

# THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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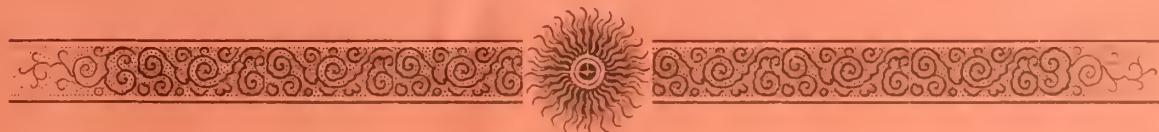
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# —THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND., DECEMBER, 1889.

No. 12.

## THE COUNTRY TOWN AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY PRES. MERG.

YOUNG LADY, I am not in the act of writing a society novel, neither will I deal with the mysteries of South America, nor the Island of Ceylon. All the poetry and romance of my life passed out when she pressed my hand, swam her eyes with tears and told me that she would always be a sister.

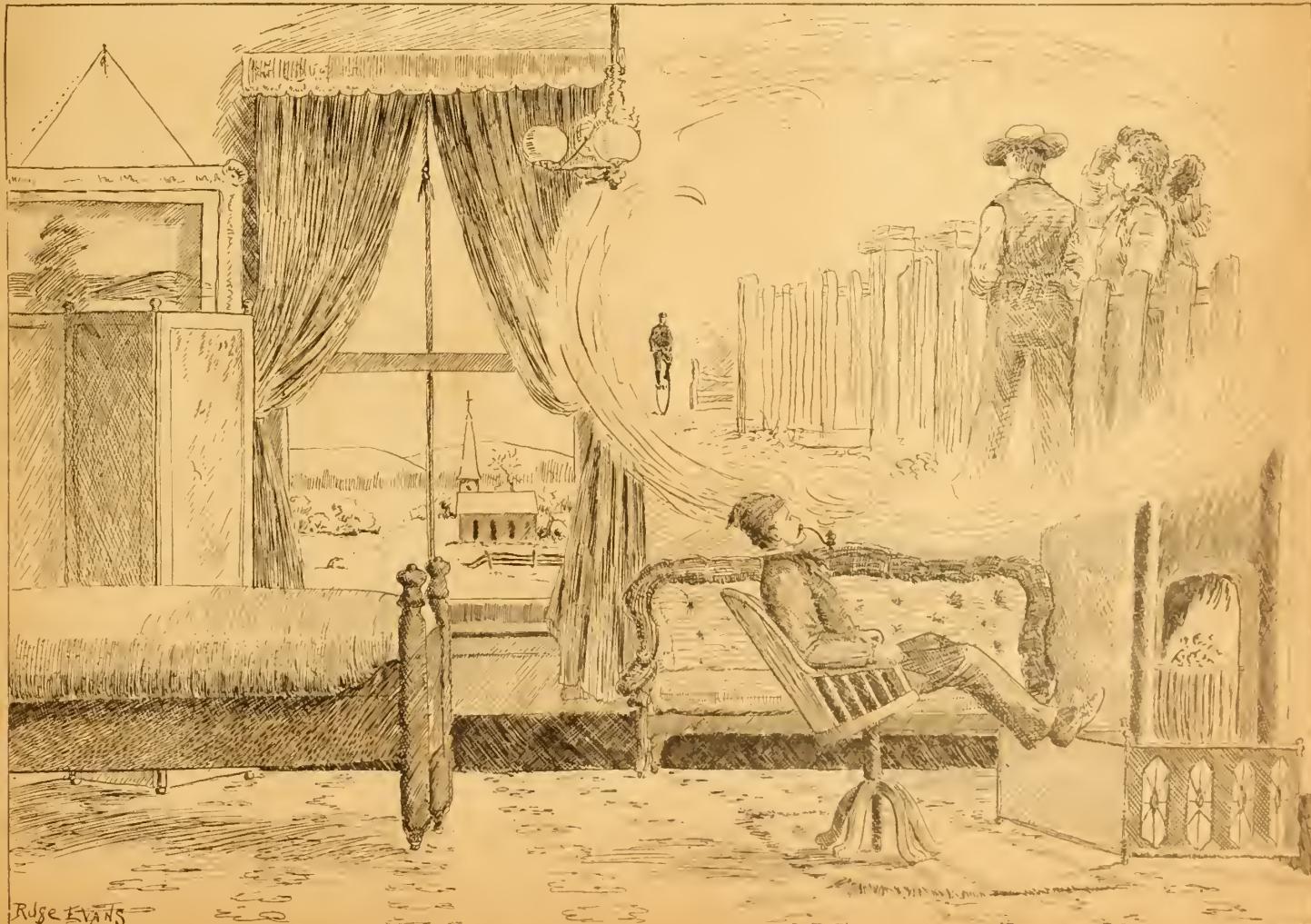
I have placed the above heading to this article simply to remember of what I am writing. Another writer may give you works of fiction, but I am going to tell you facts not fancies.

The country town is not so big as a larger town, and sometimes very much smaller. A city owns a bicycle club, but a bicycle club frequently owns, controls, or regulates the country town. That is it thinks it does, and if it doesn't own, control, or regulate it, it is

not the fault of the bicycle club.

I have the honor, my dear reader, of being the President of a bicycle club. The club in question is one of those representative organizations which has endeared itself to all who know it. The modesty and gentlemanly qualities of the members who have placed me at their head, has so ingrafted itself on the citizens of this city, that all are proud to have us in their midst. This frank, open hearted nature of ours has so worked upon those with whom we come in contact, that they love us for ourselves alone. But I digress.

Every bicycle club has its Mecca, that is, every bicycle club has a town in its category to which numerous pilgrimages are made as the season rolls by. Every new rider is dragged over that road,



"TO-DAY I SIT HERE, MY FEET ON THE FENDER. THE FUMES FROM MY TURKISH PIPE RISE UP, WEAVING THEIR SCENES AND ROMANCES."

every visiting wheelman is apprised of its existence. It is visited first in the spring and last in the fall. It thus becomes the Alpha and Omega of the riding season. The Mecca of the Fostoria Club is Bascom. I wish to say right here that those slanderous imputations which have arisen from jealousy, to the effect that Bascom is a six-by-nine town, with no style, are wrong in every particular. Bascom is more than eight-by-twelve, and has a style, peculiarly its own.

Bascom is not a metropolis. Bascom has no expectation of ever becoming such a vile ignoble thing. But, it has a trunk line railroad.

Bascom also has three saloons. In this state of dog-tax, local option, and Sunday law, a town of three saloons is not to be ridiculed or gone by. On this hypothesis the club has not passed it. It has anchored there. I do not mean to say, that the fact of three open saloons, would be any inducement to the club to locate. Far from it. One would be enough. But however, the club has paused here. It has smiled. It has smiled again. It has condescended to shed the light of its benign countenance and exalted wisdom into this village without money and without price.

I do not mean to say that the town in question is without money. It used to have money—we once borrowed money there. We have not held ourselves aloof from these poor mortals. We have permitted ourselves to mingle with them. With their sons, with their daughters we have mingled. We have danced with them; we have promenaded with them; on their spacious avenues; we have gone forth in the bewitching hours when darkness had settled on the face of the earth, and the moon had risen to her zenith, and the stars gamboled in the heavens, and we have sang songs to their honor and glory and unrest.

We have done all this and more. We have rambled through its thoroughfares, from the brick church, from the glorious pile of cathedral elegance, to the resting-place of the fathers, in the environs. I hold that the club has a right to enjoy itself in whatever manner as becomes its refined taste, without certain insinuations that it has individual or personal attractions that are withheld from the public.

Bascom's balls and parties are strictly invitation affairs. Everybody is invited. Bascom's pride and chivalry is gathered here. The young and dashing Adonis, the pride and envy of many a country lass, with his hand-me-down suit, his celluloid collar, his red necktie, and paste diamonds, circulates freely with the tiller of the soil, who ambles up and down the Virginia reel, decked out in a pair of blue jeans overalls and one suspender diagonally across his back to keep up his appearance, and his pantaloons.

Now we form in a quadrille. Ah! this beauty there! The beauty of health and the lack of flirtation. You, "Honors all!" and "Sides the same!" to a pretty bunch of pink calico, that looks up with a pair of sparkling eyes, and you are somehow reminded that there is a little dust on your left coat sleeve and that your necktie needs a slight adjustment. Then it's "Forward and back!" "Forward and cross over!" "Ladies change!" and you grasp another little hand and gaze into another smiling countenance, and is it any wonder you squeeze that hand a trifle more than necessity requires or the etiquette of the ball-room allows? "Balance all!" "Swing your honeys!" Have you ever experienced the swing of a country girl? Reader, sit down. You may have promised your wife when you left home, that you wouldn't so much as look at a rival beauty, but when the caller executes a breakdown upon the barrel on which he is standing, and that piece of rural loveliness, in pink calico, folds her arms about your neck and relieves her head upon the pocket of your woolen shirt, then it is a sort of "Let her go Gallagher," feeling creeps over you, that the whirl succeeding does not disseminate. Perhaps I ought not to give this snap away.

Several years ago I wrote a paragraph or two for the *Cleveland Mercury*. I don't know that I said much about the farmers being kind to the wheelman and their daughters extremely so. However, the wife of one of our prominent representatives at the time, happened to read the article, and as a consequence, the poor Doctor had to hang up his wheel in the middle of the riding season. If you let your wife read this, spring it on her when the robins and blue birds have gone, when the ice king reigns, the snow lays upon the meadow and woodland, and the sealskin is abroad in the land. Then let her hang up your wheel. Who cares?

The quadrille is finished. The orchestra is dry. Out in the

moonlight pass the knickerbockers. Through your arms is pressed that of the pink calico, a little hand is clasped in yours? She leads you—where? What is that little sign down the—ah! The frozen cream is delicious, the cake is lovely, and the sparkling eyes rapturous! You don't care if she does take two dishes, you don't mind doing the same yourself.

Out again in the moonlight, down the street, under the maples you wander. What is that? The bugler on the cottage step! One little arm follows the bugle cord about his neck, one little head rests confidingly on his bosom! Oh you reckless dog! could your best girl but see you now, what a chill would run down your spinal column.

Once more in the ballroom. The club orchestra has taken up the instruments, and a new order of things has begun. The gallop, the polka, the lancers, the schottische, the Newport, the waltz, succeed each other in turn, and we are done. Under the maples, lounging on the lawn, we smoke our cigars, and meditate until the ball is at last over.

After a careful examination of wheels the bugle calls the mount, and we glide away. One o'clock in the morning, and eight miles from home. No moon shone brighter, no stars looked sazier, no wheels turned smoother, no hearts were lighter. Now into the shadows, now into the darkness, now in the light. How we champion our beauties of the evening, Turn out the watch-dog with whistle and bell. Oh! the hilarity of the homeward run.

Home at last! Down the street we file, Here and there a policeman rises from his lounging posture, wipes his eyes and yawns, but we have sped past. Safe in our rooms. The knickerbockers are dusted, a dry rub down and we are in bed. The morning papers say, "The Bicycle Club enjoyed a moonlight to Bascom last night."

Ah! reader can you picture in your mind what that means? How many of our riders would trade a score of runs, for one night under fair Luna, with a gay crowd of wheelmen. No one can picture such a night. It must be experienced. It must be felt.

To day I sit here, my feet on the fender. The fumes from my Turkish pipe rise up, weaving their scenes and romances. Out of the windows, the scintillations of the snow-flakes dazzle the eye as far as the gaze extends. Sleigh bells chime the Merry Christmas time. Boistrous laughter rises and falls on the ear.'

I see in the smoke the farmer's daughter. Standing there in her rural simplicity. Her pretty white dress ornamented by a ribbon here and there. A jaunty bonnet tipped back and swinging by the ribbons, bowed beneath a dimpled chin. Dark clusters of hair falling coquettishly over her shoulder. How often has that picture presented itself to me? How often to you? How often have you suddenly grown thirsty at the sight of roadside loveliness, and stopped for a glass of water, that you might gaze longer into those rougish eyes, and that her bronzed fingers might hand you the cup. In the ringlets of smoke, by her side is the rural lover. Ever and anon her hand shades her eyes and she gazes far down the road, Gazes at the little speck in the distance that momentarily grows larger. Suddenly a form springs into view, and nickeled spokes reflect the rays of a setting sun. The country lover takes up his burden of life again, and the "city chap" takes up the time of the girl. But those pleasant nights are swiftly sped. Winter draws apace, and soon those happy summer months are gone.

Hark you? Across the country peal the village bells. Bascom's bells are ringing. Ringing out the wedding chimes. The farmer's daughter and the country swain are married.

Ere the winter snows have passed away, ere the bluebird and the robins come again, she, who plighted her troth has learned to love another. Oh! heartless coquette! we find you not only in the bustling city, but in the village far beyond. Poor Bugler! who can heal his lacerated feelings? In the comforting presence of his wife, he bears up manfully.

In time to come again will be enacted those self-same scenes. Once more the moon will light up the dusty roadway. Once more we will be astride our wheels. Once more will ring out the merry laughter, the rollicking tales and the songs of the serenade. But, winter is here. Balls and parties, theatres and luncheons, fill the city's heart with woe. In the parlors of the club room, the billiard balls click, the cards fall, and the banjo, guitar and piano ring out the melody. With many a toast and merry song, here's long life to the country town, and the farmer's daughter.

## A CLOSE FINISH.



WILL relate a little experience that I had in England, in the summer of '88.

I had not been enjoying first-class health for some time, so I had taken a trip across the Atlantic. I was having a very pleasant time, and my visit had done me so much good, that I felt like a new man. I had not taken a bicycle over with me, not wanting the trouble of looking after it, so I purchased a roadster from a Coventry firm. I made London my headquarters, and took short runs through the charming rural parts of England. Rain marred many of my trips, but most of them were very enjoyable. I used to go quite frequently to Ripley, and every wheelman who has made the run—and who has been to London has not?—will agree with me as to the pleasure it has given.

I had formed the acquaintance of an old-fashioned, hospitable English family and was fast becoming very intimate with them, one of the daughters, Miss Edith, and myself, being already great friends. She told me about some races that were to be held at the Crystal Palace grounds, and we arranged to go and see them. The evening before the races, I went in a cyclers club-house, of which club I had been made an honorary member, and met a large crowd of wheelmen, many of whom were entered for the morrow's events. Our American cyclers had not done very well over there, and the English were beginning to think that they were invincible. The fellows in the club-house treated me in rather a supercilious manner, and after awhile, though they said nothing directly to me, talked at me in a way that I felt disposed to resent. Of course the talk was all "wheel" and on this subject, they fancied they knew it all.

At last one of them turned to me and said "You Yankees can beat us at yachting, with your tricky skimming dashes, but when good blood and muscle count, as in a bicycle race, we can beat you hollow."

I said that only one Englishman, Howell, had beaten our men, claiming also that our representative was not at his best, which was literally true.

No, that did not satisfy the man who had spoken—our men as a class were not equal to Englishmen. The man saying this, who for convenience I will call Ridwell, was a big dark fellow, who afterwards let me know that he was entered for the five mile race in the coming sports, and confidentially and boastingly talked of winning. A short silence followed, and then Ridwell asked me in tones that the whole club could hear, whether I had not pluck enough to enter into any of the approaching races.

Though I had won many a hard fought race in America, and was not afraid of Ridwell or any other man, I was out of training, and had no racing machine, and stated my objections to the cyclers present. Ridwell, however, was not silenced, but kept throwing out such nasty hits, about Americans lacking grit and so forth, that I got mad said that I would race with Ridwell for the five-mile cup, if he liked. He grinned and the others looked at me pityingly, for Ridwell was thought to have a sure thing of it. The entries had closed some time before, but they said they could get me in, and Ridwell offered me a lap start, which of course I refused.

Miss Edith and I went to the grounds together, next day, I telling her what I had done, and that I would be beaten, but she would not hear of it, and was sure that I would win.

A member of the Stanley Club lent me a racing suit and a 56 inch Rudge racer. The machine was strange to me, and I sighed as I thought of the Columbia, I had left across the water, and which was almost a part of myself. I felt rather sorry that my temper had made me accept this challenge, for I felt sure that I should get beaten; still I meant to make the man hustle, that came in ahead of me. I was the subject of a good deal of—what we Americans call "guying," and what the English call "chaff," when I got to the dressing room, but I bore it quietly. We went as soon as ready, to the starting-post, and after I was mounted, I found that a nut was loose on my right pedal. A wrench had to be fetched, and this caused some delay. Meanwhile I grew very uncomfortable, under the audible and uncomplimentary remarks of the spectators. I don't believe I had a friend or a well-wisher on the grounds except the young lady who had come with me. There were nine contestants in the race, Ridwell, two

others and myself at the scratch mark, the other five at various distances in front. One of the men on the scratch with us, was a member of the Stanley Club, and wore their colors.

"Make ready!"—Bang—Now we are off. Ridwell is confident that he can stay the distance at a flying pace, and he goes for the front at once. I keep close to him, and we tear round the track, my handle-bars level with his hind wheel. I am more afraid of him, than anybody in the race, so take great care not to let him get too far ahead. A little extra spurt and we have both passed the man in front of us, one by one we cut down the field, and now we are by the limit mark, he is entirely out of it. The race is evidently to be between Ridwell and myself.

No! I cast a glance over my shoulder, and find the Stanley representative is just behind us, riding well within himself, and I fear he will prove troublesome later on. A lot of Ridwell's friends are gathered on the upper turn, cheering him at each lap, as he passes them, and just before he comes to them their encouragement makes him put out a little extra steam. Round and round the leader making the pace a scorcher, though I am standing it so well as to surprise myself, that I keep "feeling" Ridwell, but he always responds, and means to keep his lead. The man behind us is still in the same position, and it is to be settled and fought out, between the three of us. The gong goes for the last lap, and I now try to go to the front; I have to pass on the outside, but as soon as I am level with the leader he makes his effort and we fly round neck and neck. On we go, neither gaining an inch, and each man putting forth all his powers; now we pass Ridwell's friends, and they yell like Indians to encourage him, but I stick to him, though I am nearly pumped out, and longing for the finish. A hundred yards from home, Ridwell has shot his bolt, utterly collapsed, and falls back beaten. I ease up a little, when, like a flash another rider is at my side—the Stanley man whom I had forgotten in the excitement.

On again, on! tired muscles must again be called upon, it is only a short distance, and they must not fail me now. Every nerve and sinew is at its utmost tension, and our wheels fairly hum as they cut through the air. More pressure on the pedals, faster fly the wheels, flesh and blood cannot endure this terrible strain much longer.

Three yards more, two—I make a last effort, my machine seems to jump forward, and I win the race in the last yard, with the second man as close as he could be, without any doubt as to a dead heat.

Ridwell comes in a very bad third, with his machine "wobbling" from side to side of the track; so done out is he that he cannot ride and keep his machine straight. He looks ashamed of himself, as well he might after all his boasting and confidence. I am ridden out too, and my legs are so stiff when I dismount that I can hardly straighten my knees.

It was a fine finish, and our race was the feature of the meeting, though my victory was not at all a popular one. I have the cup though, and the sight of it always recalls the Sydenham track, and my pleasant visit to Eng'land.

TRANSMONTO.





# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail,	50 cents.
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**Errors.** We make them; so does everybody, but we will cheerfully correct any we may make if you will write us. Try to write good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write us anyway; do not complain to your friends and let it pass; we want an early opportunity to make right any injustice we may do.

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

It is rather difficult for a lady to learn to mount a bicycle gracefully. It requires patience, practice, and a bicycle. In most cases the bicycle is the hardest part to acquire.

What is so sweet to look at as a dense, soft, feathery like snow-storm, when there is not a breath of air stirring and the silent flakes fall one by one, sifting themselves through the branches of the trees standing grim and stark in their nudity, and falling silently on the ground below.

And then as soon as this crystal like covering, becomes slightly packed in the roadway, how delightfully bracing it is to mount your bicycle, and off for a spin. The scenery of summer is gone, but in its stead there is spread out before your gaze the most beautiful landscape you could wish for. The trees, which but a few weeks ago stood grim and ghastly, shorn of their summer beauty, are now more beautiful than ever in this clinging garb of white. And then how bracing is the ride, the exercise warms your blood, and the crisp cool air is indeed exhilarating as you inhale it to your utmost.

A five or ten mile spin on a bicycle, on a clear sunny day in winter, especially just after a snow storm, is one of the most delightful things we have ever been permitted to indulge in, there is none of the oppressive sultriness of summer, none of the muddy roads and fogs of spring and autumn but instead, a smooth shining path, extending in front of us, and a clear winter's sky above.

What could be more delicious?

## ROE'S RECORD RIDE.

AFTER encountering almost innumerable hardships Tom Roe arrived in Chicago at 1:47 P. M., Dec. 2, beating Stevens' record by 24 hours and 13 minutes. It will be remembered that Roe left San Francisco Sept. 21, and has been on the wheel for seventy-two days, covering in that time two thousand seven hundred and seventy seven miles. His route for the most part lay along the A. T. & S. F. R. R. and he was checked by the agents of that company. He was received in elegant style in almost every city through which he rode, in fact in many instances the celebrating commenced as soon as he arrived, and lasted till he left, giving him little or no time to rest.

If the trip had been taken about a month sooner, he would have met with fewer obstacles in the way of disagreeable weather, and would undoubtedly have made better time.

The wheel which carried him on this trip was an ordinary Light Champion, and deserves the highest praise for the rough usage it has stood so well.



## FROM NOVEMBER 15 TO DECEMBER 15.

**California.** Joint race meet of Bay City and Vineyard Valley Wheelmen at Napa, Cal., Nov. 28.

**Delaware.** Bicycle race meet at Wilmington, Nov. 28.

**Georgia.** Tournament at Augusta, Nov. 28.

**Illinois.** Hare and hounds chase of the Lincoln Cycling Club, of Chicago, Nov. 28.

**Kansas.** First annual races of Lawrence Wheelmen, Nov. 22.

**Louisiana.** Five mile handicap road race at New Orleans, Nov. 28. Louisiana Cycling Club 50 mile road race.

**New Jersey.** Tournament at Burlington, Nov. 26.

**New York.** Manhattan Bicycle Club's 2 and 10 mile road races, Nov. 28. Races of the Twelfth Regiment Athletic Association, New York, Dec. 11. Ten mile handicap road race, Brooklyn, Nov. 28. West End Bicycle Club's carnival, Rochester, Dec. 3. Annual ball of the Zigzag Bicycle Club, Buffalo, Dec. 7.

**Pennsylvania.** Ten mile handicap of Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, Nov. 28. J. H. Drupier of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club rode 205 miles in twenty-four hours, Nov. 29.

**Rhode Island.** Rhode Island Wheelmen's team road race Nov. 28.

## FOREIGN.

**Australia.** G. R. Broadbent lowered the Australian hundred mile record in Oct. to 6 hr., 57 min.

## A CYCLE FOR CORPULENT GENTLEMEN.



'Designed to give the maximum of speed with the minimum of labor.'



## NEW AMERICAN PATENTS.

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

- 414,194. Nov. 5. L. M. Cottle, Chicago, Ill. Making velocipede frames.
- 414,515. Nov. 5. A. Featherstone, Chicago, Ill. Velocipede.
- 414,663. Nov. 5. J. H. Vinton, Boston, Mass. Wrench.
- 414,772. Nov. 12. W. H. Kaltenbeck, Stamford, N. Y. Monkey wrench.
- 414,960. Nov. 12. F. White, Westboro, Mass. Tricycle.
- 415,072. Nov. 12. Wm. Starley, Coventry, Eng. Tandem bicycle.
- 415,253. Nov. 19. S. Pattison, London, Eng. Saddle for velocipedes.
- 415,291. Nov. 19. S. E. Gilbert, Philadelphia, Pa. Saddle for velocipedes.
- 415,740. Nov. 26. A. Sharp, London, Eng. Velocipede.
- 415,790. Nov. 26. W. P. Perry, Medford, Mass. Velocipedes.
- 416,016. Nov. 26. F. Schrader, Philadelphia, Pa. Bicycle.

## NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

- 16,145. Oct. 14. E. J. Willis and R. Willis. Improvements in cycle saddles.
- 16,155. Oct. 14. G. Sitton and E. Hubball. Improvements in bicycles.
- 16,274. Oct. 16. A. Mecredy. A new or improved tire or rim for bicycles and tricycles, and which may be also applied to wheels of ordinary vehicles.
- 16,300. Oct. 16. W. C. Burton. An improved changeable speed driving gear for velocipedes.
- 16,377. Oct. 17. C. Tucker. Improvements in telescopic tricycles.
- 16,414. Oct. 17. A. E. Carpenter and J. M. Black. Improvements in bicycles and tricycles.
- 16,511. Oct. 19. J. Stables and W. Selley. An improvement in bicycles.
- 16,862. Oct. 25. J. Marston and J. Muir. Improvements in safety bicycles and other velocipedes.
- 16,884. Oct. 25. J. B. Whitegreave. Improvements in safety bicycles.
- 16,897. Oct. 26. W. M. Gillibrand. An improvement applicable to safety bicycles and other velocipedes.
- 16,903. Oct. 26. S. Rider, jr. An improvement in locking bicycles, tricycles, and other vehicles with wheels.
- 17,003. Oct. 28. D. Carter. Improvements in the frames and forks of safety bicycles.
- 17,102. Oct. 29. S. Summerfield. Improvements in or relating to the driving mechanism of velocipedes and other vehicles propelled by riders.
- 17,179. Oct. 30. G. G. Lusher. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 17,201. Oct. 30. W. J. Cocks. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 17,215. Oct. 30. G. L. Morris, W. T. Wilson, and N. H. Strickland. Improved means for taking up the slack and maintaining the tension of the driving chains or bands employed in connection with velocipedes.
- 17,261. Oct. 31. H. J. Haddon. Improvements in bicycle and tricycle attachment.
- 17,294. Oct. 31. C. Huelser. A tricycle for use on land and water.

17,305. Nov. 1. J. Beardmore. Improvements in driving chain for velocipedes and other similar purposes.

17,370. Nov. 1. I. Watts. Improvements in tires of wheels for bicycles, tricycles, and other road vehicles.

17,387. Nov. 2. W. Brown and A. T. Andrews. Improvements in driving mechanism of safety bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.

17,439. Nov. 2. C. F. Wood. Improvement for securing elastic tires, in wheel rims of velocipedes, and other vehicles.

17,464. Nov. 4. C. E. Skinner. Improvements in or connected with velocipede pedals.

17,476. Nov. 4. W. G. Williams. Improvements in velocipedes.

17,485. Nov. 4. J. Simon. A doubl'e-seated velocipede.

17,672. Oct. 5. W. Phillips. Improvements in or relating to velocipedes.

16,679. Nov. 6. W. Goulden. An improvement in the constructing of flexible rims, felloes, and tires for carriages, velocipedes and other wheeled vehicles to nullify vibration and shocks.

17,687. Nov. 6. H. J. Haddon. Improvements in ball bearings.

17,740. Nov. 7. S. Vale. A diamond frame for safety bicycles or other cycles.

17,789. T. J. Thompson. Improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

17,872. J. Goodman. Renewable indiarubber cycle brakes.

## TWO FORMS OF EXERCISE.

How a bicycle should be ridden depends wholly upon the incentive for riding it. If the machine is used in business, a possibility now in many cities, no rules need be laid down, as the practical rider will always go about it in the most matter-of-fact way that will accomplish his end; and if he rides the wheel to win laurels on the racing path, he will need no outside advice as to the hows and wheresofres of this branch of the sport. Those who ride for pleasure, for the sake of the exercise, or to get away from the din and dirt of the city's turmoil, however, may frequently gain a hint or two from the experiences of others, and looking at the matter in this light, I shall be glad to give briefly my views upon the subject.

There are two methods of using a bicycle for pleasure, the first for the mere exhilaration and excitement of self-propulsion, at a brisk pace, either for physical development, or to reach a given point within a given time; the second, for the more quiet enjoyment of everything that pertains to outdoor life and nature. I find pleasure in both forms of the exercise, and think that a combination of both conductive of the best results. There is an excitement in a thirty-mile dash over good roads that must be experienced to be fully appreciated. My usual gait in accomplishing such a run is from nine to ten miles an hour, with absolutely as few stops as possible. The first ten miles are always the hardest; then the muscles stiffen to their work, one gets his second wind, and even the hills grow less difficult, and in my experience it is less fatiguing to pull a stiff grade by dogged persistence, and to rest in the saddle afterwards by sauntering for half a mile, than to dismount. I never drink a drop of anything on the road if it can possibly be avoided, a few fruit, lime or lemon tablets, which may be carried in the pocket, usually relieving thirst, and a bite of ice on a hot day is a surer relief than pints of water as a summer drink. Frequent dismounts, in connection with a hot pace, are fatiguing, besides affording capital chance to take cold by a too sudden cooling off. One can make a business of resting with far more comfort at the end of the journey, in dry clothing, and after a refreshing bath and rub down.

On the other hand, there is no greater joy than to take the road on a bright morning, with a congenial companion or two, lady or gentleman, (though with lady companion I always use the tricycle,) and go forth with no other object than to spend a happy day wandering at sweet will in the pure air and sunshine. The sauntering pace the madcap coast, the speeding over level, sand papered stretches, the quiet roadside pauses, and the delightful "browsing and nibbling," as Maurice Thompson puts it, about the haunts of nature, all contribute to make the day so spent, one to live in the memory. To my mind, this use of the bicycle,—make it the means, and not the aim of enjoyment—gives the most satisfactory and far-reaching results. But, after all, *chacum a son gout*.

CHARLES RICHARD DODGE.

## HOW I CAME TO RIDE.

How many riders can trace their cause of riding to a tooth? Not many I trow. Yet I have that honor, and will give the entire cycling fraternity the benefit of it, and especially the cyclers younger brother, into whose hands this may fall. So that if he be similarly placed, he will know how to act with an advantage. It must have been about in my eighth year when a tooth was noticed in a place, and at a position, which would in later days, have disfigured my features. Something in the style of Caliban I presume. It was therefore decreed by the parental authorities, that it should be removed. At this I set up a yell, just exactly why, I don't now remember. Whether it was the pain I dreaded, or whether it was the idea of parting with something abnormal that grieved me, I have forgotten, but amid tears and lamentationa, I protested the removal of that tooth. All begging and entreating could not induce me to visit the dentist. Kind words were lost, and threats were in vain.

There was at this time in my neighborhood, a number of boys, who were the happy possessors of bicycles and velocipedes. To see them ride up and down the sidewalk, and making themselves believe they were now, a horse-car, now a fire engine, and now a locomotive gave me a longing to have like they, (what I then considered) the true faunt of terrestrial happiness.

And here was an opportunity to get one!

I had a wish. My mother had a wish. Why might we not mutually gratify them? I made the proposition. O joy! O rapture unforseen! it was accepted. All fear of pain—all selfishness vanished then. I wanted lo have it drawn the same day. Then the next, and the next it was.

An hour after the tooth was out I had my bicycle, and my happiness was complete. It was one of those freaks then known as a "two wheeled velocipede," where the rider sat on a cast iron seat between two wheels of the same size, and kicked the pedals while in a very oblique position. An instrument of torture like that would in these days of cyclistic progress, be considered unrideable, still, I enjoyed myself for many a day with it, and rode many a mile on it, when finally I sold it, for much less than its original cost.

In the course of time, my father puchased for me a full nickeled 54 inch Sanspariel, much to large for me. I could ride it, but could neither get off nor on. In the morning my brother would put me on and being unable to dismount, I was like the Flying Dutchman, destined to ride until someone, who bore lire enough for me took me off.

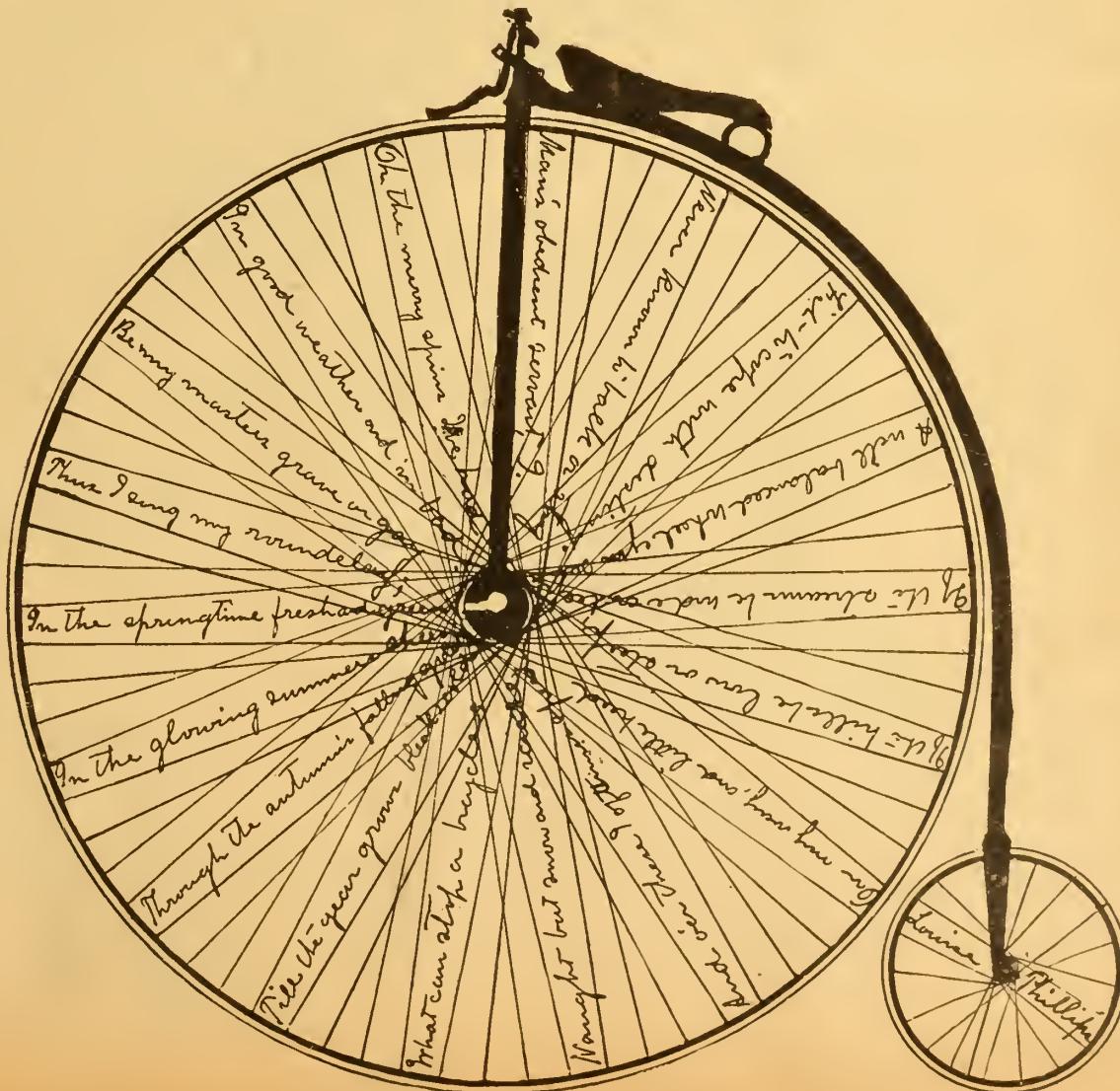
Sometimes, while proudly riding along, my friends would cry to me, "Let's see your bicycle," but I could not. I was destined to ride, ride, ride, until someone came to take me off. There is nothing in the world one cannot learn, so in accordandee with this rule, I in the course of time became proficient in what at first seemed an impossibility. I have taken my share of falls to be sure, but have always been fortunate enough to escape serious injury.

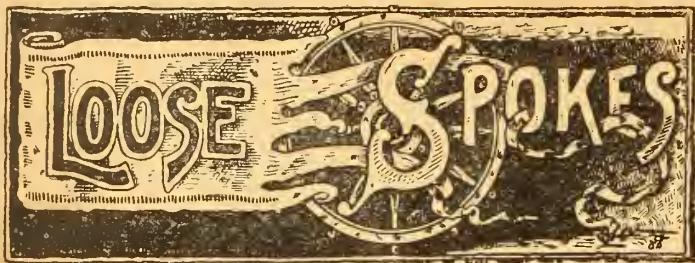
In the course of time when riders became more numerous, a club was organized, and which now is in a most flourishing condition.

The days which give me the most pleasure to recall are those Sundays, when with good company and beautiful weather, we leave the noisy city, and ride far into the open, free and beautiful country. I have in the last three years taken many tours, the memory of which stays with me in winter, when such sport is impossible, as they also will in the winter of life when likewise I cannot tour.

PAN.

## SONG OF THE BICYCLE.





"I'm onto you," the wheelman remarked as he lit on his saddle.

\* \* \*

The men who won the cycling championships last season, are not as big guns as they were about two months ago.

\* \* \*

A steam tricycle is now being constructed, which is said to be propelled by a series of cranks, but the machine itself is the idea of only one crank.

\* \* \*

*First Clubman:*—Who spoke?

*Second Clubman:*—One of the felloes.

*First Clubman:*—What can he want?

*Second Clubman:*—He's tired.

\* \* \*

This world is full of trouble,  
This world is full of pain;  
The day set for the race meet  
It's almost sure to rain.

\* \* \*

Thomas Stevens has at last been heard from. The N. Y. *World* of Dec. 8 publishes a letter of his dated Oct. 13, at Zanzibar, in which he claims to be the first white man from civilization to greet Stanley. His letter is quite lengthy and very interesting.

\* \* \*

We take pleasure in noting the fact that the Sweeting Cycle Co., of Philadelphia, have placed an order with the makers of the Rival cycle for 4,000 of their machines for the coming season. Such an order speaks more eloquently than can any comment of ours.

\* \* \*

It seems a bit strange that a man will sit in his parlor surrounded by books, and spend his time looking at pictures of scenery through a stereoscope, when he could be spending his time cycling through the country, and find fully as beautiful scenery all around him.

\* \* \*

The Columbia calender for 1890, is a decided improvement on its predecessors, the entire framework being made out of wood, and there is also an improvement in removing the slips. We cannot see how it will be possible to improve this for 1891, but if there is any way, Mr. Fowler will find it before the time arrives.

\* \* \*

Nothing makes the small boy madder,  
Likewise nothing makes him sadder,  
Than to hear his father say  
Unto him, on a holiday,  
"Come now, hurry up and put that bicycle away,  
And with that barrel roll  
In these seven tons of coal."

\* \* \*

*Small Boy:*—Say dad, I wish you'd buy me a bicycle.

*Father:*—Can't afford it my son, and besides I'm afraid you'd break your precious neck.

"Well, can't you get me a tricycle.

"No, but if you are a real good boy, I'll bring you home an icicle.

## COMING EVENTS.

December 16. Long Island Wheelmen's theatre party.

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

January 17. Dorchester (Mass.) Bicycle Club's third annual reception.

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

February 7. Manhattan Bicycle Club's ball.

July 7. Meet of Kentucky division, L. A. W. at Richmond.

## THE SILENT WHEEL.

Good morning, good Pedestrian—I'm glad to see you out;  
The day is full of healthfulness, the birds are all about;  
There is a quiet breeziness in all the pleasant air—  
I hope this happy exercise will drive away your care.

For I am a pedestrian—

A very good pedestrian—

And all the glowing benefit of walking I can share;  
Although I tread the atmosphere, and do not touch the ground,  
But my impatient lady-love in yonder town doth wait;  
I wish you better company, and strike a swifter gait.

Good morning good Equestrian—a noble steed you ride;  
I do not seem to frighten him, so here is by your side.  
It is a feast of happiness to smoothly bound along,  
With sturdy muscle under you, and footling swift and strong.

For I am an equestrian—

A very fair equestrian—

With bugle blast of melody and unassuming song;  
And all the thrilling ecstasy of horsemanship I feel,  
Although the nag I ride upon was bred of burnished steel.  
But his impatience urges me to swifter gait than you,  
And so I wish you pleasure, sir, and bid a kind adieu.

Good-morning, Mr. Racer, you've a trotter that is fine;  
I never would disparage him, or say too much of mine;  
Your horse is full of mettle, sir, and bravely draws his load;  
It must be pure delectousness to speed him on the road.

But I am quite a racing man—

A modest, humble racing man—

Though small is my solicitude upon the turf bestowed;  
And if you have anxiety to try a little race,  
I'll undertake, with courtesy, to give you second place;  
But if the first you take from me, and it be fairly earned,  
I'll hope that on some future day the tables may be turned.

Good-morning, Mr. Carriageer, you have an easy ride;  
Those cushions are luxurious, and pleasantly you glide!  
'Tis very good and fortunate, if one be tired or ill,  
To calmly call his carriage out, and travel as he will.

But I sir, keep my carriage too—

A very pleasant carriage too—

Though it is not the easy one your desire would fill;  
It carries me in comfort over many a pleasant mile,  
And all my best acquaintances are suited with its style.  
'Tis with blithe economy establishments are run,  
With driver, footman, passenger and horses—all in one!

Good-morning, fellow Wheelman, here's a warm fraternal hand,  
As with a rush of victory we sweep across the land!  
If some may be dissatisfied to view the way we ride,  
We only wish their majesties could wander by our side!

For we are good philanthropists—

Unqualified philanthropists—

And would not have our happiness to any one denied.  
We claim a great utility that daily must increase;  
We claim for inactivity a bright and grand release.  
A constant mental, physical and moral help we feel,  
Which makes us turn enthusiasts, and bless the silent wheel!

WILL CARLETON.



## A RIDE WITH DEATH ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY "NOBLE VICTORY"

DECEMBER 24th, 1887, could easily have been termed a very stormy day. The sharp, cold, east wind seemed to gather additional strength and bitterness, in its unobstructed run of sixty miles across the rough, snarling Lake Michigan. It slapped the unfortunate pedestrians red cheeks, and pinched his ears, to say nothing about the tears shed from the eyes of the stony hearted men and impulsive soft eyed misses that dared to stand in its way. Along toward evening the sky grew heavy with great banks of black clouds, through the darkness of which the early moon vainly essayed to illuminate the snow clad earth. At eight o'clock I drew on my heavy boots and carefully tucked the bottoms of my trousers inside of them, this operation finished, I donned my great-coat, and then drawing a fur cap down over my ears, I passed from the warmth and comforts of my cheerful home out into the cold and snow-bound world. The air was thick with flakes of wildly flying snow that was being driven along before the wind at a furious rate. Fortunately, my course lay before the wind. I walked along as rapidly as possible, now up to my middle in a snow bank, and then over the slippery walks. I have often since marvelled that I did not break my neck that night. In a short time I arrived at my destination, a handsome residence on Kismere Street. Opening the gate I ploughed through the little garden toward the door, that reached; I gave a yank on the bell, the door opened, and I was literally blown inside.

My friend George Bolton Esq., a most respectable young man, revelled in the possession of a cosy room on the third floor of this house, the consideration being, old acquaintance with the family and so many \$ per week. Bolton had made me promise some days before, to spend Christmas Eve with him. Insomuch as my friend was an excellent host, and an all round jolly good fellow I assured him that I would be delighted. I went, and escaped thereby a terrible cold which I should most certainly have caught had I remained at home, to duck for apples with the youngsters.

Bolton expected me, and it was he who answered my ring.

"Hello old man, you're snow from head to foot."

"Warwicks and Swifts! what a night," I managed to gasp; as I shook the snow covered coat in the vestibule.

"Come up to my room old man, I've a good hot toddy there that will thaw you out in a hurry; by the way an old college chum of mine from the East is here to spend the evening with me. He is a splendid fellow, smart as pain, a jolly companion, and I don't mind telling you he has a peculiar history. I have often asked him to tell me about himself but he would invariably turn the subject to something altogether different. I am not exactly what would be termed a curious cuss but I'll be everlastingly blessed if I am not anxious to hear Jack's story. I know he has one."

"He must be a very interesting young man," I replied, "I am really very anxious to meet him."



"There was Death, his grinning jaws and sightless eyes over my shoulder."

"Well come on then my boy," Bolton returned as he started up the broad stairs toward the roof. We soon reached a large well furnished room. A pile of crackling coals were blazing merrily in the iron fireplace in front of which stood a tall, well formed young man. He was neatly dressed in a black suit. I admired his handsome face, A short, heavy, yellowish beard curled closely to his chin and cheeks, his eyes were of the deepest blue, and looked so honest and frank, a pair of thin red lips parted smilingly, displaying a set of remarkably white, even teeth, as we entered the room.

I was soon thoroughly at home with Jack Hope. He more than came up to my expectations. When he spoke, it was in that quiet easy way that demanded the closest attention as well as the respect of his listeners. Bolton produced a box of fragrant Havanas and a decanter of wine, and then asked me to tell a Christmas story. "You see it would be so appropriate to have a Christmas yarn on Christmas Eve," he had remarked. Nothing loth, I boldly waded into my imagination, and worked out a wonderfully sorrowful and romantic story of a little girl waif, lost in the streets of a great city on Christmas Eve, etc.

My harrowing story ended I relapsed into silence, and gave George a chance. He told a beautiful story,.. I afterwards found out by his own confession, that he had stolen it from Dickens.

Jack Hope had been an attentive listener throughout the evening. When George finished his yarn, he puffed vigorously on his cigar, and remarked, "very pretty stories my friends, but I once passed a Christmas Eve in such a peculiar way that I do not hesitate to say you would accuse me—if not openly,inwardly at any rate—with being a falsifier."

We wondered what was going to come. "Tell us Jack, I swear solemnly to hold my peace!" cried Bolton, laughing at Jack's apparent earnestness.

"Do you see that fire?" inquired Jack pointing to the grate, "what would you think of me if I should tell you that I would not spend a Christmas Eve alone in front of that fire, if my very life depended on my doing so?"

"What!" cried Bolton, "do you honestly mean that" There could be no doubt about it in my mind. If ever a man was serious about anything Jack Hope was, when he told us that.

### KITTY OF COLERIDGE. A PARODY.



As beautiful Kitty one mornin\$ was trippin\$,  
With a basket of flower\$ she'd plucked in the lane,  
When she saw me she stumbled, the basket it tumbled,  
And all the sweet flower\$ were strown on the plain,

"You must have a dreadful aversion to grate fires Jack, for goodness sake tell me why," I implored.

Jack looked at me for a moment, and then at Bolton. I fancied I could see him tremble a little and I would swear that he turned a shade paler.

"Gentlemen," he said slowly. "You are right. I have a decided aversion to such a cheerful thing as a brightly burning grate fire. It has a strange fascination over me, so much that I actually fear it. Don't laugh, I am in earnest. That this seems absurd to you I do not for a moment doubt, yet I feel as though I owe to a grate fire all I possess. I have never spoken on this subject before, and I shall never do so again. Still, if you want me to tell you about it I will do so, and I think you will agree with me when I say that I am to some extent warranted in this slight aversion."

This remarkable speech quite naturally aroused our curiosity. Jack Hope had a history, and a peculiar one at that. We wanted to hear it. The very idea that a grate fire should have the power of creating fear in the heart of such a stalwart fellow, that it should do him physical injury and then atone by doing him financial good. It seemed odd and laughable.

"Tell us about it Jack," said George.

"Tell us about it," echoed I.

Our friend looked at the wall for a moment, and then at the fire. His blue eyes seemed to dilate as he gazed fixedly into the burning anthracite. With seeming difficulty he averted his glance and remarked slowly: "I spent a Christmas Eve in a grate of burning, fiery coals. As strange as this may seem to you, I assure you it is more like a dreadful reality to me than the fancy of a delirious brain. Until three years ago to night, I had considered myself a pauper who,—thanks to the kindness of an indulgent relative—had

been accorded the opportunities of a sufficient education to enable me to battle with some degree of success with the world. That Christmas Eve I awoke to the consciousness that I had really been the heir to a large fortune. But I will explain more fully.

"I am an orphan, which, although being unfortunate does not worry me much. I have never really known my parents. My mother having died shortly after my birth, and my father less than a year later. My only recollections of them can be traced solely to the pictures which have been treasured by my uncle for so many years. I have often stood before them as they hung side by side on the black walls of the library, and thought how good they must have been. What a sweet kind face my lovely mother had, and what a noble looking man my father was.

"My Uncle Amos was my father's youngest brother. He was a man of some forty years of age. A small nervous mortal whom I pitied from the bottom of my heart. His sole pleasure seemed to be his books, and if I dreaded one thing more than another, it was to disturb him when he was engaged with them. Then his deep set eyes would blaze, every hair upon his nearly bald head would seem to twist and curl. He seemed to fly into a dreadful temper, the sole outcome of which would be to whisper softly 'Don't bother me Jack. I wish to be left alone.' He would then turn back to his book, leaving me no alternative than to go.

"My uncle was a very peculiar man. I never knew how to judge him. He was so far as I knew, my only relative, and I had grown up to look upon him in the same light as I fancied I would have looked upon my father. If I wanted anything, all I had to do was to ask my peculiar uncle for it, and it was mine. He did not hesitate to buy me even the dainty little yacht, George, that now lays safely in Pisco Bay, waiting to do my bidding when Spring comes around



"Oh, What shall I do now? 'Twas looking at you now.  
Sure, sure, such sweet flowers I'll ne'er find again.  
'Tis indeed a great pity. Oh, Barney M'Leary,  
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!"

again.

"Perhaps my indulgent uncle hoped that I would get drowned. I honestly think he would have given my water soaked body a heartier welcome home, than he had ever given it when it was full of vigorous life. Now that I have confessed so much, I may as well tell you that I am morally certain my uncle did not like me. I think he feared me; Heaven only knew why. When my father died he was possessed of a considerable estate, all of which he had willed to my uncle. Joe Prescott, the lawyer's son, had shown me a copy of the will. I did not get a cent, indeed, as my father had stated in the instrument: 'To my son, John Roberts Hope, I leave nothing but my curse. I feel as though he had murdered my sweet wife. I do however, require of my brother—Amos Hope—that he provide a home for, that he educate and bring up my son in the fear of God, and further, that he make his home in Vine cottage where I have been so happy.'

"Then the will goes on to state that everything is left to my uncle. I had often doubted my father's sanity at the time he made his will. It seemed so absurd to curse a babe. I admit that I felt a little guilty when I saw that my father had blamed me as the cause of my mother's death, but how could I help it?

"Vine cottage was a pretty house surrounded on all sides by great wide porches. It set in the center of a soft velvety lawn, that rolled gracefully down on all sides, until it met a low brick fence. My uncle devoted a good deal of his spare time to floriculture, and consequently, Vine cottage and its surroundings presented a beau-

tiful appearance through the summer months. Our home lay about a mile from the quiet little village of Berth, one of the most charming of Maine's many hamlets. During my early days I attended the village school, and then my uncle bundled me off to Hartford, where a learned friend of his prepared me for college. Two years later I entered upon my college life. For the first time in all my miserable existence, I found out what it was to be happy. I was elected a member of a college secret society, that eventually developed into a bicycle club. First, Tom Pearson bought a wheel, then Harry Thomas got one; and so it went until I decided to write to my uncle, and ask him to get me one. To my joy the next mail brought me his letter, it only said: 'Get one if you want it,' and emphasized the sentence by sending a blank, signed check.

"I immediately filled out the check and mailed it to a firm of cycle makers and in due time found myself the owner of a handsome bicycle. I conquered it that very day, and it was only a few days later that I went on my first club run. The more I rode my wheel the more I loved it, and when work was over the wheel and I invariably sailed out together. The delightful pleasure, the mixed feelings of independence, exaltation, and perfect freedom enjoyed, can only be appreciated by a wheelman. I went on many little tours and excursions; so many, that I can truthfully say I never had a moment to spare since I had purchased my wheel.

"Summer merged into Autumn, and one fair day I was suddenly taken ill. The boys had a hard time to get me back to my rooms, though they finally succeeded, and a few days later I became con-



I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.  
A kiss then I gave her. Before I did leave her,  
She vowed for such pleasure she'd drop them again.

cious of the fact that I was growing gradually worse instead of better. Rosy faced, white whiskered, Dr. Bunsby was called in and I fancied his good natured face grew suddenly very serious when he looked at me. I must have looked dreadful as I lay there on my cot. I felt as though my head was being subjected to regular, hard whacks from a mallet.

The doctor mixed a dose of some kind and left the house hurriedly. Down went the dose and at almost the same time I went down. When I reopened my eyes I was in another room; a white haired old lady was sitting beside the bed on which I lay, her fingers were sailing merrily through a mass of red yarn as she deftly twisted and worked together a garment of some kind. Where was I? A glance about me, told me that. Vine cottage! I must have been very ill that my uncle would have sent for me. I felt better now, and decided to get up. I only decided however, for I could not raise my arm, to say nothing about getting up; what could be wrong with me? I sighed and the old lady dropped her knitting and came to me. How kind she looked, her eyes fairly beamed upon me as she said: 'Don't worry dear, you will be well now in a very short time.'

"Oh I must tell the doctor!" and she fairly flew out of the room. I was very much surprised. How long had I been sick. I looked about me as though I expected to find the answer to the perplexing question, written on the wall. I looked out of the quaint little window, and saw a thick ridge of white laying on the window ledge. It was snow! The air outside was full of flying particles of the soft white flakes, that were slowly eddying downward. A brightly burning grate now became apparent.

"I bad been sick for weeks, dangerously I correctly presumed and it was a matter of speculation with me as to exactly how long I had

been in that woeful condition. At that moment I heard the door of my room open, and on the threshold stood my dear old friend Dr. Gray. He came toward me softly and patted my cheek.

"You don't know how thankful I am Jack, to your strong constitution, my boy you have been very ill, keep up your courage and we will have you well in a short time. I will leave you in the same kindly hands that have stood by you thus far. I tell you Jack, Mrs. Lacy is a rare old nurse. Keep quiet and don't ask questions. I will be here this evening, and by the way Jack your uncle is sick, cosy Vine cottage is quite a hospital." With this last remark the good old chap left the room. I was literally as weak as a sick kitten and my poor head was so full of thoughts and doubts that it seemed like a blessing from heaven when I fell into a sound sleep. The merry jingle of sleigh bells woke me up. I could hear happy voices, and ringing laughter as large sleighing parties dashed by. Oh, how I longed to be with them, it seemed hard that I who once revelled in my activity should be obliged to do nothing but think and try to get well.

"It was now night, the moon had reached its height, and cast down upon the snow wrapped earth a flood of silvery light. What a glorious night! I longed to sit by the grate fire and look out of the little window. I never wanted to do anything one tenth so badly as I wanted to look out of that window. The desire was unquenchable. I felt as though it meant life or death to me. The lamp was burning but dimly, and I felt very grateful to Mrs. Lacy when she came into my room, and turned it up brighter. The time sped by, and at last the doctor arrived. I heard his sleigh bells from afar down the road, Mrs. Lacy told me it was him, and that he would see my sick uncle first. It seemed an age before he came into my room, and then I



'Twas blossoming season. I can't tell the reason—  
Misfortunes will never come single—that's plain—  
For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,  
The devil a flower, there bloomed in Coleraine.

lost no time in asking his permission to sit beside the grate, so that I could look out of the window.

"He thought it over for a moment and to my intense delight gave his permission.

"Mrs. Lacy" he said in his quick, decisive manner, "stuff that large rocking chair well, with blankets and pillows, and Jack, I shall place this table beside your chair; when you want to get back into your bed ring this bell. If you feel the least bit dizzy or cold, ring the bell and either Mrs. Lacy or I will hear it and assist you to return to the bed."

"My nurse had the chair ready for me in a short time and, assisted by the doctor, I was soon comfortably seated and wrapped warmly in blankets. Before me blazed the grate fire, on one side stood the little table, and on the other the snow clad window, through which I could see the white mantled earth, the glistening ice crusted trees, and the twinkling lights of the village beyond. Ever and anon a belated sleigh would jingle merrily by, and once two met almost opposite to my window and I fancied I heard a cheery voice call out 'Merry Christmas to you' as they dashed by each other. The oil in the lamp that stood upon the mantle in front of me had evidently become exhausted, the flame had been slowly dying for some time and now went out. The fire in the grate sent forth its warm ruddy flare so deliciously, that I really felt happy that it had.

"Nothing can be more beautiful than such a fire as this, I thought, how delightfully it burns, how gay it seems, how the blue flames trip softly from the bosom of the red. I gazed into the glowing coals as if to learn their story. Alas! what a tale they could tell. I laughed. Such a horrible miserable symptom of gaiety issued from my lips that it frightened me, and I attempted to ring the bell, I stretched my hand out toward it, but it seemed to me as though my arm had been suddenly seized. I looked at the grate. Merciful God! it was growing larger and larger! My heart almost ceased to beat. Larger and hotter grew the fire, I felt myself being gradually being drawn toward it. I struggled but to no avail, the fire had grown to such wonderful dimensions that it seemed as though the whole world was being consumed within it. I closed my eyes to shut out the horror. When I opened them again I saw no longer the fire, but where the hot, red coals had been I now beheld rich fields of wheat, and corn, velvety meadows of the rarest green, vast forests, and groves of trees; and what I had fancied the blue flames of the fire, proved to be bubbling brooks of crystal-like water that trickled gayly along in their pebbled beds singing their song of thanks to God.

"I was standing by a great oak tree against which my wheel was leaning. What a glorious view lay spread out before me. I turned to look once more. Now old hoary headed Winter had set his seal of cold upon the land; the fields were clad with the whitest snow, the trees shivered in the cold blasts that passed through their leafless branches and the streams were locked in their armor of ice. As I stood and looked at this scene I fancied I heard afar off, the sound of the chimes that seemed to cry out to the whole world: 'Peace on earth and good will towards men.'

"How sweet the silver melody sounded, the very birds of the air stopped in their heavenly flight to inhale the inspired notes.

"But I must away. Where? I know not. Somewhere—anywhere. I have mounted my wheel and speed onward as fast as my legs will carry me. On, through the day and into the night, past happy homes where through the great glass windows I could see gayly decked Christmas trees, surrounded by happy children, and now past a wretched hovel where want and misery stood upon the threshold.

"The road is hard and rutty but still I press onward at lightning speed.. I do not know why or where. Some dreadful thing keeps drawing me onward, up hills and down into valleys, through country and towns. My limbs are almost ready to drop from my body, I fain would stop but cannot. I reached the summit of a great hill and saw beneath me a dark and dismal valley. The road here divided into two, one is white and narrow and goes upward still higher, the other is broad and rough and goes down through the very heart of the dark valley. I am too tired to climb the narrow road so turn my wheel toward the broad one and roll easily and rapidly downward, down, down, I shot as fast as I could safely go. A small dark object darted out from a tree that grew in the denseness and struck me on the cheek. It was a Bat. Ugh! I gazed through the gloom and

could see on all sides of the road skeletons of men and animals—a horrid sight. My blood almost froze in my veins, I could not stand this much longer. At this juncture I heard a sharp rattling noise, and then a shriek, so unearthly that I almost took a header. 'Ha ha, do you wonder that I laugh. Such joy as this is enough to drive me mad, ha ha. How I love to see a vigorous youth bow down before me. You fought me hard, boy Jack, and now come to me of your own free will. Ha ha. They usually walk into the valley, but you ride Jack. Well I'll install you as messenger between Paradise and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I'm Death, and I am ruler here. Come, ha, ha, ha.'

"When I heard that dreadful voice I almost fainted, and in a moment had whisked my wheel around and commenced to climb that dreadful hill. Up, up. I labored completely soaked with perspiration. Could I escape? No! Below me I hear Death calling: 'Jack are you coming. It's no use to fight again, I'll get you. Ha ha.'

"I could hear a faint rattle behind me and strained every nerve in my effort to escape. I called to God for aid. Nearer and nearer came the rattle, until it was almost upon me. I turned, and saw a tall skeleton running toward me. A long, black robe floated from its bony shoulders, while a mass of black hair that grew upon its fleshless head, lay across the bony breast. At every stride I could hear its bones rattle. On I pressed, before me life, below me Death. O what a race that was! If I should strike a stone, or take a header, all would be over.

"'Ha ha, you can't make it my boy, ha ha ha,' was hissed into my ear, and then I felt a fleshless arm encircling my waist, and cast a glance behind me for a moment. God have mercy! there was Death, his grinning jaws and sightless eyes held over my shoulders, one long bony limb was stretched out behind while the other foot was firmly planted on the step of my bicycle. O! if I had only taken off that step when I bought the wheel.

"Death had a horrid grin on his ugly face and was seemingly enjoying his stolen ride. I knew I could not hold out much longer. We were going slower and slower and Death looked happy when he saw that I was becoming exhausted. My breath was coming short and quick. It seemed as though my head was on fire. Just a moment more I thought, and I'll give in, when I heard a soft voice above me calling out. 'Jack, Jack, don't worry dear,' and then I saw a great white rock that was coming toward me at a frightful speed, and flying directly over the rock was a beautiful angel.

"Death gave a very audible shudder, and when I saw it my heart grew lighter, for perhaps after all I might be saved. Vain thought. Death encircled my throat with his long bony fingers. I was being choked. That great rock comes crashing along—bang! I struck it. My wheel is a wreck, I am thrown far up the road while Death toppled over backwards, and fell into a thousand pieces. I raised my bruised body up and looked at the fearful scene. The rock passed along over the horrid skeleton and I am saved by a miracle.

"Down the road comes a form, it is a man, that slow walk, that bent body seems familiar. Nearer and nearer it draws, until it stops in front of me, and I saw with joy that it was my uncle. I raised myself to my feet and ran to embrace him. To my horror my hands passed through the body as though they were passing through so much air. My uncle looked at me for an instant and then with his head bowed down upon his breast passed on slowly down into the dark valley. I shouted to him, but to no avail, he never turned. At that moment the black robes that Death had worn rose from the earth and were blown by a sudden gust of wind down the dark valley.

"The bright angel drew nearer to me. Her face seemed familiar. I gazed into the radiant features, and to my amazement found that they belonged to dear old Mrs. Lacy who was bending over me, with clasped hands and tearful eyes. Dr. Gray was sitting on the bed at my side and holding both of my hands in his own.

"Where is he Doctor," I gasped.

"Dead, Jack," was the solemn answer.

"A new day was being born to the world, the shadows of the night were being gradually gathered together by dawn.

"To day is the anniversary of the birth of our Savior, Jack," said Mrs. Lacy.

"I know it," I replied, "did I not hear the chimes ring out and did I not see happy little children toddling around their Christmas

trees?"

"When I grew stronger the doctor told me how my poor uncle had died. Poor fellow, he confessed that he himself had written and signed my father's will. My father did not leave one. I am firmly convinced that he repented the crime and would have eventually made it right. Poor fellow I can forgive him, but I can never forget my ride with Death that Christmas Eve."

For some moments after Jack had finished his wonderful recital, we were silent. My thoughts were in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I sat like a stone image in front of the grate, gazing steadfastly into the dying coals. The windows rattled and shivered in their defiance to the storm. Suddenly above the din of the elements sounded softly, clearly, sweetly, St. James Chimes. Ding-ding-dong-ding-ding-dong-ding-ding-dong-ding-ding-dong.

I started to my feet and went over to Jack, who sat in front of the center table resting his head on his arms. Bolton walked to the window and drew aside the curtains. "Come Jack," I said to the poor fellow "let's stand at the window, and listen to the Christmas Chimes."

## 100 MILES DUE NORTH THROUGH GEORGIA.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER PERSONS.

ONE BRIGHT Sunday in early March last, the wind came howling down the streets and lanes and avenues of the Central City; singing songs through the telegraph wires and 'round the corners of houses, scattering waves and clouds of dust hither and thither. The sandy surface of the road beds were swept clean and white, until they looked like a long shining beach at low tide.

The sparrows quit gathering straws, to have them blown away; while I wondered if I would have to start out on a hundred mile ride on the morrow, and pedal against that wind all day.

But when I arose, bright and early next morning, everything was calm and still except the birds; who were now working away for dear life. I drew the buckles of my luggage carrier a few notches tighter and was soon under way.

On my wheel, besides other packages, I had a large tin box; and in this, a good size lunch, to eat on the way.

If some big fellow, with a big knife, would cut this state half in two; running north and south; he would find, on looking at either edge sideways, a sculpin of hills, after the shape of a small m, only, forty three miles long.

Winding around these hill tops—sometimes skirting around them, then up some shady ravine, with a brook on either side—I wheeled

The birds were singing everywhere. Flowers bloomed by the wayside; robins fed in the chinaberry trees, and altogether things seemed to be resting in a state of peaceful content.

About thirty miles out, I took a by-path running into the woods, and was soon leaning against a pine tree, still on my wheel, examining the mysteries of that tin box; the first stop I had made on the trip.

A short distance further; Forsyth, a little place of 2,000 inhabitants came into view. Some one of the village loafers caught sight of the approaching wheel, and gave a yell that brought the population to their doors to see what was the trouble. The sight of a cycle descending the hill in the distance was all they were rewarded with.

A little way out of the town, I was riding down a long gradual grade, in a rut about four inches wide, and three deep. Toward the bottom, my speed was considerable. The middle of the road-bed was a kind of sink, and this had been used as a ditch by recent rains, and this suddenly left the road, and cut across my rut. I was upon it before it was seen, and having no brake could not stop in time. A few seconds later, I was sitting by the roadside; gathering all the sandwiches, chunks of cake and etc., in reach, by the aid of a stick, while my wheel lay on the other side. The tin box was in six pieces, but I tied it together again, and after brushing the dust off my garments, proceeded on my way, paying; not so much attention to the singing birds and babbling brooks, but to ruts and rocks, and other things that manufacture headers.

Barnesville; forty-three miles, a town of 3,500 people, with a hotel, some churches, and a clock that shows four faces, and four different

times, and which is set by the arrival of the train; I pulled in at four o'clock, after having worked hard to get there then, the roads having grown so bad.

I stopped only fifteen minutes, to have some tacks driven out of a shoe, and to have a pocket flask re-refilled with sweet milk, and then was on the way again. At dark I was fifty-four miles out one way, and six the other; but by keeping steadily on, reached Griffin in time for an early bed, where I fell asleep before I could pull the pillow down under my head good.

This, with a breakfast of trunk top and shoe sole steak, scrambled eggs, and musty bread, cost me a dollar, and I left Griffin with the strict intention of putting enough in my tin box next time to last me to Halifax, if I was going that way.

Six miles out, I noticed a handsome pointer dog running along through the woods in the same direction I was going; but understanding that dog stealing was regarded in some countries as bad as horse borrowing without permission, I virtueously kept my eyes straight toward the North Pole, and behaved myself. A half mile further on, I accidentally saw the dog behind me, in the road with a lick on him, that would carry us into Atlanta about the same time, and thought it a little strange, but as it wasn't my dog; I didn't dare to molest him. If he wanted to go touring it was none of my business. At Hampton, I bought some crackers to eat with my milk, and while there noticed a poor travel stained canine, who looked quite hungry, and I divided my repast with him.

Something of this kind happened at each stopping place; until it struck me that there was quite a resemblance between the dogs. Sometimes a dog would be thirsty, others hungry, and others covered with the same colored dust of the country I had just come through, but as it was too deep a mystery for me, I didn't try and solve it.

The higher north I went the roads continued to improve, and to grow less hilly. At East Point, folks were just through eating dinner and there I got some more scraps for another pointer, who seemed to act as if he had been knowing me—at least a day. When I entered the suburbs of Atlanta, an hour later, a pointer dog was following at my little wheel.

Through West End, and then down Whitehall we went, and over to Decatur, where I had an engagement with a friend; passing the Kimball House corner at just 4:30.

The trip had been one of pleasure throughout, and I was sorry it was at an end.

I might mention, that when I went to put my wheel in the baggage car the next day, a pointer, much like the one I had first noticed above Griffin; jumped up through the door, and curled up in the corner behind the cycle. The attachment that had been formed between the two was something wonderful. He now resides at my home in Macon, and when not out for a run just back of my wheel, is either out visiting, asleep on the front porch, or hanging around the kitchen window, watching for scraps to fall.

**NOTE:**—This mms. was handed to Mr. Evans the artist, with the request that he 'do a pen-and-ink sketch for it.' After reading the copy, he seemed to form his own ideas as to how the attachment was formed between the dog and the wheel, and imagines that it was in the shape of a twine string. The play of some artist's imagination is truly wonderful.—Editor.

*Bertie Slimdood.*—Dear me, it's most extraordinary, I can't find the blazer that belongs to my cycling suit.

*His Sister Jenette.*—Why Bertie wasn't it just sent home yesterday.

*Bertie.*—Yes, but it has disappeared most mysteriously.

*Jenelle.* (to servant)—Nora, have you seen anything of Mr. Slimdood's new coat, that was delivered yesterday?

*Nora.*—Faith and I have that mum. The childers do bees enter-entertaining their company and are usin' it fer a chicker boord.

*First Cycler.*—I had a bad accident last summer, while out touring I was fifty miles from home when I broke the rim of my little wheel, and there was no repairers near.

*Second Cycler.*—How did you get home?

"Fortunately I was near a small railroad station, so I bought a mince pie, had a hole drilled in the center and fitted it to the machine in place of the broken back wheel. It was rather small, but I managed to make it answer every purpose."

## THE RIDER TO HIS WHEEL.

Beautiful wheel, how I love thee  
Nothing I value above thee.  
Nothing, nothing but one thing  
Valued I ever above thee,  
And that, I have treasured with love, that  
From far away back, when I knew not  
That off in the lap of the future  
Dwelt there a something that drew not,  
Its entity from an earth's creature.  
Yet coming to earth, and then giving there  
Health to thousands now living there.

From far away back when thy presence  
Dwelt but in mists uncertain,  
Breathing with breaths so few, that  
They moved not the folds of the curtain,  
Called effort, that progress sublimely  
Outhangs, as she stoops to gather,  
In the evening shades of her work-shop  
The clips from humanity's labors  
From far away back before all this,  
And reaching from then over all this,  
The one thing I value before thee  
Is the mem'ry undimmed and undying  
Of a love that a mother bore me,  
That lives, and still breathes as in old time,  
Above, and around, and o'er me.

Beautiful wheel, how I love thee,  
Bringer of blessings that lengthen  
The days of my earthly sojourning,  
That lighten and broaden and strengthen  
The life that I live in the present,  
The life I will live in the future.

For the wealth of thy service I love thee,  
It recalls from the past gone forever,  
Rememberances fraught with affection,  
And scenes that once gazed on can never  
Fade out from this heart that enshrines them  
With the life-lasting love that entwines them,  
Of friends, who once, with me now absent,  
Will be known no more in the future.

As you bird loves the air that's above me,  
so, my beautiful wheel, do I love thee.      CHRIS WHEELER.

## FORGOTTEN.

*Upon a road one summer's night,  
O'er surface smooth and fair,  
Faint shadows casting subdued light,  
Balmy the languid air;  
A tricycle—a snatch of girlish song—  
The moon springs up to view—  
A scene, of riders side by side;  
For I was there—and you.*

*The evening cool, with grateful shade.  
Is warm with summer's kiss;  
'Twas on that trike—a man and maid  
Ride on in idle bliss.  
The word you spoke to me still rings  
In ears which could forget—I wish they could;  
I saw your eyes alight with things  
Unsaid—but understood.*

*How sweet that balmy blissful day  
To mem'ry's fancy seems!  
The snow-bound winter fades away,  
Replaced by these dear dreams.  
Again I fancy your voice seems near  
Once more in tender tone;  
However, thou art far away—I here,  
Forgotten and—alone.*



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