just wait heah a moment, an' see ef I don't fix yo' up. Kin any uv yo' fish?"

"You bet we can," was the chorus of replies, at which our entertainer started ambling down the hill-side at a rapid gait.

Returning in a few minutes, we found his hands full of fishing tackle, and a bundle of poles over his shoulder. That was superb. But there were not enough hooks and lines to go all round, so some immediately decided that they did not care so much to fish, but would rather go off in the woods on a hunt for wild grapes.

As the party divided, one going toward the creek below the mill, and the others in the opposite direction, Uncle Kerlumbia silently motioned me to wait a moment. When the others were out of hearing he told me in full, of his program for the day, which surprised me in its completeness. Then he requested me to stay in the pavilion a little longer, and remarked that if I did, I would not regret it.

Then he silently took a wheel out, rolled it down the woods a little way, and leaned it up against a tree, out of sight. Each time he came back, he would lean forward; shade his eyes with his hand, and take a long and searching look down the road, as it led away to the city.

As he hid the last wheel from view and came back, around a distant bend in the road, I could see an old mule hitched to a buggy, coming at a furious gallop.

"Dar she cum'," exclaimed Uncle Kerlumbia, with a tone of decided satisfaction.

"Who is it," I asked.

"Dat's de ole 'oman! specks her name's Mrs. Kerlumbia," he replied with a chuckle. "Guess you'd better be gitten' out ub sight. I'll 'splain d'rectly."

As I stepped back into the thick undergrowth, the rattling vehicle drew up outside, and its only occupant, "Mrs. Kerlumbia" dismounted.

"They're comin'," I heard her exclaim to her spouse, as he tied the animal to a tree.

"How far am dey?" but before she could reply, from away down

the road, I could see the first of several wheels, as they came around the bend. At first I was greatly mystified, but a moment's thought cleared it all up. It was the Young Ladies Cycling Club, also out on a Thanksgiving day run. Here was an opportunity not to be lost.

Slipping quietly away, I ran with all haste down to the creek, where the boys were fishing. They were much excited at first, but calmed down in a moment, and decided to act in a reasonable manner.

First; the captain and myself were sent back to act the part of scouts, and see what the invaders were doing. From behind a distant tree, we could see them making themselves very much at home about the place; while Uncle Kerlumbia carried their tricycles in the pavilion.

As would an Indian spy, I ran for a nearer tree, and could see the one whom I admired most of all, getting a lot of fishing tackle in working order. So far, none of them had been made aware of our presence.

It had been arranged with all the fellows before we parted that when they were all wanted at once, the bugler was to give three quick blasts. As only a few minutes had passed since we separated,

none of them were far away. So when the captain gave the order, I let them have it in a way that made the echoes resound through the woods.

As I did so, the girls looked apprehensively around, but could see nothing, and as Uncle Kerlumbia quickly assured them that it was only the mill-boy blowing his horn, they thought no more of the subject. But the fellows, breaking through the undergrowth, running up from the creek, out to the thickets, and all directions, soon gathered a short distance from the pavilion. Fortunately however none of them were seen by the girls.

A council of war was held, and it was quickly decided to surround and capture the enemy without the loss of blood.

A complete ring, a hundred yards in diameter was formed, and at another blast from the bugle, the signal to close in was obeyed; each one whistling: "There's a Man in the House?"

As we came into sight, and they saw that there was no direction in which they could possibly escape, they gave little cries of seeming terror which plainly showed their surprise, and that they were totally unaware of our presence on the grounds until that moment.

"There is no need to be afraid young ladies; not one of us shall bite you," the captain said, as we reached the pavilion.

Of course we were all acquainted, and in a wonderfully short time we were all paired off and chatting away as if we were at some affair in town.

"And how very strange that we should have both selected the same place for our Thanksgiving outing," several remarked.

"And how very nice and agreeable," the gentlemen replied.

"But do you know," my companion continued; "that we had nothing whatever to do with the selecting of this place."

"Why how could that be?" I inquired.

"Well, Aunt Sindy, (Mrs. Kerlumbia, her husband calls her) told us about a month ago, that if we would leave the matter entirely with her, she and her 'ole man' would fix up the grandest day for us we would ever have, so here we are; but you were a surprise, I must say. Please see if you can untangle this line; you see I brought something to fall back on, should Aunt Sindy fail us, but so far we have

more than we bargained for."

"Mind, you havn't got me yet," and while I was busy with the line, blushes danced upon her cheeks.

Did we have the best time of our lives that morning? Ask the trout that played around the hook and line in the silvery water, who cast their eyes up at the couples who sat on the rocks on the bank; to whom the fish were forgotten; ask the little birds that fluttered about in the trees, if they remember the gay young couples who searched the woods for autumn leaves and wild grapes, and whose attire was mostly hid by trimmings of autumnal foliage, whose color was of red and amber; ask them if they thought them happy, and they will tell you yes.

Of the boat rides and many other pleasures, it would take pages to tell, while there are more important things yet to relate.

As noon drew on, couples began drifting back toward the grounds as a natural longing for dinner made itself felt. There a sight met us that made our hearts glad and our appetites increase their ravishings. Several pits; long and narrow, were half full of glowing coals while over them in heated banks, the hot air quivered. Suspended on green poles which ran from side to side were over thirty possums being barbacued to suit a queens taste. At one end of the fire, Aunt



HE WOULD TAKE A LONG AND SEARCHING LOOK DOWN THE ROAD.

Sindy, was skilfully operating a skillet, in which potatoes fried and sizzed in glorious harmony.

"Oh!" cried the girls.

"Ah there! that possum's just my size," echoed the boys.

We all stood around to see that the affair was well done, and to make comments thereupon. This may not have been very polite, but the scene was so fascinating that we could not have been torn away. Picnic tables were to be had in profusion, and the girls were soon knitting together plates of oak leaves.

Further description of the dinner will be omitted, for fear you will lay the magazine down, and go for something to eat. Not that the descriptive powers of the writer are so great, but the simple recollection of genuine "possum and taters," served by an anti-bellum darkey as you may have had it in days gone by, but needs to be mentioned to bring the fact to your mind, that it is the dish, par excelsoir.

close, and his head would fall forward on his breast, as he sat in the darkness of his corner.

When the meeting was over, and the captain declared such, he was on his feet in a moment, and had gained the attention of all those present.

"Young men's I's in er delima. It aint Emma Delima, what I hear you all whistlin' erbout. It's Mrs. Sindy Kerlumbia."

The fellows laughed.

"Hit's all erbout dat frolic yesterday."

The fellows were all attention.

"You see, hit's dis way. Dat wuz all my plan 'bout gittin' dem young ladies out yonder, an' my ole 'oman's mad kaze she thinks I played er trick on 'er. One ebenin' 'bout er mont ergo, she come home, an' tole me dat de young ladies at de club room whar she staid, wanted ter take all ub Thanksgiving' day in de country, but didn't know whar ter go.



THE PRESENTATION.

More fishing, rides, and gathering of autumn leaves in the afternoon, and then the decorations of the wheels began; each trying to see who could make theirs the gayest and brightest. And when we started on the home trip, they were a moving mass of red and amber. The homeward bound was the most pleasant of all the rides I ever enjoyed. It was strange how far apart the couples soon became, and in what a slow and indifferent way we all rode.

In the city, where we came rolling in, two by two, the party broke up for the time being; but not before we secured a promise from the girls that in the future they would always be open to joint club run offers, and many a one we have enjoyed since, too!

The next night, club officers for the following quarter were to be elected. When roll was called, a full membership was found to be present; particularly all of those who had been on the run the day before. The meeting was rather a lengthy one, and I could not help but cast an occasional glance at Ucle Kerlumbia, as his eyes would

"I sot myself to thinkin', an' den tole 'er ef she would get 'em out ter Ripplin' Waters, I'd fix up er possum dinner fer em, an' make em have er nice time, ef she wouldn't tell em I did it, till dey all got dier. Nex' night she tole me dat it was all right, and den I tole 'er ter tell em not ter come by de lef' han' road, as it wuz so bad dey couldn't ride it, and ter leave de club rooms at 7:30, sharp. Dat wuz ter keep you all from meetin', kaze it would have broke you all up, an' dey wouldn't have cum'. Den Bill an' me got out dier, an' begun ter catchin' possums. 'Simmons wuz gettin' ripe good, and whut er time we did have. We got thirty-seben in three weeks. I specks we mos' clean de country out. Well, as you know pretty much ub whut happened out dar, 'ceptin' 'bout my ole 'oman. When she saw you all, she wuz mad, 'nough ter fight. She knew I'd brought you all out thar, an' she wuz afeared de young ladies wouldn't like it. It's de trufe gen'lmen ef I eber tole it; she aint spoke ter me since. Now whut am I gwinter do 'bout et?"

Here was a state of circumstances which could not be allowed to exist. So after discussing the ways of getting Uncle Kerlumbia out of the quandry, into which he had fallen through his efforts to make us have a good time, we submitted a proposition for his approval. Our idea was to let him buy her a new dress and bonnet, and carry it to her as if nothing of a displeasing nature had happened them. If this did not soothe her ruffled feelings, nothing would, so he was instructed to make the investments and charge same to the club.

On his way home next night he came by and displayed his articles of female apparel.

"If dey doan hit Sindy in de eye mighty 'ard, it'll be kaze she's gone sudden bline," he remarked in a tone of admiration at his own selections.

From the broad smile on his face next day, we knew that again all was well in the Kerlumbia Cabin.

TRAINING FOR ROAD RACING.

BY M. A. HOLBEIN.

ROAD racing of late years having become almost as popular as path racing, cyclers have begun to train systematically, and all our best exponents undergo a thorough preparation. Many people think physical training is something very difficult to follow up with vigor if one is to be a healthy man at the same time, but if you ask any noted athlete he will tell you he was never so happy, healthy, or enjoying life so thoroughly as when he was in strict training.

Training requires perseverance and moral courage, the former to keep the athlete at his work, the latter, to keep him from the temptations of his too jovial friends.

Training may be divided into two parts, *i. e.*, condition and practice, if a man intends to train at all, he should do so thoroughly, as a half trained man is weaker than if not trained at all. There are two things to be remembered, first, not to get fit too soon by taking an undue amount of exercise, or by too rigorous a diet, as a man who gets into condition too quickly is the first to become stale or overtrained. An immense amount of injury is also done to a man's constitution, who, after he has been in strict training for some time, suddenly launches out into quite a different mode of life.

Presuming the rider has done a fair amount of rough riding during the winter months, he may commence say in April, training in earnest. Let him begin by taking a course of simple medicine, and as the season is usually begun with club handicaps of about ten miles it is not necessary to do more than two or three evening spins, with a longer run on Saturdays and Sundays. This will get the rider fit for the longer and more open competitions that commence in the autumn.

For 50 to 100 miles races, spins of the following distances should be ridden: Tuesdays, 30 miles, three-quarter pace. Wednesdays, 15 miles best pace; Thursdays, 20 miles, 10 of which scorch. Occasionally the whole distance should be ridden over, but not raced. On Monday and Friday evenings, when no riding is done, a good walk should be substituted. Of the latter exercise you can scarcely do too much, as by its means you are getting fit gradually, without any violent exercise; in fact, in endurance competitions in any branch of athletics, be it boxing, running, or bicycling, walking is the ground work of the preparation. For 12 and 24 hours, more walking must be done, but care must be taken not to ride long distances in training either too far or too often, otherwise you will soon become stale.

DIET.

Unless a man is delicate or in training for a very important engagement, such as a championship, (in the latter case a professional trainer is generally engaged) strict dieting is not necessary. Plenty of good plain wholesome food is all that is required. It is a great mistake to take too much animal food, unless accompanied with a plentiful supply of vegetables. Although very difficult to say how much should be taken, as it depends upon the usual quantity to which the athlete has become used, the following will be found a very suitable diet:—

Breakfast:—Porridge, eggs and bacon, or chops, and watercress if in season, stale bread (brown for preference). If sweets are taken let it be marmalade instead of jam.

Dinner:—Mutton, beef, fowl, varied by fish and plenty of vege-

tables, some light pudding and stewed fruit. Good beer or ale may be taken with advantage. Avoid pickles, sauces, &c., which only act as a stimulant.

Supper:—A chop, or some light fish may be taken, and after an hour's rest your practice may commence, that is, of course, presuming that business will not allow you to take your practice in the afternoon.

To be successful in long distance competitions, you must fight against the intense thirst that the extra amount of exertion creates; try, if possible, not to drink between meals.

In the case of smokers who smoke very heavily, it is not advisable to leave off all at once, but gradually wean yourself off. During training eat plenty of any kind of ripe fruit that may be in season.

There are some men whose habits are so regular, and who, either in following their business pursuits, or from love of exertion, get so much exercise that they are always in fairly good condition, and those who are not so situated as this latter class may vastly improve their condition and athletic powers by following the foregoing not very difficult instructions.

Finally, it is always better to have a friend to accompany you in all your training spins who will doubtless encourage you when going through your trial successfully, but who should stop you at once when making bad time, if he is assured that you are using the proper exertion. The rule of always stopping you when you have all your power out, and yet the watch shows the pace is not up to the mark, should never be broken, for if you struggle ever so gamely you will take more steel out of yourself than many days of careful nursing will bring back.

POSITION OF SADDLE.

The position of the saddle should vary according to the nature of the road to be ridden upon. For a hilly course the peak of the saddle should be 2½ inches behind the center of the crank, while for flat roads, 6 inches is allowed to be the best position. Always sit well back and push from the broadest part of the saddle.

PEDALLING

Great attention should be given to the acquiring of a good ankle action. Anyone can do it when thinking about it, but endeavor to find out whether you are doing it at other times. Some cyclers pedal naturally; if not, by perseverance it can be acquired more or less by all, and it will undoubtedly pay for any trouble necessary to acquire it.

In long distance riding, remember it is not a matter of speed, but endurance; therefore always try to ride as easily as possible, saving yourself in every possible way. Avoid all plugging, any motion above the hips is loss of power, and there should be very little motion of the body. If any other advice is necessary it is to keep off alcoholic drinks until the last half-hour of a long ride when a little champagne or an egg beaten up in brandy will give you a little extra steam; if taken earlier in the race, the effect only lasts about half an hour, and then, the reaction setting in leaves you worse than before.

With regard to 24 hours' competitions, I should like to give one word of warning, *viz.*, leave these competitions alone until well over 21 years of age, as before then the cyclist may, through sheer will power, scramble through a creditable ride; or he may belong to the early ripe class and do a good performance, but depend upon it so severe a strain upon a semi-developed frame must tell a tale later on. Therefore, leave them alone until well on in the twenties.

A BREATH OF WINTER.

In thoughtful mood I wandered yesterday
Through tinted woods and meadows sere and brown,
And looking up at shifting clouds of gray,
I saw the first pure snow flakes floating down.

Why did those tiny spirals sadden me?
Was it because the summer days had fled,
Leaving behind a fragrant memory—
And all the woodland flowers and ferns were dead?

It might have been. For as I walked I knew
I felt an unaccountable regret—
(The knee breeches and cap of lightest hue,
I sported in warm weather, alas I wear them yet!)

HOW ARCHIE HANBURY FELL INTO MATRIMONY.

BY CHRIS WHEELER.

"TELL cousin Harry how we came to get married Archie," said Maud to me one evening last summer when, with her cousin Harry Williams, we were sitting on the porch of our cottage at Asbury Park, overlooking Wesley Lake. Harry and I were smoking, and Maud had let fall the book, which before the shadows crept in from the ocean she had been reading.

Down in the front yard a tandem tricycle stood near the gate, where Harry and I had left it, on our return from a short run round Asbury and "the Grove."

"Yes let's hear about your courting," said Harry blowing a big cloud of smoke among the climbing jessamine plants, "I always had an idea that you came to grief over a cycle of some kind or other. I don't know whether Maud got the best of you on a tandem or what, but I'd bet she got on the right side of your sentimental make-up, by means of your cycling proclivities."

"Well you are about right in your guess Harry. I, Archie Hanbury, came to matrimonial grief via a wheel."

"For shame Archie," said Maud, "how can you talk so lightly of

paying attentions to her, I will relate the story. I don't, however, propose to tell you how we carried on our courting after we had once commenced, unless "Barkis" over there is willing."

"Nobody said anything about that part of it," said Maud, "tell Harry how we fell down that hill together."

"How I fell down what I might call the fire of the hill, and then fell into the frying pan of love, is that the idea?"

"I did not say anything about fire or a frying pan, I said tell Harry how you fell down the hill Archie."

"Well and don't you want me to tell how you fell down the hill too Muggins? If you had not fell down that hill, I would not have done the tumbling act; I want you to understand that."

"And if you had not fallen down that hill, you would not have fallen into matrimony, is that what I am to understand Archie?" said Harry, "then I congratulate you old fellow on that descent involuntary or otherwise, whatever it may have been."

"That's about the short of it, and I suppose now you want to hear the long of it. All right, the story is not such an extraordinarily



THE COAST DOWN THE HILL.

this matter."

"Well then Muggins, I tumbled into marital felicity from the saddle of a bicycle, or very nearly did so, how does that suit you?"

"That is better, but it was your doing if you did tumble, that's all, Archie. You always liked headers anyhow, that is if your club friends tell the truth."

"Now that's unkind Maud. How often did you know of my taking a header. I will allow that I sometimes indulge in involuntary dismounts, but I deny a predilection for headers."

"Well we will let that go," said Harry, "tell me how you fell head over ears in love with Maud here, my only special cousin, who I had fixed for the son of millionaire Higgenson."

"Yes go on Archie, or Harry will commence with some of his nonsense. You never mind millionaire Higgenson or his son, Harry, but listen."

"See, she always gets off when I refer to Tom Higgenson" said Harry laughing, "but go on now Archie, I am waiting and listening."

"Well since Muggins must have you know how I commenced

interesting one to outsiders, its elements of tragedy and comedy are are rather circumscribed, however here it is."

"Along with a number of other girls, Maud as you are aware Harry, got stuck, as the saying is, on us fellows when we took to knee breeches and bicycles."

"For shame Archie," said his wife interrupting him, "how can you be so vulgar and tell such stories?"

"You mean to say how can I be so extraordinarily truthful," said Archie laughing; "well be that as it may, somehow or other Maud used to single me out, so that it would seem that she was extra stuck—"

"Now Archie if you don't give over your nonsensical talk and tell your story right, you shan't tell it at all," cried Maud.

"Don't get mad my dear," said Archie mischievously, "I was only going to remark that you must have got extra stuck on my tricycle; and I, no doubt, felt highly honored by your expressed preference, for I considered it away ahead of any other in town. Well Maud used to take my tricycle and I used to borrow another machine, and

I very soon had her quite an expert cyclist.

"One evening I took my tricycle round to her house, borrowed Joe. Spalding's wheel and she and I went off for a ride to Chisley. The afternoon was a glorious one in the month of September, the roads were in superb condition, the air was warm though clear, not a cloud lay against the sky, and the chirping and singing of the grasshoppers and insects along the road-side seemed to swell into a country chorus more pronounced than usual. We had a splendid ride, and got to Chisley all right. Maud enjoyed the trip, for she had learned to manage a tricycle well, and I thought I had never seen her looking better, as we stopped per the usual program, at the swell ice cream saloon on the main street, so that we could get fixed up for the return journey. She wore a blue riding suit, with a jaunty Tam-O-Shanter cap that took my eye completely. I remember distinctly how I thought to myself at Chisley that day, that Maud was, well, just a wee leetle bit of a nice sort of girl.

"After sampling the best that Lacy's refreshment room could offer we started on our return home. You know the big hill two miles from here on the Chisley road, well, coming back, just at the top of the hill, before the grade gets very steep, and before you get steam up on the road down, stands the old "house of the Cross Roads," where the two ugly curs are, or were, for there is only one there now, I settled the historical career of the other. Just as we commenced to go down the hill, those two confounded curs ran out, and both of them got after Maud. I had told her to keep her brake on from the first, but the dogs worried her so, and one of them snapped so viciously at her pretty ankle—there now Maud you need not look so deprecatingly at me, you know you have a pretty ankle—that she released the brake and allowed the machine headway to try and shake the troublesome animals off.

"I grew apprehensive of accident as the machine commenced to gather speed, and shouted to her to slow up, just as the dogs gave up chasing her, and with a couple of barks at myself, ran back to the yard. I yelled with all my might to her to put on the brake. She was getting frightened, and I saw her put her hand behind and give it a tremendous wrench. The force she employed was perfectly unnecessary, and snap went the brake strap, while the machine took a lurch to one side, and then it seemed to hesitate a moment, before it shot on down the hill with redoubled speed. Maud screamed but kept a grip on the steering gear. I hardly knew what to do. If I threw my legs over the handles and allowed my machine go its own gait, I might make matters worse by becoming mixed up in any spill likely to occur. However, I started, and after her I went down that half-mile hill. She lost her hat, her hair came undone, and streamed out behind her like a big brown sail. As I was commencing to congratulate myself that all would be plain sailing or rather coasting, and that no obstruction would be met, I was startled by seeing a farmers wagon haul out from a lane-way near the foot of the hill, and commence going down ahead of us.

"With what little breath I had left I shouted to the driver as Maud closed up with the vehicle. I could not see him but I yelled to him to give us room. The boor either did not hear, or else he was too lazy to bestir himself, for he kept right on in the middle of the road. What would Maud do?

"As she got close to the wagon she hesitated which side she would turn to. On the left the road was rutty and broken, but it ran off into a lot of grass, and a wayside ditch, that appeared softly lined with rank grass and tall growing weeds, and the ground got marshy where the grade eased off into the level. On the right side of the wagon the path for passage was slightly wider than the one on the left, and also smoother, but ahead on that side lay a heap of stones, which would require cool judgement to steer clear of. I could see the stones, but Maud did not notice them on account of the lowness of the tricycle, sitting in which her head was brought on a level with the body of the vehicle before her. If it had been myself who was making the choice, I should most assuredly have turned towards the ditch, and the soft looking swamp, and if possible, if I found it necessary to do so, dumped myself and the machine into it, but my heart went into my mouth when I saw Maud take the other side.

"Round the wagon she went, and as she passed the old horse, he nearly jumped out of the traces. Her right wheel must have struck some rut or snag just as she cleared the wagon, for the rubber tire was torn away from fully one half of the circumference, and the

next thing I knew was, that the machine had struck the heap of stones right side on, and overturning flung Maud several yards into the center of the dusty road-way, and right in front of the startled horse, which the fool of a driver frightened more, by yelling as if the ears of the startled quadruped were half a mile away from his lusty lung music.

"And what was I to do. It was just a chance that I could get by the team all right, but supposing that I did not, what then? and then there was Maud lying in the middle of the road. I turned in towards the grass, bumped over a couple of big tufts, and several concealed baby rocks, and went headlong into the oozy ground beyond, burying both hands and my nose in the brown condiment. I was up in a jiffy however, and leaving one shoe by the agency of an irresistible suction process in the mud, I turned to where I had last seen Maud. She was in the middle of the road still, but had raised herself on her hands and was looking over at me, doing her best to laugh, while the fool of a driver sat on the front of his wagon, and gazed at her with his mouth wide open. I ran over to her and helped her to rise. Her face was scratched all over the left cheek, and her hands were in no better condition, while from her head to her feet, she was a mass of dirt and dust down her left side, and the pretty blue suit that I admired so much, appeared to be irremediably ruined. But it was not the suit that I was thinking about, I was in a terrible state of excitement over herself, and could not but believe that she had sustained severe injury.

"I was recalled from what was a semi-dazed condition, by a real hearty laugh from her, not a make believe one. She had tried to laugh I had seen, as she attempted to rise before I reached her. This time however it was a veritable laugh, and as she laughed she stepped back from me and surveyed me from head to foot.

"'Archie' she said 'You had better go right away and take a bath.'

"'Oh confound the bath Maud, are you hurt?' I said.

"'Why of course I am hurt, don't you see my hand; and it seems that I feel heavier than you did, O Archie you should see yourself' and she fell to laughing again.

"'Come now Maud are you seriously hurt, that's what I mean, you are scratched of course; walk over to the side of the road there.'

"She walked over to the pile of stones and sat down. She did not even limp and somewhat reassured I commenced to realize the ridiculousness of my own appearance. My hands and arms half way up to the elbows were a mass of brown mud, part of which I had transferred to Maud when helping her to rise. One shoe and both stockings half way up to the knees were in a like condition, the other shoe was missing and I stumped over the road in my stocking. My face must have presented the appearance of a brown visaged son of the plains.

"'Archie you're an awful sight,' said Maud, 'if I thought I looked like you I would run away into the woods' and she looked up and down the road, apprehensively.

"'I'll wager you don't look much better,' I said. 'Are you certain you are not hurt Maud?'

"'I don't feel hurt at all Archie, at least not beyond the feeling or being scratched, you are not hurt of course, you fell soft,' and she commenced to laugh again.

"'But we will have to do something,' she continued; 'is there any water about here?'

"'There is a stream down in that ravine about three or four hundred yards away,' I said.

"'That is too far off,' she said; and then her eye lighted on the wagon. She jumped up and shaking the dust from her dress walked over and peered into the back of it.

"The driver had been taking in the whole scene. He sat on the seat in front and craned his head around to get a full view of us, never saying a word, or offering the least assistance. He was the dumbest specimen of the human animal,—dumb in a double sense or the word—that I had ever seen.

"Maud walked round to the front of the vehicle and looking up at his dumbness said: 'You've got milk inside there give me some.'

"The driver dropped the lines and climbed down from his seat, then he went aft, and unloosing the canvas back of the wagon took out a small can and proceeded to fill a dipper.'

"I don't want a dipper full, I want more" said Maud. "Take out that pail and put about half a gallon in it."

"The man looked at her as if measuring her capacity, and then at me, wondering no doubt if two such broken up looking specimens of humanity could get away with half a gallon of lacteal food. However without saying a word he lifted down the pail and ladled about half a gallon—I think he put more on purpose—into it. Then he handed it to her and stepped back to be out of harms way in case of a burst or anything of that kind, I suppose.

"Maud took the pail, but made no offer to drink, she walked straight over to me and setting the pail down on the stones beside me said: 'Now wash your face.'

"Wash my face!" I said, 'What, in the milk?'

"Yes in the milk" she replied, 'It might be better if we had some whitewash, but we've got to use what we have.'

"You don't mean to say you are in earnest?" I queried incredulously.

"Yes, I'm in earnest, make haste, I'm waiting my turn. Come now hurry up, you look perfectly hideous, and some one may come along."

"Just then the driver of the wagon, for the first time found his tongue.

"See here Miss" he said, while his eyes began to assume the proportions of oystershells. 'If I gives my milk for bathing in I expects to be paid for it.'

"Oh be quiet you'll get paid for it" said Maude more petulantly than I had ever heard her speak, 'though you don't deserve it,' she added.

"Yes I suppose I pay for this, I mentally ejaculated, and then without further parley I fell to work and indulged in the luxury of a milk wash. Maud looked on approvingly and when I had finished bathing my face in the luxurious wash, and when what a few moments before had been the whitest of milk, apparantly became the brownest of chocolate, she said: 'Now you look somewhat presentable Archie. Let me have my turn. O dear I hope nobody will come along until I get fixed. Throw out that mess and get me some fresh milk.'

"I dumped the pail over on the side of the road, and handed it to the dumb-waiter—for that was about all the driver of the wagon was—who stood now with a broad grin on his face watching the performance of our milk ablutions. He poured a generous measure of the expensive washing water into the pail, and then Maude followed my example and got rid of the superfluous dust that covered her face and hands. While she was thus engaged, I found my shoe and went back and secured her hat.

"My hands smart so" she said as I got back to her. 'I must have scraped all along the ground on them. Here is your pail sir' she said to the milkman, 'how much do we owe you.' The dumb individual did not answer at first, he was scrutinizing the liquid in the pail. I verily believe the rascal was calculating the chances of selling the discolored milk, for it was comparatively white towards what I had used. Perhaps he was debating as to the feasibility of mixing it with his other milk, however I wakened him up.

"Throw that out, and how much do I owe you?" I said.

"Fifty cents sir" he said as he emptied the pail.

"Don't you want a drink of milk Maud?" I asked.

"Ugh I could not drink a drop of milk if you gave me ten dollars, I've had enough milk for to-day" she answered.

"I gave the fellow his fifty cents, picked up the disabled tricycle, and the two dumb animals and the dumb milk wagon drove off.

"Then I had to go and fish my machine out of the mire, and the next thing we had to do was to patch up the tricycle. A dozen yards of twine fixed the tire all right, several broken spokes were twisted to sound ones, and the machine somewhat more rickety than it had been but a short time previously, was in condition to carry its rider home. And it did carry her home, although her face and hands must have smarted considerably, and we had no Pond's Extract or Cosmoline along. I did not want her to ride home, but said we would get a buggy and leave the machines until we could send for them. Maud would not agree to this and we went home a-wheel as we had started out. She slid into the house pretty sly I tell you, and I left the tricycle at her place and made tracks home. I didn't go to Joe Spaulding's to return him his machine either.

"There now Harry you have the story of our escapade on that hill. After supper on that eventful day, I went round to Mauds. I had to stand some cross questioning by the old lady, as to how I got Maud all battered up, but I said—just for the time being you know—she should not go cycling again. During the evening, Maud and I were alone in the parlor. I had been most tenderly adjusting some black court plaster to her wounded right hand, when I thought it would not be an inopportune time to ask forgiveness for having taken her out and allowed her to get into such a painful scrape. I did not exactly use the word scrape, although it would have been extremely appropriate, but I found on that special evening, that I was sadly at a loss for appropriate words. Well I got her forgiveness and she gave it in so peculiarly sweet a manner Harry, that I wished I had taken an unlimited number of headers and——"

"You have about come to the end of your story Archie" said Maud looking up.

"Yes but as I was saying I obtained a sweet forgiveness, that seemed to give me unwonted courage for I stooped very low over her, and said, 'Maud,' and put my arm round——"

"Archie that's enough now," and Maud held up her finger, "let Harry imagine the rest"

"Well imagine all you like Harry but that's how I came to take the first steps in matrimony. I thought Maud such a nice brave little woman that I forgot myself and really popped the question."

LONE TOURS.

RIGHT there is where the writer agrees with Karl Kron, for a more miserable day or week could not be put in than to journey with some one, or more, who are just too slow or too fast, and who want to stop and waste time and strength climbing some horrid hill or mountain, or doing some thing that is much more tiresome than sauntering along a-wheel.

Cases are very rare where two cyclers ride near enough alike to enjoy a jaunt together; then their mounts must be about alike, to run well together, for a 52 is too fast for a 48, and the latter too slow for the former.

One of the pair of tourists may not care a snap for the scenery, and scarcely look at it, while it is the main object of his companions trip. Our tastes, habits, and pocket books are not all alike, and while you may choose to pay twenty-five or thirty cents for a dinner at a restaurant, your fellow rambler will be best suited with a dollar dinner at a big hotel, where the delay and ceremony you can not endure with any pleasure. These and many other things should be taken into account before starting out on a ride of considerable length.

Your solitary cycling tourist has everything his own way; and there are no jars or hitches; he stops at this well or fruit tree, or the next ones, as the whim strikes him and his chat with the old gentleman by the way, or the pretty girls, does not conflict with anyone.

What every rider should strive for, is to get the most pleasure possible out of the pastime, with the least hard work, and by a little study he can determine how he can accomplish it. STAMSON.

TO MY WHEEL.

*When I gaze on thy form divine,
When I am alone with thee;
And I bend down my head to thine,
I feel thou art made for me.*

*When together t'ro' shady lanes
We ramble so glad and free;
Forgetful of Life's sharp pains,
I feel I was made for thee.*

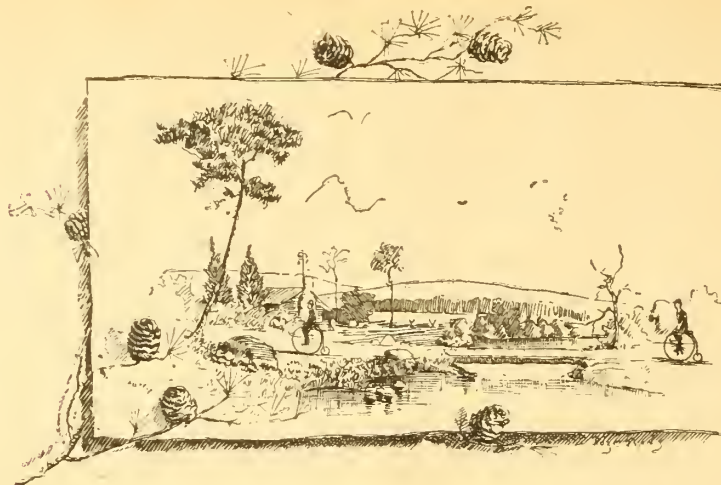
*When the maker sends in his bill,
I know thou wert made for me;
But I can't call thee mine until
I've saved up and paid for thee.*

Father (severely)—I can't understand how you find so much time to devote to cycling.

Son (gayly)—Because buisness is dull at present.

"And why is buisness dull?"

"Because I have so much time to devote to cycling."



MEMORIES.

When my wheel's at rest and my oar is sleeping,
 The measured pause of the pulse will tell
 That the minute strokes of thought are turning
 The windlass handle o'er Memory's well.

And the lever turns with a slow, slow motion,
 And deep through the gloom the chain drops down;
 And the hand grows tired, and the heart grows weary,
 Ere the kiss of the waters its mission crown.

Or it turns and turns, as the grasp of the grinding,
 Controlling hand that at first laid hold
 Is removed, till the rush of the falling vessel
 Is checked by the clasp of the waters cold.

And, whether I turn with a slow, slow motion,
 Or whether I let the thought links run
 As they will, I still hear the same old cadence
 Come stealing up when the goal is won.

And the refrain, sang by the chain links chafing
 And fretting sore, o'er the roller bed,
 Brings home to my heart a harvest gleaming
 Of joy and sorrow which I thought lay dead.

CHRIS WHEELER.

NOTHING CAME OF IT.

One bright sun-shiny day
 A wheelman rode away,
 Out on the pike;
 Behind he left the world
 As on and on he whirled,
 Perched on his bike.

Down the same shadowy road,
 Where the sweet hay, newly mowed,
 Scented the air.
 She rode upon her trike.
 In the whole world, none, like
 That maiden fair.

Soon on the road they met;
 She looked down shyly, yet
 Ventured a smile.
 As you might well expect,
 He straightened up erect,
 And tipped his tile.

Thus meeting, they pass by
 Neither of them heave a sigh,
 There is no fall,
 No broken driving gear,
 Dispell each hope and fear,
 Yes, that is all.

G. S. D.



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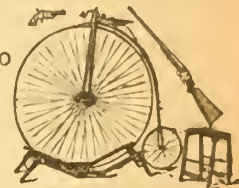
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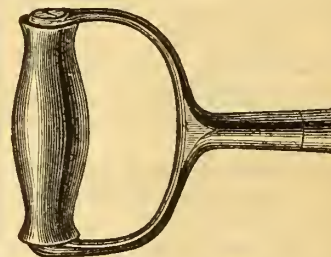
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