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THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 8.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1887.

Price 10 cents.

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25 Miles,

Boston and Vicinity, Saturday October 8th, 1887.

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WON BY

Frank Carmen of Cambridgeport Bicycle Club, on an

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TIME: 1:34:29.

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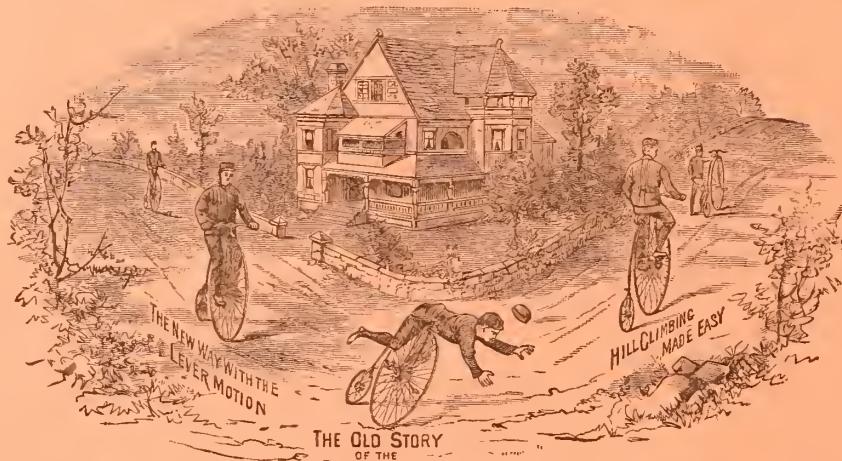
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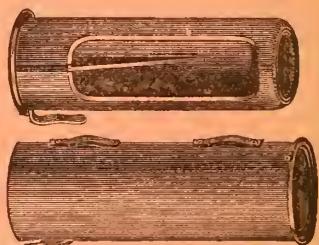
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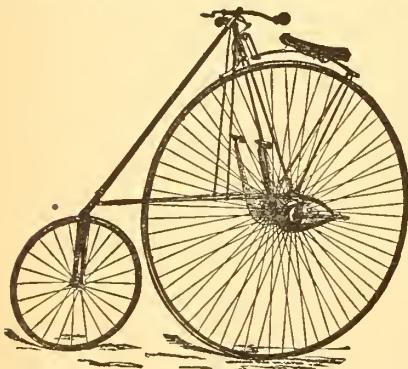
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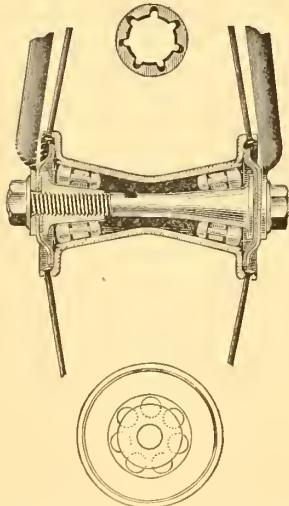
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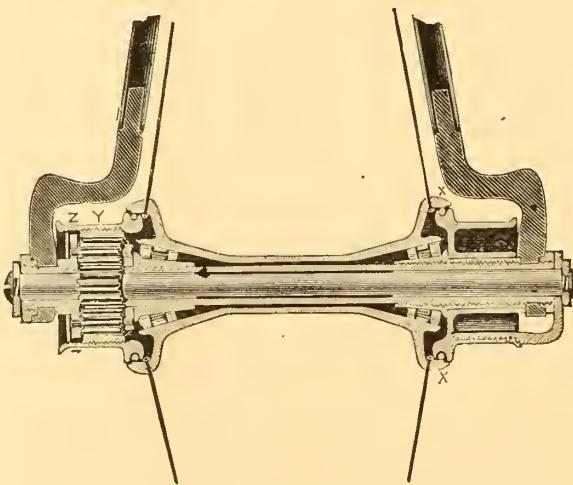
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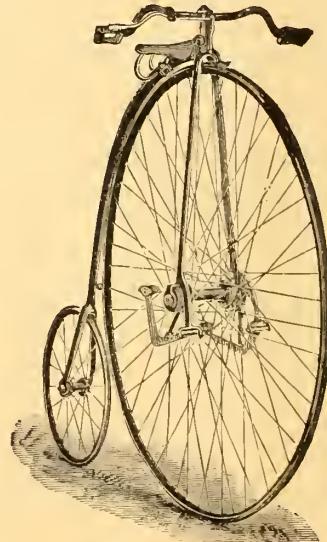
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DIED.

Sunday, Nov. 20,

GEORGE S. DARROW,

editor, and one of the proprietors of this paper, after a lingering attack of typhoid fever.

George was born June 13, 1863, and had been for the past nine years connected with his brother in the printing business.

Eighteen months ago he lost his wife, one of the dearest little women that ever breathed. Her sudden death after a married life of a little over a year, was a shock from which he never rallied. Bright and talented he used his talents as a cover for his real sorrow. His perennial flow of humor was but the re-action of a deeper feeling that few knew of. He acted his part nobly and died as he had lived, "faithful unto death."

His life, though short, was rounded and complete. He had tasted of life's highest joys and deepest sorrows. Through it all he bore himself cheerfully and manfully and he approached the end which he saw afar with all but willingness.

He was a man of deep feelings and true instincts. He hated deceit, underhandedness and impurity with the same fervor that he loved honesty, sincerity and uprightness. Those who knew him best loved him most. His place can to us never be filled.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1887.

NO. 5.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

G. S. DARROW,	Editorial Department.
P. C. DARROW,	Art Department.
DARROW BROS.,	PROPRIETORS.

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has a larger paid circulation than any other cycling
Weekly in the country.

The Wheelmen's Gazette
has a larger circulation than any other cycling Monthly in
the country.

THE RECORD and THE GAZETTE have a larger
circulation than all the other cycle papers in the country
combined.

Advertisers should take notice of these facts in making
their contracts.

Monthly Summary.

FROM OCTOBER 15 TO NOVEMBER 15.

WITH this month the cycling season for '87 may be said to have come to a close. All things considered, it may be considered the most successful season cycling has yet seen. While there have been no wild bursts of abnormal enthusiasm in parts of the country as has been sometimes the case, a careful study develops the fact that the progress we have made in the last season has been a healthy one and one we are not likely to lose.

Our summary this month chronicles mostly race meets and record breaking performances. A particularly large share of world's records coming from England.

California. The Pacific Wheelman and Athlete, a new bi-weekly makes its appearance. San Mateo wheelmen hold a reception Oct. 15.

Georgia. Rowe, Crocker and Wendel appear at the Atlanta races.

Illinois. City of Jacksonville sued because the authorities refuse to interfere with the rights of wheelmen on the highway. Wheelmen arrested at Anna for riding in the streets. Lincoln club go into their new quarters. Ehlert and McCurdy plan for three races. Ehlert wins the first two. Quincy Bi. club races Oct. 11, 12 and 13. Illinois club concert and ball Oct. 20. Owl club party Nov. 2. All the Chicago clubs unite in a run to Pullman, Nov. 15.

Indiana. Road race from Broad Ripple to Westfield, Oct. 16. C. F. Smith, of Indiana Bicycle Co., leaves for California. Art Allen and A. V. Wilson, of Indianapolis, go to Cal-

ifornia for permanent residence. Nicholson climbs Yountsville hill near Crawfordsville. Whittaker challenges Percy Stone to a race for any distance and any amount, to take place inside of two months. Whittaker lowers the world's 24-hour road record to 323 miles on the Crawfordsville course.

Kansas. Ottawa wheelmen's race meet, Oct. 26.

Louisiana. Annual election of N. O. Bi. club.

Massachusetts. The Bi. World held its 24-hour race, Oct. 31, also a 100-mile race, Nov. 5. Hollingsworth wins both events. W. A. Rowe enters the married ranks. Hollingsworth makes his second attempt at the 100-mile record, but fails as before. Sherman beats Greenwood's Corey Hill record, on a Springfield Roadster. He goes up four and a half times. Kennedy-Child takes a whack at the 50-mile tricycle road record.

Minnesota. Grant Bell beats Percy Stone in a 5-mile race.

Missouri. Dr. Emery of Boston, visits St. Louis. Greenwood challenges Belding to a race to De Soto. Percy Stone comes back at Whittaker with an acceptance to his challenge, provided the race comes off sometime between April 1 and June 1, 1888.

Michigan. W. W. Todd, of Adrian, attempts to lower the 24-hour amateur record. He made 100 miles in 6 h. 43 min. when stopped by rain. East Saginaw Bi. club defeats the Bay City club, Oct. 12.

New Jersey. Annual meeting of Maplewood Athletic Association, Oct. 15. N. J. C. and A. Association issue an appeal to the cyclers for financial assistance. Chas. Kluge re-instated in the amateur ranks. Elizabeth wheelmen's lantern parade, Oct. 29. H. B. Smith, president of the Smith Machine Co., died at Smithville.

New York. L. A. W. board of officers meet in New York city on the 17th. Routine business transacted. The board declares against road racing and refuses to confirm the appointment of Jno. A. Wells.

Oregon. The Chemeketa Bi. club, of Salem, challenges any bicycle club in the state to team race. Fred Merrill of Portland, opens a bicycle school.

Ohio. State 24-hour record captured by E. J. Doubet, of the Cleveland Bi. club. Distance 190 miles.

Pennsylvania. Schwartz, of Reading captures the Lancaster pike record in 52 min. 5 s. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lewis return from their European tandem trip. George D. Gideon resigns from the Germantown club. Chester race meet, Oct. 15. University of Pennsylvania race meet, Oct. 22. Century wheelmen give a smoker, Oct. 27. Philadel-

phia race meet, Oct. 29. West Philadelphia Athletic club holds its races, Nov. 5.

England. Cunard Cycling Co. go into receivership. A. P. Englehart lowers the Safety record to 20 miles, 474 yards in the hour. C. W. Brown puts the 100-mile tricycle road record at 7 h. 31 min. 49 sec. F. W. Allard lowers the 50-mile tricycle record to 2 h. 43 min. 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. F. S. Buckingham puts the half-mile tricycle record at 1 min. 25 sec. Mills and Tingley make a 24-hour tandem record of 391 miles. F. S. Buckingham and Maj. Knox-Holmes lower the tandem record from 25 to 30 miles. Time for the latter distance 2 h. 1 min. 20 sec. F. W. Allard and E. Oxborow lower the world's tandem records from 11 to 25 miles. Time for the latter distance 1 h. 3 min. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Wheeling changes hands.

Our Trade Review for '87 is unavoidably omitted from this number, owing to our failure to receive reports from several manufacturers. It will appear however, in the December number.

Bicycling in Wild Countries.

(THOMAS STEVENS, IN *Harper's Young People.*)

FOURTEEN may very properly be termed the heroic age of a boy's life, for it is at about that period that he really begins to think seriously of undertaking things heroic.

When about ready to start from San Francisco on my bicycle tour around the world, I was approached by a fourteen-year-old knight of the wheel, who was ambitious to bear me company. Percival F.— was a boy who had taken a morning ride with me now and then on the broad, smooth drives of Golden Gate Park, and he no doubt felt very confident of his ability to put a girdle round the earth with the rubber hoofs of his 40-inch steel steed.

Often did I think of my enthusiastic young friend Percy, snugly at home on the Pacific coast, when called upon to face dangers and difficulties in the wild countries of Asia. I used to wonder how he would have acted had he been with me.

South of the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic coast, the country consists of steep mountains covered with dense forests. For ages these dark woods and gloomy gorges have been a favorite resort of gangs of fierce brigands that made this region very unsafe to traverse. The most enterprising of these banditti of late years have been a band of Greek outlaws under the notorious chieftain Mahmoud Pehlivian. Mahmoud was a very enterprising chief indeed; for not only did he and his men keep a sharp lookout for any

travelers who might happen to come that way, but he had secret spies in Constantinople who kept him informed of the movements of English and American travellers. These confederates would send him word of such people as were likely to come that way, so that he and his band could be ready to pounce on them and make them prisoners. The custom of Greek brigands is to hold their prisoners captive until their friends pay a large sum of money for their release. If the friends are tardy about paying the ransom, the chief of the brigands sometimes resorts to the horrible custom of cutting off the prisoner's ears, and sending them to excite sympathy on the captive's behalf, and so hurry up the payment of their demands.

When the time came for my departure from the Turkish capital the Sultan's officers warned me that Mahmoud Pehlivan's city confederates knew all about my intentions, and that the bandits were sure to be on the lookout. They advised me to provide myself with an escort of *zaptiehs*, or Turkish mounted police, which it is customary for persons to do when traveling in that country.

Instead of traveling under escort, however, I determined to accomplish my end by outwitting the brigands. A little Yankee wit goes a great way among the simple, half-civilized people of the Orient. Causing it to appear in the Constantinople newspapers that I would start from Scoutari, and proceed into the interior by a certain route, I went by boat along the coast for fifty miles, and then struck off inland for the rear of the bandit's rendezvous. In this way was the brigand chief most beautifully outwitted, and as I wheeled eastward I could well afford to laugh at those who were eagerly watching for a man who was getting forty miles farther away from them every day.

Not many days after thus outwitting the brigands I found myself in the country of the celebrated Angora goats. Here were encountered wild Koordish herdsmen tending flocks of these animals and of the curious fat-tailed sheep of the East. In this task they had active and watchful assistants in the shape of huge half-savage dogs.

These goat-herders' dogs were tawny-coated monsters, looking a great deal like lionesses, and seeing so strange an object—strange, indeed, for that uncivilized land—as a wheelman passing by, they would come rushing pell-mell to the attack. One day several of these savage brutes came rushing to the attack together, threatening to drag me off the bicycle and tear me to pieces.

A bicyclist can very well afford to laugh at pursuing dogs if the road happens to be good for spurring, but on the rough paths of Asiatic Turkey it is often very difficult to ride a bicycle at all. When the dogs attacked me I found it better to dismount and defend myself on foot than to run the risk of taking a header by running into something while trying to beat them off. To have taken a header at this critical time would have been to place myself entirely in their power, for they would have seized me before I could have recovered my feet.

As I was armed with a splendid Smith and Wesson revolver, I could not have easily rid myself of these savage and determined assailants by shooting them, but to kill one of their splendid large dogs would be little less than murder in the eyes of the wild Koords. These wandering tribes place almost as much value on the lives of their canine friends as they do on a human being; and as I was anxious to keep on friendly terms with them, I always forbore to do serious harm to their dogs.

My usual plan was to shield myself behind the bicycle, and keep them at bay as best I could with stones. The Koords always refuse to call their dogs back from attacking a person, arguing that it spoils a dog to call him off. This is a very wicked custom, from our point of view, and would seem to justify a person in using his six-shooter on the dogs; but in dealing with semi-savage people one always does well to look at things as well from their standpoint as from one's own.

In some of the wilder regions of Koordistan, up toward Mount Ararat, the Koords themselves are almost as likely to attack the solitary traveller as are their dogs. One day I was attacked by both dogs and men, the object of the latter being to rob me. I had been the guest of a Koordish sheikh over night, sleeping safely enough in the black goat-hair tent as the honored guest of the chieftain.

It is a trait of the Koordish nomad's character to hold the person and property of a traveller sacred so long as he is the guest of the chief; but no sooner does he continue on his journey than some of the members of the tribe waylay him and attempt to rob him. In my own case, I had travelled but a few miles from the tents where I had received most hospitable treatment, when I was halted by two Koords, each having behind him one of their monster dogs.

One of the men was armed with a curved sword or cimeter, and his companion carried a thick knobbed stick. Seizing the bicycle, they proceeded to pinch and pull the packages attached to the front and rear luggage-carrier with great eagerness, thinking, no doubt, they contained money and other valuables. Refusing to put up with such insolent behavior, I pushed them roughly away.

Resenting this act with a growl quite as savage as the growl of their dogs, one of the men then drew his sword, and the other picked up his knobbed stick, which he had dropped in his eagerness to handle my packages, and they assumed a threatening attitude.

Quick as my assailants were, however I managed to be still quicker, and producing the Smith and Wesson from the holster at my hip, I presented it in a way that made them quail. It was quite amusing to see their utter astonishment and discomfiture as they found that I was far better armed than both of them put together. Thinking I was about to open fire on them, they capered wildly about as though to dodge the bullet they expected to come whistling after them. The Asiatics have a very wholesome respect for English and American fire-arms, and

these two no doubt attacked me thinking that I was without weapons.

Meanwhile the two dogs made matters quite lively for me by attempting to seize me from behind. Manoeuvring the bicycle so as to keep at bay my four-footed assailants, I finally induced their masters to call them away, by threatening to shoot them if they didn't.

At this rather critical point about a dozen more Koords appeared on the brow of a hill near by, and came racing down toward us, shouting loudly to their comrades something I couldn't understand.

At the point where I was stopped the road was entirely too rocky and uneven for a bicycle, but a short distance farther I could see the commencement of a long stretch of very smooth camel-path that I knew from experience would make splendid wheeling. Plainly my only chance of escape was to reach this path before the Koords had time to come up.

Hurrying along as best I could, keeping the first two assailants and their dogs off with presented revolver, I succeeded in reaching the smooth ground just in the nick of time. Another minute and the wild, half-naked Koordish herdsmen would have overtaken me, and serious trouble would have been the result.

One needs to be cool and self-possessed on such trying occasions as this, so as to decide quickly on what course to pursue in case of being captured. I could have shot two or three of the party easily enough before being cut down had it come to a fight, but I should have been killed in the end. Had I, on the other hand, stood quietly by and allowed them to rob me of my money, revolver, and everything of value I possessed, I might have gotten off with no serious harm to my person. But as I reached the smooth camel-path, sprang into the saddle, and sped away, I could well afford to smile at their shouts of baffled rage, and congratulate myself upon not being obliged to choose being either robbed or killed.

A Windy Lament.

With a gale at his back, quite a pic-nic he'd had,
Arms folded, "Legs over" it didn't go bad.
"Bad luck to the wind that blows but one way,"
Said this novice who turned to ride back the same
day.

How he pulled and he pumped;
How he puffed and he humped.
How he ripped and he swore;
At the wind's constant roar;
How he plodded and balked;
How he finally walked,
Till he sank down in his woes and cried;
Till he turned up his toes and "died."
Ah, those hands told the tale—those hands full of
blisters.

"For he couldn't compete
With old Boreas' fleet;"
Sighed the wind as it flew through his whiskers.

—Ft. Wayne Gazette.

The *Bicycling News* publishes a portrait of Maj. Knox Holmes the veteran record breaker. The Major was born in 1807. At the age of 78 he held the world's track tricycle records from 101 to 115 miles and a few weeks ago he, with F. S. Buckingham, made a world's tandem record from 25 to 30 miles.

Found at Last.

H, what changes time does bring! This is not a strictly original remark but I would say it now, had it never been said before. It conveys just the right idea.

What a flood of strange sensations it brings one to wander back into the past, and brush the cob-webs from long forgotten incidents!

I never go back into the past, away back to my boyhood without thinking of a boy who used to go to school with me. Furgason Syfers was his name; a rather long, unwieldy name for boys to handle, so we pruned it down to "Furg," and we called him that right along before old Reinman came to teach our school. Reinman was a Prussian, with an impressive military bearing, popped eyes and hair that bristled as though it had always been rubbed the wrong way. Reinman started the fashion of calling the boys of our school by their sir names, so we followed his example. There was one slight violation of this rule, that occurred one time when Bill Williams got mad at Syfers and called him "Nothin'." As I remember now, he licked Williams and after that the rule was observed in his as all other cases.

It is perfectly natural for me to mix bicycling into everything I think of, and I never thought of these old times and particularly of Furgason Syfers without thinking what a pity it was that we did not have some sort of bicycles in our little town back in the '60s. One thing is certain that Furgason Syfers was just the boy to make a great rider. He excelled in every kind of sport that enlivened our simple, quiet existences; but he had no chance to develope. He had the latent ability to do wonderful things in the higher sports, such things seemed to come to him naturally. He was the dullest boy in educational matters and the most precocious in athletics and general devilment that I ever knew. When only five years old he had a collection of warts on his hands, larger than those of some boys ten or twelve years old. At six, he had stone bruises on his heels that were the envy of all our end of town. At eight, he could lick any boy in the fourth reader or under, and at ten he was the captain of our champion tom-ball club.

There was the making of a first-rate athlete in that boy and I always regretted that he did not have some sort of a bicycle to develope him and turn his natural inclinations in the right direction. The first time I ever saw a bicycle I said: "Now that is what Syfers should have had—he could have ridden that in the way you read about. Later, when I learned to ride, myself, I became more than ever convinced that my first impression was correct, and gradually I persuaded myself that maybe Syfers had learned to ride. I thought about the matter so much that I should have taken pains to learn had I known where to find him, but

his folks had moved down into Massachusetts somewhere, a long, long time ago.

When one wants to convince himself that a certain thing is so, he can generally do it, so gradually I came to firmly believe that wherever he was, he had learned to ride the wheel and that if I would keep an eye on the race reports in the cycle papers, I would sooner or later find his name among the victors of some hard contested races.

Considerable searching failed to find him, but it did not shake my faith. Every time I went to a race I felt sure that I should see the leader of our school games on the track, ready to lead again as of old; and every time I went away after the race was over, feeling just a little bit disappointed. Yet I would tell myself that because I went to the wrong races was not his fault.

Last summer, while I was down east, there was to be a tournament at Lynn. I made arrangements to go, for I was there for pleasure, but even had I been on pressing business bent, I should have taken time to go to that race, because when I saw the first announcement of the event it flashed across my mind that here at last was where I would see Furgason Syfers. The more I thought about it, the more certain I became. It looked so reasonable, too; I could see where I had made my mistake, here I had been looking for Syfers at western races when I might have known that there was little chance of his ever getting away from the glorious tracks, and numerous races of his own state.

There was quite a party of us going out to the race—mostly Boston men—though none of them seemed to know who was entered for the races. I asked several about it, and at last I learned that a short little man riding along in the rear on a dwarf safety, had a program. I dropped back to where he was and asked him for it. He was a prim, clerical looking little fellow, but very accommodating. "Certainly," he said, and he started to unbutton his coat and reach into his inside pocket for the card, when he lost control of his steering and took one of the worst falls I ever witnessed. A tricyclist by his side stopped to help him on his wheel again, and I drove on, for bad as I wanted the program I didn't care to have everybody but the tricyclists and this little safety man run away from me. When I caught the crowd again I remarked to one of the Boston men: "His little nibs on the safety just took a glorious old bump."

"Did eh?" said my companion with a chuckle that indicated no surprise, "great little fellow, but about the worst rider in the state; he's been trying to ride for three years, now, and he don't seem to catch the combination at all." Just then looking around he laughed again and continued: "All the tricycles have stopped, I see; guess he's down again."

"Who is he anyway?" I asked, "he has a pleasant familiar look, if he can't ride."

"He? Oh, he's the assistant rector of the St. George Cathedral—Syfers, the Rev. Furgason Syfers is his name—queer little fellow!"

So after all these years of expectation I had found him.

Would it not be a good idea for the League officials to consider the question of organizing a national association composed of all who are interested in the improvement of public highways? The question of road improvement is by far the most important that wheelmen are trying to deal with. There are others too, to whom this question is as important, and we see no reason why all such could not pull together to accomplish the common desire. There are the farmers, the civil engineers, road contractors, and owners of vehicles generally, all wanting good roads but making no concerted action to get them. If we could get the representatives of these different interests together we would have a powerful organization capable of doing even more than the League can do. Every year large amounts of money are spent by national and state governments on internal improvement but seldom does a cent go toward highway improvement, most of it is spent in dredging creeks, building levees, etc., and only occasionally does the work do the general public any good. It is an open secret that the annual internal improvement appropriation is more for the purpose of solidifying "destricts" and getting rid of money, than anything else. So if the money is going to be spent, why not make some effort to have a little of it squandered on the roads and why not have a strong organization that can look after the matter?

* * *

A scene, the like of which has not been seen here for some time, occurred on Washington avenue yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock. A couple of hoodlums in a huckster's wagon had the effrontery to jeer a pedestrian and narrowly escape arrest. A similar occurrence took place at Sixth and Pine streets nearly two years ago, when two toughs in a wagon who had jeered a passer-by were caught by policemen at Seventh street and escaped being locked up only through the mercy of their victim, who let them off. Yesterday the two roughs were in a wagon marked "McQuade, No. 90." They had evidently not heard of the experience of the others two years ago, as they greeted a passer-by in knickerbockers with a volley of insulting remarks. The pedestrian followed them down the avenue past Thirteenth street in hopes of finding a policeman, but none was in sight. While he was looking for a guardian of the peace, a storm of abuse came from the wagon, attracting many spectators who looked disappointed when the wagon got around into Christy avenue before a policeman could be found. The gentleman says he will see that the men get their deserts if they ever cross his path again, as he is determined to ascertain in the courts whether hoodlums are the arbiters of fashion.—*Post-Dispatch*.

* * *

Short cranks are the proper thing for racing, but let us have longer cranks on the light roadsters next season.

Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order. This rate is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates.

RACER FOR TRADE. Used but a few times on the track, in prime condition; will trade for high-grade light roadster in good condition. For particulars address, "Racer" care Gazette office.

WANTED. To exchange a solid 18k. hunting case, stem-winding watch, with Waltham movement, 13 jewels, patent regulator, for a good bicycle 50 or 52 inches WILLARD HAMMAN, Millwood, Ind.

FOR SALE. Forty-inch Rudge Safety, 1886, practically new, ridden less than 200 miles. Price \$60. Address, C. R. MARSH, Edinboro, Erie Co., Pa.

FOR SALE. Fifty-four-inch good Standard Columbia bicycle for sale cheap. Address, C. S. SCOTT, Cadiz, Ohio.

**MURRAY'S,**

100 Sudbury Street, Boston,

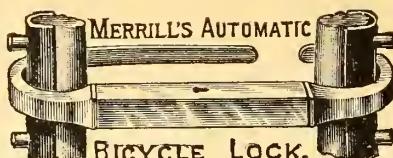
Is the place to have your repairs done, as he keeps a large stock of parts for repairing all kinds. Prices low. Second-hand machines wanted. Send 2-cent stamp for catalogue of American wheels.

DO YOU WANT A DOG?
If so, send for **DOG BUYERS' GUIDE**, containing colored plates, 100 engravings of different breeds, prices they are worth, and where to buy them. Directions for Training Dogs and Breeding Ferrets. Mailed for 15 Cents. Also Cuts of Dog Furnishing Goods of all kinds.

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D. W. D. BALL of Boston writes: "I bought one of your Locks the first of the season, and can say it is really the only Lock on the market good for anything. I leave my bicycle anywhere, and have never had it tampered with; and yet two bicycles have been stolen within a stone's throw of my office."

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**BARGAINS
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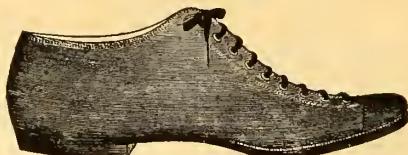
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THE STANDARD SHOE.

This Shoe has every qualification necessary to make it the best Bicycle Shoe in the world. Uppers warranted genuine kangaroo; bottoms warranted hand-sewed. Net price, \$4. A liberal discount made to dealers. Please send for circular. Manufactured by F. M. EAGER, Palmer, Mass.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

**THE KELLOGG BICYCLE SHOE.**

Made of kangaroo or dongola, as may be required, hand-sewed, and possessing merits superior to any other Bicycle Shoe made. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, \$4. Liberal discount to dealers. Manufactured by

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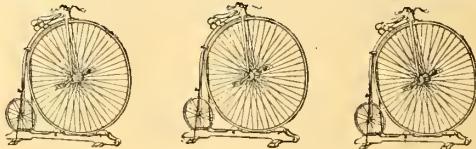
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**USE
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BECAUSE**

It has no superior for Bicycles and Tricycles. Every bottle is full size and warranted to give satisfaction. A fine brush is given with every bottle. It is only 50 cents per bottle.

I can fit ANY BICYCLE with COW-HORN HANDLE-BARS for \$4.50 per pair.

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A well made practical machine that no rider can afford to be without. Develop your muscles and keep in condition.

For Sale by Cycle Manufacturers and Dealers.

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HOMEOPATHIC
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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 6 vials and large vial powder, for \$6. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 160 Fulton St., N. Y.



New American Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained

Patents granted of interest to wheelmen for the month ending October 11th, 1887:

370,450. Sept. 27, 1887. George M. Collicutt, of Elgin, New Brunswick, Canada, bicycle.

371,091. October 4, 1887. Ora M. Miller, of Greensburg, Indiana, extensible seat.

371,234. October 11, 1887. Curtis H. Veedier, of Calumet, Michigan, assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

371,266. October 11, 1887. John Knous, of Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Portland, Maine, steering head for velocipedes.

371,326. October 11, 1887. Thomas B. Jeffery, of Chicago, Ill., bicycle holder.

371,374. October 11, 1887. Karl Schmitt, of Zittau, Saxony, Germany, velocipede.

371,432. October 11, 1887. James S. Cope-land, of Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

371,513. October 11, 1887. Valentine H. Miller, of New York City, tandem bicycle.

New English Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Messrs. HUGHES, ELI & HUGHES, Patent Agents and Engineers, 76 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained.

11,538. Frank Wilkins, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

11,801. Harry Coleman, of London, for a safety wheel with two rims for cycles and like purposes.

11,809. Tom Cooke and Williams Henry Boyens, of London, for improvements in or relating to bicycles, tricycles, and similar machines.

11,814. George Singer and Richard Henry Lea, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

11,823. Wesley Clegg, of London, for improvements in the manufacture of velocipedes and other wheels.

11,837. John Sharp, of Birmingham, for improvements in velocipedes.

11,922. Auguste Guye, of London, for an improved bicycle or tricycle bell.

11,943. Thomas Timberlake, of Maidenhead Berkshire, for an improved velocipede to carry four or five riders on three or more wheels.

12,215. Henry John Lawson, of London, for improvements in and relating to tricycles.

12,216. Henry John Lawson, of London, for an improved velocipede.

12,217. Henry John Lawson, of London,

improvements in and relating to bicycles.

12,228. Maxwell Hedderwick, of Glasgow, for improvements in and connected with cycles.

12,288. William Wallace Ford, of London, for an improved bicycle.

12,310. George Singer and Richard Henry Lea, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

12,033. George King, of Portsmouth, for improvements in lamps for bicycles, tricycles, or other velocipedes.

12,044. Griffith John Stephen, of Liverpool, for improvements in bicycles.

12,099. John Toy, of Helston, Cornwall, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles, and is more particularly applicable for bicycles.

12,112. P. Roussett and E. Ingold, of Liverpool, for improvements in wheels for bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.

12,152. Edward A. Felby, of London, for improvements in dwarf bicycles.

11,554. Joseph Lendon Berry, of Aberdare, Glamorganshire, for an improved method of making bicycle or other light wheels.

12,317. Thomas Redman, of Bradford, for improvements in velocipedes.

12,335. Harry Olive Badger, of Birmingham, for the improvements of the cogged wheels of chain-gearred machines or machinery, especially to bicycles and tricycles.

12,343. Moritz Tarnopol, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

12,364. Christopher Grant, of Bedford, for improvements in rear driving safety bicycles.

12,413. Frank Wilkins, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

12,487. William Fisher and Edward Redman, of Brixton, for improvements in velocipedes.

12,548. Thomas William Feeley, of London, for improvements relating to the wheels of velocipedes and other vehicles.

12,559. Hugh Edwards, of Liverpool, for improvements in tricycles or other velocipedes.

12,564. Morris Woodhead and Paul Angois, of Nottingham, for improvements in relating to velocipedes.

12,582. David George Weston, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

12,586. Robert Edward Phillips, of London, for improvements in lamps for velocipedes and other road vehicles.

12,588. Henry Wilson, of London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

12,647. George Barrow, of London, for improvements in the construction of velocipedes.

12,689. Adam Burgess, of London, for improved spring for velocipedes and other road vehicles.

12,716. Harry Lucas and Jesse Forster, of Birmingham, for an improved saddle for bicycles, tricycles and other vehicles.

12,815. Frederick Harsinan, of Hanwell Middlesex, for cycle and carriage lamps.

12,909. John Boulbee Brooks, of Birmingham, for improvements in road carriers for velocipedes.

12,981. John Townsend French, of Dublin,

for improvements in the handles of bicycles.

13,023. George Carette, of London, for an improved toy velocipede.

13,100. William Banning, of Birmingham, for improvements in velocipedes.

13,079. Frederick Haisman, of Hanwell, Middlesex, for a new or improved coupling for the endless driving chains of velocipedes and for other endless chains.

13,191. John Henry Hall and Henry Louis Phillips, of London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

Twirling the Typewriter.

THE typewriter is a great invention! Impressed with this fact we procured a Caligraph, a few weeks ago with the intention of preparing our copy with it. When the instrument arrived, we stepped to the composing room door, and with one of our large parallel-bearing smiles we told the comps. that we had a little surprise in store for them; in the future we would furnish them with typewriter copy.

Those who have gazed with awe upon our reckless, unaffected hand-writing, know with what joy the message was received. It was truly touching to see the great, round tears come into the foreman's eyes as he suggested that the office boy rush the growler in honor of the occasion.

Then we went in and sat down to our instrument, and preparatory to rushing off our week's copy we run over the alphabet so as to get onto the proper motion and steering, as it were. We were afraid at first that some of the letters had been left off the key board, but finally we found them all. Then we took a fresh sheet of paper, carefully inserted it and settled down to business. That was about two o'clock. It was half past four when we pulled out the same sheet of paper and gazed upon our work. It read:

it bl\$ly rOwe goes To enbland NeXt sevsou?
dick hoxeLL willhave A haRdRowee to lce;

Yes the typewriter is a great invention. Pre-eminent among its strong qualities is its ability to make one feel what a poor, weak worm the human being is, anyway.

We often hear the remarks "Bicycles like sewing machines will be cheaper after a while: The patents keep the price up etc." If we can judge the future by the past, there is little if any ground, for these statements. We are reliably informed that the royalty on a complete bicycle required by the patent owners has been reduced to five dollars on each machine; while the actual figures show that the average price paid for high grade bicycles from 1880 to 1887 has increased from \$90.00 to \$125.00 each. A duty of fifty per cent is exacted by the United States on a large portion of the raw material which goes into a bicycle and which as yet has to be imported. This and the immense expense of the first cost and maintenance of the manufacturing plant, and the exacting demands of the experienced wheelmen for perfect machines is what makes them come high.—*Ft. Wayne Gazette.*

A bicycle club has been organized in Belaire, Ohio.

The Bicycle.

THE bicycle is the modern substitution for the horse. It is much swifter and a great deal stronger, as any one can see who has ever watched the bicycle when it came to a stand-still and bucked. It will throw a man twice as far as a horse can, and instead of running away it jumps on him and holds him down. This is one reason why the bicycle is driving the horse out of the market. A man doesn't like to have to hunt his horse up every time he gets thrown. It is much pleasanter to have the bicycle hunt him up.

The bicycle consists of two wheels and a back-bone. The seat is sometimes on the back-bone, and sometimes in front. When it is in front it is called "a header." The two wheels run in the same plane, until that plane is intersected by a stone or a rut. Then the wheels stop running, and the rider's nose begins. This feat is called "painting his vest red." It is not a difficult feat to learn—in fact, it is rather difficult to avoid.

When a bicycle runs down hill, it is customary for the rider to put on the brake. This is not done because he dislikes to ride fast, but because he wishes to gaze upon the scenery more intently—and especially upon that portion of the scenery which lies directly in front of the large wheel of the machine. The brake is a very cunning arrangement, it consists of a hollow spoon-shaped piece of steel, which fits over the tire of the large wheel, and is pressed down upon it by a lever. Some riders do not believe in using a brake. They prefer to take their header at the foot of the hill instead of half way up. It saves time.

Besides being swifter, stronger and more affectionate than a horse, the bicycle is also cheaper—about one hundred dollars. Its food, however, is somewhat more costly. The horse is contented with oats and hay. The bicycle must have cloth.

There is one thing which is very fortunate for those who wish to purchase bicycles—the number of second-hand machines offered for sale is always quite large. This is, of course, to be expected from the great popularity of the bicycle, and is one of its chief recommendations as compared with the old-fashioned horse. A second-hand bicycle "as good as new," may be purchased at any time for "considerable less than it cost its owner." This is true when the doctor's and clothier's bills are taken into the account.

Nor need it be feared that the second-hand bicycle is at all lacking in the distinctive qualities of the original article. I have seen a young man with his nose out of joint, and four distinct lame spots in his gait, who assured me that his machine was a second-hand one—that is, that it was for sale. The second-hand bicycle, like the confirmed

mule, is often more energetic than the young and inexperienced article.

Those who expend their money upon bicycles are fond of trying to make their friends believe that it is the easiest thing in the world to learn to ride. Well, so it is. The bicycle can be mastered in much less time than it takes to learn a trade, and when the art is once learned it can never be forgotten. There is something about the bicycle which sticks by a person. Sometimes it is the dust—sometimes the oil; more frequently a mixture of the two.

If the practical man asks, what are a few of the principal uses of the bicycle? it is easy to enumerate them as follows: 1, The bicycle is a good road machine; *i. e.*, it is the machine for a good road. 2, It removes superfluous fat, both by external and internal methods. 3, It never runs away unless there is somebody on top of it. 4, It displays the calf. There is probably no other method of

Long On Bicycling But Short On Literature.



SCENE.—Fortnightly meeting of the Roxbury Emerson Club.

MISS SMALLTALK.—"Mr. Griggs, what is your opinion of Howells? Don't you think he is just grand?"

MR. GRIGGS (from Minneapolis) "Howell's all right as far as he goes; but say, did you ever see Frank Dingley? Well, I bet two to one he can do Howell up on a hundred miles."

locomotion which combines all of the above advantages.

Quite lately there has appeared a new kind of bicycle called the tricycle. This instrument differs from the bicycle in that it runs on three wheels and has no seat in front. It can get over somewhat more ground in a day than a rocking-chair, but is not so comfortable to ride.

The future of the bicycle is very promising. It has already revolutionized the science of locomotion, and has become such a familiar object on the rural highway that only one granger out of seven wants to know if "that ere thing is a new-fangled sort of a mowin'-machine?" The time is surely coming when everybody will own a bicycle—not necessarily for locomotion, but only as evidence of good credit.

The bicycle is not a toy—anybody who has ever wrestled with it will admit that. It is a

practical road-machine, unexcelled in removing stones from the public highway and in indicating the presence of sand. Next to the wheelbarrow, it is the safest known carriage. It never bites ladies or children, and doesn't scare worth a cent. If you want fun, buy a bicycle; if you don't—buy one, too. The bicycle never disappoints. It is right there every time.—*Paul Pastnor in Puck.*

Remarks By We.

Karl Kron may consider himself rather shrewd at keeping his name and his book before the public, but the fact of the matter is, he is lamentably lacking in enterprise. If he had any real style about him he would arrange with some one, presumably G. Lacey Hillier, to find a cipher in his book that would prove the authorship to belong to some one else, Ned Oliver for instance. We believe that a little ingenuity backed up by some arbitrary rule susceptible of numerous exceptions would develop quite a respectable little cipher.

If such a plan is not acceptable, what's to hinder Karl from having his diamonds stolen, or publicly snubbing somebody. The absence of diamonds among his schedule of goods and chattles wouldn't make any difference, so actresses assure us, and as for snubbing, if he couldn't safely perform that on any one else, he might snub a canal boat.

Nothing will more strongly impress one with the great advancement of cycle construction in this country, than a comparison of an old style Victor tricycle, with the new '87 pattern. It was only a few years ago that the loop frame Victor was without a superior anywhere, but now what a change has come. We have one of each of these machines here at Indianapolis, and they frequently go out together, and the spirited way in which the ladies in the party speak for the new Victor must

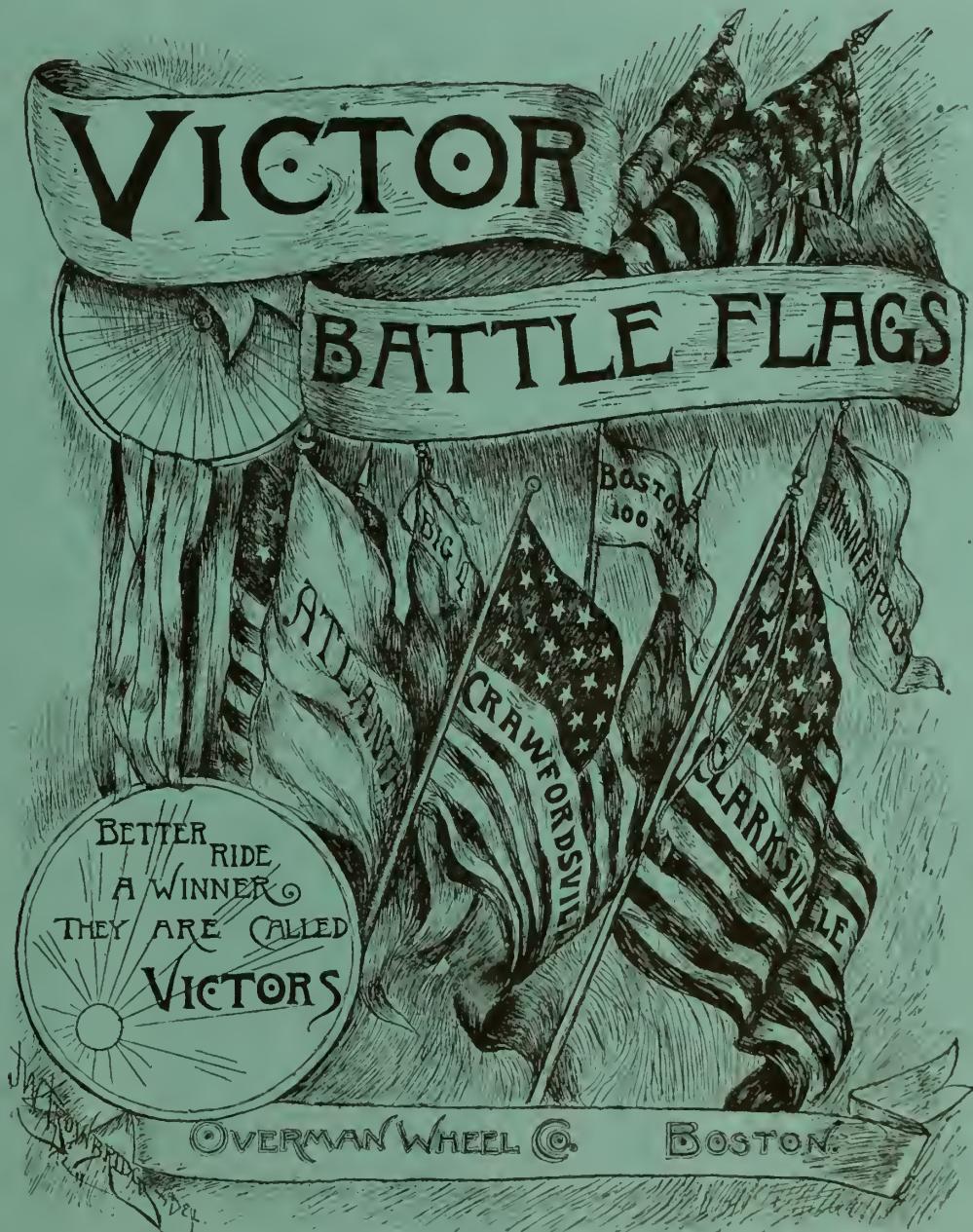
make the old "hay cart's" heart feel sore.

The wheelmen of New York city have shown themselves either extremely parsimonious or unexcusably careless in responding to the appeal made by their chief counsul for funds to defray the expenses of the "Liberty bill." The passage of the Park bill left the Division \$800 in debt. The contributions towards this deficit to date have been about \$300. Of this amount \$130 comes from the New York and Citizen's club; leaving but \$170 as representing the generosity of 1,800 Leaguewheelmen in New York.

Daisie says: "The woman who rides a tandem gets along very fast with little expenditure of force," which is just about the size of it from a horrid masculine point of view.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

"Where hills have been climbed, where great road races have been run, where wheels have been tested to their very utmost, THE VICTOR has been found at the front to tell its own story." -O. W. Co. Catalogue.



ALL FORGED STEEL!
ALL INTERCHANGEABLE!
ALL GUARANTEED!
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IT WILL OUT-COAST
“OLD COASTER” HIMSELF,
AND THEY DO SAY
THE TIRES STAY IN.

BETTER SEE IT.
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A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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WHEELMEN'S RECORD,

One subscription for the RECORD will count the same as two for the GAZETTE, except where only one subscription is sent. We cannot give any premium for less than two subscribers. Thus if a certain premium is offered for ten subscribers, it will be given for six subscribers to the GAZETTE and two to the RECORD, or for five subscribers to the RECORD.

EUREKA HOME TRAINER

Absolutely essential to every wheelman who wants to keep in good riding condition during the winter months. Now used in all parts of the country and recognized as the popular trainer. Given for 30 Subscribers.

TRICYCLE BUNDLE CARRIER.

Given for 10 Subscribers.

STANDARD CYCLOMETER.

One of the best cyclometers in the market. With each instrument the manufacturers furnish a certificate of accuracy. The action is positive and continuous; the dial can be read from the saddle; it can be used with or without a hub lamp. A lamp attachment is sent with each cyclometer. In ordering, give size and make of wheel, size of axle, and length of axle between the hub shoulders inside.

Price \$10. Given for 35 subscribers, or 20 subscribers and \$8.50.

**COW-HORN HANDLE-BARS.**

The handsomest, strongest, and best bars in the market. Complete, with brake-lever and bracket, all nicely nickelated.

Price \$4.50. Given for 18 subscribers, or 10 subscribers and \$2.

CARTER'S STAR FOOT-REST.

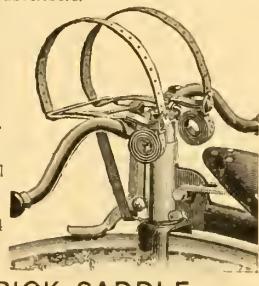
Worth more than any other accessory to the Star. Especially adapted to riding down rough hills; without it the rider must bear a good deal of weight on the handle-bar, making it tiresome, but with this foot-rest he is kept securely in the saddle without any inconvenience, and controls the wheel far more easily and of course with much greater pleasure.

Price \$1. Given for 3 subscribers.

**LAMSON'S LUGGAGE CARRIER.**

The most useful of all attachments for bicycles.

Price \$1. Given for 4 subscribers.

**THE KIRKPATRICK SADDLE.**

This saddle aims at the health and comfort of the rider. It has springs at both ends, and is self-adjusting in width, the long cut allowing it to yield to the shape of the rider and removing pressure from the perineum. Give make of machine.

Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers, or 12 subscribers and \$3.

**CHAMPION LAMP.**

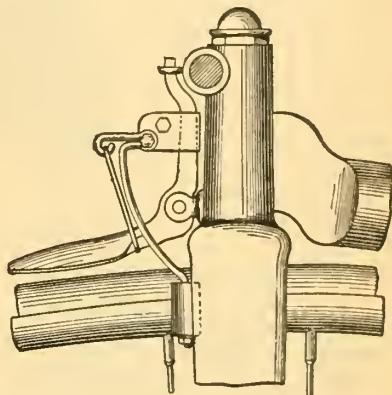
Fits any size over 50-inch. Nickelated.

Price \$6. Given for 21 subscribers.

**THE STANDARD BELL.**

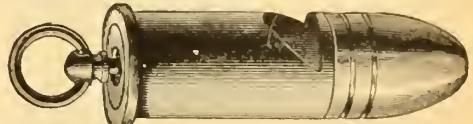
Nickel gong and fastenings; $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter; absolutely the loudest bicycle bell in use.

Price \$1. Given for 4 subscribers.

**FOOTE'S ANTI-HEADER.**

Effective, reliable, simple, light, and cheap. Can be applied to any bicycle in two minutes. It acts, when in position, by preventing the forks from moving forward faster than the top of the wheel. When the wheel encounters an obstacle and the forks attempt to swing forward, they are clamped momentarily to the rim and carry the wheel forward and over the obstacle, if not too large. As it offers no obstruction at any time to the forward motion of the wheel, if the latter is carried to the top of the obstacle before the rider passes the center of gravity it will roll on and he will not fall. It prevents all danger of the wheel rolling back from under the rider when climbing steep hills. It steadies the running of a bicycle by preventing all kicking up of the little wheel.

Price \$1.50. Given for 6 subscribers.

CALL WHISTLE.

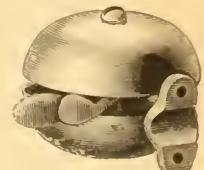
A good whistle: furnished with ring for attaching to the watch-chain.

Price 35c. Given for 2 subscribers.

CHIMING BELL.

Nickel double bells and fastenings; $\frac{2}{3}$ inches in diameter; does not rattle; sounds two distinct musical notes. This bell has been entirely remodeled.

Price \$1.50. Given for 6 subscribers.

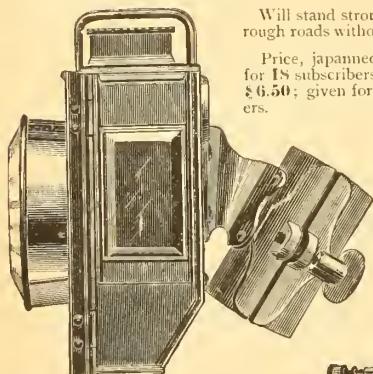
**BICYCLE LOCK.**

Spring shackle, self-locking, strong, and very durable; with 12 inches of chain. Nickel-plated and finished.

Price 75c. Given for 3 subscribers.

NOTE: One subscription to the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, (price \$1.00 a year) will count the same as two subscriptions to the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, (price 50 cts. a year), except in single subscriptions. No premiums given for less than two subscriptions.

THE STAR LAMP.



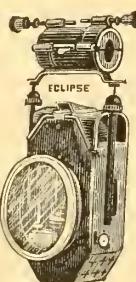
Will stand strong winds and rough roads without flickering.

Price, japanned, \$5; given for 18 subscribers. Nickled, \$6.50; given for 22 subscribers.

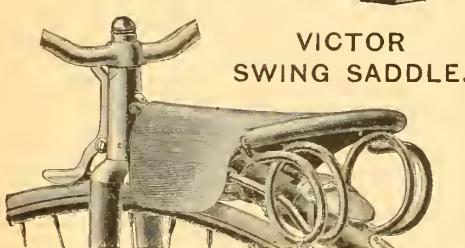
THE ECLIPSE LAMP.

Noiseless, and warranted inextinguishable, being evenly balanced with Sheffield steel springs. New and improved spring bolt and catch, so as to easily fix in any machine. Side and back lights. Fitted with all the latest improvements. All parts riveted.

Price \$4.50. Given for 16 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$2.



VICTOR SWING SADDLE.

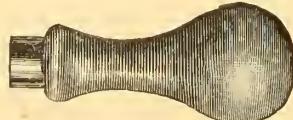


The leather seat of this saddle, being easily put on and off, can be taken off at every stop, thus keeping the seat dry, and also effectually locking the machine, as it cannot be ridden without the saddle. Its construction admits of any desired tension, leaving little to be desired in a saddle.

Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers, or 12 subscribers and \$3.

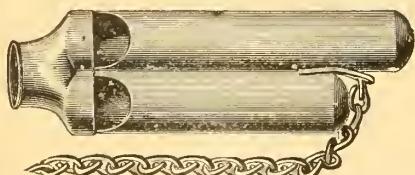
IDEAL HANDLES.

Ebonite, with large ball-shaped ends.



Price \$1.50 a pair. Given for 4 subscribers.

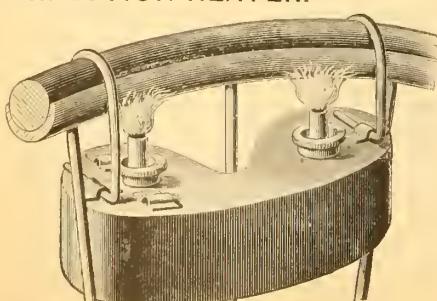
DUPLEX WHISTLE.



Made of brass, nickel-plated; consists of two barrels of different lengths, producing a discordant sound which can be heard a long distance. With chain.

Price 60c. Given for 2 subscribers.

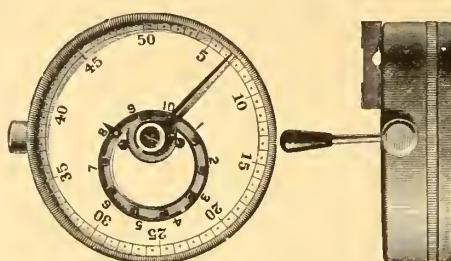
PERFECTION HEATER.



For cementing rubber tire; a practical and useful article for every wheelman; saves time, money, and accidents.

Price \$1. Given for 4 subscribers.

GOULD SPOKE CYCLOMETER.



Fastened to either side of the machine upon the inside of one of the spokes. Nickel-plated, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, weighs only 2 ounces, and is practically dust- and water-proof. State size of machine and kind of spokes it is to fit.

Price \$4. Given for 16 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$2.

THE GEM LAMP.

The cheapest hub lamp in the market, fitted with all the latest improvements; grooved and riveted, and guaranteed not to come apart with the fiercest heat; 1/2-inch wind-up burner, to turn from outside of lamp; 2 1/2-inch glass, side and back lights; finished in full nickel.

Price \$3. Given for 12 subscribers, or 6 subscribers and \$1.



MINIATURE HANDLE-BARS.



Something new. Every wheelman should have one of these little handle-bars for watch-chain or pin. Tapered bars, with ebonite handles, either straight, dropped, or cow-horn, as may be preferred.

Price, nickelated \$1.25, heavy rolled gold \$2. Nickled given for 5 subscribers; rolled gold given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.

IDEAL LAMP.

Will fit all sizes of bicycles, from 30-inch upwards. Also adapted for tricycles. Nickelated.

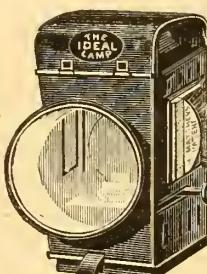
Price \$3. Given for 12 subscribers.



SUPERB BELL.

Full nickel, superior finish; has a continuous chiming sound; highly recommended.

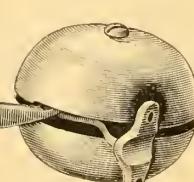
Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers.



CHALLENGE LAMP.

Fits any size bicycle over 30-inch. Nickelated.

Price \$3.75. Given for 15 subscribers.



ACME BICYCLE STAND.



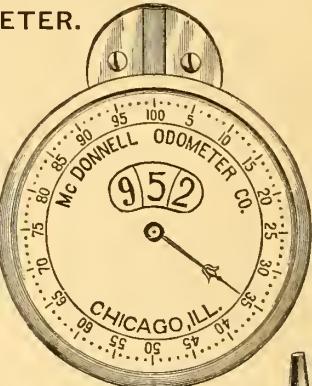
Completely provides for holding the bicycle either side up. It is easy to clean one's machine when inverted on an Acme stand. Every rider should own one.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.

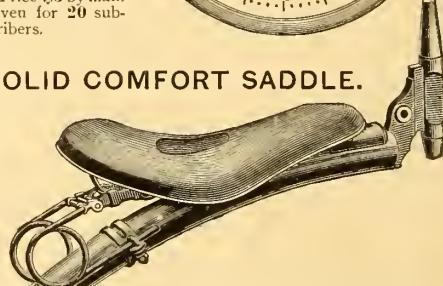
NEW McDONNELL CYCLOMETER.

The small figures around the dial represent hundredths of miles; the hand makes a complete revolution of the dial for each mile traveled, and the figures to which the hand at any time points show the fraction of a mile traveled. Radical changes have been made this season, and we offer the instrument in its improved form.

Price \$5 by mail. Given for 20 subscribers.



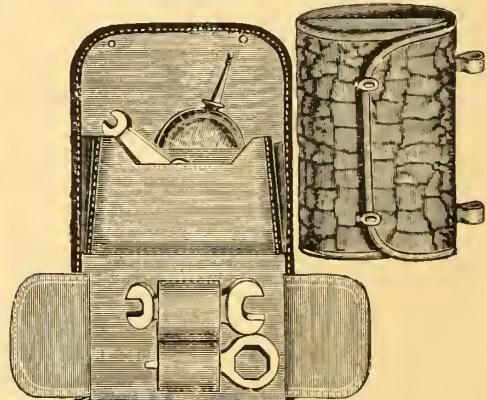
SOLID COMFORT SADDLE.



The superiority of this saddle consists in the use of a coiled supporting spring placed behind the seat, secured by a link to the metal leather support; the leather is very close to the backbone, but sufficiently removed to avoid contact, although considerable vertical movement of the spring is obtained.

Price \$3.50. Given for 15 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$1.75.

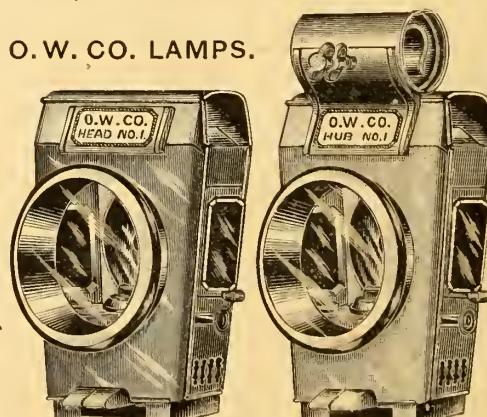
CHALLENGE TOOL-BAG.



Made of fine leather, finished in red morocco color, alligator pattern, bound edges, and lined inside; has two fastenings, and is conveniently arranged for holding and removing of tools, as shown above.

Price \$1.50. Given for 6 subscribers.

O.W. CO. LAMPS.



These lamps have very deep reflectors; they show a white light ahead, green light to starboard, red light to port, and two red lights astern. They are made almost wholly with rivets, and the hub lamps have metal bearings to go on the axle, thus doing away with the screw fenders.

Prices—Head Lamp, enameled, \$4.50, given for 18 subscribers; nickelated, \$6, given for 24 subscribers; Hub Lamp, enameled, \$5, given for 20 subscribers; nickelated, \$7, given for 28 subscribers.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

RHYMES OF ROAD AND RIVER.

A charming book of poems, by Chris Wheeler; 154pp., 4to., printed on heavy plate paper; bound in full cloth, stamped in ink and gold, with gilt edges. A charming book for presentation to your friends, or for Christmas.

Price \$2. Given for 6 subscribers, or 3 subscribers and \$1.

POCKET DRINKING-CUP.



Folds together and goes in a handsome nickelized watch-case. Weighs only 1 ounce.

Price 50c. Given for 2 subscribers.

Z. & S.
HOSE SUPPORTERS.

These excel all others for comfort and ease. The supporters pass over the shoulders and down each leg, as shown in the cut. They can be worn under the flannel shirt, are easily adjusted, and have no bands to chafe or stop circulation.

Price 65c. per pair. Given for 2 subscribers.



BUFFALO HOME TRAINER.



This machine affords an invaluable means of exercise, its systematic use promoting the health and strength of the entire system, by increasing respiration, quickening circulation, and developing the voluntary muscles. It is an indispensable adjunct to gymnasiums, and forms a very attractive feature in bicycle club rooms, affording members opportunities for training, time races, etc. It is also exactly suited for home use. The scale for regulating the degree of resistance to be overcome, and the alarm cyclometer for measuring the amount of work done at any given resistance, admit of graded exercise, capable of modification to suit the strength of every user, without danger of over-exertion. For the use of racing men it is indispensable, affording the same exercise as the bicycle, and enabling them to pursue a regular and systematic course of training during all seasons and all weathers. As a means of practicing quick pedaling and spurting it is unequalled.

Price \$30. Given for 100 subscribers, or 50 subscribers and \$15, or 30 subscribers and \$20.

TELESCOPIC TOOL-BAG.



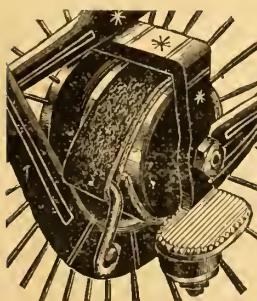
Made of superior leather, and finished with strong brass clasps.

Price \$1.50. — Given for 6 subscribers.

Z. & S.
STAR STEP.

Will fit any Star; is an absolute necessity to every Star rider; gives a broad, firm foothold; enables the learner to readily master the mount. Weighs only 5 ounces. With this step the Star can be mounted in the dark with no danger of slipping. Try one and be convinced.

Price \$1. Given for 4 subscribers.



ANTI-RUST NICKEL PASTE.

For coating the bright or nickelized parts of wheels before storing for the winter. A simple and effective preparation. Given for 2 Subscribers.

THE KELLOGG BICYCLE SHOE.



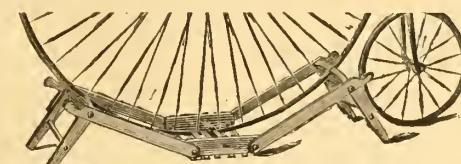
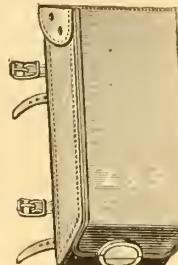
Made of kangaroo or dongola, as may be required, hand-sewed, and possessing merits superior to any other Bicycle Shoe made.

Price \$4 per pair. Given for 16 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$2.

Z. & S.
TOOL-BAG.

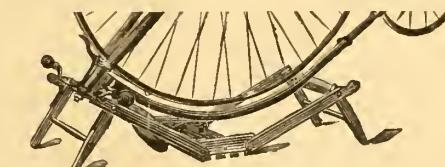
This tool-bag, improved last season, was the first of its kind on the market. It has merit. Most articles that are imitated have. The price has been reduced, the bag made narrower, with more space inside, and the quality, strength, and finish have been improved.

Price by mail, \$1.60. Given for 6 subscribers.

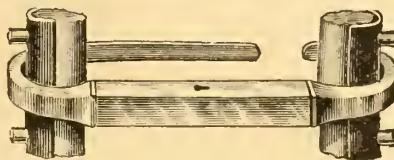
BICYCLE STAND
AND
CAMP STOOL.

Can be used as a stand, converted into a stool, used for cleaning, or folded into small space; adjustable to any size bicycle. Weight 5½ pounds.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.



AUTOMATIC BICYCLE LOCK.



For locking bicycles. New, novel, and elegant. Applied instantly, neat, compact, and cheap. Weight 2½ ounces; length 4 inches.

Price \$1; given for 4 subscribers. Nickel-plated.

ADHESIVE TIRE TAPE.



The greatest convenience for traveling wheelmen. Can be applied in an instant, is convenient to carry, always ready, and does not need heat to make it hold.

Price 25c. per roll. Given for 2 subscribers.



SPOKE WRENCH.

For adjusting direct spokes. One of the best in the market.

Price 75c. Given for 3 subscribers.

BICYCLERS' GLOVES.

With open backs, made from genuine buck, reinforced where the greatest wear comes, open fingers, fastening across the back of wrist, (to avoid cutting the hand in case of fall). Given for 8 Subscribers.

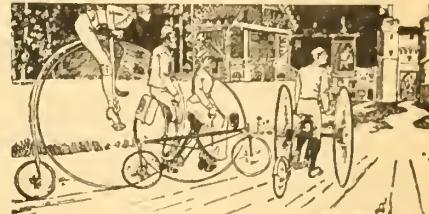
BOSTON CLUB CAP.



This cap was introduced by the Boston Club, and has become very popular. The visor projecting down shields the eyes from the sun. Color dark navy blue.

Price \$1.75. Given for 6 subscribers.

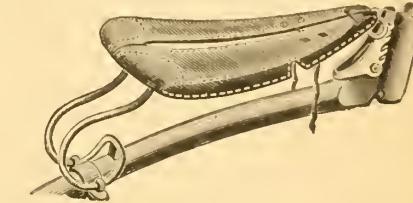
A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.



Ridden, written, and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 1 vol., square Svo.

Price 50c. Given for 2 subscribers.

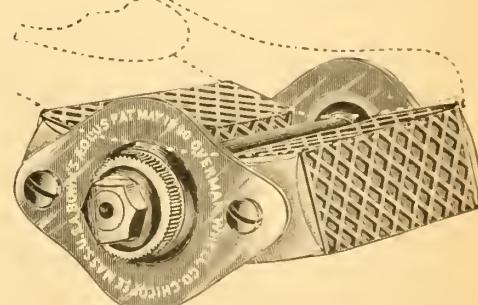
THE LILLIBRIDGE SADDLE.



Bifurcated and universally adjustable. Adjustable in height in front and rear; adjustable in width and length; adjustable in tension; adjustable to fit anybody and everybody; a comfortable coasting plate. The only Saddle possessing any of the above points, except adjustability in tension. Nickelized. Give make of machine.

Price \$5. Given for 18 subscribers, or 9 subscribers and \$2.50.

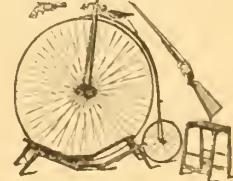
ÆOLUS BALL PEDALS.



During the past year these pedals have continued to grow in favor, their success being due to the feature of automatic adjustment to the curve of the foot, which is the result of the square rubber used; this prevents slipping, and makes the square rubber pedal as safe as a rat-trap.

Price \$10. Given for 40 subscribers, or 20 subscribers and \$5.

DAYTON BYCICLE STAND.



Made of ash, strong and light; can be used as a stand, can be used in cleaning wheel and will fit wheel of any size. The most popular stand in use. Given for 8 subscribers.

IMPORTED ENAMEL.

Put up in large bottles, for enameling or re-touching bicycles. Given for 4 subscribers.

STEEL WINGS.

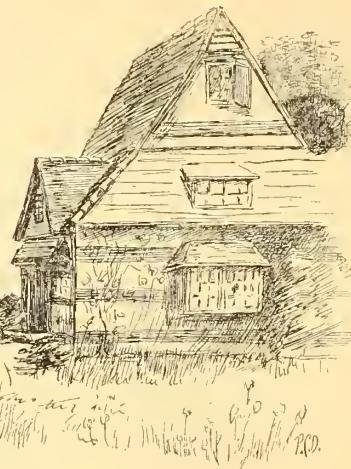
A CYCLING ROMANCE,

By CHRIS. WHEELER, Author of
"RHYMES OF THE ROAD AND RIVER."

PART I., ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

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N THE eastern coast of England, in the neighborhood of the little town of Bardesly, might have been seen about five years ago, and no doubt may still be seen there, a large old-fashioned house standing on the crest of a gently rising knoll of ground, and facing seaward. An old-fashioned, old-time looking building, which at once caused you, on your first glance at it, to inadvertently let your mind run back ever so many years, until you caught yourself thinking of your great-grandmother or some other equally historic personage. An old-fashioned place sure enough it was, and it seemed to have a spirit of shyness within its sombre precincts which not even the most lavish attentions of the sunshine, continually courting its walls, could remove. And this same spirit of shyness, as it were, hovering over the place, was a very curious one; you knew that it was there, and yet you could not find it. It had not even the boldness or presumption to look, however furtively, from out of the heavy, staid windows that adorned and relieved the sameness of the old walls, and which same windows sat in their places as if they had occupied their positions from time immemorial. And indeed they might have done so for all that the good people living in the neighborhood knew of their history, on of the old-time story of the building of which they formed a part. For Larch Hill—such was the name of the place—boasted a history, and bore the reputation of being a very old place, indeed,—so old that even the old folks of Bardesly had given up for years and years the puzzling task of tracing back beyond seven generations the history of its vicissitudes, and the varying fortunes of its inmates and owners through olden times. Every one about Bardesly knew that Larch Hill was a very ancient place, but somehow or other the interest attaching to it from this fact seemed to lie among the old folks. The younger generation of the time of which we are now writing did not lay much stress on the fact of its being old, and perforce interesting. Their fathers and grandfathers and grand dames had in youth a venerating regard of its age and associations, which regard had been instilled into them by their immediate progenitors, but somehow or other each generation had been taking less and less stock in the place, and evincing less interest in past events or persons connected with them. So sentiment with respect to Larch Hill, was gradually lost in the modern stream of common sense ideas, until now, as I remarked before, any interest attaching to the place on the score of age, rested with the old people who partially remembered some of the characteristics which clung to the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present one.

Of course the changing manners of the age had something to do with this fact, and the railways which brought the surroundings of Larch Hill into contact with remote parts of the country, and the telegraph which told Bardesly what the outer world was doing, and the newspapers, which confessed to know as much or more than the Prime Minister himself, as to the proper policy for the government to pursue,—all these had their finger in the great pie of change and transformation. "Change for the better, of course," as old Parson Nebley, of Bardesly, would say when he preached one of his political sermons, though if a member of his appreciative congregation could

have seen his reverence's manuscript he would have beheld a small note of interrogation after the sentence. Change for the better, however, or change for the worse, at the time of which we speak, the quaint old windows of Larch Hall looked out, as they had always looked, from their vantage points in the wall, and gazed vacantly right straight out over the waters of the North Sea. Nobody knew how many, or what strange sights had been witnessed by these old windows, or had been seen through them by the inmates of the house. No doubt they were as familiar as need be with sparkling waters and raging billows, sunlight and storm, and quiet breezes, as well as with the sleet and rain and sharp, sheering wind, for when the pitiless northeast wind swept in from the sea they bore the full brunt of its furious blast.

At the time of which we write, the house which for some time had been uninhabited, had just become tenanted by an old gentleman, his daughter, and her aunt, his sister-in-law. John Saxton, the gentleman referred to, was a retired Indian officer, who had seen perhaps sixty summers, and the deep furrows on his otherwise open and genial face, told that some of them at least had not been without their troubles and reverses. The eye, however, that looked out from under the gray, shaggy brow was still sharp and quick, and the decided curve of the eye-lid setting well up under the brow, and dropping but seldom, told that the same characteristics of decision and energy marked John Saxton now, as had distinguished him on field and in council, in the scenes and actions of the far East. In person he was robust and strong, the erect form and regular step evincing the nature of his early training. And yet the trade of arms had not called him until pretty well along in the life, and Indian records knew not his name until he had reached his thirty-fifth year. Now the white hair and furrowed brow told of something more than the mere routine of barrack life or the temporary fatigues of military review days. John Saxton had married young, and for twenty-one years had enjoyed the felicity of having a bright example of true womanhood to share his joys and sorrows. Two children had been the fruit of this union, a boy and a girl, who, fostered by the care of a loving mother, and equally loving and watchful father, had grown to advanced youth before the vigors of a ten years' residence in India laid the seeds of an ailment in their mother, which removed her on short notice on that journey, which, once taken, can never be re-traveled. Losing his wife just as the period of his foreign service was being completed, Mr. Saxton returned to England with his daughter Florence, then eighteen years old, and found his son John dividing his thoughts between remembrances of his mother, whom he was to see no more in this life, and the pleasures and triumphs of a successful examination at Cambridge, where he had come out among the first in the engineering class. The society of his daughter and the collegiate success of "young John," as he styled his son, did much, no doubt, to take Major Saxton's mind away from the contemplation of late events, for, though moulded in the stern school of war, the sudden dismiss of his wife and the parting of friends and associations of so many years' standing, preyed somewhat on the mind of the old soldier; for say what we may of the pleasures and satisfaction of a return to our native land, yet if we have been absent for many years, old friends have passed away, and their well-remembered places are occupied by others whom we know not; old associations and familiar landmarks have either been crowded out, or are so mixed up with what is new and strange, that we feel almost like a stranger, under circumstances which ought to make us, we think, feel just the reverse. Somewhat after this fashion felt John Saxton on his arrival in England, where, landing at Southampton, he made a few days' stay with an old naval acquaintance, and then proceeded on to London.

Here he remained for some months arranging his affairs, and then, having received sanction for his retirement, threw up his calling, and looked around for the rest which he felt that he so badly needed. It was during one of his thinking moments that he made the resolve to take up his residence at the quiet old home in Blakeshire, which we have been noticing, and which had descended to him through several generations as a sort of heirloom from the stiff old Roger Saxton, whose Jacobite predilections had gained for him throughout the "North County" the sobriquet of "King Charlie."

The only drawback to this plan of action was the fact that the education of his daughter Florence could not well be finished in such a

comparatively remote locality as Larch Hill. For some reasons outside of this, even, he might have preferred a residence in the capital, but the advantages which it would undoubtedly offer to Florence was the principal reason for his hesitating about leaving it. There, too, he would have the society of men like himself, who remembered him from having met him abroad, and who respected him for what they remembered. But then there were two reasons which militated against his taking up his residence in London. One was his naturally reserved disposition, rendered doubly so by his recent bereavement, and the other was the expense which such a residence would necessarily entail. Though far from being stinted, Major Saxton's income was not calculated to stand great expense, and the life which he would naturally lead in the capital, from the very force of old associations, would not be calculated to deal very gently with his purse. The education of his son, it is true, was complete, or nearly so. So, after mature consideration, he arrived at the conclusion that, for many reasons, a residence in the country was preferable to one in the town; but even after making the resolve to quit London, he was half inclined to let the carrying out of his determination depend on the wishes of his daughter Florence.

CHAPTER II.

With respect to persons and places unknown to us and of which we form ideas, reasons will very often draw of them for us a fairly correct outline, but imagination will invariably fill in high lights and the low lights, the sunshine and the shade, of our often-treasured idea.

"Who are you writing to Florence?" asked Major Saxton one morning as he walked into the hotel room where his daughter was busy over her desk.

"To Jack, father. Have you anything which you wish me to tell him?"

"No; nothing in particular," said her father. "I have, however, something which I desire to say to yourself; but meanwhile, until you have finished your brother's letter, I will amuse myself looking over the paper which he sent me yesterday."

Taking a seat, and drawing a provincial paper from his pocket, the Major was soon interested in its contents. The steady scratch, scratch of Florence's pen, and the heavy breathing of the reader, were the only sounds which broke the stillness of the room for the space of about fifteen minutes, except at times when the crisp sheets of the newspaper were crumpled and turned over by the reader. Suddenly, however, the Major broke the stillness of the apartment by giving an emphatic slap to his right knee, and uttering an expressive and satisfied grunt, which proceeding on his part caused Florence to start slightly, and to drop a blot on her last sheet.

"Oh, father! just look at what you have made me do to Jack's letter; it is all spoiled. O, dear, I can never get a letter written without some mistake or misfortune occurring," and Florence made a furious dash for the blotter.

"Good!" said the Major, not heeding the direct effect produced on his daughter's equanimity by the miniature ink deluge. "Never mind, Florrie, what you have been doing to your letter. Can you guess, girlie, what Jack has been doing, the scamp?"

"What Jack has been doing!" cried Florence, about to get into a second flurry over the prospect of hearing some news. "What is it? Just wait a little until I dry this horrid blot,—there now!"

"Certainly; we'll wait a bit. You have not finished yet, Florrie. Don't you want to scratch that blot out? Here is my pen-knife."

"O, bother the blot—no! Jack will not mind it. What about him, father? I suppose you will keep me in ignorance now for half an hour or so."

"That depends on yourself, 'fussy.' What do you think this brother of yours has been doing?"

"Not winning another prize at an examination?" she replied inquisitively. "O, that's not it. His 'exam's,' as he calls them, are all over."

"No, that's not it. Try again, Florrie."

"Well, he can't be married," ventured the guesser in an awe-struck voice, getting closer to the newspaper and its possessor. "He cannot have been getting married?"

"No, he is not married,—at least as far as I know," said the Major, half laughing. "You silly little goose. Don't you know that Jack has something better to think about than getting married?"

"I am sure I don't know what he has been doing," said Florence. "He cannot have won another prize, and he is not married. Surely he has not been fighting, after the fashion of those German students we were reading about yesterday?"

"Now you're wrong on every head, Florrie. Jack is not married. He has not carried off any more college honors, but he has been fighting, after a fashion, and, 'by George,' he has been winning, too," said the Major, grasping his paper tightly.

"Let me see," said Florence, trying to capture the paper.

"There now. Don't take the sheet away from under my very nose, you saucy little girl. Wait until I read the news for you."

"O, but do make haste. You are only joking, father. Jack in a prize fight! well, the idea is ridiculous!"

"And who said that he had been? Confound a woman's impatience," said the Major, growing the least bit irascible.

"There now," said Florence, giving him a kiss, "go on; I saw the heading, and I know all about it. Jack has been racing on his bicycle. Now, I'm a silly goose, am I?"

"Certainly you are," said Mr. Saxton, as he proceeded to read the following extract:

At Blakley sports yesterday, the famous North of England cyclist, Joe Harding, was beaten at five miles by a young student from Cambridge, named Saxton. The race was Saxton's second one, and it is not the first time that a "camtab" has shown well upon the bicycle track, and the incident goes a long way towards exploding the conventional idea that uncult hair, weak lungs, and bent shoulders, topped by a sallow but of course intellectual face, should be the distinguishing features of the aspirant for college honors. As Mr. Saxton has carried off the laurels of his class at Cambridge, we congratulate him on his success in both fields of education, mental and physical.

"That's from the Blakley News," said Major Saxton, laying down the paper.

"How perfectly splendid," said Forence. "Let me see the paper, father. Why, Jack is going to be a great man. How I do like those bicycles, though for many reasons I think that if I were Jack I should prefer a horse. How I do wish that we were away in the country."

"Hallo!" exclaimed the Major throwing down his paper. "Why I declare, Florrie, I will soon begin to believe that I am a born strategist. Here I have got from you nearly all that I wanted without having to ask a single question. A project for our going to the country was just what I wished to talk to you about."

"Well, I believe that I am a 'silly goose.' There now, father, I suppose I have lost a grand chance to pay back your high opinion of my good sense; but what have you to tell me? I don't think that I have committed myself yet."

"You have, very nearly," said the Major. "Now, here's the whole secret: I have been thinking that we might take up our quarters at old Larch Hill. What say you, Florence, my girl? Shall we quit London?"

A gleam of pleased surprise came into Florence's eyes, as she answered: "Why, of course, I would like above all things to go, if that is what you mean, father; but you know best what we ought to do." Then drawing her chair closer, and placing her hand on his shoulder, she continued: "I like the idea. How nice it would be to get away from all the noise and confusion of the city, and find ourselves among the green fields and hedges."

"Why, Florrie," said the Major, smiling, you are getting romantic. If romance is all you want, you will find plenty of it in London. How about the new friends you have made?"

"O, I don't think that it would absolutely kill them to loose me, and I am not sufficiently acquainted with them to feel much concern at giving them up. How pleasant it would be to live in real England, for I am such a 'silly goose,' you know, father, that I do not believe this London is a part of England at all."

"Well, there's where you are mistaken, Florrie. London is England in a certain sense, and yet in another sense London is the world."

"That is the sense in which it appears to me, father. You know we have not gone out much since coming here, and I suppose I am doing wrong in hastily imagining that England is not what I thought it was, but you remember all that mother used to tell us of her old home and of her English friends."

A very small shade passed over the Major's brow, or rather across his eyes. Florence noticed it, and, throwing her arms round his neck, she laid her head on his shoulder. From this manner it would

appear that the old soldier was used to this method of procedure on the part of his daughter, for, taking one of her hands in his great brown palms, he allowed her to nestle close to him, while he looked straight before him out of the open window, as if he saw far away some vision of other days. Perhaps his metal gaze rested on some old field of strife, and he watched once more, with a trained and calculating eye, a long red line that glinted and gleamed in the sunlight. Or more likely he caught a glimpse of features that belonged once to a fair young English face, which, gazed upon often and often by him in love and admiration, could now only be seen reflected in the disc of memory, or looking forth from another face that was lying just now so close to his own. Whatever were his thoughts, he turned his eyes on his daughter's features, and holding her hand in one of his, with his other he smoothed back the fair hair from her forehead, and, after a few moments' pause for thought, said :

"Yes, Florrie, I think we will go; but what will my little girl do for company? How will she like to be always ordered about and commanded by such an old soldier as I am? What will she do for friends of her own age and taste, eh? And how will she ever learn all about the manners and habits of this new world of "Old England," which is so different from her late Indian home! If you can give a fair answer, and a satisfactory one, to all these queries, Florrie, perhaps we can see our way to starting at once."

"Now please do not think so much of me, father," said Florence, drawing her arms closer around him. "I would like to live as far away as possible from this great city; you may rest assured of that."

"Why, what an awfully discontented little baggage you are," said her father, smiling. "Why, Florrie, supposing that we could not leave London. What would you do then?"

"Make the best of circumstances, and be as contented as possible, father, of course. What else could I do?"

"I am afraid you would be a remarkably contented specimen of young ladyhood," said the Major, "You formed fancy ideas about London, and I dare say they have not been realized. Take care now you do not have your dreams of hedge-rows and orchards somewhat modified when you become more closely acquainted with them than prettily-written country books can make you."

"Well, I have read about it, and I do so wish to see something of real country England. I do not think I shall be disappointed. I have heard so much about it that I imagine I shall at once feel myself at home when we get there."

Here, perhaps, she saw a cloud coming over the Major's face once more, called up, no doubt, by her indirect reference to the love which his late wife had borne to her native land, and which prompted her to so often describe its beauties to her children and friends, far removed as they were from its well-remembered scenes.

"I do so wish, dear father," Florence continued, "to be always with you, and it would appear to me that I should have so much more opportunity of being so, if we were away in some quiet little home of our own, which fancy paints as being in the country."

"Fancy is a funny thing, Florrie," said the Major, "and maybe you would find that in the matter of which we are speaking, reality would turn out to be a totally different commodity."

"Well, but father, here in this large city," replied Florence, "there is too much reality; so much, indeed, that there does not appear to be room for anything else. Every one seems to care so little for everybody else, and the people push so in the street—even the messenger boys hustle you about as if you were one of themselves."

"Ha! ha! Florrie," laughed Major Saxton, "you are at sea, are you?" Calcutta and London are a little different, are they?"

"Of course they are," said Florence. "Why should they not be? I did not expect to find them similar, and now I do not expect to find the country like either of those places, and I am just anxious to find out how much Larch Hill differs from both."

Major Saxton stroked his chin once or twice, and then said: "We will decide for Bardesly and Larch Hill, Florrie. We will take up our quarters in my old home."

"How pleasant," said Florence. "I shall be all impatience until we are off."

"But you need not expect," continued the Major, "to have all green fields round Larch Hill. You will have the great blue field of the ocean, which you grew so fond of during the voyage over here. How will you like that?"

"O, that will be superb! Better even than hills and mountains, though we can have hills, too. You remember you used to tell me of your early life among the hills and on the shore, where you lived long ago. But, father, what do you suppose Jack will say to the arrangement?"

"I hardly know. He wanted me to remain in London, and he said, in support of that plan of action, that it would be better both for you and myself. He was mistaken with regard to myself, but with respect to you I think what he said was correct."

"Well, Jack may be very clever," said Florence, "and I have no doubt but that he is, but his judgement is not infallible. In such matters he may be mistaken in his opinion."

"There is not the least fear of the place being too quiet or retired for me," pursued the Major, "but my Florence I know will want a little more life than she will be likely to find in the neighborhood of Larch Hill."

"Now father you have said quite enough about me; don't you think so? Do you write and tell Jack that we are going to Bardesly, and that, when we have finished his studies, the best thing that he can do is to take his funny animal of the neuter gender and ride to Larch Hill."

"Well, then, I think I shall write your brother of my determination to leave London; but there is no necessity for his hurrying to join us at Larch Hill, Florrie. He had better wait until we have the place fixed up, get your Aunt Em. there, and have things running smooth generally."

"Very well," said Florence. "We will let him please himself about the time and manner of joining us. Somehow or other I do not think Jack will find his new steed half as useful as his old one. I do so wish that he had not sold 'Yussuf.' "

"Yussuf was a nice animal, and would not have turned in badly at Larch Hill," said the Major, as he picked up his paper; "but never mind, Florrie, we will have a good English pony to carry you round the country. Now kiss me good bye, little girl, and I will be off to see about arrangements for shifting camp."

"Good bye, father. Shall I add anything to my letter to Jack, with reference to our leaving for the country?"

The Major paused at the door, thought a moment, and said: "Well, you may say that I will write him to-morrow."

Florence sat down, added the necessary words, sealed the envelope, and then became lost in thought, gazing vacantly across at the numerous windows of the opposite building. There we leave the young stranger in her native land, meditating, no doubt, on the changes that were past, and wondering what the future might have in store for her.

To be Continued.



A Shanty-Town Rondeau.

*Pat Ryan bought his young son Michael,
A handsome twenty dollar cycle;—
Bought Mike,
A bike.*

*The goat cart's glory oft' paraded,
Will shine no more, for e'er 'tis faded;—
Alas!
'Tis past.*

*Admiring Shanty-town will gaze
No more, at Murphy's home made chaise,—
The iron hoss
Is boss!*

George Rothgiesser, a German cycle builder has constructed a new kind of rear driving safety, on which the rider's weight is suspended from the steering wheel. This arrangement, it is claimed, will make the machine as easy of steering as the ordinary bicycle. The delicate steering is the one great draw-back to the Rover safety, but if this difficulty can be overcome, it will become more popular than ever.



The Last of Bike.

(See August number.)

OME, gentle reader, come with me, and I will tell you more of the strange, weird story of Bike. When I left Chicago without taking the pup with me, Ned Oliver was in great trouble; his hair began to turn grey; he had a sad, apprehensive look, and his friends grew alarmed about his condition.

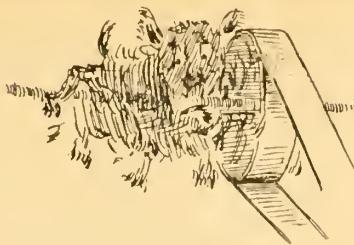
One morning when an unusually large crowd of persons presented themselves at the office with statements of account for poultry chewed on the night before, Oliver resolved that something must be done. Then and there he determined upon a mean, low act. What will not a man do in self defense? He approached Mr. Bell, the new manager of the sundry department, an Englishman and a stranger in this country, and represented to him that the exchange of dogs was, in America, a common and time honored custom as a token of friendship and mutual good will. Bell had no dog to trade, and he urged this fact with much feeling, but Oliver said he would waive the return of the compliment on the part of a stranger of good intentions. So Bike was taken into the Bell family and removed to the south side.

At first the dog did not take kindly to his strange environments, his heart was sore with home-sickness, and the first few nights he sat out upon the front porch and wept bitterly while the neighbors leaned out of their open windows and made unkind remarks.

Gradually Bike came to learn that the chickens on the south side were just as numerous and fine flavored as those that roosted in the vicinity of North Franklin Street. He began to experience new joys that he had not known before. He would go out and dig holes in the flower beds and eat old shoes and tomato cans that the neighbors had tendered him on the previous evening, and then he would come in and fondly brush his fleas onto the little girl baby, or curl up for a nap on a ruffled pillow sham.

It was curious about those neighbors, how they failed to appreciate the dog's wonderful intelligence. They called in a body upon Mr. Bell and said firmly, but in a neighborly way that either he, Bike, or they would have to pull out of there. They said they did not want to be obtrusive in the matter, but they meant business, and they employed Herr Johonnus Schwaub, assassination artist, to look after their interests. Herr Schwaub would enter upon his active duties on Monday evening, of which fact they desired to give due notice. Then they hoped that Mr. Bell's folks were enjoying their usual good health and withdrew.

That was Saturday night. The next morning after they had fed Bike's fleas with peach powder, the family took him out into the park for an airing. He had been playing in the sewer the day before and needed airing



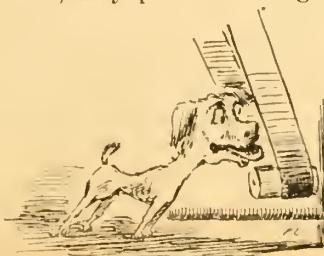
badly. So they went out to wander among the shrubs and flowers, and look at the rare collection of wild animals. A prairie dog who had turned his back upon the passing throng to meditate for a moment upon the pleasures of rural life, did not escape the sweeping glance of Bike's large, red eye. He grabbed the prairie dog by the scruff of the neck and frolicked around the grounds with it until life was extinct.

It required a good deal of slick talk on the part of Mr. Bell, and two dollars in hand paid, to induce patrolman McAferty to refrain from shooting Bike. But he had owned a yellow pup himself, once in the long, dead past, and at length his heart softened and he suffered Bike to go free.

Next morning Bell went down to the factory with Bike under one arm and his resignation under the other, and gave Oliver his choice. He took Bike, but did not keep him; he gave him to a butcher. That night while Bike was locked up in the shop, he whiled away the long, weary hours of darkness by eating three watermelons and a choice assortment of sugar-cured hams, and when Oliver found these nominal items on his meat bill, he took little Bike back to the factory, and put him on his old time economical diet of six dollar saddles.

Bike settled down to his old mode of life once more, but the rash habits he had formed still clung to him. He had not been in the factory many days, when, patrolling the finishing room he found a machine that was not in use at the time. Bike had just fastened his teeth in the belting for a good ten o'clock lunch, when by some misunderstanding the machine started, and Bike was wafted up into the shafting. A large, reverberating yelp went forth and penetrated the entire building down into the office. Oliver, the type-writers, clerks, book-keepers and all came rushing up stairs two steps at a time, and the hands all knocked off work and flocked to the spot. There, up among the shafting and pulleys was a little bunch of yellow fur, all that was left of poor little Bike.

For weeks afterwards the workmen picked up little scraps of Bike in the odd corners of the factory, and when they had gathered up as much of him as they could reasonably hope to accumulate, they put him in a cigar



box and planted him on the lake front. A large boulder marks the spot, and painted on it with re-touching enamel are these simple words:

POOR LITTLE BIKE'

He tackled lathe No. 11 and got left.

We mourn for our dead scenter.

Furnivall on Training.

AT a recent meeting of the "Society of Cyclists" in London, W. Percy Furnivall, the English racer, read the following paper on "Physical Training for High Speed Competitions:"

"Before beginning the formal part of my paper, I wish to state that my appearance here to-night as its reader, is not (as you may well believe) due to my own wish, but to that of our chairman, the founder of the society, who has asked me to occupy this evening. I have felt that I could not refuse, but must do my best to comply with his request—bad as that best may be. It is my first attempt at anything of the kind. As you know, I am more accustomed to the wheel than the pen, and I, therefore, throw myself on the indulgence of my hearers, who will recognize that I have made free use of the authorities on the subject to be discussed, Huxley and Kirk, on the one hand, for physiology; Maclaren and Cortis, on the other, for athletics.

Any one taking part in any sport requiring a great amount of muscular exertion must, to some degree, prepare his body and muscles to meet the strain put upon them. The special form of muscular exertion I propose to treat to-night is cycling; not on the road for pleasure, but either on track or road for hard racing. Now, as a sculler or a runner asks himself what special muscles or parts of the body are called into exercise by his sport, so the cyclist has to inquire what limbs, organs, and muscles he will have specially to exert in the course of his race. The answer will be, that the driving power comes chiefly from the loins and legs, the muscular movements involved in which necessitate the rapid action of the heart and lungs, so that they also have to be looked to. And finally, without pluck and judgment no great success is possible. The style of man to be chosen for bicycling should be one above medium height, with wide hips, long legs, and powerful thighs, with a chest big enough to give full play to his heart and lungs. Contrasting generally the bicyclist with the tricyclist, the latter would be the shorter, thicker-set man of the two.

The great muscular exertion required for cycling produces a large waste of the tissues of the body. The first question, therefore, is, what this loss consists of, and by what materials it can best be repaired.

Here it may be interesting to give a few of Huxley's statistics. The average weight of a full-grown man is 11 stone, or 154 lbs. This 154 lbs. is thus distributed: muscles, tendons, and muscular appendages 68 lbs.; skin 10½ lbs.; fat 28 lbs.; hair 3 lbs.; lungs and heart 3½ lbs.; abdominal viscera 11 lbs.; blood in vessels 7 lbs.; skeleton 24 lbs. The

heart of such a man beats 75 times a minute, and he breathes 15 times a minute. In 24 hours he vitiates 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent. A man, therefore, of the weight mentioned should have 800 cubic feet of well-ventilated space. He should throw off by the skin 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every 24 hours. His total loss would be 6 lbs. of water, and 2 lbs. of other matter.

In order that this loss may be supplied and life maintained, it is necessary that the body should be supplied with food of proper quality and quantity. This food is used for replacing the waste of the tissues; and as no one substance contains all the elements composing these solids in proper proportion, it is evident that the diet to make up for these losses must consist of several substances, not of one alone. For the sake of convenience they may be classified as follows:—

Organic nitrogenous: as flesh of animals, fish, milk, eggs, and leguminous fruits.

Carbo-hydrates: bread, vegetables, non-leguminous fruits.

Substances supplying principally fatty bodies: butter, lard, suet.

Salts are found in all foods.

Of the solid foods above named the nitrogenous ones make chiefly the muscles, and the nitrogenous part of the nervous system; the carbo-hydrates forming heat, and the necessary fat as a store for emergencies. Most of these substances are, of course, to be eaten cooked. "The general effect of cooking is to make food more easily digestible; and this includes two other alterations: food is made more agreeable to the palate, and also more pleasing to the eye. Cooking consists in exposing the food to various degrees of heat. The effect of heat upon flesh is to coagulate the albumen and colouring matter, solidify fibrin, and to galatinise tendons and fibrous connective tissue." The effect of boiling an egg is, that the albumen is coagulated and turned into a more suitable article of food. Vegetables are by cooking made softer, so that they can be more readily broken up in the mouth; and cooking also causes the starch to swell up and burst, and so aids the digestive fluids in penetrating into the substance. Having thus explained the constituents of food, and the operation of heat on them, I pass to the kind of food and meals the cyclist should take, and will then say a few words as to the general principles of men managing themselves in relation to their diet.

The principle guiding, the selection of meals, should be to take plain, substantial, nourishing solids, with simple unexciting fluids.

Assuming that a man has got up at 7:30, had his cold bath, a good rub-down, ten minutes with the dumb-bells or Indian clubs, and a short walk, I would allow him for breakfast, at 8:30, bread or toast, and a little butter; porridge and milk; chop, steak, or eggs. For drink, tea, coffee, cocoa, or milk.

Dinner at 2 P. M. Mutton or beef; poultry and fish occasionally; and a moderate quantity of green vegetables, potatoes, lentils,

and haricot beans; a plain milk pudding, with a little stewed fruit, and bread. Water only to be drank.

Tea at 7 P. M., consisting of hot or cold meat, with tomatoes; and bread-and-butter. For drink, tea, coffee, or cocoa.

You will observe that I do not tax the energies of the digestive organs with substances giving no adequate return for the labor; and as I said before you get your nitrogenous food, forming chiefly muscles and the nitrogenous part of the nervous system, and your carbo-hydrates, forming heat and the necessary fat as a store for emergencies. You should thus avoid all indigestible and useless material.

Nature tells us how much food we require. When our natural appetite has been satisfied with plain good food, we have had all that is necessary for the restoration of the tissues. Have no pickles or sauces on the table, as they stimulate to eating beyond the true appetite. Also limit the meal to two or three dishes, as a too great variety of foods, possessing a variety of flavors, stimulates to eating beyond the natural appetite. It is better to eat too little than too much. Stale bread is better than new, because, during mastication, it can be more thoroughly broken up, so that the saliva can more freely penetrate and act on it. New bread is liable to be worked up into a doughy ball, and merely externally acted on. Remember, our bodies are nourished, not by what we eat, but by what we digest.

As to the times of eating, three or four hours is the ordinary time needed for the digestion of a meal in the stomach. Always rest and have a nap, if possible, after eating; animals always do.

If a man has been living a very different kind of life, it is a mistake to change his habits too suddenly, even if the change be for the better.

Having now dealt with the solids, we go on to the liquids. More than two-thirds of every one of you is water. In a man of twelve stone there is more than eight stone of water. Now a man, on an average, in ordinary every-day life, loses six pounds of water daily; and this amount is largely increased when he is under-going any violent exercise. This large loss is in part supplied by the so-called solid food which we eat, for out of every hundred parts of lean beef seventy-two are water, the others being nineteen of albumen, four of fat, and five of salts. The rest of the liquid needed we take by drinking.

Water alone would be sufficient; but habit and taste require the addition of certain flavorings, as tea, coffee, etc. Tea in moderation is a stimulant, and contains an oil to which it owes its peculiar aroma, an astringent of the nature of tannin, and an alkaloid, theine. The composition of coffee is very nearly similar to that of tea. Cocoa, in addition to similar substances found in tea and coffee, contains fat, albuminous matter, and starch, and must be looked upon more as a food.

The amount of liquid to be drunk should be to a great extent regulated by nature's

desires, bearing in mind only that no more should be taken than the stomach can readily absorb, as unabsorbed fluid retards digestion, distends the stomach, and is bad for what is popularly known as "the wind." Here, too, we must distinguish between local and constitutional thirst. The local thirst in the back of the throat, caused by rapid breathing of a warm atmosphere impregnated with dust, or like circumstances, must be allayed, not by large draughts of liquid, which, by passing into the body, would produce the ill effect above mentioned, but by first thoroughly washing out the mouth, and by swallowing slowly a small quantity of fluid. Constitutional thirst, which is caused by the disproportionately small quantity of water in the blood, should be quenched by moderate draughts of some non-alcoholic liquid, always taking care not to drink too much. No fluid should ever be taken above the temperature of 100° Fahrenheit.

It is almost needless to say that during a course of training neither alcohol nor tobacco should be touched. The advocates for the use of alcohol make, however, a claim that at the end of a long and trying race it stimulates exhausted nature to still further efforts. The reply to that I will not attempt myself, but will give it in the words of one of the greatest masters of medical science, the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, speaking of the temporary relief obtained by alcoholic stimulants, says, "Stimulants do not create nervous power; they merely enable you, as it were, to use up that which is left, and then they leave you more in need than you were before."

I pass now to the subject of clothing. In this we have to consider material and form. The materials should be woolen and porous; the form as thoroughly adapted as possible not to catch the wind, and yet to leave all the joints free play. As to the best material, there is a very good test, which our President has published. This consists in simply taking a bit of the stuff and breathing through it. If, he says, it is an effort for the lungs to breathe through it, it is a still greater effort for the skin; and a choice should, therefore, be made of the substance through which the breath passes as freely as if there was nothing in the way. A cricket cap may be worn, or not, according to the taste of the rider. Well-fitting shoes should be worn, as boots cramp the ankles; they must be made as light as possible, but must have a stiff sole, and bars of leather crossed at right angles, to fit, and to give a firm grip of the pedal. They should also lace from the toe, as high up the foot as possible without interfering with the free play of the ankles, in order to give as much support as they can.

We now come to sleeping. The amount of time required for sleep varies, not only with individuals, but with the same individual at different periods of his life, and is influenced by various causes, such as exercise, and so on. It is pretty generally agreed that most sleep is required while the body is growing, and when, after being full-grown, it is most

active. The cyclist, therefore, in training should take a full amount of sleep, say eight hours out of the twenty-four hours.

This has a good effect, not only in sustaining the strength, but in keeping the senses of seeing, hearing, and feeling in steady and healthful tone. Sleep is better, too, when taken in the early part of the night. It is better to sleep in a warm room than in a very warm bed, because too many bed-clothes lead to suppressed perspiration and nervous exhaustion.

On the matter of exercise one great question has to be settled. Is it good in training to continue other exercises with that of cycling? The answer to this is, as I think, that if the exercise added to cycling be not excessive, and if it be carefully selected, it is good. The by exercise (if I may so call it) ought not to weary the lower limbs; that is a cardinal point; but it may with advantage bring into play the muscles of the chest and upper limbs. Dumb-bell or Indian club exercise is excellent, and I recommend every man, after his morning bath, to take at least ten minutes with the dumb-bells or clubs, throwing the arms well out so as to get good expansion of the chest. Gentle walking is good for a mile or so before breakfast, but not more. Never take any violent exercise till about three or four hours after a full meal.

Next comes the knotty point as to whether the rider intends training for handicaps or scratch races. If he is training for handicaps, where the stronger rider gives the weaker one a start, he should mount his machine and ride the whole distance at his top speed, and then dismount. If the race is a scratch race, where no starts are allowed and all ride the same distance, the rider, according to his ability, tact, and judgment, may take one of two courses. If he be a powerful man, or posses great staying powers, without much capability of spurring, he will ride the whole distance at his top speed, and by so doing try to tire his weaker competitors, who may be faster on the spur than himself. Should he, on the other hand, be a comparatively feeble rider, or a muscular man without much staying power, he will reserve his strength by every means in his power for the final spurt. Now the training required by the goer all the way in scratch races is exactly the same as that of the handicap-rider; namely, he traverses the entire distance at his top speed. If, on the other hand, he decides to wait on the goer all through and tries to spur him at the end, he should practice short, sharp bursts of speed, varied by a half and three-quarters pace work, always finishing up with a sharp spurt. I think that anyone who naturally belongs to either class of rider, namely the waiter or the pacemaker, injures his chances of success by forcing his training towards the other class. The amount of work taken on the machine, should, of course, be regulated by the physical qualities of the rider; if he has a hearty appetite for his meals, he is not doing too much work; but directly the appetite falls off, the amount of work should also be lessened. Nature is the best guide to the

amount of work a man should do; but he must not take too violent exercise at the beginning of a course of training, and should never ride until a fit of coughing is produced. In racing I would say to the pacemaker, if he feels done, think that those behind you are still more tired. To the waiter I would say, if possible, ride second or third, and try by all means in your power to get a good position for the final spurt.

The great thing in riding at a high speed is to get the greatest pace with the least amount of exertion. Everything that can save muscular effort should be taken into account. Do not let your machine be heavier than is consistent with strength and rigidity; let every frictional part be provided with perfectly fitted ball bearings, so as to reduce friction to a minimum, and let the rider lean forward so as not to offer more resistance to the wind than is absolutely necessary. In rapid riding the resistance caused by the friction of the tire with the ground, and the friction of the bearings, are simply nothing when compared to the resistance of the wind. If anyone doubts my word, let him ride for a mile or so against a strong head wind, and then turn round and run before it. The difference is little short of marvelous. Then, as to the best method of applying muscular power. First, let the reach of the bicycle or tricycle be of such a length that the rider can easily touch the pedal when it is at its lowest point with his heel. Then, let his cranks be as long as possible, without giving the feet any tendency to fly off the pedals, and causing the wheel to wobble when spurring at top speed. Also let the saddle be comfortable, and the handles of a length and bend suitable to the reach of the rider's arms. The triangle formed by the saddle, handles, and pedals, is an all-important one, and if it is not correct the rider will never be comfortable. Let his knees work straight up and down; any turning of them in or out means loss of power. One of the difficulties of pedalling at a high speed is, that a man pushes his pedals down, and does not stop there, but bears slightly on them when they are coming up. This, of course, retards the pace of the machine. The habit must be overcome by carrying out the following directions: When the pedal is at its highest, the rider should drop his heel, and so help to push the crank past the dead centre. Again, when the pedal is at its lowest, the rider should raise his heel, and so help to pull or claw the crank past the dead centre. This is a very important point, and should be practised in an exaggerated style till it is thoroughly acquired. When a rider can perform the action of "ankling" well, he will find that he has but at least a mile an hour on to his speed. His position on the machine should be as easy as possible; body in a rather crouching position, leaning well forward, and yet the weight kept back as much as possible. The elbows should be slightly turned out, so as to keep the chest well open. When spurring, take a good grip on your handles with the fingers uppermost, and the elbows firmly tucked into the sides, and every muscle set. No race can be rid-

den by rule of thumb. You *must* think about the race while you are riding it, keeping your eyes open, and taking advantage of any mistake in judgment that an opponent may make, saving yourself as much as possible, always trying your hardest to win, and never forgetting that you are a *sportsman* and a *gentleman*. After a race a man should be well rubbed down, as rubbing aids the circulation of the blood through the muscles, and so helps to carry off the waste products of muscular action, and to renovate the muscles themselves. The astringent lotions and embrocations that racing men are so fond of anointing themselves with are quite useless, and should only be used when a ligament or muscle is strained.

I next pass on to make an admission, which is that in sport a good deal of mischief has been done by what is medically called overstrain, both of nerve and muscle, owing to the ignorance that has prevailed on a new subject, as to the mode of preparing for competitive feats. I notice that the senior members of the profession I am studying are given to express much concern, at times, respecting the injury that is done by severe contests. Perhaps they think more of these evils than we young men do, because we see such an immense number of races in which no injury follows, while they only have before them the exceptional examples of the harm done, so that the question of frequency does not enter into their reckoning. I do not say this to suggest that there is no danger, but rather to testify that in cycling whatsoever danger exists is not greater than in any other sports and pastimes where men match men in athletic struggles. In fact, when you compare cycling with rowing, in which a long object like a boat has to be forced through a strongly resisting medium, like water, it is quite clear that far more strain on the muscles and vital power is entailed, than in cycling. Again, take running; in this, as the weight of the body has to be supported by the legs, as well as carried upright at a rapid pace through the air, without any such mechanical help such as you have in cycling, there must also be a far greater strain on the muscles than in cycling.

In conclusion I may say that, in cycling, racing has unquestionably led to greater improvement in the construction of machines. And I hope I am not saying to much if I venture an opinion to the effect that, if there had been no cycle racing, it would have taken half a century to bring the art to the point which it has at present attained. Moreover, I think that it will be admitted by all who use the bicycle or tricycle exclusively for purposes of pleasure, that the fastest machine is the easiest to drive. Therefore, the best racing machine will, with certain modifications, make the best roadster.

To sum up, the object of training, as my most excellent trainer Harry Leeming, of Manchester, says, is to get the body, muscles, and vital organs to the highest pitch of health and strength, by regular living, exercise, and practice of those qualities of endurance, speed, and judgment which will take a man first past the winning post, ahead of the best of his opponents.

Sundries.

The St. Louis Cycling Club has found winter quarters in the Natatorium.

Even the bleak winter months are productive of new cycling papers. The *N. C. U. Review* has just appeared in England.

The account of the North Shore tricycling tour, written by W. W. Stall for the *Bi. World*, will be republished in book form as a souvenir of that very enjoyable outing.

Wheeling tells of a bicyclist who threw a companion into an open grate fire because he refused to drink with him. This is pressing an invitation altogether too far.

Gravel roads are the best improvements Indiana can make now. Marion is far behind many sister counties in this respect. Boone has built over fifty miles this year, and many others have built largely.

The Dorchester Bi. Club held its annual road races on the 18th. It consisted of five events, a fifteen mile club championship, won by Doane in 57 m.; a one-mile won by Bates in 3 m., 10 s.; a five-mile, won by Benson in 20 m.; a seven and a half mile handicap, won by Forbes, 1½ lead, 33 m., 31 s.; and a two-mile special race won by E. H. Galloupe.

The sultan of Morocco is (or was) much married; to the extent of 1,500 wives. His chief instrument for maintaining domestic discipline is (or was) a bicycle. This machine was presented to him by a French manufacturer.

Of course his majesty never would learn to ride it himself, but he had a circular track laid out in his court yard, and whenever any of his wives were guilty of misdemeanors he made them go out there and ride the wheel. The least offender had to keep at it till she had fallen off five times, while the worst culprits had twenty-five falls to make. Meantime his majesty would stand by and watch them with ghoulish glee.

—*New York Tribune*.

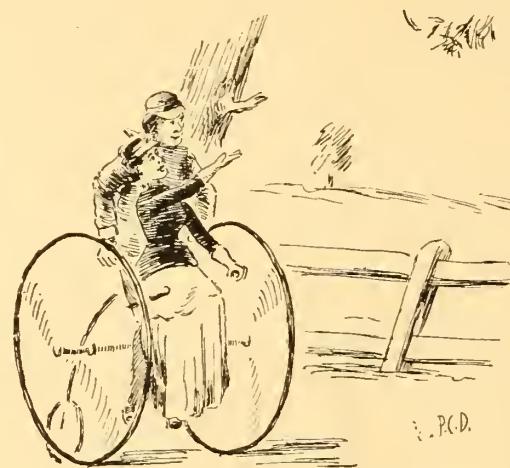
The prevailing sizes of tricycle wheels next season bids fair to be 36-in. drivers, and 26-in. to 30-in. pilot. Safeties would be improved by the adoption of larger wheels, which would bring the pedals further from the ground, and be a decided advantage.

Lacey Hillier and Joe Pennell may think they know all about red hot book criticism, but they could take a few points from the carver of the *New York Post*, who winds up a review of Sunset Cox's latest book in this style: "We have only to add that the illustrations are so bad that one has no cause to regret their being in this particular volume."

Bad luck seems to accompany a borrowed

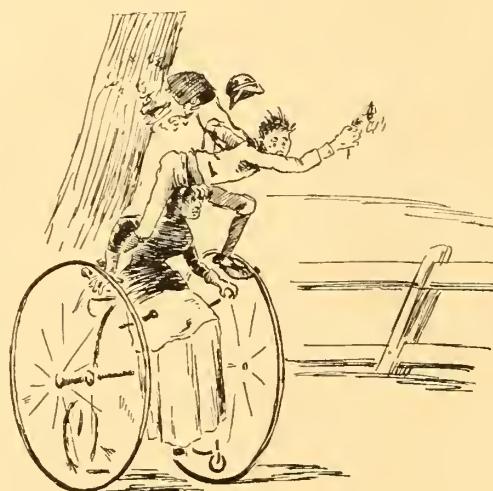
Gathering Autumn Leaves.

A CYCLING PASTORAL.



J. P. C. D.

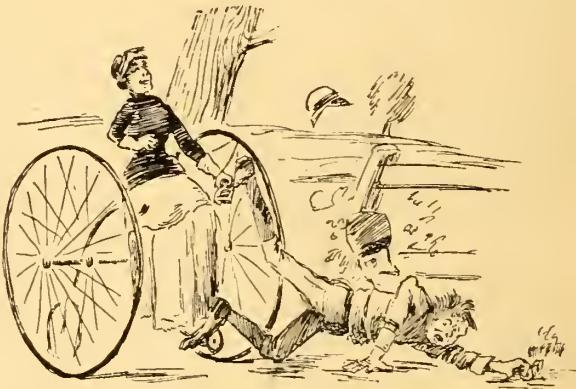
SHE—"Oh, Charlie, what a perfectly delicious bunch of autumn leaves! Won't you try to gather them for me?"



HE—"Holy smoke! she's moving!"



HE—"Try! I could reach anything for you. Now if you will just steady the machine for a moment,—"



HE—"Here's your old leaves."

wheel. We know of one rider who, in eight years' riding over 15,000 miles, never had the lightest break on a wheel of his own, but broke an axle on a strange borrowed machine the first time he used it. Another rider tells us that he has ridden his own wheels five years and never broke anything; but every time he has loaned a wheel it has come home broken. Two skillful riders started for Marysville a few days ago on borrowed wheels—their skill and experience did not save them,—the borrowed machines insisted on smashing each other, in a rough and tumble collision which soon occurred. Moral—"Never lend your wheel; not even to your mother."—*Fort Wayne Gazette*.

It always does a wheelman good to hear of a road-hog being brought to terms, so it is with much satisfaction that we reprint this paragraph from *Sporting Life*:

A very exciting scene was witnessed one day last week in the South of London. Mr. Snyder Lee, of the Kildare B. and T. C., was traveling slowly along the highway on a tricycle, when a one-horse wagonette, containing altogether six men and three women,

was driving straight at him, and he had just time to throw himself on the footpath when the cart wheel went over his machine, smash it up in the most wholesale fashion. Mr. Lee ran after the wagonette, and seized upon the back, whereupon one of the men struck him. Being a particularly powerful man, Mr. Lee, who was a little soured—shall I say? by the incident, went for the horse's head, and, half pulling him round, made a spring at the box seat. As he did so, one of the men bent over to strike him, and Mr. Lee, catching him by the collar, pulled him out, and he fell on his head in the road, where he lay insensible for some time. Springing up, the enraged cyclist hurled one of the remaining two on the box into the body of the trap, and the other, saying it wasn't his fault, gave up the reins, and Mr. Lee drove the now thoroughly cowed party to the neighboring police-station, picking up *en route* the fallen brave. In consideration of the damage done to the latter, Mr. Lee consented to accept full compensation in lieu of charging the men, two of whom broke down and became almost tearful. It will be a long time before they interfere with an athlete cycling again.

A Helping Hand.

"Is this the GAZETTE office, the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, I mean?" he asked of the office boy as he tossed the stump of his cigar at him to draw his attention.

"That depends, Colonel," said the office boy with the deliberation besetting the responsibilities of his position, "that depends,—got a bill to collect or do you want to pay up for your sub?"

"Nyther, I merely wish to meet the publication specialist" said the stranger, laying a strong, impressive accent on the first word of his remark.

The boy did not crush. - 'If you want to see P. C. you will find him up front at the drawing table; G. S. is in the sanctum there to your left, maybe you'd better tackle him, his time ain't very valuable.' So the visitor came into our awful presence and tossed his card onto a piece of manuscript that we were filling with living thoughts. We stopped and looked at the card,

A. Joseph Kerr,
Humorist.

"I was passing through the city," remarked Mr. Kerr, "and took a notion to stop in and see how trade was in these parts, I always find it a good plan to compare notes with all the humorists I meet in traveling about. Every once in a while I find a joke that has been run in a certain locality until it is about worn out; but take it into another section and it's as good as new. Anything new or original around here?"

"Nothing in particular," we said, "in fact we are not very well posted on the current miscellaneous jokes since we have gone to working a special lead. All our productions now, have to be more or less connected with cycling, which fact shuts us out of a good many lines of work."

"Well, I should say it would," the visitor remarked with sympathy, "it must cut you out of nearly everything, how do you manage to get along with such a restricted field of labor?"

"Fairly well."

"Peculiar case," he mused, "and you really got through the summer without the green apple joke, or any sea-side humor or summer vacation business?"

"Its not as bad as that; we have our kinds of vacation,—bicycle touring," we said.

"That's fortunate, but you don't have the bulldog, or the freshly painted piazza or the hammock or the picnic where the young man with lavender pants sits in a custard pie,—and these are little less than essential. You don't have the joke about the dude who goes into the country and tries to milk a cow, or the young lady who asks if they put Paris green on the tomato vines because they are not quite the proper tint,—you don't have these, of course, and yet I don't see how you are able to get along without them. I'd resign, and take a job on a paper where I could work the regular stock in its season."

We told him that we were enjoying our work as much as a man can enjoy the means whereby he pays his grocery bill,—we went

further and tried to explain to him the scheme of the header and the riding school joke, and some of our stock-in-trade, but they seemed to be out of his reach.

"I should think you would grieve over the fall like a long haired poet," and he sighed himself, quite visibly. "Here comes the season when other fellows in your line of business are carrying six hundred-pound oleanders into the cellar and putting up stove-pipes, or coming home from the sea-side, just in time to find the servant girl entertaining her friends in the best room,—why, this is the time when the theatrical joke just begins to bud and blossom, and here you are tied down to a few weak bicycle gags, when you ought to be a free lance among the rest of us joke makers. I tell you what, I feel sorry for you," and he sat still and mused a long time during which interval we put the finishing touches on a Club Liar sketch.

Finally he said: "I'll tell you what it is my friend, I know a good live town, ten thousand, inhabitants and only four papers, Blossom Rock, Idaho, is the place. Now what do you say? Suppose we go out there and start a funny paper,—one of the regular rip-snorter kind,—none of your sickly, dude jokes or society conversations, but the old reliable kind that will make a man laugh until you can hear him two miles the other side of the county line. Suppose we dig in and make a daisy paper!"

We explained to him that winter was too near at hand for us to try any new ventures, even had we not a large, princely salary at our command, so Professor Kerr chatted with us for a while about the new Mr. and Mrs. Crowley joke that is now enjoying unprecedented popularity in New York, and we talked about several new types of baseball jokes of the '87 pattern, and then he withdrew.

"I feel deeply interested in your case" he said as he wrung our hand at parting, "it is a peculiar one and not especially hopeful. If I should run across any good bicycle joke, I will send it to you to help you out." So we parted.

A few days after, we had almost forgotten about our visitor, when the mail carrier brought in a postal card addressed to us, personally. It read :

Kalamazoo, Sept. 10, 1887.
Here's one for a starter:
Say something about TRYING A TRI-CYCLE or BUYING A BI-CYCLE. See?
Yours in haste,
JO. KERR.

Mud vs. Dust.

The following sensible letter was sent by F. J. Bennett, of H. M. Geological Survey, to the last issue of the *Newbury News*. It is sent at an appropriate time:—"Just now a thick mantle of dust covers our roads; with the advent of rain this will be converted into mud. Road authorities seem never to have considered that mud is *wet dust*, or to have reflected how much cheaper it must be to *sweep* and *cart* dust than to *scrape* and *cart* mud, nor, further, to reflect that one car-load of dust will make two car-loads of mud, or that with each load of mud they are cart-

ing nearly half a load of water. The same thing, too, will apply to the manual labor, nearly half of which is employed in collecting and shoveling up water. In all this, economy of labor is totally disregarded, and the pockets of the ratepayers suffer accordingly, and all this for want of thought. A few days ago our scavengers were laboriously scraping up and carting mud, when the day before or after they might have been sweeping and carting dust. In attention to these apparently small matters the French are far ahead of us; there the dust is swept off the roads both in the town and country, for my remarks apply to both. In France a long-handled flexible broom is used, with which a man placed in the middle can sweep from side to side of an ordinary road, and thus get over two or three miles per day of easy sweeping. Sweeping must, of course, be done with some judgement, especially on roads metalled with a dry shingly gravel, such as is used on parts of the Reading Road.

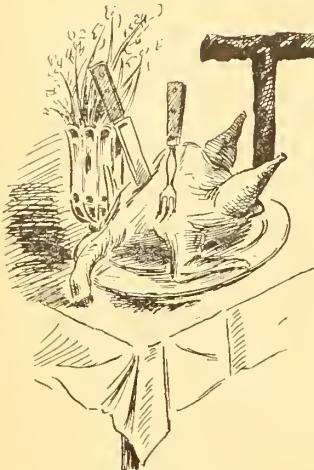
When the gravel contains more binding matter, such as that used on the roads over some of our commons, as, for instance, on Greenham and Cookham, sweeping especially in the autumn and early spring, is attended with much advantage, and we should have much less mud to plow through. Again, too, in the autumn such dust would be immediately available as manure; it contains much animal manure, and would form a most valuable top dressing for grass, etc. Mud must lie about some time before it can be carted, and must be far more costly to apply to the land than dust. If it pays to cart mud on the land if must pay better to cart dust; or, if there be a loss in carting mud, there must be a profit in carting dust. Calcareous roads, *i. e.*, roads either metalled with limestone, or having a limestone or chalk subsoil, are solid and united even in dry weather, and so such roads may be swept with profit as soon as any dust accumulates. Traction in a dust-covered road is often heavier than on a muddy one; this is certainly the case with regard to cycles, and so should hold good with traffic generally. It cannot be too often insisted on, that increased traction means increased cost to the users of roads. Cyclists have found this out long ago, but the traveling public have been slow to perceive this, and we shall never have good, and therefore economical, roads until they admit it, and force this point upon the authorities. To sum up, then, the case of

- MUD versus DUST.*
1. Mud is Wet dust.
 2. One load of mud contains, say, 50 per cent. of water. Therefore one load of mud equals two loads of dust. No water to cart.
 3. Much water to cart. Cost of labor much lessened.
 4. Cost of labor much increased. Immediately available as manure.
 5. Some time before it can be used as manure.

—Bi. News.

The *Australian Cycling News*, a paper which suspended publication last year has started again. From this distant point of view it looks as though Australia ought to support at least one cycling paper.

The New Preacher's Thanksgiving.



HE Rev. John Walters was not a proud man,—no one would ever have called him that,—yet in his own meek way he took some pride in his ability to read an audience. It was a great satisfaction to him to feel the effect of his utterances upon his congregation, and a great help as well. In fact he frequently admitted to his wife that it was partly the discovery of this subtle faculty, during his college career, that caused him to decide upon the ministry as his field of labor. Yet this remarkable gift was not always a source of joy, for on one occasion in particular, Sunday

evening the 25th of November, it caused him great solicitude. And this is how it happened:

Parson Walters always read his pulpit announcements at Sabbath evening services rather than in the morning, out of respect for the long established custom of his predecessor, Dr. Black, who had ministered to the flock at the Zion church for the twenty years prior to his death. The slightest practices of the good old preacher had become endeared to his congregation, and many of the brothers and sisters had early called upon the new minister and expressed the hope that he would follow in the ways of Dr. Black as far as possible. These requests seemed beautifully pathetic to John Walters and his wife and they agreed that it would be right to heed them, and faithfully did they try to do so.

So, on this particular evening the minister read his notices as usual. There would be a meeting of the Mite Society at Elder Green's on Saturday afternoon. The Ladies' Missionary Society would meet at the parsonage on Tuesday afternoon. On Thanksgiving day there would be special services in the chapel at the usual hour of worship.

As he finished these announcements he noticed that his hearers seemed expecting something to follow, and several of the old members of the congregation looked up over their glasses with expressions that very plainly said, "well, say on, young man, why don't you say on?" But John Walters could think of nothing more to say, nothing at all that had been forgotten, so he laid his paper aside and as he did so a perceptible wave of disappointment passed over the congregation.

All during the sermon he knew that he was failing to carry his hearers with him. They seemed to be hearing his words but thinking of other things, and those other things did not seem to please them greatly. More perplexed than ever, over this strange circumstance, was John Walters, when, as passing out of the church after services, little Ezekiel Smith broke away from his mother's grasp long enough to side up to him with:

"Say?"

"What is it my little man?" he asked laying his hand paternally upon the small boy's head.

"Say, didn't you forget to read the rest of that Thanksgivin' notice about—"

Just then the good Mrs. Smith reached out for her offspring and grasping him by the ear drew him back into the brood, and the young preacher saw that it would not be well to make any attempt to get the rest of the unfinished remark. Indeed all his new friends seemed unusually cold and reserved. Just then as they filed out of the chapel, and he could not summon courage to ask one of them what was wrong although he was quite sure something was amiss. That unknown something perplexed him sorely as he walked home from church alone. He told his wife about it that evening and the two talked over the matter together without understanding it any better in the end. They decided that in a general way it must be another case of infraction of the code of the late Dr. Black. Nothing else, certainly, could have met with such unanimous disapproval. But what was it? He was quite certain, he assured his wife that he had said nothing that could have been in any way offensive; in fact he was quite sure that his sin had been one of omission.

"It is altogether likely, my dear" his wife suggested after a long study, "that there is some established rule of Thanksgiving observance that we do not know. Are you quite certain there should be no evening or afternoon services?"

"No," said he, "it could not have been that; I don't know exactly how to express it, but they did not act that way. It was something more important, something that they had set their hearts on, but I cannot imagine what it is."

"Well, don't worry, dear," his wife said consolingly, "old aunt Martha will be here in the morning with the washing and I will learn from her how Thanksgiving used to be celebrated under Dr. Black and then I am sure we can fix everything all right."

"Be careful, Mary, and put your questions skillfully so that she will not suspect that we are utterly ignorant, she might mention the



"HE SAW THAT IT WOULD NOT BE WELL TO MAKE ANY ATTEMPT TO GET THE REST OF THE UNFINISHED REMARK."

matter.

"Don't be afraid of Martha," the young wife laughingly assured her husband, "it would take a wicked person, indeed, to suspect her of anything so deep and penetrating, and you are not that, though you do advise me to practice deceit."

So the trouble rolled lightly off them, as even greater troubles do with the young, and they talked of other things, particularly of brother William's visit on the coming holiday.

Next morning while they were at breakfast they saw the ample figure of aunt Martha coming around the walk with a basket of white linen poised deftly on her head, and Mrs. Walters went to the kitchen door and let her in.

"I'd 'er sent Pete with 'em;" Martha explained, "but I 'lowed as maybe you-all'd want to see me 'bout helpin' wid de Thanksgivin' dinnah same as I us'ter come an' help ole Miss Black."

"Why, I don't know," she said, not exactly catching the meaning of the old negress' remark.

Old Martha continued "you-all may be mighty tallable pert an' ambitious but you can't ten' to everythin' all by you' se'f, honey, an' I's had a heap o' sperience handlin' de big crowd an' feedin', em all; I reckon I'd better come an' help you-all, 'cause you don't know what a mighty big job you-all's got on your hands."

"John," said Mrs. Walters, "I believe I have discovered what is

the matter, all the church members have been in the habit of taking dinner with Dr. Black, and they expect you to invite them now."

John Walters set down his coffee cup and looked at his wife in surprise.

"All of them to dinner?"

"I judge so, at least Martha called them a 'crowd.' She is used to fourteen regular members in the family, so one of her 'crowds' must be a 'crowd' indeed."

"What are we to do?" he asked, hoping that his wife's feminine tact would be equal to the emergency, "How will we manage? If we do not invite them they will surely take offense, I can see by the way they acted last evening."

"I am sure I don't know," she answered almost hopelessly, "we won't have more than enough for William and ourselves, and what a little morsel that will be to set before a hungry throng."

"We could get more."

"Yes, if you were to ask for some of your salary, but you ought not to do that, it would look so mercenary when you are really not mercenary, one bit."

"We could ask credit at the grocers."

"But, my dear, don't you remember that we made it a rule when we first began housekeeping, not to ask for credit?"

"We made a rule to that effect, it is true, but,—"

"But it won't do to break rules of that kind, they never can be made good as new again, and every little thing breaks them."

"Perhaps we had better not invite them even though they do expect it," he said at length.

"Yes," but how will that help? I told Martha to come and help me with the dinner. I didn't want to but I couldn't get out of it, and don't you see, she will tell that she is going to help me, and the folks will come without any further invitation, they are not much on formality, you know, John."

"I suppose we will have to make the best of it," he said, "though if I had known this was going to happen, I would not have sent for brother William,—it will spoil his holiday, I fear."

"Don't worry too much, my dear," his wife said, trying to be cheerful, "I can cook some of the canned corn and tomatoes mother sent us, there is any amount of that, you know, and I can bake a cake that won't take too many eggs, and a whole host of pumpkin pies and some how or other we will make out a dinner even if we do have only one little turkey."

* * * * *

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when William arrived and found his brother waiting for him at the depot. We will call it the "depot" out of politeness, for every one else called it that. In the evening as the three sat around the little open front stove that cheered the sitting-room, the story of the dinner predicament gradually leaked out, and the preacher and his wife were half pained, half pleased to see how immoderately their brother laughed over it. In the end it is likely they would have joined in the laugh themselves had they seen any way out of the difficulty.

So they changed the subject and William, with more or less difficulty, straightened up his face and told about his college work, what he had done and what he expected to do. Mrs. Walters was afraid he had been studying too hard, he looked so thin. But he assured her that her fears are without foundation; he had been training during the summer and fall, and training, he assured her, always lightened his weight and kept him down for some time.

"Training, and pray what is that?" his brother asked.

"That is getting into condition for racing; I wanted to try for some of the championships at our fall tournament, so I trained into good condition and was repaid by winning the five and ten mile events."

"Can you run ten miles at a single race?" Mrs. Walters asked with innocent astonishment.

"Oh no, I'm not a sprint runner, I race on a bicycle."

"A bicycle! why I didn't know you could keep one from falling over long enough to go ten miles."

"We have no difficulty in that," he said, and seeing that he had led the others onto strange ground he changed the subject again.

When William was shown to the spare bed-room late in the evening,

he did not go to bed at once but cocked his feet up against the wall and puffed away at his cigar for a long time. Every once in a while he would stop smoking and have a quiet little laugh all to himself and then he would again wrap himself in smoke clouds and meditation. At the end of one of these thoughtful spells he arose and rumbled in his overcoat pocket, and producing a rumpled copy of the *Bulletin* he stretched himself out on the bed until he began to fall asleep.

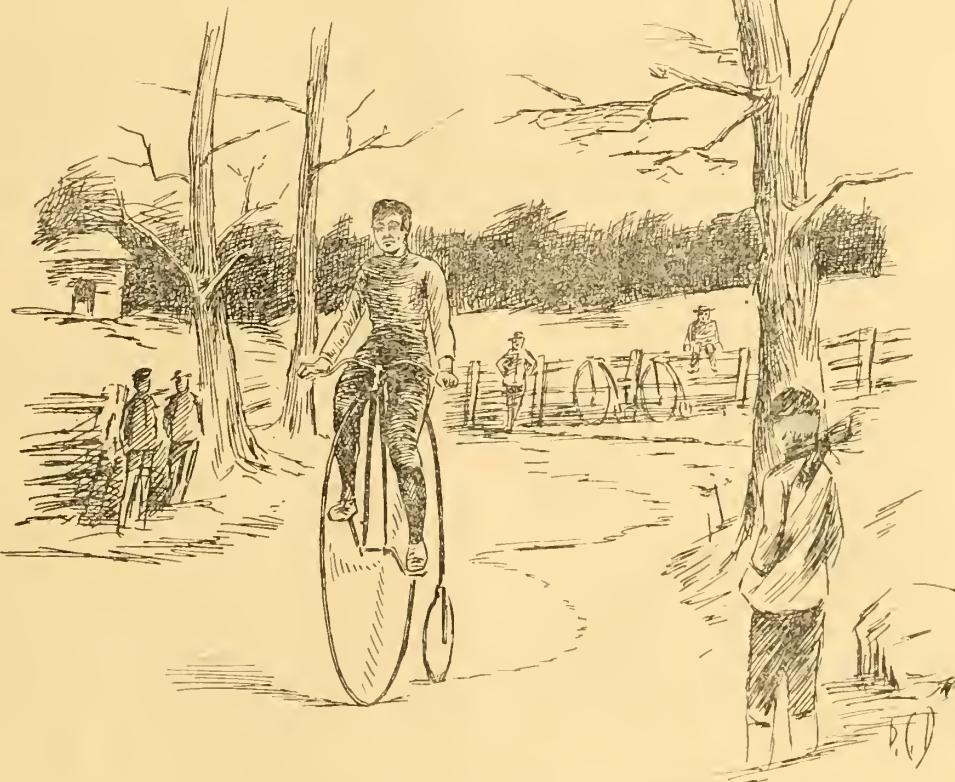
"I noticed in the *Bulletin*," said William at the breakfast table next morning, "that the bicyclists here are going to have a little road race on Wednesday,—do you know where I can find any of the boys?"

The minister did not know much about the wheelmen of the place, or where they could be found, but he thought that Robert Bonn at the drug store was one of them.

William announced his intention of looking up the bicyclists that morning, and making the best of a poor excuse,—his own clothing was so uncomfortably heavy for the weather—he borrowed a suit of his brother's dark, sober garments and started out on his search.

"He looks quite ministerial, doesn't he, John," said Mrs. Walters with some little satisfaction as she and her husband stood at the door and watched William walk up the road, and he smiled and answered "yes, he will be all right in time; a little frivolous now, perhaps, but that will not last many years."

A stranger,—even a stranger, used to the manners of a small town, noticing William as he passed up the street would have thought differently of his appearance. If he had been a rude person he would have mentally pronounced the young man a "guy". If he had been of gentle ways, he would have merely noted the grotesque effect of ill-fitting garments of clerical cut upon a slim, awkward youth. Perhaps we will have to call the wheelmen of Plainville rude, for they quickly sized William up as a "guy" and one of the best riders borrowed a wheel for him, with the intention of taking him on the



"THEY SAW HIM START SLOWLY AND TIMIDLY WABBLING ALONG THE ROAD."

road, and,—in the language of cyclers,—pulling his leg off; which plan was carried out most successfully to the great satisfaction of Buck Bradley, and—between you and I—of William himself.

At supper that evening, William interrupted a light discussion of the comparative merits of Watt's and Wesley's hymns by saying: "Mary, could you roust me out a little early in the morning?"

"Yes of course, if you wish."

"I found that the cyclers here are going to have a road race in the morning, just to work up their appetites for tomorrow's dinner."

At the mention of tomorrow's dinner, both the minister and his wife looked discouraged, but William took no notice of it, but said:

"If it isn't asking too much, John, I wish you would come along with me. I don't feel very well acquainted with these fellows but I would like to take a hand in their sport and I will if you come along and say to Robert Bonn that I would like to go into the race just for fun, if he will borrow a wheel for me and give me a good handicap. See that Buck Bradley is around when you mention the handicap, and then after you have that matter arranged you can either go back home or stay and see the race, just as you like."

"And what is a handicap, pray?" asked the minister.

"It's a start that a poor rider is given in a race against faster men. You just ask what handicap I get if I go in, and it will be all right. I'd tell you more about it, but I always like to bear the responsibility of my own sins."

So next morning they breakfasted early and the two men started for Park's mill where the race was to start. As they passed out of the gate William suddenly found that he had forgotten his handkerchief, at least that was his excuse, and hurrying into the dining-room he found Mary.

"Have you any turkey at all for tomorrow?"

"Yes, one poor little one," she said almost pitifully.

"Well, you be ready to rush three more through by the time I get back,—better have old Martha here to help you."

"Why, William?"

"That's all right, you depend on me. This is a turkey race, three prizes with a sweepstakes to give it a horsey flavor. Be ready for the birds."

Out of the house he dashed and soon caught up with his brother. The two walked quietly out to the mill where they found a large crowd of wheelmen already gathered.

"I will just wait here on the outskirts of the crowd," said William while you find the managers of the race and see if I can enter."

It was a novel duty for a minister but John Walters did not shrink from it for he felt that he ought to do anything that he could to keep his brother's vacation from being entirely unenjoyable. So he found the officers of the race seated on a pile of lumber in front of the mill, making out the handicap, though they might have been figuring out the national debt for all he knew.

He spoke to them of his brother's wish and Fred Kennedy winked slyly at the rest as he remarked:

"Yes, Bradley was speaking to us of your brother and wishing that he could be induced to enter. What is the limit on the handicap, boys?"

"Ten minutes."

"Say we stretch it to fifteen and let him in on that."

"All right," the rest agreed.

"Very well then, Mr. Walters, tell your brother he can have fifteen minutes and I will loan him my wheel. We should be glad to have him join us,—it's just a little race for fun and he won't need to worry even if he doesn't win. He will have just as much fun anyway."

"And the rest of us will have more," chuckled Buck Bradley, as the preacher turned away.

Some of the racers noticed that Walters appeared to be a wonderfully well built man, as he sat on his wheel waiting for the word "go", but any apprehensions they might have had were entirely dispelled when they saw him start slowly and timidly wobbling along the road until he passed the first turn and was out of sight. But if one of these same racers had been secretly concealed at the turn in the road, as William passed he would have seen a sight that would have made his eyes pop. He would have seen a young man straighten up his wheel, bend down to work and make a magnificent dash out of sight. In Plainfield such riding would have been called a

spurt, but it was not the spurt as practiced by experienced racers, it was the regular gait that Walters intended to hold throughout the race; not that he thought it would be necessary to ride so fast to win, but he had his thoughts fixed on the half hour sweepstakes and he knew that he would have to gain a good fifteen minutes on his handicap. He felt that he must do it for the three turkey prizes would be necessities in the exigencies of the morrow.

The first checker that he passed looked after him in surprise and cried:

"Well, who are you, number one, Billy Rhodes?"

"Whit. in disguise," called back the racer as he hurried by and out of sight.

The course over which they were running was of tri-angular shape. William passed the second checking point and turned onto the home-stretch, then bent to his work and pedaled away as though he were finishing on the track. As he dashed down the road he passed a few stragling cyclers who were waiting to pace their friends and though they all seemed surprised they cheered him for his plucky riding as he whirled past. As he crossed the line a yell went up from the crowd of spectators.

"Good enough for the preacher."

There was a general upsetting of calculations but everyone took it good naturedly and seemed to consider it a first rate joke all around. The joke grew in magnitude as the minutes passed. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty slipped away and still no more racers came in sight. That fellow must have gained on his handicap! Twenty-five, thirty minutes,—“there comes the next man, away down the road, now! By gum it's a sweepstake and no mistake! Come here, parson, and get your turkeys. Want us to help you carry the birds home? Three of 'em will weigh up mighty heavy before you get there.”

"Wait a few minutes the other boys will be in soon."

They came presently, one by one.

Then a procession of jolly wheelmen filed along the road and the three first, one of whom was Will Walters, each had a long necked turkey slung across his back.

* * * * *

"Speakin' about your old fashion cookin'", said elder Shorts, addressing the group of loafers gathered about the stove at Meek's store, "Speakin' about your old fashion cookin', I want to remark 'at I ain't seen nothin' 'at had any claim to that'er name since my old mother died, way back in '32, 'ceptin' that dinner at the parson's 'tother day. It jist sorter had the right smack to it an' the turkeys was sizzled to a dark brown, about the color of a butternut an' they was the old time heapin' plenty,—four of 'em. I heered some of the wimmen folks low 'at old nigger Martha cooked that crackin' good dinner, an' 'at Miss Walters didn't have nothin' to do with it. Lor', how jealous wimmen is any way! But they can't fool me, I've et Thanksgiving dinners of Martha's cookin' ever since I found grace, fourteen years ago, 'an I ain't stuck my tooth into nothin' 'at tasted like this 'ere dinner." He turned and looked around among his watery mouthed hearers. "An' down in Kaintucky 'fore the war, preachers didn't do no perlite invitin' nur nothin' but jist got ready fur his congregation an' threw open his doors quietly as much as to say 'come right in an' make yourselves to home an' don't stan' on no new fangled formalities but jist reach across the table and hep yourself. That's the new parson's style an' I reckon 'at a person 'at ain't satisfied with that kind of treatment is mighty hard to please."

In the back part of the store was another group composed exclusively of wheelmen. They were looking over some marked copies of old cycling papers that Buck Bradley had just received. There were peculiar expressions on their faces as they read in accounts of the past seasons races, the number of firsts and seconds taken by Billy Walters. They seemed good natured about it for the few comments they made were uncomplimentary to no one but themselves. They say that they had been fooled by a very clever flyer and when they opened the last paper, a current issue, and read the rather humorous account of "how Billy Walters sneaked a handicap," I doubt if any one enjoyed it more than they did.

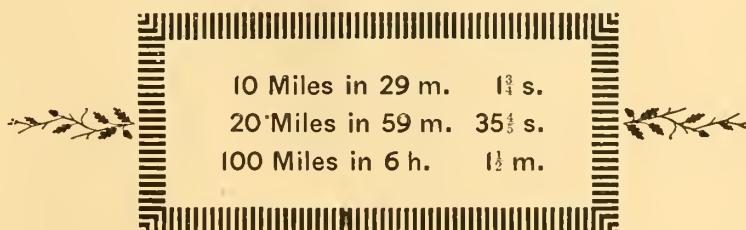
G. S. D.

Theo. W. Meyers was re-elected Park Commissioner in New York city. Meyers is an avowed enemy to wheelmen and will do his utmost to have the Park bill repealed.

GOOD MEN ON GOOD WHEELS

Put the records where they stay.

It is about a year, now since Stillman G. Whittaker made the following set of World's Records on the Crawfordsville Course, viz:



And these records have stood ever since, notwithstanding the fact that the competitive trade have done their utmost to acquire them. While other manufacturers have built special wheels for this purpose, which differed materially from those they offered to the public, all of our performances have been on the identical wheels listed in our catalog, and we claim, therefore that they are remarkably significant and demonstrate unquestionably the

Easy Running Quality of Our Bearings.

Then that performance of Frank Dingley's on the Lynn track.

100 Miles in 5 h. 38 m. 44 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Being 25 minutes better than the American track record and 11 minutes better than the English record. Quite a number of attempts have been made by other makers to lower this, all of which have proved to be failures.

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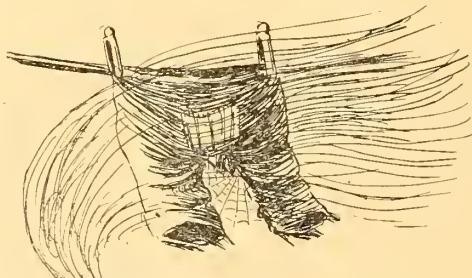
SEND FOR THE LATEST EDITION OF OUR CATALOG.

**A Change of Diet.**

Now cometh on the winter
When the gay bicycling sprinter,
Will let up on his training
For the racing season's past;
While days are cold and breezy,
He will take things rather easy,
And enjoy the loafing moments
While they last.



No more he'll grieve and sigh at
The thoughts of training diet,
He will chew the luscious schmier kase
And the succulent half stew;
The pumpkin pie he'll juggle,
While he holds an awful struggle
With the boarding-house fried chicken
Old and blue.

**Short and Sweet.**

Around my worn out shorts
Fond memory envorts;
When new, such pants
Might well enhance,
The pomp of royal courts.

Now you are old and worn
Acknowledging the corn,
A tramp's keen eye
Would pass you by,
Ah, sadly are you worn.

Next time my old goat snorts
For grub, I'll take two quarts
Of bran, and sprinkle you,
And give to Bill to chew,—
A meal of bran and shorts.

**Captured.**

*She wouldn't have captured my heart I know;
It is certain of that I feel;
Though she swayed so bewitchingly to and fro,
Like a willow branch when the zephyrs blow;
As she pedaled her dainty wheel.*

*There was buoyant grace in her girlish tread,
There was art in the way she sat,
A coy, arch poise to her dainty head;
But she cannot capture my heart, I said,
Lest it be by her cunning hat.*

*The sun-light gleamed in her dark, brown hair,
Ah, how I remember that,
And her smile was as bright as the day was
fair,
But, oh such trifles cannot ensnare!
Yet I'm caught,—for she set her cap.*

**Why?**

SHE—"Why do you say 'header?'"
She asked of her beau.
"When 'cropper'
Is proper,—
So English, you know."
HE—"Why, no one says 'header'
When landing out flat,
I have heard
That the word
Is much stronger than that."

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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—New York Tribune.

* Outing *

The Monthly Magazine of Sport,
Travel and Outdoor life.

All Manly and Womanly Recreations find full record and picturesque description in this Magazine, which is richly illustrated and full of breezy and attractive literature every month.

Outing for December.

"The Romance of War," as told by Emma Frances Benedict, is the opening paper of the December number. The narrator recounts the thrilling incidents of actual camp life in the army of the Potomac from a feminine point of view, in a bright, crisp, unaffected manner that really commends itself to the reader, while the anecdotes and reminiscences bear the truthful stamp of bona fide personal experiences. The illustrations and frontispiece are the work of Mr. A. R. Waud (an artist who was himself present in camp at the time, and well known as one of the best military delineators of the day), and J. E. Kelly.

General R. B. Marcy continues his graphic recital of "Big Game Hunting in the Wild West;" his paper treating of moose hunting experiences is full of adventure, and will be found instructive as well as interesting to sportsmen. The text is embellished by the drawings of Mr. J. Carter Beard, who is second to none in this work.

Captain Blackwell furnishes a capital story of Fox Hunting in Ireland, through which a pretty little piece of romance is cleverly woven. Ten clever illustrations by J. & G. Temple.

Thomas Stevens continues his famous journey on his wheel, and in his December installment tells what befell him at the hands of those who did their utmost to impede his progress through Afghanistan to India. Illustrated by Moessner and Knickerbocker.

There are also articles on the subject of Spanish Bull Fights. Illustrated by Kelly. Arctic Voyaging by Sleds, by the celebrated explorer, William H. Gilder; a lively episode of Mexican Border Life, Illustrated by Remington; and another veritable bit of wild seafaring adventure, by Captain Coffin. There is also a good account of the Volunteer Trotting races. The magazine has been immensely improved in the number and character of its illustrations, and will be found well worth a perusal.

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140 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.



The Camp Bugler.



"With the freedom of masculinity and the grace of femininity."—From "The Romance of War," by Frances Benedict.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

For the Second Time

Stillman G. Whittaker of the Champion Team
Lowers the World's 24-hour Road Record.

You all remember how last fall he rode 300 miles in 20 minutes less than 24 hours over an ordinary country road.

NOW

OVER THE SAME COURSE HE RIDES

323 Miles in 23 Hrs., 58 Min. and 35 Sec.,

BEING 18 MILES BETTER THAN THE PREVIOUS WORLD'S RECORD.

The validity of this ride is sworn to by thirteen reputable citizens of Crawfordsville, including the Mayor of the City. The course is straight away for 50 miles and admits of no cut-offs.

The Significant Feature of this record, that we want to impress on you, is that Whittaker rode one of our ordinary
Light Champion Roadsters,

And not a wheel built for this special performance. **THE CHAMPION WHEELS** are made from the ground up by

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO,
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CYCLES AND SUNDRIES IN AMERICA.

