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THE WHEEL

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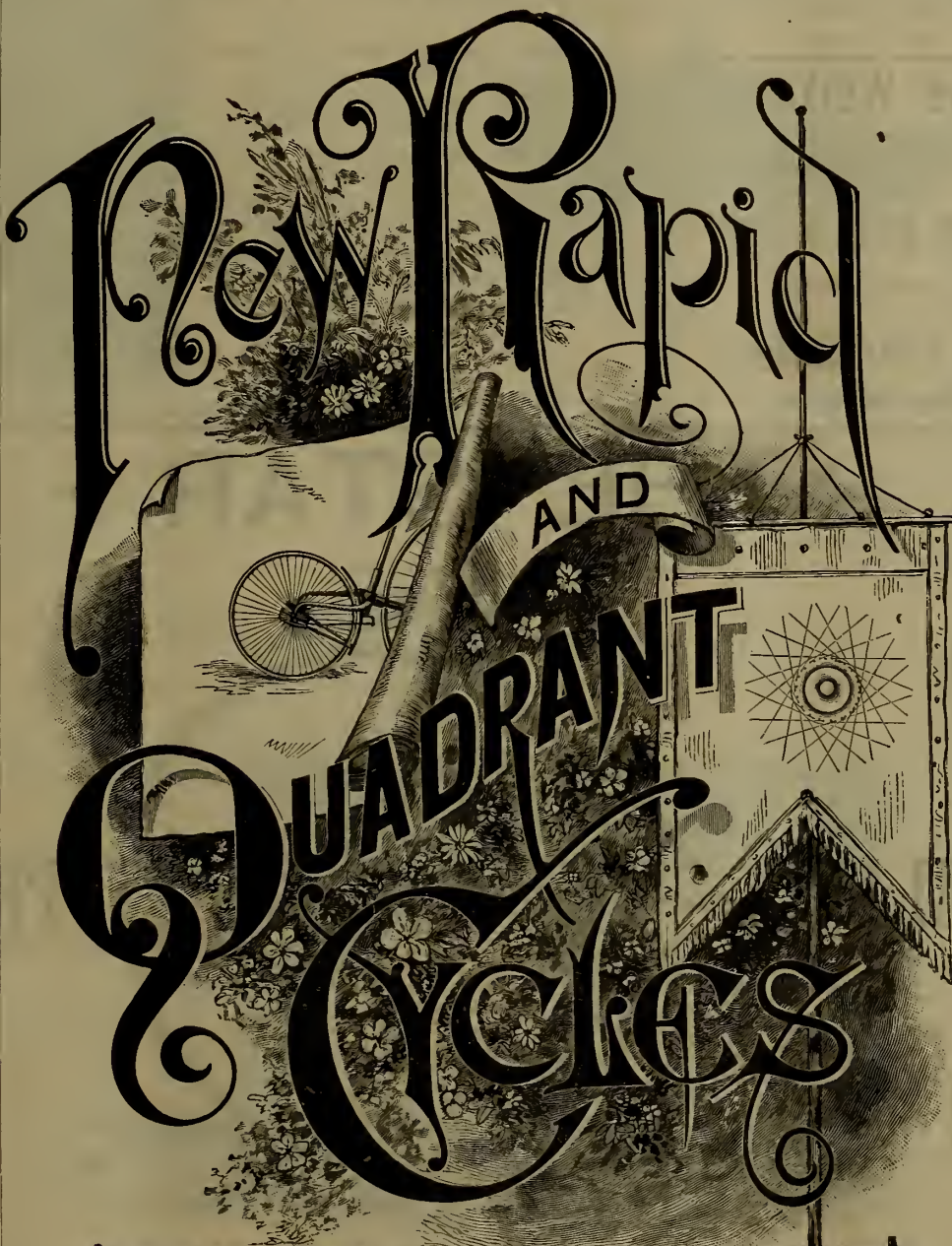
NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1887.

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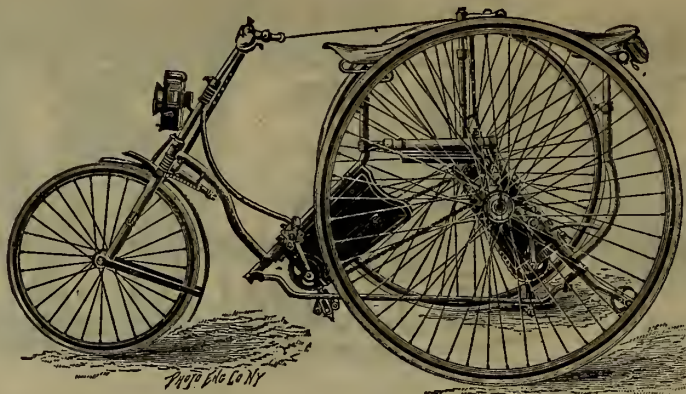
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THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES BILL.

This bill is now in the hands of the Governor, and will be disposed of by him within ten days. Now is the critical time, and wheelmen should act. Every club in New York State, and every club all over the United States should adopt resolutions and send them to Governor David B. Hill, Albany, N. Y. Every individual of influence should write, and get others to write letters favoring the bill. A strong opposition has been organized, and some of the most powerful private citizens in New York have leagued themselves against the bill. If it is passed, the triumph for wheelmen will be great. Its defeat will be a lasting reproach to the activity and intelligence of wheelmen throughout the state and the country. The opposition arises from misinformation. The parties who have been induced to fight the bill know nothing of cycling. The Governor has a great opportunity. There is no doubt that he will be the Democratic nominee for 1888. Is it worth while for him to consider the votes of 40,000 wheelmen, for when it comes to a question of sport, all party lines are swept away? Bicycle riders are the most intelligent of any of the recreative or "sporting" classes. They are almost to a unit tax payers or the sons of tax payers. They represent the most intelligent portion of the younger element of the country. Are their rights to be trampled upon, because a few rich ignoramus or subsidized politicians insist that they frighten horses? Let them tell the Governor where the accidents occurred and how. They have no proof of their statements; nothing but naked and unsupported assertion. Now is the time or never to settle the question. Let every wheelman and every club in every city in the State memorialize the Governor. The labors of the Committee who have worked so hard for the bill must not be wasted.

THE INTER-CLUB ROAD-RACE.

THE KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN RETAIN THE CUP.
MR. HARRY J. HALL, JR., K. C. W., WINS
IN FAST TIME.

It was a great day for cycling, was Monday, otherwise Memorial Day. It was also a great day for Jersey; especially that part of it between Irvington and Milburn and the Orange District generally. The natives were astonished by the bicyclic influx. From all the points of the compass came the men on wheels, until the scene at the starting point of the great road-race was an inspiring one. And it was a great road-race from every stand-point. The times recorded were great, so was the crowd; even the weather was great and the number of falls was not so great as had been anticipated.

At an early hour the New Yorkers and Long Islanders, both in organized bodies and in parties of twos and threes, flocked to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Ferries. They were omnipresent on the boats; they monopolized the trains, and made the homeward bound ruralist and suburbanist stare and ask queries of the whereforeness of the why. They rushed for the baggage cars, completely filled them with their mounts, called for more cars, and yet for more. They ran hither and thither, and yonder and over, and finally the train moved off for the land of promise, only twenty minutes late. This was the 9.10 train, and the same scenes were doubtless witnessed on the 10.10, the 11.10, etc.

Past the flat meadows, and out to Newark whirled the train, under a leaden sky, for at this time of the day it looked like rain. At Broad Street, the wheelmen disembarked, and meandered through the Oranges, bringing up at the race course; while those without wheels, trained it to Maplewood, and walked a half mile to the starting point.

Shortly before eleven, quite a number of wheelmen had arrived at the Irvington Hotel, from in front of which the Citizens-New York Inter-Club race was to start, of which more below. After this race, which ended at 12:30, came dinner.

THE DINNER.

This dinner was served at the Hilton House, Hilton, N. J. In a spirit of philanthropy—we are not often taken so—we advise all wheelmen to keep this hotel at a respectable distance. Each wheelman entered a private room, where was the proprietor, to whom he ante up his dollar for a dinner ticket. Then he joined the mob of howling, hungry maniacs who crowded around the door, waiting for the detachment inside to vacate the stuffy, ten by fifteen dining-room, and here the majesty of THE PRESS asserted itself. At the head of the line stood THE PRESS, and during the long wait it cut capers with the Native whose strong right arm guarded the citadel, rang false alarms with the dinner bell, and finally, when human nature could no longer stand it, charged on the hashery at the head of a noble band of Citizens, and carried the place by storm; not forgetting, in the excitement, to secure a good place near the cook. And such a dinner. Well, the crowd took it good-naturedly, but it was a piece of diplomacy on the part of the host to collect in advance. The boys first attacked the beef, but on the recommendation of Tommy Smith, who is a connoisseur in these matters, a sort of gourmet, as it were, they switched on to veal. There was plenty of laughter and but little else. But enough of the merely material thing of dinner.

After dinner the road-race was the thing. Between dinner, which was finished shortly before two, and the race, which was started shortly before three, the time was occupied in marshaling the men.

AT THE START.

Meanwhile clubs and individuals rushed hither and thither. There is a three-quarter-mile level stretch between the hotel and the starting point, and up and down this the wheelmen dashed with all the fanfare and confusion of an army preparing for battle. The Ilderans came along from the Irvington Hotel, where they had dined after a morning tour in the Oranges. The Long Islanders swept up in grand array; they also had tasted Orange air all the morning. The Brooklynians appeared after a three days circumterreneous excursion through Staten Island and the Oranges. The Pennsylvania Club sent twenty men who trained it to Morristown, and spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday sampling the Jersey roads. Trenton and New Brunswick were also represented by clubs.

By this time the effect was climaxical. The weather was superb. The sky was a rare blue,

flecked here and there by a fleecy cloudlet; the glorious oxygenic air gave tone to the system and inspiration to the mind. From both sides of the road, stretched broad, highly cultivated farms, ending in forest, and farther off the bluish mountains. At the starting point were congregated hundreds of wheelmen, there being along the course anywhere from seven hundred to one thousand.

THE OFFICERS.

The race was carefully officered, there being no less than twenty-four umpires along the road to keep the course clear. The officers were as follows. Timekeepers, W. H. De Graaf, Harlem Wheelmen; W. H. H. Warner, L. I. W.; Jens F. Pederson; starter, Dr. F. A. Kinch, U. C. W.; clerk of course, T. C. Crichton, K. C. W.; assistant clerk, R. A. Clapp, E. W. The timing was arduous work, and the officials are entitled to great praise. It is no easy thing to clock twenty-eight men shooting past singly and in bunches, five times. Mr. Crichton got the men together promptly as usual. Mr. F. S. Miller, Mr. W. D. Edwards and Mr. W. H. De Graaf and Mr. E. J. Shriver did yeoman's work to keep the course clear at the finish. Mr. Thomas Smith, of the Citizens, refereed satisfactorily. The times we give below are the times taken by Mr. De Graaf and THE WHEEL's representative. We are indebted to Mr. Wetmore of the Elizabeth Club, and the Secretary of the Rutherford Wheelmen for invaluable aid in getting down the times and the order of the men as they rushed past.

THE COURSE.

The course is of smooth macadam, five miles in length, leading from Milburn to Irvington. A minute description is as follows: Milburn; level stretch of three-quarters mile; one mile of two slight hills, both rising; steep descent; then up a three-quarter-mile hill, very steep, the worst point of the course; level stretch of one mile to Hilton, the start being about one quarter mile from the top of the steep hill; from Hilton to Irvington the course is a succession of long, slightly rising hills. Along the course stood club-men armed with revivifying beverages, liquid food, sponges, etc.

THE START.

The first start was not successful, several men taking headers over the pushers-off of the men in the first ranks, for the men were started in seven lines of four each. The final send-off was given at 2:38 P. M., Stenken immediately making pace. They soon swept out of sight, and after them a crowd of carriages, wheelmen and equestrians. They started towards Irvington, turned, then back to the starting point, making five miles; then on to Milburn, and another turn, back to the starting point, making ten miles, and so on for five rounds to complete the twenty-five miles. The pace set was terrific, Stenken, Hall, and Valentine rushing past within a few yards of each other in 17m. 38s. The men came by singly and in bunches flashing past the finishing point and putting the timers and scorers in the tantrums. Each man was greeted with the cheers of his club mates, and as there was only an interval of several minutes between the disappearance of the last man and the reappearance of the first, the state of excitement and illy-suppressed enthusiasm may be well imagined. The duties of time-keeper left but little time for observation. The race resolved itself into a stern battle between Stenken and Hall, who fought all the way to the finish. Below we give a complete table of times:

POSITIONS OF THE CLUBS.

Kings County Wheelmen.....	77 Points
Ilderan Bicycle Club.....	70 "
Elizabeth Wheelmen.....	69 "
Hudson County Wheelmen.....	65 "
Union County Wheelmen.....	62 "
Rutherford Wheelmen.....	25 "
Harlem Wheelmen.....	17 "

KLUGE BEATS RECORD.

Just previous to the start of the race, C. E. Kluge appeared at the post, and asked leave to start five minutes before the regular event, in an attempt to beat the tricycle record for the twenty-five miles. This proceeding completely frustrated some "pure amateurs," who seemed to fear that the presence of the promateur was contamination. One individual, whose name, for the sake of his club, we refrain from publishing, made himself particularly obnoxious. The idea of "a professional starting in an amateur race" was something appalling. It was also rumored that Kluge desired to start in order to coach Stenken, which was a positive injustice to that gentleman. After a confab, a compromise was effected, and Kluge

No.	Name.	5 Miles.		10 Miles.		15 Miles.		20 Miles.		25 Miles.		Points.
		Pos.	Time.	Pos.	Time.	Pos.	Time.	Pos.	Time.	Pos.	Time.	
1	H. J. Hall, Jr., K. C. W.....	2—17	38½	2—36	.02	2—54	47½	2—1	13.47	1—1	33.53	28
2	C. A. Stenken, H. C. W.....	1—17	.38	1—36	.01	1—54	.47	1—1	13.46	2—1	33.57	27
3	E. Valentine, K. C. W.....	3—17	.39	3—36	.56	4—55	.56	3—1	15.18	3—1	34.48	26
4	H. L. Bradley, 11d. B. C.....	5—18	.03	4—36	.57	3—55	.52	4—1	15.19	4—1	34.49	25
5	W. H. Caldwell, E. W.....	6—18	.12	6—37	.44	5—57	.03	5—1	17.00	5—1	37.02	24
6	J. H. Knox, K. C. W.....	7—18	.28	8—37	.59	8—57	.39	7—1	17.56	6—1	38.17	23
7	E. P. Baggot, H. C. W.....	12—18	.50	9—38	.15	9—57	.40	8—1	18.00	7—1	40.02	22
8	S. B. Bowman, E. W.....	13—19	.46	12—39	.51	11—60	.17	10—1	20.17	8—1	40.20	21
9	H. Greenman, I. B. C.....	9—18	.31	7—37	.50	7—57	.37	9—1	19.09	9—1	43.36	20
10	A. N. Pierson, U. Co. W.....	16—20	.04	14—40	.03	13—61	.19	12—1	21.55	10—1	43.43	19
11	T. H. Burnet, U. Co. W.....	22—20	.24	15—40	.04	14—61	.47	14—1	22.57	11—1	44.26	18
12	E. C. Parker, H. W.....	11—18	.44	13—39	.51	10—60	.14	13—1	22.59	12—1	46.05	17
13	E. M. Smith, H. Co. W.....	20—17	.51	17—41	.28	15—62	.37	15—1	24.44	13—1	46.56	16
14	L. B. Bonnett, E. W.....	18—20	.24	19—41	.48	18—63	.27	17—1	25.14	14—1	47.29	15
15	W. L. Richardson, I. B. C.....	8—18	.30	10—38	.43	12—61	.17	20—1	26.19	15—1	48.38	14
16	A. Farrington, U. Co. W.....	23—20	.24	21—42	.41	18—1	25.19	16—1	49.00	13
17	E. B. Moore, U. Co. W.....	15—20	.03	18—41	.29	17—63	.13	16—1	25.04	17—1	52.14	12
18	J. W. Schoefer, I. B. C.....	14—20	.03	16—40	.52	16—62	.55	19—1	25.20	18—1	53.04	11
19	W. C. Ivison, Ruth. W.....	20—23	.24	23—42	.44	21—64	.45	23—1	28.49	19—1	54.27	10
20	D. B. Bonnett, E. W.....	26—22	.13	24—45	.06	22—68	.35	25—1	32.25	20—1	58.05	9
21	E. W. Dean, Jr., Ruth. W.....	19—20	.17	22—42	.43	20—64	.45	24—1	29.51	21—1	58.50	8
22	A. P. Jackson, Ruth. W.....	25—21	.55	25—45	.17	25—69	.47	26—1	32.27	22—2	01.45	7
—	E. J. Halstead, H. W.....	4—17	.48	5—37	.40	6—57	.32	6—1	17.39	Stopped.		
—	E. C. Locke, H. W.....	21—20	.24	20—41	.52	19—63	.30	21—1	18.05	Fell.		
—	L. P. Weber, K. C. W.....	10—18	.31	11—38	.48	10—59	.26	11—1	20.34	Stopped.		
—	R. A. Burgess, Ruth. W.....	24—21	.35	26—	.6.18	23—69	.41	Stopped.		Stopped.		
—	C. W. Griffith, H. W.....	27—22	.26	13—1	22.56		
—	R. A. McCara, H. Co. W.....	Stopped.			

started five minutes after the others. He rode a Cunard Crippler tricycle, geared to sixty-four, which had been used on the road several months. The way Kluge caught up with the rear men of the bicycle race, and picked up man after man was a caution. Had he ridden in the race he might have won it. As it was, he finished less than a minute behind the leader. His times are now records, the old twenty-five-mile record being 1h. 45m. The times at different points were as follows:

5 miles..18:10 15 miles.. 55:14 2-5
10 " ..36:59 20 " .. 1:14:40 2-5
25 miles, 1h. 34m. 40 2-5s.

THE CITIZENS-NEW YORK RACE.

This race, which was started at 11:36 A.M., was merely an appetizer for the grand event. It was rather one-sided, the Citizens having it all their own way. The race was for ten miles. The teams were:

Citizens: T. Smith, Philip Fontaine, W. H. McCormack and Barnard.

New York: E. J. Shriver, J. O. Jiminis, Hanson and Daniels.

At six and one-quarter miles the times were Fontaine, 24:30; McCormack, 24:42; Smith 24:42; Jiminis, 25:55; Hanson, 26:05; Shriver, 30:20. Shriver, Barnard and Daniels did not ride beyond this point.

The finish was as follows:

Fontaine, C. B. C., 38:39 4-5; McCormack, C. B. C., 39:52; Smith, C. B. C., 40:25; Hanson, N. Y. B. C., 42:10; Jiminis, N. Y. B. C., 42:15.

NOTES.

Kluge's tricycle weighed 37½ pounds.

Score one for the Cunard wheel. The record is a credit to the man and the machine, for the course.

At seven miles Hall fell, and took a piece of flesh out of his thigh. This he did not notice till the finish, when the pain was agonizing. Two days after the race he was still in bed.

The race showed good generalship on the part of Hall. He refused to take the lead, and Stenken cut through the wind, which was strong and steady.

Hall shadowed Stenken all the way till a half-mile from home, when he got up level and the two blazed away, but Stenken failed to get there by from ten to fifteen yards. It is said that he gained rapidly on the last hundred yards, and might have won had the tape been a little further off.

Stenken was fine as silk, and was the favorite. He is a clever fellow, and his many friends took his defeat badly. His careful training showed itself after the race, which seemed not to affect him the slightest.

We should delight to arrange a handicap race over the same course while the men are in condition.

Valentine made the finest effort of his life, and yet only got third place. He has learned that this is a "Star" course, and the way those Star riders

whizzed down the steep hills was astonishing. A crank cannot live with them over the course.

We hope that next Fall, wheelmen will not perambulate up and down the road during the race. The drivers of vehicles are uniformly obliging, and they should be given a chance to go along, uninterrupted after the passage of the men.

Bradley and Knox have been developed by this race. They are coming men, and will not be far from number one in the next contest.

A week before the race, Greenman got a bad fall, bruising his thigh and compelling him to lay up until race day. He undoubtedly lost form during this enforced rest, otherwise he would have come out nearer the front.

On the whole, the alphabetical association can congratulate itself. It has raised the standard of road riding, it has cemented inter-club feeling, and furnished the wheelmen for thirty miles around with two delightful days' outing every year.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

The Scranton Bicycle Club held a minstrel show on Thursday, June 2d.

A "benefit and ball" is being arranged for R. Neilson, the winner of the Clarksville Road Race.

Worcester, Mass., and Roseville, N. J., will probably hold race meets during the late Summer or Fall.

It is said that there are three hundred and fifty wheels in Brockton, Mass., yet there is but one small club.

Fred Foster, the good-looking Canadian who, made such a fine record at the Fall tournaments last year, is training at Woodstock.

S. P. Hollingsworth, the long distance road rider, has resigned from the League. He will probably ride professionally this season.

A bicycle club has been organized at Mansfield, Mass., officers: John W. Cabot, Captain; G. E. Bessom, First Lieutenant; William Lyons, Second Lieutenant.

Since writing a paragraph on the Surrey cup race, we learn that H. Synyer, who was second by a yard, has been suspended for "roping"—in American—not trying.

It is said that Karl Kron proposes to keep up his "X.M. Miles" dingdong in the cycling press until he has disposed of that 30,000. We hope the villainous rumor is untrue.

The celebrated Staunton, Virginia, pike road extends from Staunton to Harper's Ferry, 126 miles, passing through Harrisburg, Newmarket, Woodstock and Winchester. It is rideable all the year round. The scenery is superb, the climate unrivalled. Even in midsummer there is a refreshing breeze from the mountains, and, owing to the great elevation of the pike, the heat is never oppressive.

Brooklyn is undoubtedly entitled to be called "The City of Clubs." The K. C. W. and the L. I. W. are building new houses, the Brooklyn and Ilderan both occupy entire houses, and then there are the Prospects, the Calumets, and other small-fry organizations, all of them, as yet, homeless.

THE FIRST BICYCLE. A NEW CLAIMANT.—Another inventor of "the bicycle," and maker of "the first bicycle" has appeared in Biggleswade, England. His name is Maurice Phillips, and his experiences are detailed in the *Cycling Journal*, May 20th. Mr. Phillips made a form of Bone-shaker in 1865.

On Tuesday, Karl Kron sent out the first fifty bound copies of "X. M. Miles" to England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Turkey and Japan. The second lot, two hundred and fifty, was sent out June 2d, and the remainder of the copies will be delivered at the rate of two hundred a day thereafter.

The Rovers Cycle Club, of Charlestown, Mass., held a meeting on May 24. A. W. Robinson was elected Captain and President to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Captain Brown. The club announces the following runs. June 5, Woodland Park Hotel; June 12, Cobbs' Tavern; June 19, Waltham; June 26, Dedham.

Some excellent performances were accomplished in a recent English fifty-mile road handicap, in which there were seventy-four starters. J. H. Smith did 3h. 30m. on a tricycle; H. Crook rode the course in 3h. 12m. 18s. on an ordinary, and G. P. Mills drove an "Ivel" Safety to the tune of 2h. 54m. 14s. Mills rode 25 miles in 1h. 21m. 08s.

EUROPEAN TOURISTS.—Those who think of touring on the Continent should first of all provide themselves with Dumstrey's Road Book for wheelmen, which is published at 3s., by Mr. T. H. S. Walker, 87, Zimmerstrasse, Berlin. The book gives very full information about the roads of Germany, Holland, part of Austria, Switzerland, France, England, Denmark and Poland.

Annual Meeting, C. T. C.—The annual meeting of the C. T. C. was held at Birmingham, May 14; some fifty members were present. Secretary Shipton reported a membership of 22,316, of which 16,049 were renewals, and which was 1,931 more than the membership of the previous year. No important business was transacted except that the question of raising the yearly subscription—which is English for dues—was referred to a committee.

Furnivall Wins The Surrey Cup.—One of the most important Spring events of the English racing season is the ten miles invitation race for the Surrey Challenge Cup. This year the race was held at Lillie Bridge. The race was very slow, Furnivall spurring away when near the tape and winning by a length; H. Synyer, second; F. J. Osmond, third. Time, 32:45 2-5 seconds. Among men who have won the Challenge Cup in previous years are: Hillier, Palmer, Gaskell, Liles, Speechley, and Cripps. Gaskell and Furnivall have carried off the cup twice, and Speechley three times.

Clarksville 100-Mile Road Race.

THE GREATEST BICYCLE RACE EVER RUN
SINCE CYCLING BEGAN.

THE RECORD:

	NAME.	MACHINE RIDDEN.	TIME.
1st.	Robert A. Neilson....	VICTOR.....	6 : 46 : 27.
2nd.	Wm. A. Rhodes.....	VICTOR.....	6 : 46 : 51.
3rd.	H. G. Crocker.....	Columbia	6 : 51 : 27.
4th.	S. Hollingsworth.....	Columbia	
5th.	S. G. Whittaker.....	Champion	
	C. W. Ashinger.....	Champion	Dropped out at 20 miles.
	Chas. Frazier.....	Star.....	Dropped out at 20 miles.
	John Brooks.....	Star.....	Dropped out at 40 miles.
	A. A. McCurdy.....	Star....	Dropped out at 40 miles.

Two Victors entered, taking first and second places.

*Never was so much money spent in preparation for a race,
and never was so much interest shown in a wheel contest.*

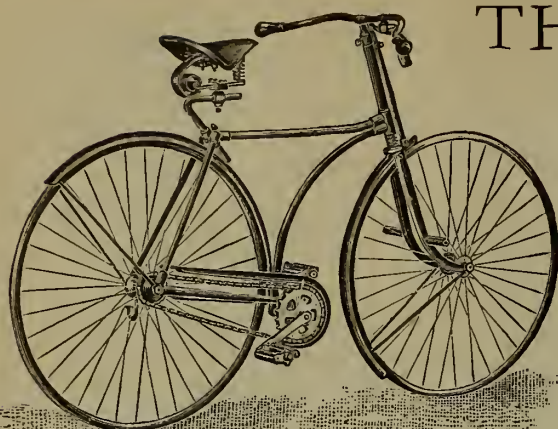
Upwards of 20,000 spectators!

*The Victors ridden in this race never stopped and went
through without defect or attention of any kind.*

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The Challenge is a light grade roadster, at a low price, but of sterling merit, and, we claim, the best ever offered for the money. Balls to both wheels, detachable bar, spade handles. Finish enamel and nickel. Price, 50 inch, \$105.00.

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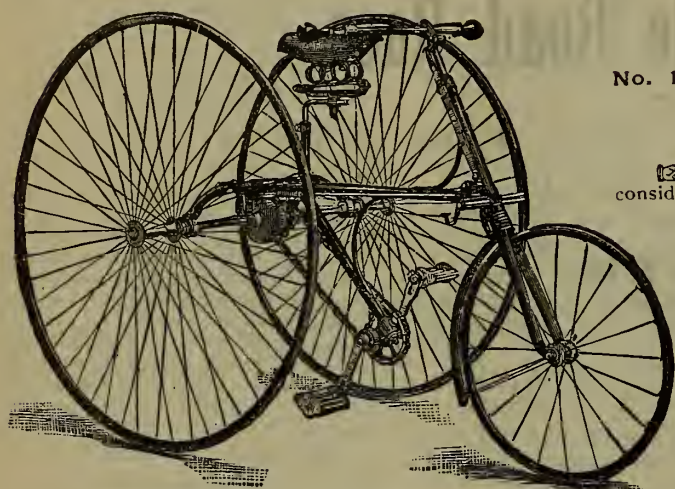
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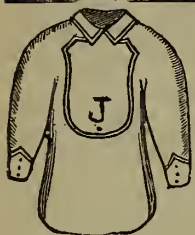
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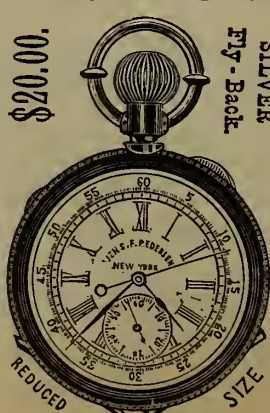
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Club Pins, Diamonds,
PRIZE CUPS, JEWELRY,
CHEAPEST
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THE LYNN RACE MEET.

The first important race meet of the season was held at Lynn, Mass., on the afternoon of May 30th. A large crowd was present, many clubs riding to the grounds in a body. The Boscobel Club were dressed in costumes of various colored flannels, and they succeeded in making guys of themselves, which was their apparent object. The races were short, and of the handicap order, and went well with the public.

ONE-MILE NOVICES.—William Cyr, 3m. 15 4-5s.; H. H. Porter, second; Mark Cohen, third; P. Wilkins, 0; J. L. Harris, 0; Cyr won easily. Cohen looked like second man, or boy rather, till near the finish, when Porter passed him.

TEN MILES AMATEUR HANDICAP.—P. J. Berlo, 300 yards, and H. C. Gutchell, 75 yards, dead heat for first place; time, 9m. 44 1-5s.; W. H. Senter, 375 yards, third; E. A. Packard, 375 yards, 0; S. L. Truesdale, 300 yards, 0; F. G. Gibbs, 425 yards, 0. Hunter started out at a good pace, and gained somewhat on the field, but shortly after passing the mile post he stopped for some unexplained reason. Nearing the finish the race narrowed down into a contest between Gutchell and Berlo, and the final spurt up the home-stretch resulted in a dead heat. In the run-off Berlo won.

ONE-MILE BOY'S RACE.—W. H. Senter, 3m. 31 1-5s.; A. H. Martin, second.

THREE MILES PROFESSIONAL HANDICAP.—A. A. McCurdy, 300 yards, first; W. A. Rowe, scratch, second, by thirty yards; times, 2m. 45 1-2s.; 5m. 45 2-5s.; and 8m. 49s.; Josh Young, 375 yards, by a half lap; A. E. Wiswell, 575 yards, 0; J. Fowler, one lap start, 0. The race quickly resolved itself into a race between McCurdy and Rowe, and although he gained all the way, he was unable to make up the handicap by thirty yards. The prizes were \$35 to first, \$20 to second.

TWO MILES AMATEUR, 6:10 CLASS.—H. C. Gutchell, 6m. 42 2-5s.; P. J. Berlo, by a half wheel; S. L. Truesdale, 0; H. H. Porter, 0. There was not much racing till the last lap. Truesdale covered the first mile in 3m. 20s.

ONE MILE RIDE AND RUN.—Senter, 4m. 36 1-5s.; Hunter, second by a few feet; Cohen, 0.

ONE MILE PROFESSIONAL HANDICAP.—W. A. Rowe, scratch, 2m. 53s.; A. A. McCurdy, 100 yards, by a half wheel; Josh Young, 150 yards, 0. Rowe caught his men at two laps, and they, knowing the race was over, slowed up. In this way they rode till the homestretch, when Rowe let out a link and won as above.

ONE MILE TEAM RACE.—Lynn Club, 14 points; Boscobel, 10 points. The Lynn Club was represented by Whittier, Barnet and Hitchcock, and the Boscobel by Truesdale, Packard and Lewis. Truesdale led till near the tape, when Whittier forged ahead and won in 3m. 10s; the rest close up.

The officials were as follows: Referee, Abbott Bassett of Boston, E. G. Young of Lynn; clerk of course, J. H. Young of Lynn; judges, J. B. McCune of Springfield, John Wood, Jr., of Beverly, W. E. Webber of Dorchester; timekeepers, E. E. Merrill of Boston, O. S. Roberts and George E. Butler of Lynn; umpires, F. W. Goodwin, Frank Whitney, F. D. West and F. Gibbs of Lynn; scorers, E. L. Story of Lynn, W. S. Atwell of Boston, W. Wheeler of Lynn.

ROAD-RACES AT NEW BEDFORD.

The Wayside Wheelmen, New Bedford, Mass., held a road-race meet on the Point road, on the morning of May 30th. A number of wheelmen and spectators were present.

In the five-mile race for a gold medal offered by President Wyman of the club, a "King of the Road" and a back-bone luggage carrier, there were five entries and the order and time of the finish were as follows: Frank L. Wing, 19m. 13s.; Horace Eldridge, 19m. 26s.; D. Kempton Tripp, 21m. 16s.; Howland Smith, 21m. 19s.; Henry Ellison, 21m. 20s.

Then followed a one-mile race for prizes of a L. A. W. badge, a Townsend saddle and a Lamson luggage carrier. The order of the finish and time were as follows:

Waldo Wade, 3m. 4s; Frank F. Wing, 3m. 13s; Harry H. Stanton, 3m. 17s. The novice one-mile race for prizes of a spoke cyclometer, a bicycle lock and leather medal for the slowest rider resulted as follows: Frank Weaver, 3m. 12s.; Alton L. Hazard, 3m. 14s.; Howland Smith, 3m. 25s. Dr. A. F. Wyman was last in the race and captured the medal.

ROAD RACES AT WALTHAM.

The Ramblers' Club of Waltham, Mass., had a series of bicycle races in that city on Decoration Day morning that attracted a big crowd. The first event was a 25-mile race, over a course from the corner of Moody and Crescent streets through Crescent street, over through the Newtons, and back. The entries were G. H. Perry of Medford, J. H. Cole, C. E. Tracey and A. W. Hails of Watertown, and Harry Browning of Waltham. The start was made shortly after nine o'clock, and, considering that the track was heavy, the time made was very fair. Hails came in first, Tracey second, and Perry third. The detailed times were:

	12 1/2 miles.	25 miles.
Hails.....	48m. 16s.	1h. 37m.
Tracey.....	48m. 17s.	1h. 37m. 10s.
Perry.....	48m. 20s.	1h. 37m. 32s.
Browning.....		Withdrawn.
Cole.....	48m. 15s.	Withdrawn.

Browning on the first round took a header and could not proceed. Cole, on the second round, while approaching a watering trough in West Newton to wet his sponge, ran up against the trough and was thrown off. While not seriously injured, he lost so much time that he considered it inadvisable to continue. Perry also took a header and broke his machine.

The 6 1/4-mile race was over a portion of the Macurdy course, and was started at about ten A. M. The entries were A. J. Cushing and F. W. Koowz. Cushing, who was coached by E. T. Bigelow, won in 26m., and Koowz came in two minutes later.

The third event was the half-mile dash, with E. T. Bigelow, Harry Browning and Joseph Silver as the entries. Bigelow won in 1m. 41s., and Browning came in second, in 1m. 51s. Silver did not finish. The course was on Crescent street, from Martyn's square to Orange street.

The 12 1/2-mile race was for \$20 a side from Hall's corner, over the McCurdy course, and A. F. Haines and W. B. Youngman were the competitors. Haines took a header soon after starting, and was thereby thrown out of the race, and Youngman came in the winner in 1h. 7 1/2m.

The starter of the races was J. Zahm, and the timer Hugh Duddleston, Jr.

The prizes were as follows: Twenty-five mile race—First, gold-headed cane, A. W. Hails; second, pair of gold-tipped opera glasses, C. E. Tracey; third, king's own tool bag, G. H. Perry. Six and one-quarter mile race—First, gold-lined silver bicycle goblet, A. J. Cushing; second, silver medal, F. W. Koowz. Half-mile dash—First, gold watch chain, E. T. Bigelow; second, silver medal, Harry Browning. Twelve and one-half mile race—\$20 a side, W. B. Youngman, winner.

THE CAMBRIDGE TWENTY-FIVE-MILE ROAD RACE.

CALDWELL WINS IN 1H. 45M. 35S.

The twenty-five mile race of the Cambridgeport Bicycle Club took place on Decoration Day and was witnessed by a large number of lovers of the sport. After being photographed at Hastings square the race was at once commenced, the start being made at the River-street bridge.

The course was through River street to Oak square, Brighton; Tremont street to Vinton, Waltham, Newton Upper Falls, Auburndale to the sign boards, to Chestnut Hill reservoir, about which the riders were to course four times, thence through Brighton and Allston to the point of starting. There were nine entries, Frank E. Carmen, George W. Bean, H. L. Caldwell, L. W. Briggs, Dr. S. F. Marshall, George K. Wheeler, Edward C. Himeon and W. T. Rook.

The start was made at 10:16:30, Himeon taking the lead, but soon lost it to Caldwell and Briggs. The road was heavy and in such a bad condition that Briggs took two headers in Newton, thereby necessitating his withdrawal. At this point Caldwell was two minutes ahead of the other competitors, reaching the reservoir five minutes in advance. Although seventeen miles had been passed over he appeared to be still quite fresh, but was hard pressed by Bean, Himeon and Rook, who seemed to be pretty evenly matched.

Caldwell finished first, and was ten minutes ahead of the others, making his twenty-five miles in 1h. 35m. 35s. Himeon came in second in 1h. 44m. 5s. Bean third, in 1h. 44m. 15s., just four seconds behind the second man, and Rook fourth, in 1h. 44m. 5s. Carmen finishing fifth in a pretty badly used up condition.

HOWELL VERSUS WOODSIDE.

The particulars of the first championship race between Howell and Woodside, have just been received in the London *Sportsman*. The race—twenty miles—was contested at Leicester on May 15. The weather was fine and some eight thousand people witnessed the races. The big event was called at half past six. At the start Woodside got away first, and covered the quarter in 42s., the half 1:22 3/4, the three quarters in 2:05 three-fifths and the mile in 2:48 four-fifths. Woody led for two and a half miles at about this pace, when Howell rode up to and passed him easily. The two got level again shortly, and the five miles were ridden in 14:58 two-fifths. The men kept close together till the last lap, riding ten miles in 30:08, when Howell dashed away and won by a yard; time 1h. 54s.

A one-mile professional handicap resulted in a victory for Temple, or Friedburg; handicap one hundred yards; time 2:36 3-5 s.

HOWELL WINS THE MILE.

LONDON, May 30, 1887.—Howell won the bicycle championship at Wolverhampton to-day. Howell got off first, but Woodside went to the front and maintained the lead over the first lap, when Howell again took the lead. Woodside made strenuous efforts to recover first place, and once was on a level with Howell, but never got ahead. Howell won by eight yards, his time being 2m. 47s.

Woodside had been training for a week on the race track. He is suffering from congestion of the liver and kidneys and is under a doctor's care.

As Howell has won three races the remaining two of the series will not be contested.

PHILADELPHIA POINTERS.

The Athletic Club Schuylkill Navy Games came off on Saturday, 28th May, a bad day for several reasons. First, it was the date of the Inter-collegiate games, to which most of our best athletes had hied themselves. Then, Wilhelm did not turn up, nor Pearson, nor even Richwine. So the two bicycle events fell to C. G. Stevens of Millville, in 3:09 for the mile, and 6:35 for the two miles, although the latter was won on a foul. Besides all this, it rained, and most of us did not think it would be worth while to go out.

So old "Kirk" is to be our President for the next year or so, anyhow. Well, everyone knew it—a veritable "handwriting on the wall"—though I hope the Doctor won't think I am comparing him to Nebuchadnezzar (I'm not up in biblical lore, but think this was the cue). Still there are others to whom the writing did appear, preceding their downfall. Numberless folks hereabouts do not like Kirk worth a sou, and I fear I must count in that number "my friend Gideon," as Collie Wallace, of the staff of the "American Air-feat" would say. Collie speaks of other dogs, etc., in a late issue of the *Obsoleter*. Say now, Collie, do you really think a dog of your calibre, with one bow-leg and three knock-knees, would actually attempt to meet "Gid" on the road? Or if you did, wouldn't you put your little tail between one bow-leg and the other knock-knee and make the best time of your life across fields home? Own up now, really? Just the same, I believe you are a dog of some sense, and would leave him severely alone, thereby following the shining example of your friend of the "Press, don't-che-kneow."

I've just heard a story about a proposed "proxy" boxing match, a relic of Brer Bassett, of which I hope to have gathered sufficient facts by next week to tell you—that is, if I can get permission to publish it.

The Germantowns have been down to Maurice River, N. J., on a three days' trip, and report a most glorious time. Good roads, better riding weather, and superb meat and drink combined to make the excursion a most enjoyable one to sixteen of the corps. Members of the Century Club were met en route, and cycles seemed as thick as bees in new grain, but no one except the initiated seemed to know of the precise location of the garden spot to which the Germantown effort was directed. After riding a number of treacherous sand spots and cross roads (!) it was finally reached, but only the guide might find it again. After they arrived and the inner cadaver fully comforted, music and photography were the order of the day. Roberts, one of the new members of the club, is reported to have stopped at nothing on the trip, riding the apparently impossible several times. Altogether the accounts returned are so enticing that no one of the club who did not go regrets it more than

DIXIE.

JONAH'S STORY OF THE RACE.

What did I tell you? Wasn't it, take it all in all considering the course and the average time made by the contestants, the greatest road race ever run in this country? Wasn't my revised statement that under ordinarily good conditions 1:35 would be crowded close and even beaten verified? To be sure twenty men did not beat 1:50; but sixteen did though. Remember, however, when I made my prophecy I was figuring on the basis of forty starters and there were only twenty-eight. Were there not one thousand wheelmen at hand and was not the crowd that witnessed it the biggest that ever saw a road race in this country? I know nothing about Clarksville, for no papers have as yet told me about the race there. I put these questions not in the spirit of a self-glorifying prophet, but simply in proof of my belief that the races of the association of myriad initials are among the greatest wheel contests that are run in our land and attract the most widespread interest. I praise these races because I want to see throughout the country such associations as these organized by wheelmen. They are, I hold, the real tests of men and wheels, and work a more direct good to cycling than dashes around a track on machines that for practical purposes are useless. They show how on roadsters men can go from Smithville to Jones-town, so many miles over so many hills, in time that would kill a trotter, could he be made to go two-thirds as fast. We should have such races as will demonstrate to the public the value of the wheel as a vehicle. Races such as the one just run do just this thing.

Apart from the missionary work it accomplishes it does a world of good in cementing and actually creating the fellowship of the wheels. The clubs mingle with one another, learn to know one another, and in fact become an association of brothers. In the midst of all the excitement and rivalry of the contests this fraternal feeling blooms forth strong and conspicuous. Along the course during the races the partisans of the different clubs are stretched. They cheer and shout for their members as is natural, but they are ever ready to help one another in every way. The sponges are for all to use, the ginger ale and water for all to drink, and let a man break down and the clubmate of his rival is the first one to proffer a helping hand and a wheel for him to continue his race. Such a feeling is an honor to gentlemen and elevates sport above petty rivalries and jealousies.

After seeing the parade of the Elizabeth Wheelmen in the morning I hid myself to the course. At the Hilton Inn I met a host of early comers and a good time of it we had fighting the old battles o'er again. All the time the clans were gathering fast by ones, by twos, by threes, by dozens, mounted on every variety of the *genus* cycle, that the ingenuity of man has yet devised, and man is neither idle nor uninventive. Thirty Ilderans wheel by on their way to Irvington and are cheered, and cheer in return. A lot of business looking Citizens wheel up and hie themselves to the dispenser of things that cheer and do inebriate and do not inebriate. Captain Martin of the Elizabeth and one or two of his men came in hot and perspiring, after a tussle from South Orange with the advance guard of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, who were anxious to teach the simple Jersey men how they ride down in Pensy. Their instructions were gratefully received, and a polite return was made in kind. Soon the main body of Quakers arrived, and a gallant thirty they were, and right glad were the boys to welcome the visitors from Philadelphia. Now the wheelmen gather faster and faster, and club after club dismounts, stacks machines, and mingles in the throng. The cycling public now begins to arrive. Carriages freighted with pretty girls, all wearing the colors of their favorites, drive by and take up places of vantage. Two big stages, gayly decked with the orange and black flags of the Rutherford boys approach, filled with the beauty and enthusiasm of the place they came from. Then four horses drag up a monster carryall of Elizabethans. The club flag floats defiantly out behind as though menacing the Rutherford standards. Up the hill dashes "Little Caldwell," the sixteen-year-old pride of Elizabeth, who has been too impatient to wait for his fellow teammen, who are coming along in a stage behind. He dismounts and greets his clubmates with that eternal boyish smile that never leaves his face, even in the hottest part of the fight. A fine specimen of vigorous American boyhood he is, and looks fit to repeat his performance of a year ago, when he finished ahead of fifteen or more of the best road riders about New York.

The teams gather lazily—too lazily—and go to their rooms to be prepared for the contest.

Dinner time and a rush is made for the fifteen by ten room, where it had been announced that four hundred and fifty would be fed. You paid your dollar, wrestled with a country feed dear at fifty cents and skip out to make room for the next mess. Full stomached you are, then why complain? You are out for a day's fun then why grumble at trifles?

And now for the start and the race. For two hundred yards along the road near where the men are to be sent off is a crowd of carriages jammed together leaving but a ten foot strip of macadam between them. Two hundred or more wheelmen are there too. Above all the chin rings out clear the voice of Thomas Crichton, the clerk of the course, shouting out the numbers of the men as they have been drawn. On the front line are Stenken and Caldwell, but Hall, "Val," Greenman, and the other noted flyers are further back. A host of timers, scorers, judges, and wheel reporters hover around. At last the word to mount is given and twenty-eight prides of seven clubs climb into the saddle to do or die. "Track, track, track" is shouted and the mass of spectators part and grudgingly give a narrow lane for the racers. "Bang" goes the pistol. Stenken dashes ahead, but behind him some one has fallen and all are called back. A second time they mount. This time they are off for sure. They fly down the alleyway with a rush and amid the frantic cheers of the crowd. Soon they are a moving mass in the distance. Now the hubbub of discuss on begins. A wants to bet B that Kings County will win, C thinks Hudson County can knock out Ilderan, D is sure that Union County will beat Elizabeth, D talks cynically and doesn't care who wins as long as time is made, the Kings County boys know that Hall, and perhaps "Val" too, can wallop Stenken, and the Hudson County men are just as positive that Charley will spread-eagle the field. And so the talk goes on, and the spectators work themselves up into a state of expectant excitement.

Prial stands watch in hand, seems cool and tries to keep me ditto. He is not at all successful, for I am bubbling over with an enthusiasm that has not found vent since last election day. With what little assistance I can give him in my excited state he jots down notes, figures, and times, and will give you a technical narrative of the progress of events that will tell you more than all my gush, so I will not trespass on his pasture.

A wait of some sixteen minutes and the racers appear up the road at Hilton, a minute or two later the leaders dash by. Harry Hall has caught the flying Jerseyman and is lapping his wheel. There is a stick-there look about Harry that means business, and a get-there expression in Charley's face that means that the man who beats him will be very tired. 17:38! Whew! But they're going! A hundred yards behind comes "Val," the first winner. Bradley of the Ilderans is at his heels—a wonderful improvement for the Ilderan man in six months. Next we have Halstead on a Star this time. And if close behind is not little Caldwell just where he was last Spring. He is riding for sure now and his year's growth enables him to go faster than ever. Following him is Knox, the Kings County's new man, and he looks to be a daisy, as he is. A little further back is Weber. It is the same old story, King's County first, and able to stay there. Up the long hill the racers tire, and the ten miles is reached with no change in the leaders. Fifteen miles and still Hall hangs to Stenken like a shadow; but Bradley has forged ahead of Valentine and the Elizabeth lad has passed Halstead just where he did last Spring, all this time Kluge on his trike has been knocking road records silly, and rapidly overhauling those who started five minutes ahead of him. He has made fifteen miles in 55m. 44 2-5s. At twenty miles Valentine has again gone ahead of Bradley, while the flying pair of Stars is a half a mile before them. The pace has been terrific. Some look flushed, others pale, yet there is no sign of slackening in the pace going. Now the changes are more rapid and the excitement grows to fever heat. Kings County will win, of course, but will Hall beat the Jersey flyer and who will be second, as Elizabeth, Union County, Ilderan, and Hudson County are making a gallant fight for the honor? Hilton is reached on the way home. Here Harry Hall in answer to the cheers of his clubmates puts in all steam, and the Star of Brooklyn for a moment eclipses the Star of Jersey and then sails by to victory. Across the line he dashes a winner among a bedlam of cheers. Game to the last, the Jersey City boy passes four seconds later

and receives an ovation second only to Harry's. Now comes the gallant "Val"; then Bradley, Ilderan's new champion; then Caldwell, eleven minutes ahead of his first race, yet only fifth; then Kings County's new scorcher; then Captain Baggot of Hudson County; then Bowman, the vegetarian, trained on a diet of strawberries and mush; then Greenman, not yet revived from his fall of the week before; and then all the other plucky boys who have nobly fought for their clubs.

Hurrah for Kings County, who has won with three men!

Hurrah for Ilderan, second again!

Hurrah for Elizabeth, beaten by Ilderan by one point, yet third just the same, with no excuses to make and ready for the next time!

Hurrah for all the rest, beaten yet more thought of than if they had failed to toe the scratch!

Hurrah for the third great race, and hurrah for the next one!

JONAH.

KENTUCKY KRONICLES.

A touching incident occurred a few Sundays ago out at Independence, Ky. A number of wheelmen had run up from Covington, and with the number was Jerome Clark, of Newport, who is a photographer of no little merit, and who on this occasion had his camera with him. While the boys were posing in various attitudes about the Court House yard a resident of the place came up and requested Clark to do him the favor of taking a photograph of his little daughter, whom he said had the consumption and was unable to stand the long ride by pike to the city. He said she could not live long at best and begged earnestly that he might have a picture of his child. The big-hearted wheelman of course granted the request, and the peculiar and rather sad spectacle of a little wan-faced girl sitting in a chair at the doorway of an humble cottage while the camera was made to do its work of remembrance, and the brown faced and athletic young men standing about looking on, was one not soon to be effaced from the memory.

Messrs. Milholland, Justis and Wilhelmy, of Cincinnati, part of the delegation which went to the League meet from here, returned from Terre Haute, Ind., on their wheels.

Prof. Geo. Beach, who perhaps more than any man in the three cities made business use of his wheel, has gone to Wichita, Kansas, with his bride, where he will continue the practice of his profession, that of a teacher of music. His success while here bespeaks more for him in his new home. He covered, last season, 2,700 miles on his wheel.

Two of the clerks in Clark, Widdifield & Co.'s store in Cincinnati use the wheel daily in going to and from business. I have noticed such a marked increase in the practical use of the bicycle since the new streets have been put down that I feel constrained to say something about it.

On Thursday, June 2d, Messrs. Lawrence Spalding and Al. Achmitker, of Covington, start on a tour through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, which has for an ending the town of Chrisman, Ill.

These young gentlemen will "put her through," and expect to arrive there inside of four days.

Their first stop, as now calculated, will be either Cambridge City or Richmond, Ind.

They will have a pleasant time if favored with fine weather.

Last Sunday wheelmen who rode out the Madison Pike back of Covington were greeted with the query "who was that that was shot at?"

It seems that the countrymen either wanted to frighten the boys or else some shooting had occurred and the shotee, as it were, was making tracks for home, for every person along the road stoutly asserted that two wheelmen had been seen to pass on each side of a man in a buggy, whose horse reared up and who thereupon fired upon the cyclers with evident murderous intent.

No wheelman is yet reported as being in the hospital or engaged picking lead out of himself, so the rumor must be false, or the horseman a very poor shot.

Understand, in this connection, that Kentucky cycle dealers sell as an accessory a pistol holster to go under the saddles and in easy reach of the rider. Don't know how true it is, but must say if this thing keeps on that will be about the pass it will come to.

Dayton, Ky., has turned a notch ahead in city finances by announcing that hereafter bicycles will be valued and taxed as personal property, and that \$50 will be the nominal value placed upon them. That makes about eighty-eight cents per year for each wheel.

Saturday evening, June 4th, the Kenton Wheel Club of Covington will leave in a body by the

Kentucky Central Railway for Cynthiana, Ky., where they will meet the local riders and proceed, next day, to Blue Lick Springs, and return in time to catch the train for home Sunday evening. It should be a fine trip.

The Road Map Committee of the Kentucky Division is soliciting advertisements for the book in which the map is to be printed, in order to make the cost less heavy upon the finances of the Division. It is hoped they will receive the support of the advertisers, as the book will be a daisy when it gets here.

There is talk among the wheelmen, who have been paying exorbitant tolls and having restricted rights of passage over the suspension bridge from Covington to Cincinnati, of bringing a suit against the company to compel it to allow the free use of bicycles on its structure. A committee is investigating the legal phases of the matter, and something may drop shortly. The Lexington Turnpike people are to receive their share of attention on the score of exorbitant charges, though they lately reduced their rates for bicycles to five cents for every five miles, when it was formerly ten cents for the same distance. NORR.

CANADA TOUR OF THE ILDERAN BICYCLE CLUB.

We give below an outline of the regular annual tour of the Ilderan Bicycle Club for 1887.

Boarding the five P.M. train on the West Shore Railroad, Saturday evening, July 9th, they reach Niagara Falls Sunday morning at 7:30. They make a stay of about twenty-six hours at the Falls, this giving ample time to visit all the points of interest, for which the managers of the tour have made very complete arrangements, having secured accommodations at the International Hotel, arranged for carriages for those desiring them, &c., that the party may "do" the place quickly and thoroughly.

Leaving Niagara Falls at nine A.M. on Monday, the 11th, they take their introductory ride of ten miles to Niagara-on-the-Lake, arriving at 11:30 A.M. As the ride leads along the bank of the Niagara River, they will have two and a-half hours in which to make the ten miles, passing the whirlpool, Brock's Monument and other noteworthy sights, viewing probably the most magnificent ten miles of land and water scape in America.

Trusting themselves to the kindly blue waters of Lake Ontario, they enjoy a sail of sixty miles to Toronto, where the Rossin House will be the headquarters until nine A.M. Tuesday. At Toronto the tourists will be the guests of the "Wanderers" (the largest club in Canada), who promise a "very fine and large" time.

From Toronto the wheels are resorted to for forty-six miles to Newcastle, Royal Hotel. Wednesday the mileage will be forty-seven miles to Brighton, Central Hotel. Thursday brings them into Belleville at noon, where a three hours' rest is enjoyed and a dinner partaken of with the local C.W.A. Club. Napanee, forty-seven miles, Campbell House, is the stop for the night.

Friday noon the party will reach Kingston, dinner at the British-American Hotel, embark at one o'clock for the Thousand Islands. A steamer has been chartered here, primarily of course to help them "count the islands," and incidentally, as an aid and abettor of solid comfort and general jollity.

Leaving the Thousand Islands Saturday, July 16th, at ten A.M., by steamer for Prescott, they there mount the wheels again for a spin of twenty-two miles to Morrisburg, putting up for the night at the St. Lawrence Hall. Here arrangements have been made for shooting the Rapid Du Plant.

On Sunday morning the tourists will leave Morrisburg for Cornwall, twenty-eight miles, dinner at the American House, reaching Coteau, thirty-two miles, for the night,—this making a total of sixty miles, and being the longest day's ride of the tour. They leave Coteau Monday morning, July 18th, for Montreal, thirty miles, devoting a day to the sights of the city, with the headquarters at the famous Windsor Hotel.

Among the places not spoken of in the above prospectus, yet coming within the scope of the tour, may be mentioned the River St. Lawrence and the Lachine Rapids.

The above will give a slight insight to the fun awaiting the wheelmen participating in the Ilderan's tour.

The Manager of the tour, Mr. R. L. Calkins, informs us that fifteen members of the club, with a few from other clubs, and friends, have already given notice of their intention to start; in addition to which there are a number who are anxious to

go, but will not say definitely until they have arranged their vacations to meet the above dates.

The party will be limited to fifty, and the Committee confidently expect that number to be reached before the list is closed. All arrangements have been completed, except such as cannot be until the size of the party has been definitely learned. For this reason, those intending to join should so inform the Committee on or before June 20th. The Ilderan Bicycle Club earnestly invite all gentlemen desirous of making the trip to join them. Any further information will be given by the Committee, either by letter or by calling at the Clubhouse, 71 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, any evening.

The total expenses of the round trip will be less than fifty dollars; in addition, our party numbering thirty or more, a special parlor and sleeping car will be furnished to the Falls, and returning, from Montreal. In making the arrangements the Club has been fortunate enough to secure the aid of an experienced railroad man who is well acquainted with Canada and has many friends there. This gentleman has been of material assistance in reducing the expenses.

Though the tour will end at Montreal within ten days, some of the participants will probably extend the vacation to Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks for the balance of the two weeks, returning to New York, July 23d.

There will probably be some who may be limited to a week's trip; these may leave the party at the Thousand Islands, bearing, of course, their pro rata share of the expenses.

In conclusion, if this trip interests you, write the Committee, or, better still, call at the Clubhouse regarding it.

Committee:—
 { R. L. CALKINS, Manager.
 { W. J. SAVOY, Captain.
 { H. C. METTLER, Secretary.

MINNEAPOLIS.

MAY 27, 1887.

Well, the Meet has come and gone, and the unfortunates condemned to stay at home must content themselves with the programme—a thing of beauty—and the meagre reports the local press has given us. THE WHEEL's advent will be eagerly looked for the coming week, if never before. By the way, speaking of THE WHEEL, I wonder if all its readers fully realize what they are receiving in exchange for the small sum of a dollar. The last copy went ahead of anything yet received, and I can't see how the editor can do it at the price. But I am not kicking, far from it. Go on with the good work.

Leland & Waring are jubilant over the fact of the first two men in the Clarksville race riding Victors, and their windows have been ornamented with a conspicuous placard of the fact, and a telegram from the Overman Wheel Company. Other dealers take comfort in the fact that no mention was made of the Star in the finish, and feel they are not alone in misery.

Dr. Aitkin of the Citizens Club, of New York, was in town the other day, and, in company with our worthy Chief Consul, took a run to St. Paul and return, some twenty-five miles.

The abundance of sand in our roads proved rather too much for an Eastern rider used to 'sand-papered' roads, and he left an imprint of his mighty form between here and the Saintry City, that it will take several rains to wash away. No serious damage done—to the hard road.

Rev. A. D. Graham, of this city, starts next Monday for a three months' visit in England, and it is one that many a cyclist will envy him. In company with a cycling friend, he proposes to take a short run up into Scotland, avoiding the more mountainous part, and then, making London his headquarters, take frequent runs into the country round. Doubtless his clerical coat-tails will frequently absorb the dust of the Ripley Road.

The time of record-breaking and long-distance runs is upon us, and several notable trips have been taken. Grant and Colie Bell opened the ball with a sixty-two and one-half miles run to Clear Lake, straight-away in eight hours, claiming the longest distance yet ridden in that time in Minnesota. It was not the longest straight-away run, as the writer himself was one of three making seventy-five miles a year ago last October, and last season J. R. Stockdale claims to have made one hundred and thirty miles between daylight and dark, on a trip taken to Dakota, and all on Minnesota roads. This fact was stated in the daily press, and the writer then went into a little mathematical calculation to show that at the rate Stockdale rode, on reaching Clear Lake, he would have been seven miles and a

fraction ahead of Bell and his brother. As a result of that, challenges for a road race of fifty miles have been issued, but will result in nothing definite, both parties seeming unable to agree on a satisfactory time and place.

The date of the Minnesota Division's L. A. W. Tour has been changed from June 27th to June 20th, better to accommodate business men wishing to take part, as the last and first parts of each month are usually busy times for them. The route takes in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fort Snelling, Shakopee, Henderson, St. Peter, Mankato, New Ulm, Redwood Falls, Glencoe, and if wished, Lake Minnetonka—mostly on prairie roads. The party will be entertained at St. Paul by the Alert Bicycle Club, and also tendered a hop at Redwood Falls; where a hill-climbing contest will be held. I hope Minneapolis Wheelmen will not be remiss in the hospitality. When the Peoria Tourists were here two years ago, those taking part in the lunch tendered them at Calhoun's will long remember the pleasant hour passed, and the run to Excelsior that followed.

On Thursday, the 26th, five members of the Minneapolis Club started out with the intention of breaking the State record of sixty-two and one-half miles in eight hours. Start was made at four A.M., and the objective point Orratonnee, the plan being to ride there and return. Westcott, sixteen and three-quarters miles away, was reached at 5:30 A.M. Farmington, twelve and one-quarter miles further on, was made at 7:40, and here a halt made for breakfast. Beyond Farmington, such a strong head wind was encountered that all but one changed course, making for Hastings and reaching that place at 12:10 P.M. Distance made was sixty-six and three-quarter miles, actual riding time six hours, fifteen minutes. One man, owing to saddle's breaking, was left at Farmington. Two more were satisfied with the ride to Hastings, and took train home from there. The remaining man, one of our toughest all-round riders, returned the entire distance to Minneapolis a-wheel, covering one hundred and three and three-quarter miles in actual riding time of ten hours and fifteen minutes—a very creditable record for our country roads and likely to stand for some time. The man who was determined to reach Orratonnee and did not let a head-wind discourage him, kept on till some ten miles beyond Northfield, the roads became so bad, that he returned to Mendota, passing the night there. Total distance covered by him was ninety-eight miles.

Both clubs are holding weekly runs and they seemed to be well attended, a gratifying change from last year, and showing the presence of two clubs this year acts as a healthy stimulus. One of our veteran riders has given up the two-wheeler and anxiously waits a Columbia Light Roadster Tricycle, the first of the kind in the city. Roads away from the beaten paths are not very favorable to use of tricycles, but our eyes are occasionally even gladdened by the sight of a lady bowling rapidly along Nicollet Avenue. One of the "three for a dollar" style of dudes spoke disparagingly the other day of ladies using tricycles in public, and the Tribune of next morning contained a scathing comment on the foolishness of his kind, advising him to go East, where such sights are more common.

Grant Bell's experience in the Smithville Factory last winter comes in play at this season, his repair shop being crowded with work. If anyone ever wants to annihilate time and space it is a wheelman when his wheel breaks down, and I can recommend Bell as promptly attending to jobs. By the way, I am to have an opportunity of thoroughly testing a New Rapid's capabilities, and will give a breathless world of wheelmen the result in my next. Till then, yours expectantly, L. B. G.

At the close of the fourth annual tour of the Indiana Division, L. A. W., which takes place from July 8 to July 13, 1887, a bicycle meet will be held at Terre Haute, the principal features of which will be a hill-climbing contest and bicycle races, closing with a concert at Hulman's park by the Ringgold band, an address by the Mayor of the city and distribution of prizes. The programme of races will be as follows: One-mile club championship, one-mile novice, two-mile State championship, half-mile ride and run, three mile interstate championship, one-mile 3:30 class, half-mile State championship, one-mile road wheels, forty pounds and over, one-mile amateur (open), one-mile Star, half-mile 1:40 class, three-mile club team (Indiana championship). For hill-climbing contest and championship races there will be gold medals, and for the remaining, three or more prizes. Entrance fee to each event \$1.—*Boston Globe.*

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE MILES IN FIVE DAYS.

At six minutes past six o'clock on the morning of May 24th, two wheelmen might have been seen pedaling out of Herkimer, N. Y., on a mission that will bring one of them at least to the land of the Golden Gate. The writer, astride of a fifty-two inch full nicked Expert Columbia, and C. P. Avery of Herkimer, also riding a Columbia, composed the members of this little cavalcade.

An overclouded sky obscured the rising sun and rendered riding a pleasure indeed. The first town we passed was Mohawk, a mile from home, whose denizens had not yet been clasped from the arms of morpheus. Two miles farther and Ilion, the seat of the famous Remington Armory flitted by, to give place in turn to Frankfort, three miles farther on. Here the first dismount was made and thirty-five minutes were consumed in the six miles. Pushing on, we reached Utica, the "pent up" city of Oneida county, at 9.15, with a cyclometer register of seventeen miles. Under the guidance of "Charlie" Metz, that princely wheelman and sprinter of Utica, we bowled out of the city at a lively rate and reined in our steeds at Clark's Mills, eight miles away. Here we bid adieu, and with the parting good wishes of our conductor, rode away to Vernon, seven miles, four of which were unridable and barely passable. While passing a little farm house, two miles from town, we were suddenly hailed with an invitation to cider. Did we cider? The records say we did. Poker (that's my chum) made a bad effort to get off a pun on reconsidering the motion, but I overruled him at once, and we went down cellar. Two glasses also went down cellar. Had we imbibed any more we would, most probably, laid down cellar. But we didn't.

From Vernon to Oneida Castle good roads prevailed, although the country is far from inviting. Dinner struck us in the shape of another farm house and our pockets in the shape of forty cents. We anticipated taking dinner at Canastota. But we didn't. We struck a big wind about sixteen miles from there and gave it up—not the wind, but the dinner. However we managed to get a sort of meal on corned beef, potatoes and pie. But that wind was immense.

IT BLEW GREAT GUNS

and Poker into the ditch all at once.

Leaving Oneida Castle with a mileage of nearly forty, we sallied forth over some of the finest roads of the day. But for the strong gale this ride would have ranked way up. Five miles more and the beautiful little village of Canastota appeared in view from a distant knoll. Proceeding into town, we met a jovial cyclist in the person of C. H. Wolf. It was now 3.30 P. M., and, while being introduced to several other cycling brethren, a big shower suddenly appeared and made our acquaintance without undue formalities. Well, this put an end to record breaking for that day, so we accepted the situation and a berth at Canastota with as good grace as possible. Wednesday morning dawned dark and dreary, with minor accompaniments of mud. We resolved to challenge neither, so staid in. Thursday gave but little encouragement, but we would not tarry longer and sallied forth at seven A. M. in elegant style and two inches of mud. Chittenango, seven miles west, we reached at 8.30; Fayetteville, nine and one half miles more, at ten o'clock, and wheeled into Syracuse with twenty-five miles more to our credit at exactly 12 M. A half hour was consumed for dinner and at 12.30 we left the Saline city, with its mounds and monuments of salt, in a cloud of dust and hied away over magnificent roads to Camillus, a fine little hamlet eight miles northwest. A slight shower overtook us here-about and we repaired to an old dilapidated barn. While rummaging for something to do, Poker resolved to sketch a cow and I went into the committee of the whole on appropriations. Eggs were the main investment and I proceeded to appropriate.

As our readers must by this time observe, we were hugging like grim death to the old Genesee Pike, which girdles New York from Albany to Buffalo. A coast of half a mile and walk of twice that distance were among the beauties we absorbed at Camillus.

The ride to Elbridge, eight miles farther, was made by 4.30 P. M., and Senet came in sight one hour later, twenty-one miles from Syracuse. The ride to this point was a perfect panorama of mag-

nificent sights, grand rural views, excellent farms, and a wealth of growing verdure.

A hail storm came up about three P. M. and drove us under cover, but soon passed over, leaving no apparent effect upon the solid road-bed. A run of thirty minutes brought us to Auburn and the end of our day's journey, with a register of fifty-one miles. As a state-prison is located at this place, we did not tarry long, and gave the city a wide berth. Friday was a twin sister to the preceding day—cloudy, cool and gloomy. Good roads and an abundance of fine coasts were promised us from Auburn to Canandaigua, but "the best laid plans of mice and men," 'tis said, "aft gang a-glee," and for twenty-four miles we believed in that adage. Roads! Those highways were terrible, inexpressibly awful, and not a coast, not a ride from seven to twelve miles was there.

A THICK, CLAYEY MUD,

with great avalanches of real estate on our wheels, and we were becoming immensely wealthy.

Cayuga was the first town we struck, and we reached there at nine o'clock—nine miles in two hours! Here's a record. A ferry is employed to transport one across the lake, and we repaired thereto. As the ferry scow only runs when the wind does, and there was not a breath of air stirring, we did not know what to do.

"Wall, I kin take yeou acrost befor night," said his ferryship.

"Confound it, man, we are going to San Francisco and can't wait for you to scare up a breeze. Why don't you have a stock of wind on hand for occasions like this?"

"Eh, what ye—"

"Can't you row us across?"

"Yas, but I can't carry that air wheelbarrow o' yours."

"What the dickens do I want to do without my bicycle on t'other side of this lake? Where's your row boat?"

"Thar, the one with yaller sides."

We eyed the craft in question, and carefully lifting our machine, put it across the gunwale, and told our steam engine to open the flues. He opened them, and we came across in thirty minutes.

Arrived on the other side, we mounted and pedalled to Seneca Falls, five miles in another hour; passed through Waterloo at 10.45, five miles further on, and reached Geneva, the garden city of Ontario County, at twelve o'clock, having covered twenty-four miles.

Taking one hour for dinner, we turned our backbones upon one of the finest villages of its size in the country, roads included, and wheeled past mile upon mile of fertile land under cultivation on either side of the road. As far as the eye could reach extended a continuous mass of foliage in various stages of growth. About a mile from the city we met a man of Teutonic extraction, and inquired the way to Canandaigua. He said "Ein, vich il guin vom ust unstaklistich vion."

"Yas, dot vos so," and of course we knew all about it. He probably meant that he was going to Zion, but we didn't ask him any more questions. A run of six and one-half miles brought us to Castleton, a half way town, with one hotel, blacksmith shop and corner grocery. At 3.30 we pulled up at Canandaigua, having made the run of seventeen miles in two hours, over some of the best roads extant. A heavy rain passed over Canandaigua in the morning and left the roads soggy and "slow," consequently we were two hours going to East Bloomfield, a distance of nine miles, made up of three 3-mile hills. Fact! This completed fifty-one miles for the day and we decided to halt. A force pump and rubber hose removed several pounds of superfluous mud from our steeds, and after a good rubbing down looked like a plate glass mirror.

At seven o'clock Saturday morning we awoke in the midst of a dream and a dense fog. One was as impenetrable as the other. After waiting an hour, we concluded to venture forth and pointed for West Bloomfield, five miles away. Reaching here in forty-five minutes, we pushed on with mud and rocks and desolation everywhere. All went well until on essaying to change our tune to an inviting path, we struck it rich—that is, the path—but not exactly as anticipated. Our pride was humbled—not in the dust, but in six inches of dirty, sticky mud. Ah, my countrymen, what a fall was there. Worse than all, Poker, that inimitable imp of mischief, stood with arms akimbo and soothed our injured feelings, and shins, with a soul-piercing laugh. We arose and bound to ride or die passed Lima, nine miles, at 9.30; East Avon, fourteen and one-half miles, at 10.15, and West Avon, sixteen and one-half miles, at 10.35, wheeling

into Caledonia, twenty-four miles, at 11.45. Of this distance, three-fourths was done out of the saddle and over roads covered with three to four inches of mud. At Caledonia we refreshed the inner man and reached Le Roy, seven miles, at 1.30, and Batavia, seventeen miles, at 2.30, making the fastest run on the road. For a road race these seventeen miles cannot be beaten as the run can be made without a dismount. By the advice of some Batavia wheelmen we were induced to go thence to Albion, nearly north, eighteen miles, passing through Elba, six miles, Barry Centre, fourteen miles, and reaching Albion, eighteen miles, at 6.15. Taking supper about two miles from Albion, we received the heartiest reception yet tendered us, and lucky is the cyclist whose path leads him to the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Phipps, of Albion. One mile farther and the placid waters of Lake Ontario appear in the distance. Long and earnestly is the eye of your writer fixed on this glorious sunset spectacle. Seven miles intervene between us and the lake, but it seems as one. The country for miles around is as distinctly discernible while all nature's brightest phases, clothed in melody of waning light, and arched over by a radiant pall of gold-crested clouds, in silver linings, combines to make a picture seldom seen on canvas. Nine miles more and Medina looms up in majestic array. "Three miles in forty minutes" completes the day's detour of seventy miles, and we retire with hearts lightened and spirits glowing with a justly pardonable pride. Ho for Niagara, in our next.

GEO. W. NELLIS, JR.

MEDINA, May 29.

THOMAS STEVENS' BOOK.

We have been presented by the author with an autograph copy of vol. 1 of "Around the World on a Bicycle," which is published this week by the Scribners in this country, and by Marston, Low & Co., of London. The book, which consists of over 500 pages, and 110 illustrations, details Stevens' journey from San Francisco to Teheran. The cuts are the same as were used in *Outing*, and the reading matter is much the same as that which appeared in the magazine, with a revision and polishing up for which there was no time when the matter was first written.

The book is handsomely bound, the front cover representing a red cupid yielding her wreath of "speed" to a red Mercury, which typifies Stevens. The back-ground is a bicycle, done in silver. The frontispiece is a colored litho of Stevens. It is a good likeness, but represents him as too thin. The book is dedicated "To Colonel Albert Pope, of Boston, Mass., whose liberal spirit of enterprise, and generous confidence in the integrity and ability of the author, made the tour around the world on a bicycle possible, by unstinted financial patronage, is this volume respectfully dedicated." The preface to the book is written by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Price, \$4; Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

CLEVELAND CULLINGS.

Last Sunday the Star Wheel Club took a run to Lorrain and Elyria, Ohio, a distance of seventy-six miles.

John T. Huntington, one of our fastest local wheelmen, left for Beaver Falls Monday to make his fortune. Boggis and Collister went along to see him do it.

The result of the Clarksville hundred-mile road race was received with disappointment by our local Star riders, as they expected a great deal from the Smithville team. S. S. L.

An American "Star"—neither a heavenly body from Yankeeland, nor a celebrated singer, but a rear-driving safety bicycle—was down at Ripley on Sunday, and caused some considerable commotion, for few of those on the road had ever set eyes on the machine that is so beautiful in theory and in safety, but so hideous in practice and in appearance. As a rule, a new-fangled machine is tried by everyone wishing to extend their knowledge of things cycular; but somehow this one was left alone, even our faddist not caring to risk a fall upon it. We have no wish to disparage the machine, which strikes us as being a perfect safety, but it is fearfully complicated, with its tubes all over the place, and, as we said before, it is perfectly hideous.—*Bicycling News*.

BROOKLYN ECHOES OF THE ROAD RACE.

As the readers of THE WHEEL have been largely informed during the last few weeks of what the New Jersey clubs expected to do in the Decoration Day race, it might not be amiss just now to refer to what the Brooklyn clubs have done in the past. In fact, we incline to the opinion that there never was a happier opportunity than just now, when Brooklyn is vigorously shaking herself by the hand over the latest victory.

Going back to the 12th of June, 1886, we recall with what extreme feelings of uncertainty the first race of the Association was started—uncertainty as to its success, and as to the racing strength of the starting clubs. The Kings County Wheelmen seemed to have prepared for it more systematically than her rivals, and, besides sending the first man over the tape, won a handsome victory on total points scored. The Ilderan Bicycle Club, the only other representative from Brooklyn, though losing one man through a fall, secured fourth place in a field of six starters.

On Election Day of the same year, twenty wheels sped away on their tiresome journey at the crack of the pistol, but the Kings County Wheelmen's acquisition of Hall made them even stronger than before, and he crossed the tape a winner in the time of 1:37, which the knowing ones said would probably not be beaten for a long time, as the conditions of both road and atmosphere were perfect. They also sent Valentine over the tape as second man, while the Ilderans sent Greenman and Bradley as third and sixth, and the Brooklyns Hawkins as fifth. On the total scores, the Kings County Wheelmen again captured the cup, the only other clubs from Brooklyn being the Ilderans and Brooklyns, who secured respectively second and third places. To go into the details of the last race is needless; suffice it to say that the Kings County Wheelmen again gave evidence of their practically invincible road work by winning with only three men against a field of six competing clubs. The City of Brooklyn secured second place again through the plucky work of the Ilderans, who are bound to sustain her reputation, even if they must play second to their neighbors, the Kings County Wheelmen.

The victory of Hall seems to have been a surprise to many, in fact almost everyone outside of his own club, and the time is truly wonderful, for the course was rendered at least two minutes slower than last Election Day through a strong wind and the loose stones strewn over the surface. There are many who still believe that Stenken is the better man, although all admit that Hall rode a very clever race. Certain it is that Stenken finished in far better condition than did Hall, and his admirers were greatly disappointed at the ultimate result of the long struggle. Valentine's admirers probably witnessed his last road-race on a crank wheel. After making such a mighty effort, as was apparent to all, the securing of third place certainly tended to increase his desire to ride the style of wheel which has shown him the way to the finishing point in the last two races. Apart from the natural interest attaching to the leaders of the race, probably the most interesting development was the riding of Bradley of the Ilderans, and Knox of the Kings County Wheelmen. The former, though comparatively unknown, not only pressed the champion crank-rider, Valentine, to within a few feet of the tape, being beaten by the latter's superior spurring abilities, but finished in such splendid condition as to surprise not only those who did not know him, but even his most sanguine friends and club-mates. We predict for him the title of champion crank road-rider for this season, and he may yet show the crack lever men how to ride fast on a hilly course. The weak point of the Kings County Wheelmen team as entered in the race was located with substitute Knox, but the way the plucky Star rider steadily pushed himself into sixth place, almost set the Kings County Wheelmen boys wild. Had Bridgman ridden, it is hardly probable that he would have finished so well. This makes another valuable acquisition for them. The fifth Brooklyn man to finish was Greenman of the Ilderans. Having been laid up for a week previous with a bruised leg, his friends gave up the idea of his doing much, and he secured ninth position. But for an unfortunate header at twenty-three miles, Weber would undoubtedly have been the next Brooklyn man over the finish. As it was he was carried into the Irvington Hotel, and upon reviving almost cried with disappointment, fearing that his mishap had lost the Kings County Wheelmen their cherished trophy. It was well that the cup

was again theirs, as they had the race fairly and squarely and for an unavoidable accident to have resulted in their losing first position would hardly have been, in equity, a defeat. Richardson and Schoefer, of the Ilderans, although finishing fifteenth and eighteenth, secured points enough to give their club second place. Richardson took a "header," cutting his elbow, but mounting a strange wheel he pluckily finished. Such examples are in strong contrast to the actions of those who ride for personal glory only, and who will drop out unless securing some coveted position. If the trophy is ever to be wrested from the Brooklyn "scorchers" it must be by dint of systematized team work, in which each member feels the full responsibility of his personal efforts.

From present indications it is likely that next Election Day will find the champions on hand with four well-trained Star riders. They will probably be included among the names of Hall, Valentine, Bridgman, Knox and Weber. What Valentine can do on the new mount remains to be seen, but if ever a man was built to push a Star, it was E. Valentine. With five months' work he could get in fine trim, and if next Election Day smiles on the gathered wheelmen as benignly as she did on her last birthday, we shall see one hour and thirty minutes come out second best in the final spurt with the winner of the race. ALERT.

THE CLARKSVILLE ROAD RACE.

AT CLARKSVILLE, MAY 23, 1887.

The men were placed in position at about nine o'clock. The start was a few feet from the crest of Happy Hill, a steep grade two miles south of Clarksville. The selection of the starting point was bad, the men being compelled to ride about fifty feet before reaching the top of the hill. The men took their positions in the following order: H. G. Crocker, Boston, fifty-three-inch Columbia; A. A. McCurdy, Lynn, Mass., forty-five-inch Star; Samuel Hollingsworth, Rushville, Ind., fifty-three-inch Columbia; Robert Neilson, Boston, fifty-two-inch Victor; S. G. Whittaker, Chicago, fifty-two-inch Champion; John Brooks, Blossburg, Pa., fifty-four-inch Star; Charles Frazier, Smithville, N. J., fifty-four-inch Star; Charles Ashinger, Omaha, fifty-two-inch Champion; William A. Rhodes, Boston, fifty-nine-inch Victor; L. D. Munger, Detroit, Quadrant tricycle.

Promptly at 9:16½ A. M. the men were given the word by the starter, W. M. Brewster. They got away well and one hundred feet from the start, as they shot down the steep hill, Frazier was leading. He was soon caught by Crocker, who held the lead until the Dover toll-gate was reached, six miles from Clarksville, when the order was changed, and when the racers passed through Clarksville, the procession was Neilson, Whittaker, McCurdy, Crocker, Rhodes, Hollingsworth, bunched; Ashinger and Brooks some distance behind, and Munger hopelessly in the rear. The course was heavy from last night's rain and the fine Dover stretch of seven miles, on which Weber last year made such fast time, was:

A SUCCESSION OF MUD HOLES.

The gravel was heavy all along the road, which made the big hills harder to climb than ever. A leaden sky opened up the day, but at the start the sun came out and the road slowly hardened, but not until the men were worn out by the heavy pulling. At short distances groups of farmers were gathered excitedly, discussing the contest. Wheelmen, whether racing or not, were given the right of way along the twenty-mile course. The odds at the start were: Against Rhodes winning, three to one; Crocker, three to one; Frazier and Brooks, four to one; Neilson and McCurdy, six to one.

FRAZIER AND BROOKS DROP OUT.

On the first round Frazier, who was suffering from a fall taken some days ago, dropped out and gave his wheel to Brooks, whose machine was breaking down. Brooks fell so far behind that on the second round he dropped out. The men passed through Clarksville, thirty-nine miles from the start, the second time in a strung-out order. Rhodes and Neilson were together, Crocker a little behind and Hollingsworth not far behind Crocker. Whittaker, who had broken his wheel, had fallen behind eight minutes, but got a new machine and he began to pick up the leaders. Ashinger dropped out at this point. The first lap of twenty and three-fifths miles was made in 1:15 and the second in 1:20, and bets were made that the world's record would be beaten.

Rhodes, who had set the pace for eighty miles,

was passed by Neilson when near the end and beaten by a hundred feet. It was a great surprise to the knowing ones and a great deal of money dropped into unexpected pockets. All through the long hours Rhodes had held the pace so steadily that the race came to be looked on as his, especially as the rumor got out that he was pulling Neilson along, both being of the same team. So when the last lap was entered, the betting changed from even money on Rhodes to two to one in his favor. Nobody dreamed that the fifty-nine-inch wheel of the tall Rhodes would not cross the line first; and when the mass of humanity on the knoll near the finish saw the high wheel round the last curve first, the shout went up: "Come in, Rhodes, old boy! come in, you've got it!"

A RATTLING FINISH.

But he didn't have it. The curve was about eight hundred feet from the line. A Post-Dispatch reporter who dropped in behind the two men a little piece down the road was close upon their rear wheels as they rounded the curve. It seemed as if both men had done their utmost and that Neilson was too fagged to spurt. But as the reporter raised his head from his amateur spurt, Neilson pulled out to Rhodes' right, straightened up for a brief moment as if to get a good breath, and then, with a lunge forward, with all his weight on his pedals, he flew past the man who had doggedly led him for eighty long miles. Rhodes saw there was no use. The thing he had feared all through the day had come at last. Neilson's famous spurt staid with him for the close; and there was nothing for him to do but make as good a show as possible. He quickened his pace a little, and both shot down the last little grade in grand style, but Neilson's spurt lasted and carried him over the line a winner by fifty feet.

THE THIRD MAN.

Then the cry was, Where is Crocker? The plucky fellow had clung to the two leaders all day, and as he was only a minute behind when they last passed through Clarksville, it was thought he might have enough left in him for a final spurt, but it turned out that the several falls of the day had so shaken him up that on the last lap, when Rhodes tried to leave Neilson, with a sharp increase of speed, he could not respond, and had to see them pass on out of sight. He came in a good third and was loudly cheered. Crocker did better than was generally known. He always passed through Clarksville a little behind the other two, but that was because he slowed up for his food just before reaching the town. He would always pick up the other two a little beyond and the three thus rode bunched all day.

WHITTAKER BEATEN.

But still there was more left to excite the crowd. Whittaker was still out and they knew Hollingsworth was holding him close. Whittaker really owned Pike County. He was everybody's favorite, the ladies' hearts all fluttered over him, and if he had won the race, he could no doubt have asked for and got a farm. They were nearly half an hour behind the winner, but the crowd waited. At last the two came slowly in sight. Whit was in the lead, but the Indiana man was lapping him. As the crowd cheered the two tired fellows put on a weak little spurt. As they passed down the grade to the finish, Hollingsworth's weight forced him toward the front, and when within fifty feet of the line they were wheel and wheel. Whittaker gave an extra dig at his pedals, but he swerved a little, and Hollingsworth shot across the mark a foot ahead. Whittaker had been handicapped all day with a 42-pound wheel, while the others' wheels were ten pounds lighter.

The record of the last lap for the leaders is easily told. Rhodes cut out the pace as usual, but took a header near the second toll-gate where a farmer handed him a dipper of water. The handle caught in the wheel and Rhodes pitched forward on his knees cutting one quite badly. He was up and soon again leading Neilson, who had not taken advantage of the fall. The finish was as described above.

The time of the men were: Neilson, 6h. 46m. 27s.; Rhodes, 6h. 46m. 51s.; Crocker, 6h. 51m. 27s.; Hollingsworth, 7h. 12m. 30s.; Whittaker, 7h. 12m. 45s. The fifty miles were covered first by Neilson in 3h. 14m.

L. D. Munger started on his tricycle to beat the American Tricycle record and finished in 10h. 4m. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Neilson will ride in the Crawfordsville, Ind., road race. He will be banqueted on June 10th.

KRON AND THE "COVENTRY RING."

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL:—In answer to a paragraph reprinted in your current issue (p. 511) from the *Cyclist* of May 11 (p. 739), I ask you to reproduce the following from p. xcii. in the addenda of my "X. M. Miles on a Bicycle."

The defendant's counsel, however, not content with this signal victory, [in having "the Sec. Ed. of C. T. C.," the nominal plaintiff in a libel suit against J. B. Marsh, thrown out of court by the judge, November 22, 1886, on his own confession of forgery against the same Mr. M.], persisted in examining other witnesses, including H. Sturme, editor of the *Cyclist*, who testified that, as a member of the firm of Iliffe & Sturme, "he was interested in the proprietorship of several cycling publications," and "drew commission on work introduced to Iliffe & Son." The object of forcing this admission was to justify Mr. M.'s charge of "jobbery in the award of printing contracts"; for the Iliffes print the *Gazette* and other issues of the C. T. C. (though, in notable contrast, to the almost universal custom in England, and to their own custom in all other cases, they omit their imprint from the final page), and Mr. S. was a member of the "C. T. C. Council," whose rules forbid the award of any contract to a firm in which one of themselves is interested. This "jobbery" does not necessarily imply any corruption or unfair dealing in the case, but it explains why the *Cyclist*, *Bicycle News*, and other publications controlled by the Iliffes (or "Coventry ring") studiously support the C. T. C. *Gazette* in the policy of "suppression, division and silence." None of those prints has ever contained the facts here related, though the *London Times* deemed them important enough to include in its law-courts reports of November 23, together with the scorching reprimand which Mr. Justice Wills administered to the "Sec.-Ed." (in refusing to tolerate him longer as a plaintiff in his court), "for having indulged in the lowest and vilest abuse of the worst form of journalism." *Wheeling* of November 24 and December 1 also reproduced the remarks of the indignant judge; and I myself have taken pains to proclaim them in this country, *Bulletin* December 31, p. 635; *Wheeling Gazette*, February, p. 178, April, p. 18; *Bicycle World*, March 25; *Wheel*, March 11, April 8, 29; *Canadian Wheelman*, May, p. 75, in order to warn Americans against sending over any more subscriptions in support of the concern, so long as it continues in the control of a self-confessed forger.

The foregoing extract explains what was meant by my phrase about "muzzling" the Coventry papers. It is a historic fact that they were "muzzled," so far as concerns their suppression of all allusions to the greatest scandal ever developed by cycling journalism. As the chief actor in this (the forger who continues to pose as "Sec.-Ed. of the C. T. C. with 22,000 members") is the chief beneficiary of such suppression, the commonest literary usage justifies me in alluding to him as "the muzzler." Such phrase does not signify that he employs physical force in keeping the Coventry papers from exposing him—that he personally holds the muzzle of a pistol at their editors' heads; neither does the assertion that he "awards the printing contracts" imply that the legal form of awarding them are not signed by a "Committee of the Council." All mature men understand how such matters are managed; and it is the silliest sort of a subterfuge for the *Cyclist* to "give the lie direct" to assertions of mine, whose truthfulness depends upon the assumption that the "Sec.-Ed. of the C. T. C." is an autocrat who controls its nominal government, while professing to be the servant of it. If this assumption is thought to be "a lie," let the *Cyclist* say so, and try to prove it so; but let it not be so childish as to parade the literal inaccuracy (when isolated) of phrases which are necessarily true in case the assumption which they rest upon be true. As well might it pretend that I am trying to deceive people as to the legal ownership of the C. T. C. *Gazette* when I speak of it as the editor's private property.

There is something infantile, also, in the *Cyclist's* implication that when a newspaper writer refers to the three men who form the "Coventry ring" of printers and publishers, he is bound always to proclaim their exact business relationship to each other. So far as concerns their moral accountability to the general public, the publishing firm of "W. I. Iliffe & H. Sturme," and the printing firm of "W. I. Iliffe & Son" (for getting whose contracts H. Sturme gets a commission), are one and the same. As a matter of brevity, I refer to both firms, indifferently, as "the Iliffes;" and it is absurd for anyone to censure this practice as "lacking in veracity."

"Springfield falsehoods" were boldly charged, some months ago, by this same *Cyclist* when the Springfield Bicycle Club announced, through its president, that leading cycle dealers in England had contracted to supply a lot of their "Amateurs," at a stipulated price, for the September tournament at Springfield; yet when the written evidence was sent to London, for the examination of so well-known and so widely-respected a man as A. J. Wilson ("Faed"), who proclaimed that it justified the club's announcement, neither the *Cyclist*, nor the Iliffes' other paper, *Bicycling News*, printed the verdict. For a journal of this sort to "give the lie direct" to an impartial chronicler like myself, is rather droll. I'm afraid that even the stern features of Mr. Justice Wills might relax into a smile if he knew of the case—though the fact would, of course, lead him to class the paper in the same category with the forger's *Gazette*, which he rebuked for its "most vulgar abuse and worst style."

In token of my readiness to rectify every error committed, I may add that after printing about 1000 copies of page xcii (quoted at the outset of this note), I discovered that the editor of the *Cyclist* had ceased to be a member of the "C. T. C. Council," and so I changed the electotype from "is" to "was" before printing the remainder of the 6,200 sheets. For the slight injustice done him by printing even a part of the edition wrongly, I am quite ready to express my regret.

KARL KRON.
West Springfield, Mass., May 30, 1887.

ROAD RACING AT CHICAGO.

A RACE TO SOUTH CHICAGO AND PULLMAN.

The great bicycle handicap race, participated in by the Chicago, Owl and Illinois Bicycle Clubs, had a field of thirty-four of the best local wheelmen when it started from the Leland Hotel. It was the greatest race ever given in the West, from the fact that it contained twice as many starters as any previous bicycle race, and the aggregation of prizes—\$786—is larger than for any event of a similar nature in previous years. The race was gotten up chiefly to create an enthusiasm for the sport and to encourage the local wheelmen. Unfortunately the road in the city was in a very poor condition on account of the rain. The course covered sixteen and a half miles, and was along Michigan avenue to Thirty-fifth street, Grand boulevard, through South Park, past Washington Park Club House to South Chicago avenue and along Stony Island avenue to Pullman, the finish being in front of the Hotel Florence. On Michigan avenue the track was very heavy on account of the mud, but outside of the city limits the road was more sandy and in better condition.

Long before the start was made a great crowd gathered on the Lake-Front, and as the time to begin the race drew near the sidewalks and greater part of the roadway were lined with people as far south as Twelfth street. R. D. Garden was the starter and the timers were H. D. Post, the President of the Owl Club, and Jack Hayes, the well-known sculler of the New York Athletic Club. W. L. Conklin acted as referee. The Owl Club entries wore blue caps with white stars in the centre, and the Chicago Club was designated by a bit of orange color, displayed in different forms. No uniforms were worn, but each wheelman was dressed as lightly as possible. H. L. Wheeler started promptly at 10:10. He had fourteen minutes' start, and the last one, Van Sicklen, left at 10:24. The starter, timers, referee, and many local sporting celebrities followed the bicyclers on a special car attached to the 10:30 train. The following are the names of the starters, with their respective handicaps:

H. L. Wheeler, fourteen minutes' start; E. B. Winship, 12:30; M. J. Andrews, 12:30; F. E. Spooner, 11:15; W. J. Maas, 11:15; C. H. Sieg, 11; H. M. Angle, 11; W. B. Greenleaf, 11; H. L. Fulton, 11; H. J. Street, 10:30; M. A. Hosford, 10:30; John Mason, 10:30; Frank Riggs, 10:30; R. G. Surbridge, 10; A. Ruhling, Jr., 10; J. H. Thiele, 9:30; R. E. Schmidt, 9:30; J. F. Palmer, 9:30; W. B. Buckley, 9:30; C. A. Morrison, 8:30; F. W. Ludlow, 8:30; H. R. Winship, 8:30; B. B. Ayers, 6:45; W. A. Davis, 6:15; F. T. Harmon, 6:15; M. D. Wilber, 6:15; C. B. Pierce, 6:15; F. A. Ingalls, 6; M. Bowbeer, 6; Gus J. Kluge, 6; J. M. Crennan, 5; R. H. Ehlert, 1:30; N. H. Van Sicklen, "scratch."

After a race which was marked by no special incident they reached the Hotel Florence in a

straggling procession. Following is the record of the five who came out ahead:

	Start.	Finish.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
H. R. Winship.....	10 15 30	11 18 25
C. H. Sieg.....	10 13 00	11 19 45
W. J. Maas.....	10 12 45	11 19 48
J. F. Palmer.....	10 14 30	11 22 21
H. M. Angle.....	10 13 00	11 23 23

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Citizens had a breakfast run to Polly Hopkins' on Sunday morning.

The East Hartford Club will enjoy their annual race-meet to-morrow, June 4th.

E. R. Drew, Massachusetts Club, is in town. He attended the Inter-Club road-race.

A two-mile handicap race will be held at the M. A. C. Games on Saturday afternoon.

L. P. Weber, who had a bad fall in the Inter-Club road-race, is reported entirely better.

The New Haven Club celebrated Memorial Day with a street parade, followed by a dinner.

The Chicago *Tribune*, of May 31, has an illustrated article on Military Cycling at Aldershot.

Wheelmen returning late from the Oranges can get a good dinner at the Hamblin House, 176 Chambers street. A number of Citizens tried it on Inter-Club Day.

The Owl Club, of Bordentown, N. J., held a club run on Decoration Day through Mount Holly, Beverly and Burlington. Dinner was served at the Arcade Hotel, Mount Holly.

On Sunday last, Phil. Fontaine, Citizens B. C., beat record from Tarrytown to the Citizens Club House in 60th street; time, 1:59:50; distance, twenty-five miles, course, beastly.

Twenty-nine members of the Boston Club left on Saturday for Sharon, on their annual outing. On Sunday a run was taken to North Easton to the estate of Fred Ames. Memorial Day was occupied with a meeting at the Massapoag House, and in boating and athletic games.

The Hagerstown wheelmen still continue their preparation for the Maryland meet, which takes place on June 13. The Martinsburg, Winchester, Washington, Cycle and Ramblers clubs have all promised to attend. A feature of the meet will be the eighty-mile road-race from Hagerstown to Baltimore.

W. B. Page again beat the record at the Brooklyn A. A. games, held on Decoration Day, at Brooklyn. Page jumped six feet two and one-sixteenth inches, which is the best American record and but eleven-sixteenth inches behind Davin's world's record. Page goes to Europe on Saturday to compete in the English championships.

Mr. Wm. H. Hoole, of the Long Island Wheelmen, is ever ready to advocate cycling as a means to health. For ten years his wife was an invalid, but one year ago she commenced tricycling, and now enjoys good health. Mr. Hoole permits us to publish the facts that others may be induced to try tricycling for the benefit of their health.

Mr. Kennedy-Child says that General Sheridan is thoroughly examining the question of the wheel as an adjunct of military equipment. To provoke a discussion on this subject Kennedy was induced by the distinguished military officer to write a paper for an army publication two months ago on the adaptability of the wheel for war purposes.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

Thomas Stevens is making special inducements to sell his book among wheelmen. He expects to sell ten thousand autograph copies. As soon as that number is reached, \$500 in gold will be sent the person who sends him the greatest number of orders, and \$500 in gold will be sent to some individual purchaser to be determined by lot. If, at the end of two years, the number sold should be short of ten thousand copies, the premiums will be awarded pro rata.

The evening *Sun* of Saturday and the *Sun* of Sunday, devoted about three columns to bicycling. The matter was the A. B. C. of the sport, but it is a good beginning, and we advise all wheelmen to patronize the *Sun*, which is about the brightest of the evening dailies published in New York. The writer hit off the leading clubs of New York and Brooklyn and the prominent men in each of them. A strong appeal was made for the passage of the bill now in the hands of the Governor.

The spring tournament of the Colorado Wheel Club was held at Denver May 15th and 16th. The meeting was a success financially and the racing was fair. Results: Mile three-minute class—R. Gerring, 3:06½. Mile open—J. Hosford, 3:06. Half-Mile—R. Gerring, 1:22¾. Three-mile lap race—W. L. Van Horn, 10:42. Boys' half-mile race—Walter Banks, 1:46½. Half-mile open—W. L. Van Horn, 1:33. Five-mile race—R. Gerring, 17:39. Consolation race—Kennedy, 3:49.

The Rover's Cycle Club of Charlestown have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President and Captain, Arthur W. Robinson; Vice-President and Lieutenant, Mr. Joseph Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Harry W. Robinson. The club will have a run to-day to Hough's Neck, returning Monday afternoon. Club runs have been arranged as follows: June 5th, Woodland Park Hotel; June 12th, Cobb's Tavern, Sharon; June 19th, Waltham; June 26th, Dedham.—*Boston Herald*.

The Portland, Me., Wheel Club planned the most extensive trip ever taken for Memorial day. The members were to start for Newburyport Saturday, ride from Newburyport to Boston Sunday, arriving here at five P. M., devote Monday morning to a run through the fine suburbs, and the afternoon to sightseeing, and return to Portland by boat Monday night. It is expected that fifteen or twenty wheelmen, including members of the York County Wheelmen will make the run. F. H. Pierce will be pacemaker between Newburyport and Boston.

At Deadham, Mass., on Thursday last, in the Supreme Court, before Judge Hammond, a verdict for the plaintiff was rendered in the case of H. M. Carter vs. A. Raymond. This was an action brought by a tricyclist to recover damages for injuries to his machine, caused by being run into by the defendant's team. The court awarded the plaintiff the full amount of his claim. It was clearly proven that plaintiff was on the right side of the road, and that defendant ran him down through negligence. This is another case that ought to prove to the non-cyclist that wheelmen have rights as well as they. For plaintiff, J. S. Dean; for defendant, J. E. Cotter.—*Boston Herald*.

The Springfield Bicycle made its first appearance at the Interstate Road-Race Decoration Day and created a very favorable impression. A large number of wheelmen tried it and expressed themselves as very well pleased with it.

After the race, while a number of the wheelmen were waiting for the train at the depot, G. Minurn Worden rode it off a curb nine inches high and another thirteen and a half inches. It was then ridden up a curb eight and a half inches, and another nine and a half in height with ease. A number of wheelmen measured the curbs. Then he made a number of trials, riding it down the platform full speed, and applying brake stopped it dead in from five to nine feet. We understand they are booking orders rapidly.

THE CHAMPION OPENS THE SEASON BY WINNING THE PEORIA ROAD RACE.

PEORIA, Ills., May 13, 1887.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., Chicago:

DEAR SIR:—The Peoria Bicycle Club ten-mile road race was won yesterday afternoon by Bert Meyers on a 52-in Light Champion in 40:27—fourteen hills in the course. The second man was John Seery (our repairer) on a full Roadster Champion. The third man straggled in on an '87 Light Roadster. The boys are all enthusiasm for your wheels nowadays.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. ROUSE & SON.

Lawn Tennis.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 6-9—Orange, N. J., Lawn Tennis Tournament.

June 8, 9, 10—Brooklyn Hill Tennis Club Tournament.

June 13 and following days—New Haven Lawn Club, New England Championship Tournament.

June 1-4—Championship of Middle States, St. Georges Cricket Grounds, Hoboken.

June 13-16—New England Championship at New Haven Lawn Tennis Club Grounds.

June 22-24—Orange Lawn Tennis Open Tournament, Mountain Station, N. J.

July 1-4—Young America Cricket Club's Invitation Tournament, Stenton, Philadelphia.

July 4-7—Championship Tournament Western

Around the World on a Bicycle.

From San Francisco to Teheran. By THOMAS STEVENS. With a preface by THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. With a Colored Frontispiece—Portrait of the Author in Costume—by KELLY, and over One Hundred other Illustrations. 8vo, \$4.00.

The great interest which has developed in the last few years in the exhilarating sport of wheeling makes fresh and timely this record of Mr. Stevens' extraordinary journey. In every way his achievement was a remarkable one; and he has told the story of it in a style that will delight all who admire pluck, skill, and endurance, brought out under novel conditions and amid picturesque scenes in remote lands.

"Mr. Thomas Stevens need have little doubt that the most splendid piece of personal adventure of this century will be placed to his credit. For the originality of its idea, the physical endurance and pluck necessary for its execution, the dangers involved in it, and its own inherent interest, this bicycle trip round the world will pretty certainly remain unequalled in our time."—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

"The mere moral courage demanded of the man who essays an expedition into regions where such an outlandish carriage has never before been seen is sufficiently notable to entitle Mr. Stevens to the credit which he will no doubt obtain for his plucky exploit. No man who honors courage, pluck, endurance—no man who is capable of understanding these qualities—will feel anything but admiration for him."—*The London Standard*.

In ordering copies of Mr. Stevens' book, mention THE WHEEL.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

743-745 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

States, Scarlet Ribbon Lawn Tennis Grounds, Chicago, Ill.

July 11-15—Championship of Long Island, Meadow Club's Grounds, Southampton, L. I.

August 2-4—Open Tournament at Boston.

August 9-12—Open Tournament at Bar Harbor.

August 16-20—Invitation at Nahant.

August 22-25—United States National Association Championship.

THE FUTURE OF THE GAME.

Mr. H. A. Ditson, one of the most ardent admirers of lawn tennis in Boston, said when a Herald representative called to see him about the prospects of that game for the coming season: "Year by year, since the game was introduced in this country, it has increased in popular favor, and at the present time the prospects of a successful season are brighter than ever before. New courts are being laid out all over the country, and clubs are being formed everywhere. There is no doubt that the present popularity of the game is a permanent sentiment of the people of this country. The manufacturers of lawn tennis goods are already beginning to feel an increasing demand for their goods. There is a great many more good players now than there were last season, and before many more seasons have passed the players of this country will be on a par with those in England. They have much to learn about the game, but they are picking it up rapidly. The increasing interests in tennis necessitated by taking a trip to Europe this month to learn what there is new in the game as played there. It is my intention to leave for Liverpool on Saturday next and arrive there in time to be in Manchester June 20 to witness the northern championship lawn tennis tournament in which Renshaw and other cracked English champions will participate. From there I will go to London to visit the tennis and racquet courts of that city and get what I can on any improvements they have there over what there is in this country. From there I intend to go to Paris and visit the tennis courts of that city, which are among the best in the world. In July, I will be at the Wimbledon tournament when it takes place. It will be for the championship of the world. Renshaw, Brown, Lewis Ship, Wilberforce, Grove and Williams are sure to be there, and it is possible that Dr. Dwight will be there to represent the United States. After that it is my intention to come home in time for the tournament at Newcastle, N. H. What I learn that is new will immediately be put into service to help the tennis player of the United States, and it will probably go into effect at the Newcastle tournament."—*Boston Herald*.

AT THE NETS IN JERSEY.

On the grounds of the Franklin Archery Club, at Nutley, N. J., a series of progressive games at tennis were contested with spirit for handsome prizes on May 30th. The grounds have been enlarged since last season and are surrounded with flower beds and handsome forest trees.

Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Brunner and Miss Hughes, of London, England; Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bunner, Mr. Tolu and Miss Tolu, Mrs. Conduit and Miss Conduit, Miss Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss McCormick, of Philadelphia; Mr. Porterfield and the two Misses Potterfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kingsland, Miss Parker, Miss Hampton, Miss Talman, Colonel Prout, the Rev. Mr. Nairn and Mrs. Nairn and Mr. Chittenden.

Mrs. J. R. Kingsland won the first ladies' prize and Mr. Van Zandt the first gentlemen's. The "Booby prizes" were awarded to Miss Talman and Dr. Satterthwaite.

The scores were as follows:—Mrs. J. R. Kingsland won 7, lost 2; Miss Parker won 6, lost 3; Miss Daisy Talman won 5, lost 4; Miss Kendrick won 5, lost 4; Miss Mix won 5, lost 4; Miss Perin won 4, lost 5; Miss Hampton won 3, lost 6; Miss Talman won 1, lost 8; Mr. Van Zandt won 6, lost 3; Rev. Mr. Nairn won 6, lost 3; Mr. Carryl won 6, lost 3; Mr. Chittenden won 5, lost 4; Colonel Prout won 4, lost 5; Mr. Toler won 5, lost 4; Mr. Tooker won 5, lost 4.

LIVELY TENNIS MATCHES.

The Marine and Field Club's open tennis tournament on Decoration Day was the great society event among the élite of Brooklyn. Several hundred thronged the grounds at Bath Beach and attended the reception and ball in the club house afterward.

The singles were won by Grant Notman, of the Brooklyn Heights Club. Handsome silver cups were the trophies. The score is as follows:—

Singles (second round).—J. W. Raymond beat W. Colton 6-3, 6-4; G. Notman beat F. L. V. Hoppin 4-6, 6-3, 6-5; C. J. Post, Jr., beat W. A. Tomes 1-2, 5-6, 6-4; Starke Battershall beat Otto Heinicke 3-6, 6-1, 6-5.

Third Round.—G. Notman beat O. Campbell 6-5, 2-6, 6-1; J. W. Raymond beat Starke Battershall 6-4, 6-4; C. J. Post, Jr., a bye.

Fourth Round.—G. Notman beat C. J. Post 6-1, 1-6, 6-3; J. W. Raymond a bye.

Final Round.—G. Notman beat J. W. Raymond 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, 5-6, 6-4.

Doubles.—First Round.—J. A. Smith, and J. W. Raymond beat J. Hinchman and W. A. Tomes 6-2, 6-4; C. J. Post, Jr., and R. S. Battershall beat T. W. Maxwell and L. B. Pollard 6-2, 6-1; C. Notman and O. Campbell beat P. H. Worth and C. H. Keutjen by default; W. Colton and C. B. Denny beat F. N. Doubleday and Otto Heinicke 6-2, 6-2; F. W. Kent and T. H. Thomas a bye.

Second Round.—Juan Smith and J. W. Raymond beat F. W. Kent and T. H. Thomas by default; C. Notman and O. Campbell beat W. Colton and C. B. Denny 6-2, 6-3; C. J. Post and Starke Battershall a bye.

Third Round.—C. Notman and O. Campbell beat C. J. Post and S. Battershall 6-5, 6-2.

YOU CAN'T GET ONE UNLESS YOU CALL SOON!

As they are nearly all gone. Our special sale has almost cleaned out our stock. Wheelmen appreciate a good thing when they see it. We refer to the **SPALDING BICYCLE**, the special sale of which we advertised March 1st, making a great reduction in the price. We have only a few left, a full list and prices of which we give below:

1—50 inch Enamel, with Nickel Trimmings	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
2—52 " " " " " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
3—54 " " " " " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—56 " " " " " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
2—58 " " " " " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—60 " " " " " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—52 inch Full Nickel Plated	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—54 " " " " " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—56 " " " " " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—58 " " " " " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

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We believe we now have the only Bicycle in the market that combines strength, safety, speed, low price, and durability.

It is **STRONG**, because it is made of the best weldless steel tubing and steel forgings. It is **safe**, because it is absolutely impossible to take a "Header" from this machine.

It has **SPEED**, because a larger per cent. of the power expended is gained by the use of the lever than that of the CRANK motion.

It is offered at a **LOW PRICE**, because, from the manner of its construction and our experience in building bicycles, we are enabled to reduce the first cost of manufacture to a minimum, thus giving us an advantage over other manufacturers, the benefit of which we propose to share with those who use our Bicycle.

It is **DURABLE**, because the strongest and best materials are used, and every part so constructed and proportioned as to give the best possible results.

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BARGAINS.

Second-Hand Bicycles, Tricycles and Tandems.

KEY TO DESCRIPTION.

FINISH.—"1" Full nickeled. "2" All nickeled except rims. "3" Wheels enameled, balance nickeled. "4" Enameled with nickel trimmings. "5" Enameled with polished parts. "6" Half bright and enameled or painted.

BEARINGS.—"1" Balls to both wheels and pedals. "2" Balls to both wheels and plain pedals. "3" Balls to front, cone to rear, plain pedals. "4" Plain to front, cone to rear, plain pedals.

CONDITION.—"1" Slightly used, good as brand new. "2" Tires show but slight wear, finish excellent. "3" Tires brand new, finish excellent. "4" Tires show a little wear, finish first class. "5" Tires some worn, finish somewhat marred. "6" Tires badly worn or cut, and new ones required, finish good.

No.	Size.	Name.	Cost.	Price.	Finish.	Bearings.	Condition.
2	54	Standard Columbia,	\$95.00	\$82.50	5	3	4
3	52	"	92.50	55.00	6	3	3
9	35	Invincible Safety,	135.00	75.00	4	2	3
10	36	Kangaroo Safety,	130.00	70.00	4	2	2
19	50	Standard Columbia,	90.00	55.00	5	4	4
21	46	"	80.00	42.50	6	4	2
25	52	"	105.00	65.00	6	3	2
27	55	Rudge L't Roadster,	156.50	95.00	4	1	4
29	52	Expert Columbia,	137.50	100.00	1	1	1
37	56	Columbia Expert,	142.50	100.00	1	1	1
47	54	Expert Columbia,	127.50	90.00	4	2	4
48	54	Rudge L't Roadster,	140.00	100.00	1	1	2
51	52	American Rudge,	112.50	80.00	4	1	4
57	56	American Club,	150.00	75.00	2	1	2
59	52	Standard Columbia,	92.50	50.00	4	3	5
60	42	"	95.00	60.00	1	3	1
68		Columbia Tricycle,	160.00	70.00	4	1	4
71	54	Columbia Expert,	127.00	80.00	HIF.NKL.	2	4
78	54	"	130.00	110.00	E	1	1
80	44	"Facile,"	130.00	70.00	4	1	5
81	52	Premier,	105.00	65.00	5	2	4
83	55	Royal Mail,	137.50	85.00	3	1	1
87	55	Spalding Racer,	140.00	60.00	4	1	4
90	52	Royal Mail,	137.50	85.00	3	1	4
91	50	English,	100.00	40.00	5	3	3
92	54	"	100.00	40.00	5	3	3
93		"Otto Tricycle,"	85.00	35.00			
94	36	"Bicycle,	30.00	10.00	5	4	4
96	55	Spalding Semi Racer,	140.00	60.00	4	1	4
96	55	"Racer,	140.00	55.00	4	1	4
97		Humber Tandem,	265.00	185.00	4		4
98		Sparkb'k Hum. Tdm,	265.00	200.00	4		1
99		Col. 2-track Tricycle,	160.00	110.00	4	1	2
106	50	Special Columbia,	120.00	60.00	5	3	4
107	52	Premier,	115.00	55.00	6	3	6
108	48	Expert Columbia,	135.00	100.00	1	1	1
110	45	Pony Star,	80.00	50.00	5	4	3
111	50	Columbia Standard,	90.00	50.00	5	4	3
112	50	Special Columbia,	120.00	65.00	4	2	4
113	52	Columbia Expert,	135.00	85.00	3	1	3
115	48	"	135.00	100.00	1	1	1
116	48	Standard Columbia,	87.50	50.00	3	4	4
117	51	Special Star,	160.00	105.00	4	2	2
118	48	"	115.00	85.00	3		4
119	54	Special Club,	160.00	80.00	3	2	2
120	54	Imperial Challenge,	150.00	80.00	1	2	4
121	52	Standard Columbia,	100.00	60.00	3	4	4
122	50	Sanspariel,	125.00	85.00	4	2	1
123	52	"	127.50	85.00	4	2	2
124	52	Sans. Light Roadster,	137.50	90.00	4	2	
125	42	Special Star,	120.00	85.00	4		1
126	52	Columbia Expert,	135.00	85.00	4	1	1
127	52	"	130.00	80.00	4	2	3
128	54	"Special,	140.00	85.00	1	2	2
129	42	"Standard,	80.00	40.00	6	4	2
130	51	Special Star,	125.00	95.00	3		3
131	51	"	120.00	90.00	4		4
132	54	Columbia Expert,	145.00	90.00	1	2	2
133	54	American Star,	125.00	50.00	4		3
134	52	Standard Columbia,	92.50	50.00	4	4	4
135	56	Sanspariel,	130.00	75.00	4	1	2
136	51	Special Star,	130.00	100.00	1		1
137	42	Standard Columbia,	95.00	45.00	1	4	4
138	54	"Victor,"	130.00	100.00	4	1	1
139		Quadrant Tandem,	275.00	225.00	4	1	1
140	54	Expert Columbia,	140.00	90.00	1	2	2
141	54	"	145.00	95.00	1		2
142		Col. 2-track Tricycle,	160.00	110.00	4	2	2
143	56	Humber L't Roadster,	140.00	55.00	5	2	4



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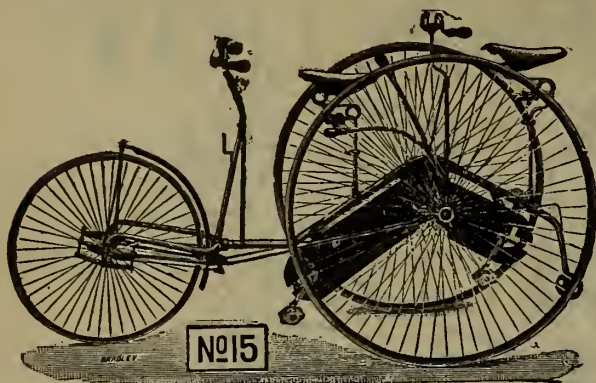
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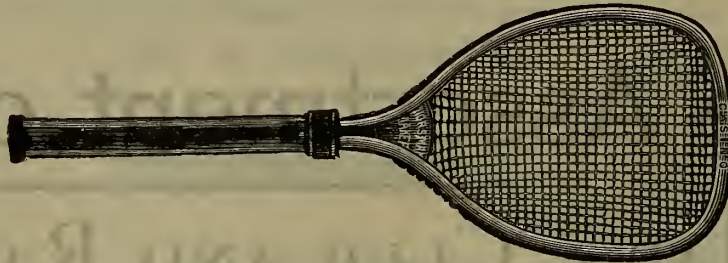
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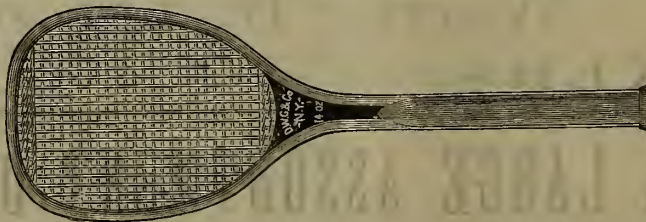
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and Wants Column.

Twenty-five Words, - - - Fifteen Cents.

Two Insertions, - - - Twenty-five Cents.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE RECEIVED
BY TUESDAY MORNING.

J. O'CONNOR,
Practical * Boot * and * Shoe * Maker,
845 SIXTH AVENUE,

First door from S. W. cor. 48th St., NEW YORK.

All kinds of Foreign and Domestic Patent Dressings.
A full assortment of Custom made Boots and Shoes
always on hand at Reasonable Prices. Orders of every
description promptly attended to and a perfect fit
guaranteed.

LAWN TENNIS SHOES A SPECIALTY.

F. J. W. JAEGER,
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Bonbons, Chocolates, Caramels,

ICE CREAMS AND WATER ICES

OF ALL VARIETIES AND FLAVORS.

MADISON AVENUE, COR. 59TH ST.,

—NEW YORK.—

SPADE HANDLES!

Handsome, Strongest, and best Handles in the
Market.

Only \$2.50.

WE HAVE THEM TO FIT ANY CYCLE MADE.

C. W. SPINNEY, Fitchburg, Mass.

ASK FOR THE



PERFUMES AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Wenck's Opera Bouquet is the latest.

ANDREW GRAFF,
MANUFACTURER OF
SEAMLESS SHOES.

SPECIALTIES:

Running, Walking, Bicycle, Lawn
Tennis, Foot Ball and Base
Ball Shoes.

339 COURT STREET,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pat. March 2, 1886.



Reg. May 1, 1885.

For practice, SEAMLESS CANVAS RUNNING SHOE,
Light, Strong and Cheap, to order \$3 and 3.50.

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

THE 1887 PATTERN

* QUADRANTS *

— Are now Ready for delivery. —

Patrons are requested to order at once and prevent vexatious delay
when rush commences.

THE LATEST HILL CLIMBING RECORD.

The famous WEATHEROAK hill, near Birmingham, Eng., which
though often tried by various Bicycles and Tricycles, has never been
surmounted except by MR. ALFRED BIRD, who on Saturday, Feb. 28th,
and on the following Tuesday in the presence of witnesses, successfully
rode a QUADRANT ROADSTER TRICYCLE No. 8, geared to 54, *with ordin-*
ary cranks and handles from base to summit without a stop. Many
attempts had been made by others, and since Mr. Bird's feat, scores of
famous road riders and hill climbers have tried to reach the top on other
machines, *but without success.* This marvellous feat proclaims the
Quadrant the

BEST HILL CLIMBER OF THE AGE,

and its as yet unapproached record of a mile on the road in 2 min. 38
sec. establishes its claim to speed and easy running.

Send for Catalogue.

SAM'L T. CLARK & CO., Importers, Baltimore, Md.

The Marlboro Club Tricycles

—AND—

The Marlboro Tandems

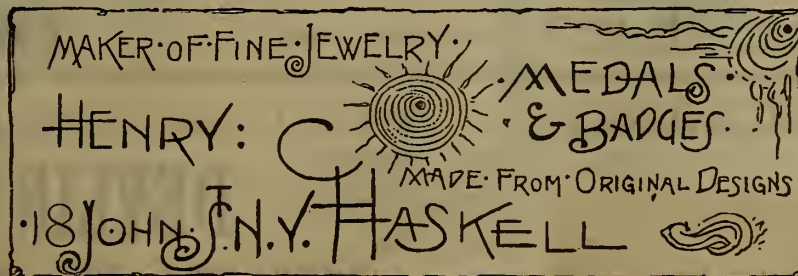
* WERE * THE * SUCCESSFUL * MACHINES * OF * 1886. *

Send for Catalogue of 1887 machines containing
particulars of all latest improvements to

The Coventry Machinists Co., Ltd.

239 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON.

The Marlboro Club is on view at Messrs. Schwalbach & Willdigg's Prospect Park
Plaza, Brooklyn N. Y.



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UPON

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SPECIAL DESIGNS WITH ESTIMATES FOR PRIZES
Bicycle, * Tennis, * Boating, * Shooting, * Athletic Clubs, * &c.
— BEYOND COMPETITION. —

—STAR—
 Bicycles. STAR Tricycles.
 —STAR—
H. J. HALL, Jr.,
 1170½ Bedford Ave.,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Large Assortment of New and Second
 Hand Wheels of all Makes.

REPAIRING QUICKLY DONE.

**CARPENTER'S AUTOMATIC
LACE BACK BRACE.**



Comfortable because avoiding all strain on shoulders or trousers. Round square, or sloping. Shoulders equally well fitted and no slipping off shoulders. Pat'd in England, France, Canada and U. S. Samples mailed on receipt of price, 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50. Ask your dealer for them, or send to C. C. CARPENTER, 557 & 559 Broadway, N. Y.



**BICYCLING.
TENNIS.**

NORMAN & BENNETT,
 133 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
 Manufacturers of **SPORTING SHOES.**
 Ask your Dealer for these Shoes and take no other.

A RARE CHANCE.

Outing,	\$3.00
Bicycling World,	1.00
The Wheel and Recreation,	1.00
American Wheelman,	.50
Wheelmen's Gazette,	.50

\$6 00

Mailed, post-paid, for one year for **\$4.75**

REPAIRS.
REPAIRS.
REPAIRS.

BARTLETT & MACDONALD,

6th Avenue & 125th St. N. Y.

HIRING
LOOKER ROOM
STORAGE.

Agents for SINGER'S WHEELS, and KING SAFETY. Call and see the MARLBORO SINGLE and TANDEM TRICYCLES. Wheels Bought, Sold and Exchanged
 Bicycle Suits, Shoes, Caps, Stockings, Sundries, etc.

The Regular pattern of this Old Reliable Bicycle is \$120 to \$125.

The Standard Facile, a GOOD, plain pattern, with balls to front wheel; price \$88 to \$92.



Facile Lubricating OIL—the best—25cts.



The Light Roadster Facile, the easiest running and most elegantly built Bicycle; 18 rows of balls; \$132 to \$137.

Even if you think the Facile "slow," and "simply beastly" in appearance, and if you "wouldn't be found dead on one," you will NOT lose your cycling reputation by reading about it, or even by looking at one.



You can see a Facile, or get a Price List, at

**33 MURRAY STREET,
NEW YORK.**

Mention this paper.

The GEARED Facile, 40-inch. speeded to 60; NO chain. Positively the FASTEST machine ever built; balls to every bearing, 21 rows in all. Price \$140.



Facile ENAMEL—well-known and proved to be the best—50cts.



The FACILE Tricycle; neat, light and comfortable; weighs only 46 lbs. Simply superb for "ladies." Price \$150.

THIS BEATS ALL!

\$75.

ALL SIZES.

Will buy a brand new hollow fork, weldless steel tube Bicycle, with ball bearings to both wheels, and modern improvements; enamel and nickel finish or full nickel for \$82.50. These machines formerly sold for from \$125 to \$160, according to size and finish.

\$75.

Will buy a brand new Light Roadster, with hollow felloes, tangent spokes, balls to both wheels, weight of 50-inch, 36 pounds. Formerly selling from \$135 to \$160. Also, some high grade Safeties and Tricycles.

TERMS:—CASH, OR EASY PAYMENTS.

☞ If you want a good machine for little money, do not lose this chance. Send for List, giving description and testimonials from former purchasers.

S. T. CLARK & CO.,

2 and 4 Hanover Street, Baltimore.

Mention this Paper.

OFFICIAL TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS,

DEVLIN & CO.,

BROADWAY AND WARREN STREET,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bicycle and Tennis Suits, Caps, Stockings, etc.

Hudson Co. Wheelmen.
Citizens' Club.
Long Island Wheelmen.
Harlem Wheelmen.
Inderan Bi-Club.

New Jersey Wheelmen.
Roselle Ramblers.
Huntington Bi-Club.
Yonkers B. C., and others

The Sensation of 1887!

THE * NEW * MAIL.

The Latest American High Grade Wheel.

**WITH TRIGWELL'S
BALL HEAD.**

Wheelmen are aware that ordinarily, constant watching and tightening up of the Head is necessary, owing to the wearing of the cones by friction. In this Ball Head the cones move on the Balls smoothly, without wear, and one adjustment serves for a very long time—for months in fact—and no loosening nor setting up is necessary. There being no friction, oiling is rarely needed.

**Also Our Specialty: Perfection
Strengthened Backbone and
Forks.**

BACKBONE.—Warwick's pattern, new this year. It is well-known that in all machines, backbones are liable to and do break, causing bad accidents.

The place of breakage is usually if not wholly at the upper end, under the saddle, where is the greatest strain.

We have adopted Warwick's new pattern backbone which has greater thickness of metal at the large, or neck end, and tapers thinner to the small end; thus obtaining a stouter and stronger backbone, with no danger of breakage, while there is no increase in weight.

Also we preserve the oval shape, which is hand somer and stiffer than the round.

FORKS.—Warwick's "Perfection," having the same construction as the backbone, viz., thicker at the large end and tapering or decreasing in thickness at the small end.

This gives very strong rigid forks.

AGENTS.

Schwalbach & Willdigg,
Peck & Snyder,
E. K. Tryon & Co.,
Crist & Higham,
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.,
Edward Sells,
Brush, Moore & Co.,
T. B. Kaercher,

Brooklyn.
New York.
Philadelphia.
Washington.
Chicago.
St. Louis.
Cleveland.
Pittsburgh.



**WITH OUR SPECIALTY, TRIG-
WELL'S BALL HEAD.**

Extract from a London letter to the L. A. W. Bulletin, Jan. 8, 1887.

Speaking of manufacturers with "big stock" crying down improvements, a firm introduced a ball-bearing head, put it on their own machines, and induced one or two other firms to adopt it.

What a howl went up from the big stock people! They pooh-poohed it right and left; they wrote and talked it down, they tried in every way to smother it,—but it would not down. It grew steadily in public favor, until this year it is recognized as a *sine qua non* to a strictly first grade bicycle, and those who do not have ball heads will not rank among the highest grade mounts.

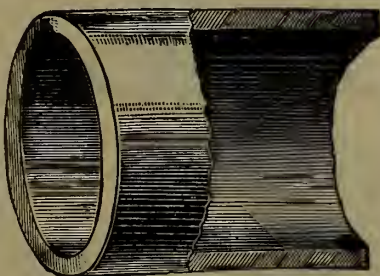
Of course the extra cost of construction will preclude its being used on second grade machines, but that it is a vast improvement over the Stanley head with cone or hemispherical centers, however true and well hardened, is a fact that the experience of 1886 has settled beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

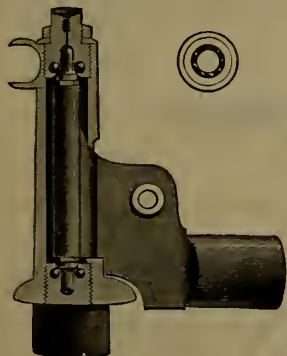
See this Wheel
Before Purchasing.



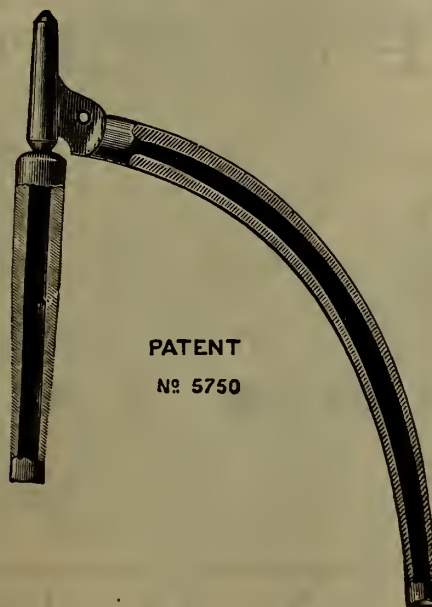
**Warwick's New
Hollow Rim.**
with thickened bot-
tom. Seamless and
perfectly smooth
outside.



Sectional and end view showing
strengthened neck end
of Backbone.



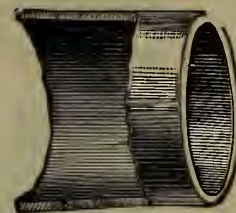
Trigwell's Ball Head. Greatest Modern Improvement.



Sectional view showing Backbone and Forks
when made up: A splendid improvement.

PATENT
No 5750

ASK Your Dealer For It.



Handsome
Photograph
OF THE

NEW MAIL

Sent for
14 Cts. in
STAMPS.



Sectional and end view of
back fork end of Backbone.

CEMENTED TIRE.

A Superb Light Roadster.

—SEE ONE.—

SEND for fully Illustrated Circular of this perfect WHEEL, with full Representation of all Parts.

WM. READ & SONS, Manufacturers, - - 107 Washington Street, Boston.

"LET OTHERS TRY THE EXPERIMENT."

THE COLUMBIAS have been subjected to the practical tests of ten years upon road and path ; there are machines upon the market of limited age and claimed to be as good or superior to the old reliable Columbias ; perhaps they are ; it isn't for us to say ; if a wheelman can afford to try the experiment, it's good for his education, and of eventual benefit to the Columbias.

FOR INSTANCE, for six years hemispherical steering centres have been used on the Expert Columbia, and on the Light Roadster for three years, a pretty fair test that such an arrangement is the most practical. The ball bearing head hasn't been proved to be better, yet it may be. " Let others try the experiment."

IT HAS BEEN asserted that the various forms of safety bicycles will overrun both continents. For several years safeties have been on the market, yet their increase in use has not been noticeable. Ninety-five per cent. of riders seem to prefer the crank machine. We manufacture safeties ; if you desire one, we should be pleased to have you try the experiment.

IT COSTS CONSIDERABLE to make first-class machines ; Columbias are first-class machines and are sold at respectable prices ; perhaps as good machines can be sold for much less than our prices ; " Let others try the experiment."

It may be a paying investment for the wheelman to purchase a so-called first-class machine for a seemingly low price, and then again it may not be, the wheelman can try the experiment.

POPE MFG. CO.

ALBERT A. POPE, PRESIDENT.

EDWARD W. POPE, TREASURER.

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Where he will carry, as heretofore, a complete Line of Bicycles, Tri-cycles and Cycling Accessories. Purchasers will consult their interest by visiting or writing to him. Store open evenings until 10 o'clock. Electric Lights. Fine macadam to Door. Telephone, Orange, 111. Lock Drawer 1010.