

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. No. 8.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., AUGUST, 1889.

50 cents per Annum.

TWO OF THE GREATEST RACES OF THE YEAR ARE THE
Pullman, of Chicago,
AND THE
Irvington - Milburn, of New York,
BOTH OCCURRING ON DECORATION DAY.

There were seventy starters in the PULLMAN RACE, this year. It was won by FRANK BODACH, on an ordinary

AMERICAN LIGHT CHAMPION.

There were but two of our wheels in the New York race. Their showing was

THE TIME CUP AND SECOND PLACE.

with plenty of competition in the way of specially constructed and light racing machines.

If you want the most scientifically constructed, and easiest running wheel in the World you will
have to come West for it.

80 page catalog, with detailed descriptions of the celebrated AMERICAN CYCLES, on application.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.,

222-228 North Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill

Largest American Manufacturers.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

N.B. Think not, gentle reader, for one instant that we believe in "slugging matches" between a splendidly built animal, who calls himself a Bostonian, and an ambitious and over-estimated animal of lesser magnitude, who hails from Baltimore. We do not think that the "manly art" should be conducted as a means of livelihood. We only call your attention to a circumstance in the history of 1889, that has absorbed the people's attention to a ludicrous extent that you might, at the same time read our advertisement of the WHITE FLYER, published on this and on the inside front cover page. We don't worry about little quarrels between American blackguards. All we think about is to get you to read our advertisements and ride our machine. It is called the WHITE FLYER. Commit our advertisements to memory, then learn them backwards, and above all things, remember them, and tell your friends about them.

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Agents wanted in every city and town in America

The WHITE FLYER SAFETY BICYCLE must eventually do this very thing with the other bicycles, as it is the —, but we leave you to say that. We are so modest and retiring you know, and we don't believe in all this "talk" anyhow. A good thing must commend itself to the practical buyer.



BECAUSE HE WAS THE BEST MAN.

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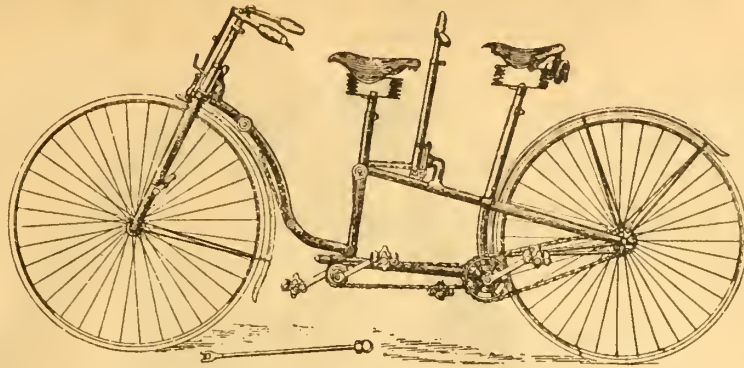
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JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



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Two Brakes.



Double Steering.

Holds all records for this style of wheel on both road and track.

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ACTUAL WEIGHT, WITH 7-8 TIRE, 43 POUNDS.

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The lightest running wheel in the world.

From the Washington Post, June 24, 1889.

A QUICK RUN TO CABIN JOHN.

Yesterday William T. Robertson on his EAGLE bicycle lowered the record of 43 minutes made on July 4, 1887, by Percy Sevfferbe, starting from Ninth and G Streets and ending at Cabin John, making the distance ten miles. Robertson started at 11:21 A. M., reaching Cabin John 38 minutes after, breaking the record by 5 minutes. Timers, Messrs. Smiley and Sickle. He now holds the record both to and from Cabin John, making the latter trip in 42 minutes in 1784. He says he intends to lower this record also.

C A T A L O G F R E E .

Apply for the agency for the EAGLE in your town,

Do not wait until it has been given to some one else.

EAGLE BICYCLE MFG CO Stamford Conn

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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HOW I CAME TO RIDE.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER PERSONS.

UNCLE KERLUMBIA had been missing from the club rooms for three days, and we were growing uneasy as to his absence. But the next night his boy Bill came in, and handed me a rather bulky note, saying that his father had sent it. Upon examining, the following was found among the sheets in the envelope.

"Dear Mr. Persons: — I is been sick fer fo' days now an' am er fraid fer de wellfare ub our club, but hopes ter be out soon e: gain, so I kin run it as it should be run.

I got er letter day befo' yes-te'day, frum de proprietor ub de WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, axen me ter write em er article, tellin' how I cum ter ride er bisickle. Dis am er little out ub my line, but I hab done it neberdeless. I laid down in bed, an' talked it off at Bill, an made 'im spell it just as I talked, kase I noed if he tried ter change it, he 'rd git me in trouble, sho, I hyead some ub em up dar at de club rooms say, one nite, dat you wuz bein' persued by er literary kareer, an' I s'pose dat am er hankerin' ater 'riten, so I thought I'd git you ter fix dis fer me er little if yer kan, an' I'll be erbliged ter yer. Tell all de young mens howdy fer me, an' say dat I'll be wid em ergin soon.

Werry Respectfully
Uncle Kerlumbia.

HOW I CUM TER RIDE.

It wuz in 'forty-three, when I fus seen de 'vantages ub cyclin', an' it cum erbout in dis w y. Dar wuz er young feller who I is tole you erbout befo', whose name wuz Bill. He wuz de one whut Jack de Ripper chase down de cemetery road dat night, an' who aint neber been seen since. He am de namesake ub my boy Bill, who perhaps you hab hyeard ub too.

Well, Bill, he com' 'round ter whar I wuz in biznes one ebenin', an' ax me if I wouldn't go an' help him 'ten' ter er little affair dat night. I ax 'im erbout it, un' he said: "I is got some relatives whut libes out in de country er piece, who is got mo' chickens dan dey kno' whut ter do wid. Dey is mighty kind ter me, an' tole me not long ergo, if I wanted any chickens, dat I would be welcom' ter as many as I could carry off at a load. Dey say dey ar' mighty wile, an' can't be koted in de daytime, but if I 'ould come out some night

after dark, I could get em off de roost widout any trouble whiteber. Now whut I propose to do is, as dey has been so kind as ter offer me de chickens, not ter bodder dem erbout helpin' me kotch em, but ter go atter dey is asleep, git my chickens, an' cum erlong home widout 'sturbin' enybody. Ter do dis, we mus' go 'bout one erclock, an' be mighty still lik' wid dem chickens, an' we'll cum bac' wid er good load."

Dis struck me as bein' er pretty squar' game, so I 'sided ter go, an' we 'pinted a meetin' place fur dat night. I got dar fus, but pretty soon I seed 'im er comin down de street on whut looked ter me like ter be a hoop offer er hogshhead, and one offer er beer kaig, rollin' on behin'. Hit wuz er bisickle, an' de fus' one I eber seed. Bill hadn't been libin' in town long, an' he sed his machine had jes' cum on.

Well we walked out ter whar Bill had sed de man libed whut had promised him de chickens. He rolled his wheel out, an' den lean it ergain a tree, an, sed he ered go an' see if any ub de folks wuz er stirren, kaze if dey wuz, he wouldn't bother em, dis time er nite. Putty soon he cum bac' an' say dat sum ub em was 'wake an' we had better wait erwhile. He seem powerful anxious 'bout not wanten ter 'sturb any ub dem, ater dey had promised 'im de chickens, but anyhow, we laid low.

It wa'n't long 'fo' all de lights in de house went out, an' in erbout ha'f er 'our we walked 'round de conner ub de fence, sorter still like. De moon had cum up big an' red, an' ergin de face ub it, I c'u'd see de shape ub some mighty fine pullets, an' hens, an' roosters, er strung out dar erlong de lim's uv er apple tree. Dat apple tree look like it erway off yonder, sho, but I couldn't help but think 'bout dat chicken py, and fried, an' chicken boiled, an' chicken

broiled. I tell you it made my mouf water right erlong. Well Bill he climb de tree, careful an' easy an' den when I hear er kind er thump on the groun' I noed it wuz some po' chickens head, an' when dar wuz er flappen in de bag on Bill's back, I noed dat de soul uv ernudder ch'cke i wuz gon ter roost higher dan it had eber roosted on dis earth. An' when Bill made er sine at me, I noed whut he ment, an' passed him up ernudder bag, an' fastened de full un on my back. An' when he cum down, an' we went 'round de corner uv de fence, an' I looked back at de moon, still big an' red, dier want



"Bill, he climb de tree. careful an' easy."

no pullets, nor roosters, nor hens on its face, den I noed whut had becum ub em, an' why dey want dar.

But we want long ergettin' away from dar. Bill said he didn't care ter bother de folks den, but would call eround nex' day, an' let em know 'bout it. We took de two bogs ub fowls, an' tied de tops ub dem one on each side, ter de handles ub his machine. Dey hung putty low, an' Bill said he'd take er turn er two up an' down de road, ter see if dey would work. He went down de road er piece, an' come back at er putty good gait. As he passed me I noticed dat de bags wuz hangin' steady, an' den he hollerer out: "Good night."

I didn't know what he ment, an' wuz wantin' ter go back ter town. Putty soon he hadn't showed up, an' I sat down ter wait fer him. In erbout er 'ours time, he didn't come back, an' I noed he had fooled me. I felt bad, trampin' dem fo' miles back ter town by myself, an' widout any chickens, kaze Bill had em all, but dar wuz one thing I wuz doin', an' that wuz planin ter git squar' wid 'im.

* * * * *

It wuz mos' two months a'ter dat, when I run up on Bill one afternoon, an' tole him dat I had been invited ter take ub de plenty ub a fr'en's chicken roost, an' dat it wuz almost de same in particulars as his had been, 'specially 'bout not wantin' ter 'sturb de family. Well we fix it up ter meet at de cross roads dat night, 'bout twelve er'clock.

'Bout ten, I went out dar, an' put my new bisicle in de woods, and filled two bags up wid pine burrs, sticks an' ol' rags, and put em by de side ub de road, not far from de house.

A'ter while, Bill come erlong, and found me sittin' by the roadside, whittlin' er stick.

De chickens wuz er settin' dar in de light ub de moon, as dey had done befo', an' as befo', dey wa'n't very long in gittin' out ub sight. We cum 'round de corner ub de fence, peaceful an' still like, as we had done de udder time. When we got to whar de bags wuz, I set de two wid de chickens in em, right easy, an' picked up de udder two widout stoppin'. A little furdur on, I stopped an' tole Bill I had let a fine young hen slip out uv my han', an' fall down by de trunk ub de tree, an' tole him if he would go an' git it, he cud have it extra. He said dat he wuz up ter snuff, an' wasn't fool nuff ter trust me wid de chickens, but dat if I wuz willin' ter let him take em erlong, he would bring em all back, an' de hen too. Dat wuz just what I expected, an' as soon as he took de bags on his shoulders, I got de ones wid de chickens an' hooked em on de handles ub my machine, an' rode up ter meet Bill. I tell you he wuz mad. He hadn't found no hen, an' he didn't know nothin' 'bout my bisicle. But de fust question he ax wuz: "Whut you got in dem bags?"

"You feel in yours an' maybe you can tell," I ansereed.

Quick ez a flash he had em down on de groun', an' wuz untyin' de string. I rode 'round 'im, an' as I passed, 'im comin' t'word town he sent dem pine-burs, sticks, an' things whistl n' a'ter me like de win'. But I laf, long an' loud.

"De man whut lafs last, am sho to enjoy et mos', an' be hyeard de furdurest," I yelled back at 'im.

De chicken et at my house de rest ub dat week wuz monstrous good an' when dey wuz all gone, I sent de feet an' fe'thers in er box ter Bill.

Yes, Mr. Editor, I begun ridin' er bisicle ter git eben wid er feller, an' I am toloble well satisfied, all things considered.

Yours Truly,

Uncle Kerlumbia.

AN ALL-AROUND FAVORITE.

OVERHEARD AT THE COLOSSEUM.

First Wheelman.—What an interesting conversationalist Senator Morgan is. He has just been telling me some of his experiences.

Second Wheelman.—Yes indeed; but how restful it is to hear the silence when he occasionally listens to some one else.

Roger. (with youthful self-approval.)—Papa, that strange boy over there asked me to let him ride my bicycle while I played tennis. I told him, no, not much.

His Father. (anxious to impress a lesson.)—Well my boy, that was scarcely generous. The good Samaritan wouldn't have acted in that way.

"Oh, the good Samaritan was safe enough. He knew the fellow wasn't going to get up and run away with his mule."

A TRAMP THROUGH THE CONTINENT.



HERE was "Von," of Austin, Texas; "Gene," of Cleveland, Ohio; "Geo.," of Wellsboro, Pa.; and "Your Uncle Fuller," of Mobile, Ala., who, unfortunately met each other in Washington, and decided to go through Europe on bicycles as soon as school closed in June. They decided to go on "bikes" because it was the only way they could go with the means at their disposal, and, it furthermore would give them plenty of hearty exercise.

"Von" is of German descent and speaks that language and Spanish fluently. He is small and thin, but rather a good looking fellow. So long as he is riding his wheel and the luggage holds him down, he is all right, but when walking in a stiff breeze he needs weights to hold him to the ground. "Gene" is just the opposite in build, and would easily be mistaken for Jack Falstaff if he drank ale, but fortunately he doesn't. "Geo." is tall and raw-boned, with a pretty "moustache and siders." "Your Uncle Fuller" looked as if he was called and couldn't come. He would pass in any crowd and wouldn't be noticed.

After collecting all outstanding accounts and forgetting to pay their debts, they sold their old wheels, and put everything in "hock" except a summer suit and just enough paraphernalia to fill a small grip they sailed from New York June 12, on "The City of Paris," which passed Sandy Hook at 6 P. M. Night came on and the thermometer which stood at 93° in New York began to climb down, and the Bohemians went down too, but soon came on deck again with an additional shirt on, and every time the thermometer dropped a degree the Bohemians would emerge with another shirt until at last they had on their whole wardrobe and looked like inflated balloons. They were still cold, so they finally went below and went to bed to keep warm. Everything went well until the 17th, when the vessel got in the trough of the sea, and began to roll (the usual result.) Next day they passed several large whales, but fortunately no iceberg. Land was sighted in just six days from the time they started, and they landed in Liverpool the following evening, the 19th, and remained over night to get their bearings.

The next morning they proceeded to Coventry to get wheels and uniforms, and were delayed there nearly a week, in consequence; but there is no pleasanter place to spend a week, as the quaint old town is replete with historical reminiscences, old buildings and queer sights. It is kept up by bicycle, silk and watch factories, all of which the guide books mention; but the guide books fail to state that Ellen Terry was born there and that the English people have no curiosity whatever, as was proven by the fact that when Lady Godiva rode through the streets many years ago, with even less clothes on than a racing bicyclist, only one man looked out of his window to see her go by. Of course every one was forbidden to look out, upon pain of death; but do you suppose even that would have prevented every man but one, of looking, had it happened in America?

"Peeping Tom" deserves a great big monument erected to him instead of the wooden effigy that poses in the window from which he peeped.

The guide books also fail to mention that the English have no sence of humor, whatever, as was evidenced by several incidents that it may not be amiss to mention. Stopping in front of a saloon labeled "Kenilworth Castle," as a quiet gentleman came along, "Gene" began to give vent to his admiration for the notable edifice. The q. g. spent thirty minutes trying to dissuade him from believing that it was the genuine castle.

"Von" went into a store to buy some suspenders for his bicycle stockings, and a young lady handed him down some arrangement evidently intended for an entirely different figure from his, and it brought a smile to everyones face except that of the young lady. The proprietor rushed up and said the gentleman couldn't buy anything there, for insulting his clerks. He evidently couldn't see the joke.

They wouldn't have hurt the feelings of the young lady for anything, for they have made an indelible impression on them. They have the prettiest complexions, faces, and figures imaginable, but their feet—well there is nothing small about them.

Everything was finally ready, and the city was left at one o'clock Wednesday, June 26 for London. They cut a fine figure with their new outfit, consisting of safeties, C. T. C. uniforms, and luggage carriers and bags containing a complete change of underclothing and a macintosh coat for wet weather.

The road was dusty, and the shine from their new outfit soon disappeared. They were in fine spirits but out of form, so the ride to Kenilworth was a little fatiguing; but when they saw the sign, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," they straightway went in and got a splendid dinner, including the "humble yet succulent strawberry" that is ignored alike by philosopher and poet, but never by wheelmen; all for one shilling. Finer strawberries were never seen than those in England. They are as large as hen's eggs, if not larger, and juicy in proportion.

It will be impossible to compare the expense of living in England with living on the Continent until the Continent has been visited. Touring can be done comfortably here for one dollar per day, by going to temperance hotels, which are equally as nice, if not nicer than others that are licensed to sell beer and ale. Incidental expenses amount to about 50 cents per day, yet England is considered an expensive country in which to tour.

The Castle being the object of the visit they forthwith proceeded to the famous ruins, which were found well worth seeing.

Leaving there at 4 P. M. to go as far as we could before night, and see all the sights en route, we reached Guys' Cliff at 4:30, and got a cool drink of water from the pump by the old mill that stands on the banks of the Avon. It was the only drink of cool water obtained from Coventry to New Haven, and it is a singular fact that in all that distance not a spring was seen. Ice is a thing unknown, so of course the hot ale and beer is not the most delightful drink, still it is preferable to the hot water.

The ride was continued and at 5:15 Warwick was reached. Proceeding to the famous castle they found it closed for the day, so, without waiting they rode to Leanington a remarkably pretty town and returned to Warwick to get on the road to Stratford-on-Avon. It was 7:10 when Warwick was left with regret. The roads were beautiful and the scenery unsurpassed, and, accompanied by a Warwick cyclist we went along at a good pace for three miles to Sherborn Hill, from which point a most beautiful view is obtained. For 25 miles, east and west the prettiest and most fertile country in all England is seen, with Banbury, of nursery rhyme fame, sitting peacefully in the valley below.

The fields are laid out like a checker-board, each square being enclosed by a hedge fence. The roads are hemmed in by these same hedge fences or else stone walls, and kept in the best of order. This place was left immediately and they proceeded to Stratford, which was reached at 9 P. M., with an hour more of twilight to spare.

A newspaper can easily be read at 10 o'clock at night, without the aid of artificial light, and day breaks at 2 A. M. at this time of the year. After supper they walked around to look at Shakespeares' house by night, and, after going into exticies (as is customary) over an old man-trap that looked old enough to be the place where Cæsar was born, they returned to their virtuous couches, but next morning discovered that all their praise had been wasted upon the wrong house.

Most of the morning was spent seeing sights and at 12 o'clock they were once more upon their wheels, and as they passed over the Avon, the chimes upon the churches were playing sweetly, a cool breeze blowing, and the smell of vegetation flirting with their olfactory nerves. The spell was soon broken, for a dusty hill had to be mounted, which required all of their attention.

The first real obstacle was met just beyond Long Compton in the shape of a very long and steep hill. Rest was sought at the top, but the flies were too numerous and energetic. An individual was met with fly-paper on his hat, and he was taking life as serenely as possible, but not so with the flies. Further on the road in several places was carried long distances on stone viaducts, or through deep cuts that must have cost huge sums of money.

Approaching Woodstock, Blenheim Castle, the home of the Duke of Marlboro, lay on our right for several miles. It was formerly the hunting grounds for the kings. Even now it is stocked with game, and many rabbits were seen scampering about in the woods, and also a few tame deer. Woodstock was reached at 9 o'clock, and a walk

was taken in the Park to see the Castle. Who can blame Mrs. Hammersley for marrying a man with a title, and such a pretty place, even if he did have another wife?

The ride to Oxford next morning was over a good level road, and was done in a short time. They rode about and looked at most of the colleges, of which there are about thirty, and left Oxford about noon, passing through an uninteresting country to Nettlebed, where a huge engine and three cars full of coal were seen making about four miles an hour, over the macadamized road. They had hardly passed Nettlebed when a heavy rain came up, but a patch of timber gave them shelter for a little while, until the leaves began to leak so they thinned out and soon reached Henley, the famous regatta place. Preparations were then under headway for the great event which has just closed, in which the American was beaten in the finals.

From Henley to London was a nice ride and it was reached at noon Saturday. Nearly two hours was spent in getting from the suburbs to the Strand. Riding was found to be quite difficult in the crowded streets, so the wheels were discarded, and the sights seen on foot. They were fortunate enough to see the Shah of Persia and Prince of Wales come up the river on the Royal yacht, and afterwards to see his royal nib in a procession from Buckingham Palace to Guild Hall, whither he went to partake of a big free lunch set up by the Lord Mayor. There were more soldiers and policemen visible than at an Inaugural procession at Washington.

Strolling about the Zoo, looking at the elephants and monkeys, I met Mrs. Amilie Rives, that was. It has been my good fortune to know this lady for some time, so she invited me to accompany her to see the lions fed. She has lost none of her beauty, but rather seems prettier than ever. She has quite a fondness for animals, and, like Sara Bernhardt, she seems to have a particular fondness for tigers.

Eight days were pleasantly spent in London, when the desire to get on the road again overcame them; so the latter part of July 9th. found them going out of London in a rain. The streets were nasty and sloppy, and quite slippery, caused by the immense amount of traffic that passes over them. The streets are paved with wooden blocks that make a very ridable road in fair weather. A stop was made for the night at Horley, which is twenty-five miles from London, and Brighson was reached this afternoon. The ride from London to Brighton, with the exception of the last few miles, is one of the pleasantest that can be had on the Island. Contrary to expectation Brighton is nearly deserted at this time of the year. It is a winter and not a summer resort. The road from Brighton to New Haven is along the waters' edge upon the cliffs, and would be pleasant to ride, with the wind "aft," instead of "for'ard," as Jack Tar would say.

The American Tourists, as the Elwell party are styled, passed over the same route from Coventry to this point about three weeks ahead of the "Bohemians," as this party is styled, and though frequently asked if they were a part of the larger party, they were compelled to answer in the negative, though to have answered in the affirmative would have cast no reflection upon them, for the "Tourists" left a most favorable impression in their wake.

The Second Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. A. A. Adey, of New York, is quite a cycling enthusiast, and is now doing England on a wheel. When last seen he was at Stratford keeping Will Shakespeares company.

Thus far the tour has been a most pleasant and enjoyable one, and no small part of the kind reception and attention received is due to the fact that one of the party represents the GAZETTE.

It would be unnecessary to fully describe the condition of the roads for that is done in the C. T. C. road book. For anyone contemplating an European tour, their first step should be to join this organization, and supply themselves with all their publications, which not only gives the conditions of the roads, but the names of all the inns along the roadside, their rates, distances apart, where to go for repairs, etc.

The dust of England will be shaken from their feet to-night, and to-morrow will find them wrestling with the French Language.

New Haven, England, June 9.

On the cinder path—ashmen.

WAFTED BY THE WINDS.

Enthusiastic Wheelman. — Yes sir, when I began to ride, my weight was only 114 pounds. Now it's 178! How's that for high? Eh!

Buttonholed Victim. — Most wonderful. How do you account for it?

Small Brother of E. W. — I'll tell you Mister. He began riding when he was fifteen years old, and had been riding ten years. It's his natural growth that's all.

* * *

Sporting Man. (in Philadelphia.) Well I am a full fledged wheelman now, and I tell you I like it.

Cycling Friend. — Glad you've joined the ranks. What wheel are you riding?

S. M. — Riding? Guess you misunderstood me. I'm running a wheel of fortune down here on Chestnut Street. Come down and buck it a few times, wont you?

C. F. — Well I guess not. My wheel bucks me enough without my bucking yours. Good day.

* * *

Managing Editor. — Been any grand fakes among the profeshs. lately?

Cycling Editor. — Nop. None at all.

"No sell outs?"

"Nop,"

"What's the matter with the gang?"

"Scattered all over the country, busted and too poor to get at each other."

"Well you go to the next race meet, and stick a fence picket through Billy Rowe's wheel; write up a big account of toe accident; say Jack Prince held the picket, that Morgan pushed it through, and that Knapp got up the scheme. Then go to Canada for your health for ten days. Understand?"

* * *

First Wheelman. — How does Elwell's tourists resemble a shower of rain?

Second Wheelman. — Can't say. How?

F. W. — Sorry, but I'm sure I dan't know. Ta, ta.

* * *

Club Wit. — Yes sir. When I was in Norway, I knew a fellow who scorched for an hour. He was near no fire, and ice and snow on the ground was nine inches thick.

Chorous of Listeners. — Heavens, what a country! What was the matter with him?

C. W. — He was after the one hour record, and scorched 21½ miles in that time.

* * *

Telegraph Superentendant. — Here's a bicycle for you to deliver messages with.

Messenger Boy. — Can't I take a week at the riding school?

"Why you told me you could ride and do the stand still act too."

"Yes'er. But I wants ter learn ter do de stand still wid my hands in my pockets, an' go to sleep at de same time."

NIGHT CYCLING.

AFTER an extra long day's toil in the bread-winning line, we secured the usual packages of necessities of life from grocer and market man, and mounted the ever ready wheel for the three mile homeward ride, well knowing it was to be a night run, as the evening shades were in evidence before our starting. Then the thought of testing the alladged easier running of a cycle by night came as we left the region of street lamps and began the ascent of the long grade of Hotch's hill.

The fact is there was no easier pushing than by daylight up that long pull, and the last half was walked as usual. On the last half the vicious little black cur of O'Tool's started for us in the usual manner, but he possibly remembered being shot at, a day or two previous, and suddenly went back out of range before it was too late.

Up on the level again the going was very easy, indeed, it always is though, on this best friend of ours, and the darkness was intense, for small stones were not visable as the lamp was not lighted, and a jolt, now and then was the result. It was so black that every little decline felt as if the road was dropping away from under us.

Over the silent landscape were only the few and far-between voices of the night; some night bird, then a scramble among last year's dry leaves over the wall, where some four footed night prowler was about, a dog at a distant farm-house barked; an engine coming up the line, whistled away down about Greenwich, and for minutes the shish of the wheels on the road were the only sounds heard.

After all their is a wierd pleasure and pleasant change in a ride at night that is not found in the day time, and under favoring circumstances it is well worth trying. True our night rides are a business matter, a mere homeward flight and not very swift ones at that, but the elements of romance and novelty will make themselves manifest, and we would no nothing to prevent it.

It may be that the fancied easy running of cycles at night is due to the unusual sensation, the expectancy and general uncertainty as to position of the rider, wheel, and road. Certainly on rough roads the exertion would be doubled and the pleasure less, and you would have less inclination to listen to the song the whip-poor-will sings, the chirp of the night hawk, or the whispers of the breeze among the tree tops.

It has been our ex erience that under any and all circumstances cycling has charms that place it so far ahead of all other pastimes that they are not to be mentioned. When weather or road are unpleasant, and one rides only for business, as many do, then the utility of the cycle is displayed, and that alone makes it a paying investment.

STAMSON.

A small boy will ride a bicycle, several sizes too large for him and nearly break his neck in consequence, will dance on chestnut burs, and run airily over a wheat field just after the wheat has been cut, and think nothing of it, but let the point of a nail work its way up through his shoe, and he howls, and limps, and thinks it is sufficient cause for him to stay away from school.

A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.



THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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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.



OBITUARY OF JAMES CUNNINGHAM PURVIS-BRUCE.

IT IS with extreme regret that we are called on to announce the sudden death of JAMES CUNNINGHAM PURVIS-BRUCE, known to our readers as "JACK," who, while bathing in Chauncey Pond, near Westboro, Mass, August 4, was attacked with the cramps, and drowned before help could reach him.

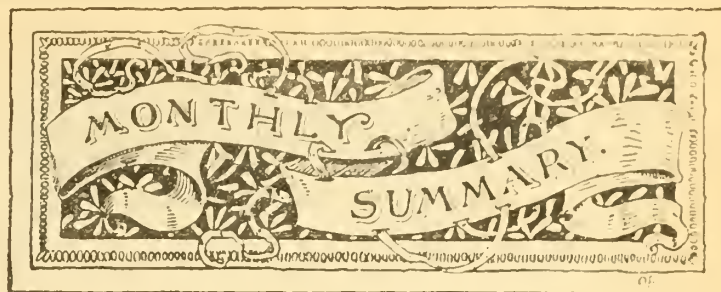
Although we had never met "JACK," there was a strong band of friendship between us, during the last few months, and we looked on him as a personal friend. His was a strangely eccentric character, but true and honest to the core. Fearless, independent, outspoken, and firm in his convictions, if he felt he was right he went ahead with little care for what others might say, and by so doing he won for himself scores of friends, wherever he was known.

His writings are well known to every reader of the cycling press, and his articles in the last few numbers of the GAZETTE have displayed his brilliant genius. His portrait is so well known to our readers that a reproduction is unnecessary.

"JACK" was an enthusiastic lover of Nature, and he was consequently a devotee of all those manly sports which allowed him free communion with Nature in her many various forms. He was born at sea, off Cape Horn in the year 1864, on the British ship *Great Victoria* en route from New Zealand to England. His parents were Scotch, and his early childhood was spent mostly in Scotland. At the age of sixteen he left this country and since then he has travelled over the larger part of the globe. Naturally of a restless, roving disposition, he seldom remained long in any one place, but made friends wherever he went. For the last few months he has lived at Westboro, Mass, and has filled the position of Advertising Manager for the White Cycle Co., and his eccentric and brilliantly written advertisements have already made this company well known all over the country.

In appearance "JACK" was about medium height. His head was a mass of dark brown curls, and his complexion dark. His eyes were steel gray in color and wonderfully expressive; full and piercing.

His father, who is at present in England, was at once cabled to for instructions as to the disposal of the body, and at his request it was interred at Westboro, Mass., the funeral taking place August 6.



FROM JULY 15 TO AUGUST 15.

Connecticut. Race meet of the East Hartford Wheel Club, July 20.

Georgia. Race meet at Macon, July 19.

Illinois. Road race of the Illinois Club, of Chicago, July 30, Henger, the four minute man winning in 43:16.

Maine. Road race between Lewiston and Sabatus, July 23, won by E. Stetson in 54 minutes.

Maryland. Race meet at Tolchester, July 26.

Massachusetts. Massachusetts Division meet at Cottage City, August 8-10. Road race at Waltham, July 22. Races under the auspices of the Irish National Association at Oak Grove Island, Revere, August 13.

Michigan. Race meet at Flint, July 20.

Minnesota. Two mile bicycle race at Minneapolis, Minn. The annual 25 mile road race for the Championship of Minnesota, under the auspices of the Minneapolis Bicycle Club, was run July 21, Stockdale winning in 1:38:40.

Missouri. Race meet at St. Louis, Aug 2; one mile handicap, R. Hurk, 150 yards, won in 3:14; two mile handicap, W. H. Harding, 125 yards, won in 50.

New Jersey. Races at Interstate Fair Grounds, Trenton, August 5.

New York. One mile handicap race at Queens, L. I., July 20. One mile handicap race at Queens, L. I., August 3. Mercury Wheel Club's outing at Flushing, L. I., August 10. Waiontha Wheelmen's race meet and road race at Richfield Springs, August 14. Race meet of Lockport Wheelmen, August 15.

Pennsylvania. Tournament of the Lancaster Bicycle Club, July 18, 19. Race meet at Reading, July 27. Five mile handicap road race on the Lancaster Pike, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, August 3. The five mile road race for the Philadelphia Challenge Cup, was run August 3, Merrihew winning in 16:30.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Carnival at Halifax, N. S., August 5-10.

England. One mile and 25 mile bicycle and 5 mile tricycle N. C. U. championships at Paddington, July 20. One mile and 25 mile tricycle and 5 mile bicycle N. C. U. championships at Paddington, July 27. Harrowgate Camp Meet at Harrowgate, Yorkshire, August 2-7.

Many persons who intend becoming cyclers are sometimes at a loss to discover the height of the bicycle (ordinary) most suited to them. For their convenience we append a list, which will be found approximately correct. Of course, it should be remembered that the length of leg determines the size of machine quite as much as the height of the rider,

A rider 4 feet 10 in. requires a bicycle 40 inch.

" 5 "	0	"	42 "
" 5 "	2	"	44 "
" 5 "	4	"	46 "
" 5 "	6	"	48 "
" 5 "	8	"	50 "
" 5 "	9	"	52 "
" 5 "	10	"	54 "
" 5 "	11	"	56 "
" 6 "	0	"	58 "

Novices should never ride a machine of any kind which is either too large or too small for them. Never be content till you get one which fits you exactly in every detail.



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.

- 406,661. July 9. E. Mohrig, San Francisco, Cal. Bicycle.
- 406,666. July 9. F. J. Pratt, Jackson, Miss. Velocipede.
- 406,445. July 9. T. B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill. Velocipede.
- 406,462. July 9. A. H. Overman, Newton, Mass. Brake for velocipedes.
- 406,581. July 9. O. Hansom, Worcester, Mass. Velocipede.
- 407,409. July 23. H. Lucas, Birmingham, Eng. Lamp for velocipedes.
- 407,623. July 23. S. J. Talbott, Milford, N. H. Velocipede sled.
- 407,740. July 23. H. B. Morrison, Britt, Iowa. Wrench.
- 407,876. July 30. J. E. Robinson, Oil City, Pa. Ice velocipede.
- 407,930. July 30. L. A. Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. Bicycle.
- 408,014. July 30. T. B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill. Velocipede.

NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

- 8,895. J. Whitely, Manchester. Improvements in bicycles.
- 8,934. C. Ranche, London. Improvements in the driving mechanism of velocipedes.
- 8,956. J. M. M. Trueffault, London. Improvements in tricycles.
- 9,049. F. Fontaine, Glasgow. Improvements in sociable cycles or velocipedes.
- 9,051. C. H. Parkes, London. Improvements applicable in the construction of bicycles, tricycles, perambulators, and such like machines.
- 9,193. A. W. Hirst, London. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
- 9,260. June 4. George Simpson. Anti-concussion rubber tires for cycles.
- 9,272. June 4. Richard Welch. Improvements in bicycles.
- 9,282. June 4. Hugo August Becker. Changeable gear for velocipedes and other vehicles driven by chains.
- 9,351. June 5. Charles Cumber. An improved method of securing spokes in certain kinds of cycle wheels and similar mechanism.
- 9,392. June 6. James Bowers. Improvements in convertible tandem safety beceples.
- 9,467. June 7. Robert Forbes and Frederick W. Forbes. A method of lighting cyclist's lamps with the aid of an ordinary lucifer match in any weather.
- 9,522. June 8. William Radcliff. Cyclist's trousers clip.
- 9,727. June 13. Richard Leach Holt. Safety and other bicycles.
- 9,900. June 17. V. P. Feyer. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 9,925. June 17. A. Bishop and S. W. Lewis. An improvement in the steering gear of bicycles and tricycles.
- 9,926. June 17. B. Neave. Improvements relating to cycles.
- 9,929. June 17. W. Brown. Improvements in bicycles.
- 10,138. June 21. G. A. Schoth. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 10,150. June 21. F. S. Buckinham. Improvements in tires and and rims of bicycles and like wheels.
- 10,161. June 21. D. R. Ashton and F. W. Brown. Improvements in combined or twin bicycles.
- 10,167. June 22. H. Simcox. An improved patent self-acting tricycle.
- 10,170. June 22. W. Fisher and E. Redman. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 10,215. June 22. W. Blakely. Improved power to assist the propulsion of bicycles and tricycles.

10,240. June 24. G. Butler and A. L. Parrock. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

10,245. June 24. M. Barr. Improvements in and relating to cycles.

10,276. June 24. F. Wheeler. Improved mechanism for producing rotary motion applicable for the propulsion of velocipedes and other vehicles and for driving machinery.

10,316. June 25. R. Blacklock. Improvements in cycle driving chains.

10,406. June 26. A. J. Black and W. Radford. Improvements in velocipedes.

10,438. June 27. R. F. Hall. Improvements in chain and chain wheels of velocipedes.

10,484. June 28. E. Scott. Enabling a bicycle and the rider to remain stationary in a given position without the latter alighting from the machine.

10,520. June 28. F. J. Lynham. Improvements in driving gear for bicycles and tricycles.

10,570. June 29. G. Biebuych. Improvements in velocipedes and cycles.

10,613. July 1. W. Brown. Improvements in or appertaining to bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

10,627. July 1. C. Smith. Improvements in the driving gear of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

10,647. July 2. J. Sherrin and J. V. Sherrin. Improvements in the application of primary batteries and electro motors to tricycles and other velocipedes.

10,732. July 3. J. McKenny. Improvements in the driving gear of bicycles and tricycles.

10,800. July 4. P. W. Davis. Improvements in velocipedes.

10,867. July 5. A. J. Boulton. Improvements in velocipedes.

10,880. July 2. J. W. Smallman. Improvements in safety mechanism for velocipedes.

COMING EVENTS.

August 10-24. Tour of the Scranton (Pa.) Club.

August 17. Ten mile road race of the South End Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, over the Montgomery Course.

August 18. Second Century run of the Buffalo Ramblers, from Erie to Buffalo.

August 19-25. Summer Carnival at Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

August 22. Handicap road race at East Greenwich, Conn.

August 24. Montreal Bicycle Club tournament at Montreal, Que. Fifty mile bicycle and one mile safety N. C. U. championships at Paddington, Eng.

August 26, 27. Virginia State Division Meet at Norfolk, Va.

August 31. St. Louis Bicycle Track Association Tournament.

Albany (N. Y.) Wheelmen's Tournament.

Run of Brooklyn Wheelmen to Hotel Massapequa.

September 2. Race meet of the Albany (N. Y.) Wheelmen.

September 2, 3. Tournament at Hartford, Conn.

Pennsylvania Division Meet at York, Pa.

September 4, 5. Tournament of the Hartford (Conn.) Wheel Club.

September 5. Twenty mile road race of the Hartford (Conn.) Wheel Club.

September 10, 11. Race Meet at Binghamton, N. Y.

September 13, 14. New York State Division Meet at New York and Brooklyn.

September 13. Fifty mile local road race, and fifty mile open road race, under the auspices of the Springfield (Mass.) Bicycle Club, over the Springfield-Hartford track.

September 20. Michigan Division Meet at Ypsilanti.

September 21. Michigan Division Meet races at Detroit.

September 24-27. Race meet of the Hudson County Wheelmen, of Jersey City, N. J.

October 4, 5. Peoria (Ill.) Bicycle Club Tournament.

Tournament of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, Pa.

October 8, 9. Cumberland County (Pa.) race meet at Carlisle.

October 23, 24, 28, 29. Tournament at Macon, Ga.

PARIS AND ITS EXHIBITION

IT IS, OF course, to be supposed there are a number of cyclers about to spend part of their holiday in Paris, and to thoroughly visit the largest and finest Exhibition the world has witnessed up to the present time, not forgetting many interesting and peculiar sights and scenes the "gay capital" can now offer to foreigners that like to honor France with their welcome presence. It may not be out of place in the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE to give some information for the edification of those wheelmen going to Paris; so from this point of view, we may venture to be of practical use to those pleasure bound. We would advise taking a machine, as it is to the benefit of the wandering pedal-pusher to ride part of the way to Paris, which is very enjoyable and the scenery beautiful, but we will not detail the towns and villages that may be passed through, and only advise that the "silvery streak" should be crossed by way of Newhaven and Dieppe, if they want to find good roads between London and Newhaven and from Dieppe to Paris, and not be bothered with the Custom House.

On arriving at Dieppe the cycle must be passed through the Customs, and it is best to tip one of the porters employed to pass articles on which duty must be paid through the *Douane*. Be careful to say you are going to the Exhibition, and that you will return with your machine to America. Then see that you get a document, on which should be specified the maker's name, number, and other features, so as to get it easily identified when it is examined on the return journey. The duty will be thus avoided, and you can get on the road without delay; but should the officials oblige you to pay, the tariff is 1 franc 20 centimes the kilo (two pounds weight), which is returned—less cost of stamps, paper, and other fees—when *la belle France* is left behind. The roads from Dieppe, by Rouen, to Paris are excellent, but too well known for our description, and there are so many books and guides that it would be a waste of valuable space to detail them over again here, so let us hurry on to the scene of action—Paris and its Exhibition.

When the capital is reached the first thing on the boards is to secure a bedroom in some comfortable hotel, but as every man has his own taste we will only give a few valuable hints as to the "secret" of getting a good *chambre*, allowing the visitors the choice of hotels in whichever neighborhood that pleases best. It is well to keep far and wide from the Exhibition surroundings, and get for preference near Nully in the Avenue de la Grand Armee, or away either side of the principal Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Faubourg Montmartre, where excellent hotels are numerous, and nice rooms may be obtained from three to five francs, according to the floors and position. A very reasonable neighborhood is within a few minutes walk around the Gare St. Lazare, the terminus station of the Western line on arriving by train from Dieppe. Before taking a *chambre* it is highly important to arrange the price per night, with *bongie* (candle) and attendance included in all hotels so as to avoid unpleasant surprises in the bills. Only use the bedroom to sleep in, and do not "worry the waiter" otherwise *pourboires* will become a necessity to keep him in good temper, as Frenchmen must not be overworked at the best of times. A very comfortable bedroom should be had for about five francs, everything included, such as candles and attendance; but, of course, "boots are tipped for" when leaving.

Having got fixed up with the sleeping part of the program, the next important item is the food, and we should advise some restaurant in the above mentioned neighborhoods, where one can get splendid breakfasts at about 2 francs 50 centimes, and dinners at 3 francs. This is at *prix fixe* (fixed prices.) On the Boulevards the most moderate restaurants are Duval's, or the *Bouillons Parisiens* and at either establishment—there are dozens about the city belonging to the same company—one can eat very well indeed, according to taste, appetite, and pocket. In the morning and evening, *cafe au lait* (coffee and milk) or tea may be had at any *cafe*, in any part, and the prices are reasonable and marked plainly on the saucers, so that one and all can easily manage this part of the business. We now consider our visitor sufficiently well informed on the preliminary, financial and personal necessities, so we will now seek for the "fresh fields and pastures new." Undoubtedly a safety or tricycle will be the cyclers friend in Paris, as it is difficult, not counting the

expense, bother, time and trouble, getting to and from the Exhibition in train or cab. The roads leading to the many entries are more or less good, and there are plenty of places in which to store away the machine, up to 11 P. M., close to the principal gates, and a "tip" or a very small sum is asked for stabling. We now get into the Exhibition, after buying a few tickets, which now cost about ten cents each, but of course we do not intend giving any details on the buildings or their contents.

The history and description of the Eiffel Tower, 300 metres high in the clear blue sky, the Central Dome, Palais des Machines, Rue de Caire, and other such wonders, are more than this humble pen could well scribe, so that visitors must see for themselves—then believe. All we can say is, one must follow the saying relating to Rome, "See the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889, then die in peace!"—(of course, when the time arrives.) We do not believe every evening will be spent at the Exhibition, as the principal sections are closed at six o'clock; then there are the gardens and hundreds of peculiar things to pass away hours, days, weeks; but cyclers are good at sight-seeing, generally, so we expect them to get about the Boulevards, and to some of the most magnificent places of amusement under the sun. The *Nouveau Cirque* is a wonderful place, and the model of a circus. In place of the horrible sawdust, which used to blind the persons in the front row, a splendid cocoanut mat is laid down, upon which a really first-class performance by the best clowns, horses, and other novelties is given; then—as if by magic—the cocoanut mat is taken up, and the floor descends, and beautiful clear water rises, leaving a lovely swimming bath, in which a comic pantomime is given. The whole building is well lighted with electric light, so it is nicely cooled. The other places should be seen; for instance, the *Hippodrome*, *Folies Bergere*, and the *Eden Theatre*—a really magnificent "palace-sort-of-theatre," and a building, with the *Opera*, Paris can well be proud of.

Getting across our "steel steeds," a ride up the wood paving of the Champs Elysees, a glance at the Arc de Triomphe may be indulged in one fine morning, then a run down the right-hand side of the Avenue de la Grande Armee (asphalte), where the many cycling depots are to be seen, and close to the Port Mailott, on the left side is the celebrated *Brasserie de l'Esperance*, where Parisian cyclers flock every evening and on all cycling occasions—in fact, it is the wheelmen's rendezvous. A spin through the *Bois de Boulogne* is a luxury not to be missed under any circumstance, as the roads are splendid, and the green foliage that covers the cool shady avenues is a delightful change after the "buzz" of fashionable Paris. The lakes and other pieces of water, surrounded by pretty trees of every hue, amongst which can be found first-class restaurants, where a thoroughly Parisian breakfasts can be had, served outside in some shady nook. The pleasures to be had out of a cycle around this wood are better realized than written, so we advise all to see if our words are true by bringing their cycle to Paris or riding same across the roads according to the route we have pointed out.

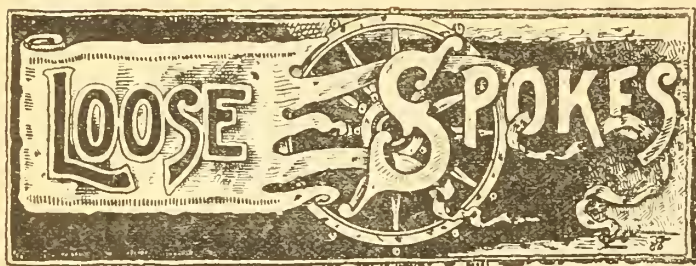
H. O. DUNCAN.

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF OPINION.



MR. HOGBACK. (reading *Natural History*.)—Talk about snakes attacking men! I don't take no stock in any sech lies.

(Convulsively, as an escaped bicycle tire gets in its work.)—Lemme go, Mister Snake, au' I'll take it all back an' apolergtize.



Harry Etherington, the former proprietor of *Wheeling*, is now located in Melbourne, Australia, where he is doing well.

A steam tandem bicycle, which has been attracting much attention in Brooklyn, N. Y., is to be on view at the Paris Exhibition.

Wearers of cork legs can now have hope, as we learn that Huntington Pa., boasts of a gentleman with a cork limb, who is an expert bicycler.

By an oversight we neglected to give *Outing* credit for that beautiful poem of Capt. Jack Crawfords', "Whar the hand o' God is seen," which we published in our last issue.

The Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago, have issued a very neat window card, to be used in offices, to indicate the hour at which they close. A copy may be had on application.

The Louisville (Ky.) Cycle Club, after about a year of wandering from place to place, has finally settled down at 716 Second Street and, from a local paper we learn that they are very comfortably located.

Dr. Agnew says that "a healthy woman can kill herself in a year by horseback riding or tricycling. She can kill herself in a month by eating but she is not going to let that fact prevent her from taking her regular meals.

From *The Daily Herald Democrat*, of Leadville, Col., we learn that William J. Morgan and Miss Maud Wharam, professionally known as Senator Morgan and Miss Oaks were married at that place August 3. We wish them every possible pleasure.

The youngest cycle club in Chicago is the Washington Cycling Club, which was lately organized by the young men of the West Side. They are fitting up elegant quarters at 653 West Adams Street, and it is their intention to make their club first-class in every particular.

We are in receipt of a photograph showing Wm. T. Robertson riding down the Capitol steps, at Washington, D. C., on an Eagle bicycle. This is a very dangerous feat, but has been successfully accomplished several times on unicycles, and Star, and Eagle bicycles.

An exchange thinks that if Solomon had seen a woman riding a bicycle he would not have declared that "there is nothing new under the sun." Perhaps not. But if he had seen a young man dashing along on a brand new bicycle, he would have had to admit that "there was something new under the son."

We have receive one of Wilgus' Patent Cycle Wrenches, and are very much pleased with it. The workmanship and finish is the very finest, and the receptacle for oil in the handle dispenses with an oil can in the tool bag. It will certainly pay every wheelman to examine this wrench at his dealers, or send to the manufacturers for circular.

"What's the matter with that man over there? To hear his lamentations, one would think he had been sentenced to be hanged."

"He has lost \$50 on a 'fake' race."

"But why doesn't he bear his loss like a man? What sort of a person is he? What is his business?"

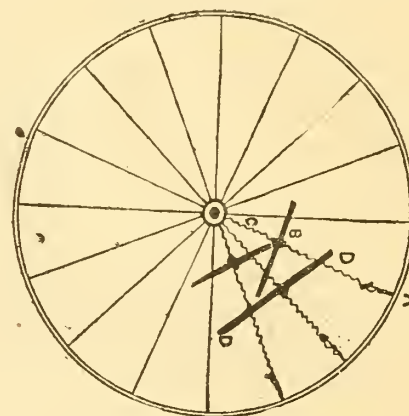
"He writes philosophy for an Eastern magazine."

SOME USEFUL TIPS.

WE ARE indebted to a correspondent, for the following useful tips which we hope may be of help to those cyclers who are unfortunate enough to meet with an accident on the road. We would advise all tourists to carry a piece of copper wire, as it is very useful in securing loose tires, and it may be used as a substitute for lost nuts, by binding round the thread of screws, for mending broken chains, etc., a strong knife will also be found very useful.

Especial attention is called to the following diagrams:

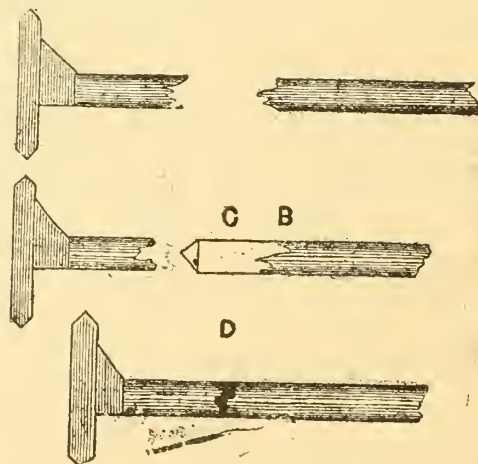
BROKEN SPOKES.



- A.—Spoke twisted to form loop.
- B.—Stick inserted between wires.
- C.—Wires twisted.
- D.—Ends of stick fastened in position.

Twist the ends of the broken spoke so as to form a loop close to the rim, attach a piece of copper wire or stout twine to the loop, and pass the end round two or three spokes under the hub, back through the loop, and fasten securely. Insert a piece of stick through the center of the wires or strings, and twist up to the required tension, fastening ends of stick securely.

BROKEN NECK IN SAFETY, OR BROKEN TUBES.



- A.—Broken tubes.
- B.—Tub with wood inserted.
- C.—Wood.
- D.—Tubes joined together.

Shape a piece of wood so as to fit tightly in the end of the tube in rear part of machine, leaving a few inches protruding. Unscrew the centers, and force the two broken parts together.

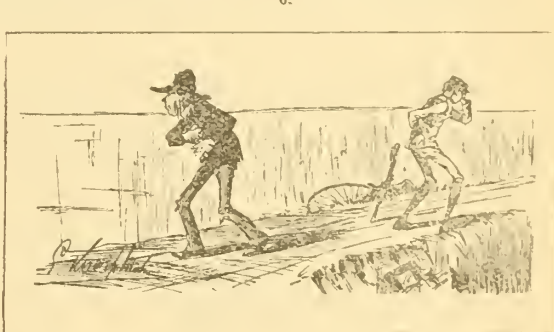
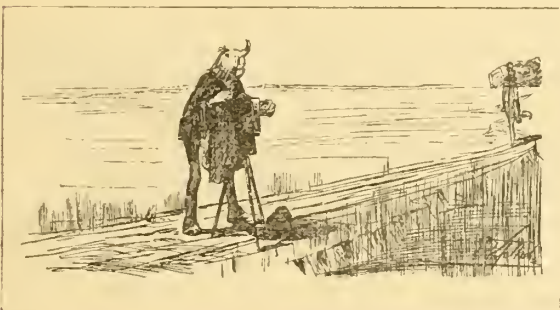
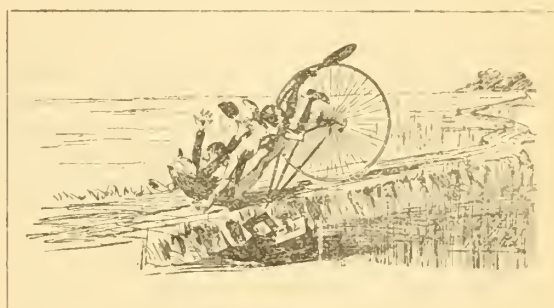
A travelling phrenologist announced that he could tell the profession or business of any man in the crowd by simply feeling his bumps.

"I'll fool him," said a fresh young man, advancing to the platform.

"You are," said the phrenologist, as his hand caressed several very pronounced and remarkable bumps, "you are an amateur bicycler."

Waiting for the word—an inopportune suitor.

THE TRIALS OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.



THE SWEET GIRL CYCLER.

THE PERSON who says that a girl does not look perfectly proper, modest and sweet as she glides along on her low-wheeled bicycle, ought to take a hand-glass and look on his back for moss; the chances are that he will find some. A girl can ride a bicycle—those low ones built especially for their use—with just as much propriety and a great deal less danger than she can ride a horse.

The position on a bicycle is more graceful than the one she occupies perched on a horse, supported by one foot in the stirrup and hanging on by one knee while she tries to sit square with the horse. There is not a moment of the time that a girl is on a horse's back that she is not in danger; the most trusty horse is uncertain, and so is the saddle girth. The bicycle can always be depended upon. It never kicks or shies sideways, and the saddle girth never breaks. Propelling is not as tiresome as walking nor as tedious as sitting still.

There is something delightfully independent and charming about a girl on a bicycle. She guides the machine along with such an air of confidence and self-possession. Her cheeks are red, her eyes shine and her whole appearance is of health and pleasure. You will find no foolish notions about a girl cyclist; she has good common-sense; she is practical, and withal, as gentle and charming as she can be. One longs to squeeze the plump gloved hand.

It has a good effect on her brothers and gentlemen acquaintances to have her go out riding with them. They are quiet and gentlemanly in her presence; they select the best part of the road for her

to ride over; they do not shout back and forth at each other or at boorish drivers who run them off the road. The rankest road-hog in the country will turn out for the sweet girl cyclist and give her the right of way.

The girl who can skillfully guide a bicycle is just the one who will skillfully guide the destinies of a home. She will be able to take an obstreperous youngster by the coat collar and straighten out the little kinks, or bind up the bruised finger, or soothe the aching head. Her tender solicitude, and loving kindness, will make a man's life worth living.

Gentlemen, lift your hats to the sweet girl cyclist. The fact that she rides a wheel, proves her worthy of your esteem.

In the September GAZETTE will appear an article on "How I CAME TO RIDE," by JOSEPH J. BLISS, of San Francisco, Cal. This article will be illustrated with an excellent portrait of the gentleman, who in a recent letter to the Editor, says that he considers the engraving we have, a remarkably good likeness.

Wife.—The Doctor says you mustn't work none for a month, but must take it kinder quiet like.

Husband.—Does he? Well I reckon he knows what's best.

"And he says you mustn't take any exercise so you will have to give up riding your bicycle."

"What? The durned old fool! Why he don't know beans if he thinks it's going to hurt a feller to ride his wheel."

A SERMON FOR CYCLERS.

DELIVERED BY REV. E. H. DELK, AT HAGERSTOWN, MD., JUNE 30, 1889.

SUNDAY evening June 30, about seventy five cyclers attended, by invitation, divine service in Trinity Lutheran Church. They were assigned to seats that were reserved for them, and gave close attention to the sermon, which all pronounced instructive, elevating and encouraging to the healthful pleasure of cycling. Rev. E. H. Delk, Jr, Pastor, preached an able sermon, taking for his text: "Watch, ye; stand fast in the faith; quit ye like men; be strong."—1st Corinthians, 16th chapter, 13th verse.

His sermon was chiefly impromptu, and was delivered with deep impressiveness. He started with the fact that we were on the eve of a great national event—great because it tends to the physical culture of the American people—physical, as the basis of all intellectual and moral work. In the course of his sermon he said the wheelmen had come to enjoy our beautiful valleys, to see our historical battlefields, for the exchange of fraternal greeting and for physical betterment.

In the midst of these festivities, it would be well for all to remember the Apostle's command, "Watch ye!" or in the wheelmans language, "Look out for a fall!" This is a warning for every day life, but doubly so now, for "men are merriest when away from home." Men do things in a crowd that they would never do at home. Our bars will be doubly manned, painted faces will be found on our streets, and snares will be spread for the thoughtless. Watch ye! Stand fast in the faith. Stick to your guide-book.

Most of our visitors come from Christian homes. Let us offer them the very best we can give—Christian example.

The guide-book calls to a faith in an over-ruling Providence. It arouses the conviction of the final triumph of righteousness. It stimulates the magnificent hope for the redemption of humanity. Other roads will be recommended, but stick to the old guide-book—the Bible.

Quit ye like men! This is the last word of the starter in the great race. In your sports let not trickery take the place of merit. Preserve the high tone of your League rules. Do not permit fun to degenerate into rowdiness. Be honorable gentlemen, upon the track as well as in the parlor.

Quit ye like men in your life's work! Your wheel must not be your master. Cycling, as a means of physical betterment, is good. But it cannot take the place of enthusiastic work and thoroughness in your chosen calling. Fitting illustration on this point was cited in the building of the great St. Louis bridge.

Your life's work will fall short of its full force and value unless it forms a part of your Father's work. At times this high calling seems like an impossible climb, but as you quietly take the hill with quiet determination, you shall reach the brow of the mountain and enjoy the exhilaration which comes through loyal endeavor.

Be strong. This is the purpose of your exercise. Christianity calls us into perfect manhood. It has been caricatured. It is not a religion for the dyspeptic, the invalid, and tottering age, but it is a call to sturdy youth. It demands of us the best and strongest from a physical, mental and moral standpoint.

Paul draws his illustrations from the foot race, from the boxing-match, from the battle-field. To what great uses can this God-given power be applied. You that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. In your grand procession of the coming Thursday remember there are other eyes that look down upon you besides those that peer from window and balcony. The eye of God is upon you, the noblest of earth and heaven, watching with deepening interest the trend of your life. Shall it not be said of you, he was strong and like unto the Son of God?

"A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge their way.

"Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

"The prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast;
When Victor's wreaths and Monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust."

HINTS ON PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR OUR GIRLS.

CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.



NEVER so fully appreciated the benefit of physical training for girls, as upon an occasion last summer at a New England sea-shore resort.

Two young ladies were playing tennis. Each had been brought up in a large city, and both were slender, for they had evidently grown rapidly. One was awkward in all her movements; the other grace itself. The graceful girl was straight as an arrow, moved with head erect and shoulders well thrown back, and was as lithe as a willow; while her companion, who was somewhat round shouldered, was very slow and uncertain in her movements, and naturely was the poorer player. Later I learned that the graceful one had for years practiced light gymnastics, under proper instruction, and besides, was fond of out-door life, and all forms of athletic recreation. The other had no physical training whatever, and but little opportunity for outdoor pastimes of any kind.

The graceful young lady invited me one day, to go out rowing with her, and I soon discovered that, in addition to other accomplishments, she was an expert oars-woman. And when, a few days after, I returned the compliment by inviting her to take the front seat on my tandem tricycle for a short spin she still further won my admiration by accomplishing a distance of over eight miles with so little fatigue, she was sorry, on the return, that we had not made a longer run.

While many people are naturally graceful, as others are by nature awkward, there are few who will not become more supple, stronger, healthier, and therefore better able to resist disease, by judicious physical training; and to a girl or woman, exercise is far more essential than to a boy or man, because so much of woman's life is spent within doors, and her employments are so exacting, and oftentimes so wearying. At our universities the importance of properly training the body as well as the mind is now fully recognised, and a sturdier manhood is the result. And it is a favorable sign of the times that the women of America are each year showing a greater degree of interest in the athletic movement, and begin to realise the possibilities for better health through plenty of fresh air and exercise.

My graceful sea-side acquaintance was the possessor of a strong, well developed pair of lungs; through use her muscles had grown hard and firm, and were in a healthy condition; and I am sure she could have taken a ride of twelve miles with me on the tricycle, that day, though a novice, as easily as she accomplished eight. What one girl can do another can do, and it matters little whether she practices in the gymnasium, indulges in walking, rowing, cycling or in field sports, if the habit of taking exercise is fairly acquired she will become interested in it, find it a source of pleasure, and in time be greatly benefited by it.

The chief difficulty is in making a beginning. What is the best form of exercise? is a question frequently asked. And there can be but one reply: "Such exercise as will develop alike all portions of the body." If one has a hollow chest and round shoulders the chest must be expanded and the lungs increased in size. If the arms and back are weak, these muscles must be strengthened; and if the muscles of the lower limbs are in such a condition that one must always rely on carriage or street car—unless there is organic trouble—they must be brought under the hardening process.

Thus it will be seen that there is no one best form of exercise. To attempt to train a girl's mind by forcing her to follow a single line of study, as Latin or mathematics for example, would be no greater folly than to try and develop her physically by a single form of exercise, as walking, or swinging Indian clubs. For some one who has never taken exercise systematically, the gymnasium is the best place to make a beginning, and in many of our large cities now there are gymnasiums either specially fitted for women's use, or where ladies can practice and receive instruction during certain

hours. Where there are no such places, I would advise that a dozen or more ladies in a community form a women's athletic club, fit up a small gymnasium, and employ a competent instructor, for a few hours each day; and my word for it, the small outlay will prove a far better investment in a very few months than if put into a Western mining stock or a sealskin cloak.

But here is an important point to note at the very outset. One cannot indulge in *any* form of physical exercise in tightly fitting garments or stays, and receive benefit from it. If you do not believe it, put an animal into stays and see with how much grace it will walk—until it falls or lies down.

The first thing to ascertain is the capacity of the lungs. How often do you draw a full breath? Can you, when standing with your arms and hands extended before you, and after taking a full inspiration, touch the knuckles behind the back without the tendency to cough? Can you touch the backs of the hands *at all*, in this position, or even make the elbows meet, without assistance? Try it reader, not once, but often; if you cannot accomplish it at first, keep it up till it is accomplished, and you will be surprised, in time to find you are not so round shouldered. Keep the head erect and the shoulders thrown back, filling the lungs as fully as possible at each breath; make a practice of doing so, and before long the chest will begin to expand, the lungs will demand more air, and with the blood better oxygenated, the eye will grow brighter, the cheek more ruddy, and the brain clearer.

Try different kinds of exercise. I should hardly recommend boxing for ladies, though there is no readier means of hardening the muscles of the chest, back, arms and neck; and it is a fact that both boxing and fencing are now considered essential elements in a woman's education for the stage, not only for the exercise they give, but as a means of acquiring a graceful carriage, and ease of movement.

Nor is special apparatus altogether essential. The story is told that the brother of one of our public singers, when a boy at school, was continually worsted in his fistic encounters with the other boys, and especially with the school bully. He stood it manfully for a time and then decided to get up his muscle and make it lively for his tormenters. He could not afford gymnastic appliances of any kind, so he gathered together in a corner of the yard a big pile of stones which several times daily he moved. After a few weeks or months of throwing them back and forth from one pile to another, he found himself in condition to resent the indignities which had been heaped upon him; and having learned so valuable a lesson in physical culture, he persevered until even the bully had a wholesome respect for him. However, the story merely illustrates a point, for it is not advised that a girl or woman should attempt such violent exercise as lifting several bushels of heavy stones twice a day.

Do you have sick headaches, or suffer from lassitude and weariness? Try walking. Not the kind of walking you do when shopping and the mind is absorbed in the monstrous little things of life, but a brisk walk for health, with a congenial companion, and one's thoughts upon pleasant themes, so there will be exhilaration as well as exercise. Dress for it; wear common-sense shoes; walk with head and shoulders erect, and let the arms swing naturally, not burden them holding up a trailing skirt, or in any other manner. Walk a couple of miles at first, if it is a new experience, gradually increasing the distance, and some day a walk of ten or twelve miles—the usual limit of some of my athletic lady friends—will be accomplished easily.

Would you walk gracefully, with an elastic step, practice at home in slippers, this movement; first, stand squarely up on the soles of the feet; then alternately raise and lower the body upon the ball of the foot and the toes, making the movement deliberately and regularly, for several minutes. Or better, if one has access to the gymnasium, try a somewhat similar movement upon the spring-board.

The advantages of physical culture by out-door recreations, where they may be employed, over gymnasium work are two-fold; one is sure of pure air and plenty of it, and the mind is more agreeably occupied. In fact, I think the mind has quite as much to do with the beneficial results which usually follow out-door exercise as the pure air.

While upon the subject of fresh air, a word should be said con-

cerning house ventilation. To spend an hour or more walking out of doors in the morning, and eight hours at night in an ill-ventilated sleeping apartment, is decidedly a wrong course to follow if one would grow strong. There are very few persons who cannot readily accustom themselves to open windows summer and winter, if the change is brought about gradually, and their own prejudices are overcome. At twenty the writer was thought a fit subject for consumption, if indeed he had not already contracted the disease. That was years ago, but by vigorous doses of fresh air—so much cheaper and more palatable than cod liver oil—all consumptive tendencies have been eradicated, and other athletic exercise has brought health and strength. Under the very best sanitary conditions, a house with modern improvements cannot be as healthy as one without; and as the evil of the present civilization enters into the construction of all modern houses, too great precaution cannot be taken in this direction.

On this account, after one has learned to exercise properly, out-door sports of all kinds are urged where possible.

I know a lady who weighs less than one hundred pounds, who can almost stand under my arm, who is a semi-invalid and unable to take exercise by walking, but she has ridden twenty miles in a day on a tricycle, and twice that distance upon the tandem; and her physician says it has been of great benefit to her. There are many like her, to whom the tricycle has been a precious boon, as affording the only means available to them of taking exercise in the open air. In such cases as the above, the occupation of the mind with the interesting things in nature—the pleasant sights and sounds of the country, as the rider saunters leisurely along with comparatively little muscular effort, while drinking in the pure health-giving air—goes far in effecting release from pain and suffering. And for the woman in ordinary health, but who is worn with household cares, and the vexations that come into a busy life, there is no better means of elevating the spirits, filling the lungs with oxygen, and making healthy muscle, than a reasonable use of the tricycle.

In the indulgence of this kind of physical culture there is the advantage of perfect support to the body, in a restful position, while the limbs are free for the work put upon them. The muscles of many parts of the human machine are brought into healthy play, and the exhilaration of slipping through space by one's own exertion is a most inspiring kind, which must be experienced to be fully appreciated. There are now so many good makes of wheels for ladies use and so many ladies are riding, that a general interest in the sport is inevitable.

As to field sports, little may be said here. Archery is not as popular as it should be. Croquet beyond keeping people out of doors, never was a very desirable sport from the athletic point of view, as its tendency is to make a player round-shouldered, and beside there is very little exercise in it. Tennis though justly popular, goes to the other extreme, and on this account should be practiced with caution by some ladies. Taken moderately it is a good exercise, as well as a fascinating recreation. I would not advise young ladies to take up foot-ball because the same results can be obtained through other and less boisterous means; nor is base-ball a desirable feminine accomplishment, notwithstanding that passing the ball from one to another, in a game of toss-and catch, is good exercise for the hands and arms, as well as good practice for the hands and arms, as well as good practice for the eye.

Riding is not an exercise, but a means for taking the out-door air, though driving, particularly with a high-spirited horse may tend to develop the arms and back muscles. Horseback riding would be a splendid exercise, were it not for the senseless and unnatural position in which the custom requires that a lady should sit upon a horse. In view of all the charming books that have been written upon this theme, I know I am treading upon dangerous ground to venture such opinions; but the truth is, that, if statistics could be gathered on the subject, we would be appalled at the number of invalids among the women of to-day who can trace their sufferings back to ill-advised equestrian exercise in girlhood, and to the cramping, straining and twisting *side-saddle*—cruel alike to horse and rider. There is but one natural and healthful way to mount a human being upon a horse, the manner in which many Eastern ladies are often required to ride in far Western mountain climbing and exploration where mustangs are used—pretty and appropriate costumes being provided for the

purpose. An acquaintance, an Eastern lady of culture, who was formerly a great lover of horseback riding, tells me she never fully appreciated the delights and benefits of the exercise until she rode as men ride, during a journey of several weeks in the Sierras, in company with a large party of ladies and gentlemen. And since her return she has given up horseback riding, because she will never again go back to the "horrible side-saddle". Until the time comes when custom (which can sanction an evening decollete dress) will allow this in the East, the majority of women should forego horseback riding.

Among the purely summer sports which afford delightful means of taking exercise may be mentioned rowing and swimming. The latter, perhaps, should stand first, for in itself it is a perfect form of physical culture, because it employs arms as well as lower limbs, uses the muscles of the chest, back and hips, and develops the lungs. But above all, it is a means of preserving human life in case of accident. Every girl and boy should be taught to swim, and the earlier the better. The movements are easily acquired, and with a little practice they may be accomplished naturally and without great effort. A woman learns the motions readily, floats easily, and as a rule is more graceful in the water than a man, and may even make a fair long distance swimmer.

Rowing is a capital form of athletic exercise, and quite beneficial when taken with some other forms, as its tendency is to develop the muscles of the hips and lower limbs rather than the arms and chest. As in walking it should be practiced, however, with head and shoulders well thrown back, to avoid cramping the lungs and should not be overdone.

A great deal of healthful out-door enjoyment in the summer season, may be gotten out of touring, either on foot, by means of boat or canoe (as along the shores of many of our larger rivers), or by means of the tricycle. The trampers are the most independent in one sense, being usually hampered with but little baggage or other impediments, the journey may be broken or even discontinued at any point, and the return be made by rail without trouble. The boat, canoe and cycle, however, must be cared for, though the use presents possibilities for enjoyment that are almost boundless. The aquatic conveyances suggest the delights of camping, and in a new spot each night—with fishing and cooking thrown in as amenities. They suggest also sketching, amateur photography; field rambles, and explorations in many picturesque localities. Summer vacations have been spent in this way by nature-loving girls, and the story of their experiences would prove most charming reading.

The cycle as a touring machine has already established its record, as many delightful journeys by ladies and gentleman, in our own country and Europe, will bear witness. Tours of two thousand miles have been made in a summer all necessary baggage being carried upon the machine with the travellers, and I have in mind a tour last season in Europe where over sixty miles were accomplished in a single day—and before taking up cycling, the lady had been an invalid for years. Journeys of several days duration, occasionally by parties of a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen, are now so common that there are few lady cyclers, who have not enjoyed such an experience. And what does a tricycle tour of this description imply? Delightful social intercourse as well as exercise and the enjoyment of rural scenery along the road; tremendous appetites and good digestion; pleasant gatherings in the hotel parlor, when the machines have been cared for, and the dust of travel removed, to tell over the various experiences of the day; refreshing sleep and a jolly reunion at the breakfast table on the morrow; the bustle of preparation for another day's journey; the musical notes of the leader's whistle; the mount, and away again to new scenes, new delights and new experiences. If you don't believe life is worth living, reader, test this matter this summer by taking a tricycle tour with a company of congenial friends.

Then the winter sports should become more popular, wherever there is sufficient snowfall to admit of their practice. Snowshoeing is hard work at first, and would try the strength of many of our American girls who are unused to walking. But the girl with athletic tendencies, who can take an eight mile summer tramp, and come home refreshed rather than unnaturally fatigued, need have no fears for putting on the snowshoes and tramping off with congenial companions, to see how the forests look in winter. And see how

many city girls, think you, have ever gazed in nature's eyes, so to speak, when the good old dame is wrapped in the snowy mantle of winter.

To conclude: There are few forms of exercise practiced by men at the present day that women may not indulge in, if she practices them judiciously. The main thing is to get up an interest in the subject; ascertain the kind of exercise that is most desirable, and after making a beginning, let it become as much a part of the daily routine as the bath or one's breakfast. Exercise out of doors regularly, keeping the indoor air as fresh and pure as possible; and above all things, let recreation be for the mind as well as the body. Then will one grow handsome, graceful and strong.

AT THE RACES. *First Wheelman*.—That was a splendid race wasn't it?

Second Wheelman.—Yes, magnificent.

"By the way do you remember what the time was?"

"No, I don't believe I heard."

"Er, do you remember who it was that won?"

"Um, no. I hadn't a very good seat you know."

"Splendid race."

"Yes, magnificent."

AT HIS BEST. *Speetator*.—You ride your bicycle remarkably well my boy.

Small Boy.—Humph! You ought to see me eat.



A CYCLING EVEN SONG.

*When the light and shade in repose
Sink into rest.*

*When the sun close to earth throws his arm
Clear round the West;*

*When the last kiss of even no more
Clings to the sky;*

*Soft whispers breathed by the night
Call cycle and I.*

*Cycle, trusty cycle,
Where now wilt wander;*

*Soft waves break
On the beach yonder.*

*Shore, and hill, and valley,
Wait for our visit;*

*Spray, and mist, and shadow,
Which now is it?*

With the heart and mind in delight

*Ride we away,
Through the last ling'ring moments that night
Digns to give day,*

*With the breath of evening around us,
And over head;*

*Glintings of night lights questioning
If day light be dead.*

*Cycle, trusty cycle,
Where now wilt wander.*

*Soft waves break
On the beach yonder;*

*Shore, and hill, and valley,
Wait for our visit;*

*Spray, and mist, and shadow,
Which now is it?*

CHRIS WHEELER.

THE WESTPORT CONNECTION. OR, HOW THE ATHLETE BROKE HIS BACKBONE.

BY "SHANKSEY."



NUMBERING, as it does, in its membership, so many of the local choice spirits, our cycling club has always had a jolly time at its fortnightly meetings and many are the good stories told and retold in front of the open fire-place of the club-room as the boys pass the "growler" around, and munch nuts, etcetera from the store on the corner. For fear of misapprehension I will explain that the "growler" is a huge "loving cup", won from the Westport club, in a hare and hounds chase on wheels, last summer, and thus put to an appropriate use. Now the following sketch is the result of these stories, polished up with a little of that glamour which it is the privilege of every story-writer, however inexperienced to use. The main facts can be relied upon as true, more or less.

If I were forced to confine myself to the conventional method of story-writing I should commence about two chapters from the real beginning and write backwards about that far, but to me this would be about as hard as riding backwards on one wheel, so I'll start at "mount" and keep right on through to "dismount,"—unless I take a header.

To begin; the other night there was an exciting fire down in the lower part of our town, in a lumber yard in the rear of the residence of Mayor George Pukins. Nobody knows what started it, but Mayor George himself discovered it, and like the self possessed gentleman that he is, quietly called his wife Marha to give the alarm, for Mayor George, was laid up in his room with a crushed foot, and unable to walk. If there is any department in the city support that Mayor George takes a fatherly interest, or puts complete reliance in, it is the fire department, and especially at the approach of election day. He watches over, and takes pride in their drills, and applauds their efficiency, and although the largest property owner in town, nobody accuses him of selfishness. The demon of fire has no chance when his favorite gets fairly started, and such a thing as a destructive fire has not been known since the regretfully remembered days of the old "machines," for we now have the high pressure system and need nothing more than plenty of hose and a good hook and ladder company. So that when Mayor George, sitting by his rear window that lovely summer evening saw a puff of heavy pine smoke and a dull red glimmer of flames coming from one of the huge lumber piles in the yard adjoining his own he didn't get excited and yell as most men would have done. Oh, no. He remembered his favorite department, and calling his wife, said in an ordinary tone.

"Be quick, Marty—now don't faint or get frustrated. There is a fire over there in the lumber—go down to the telephone, quick, ring up the surveyors' office and tell them to give the alarm."

Marty is a healthy sensible woman, and although she showed some fright at first, quickly regained her presence of mind, darted downstairs, and followed out her husband's directions.

"Now," said Mayor George, when she came back, taking out his watch, "You'll see how well those boys work. There's always some of them sitting around the fire house in the evening, and I'll give them four minutes to get here."

As he spoke the alarm bell rang out on the quiet of the night. One,—Two,—Three, nearly four minutes passed, and then with a confused jangle of its harsh bells, the hose carriage dashed around the corner of the rear street, followed a few seconds later by the hook and ladder company, and by the time the latter had battered in the padlocked gate, the former were ready to turn on the water, and under the directions of the white helmeted Chief, were making dispositions to do battle with the Fire Fiend, who meantime had begun to make himself forcibly known.

When everything was ready the Chief climbed up on a pile of lumber and gave the signal to the man at the hydrant to "let her go."

He "let her go," but in an instant all was terrible excitement. There was no water. The expression on the faces of the nozzlemen was ludicrous, when, instead of the struggling stream which they had braced themselves a sickly jet about four feet long dribbled

uselessly from the nozzle. The Chief divined in an instant what the trouble was. The "Works" had given out at a critical moment, and eight miles away at that. The fastest horse in town couldn't do that distance in less than an hour, and then probably the break down was too serious to mend. Their only hope was in the Westport Connection, six miles away.

"Chief, Chief," shouted somebody.

Mayor George was at the window, and had realized the trouble instantly. The Chief heard him above the din.

"Send a man here that can drive—take my horse he's out in front of the house—drive like the devil—turn on the Westport Connection—break the box to pieces if he has to."

Almost before he had finished the Assistant Chief, an active young fellow by the name of Jack Smith, was driving the Mayor's horse drawing the light buggy for all it was worth, on the way to the Cross Roads, six miles away.

The Westport Connection is the joining of water systems of our neighboring town of Westport and our own. A connection had been made at the Turnpike Cross Roads, so that by means of a valve the water from either could be turned into the others pipes. The signal for Fire Pressure, fortunately was identical in both systems and given by merely turning the water on and off once quickly, the signal being given automatically in the pumping station. After sending off Jack Smith, the Chief went to work with a will to make the best of the means at hand. The fire was increasing at every moment. The truck company was at work trying to pull down, and out of the way, some of the piles of lumber, and the hose company, assisted by citizens, established a line of buckets to a neighboring cistern, but very little good was accomplished. The timber was as dry as tinder, and the fire, dispute their utmost exertion was commencing to assume alarming proportions. Even Mayor George lost some of his wonted calmness. His house commenced to be unpleasantly warm, and the gum was running out of the knots in the side next the fire, not to mention the smoke which filled every room. Marty hurriedly packed up her silver and a few portable heirlooms, and prepared to decamp, and the Mayor himself, finally hobbled painfully downstairs on his crutches.

The firemen's hose, meantime was lying neglected, where it had been dropped against the fence, with the nozzle pointing high in the air, and the fire had been under way nearly a quarter of an hour. The news of the trouble with the water had spread with the wind, which latter, by the way, had increased considerably, and complicated the situation, and a large and excited crowd was gathering. Could Jack Smith reach the cross roads in time? everybody asked his neighbor.

As I said the hose was forgotten. Imagine the astonishment of the crowd, which they announced with a great shout, when a fine stream gushed out of the unattended nozzle, and into the upper window of the Mayor's house, nearly drowning the panic stricken servant girl, who was tearfully gathering her things together, ready to get out on short notice, and nearly washing the gardener, who was on the roof, wetting down the sparks, off into the yard. The hose was recaptured, and in a few minutes the worst was over.

Mayor George increased his popularity greatly by opening a barrel of good cider, and improved the opportunity to make a little speech out of the parlor window, complimenting the Department, and also took occasion to get a sly rap at the economical city father had opposed him in his desire for a duplicate pump at the "Works."

When he finished, the Chief took him on one side and said. Look here, Mayor, there's something queer about all this. The Cross Roads are a good six miles from here, now that water came in just fifteen minutes from the time Jack Smith left. What do you make out of it? Can your horse trot six miles in a quarter of an hour? I rather guess not. Either some body got there ahead of Jack Smith or we've got an awfully incompetent engineer at the works, and there was no break down at all. This thing puzzles me a good deal. If that fire had had another fifteen minutes headway, there'd have been lively times in this little town, and don't you forget it. You had a very narrow escape as it was.

Just then Jack Smith drove up and the whole story came out, but I'd rather tell it in the words of the principal actors themselves, as they told it to us at the club, for they were both wheelmen, and

the jolliest of the jolly.

Ned the Athlete, has a strong and lasting reputation for impecuniosity, and anybody familiar with him may judge of the amazement of the club, when at the last meeting he rode up and dismounted from a splendid new Light Roadster. Everybody knows that he has ridden his old machine for four or five seasons and he got it second hand at that. He wouldn't give the boys any satisfaction about his new one, and they were on the point of marching him off to the nearest ice cream saloon, when the Club Dude yelled at him.

"Look here old man, I'm going to tell the boys the whole story. It's too rich to keep, even this cool weather. Come upstairs fellows bring Ned with you, and I'll tell you one of the queerest tales you ever heard."

Nobody knew what was coming, but between them all they got Ned into the building.

"You remember," said the Dude, after all had taken seats, the night of the fire down behind the Mayors. Well that evening I was down at Williams, the Surgeon's office, where the telephone station is. Several of the boys dropped in, and we were having a jolly time when George, the office boy ran in and said: 'Mr. Williams the water wont run, there's sumthin' the matter.'

"Williams hurried out to return in a few minutes with an anxious look on his face saying: 'There's something the matter at the "Works," there's no pressure on the pipes. Thank goodness the blame wouldn't fall on me if anything should happen. I've done all I could. I got a man to drive out to the Cross Roads and open the Connection. I only wish I had our new telegraph working, they could send a man from the o'her end a good deal quicker. The line is up for seven miles and a half, and will be complete in a day or two.' Adding parenthetically, 'this is the safest country I ever saw, Why I've been using a telegraphic key board at the end of the line as we go along, and never think of bringing it home. It's out there now, and—'

"Somebody rang him up, and he went out into the 'phone room.

"Telegraphy has always been a hobby of mine, and Ned and I used to have a little line of our own, between our houses, and both became quite expert at it. A thought struck me. I knew that Ned had gone out on the turnpike, with his wheel, to call on a certain young lady, whom I wont name, who is staying near the "Works." Allowing that his call was to end at 9:30 by the old lady's clock, sharp, he ought to pass the end of the wire in about ten minutes. What if I could catch him on the wire and give him some facetious message.

"Here we were startled to hear Williams in the 'phone room, after a violent ringing of the bell, ejaculate. 'Good God!—speak distinctly,—where did you say?—Jacksons' lumber yard!'

"With that he dashed into the room yelling, 'Fire! boys, Fire!' and before you could say it, the building was deserted by all but me.

"Williams face was blanched, and he trembled like a leaf.

"'Stay here, Sam for Heaven's sake. That man will never get there on time. I'll have to ride out myself. I'll kill that old mare to do it,' and out he dashed and in a moment I heard the sounds of his horses' hoofs as he rode desperately away.

"The thought of that key-board struck me again. If I could catch Ned on the wire, he'd have at least five miles start of the others.

"Running to the key I switched on the current and commenced repeating over and over Ned's old call of, 'Ned—Ned—Ned.'

"I heard the noise of the firemen in the street, five minutes passed, and it seemed like an age, I was almost ready to give up from fatigue and excitement, when suddenly I felt the key moved by some other power than my own, and my hair rose up straight.

"Sharp and clear came, 'Who are you?'

"I replied, 'Sam, here in the office.'

"'What's the matter?'

"'There's a fire in Jackson's lumber yard, and the water has given out. Don't get excited, but do just as I tell you, the safety of the town depends on it. Ride down to the Cross Roads, break open the big box on the bank, and give the fire signal, then open the valve wide.'

"'All right,' came back.

"Then my anxiety got the better of me and I closed up the office and ran down to the fire, and got there just in time to see that girl

doused."

"Now Ned it's only fair that you should tell your part of the story."

Ned is of so retiring a disposition that it took most direful threats to make him open his mouth.

"Well boys," said he, "If I must, I must, I suppose. To begin with, that business about 9:30 is surely one of Sam's jealous slanders. I was afraid the moon would go down and leave me out on that bad stretch of road. I had my old wreck with me that night, and it was mighty uncertain work in the dark. I got along very well, however and was coming down that long hill by the Church, thinking over various things, when I heard quite distinctly on the clear night air, the tick of a telegraph key.

"I dismounted from curiosity and traced the sound to a telegraph pole almost hidden in the edge of the wood.

"My hair almost raised my cap off my head when I heard, rapidly repeated my old call: 'Ned—Ned—Ned.'

"Without a moments delay I shinned up the pole to the key on its little shelf, ten feet above the ground.

"When I got Sam's message I nearly dropped off the pole, and could hardly mount my machine, I was in such a state of mind.

"Once in the saddle I rode with terrible energy, which only increased when on coming up out of the hollow, I came in sight of the ruddy and increasing illumination on the horizon.

"As I neared the Cross Roads I was so excited I could hardly sit in the saddle, and soaked in a cold perspiration. In my haste I nearly rode by the valve box, and in an effort to back-pedal took a swift header into the gutter, narrowly escaping landing on the box itself, and snapping the back-bone of my wheel off close under the saddle. I used the old tube to pry off the big padlock, gave the signal, turned on the water full, and that's all I knew for awhile, until Williams' man Jack Smith, and about fifty farmers, armed to the teeth and under the impression that a thief hunt was under way, drove up at a terrible pace, with the worst looking lot of horses you ever saw.

"Jack Smith brought my wheel home for me in the Mayor's buggy, and yesterday morning I found that new wheel in the hall when I come down stairs. The tag said: "With the thanks of the City, through Mayor George Pukins," Of course I accepted."

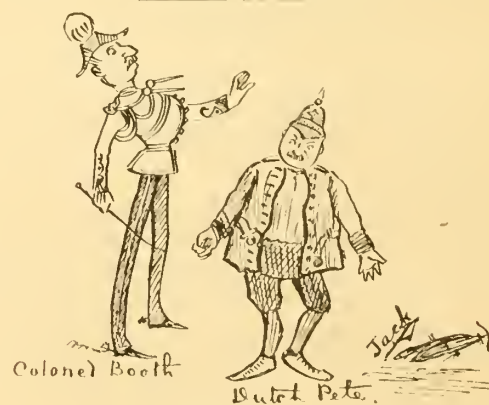
"The Dude, over there, got a—"

"Three cheers for Ned the Athlete," shouted Sam, and they were given with a will.

Clerk.—Can you let me off this afternoon to go to the cycle races?

Employer.—What! Have you buried your last relative?

If a man wants to know how many frienes he has among the ladies, the only thing necessary is for him to get a tandem tricycle.



"Dutch Pete" when he is asked to take a little run out to Montana and see what the enemy is doing. N. B.—The enemy consists of a few cow-boys who are painting the town red. "Nothing is more practicable than the cycle in war," said Col. Booth, of the Salvation Army, who has never seen the frontier roads, but supposes they have a macadam surface. That's what makes military cycling such a huge joke.

A MOB OF KOORISH WOMEN.

Who ever heard of a traveller falling into the hands of a mob of women? We read now and then of some traveller being attacked by a mob of Chinese, or falling into the hands of Italian or Turkish brigands, of being murdered or detained a prisoner by some uncivilized Asiatic or African potentate, but the attacking parties are always composed of men.

In most Eastern countries, and particularly among the half-civilized peoples, the women are usually kept well in the background. The traveller only sees them on the streets of the cities he visits, moving about in a shy and quiet way, with their faces closely veiled. It is so in Turkey, Egypt, Persia, Arabia, and Afghanistan, and in all Mohammedan countries.

My bicycle journey around the world, however, differed from an ordinary tour, inasmuch as it took me to many out of the way regions and strange places, seldom visited by other travellers. It took me at times among wild tribes and obscure races, to whom the sight of a European was a novelty as great as a genuine Zulu warrior would be to the readers of this paper.

Consequently I saw and experienced many strange things that do not usually fall to the lot of the globe trotter who pursues his journeyings in the ordinary manner over well beaten routes. One of the strangest experiences was, as I have intimated, falling into the hands of a mob of women.

It was while making my way through one of the wildest sections of country in Western Persia, known as Persian Koordistan, that I found myself among a tribe of wild Koords. These people roam the deserts of Koordistan with their flocks and heads, living in big black tents of woven goat hair.

It is considered very unsafe for a traveller to venture among these half-savage nomads alone, and the governor of the province usually sends an escort of soldiers to guard a person through the territory. The Pasha Khan of Ovahjik wanted to send an escort with me, but I always found an escort a nuisance, owing to the necessity of moderating my own speed to the ability of their horses.

Over the smooth camel trails of the level, gravelly deserts it was no trouble for me to cover sixty miles or more in a day with the bicycle, whereas the horsemen would never want to travel more than about thirty. This annoyed me, and I preferred to risk venturing into the Koordian country alone.

Although they are not to be trusted, and are freebooters by nature and instinct, these wild children of the Persian deserts are very hospitable. So long as one is beneath the shelter of the chieftain's tent, both his person and property are held sacred. No sooner does the traveller start on his journey again, however, than he is liable to be overtaken and robbed by his hosts of an hour before.

The first night I spent in the Koordish tents I was treated hospitably; but before riding two miles, I was intercepted by two stalwart ruffians who intended to rob me, and would have done so had I not drawn my revolver and, holding it ready pressed steadily on. They hesitated a moment and then, to my great relief, turned back in the direction of the tents, and I saw them no more.

Early in the evening of the second day among the Koords, I reached a camp of about twenty tents, occupying a range of low hills. From the rude, uncivilized appearance and demeanor of those whom I passed in making my way to the camp, I could see at once that they were a rough crowd; but there was no other place to go, so I had to seek the hospitality of their tents, whether I liked the outlook or not.

The chief of the camp I found was absent on a visit to some other branch of the tribe, many miles away. In the absence of the chieftain, one of the elders usually takes upon himself the office of entertaining guests. In this particular camp, however, there seemed to be no well regulated arrangements of any kind.

One of the men motioned me into the nearest tent, and by and by a young woman brought me a bowl of clabbered goat-milk and a dish of pillau (boiled rice, or wheat) and herbs. She was a girl of most singular and striking appearance.

She was certainly not less than six feet tall—a very great stature for a woman—and her eyes were round and wild-looking, like the eyes of a cat, or more correctly, of some wild animal. So strangely

like a wild animal's eyes were they in shape and expression, that it seemed to me as if they would most assuredly turn green and shine in a dark room like a cat's eyes.

All the women in the camp now came flocking about me, to take a curious look at the stranger from Frangistan, riding on the iron horse. They were a wild-looking lot of females. Many of them had their unkempt locks dyed to a fiery red, or "carrotty" hue; and this, with the peculiar, savage expression of their eyes, made them look as ferocious as so many human tigresses. All or them had these round, staring eyes; never before had I seen such an array of wild-animal orbs—no, not even in the Zoo at Central Park.

As they stood there watching me eat with the greatest curiosity I dimly recollected reading, when a boy, about travellers being waylaid and captured on the road by bands of these tiger-eyed Koordish women. I remembered smiling and thinking the stories nothing but "travellers tales" at the time, but I could see plainly enough then that these women were capable of anything that tigresses are capable of.

Although everything seemed to be managed in a loose, haphazard way in this camp, no order, no mannerliness about anything, they gave me some sheep skin to sleep on, and in the morning something more to eat.

When about mounting my bicycle to start, about twenty women came racing from the different tents, shouting and laughing like a lot of rude school-boys let out of school for a half holiday. From the manner in which they issued from the tents, it was very plain that they had planned it all beforehand.

With much boistrous hilarity they surrounded me, and refused to let me go. If I attempted to break away from them, some would seize the bicycle, and others cling to my garments. They seemed to take a rude, boistrous delight in dancing about and worrying me, at though I were a rat and they a gang of puppies barking and capering shout. They were a ferocious looking lot of women, and their object was, very plainly, to overpower and rob me.

One of them jammed my helmet down over my eyes, and several tugged away at my coat to try and pull it off, believing, no doubt, that my money would be found in the pockets. Several times I broke loose, but they would form a ring about me again at once.

I was at a loss what to do. The men had all taken themselves off, evidently on purpose to leave the field clear for the women to rob me. One could not very well use his revolver on women, nor even use violent measures of defence. No American or Englishman worthy of the name would strike women, even though, like these wild Koordesses, they might be bent on doing him violence.

At length, after trying in vain to escape, I bethought me of a little strategy that would perhaps secure my freedom. Most of the money I had with me was in Turkish gold coins, concealed in a money-belt beneath my clothes. In a small leather case which I carried on the bicycle, however, I had a bag of native silver coins, which I needed to pay the incidental expenses of the road.

Bidding my tormentors keep quiet a minute by an impressive gesture, for I don't know a word of their language, I took out this bag of coins, showed them it was all the money there was in the in the case, and distributed it among them. They seemed to be but partly satisfied at this; evidently they expected to obtain a richer booty than a handful of silver pieces.

But although reluctant to let me go, they offered a less determined front than before, and I finally broke away from them. Springing into the saddle, I hastened to make good my escape; but I had to be pretty lively about it, for several of the more determined of these wild-eyed women came racing after me almost as swiftly as deer. It was a unique experience, and one that I shall not be likely to soon forget, this adventure with a mob of Koordish women.

THOMAS STEVENS.

"Gracious, but what a start you gave me," said the racing man, as his starter pushed him off three lengths behind the rest of the crowd.

"I never was so upset in my life," ejaculated the wheelman, as he crawled from under the three bicycles that had piled up on top of him during a race.

A SAMPLE PAGE FROM A COLLEGE PAPER.

DUDE COLLEGE ECHO.

23

OUR POETICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE MAIDEN AND THE SOPHMORE.

An Idyl.

BY "BEETSY."

*Oh the maiden was fair, and the Sophmore fresh,
 Oh, ho, tra la, la, la!
 And that's how he got into such a fine mess,
 Tra la, la la, la loo!
 For he bowed to the maid with a dignified air,
 And, unnoticed his bicycle struck a rock, and he fell,
 And his heels went flying up in the cool air,
 Tra la, la la, la loo!*

FINIS.

OUR PICTORIAL DEPARTMENT.



A SPECIMEN OF BINKS '91's WORK IN THE LINE OF
 PHOTOGRAPHY. QUERY. IS BINKS A SUCCESS?

Just why a man should be ashamed to own that he is injured by a fall, we don't see, but ninety-nine men out of a hundred, on getting up from a fall off their bicycle will lie like a freshman, and say: "Not hurt a bit," when in truth they are bruised and skinned in over twenty places.

A dude that smokes cigars is looked upon by his associates as quite an athlete.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

Pay
 Your
 Subscription.
 Where is '92?
 Items are scarce.
 More in our next.
 Jimmie is getting bald.
 Pay up your subscription.
 Who stole Binks, '85's tool
 bag.

Do you row in the 'Varsity
 Crew?

Everything is quiet on the
 campus.

Pay your subscription to
 the *Echo*.

Are you entered in the bi-
 cycle handicap race?

Somebody hurt their ankle
 in the Gym. last week.

Will Jimmey Mundy ever
 learn to ride his safety?

Conundrum. When is a
 bicycle not a bicycle. When
 it is a safety.

Conundrum.—What bicy-
 cle is the most popular among
 the Seniors. Read the answer
 in the "Stars."

It is stated on good author-
 ity that Woody offers each
 man twenty - five cents who
 will accept one of his photo-
 graphs.

The chummiest fellows in
 the club to-day are Bauers
 and Humphreys, both having
 had their wheels come to grief
 last week. They say walking
 is plenty good for them.

"Byron, my son," said a
 literary father to his athletic
 son, "Byron never rode a bi-
 cycle."

"No," said the boy, "and
 George Washington never
 wrote poetry."

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Descriptive Catalog of all our wheels free. No Headers. No Dead Centers. HIGH GRADE SAFETIES BOTH HIGH AND LOW, \$75, \$100, & \$115.



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Absolutely the most elegant Ladies Bicycle in the American market and equally as desirable for gentlemen. Highest possible grade in every particular. See our catalog before you buy.

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NEW ACME BICYCLES.

48 inch	Factory Price, \$50	Our Price \$27
46 inch	" " \$45	" " \$25
44 inch	" " \$40	" " \$23

Rubber Tires. All New, with tool bag and tools.

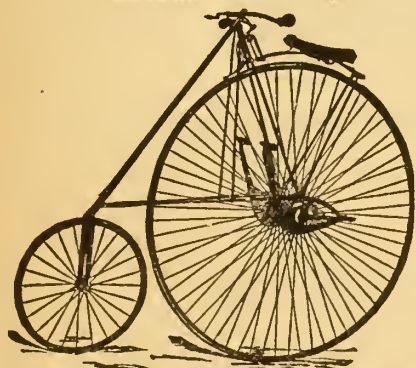
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Save money by sending for List before you buy. Lowest prices guaranteed on any new bicycle.

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Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

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Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881.

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Cut 1-3 actual size. This oiler, as the cut shows, consists of a tube for holding the oil, fitted at the top with an acme tip, which can be unscrewed when it is desired to refill the oiler. A cap of same diameter fits over the top, only throws a small quantity of oil at a stroke. Best and neatest in the world. For sale everywhere or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cts. Cushman & Dennison, 172 9 Ave., New York, N. Y.

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without the Patent Mark, Aug. 1, '82, stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.

Men's Bicycle, No. 1 hand sewed and hand stitched \$5.00

Men's Bicycle, No. 1 shoe bears our label, "Strickland & Pierce."

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Orders for 12 pairs or more filled at a days notice by our wholesale agents, J. P. Lovell Arms Co, 147 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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3

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NEW RAPIDS.

Safeties for Men and Women.

Full Roadster, Straight wheels,

Light Roadster, Straight wheels.

QUADRANT TRICYCLES.

No. 15, Tandems, for either sex.

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Improved Patterns for Safeties, Straight Wheels, Tricycles, and for
EVERYBODY.

Don't Buy Untill You Have Seen Our Catalog.

The Clark Cycle Company, Baltimore, Md.



If there is no agent for our goods in your town, write for terms.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

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Indiana Bicycle Manufacturing Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

REAR DRIVING SAFETY BICYCLES.

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Dandy Safety, 24 in. wheels \$40
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Diamond Safety 30 in. wheels \$125
Steel tube frame and full ball bearings

Will take a few Ordinaries in trade for

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Send for descriptive circular.

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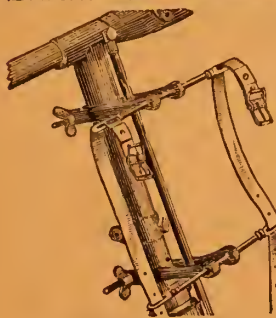
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Victor, Springfield Roadster, Columbia, American Champion, Star, Rival, Otto and other bicycles and tricycles sold on easy payments with no extra charge except 8 per. cent interest. Low rates by fast freight or express. Bargains in juvenile wheels of best makers, at from \$6.40 up. Large line of accessories. REPAIRING and NICKEL PLATING.

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No. 5, same as cut, 75 cts.

No. 6, with pockets on each side, \$1

No. 7, with hose supporter \$1.

No. 8 with supporter and pockets \$1.25.

Order by number and give tight measure, top of hip.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price.

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Fraternally yours,

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