

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1885.

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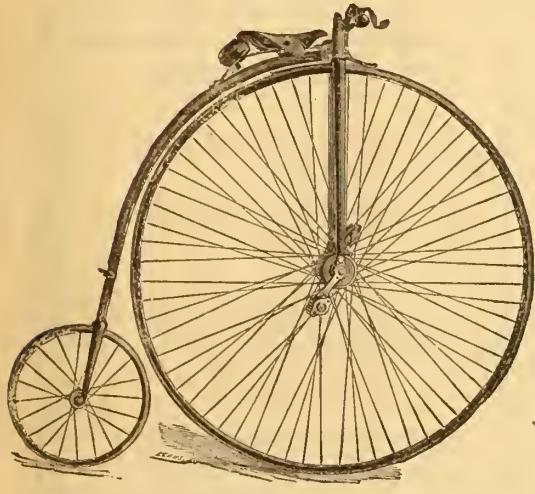
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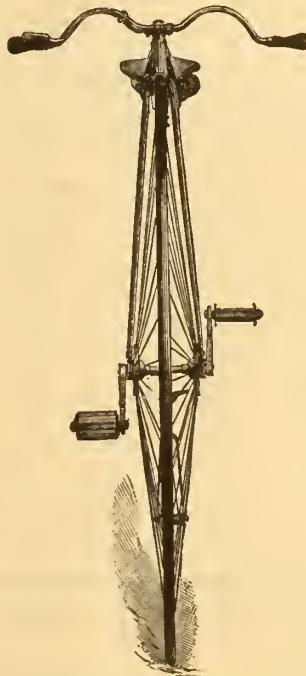
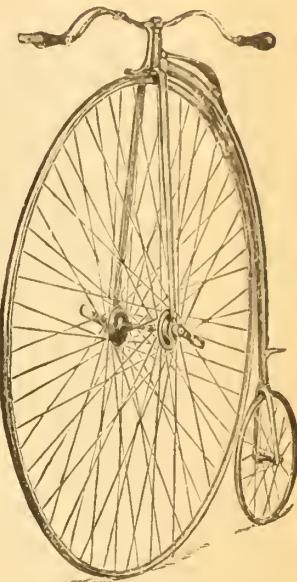


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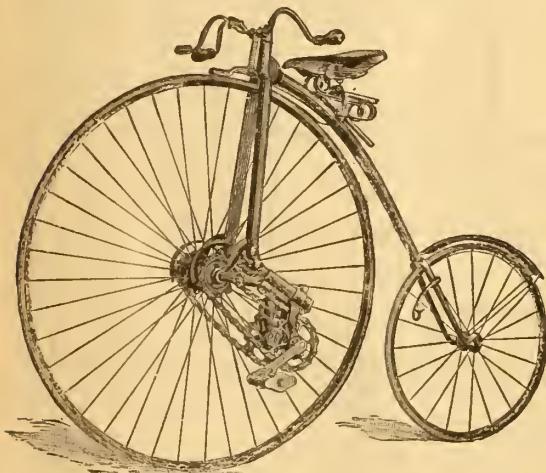
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ACCURATE TIMING.

SPRINGFIELD TIMING vs. ENGLISH TIMING—INFAILLIBILITY OF ENGLISH TIMES EXPLDED—SOME DAMAGING COMPARISONS.

The recent discussion anent Springfield records, by the English wheel press, has called out numerous criticisms on English timing and led to an investigation of its methods and accuracy, with a tendency to show the looseness with which our English cousins transact their timing compared with the painstaking and competent timing done at the Springfield tournament. It is evident on the face of the returns, and the records of the most important English races, that the times are jumped at; they are not taken scientifically as here, but in a hap-hazard sort of a way that might characterize a school-boy's performance. In printing the table of English records in the present issue we do not believe the times as given are right. In fact we know they are not, but we accept them simply because the N. C. U. has accepted them, and it is only out of respect to that body, whose honesty of purpose we do not question, that we accept the records as endorsed by them.

We will not dispute the times on theory, as did our English wheel friends the Springfield records, for while we think it improbable that a mile on a wheel may be run in exactly two minutes, yet it is not impossible, and some day it may be accomplished; but the equal of our English times can never, never be repeated. At the Springfield meeting the watches used were the finest split seconds that could be obtained, while on the other hand, the watches of our transatlantic competent (?) authorities must have been of the cheap Waterbury watch order, or else the timers a very incompetent and unreliable set of men, who could hardly be trusted to give out the time of day.

The accuracy of Springfield times can be seen at a glance at the tables before mentioned. Then compare the English times: on every race or time taken there are FOUR chances of having a fraction of a second to ONE chance of it being even seconds, yet we find our English racing men (with the aid of British times only) capable of running nearly one hundred miles and *every* mile just on the second—an utterly impossible feat, and one which no competent authority would declare possi-

ble. Yet our English friends swallow the times whole, simply because "it's English, you know," certainly not for their accuracy. Let us look at the tables and see how they are timed. On the amateur bicycle we find them very well done up to and including fifty miles, but beyond fifty miles we find it possible to run one hundred miles, each on the even second except three, or ninety-seven out of a possible one hundred chances of making the even second as against four hundred chances of getting a fractional part of a second. The professional bicycle records show that from ten miles to one hundred can be run on the even second, and the Safety from one to twenty miles without getting a fractional part of a second. As if this were not enough to throw out the records we would cite the professional times as a fair sample of British inconsistency. The professional record for fifty-eight miles is 3h. 20m. 8s.; for sixty miles, 3h. 54m. 59s.; sixty-two miles, 3h. 34m. 18s. We pause, and doubt whether we had better proceed, for we can show numerous cases like the above, but as we have conclusively shown that the times are positively wrong, although it may be only the fractional part of a second, yet the fact of their not being absolutely correct must stamp them as wrong, and furnish conclusive proof that English timing is not up to the standard of excellence required by the L. A. W. before it accepts a record, and that our transatlantic editors are capable of straining at a gnat and still are able to swallow a camel, provided, however, that the aforesaid gnat is an American and the camel English.

THE AUTUMN RECORD-BREAKING.

WHAT THE BICYCLERS HAVE DONE ON THE FAST HAMPTON PARK TRACK SINCE THE TOURNAMENT.

There may be tracks and tracks, but there is but one Hampden Park track that seems so fatal to bicycle records, and always holds the best, making new ones when needed, and putting one cyclist up in the realm of glory, only to place another above him later. The table given tells but half the story. Records were revised and re-revised tournament week, and not a half-dozen of those remain. The fliers who had ridden for glory and prizes against time were eager to race with time for glory only, supposed to be the only true amateur spirit. Again and again the knights of the wheel whirled around the track in the uncertain autumn weather of October and early November until the cold was too severe. The records fell again and again, and the tables are incomplete if we do not review these records. The tournament left the mile amateur bicycle record at 2.39 where Sellers had placed it at Hartford, Ct., the year before. The quarter was Fred Russ Cook's San Francisco (Cal.) record of 37 $\frac{2}{5}$ on May 16, the half was R. H. English's, 1.15 $\frac{1}{2}$, made here September 8, and the three-quarters was George M. Hendee's, 1.55 $\frac{1}{2}$, made at New Haven, Ct., June 8. E. P. Burnham had the two-mile record,

5.34 $\frac{2}{5}$, made here September 9. The three-mile was M. V. J. Webber's, 8.17, made that same day. Webber held all from 4 to 20; also made the 10th. The five-mile was 1.40 $\frac{1}{2}$; the ten-mile, 28.44; the twenty-mile 58.56 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the hour record, twenty miles 1,907 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The professionals had Wood's mile record of 2.35 $\frac{2}{5}$ to cut down, with new records as far as the sixth mile, which had been made at the tournament, Woodside's records for seven, eight, and nine miles, and Howell's ten-mile record of 30.07 $\frac{1}{2}$, which had hung over from last year's tournament.

"The King of the Wheel" began the work of making new figures for Fred Jenkins's little book, just out with a fourth edition. That, by the way, had been standing in type, as the editor seemed to have an idea that only one or two would need changing. Howell rode for the mile professional bicycle record at the Park, September 21. The day was cold and windy, but the record went down $\frac{1}{2}$ of a second—to 2.35 $\frac{2}{5}$.

Howell held the record, but wanted a better one. Hendee with other amateurs and some professionals were doing the St. Louis races at that time, and Hendee had made a world's record of 1.15 for the half-mile. Howell broke this on the 28th, making the quarter in .37 (not a record), the half in 1.13 $\frac{2}{5}$. The mile record yielded the next day, and was set at a notch that will hold it for some time. Howell, with a poor start making the quarter in 39 $\frac{2}{5}$, took a tremendous pace, making the half in 1.15 $\frac{1}{2}$, three-quarters in 1.53, and the mile in 2.31 $\frac{1}{2}$, world's record. Howell rested on his laurels, making a few new records on the safety bicycle and the tricycle for pastime. Fred Wood tried for the mile record October 1, with a pace maker, but failed, making but 2.41, a fine record before September 1.

The amateurs then took their turn, and the first effort was to carve out records for 100 miles, none previously going beyond 50. The Americans had been content with short distances, and runs of twenty and twenty-five miles are rare, so that the records that had been made in 1880 stood from 26 to 50 miles. F. F. Ives, of Meriden, Ct., and W. A. Rhodes, of Dorchester, appeared at the Park, October 9, on Victor wheels, to ride 100 miles, but tried only for the 25-mile record that day. Ives succeeded, doing it in 1h. 19m. 6 $\frac{3}{5}$ s., beating the best American record, made in August by N. H. Van Sicklen at Chicago, by 2m. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., but 2m. 25s. slower than the English record of H. L. Cortis, made at Surbiton, September 1, 1880. The records for 21, 22, 23, and 24 miles went down to him as well. The next day, October 10, everything—warm air, sun, and wind—favored the run for the 100-mile record, and it was handsomely won for the Springfield track. It was the first record race above 25 miles run on this track. The records were good, but could only stand till Hendee took his turn, and appropriated a goodly number. A week later there was a baby tournament at the Park, with more record breaking. A. O. McGarrett, of this city, prefaced

it by carving out novelty records, establishing records for the quarter, half, three-quarters, mile, and two miles without hands. England has done nothing of the sort. Fred Brown, of this city, of tandem-bicycle (gas-pipe attachment) fame, then did the quarter-mile in .36 $\frac{2}{3}$, with ease, cutting down Hendee's St. Louis world's record of .37, made September 23.

William A. Rowe, of Lynn, began his magnificent autumn work that day also. The old amateur mile-record had vanished before Hendee's wheel at St. Louis, September 23, when 2.38 $\frac{2}{3}$ was touched. Rowe made the record 2.30 $\frac{2}{3}$. His quarters were poorer in that ride, but later in the day he made a successful dash at them cutting under Wood's world's records of .36 $\frac{4}{5}$ for the quarter and 1.13 $\frac{2}{3}$ for the half; Rowe made 36 $\frac{2}{3}$ and 1.12 $\frac{2}{3}$, at a 2.25 $\frac{2}{3}$ gait. Rowe came on the track again on the 19th to make the 20 miles inside the hour in emulation of English Webber and Star Webber, and with even more noteworthy success. The air was chilly and a stiff wind blew but the records went down one by one and reached like a row of dominoes from six to twenty, the two-mile yielding also. The twenty-mile record was left at 58.20 instead of Webber's 58.50 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the new distance for the hour, 20 miles 3,036 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet, breaking Webber's of 20 miles 1,907 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet. It was a world record, ahead of the crack English professionals, and the twenty-mile time was also, being fourteen seconds better than the world's record held since Aug. 1, 1884, by Fred Lees, made at Leicester, Eng. Rowe made a try again at the quarter and three-quarters, October 24, but failed to break them, owing to the strong wind. The next day he had fine weather and little wind and sent the two-mile record down to 5.21 $\frac{2}{3}$, lowering Fred Wood's record by $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, made September 10; the third mile was made in 8.07 $\frac{2}{3}$, cutting M. V. J. Webber's time 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Afterwards he reduced his own mile record to 2.35 $\frac{2}{3}$, where it now stands, the one-mile world's amateur bicycle record. The following day another record went to Rowe won by a hair. He made the three-quarters in 1.55 $\frac{2}{3}$. Hendee's best was 1.55 $\frac{1}{4}$, lowered by $\frac{1}{20}$ of a second, which is close work. On the fourth successive day the records failed to yield, for Rowe made the quarter in .36 $\frac{1}{3}$, beating Brown's time but only equaling Hendee's. The record fell to him after another bold record, November 5. The day was good and the time better, .35 $\frac{2}{3}$ for the quarter, the world's record. Rowe went home with his laurels satisfied.

The professional records were tumbled about freely as well on the park, by the grand stand rider and pace maker but flier withal, W. M. Woodside, of Chicago. He had to ride without pace makers, which makes his records the more creditable. The four-mile fell to him October 24, in 11.29 $\frac{2}{3}$, cutting Wood's of 11.32 $\frac{2}{3}$, made September 10; the five-mile, 14.28, which Howell made at Wolverhampton, England, October 8, 1882, and had been invincible for three seasons, was broken and 14.23 $\frac{2}{3}$ now stands. Woodside rode ten miles the 26th and made new professional records from six to ten miles to fill out his list; the ten-mile record was cut 7 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds. He took a long ride the next day without pace makers as well, covering fifty miles. Everything went down from eleven to fifty miles and the records from twenty-one to thirty-eight are world's records save the thirty-fifth. He established a professional record for the hour of twenty miles 285 yards, the English record being Lees' of twenty-miles 509 yards.

Hendee's exploit closed the glory-covered season's record of the Hampden Park track. He started November 11, for a 100-mile ride, with the wind blowing strongly. It was hard work and he finished at ninety-three miles from sheer exhaustion, but with the records from twenty-six to fifty miles, and sixty-three to ninety-two. Ives' times hold good between and beyond these marks, and the old track has had a few new tricycle and safety records made for it besides.

A NEW RECORD.

The *Cyclist*, of London, England, which poses as an intelligent, honest, and trustworthy cycling paper, has scored a record as a perverter of the truth second to none in bicycling annals—a record which cannot be disputed either in theory or practice, as may be seen by its own words. A correspondent in a sporting contemporary asks why the "Coventry ring" refuses to admit the Springfield times, but publishes some, still harder to credit, that have appeared later on, without a word of comment. To which the *Cyclist* in its issue of November 11, replies as follows: "A contemporary wants to know why we have not queried the records made at Springfield since the English visit. Simply because the names of the timers have been in every case given, though all the timers' names of the tournament are not even yet to hand. Now, Mr. Larrette, will that satisfy you?"

As a malicious lie it must be very satisfactory. For the benefit of our readers we will say that the Coventry ring owns and publishes both the *Cyclist* and the *Bicycling News*, and we will quote from both to show the truth and harmony of their statements. The *Cyclist*, October 28, says: "Our private letters and the published statements of the *Bicycling World* and other papers all show that Mr. O. N. Whipple possesses the full confidence of the American public as a watch-holder. Mr. Whipple is described by an influential American as possessing a reputation equal in every respect to that of Mr. Coleman, though not quite so well known in cycling circles. He owns one of the largest jewelry stores in Springfield. He has been employed as a timer at trotting meetings where \$60,000 have been offered in prizes. He has timed college boat races, and is, in fact, in demand everywhere as a clocker. He has often traveled 1,000 miles to time an important event, and in short, we may take it at once that Mr. O. N. Whipple is in every way reliable."

The private letter above referred to was written to the *Cyclist* by the writer of this, and also contained the names of all the official timers at the Springfield tournament. Still in face of the above, the *Cyclist* in the same issue publishes the following: "We, in the exercise of this undoubted right, question the accuracy of the Springfield times, and invite Mr. H. E. Ducker to tell us who timed the races, and on whose reputation as an accepted watch-holder they are to stand."

The *Bicycling News* says in its issue of October 30: "The timers and officials at the tournament were, O. N. Whipple, of Springfield; E. C. Robinson, secretary Hampden Park Trotting Association; C. E. Fiske, of Springfield; referee, Abbot Bassett, of Boston; timer for referee, A. D. Clafin, of Boston, Mass." And yet on November 11, the *Cyclist* publishes a paragraph stating "the names of timers are not even yet to hand," although at that time, in addition to the letter referred to, a copy of the SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE

containing the full board of officials including the timers, was in the hands of the *Cyclist*. This needs no comment on our part.

At no time of the year is the earnest work of cyclers more needed than in the winter time. It is then when the riding season is poor and the evenings long, that the wheelmen with very little effort can write a few interesting items, at least once a week for the local papers, that will have the effect of keeping the interest of cycling alive, and to get non-wheelmen interested in the wheel for the coming season. A correspondent proposes that each club elect a "club editor" whose duty shall be to furnish the local papers once a week with a few local squibs and some of the best clippings from the wheel press, and if possible a short sketch of some notable local event or run; and that the said club editor shall forward each week a copy of said paper publishing the same to the wheel press, who would use the best of such local notes and thus a double purpose would be served. Let every club adopt the plan, and we shall all be surprised the coming spring at the increased use of the wheel. At all events don't let the interest flag because it is winter.

We take this opportunity to thank our many friends who have so kindly deluged us with letters of congratulations on the November GAZETTE. We did endeavor to acknowledge and thank each one, but the task was too great for our time and we here extend to all our hearty thanks, and assure you that the kind words were duly appreciated. We shall make our utmost endeavors in the future as in the past to please our many thousands of readers and to give them a paper that to miss will be a loss, and to receive a genuine treat.

MY OLD NEW-FASHIONED WHEEL.

I can't tell why exactly, but somehow I hate to part with that old wheel. It's one of the old new-fashioned kind, but its weight in gold could hardly buy it. I haven't looked at it for some time, but I can close my eyes, and put my hand on each familiar defect; its virtues, like its tender associations, are indelibly impressed upon my heart.

There are two worn pedals keyed to the loose axle of a 54-inch wheel, whose cementless soggy tire incessantly brushed the accumulated mud from a backbone that swung unsteadily in an open head of tremendous width.

'Monst Kentucky's rolling hills, Ohio's wooded groves, by many a rushing stream, through sluggish shallow creeks, on tow-path rough, and turnpike smooth, on the Wabash's swampy shore, my sturdy, revered comrade, in inseparable companionship, thou alone hast oft my secrets shared. We two have often visited one, who now, alas! is no more. 'Twas on thy sturdy back at evening dusk we used to wander along the well known road, and when perchance our journey's end revealed a certain gate, I often thought that thou, as though a being inspired with life, didst choose the very path your rider yearned, the path that led—beyond it was our goal. And sometimes the sable shades of night, black as your enameled coat, had fallen when we retraced our way.

I've strode thee oft, and
I've rode thee long,
Been unmercifully jostled;
I'll cherish thee,
I'll love thee
For memory's sake,
Ne'er part with thee,
But hang me
If I'll ride you.

WILLHELM.

FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.

INCE the despatch of my last communication, we have scarcely had a day without rain. All hopes of the slightest semblance to "The Little Summer of St. Martin," or even of a few fine November days upon which to put in a long spin or two, have disappeared; and whilst day after day brings the perpetual drizzling rain, the outlook is miserable in the extreme, and the most sardonic of foreigners will scarcely have the nerve to chaff the typical Briton for indulging in the typical British grumble at the weather. Under these dispiriting circumstances, no wonder need be expressed at the stagnancy of cycling. Even the "closing runs" of the clubs, which usually bring forth big numbers, have fallen flatter than I can ever recollect their doing before; only a few dozen men going out by train, and a few units having the hardihood to carry out the run by road.

The subject of the records made at Springfield continues to occupy our attention; and as further evidence comes to hand to substantiate the *bona fides* of your management, the skepticism which was so rife a month ago is gradually giving place to a belief that the times are correct. It may appear to you, from your point of view, to be gross presumption on the part of our English journals to question the correctness of your returns; but there is some reasonable ground for what our *Cyclist*, *Wheel Life*, *Tricyclist*, and other journals have said adversely to the accuracy of the records; for in the first place no mention whatever was made, in any documents at our disposal, of the names of the timers, nor of the other details which are invariably requisite to substantiate performances claimed to be the best on record. And the very fact that Mr. Etherington, of *Wheeling*, asserted the accuracy of your times, instead of removing, lent additional force to the doubts expressed, inasmuch as Mr. Etherington indulged in vindictive personal abuse, and advanced only dogmatic assertion in place of calm and dispassionate explanations of the facts; and his own *ipse dixit* as to the times was utterly worthless by reason of his never having been known to time even a private club race before. I was one who stood apart from the general run of journalists included in what is complimentarily called The Coventry Ring, and in the *Wheel World* magazine I pointed out the absurdity of my colleagues so hastily throwing wholesale doubts upon the American timing when they were so ready to accept unquestioned any sort of a record, however shady, that was made on the Crystal Palace track and timed by Mr. Coleman. A month later, in the same magazine, I stated exactly what amount of doubt remained in my own mind after reading all that has been published; and now that every mail brings fresh evidence to disprove the allegations of conspiracy which were so freely hinted by my colleagues, I cannot avoid pointing to the remarks which I made in the October issue of the *Wheel World*, and admitting that in this matter my colleagues in The Coventry Ring have acted rather too precipitately. The timers at Springfield being named, and the track-measurement being known to be actually more against the riders than our (Kerbless) Crystal Palace track, I cannot admit that we, in England, have any right whatever to suppose that the Springfield records are less trustworthy than our own.

If any proof were needed of the justice of the British opinion as to Mr. Etherington's incompetence to pose as an authority in such matters, any reader of *Wheeling* can refer back to the grandiloquent announcements that were made in the spring, to the effect that the proprietor of that journal would present "Wheeling record-medals" to the cyclists who, at the end of the season, held the recognized records at various distances; these records being only such as were verified and accepted by the Records Committee of the N. C. U.—"none other will be looked at for a moment."

In striking contrast to this announcement, *Wheeling* this week announces that the Records Committee have declined to accept the claim of J. H. Adams for the twenty-four hours tricycle record, as the distance is not proved to be greater than the previous record of C. H. R. Gosset; but *Wheeling* goes on to state that notwithstanding this decision of the Records Committee, Adams will be awarded the *Wheeling* record-medal; and it then follows in the usual manner with blustering abuse of the Records Committee. When such inconsistencies as these occur, can it be wondered at that *Wheeling* and its editor's opinions do not carry any weight?

Regarding this same record, the committee's announcement does not give any specific details of the reason for rejecting the claim, but I am given to understand that the distance claimed by Adams was reduced by reason of his having become utterly exhausted at one portion of the journey, whereupon one of his pace makers dismounted and pushed his tricycle (with him seated on it) for some distance to the next village. Even including this distance, the total day's mileage claimed only amounted to one mile beyond record; so that the fact turns out to be that *Adams tricycled less than the previous recorded distance*; and although the makers of the tricycle may continue to advertise otherwise, nobody conversant with the facts and possessing any integrity can do otherwise than endorse the Records Committee's opinion, and reject the claim.

Dan Canary, the trick rider, is taking all London by storm. For years past it has been regarded as rather bad form for amateur cyclists to practice trick-riding, and such professional troupes of performers as have occasionally appeared at our music-halls have not attracted much notice. But Canary has opened our eyes to their widest extent, and the most skillful among us cannot avoid a feeling of utter and hopeless insignificance when we see what a miraculous master of his wheel he is. Already he is securing engagements to perform at private club gatherings, in addition to having standing appointments to perform nightly on the stages at the two largest music-halls in London.

A number of the long-distance road-riders living in and near London have formed a club called the North Road Cycling Club, for the express purpose of promoting fast and long-distance road-rides and races, principally but not exclusively on the Great North Road—the main highway from London to Edinburgh—the London end of which has been the scene of so many record rides lately. Some of the best riders, already belonging to various local clubs, have become members; and the club is already nick-named "The Scorchers." One qualification for membership is that every candidate must have ridden at least a hundred miles in a day.

WAVERLEY.

LONDON, November 16, 1885.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



CONNECTICUT, Hudson, and Delaware rivers, if they do form barriers, slight ones, to the bodily passage of the cyclo, yet offer no opposition, or very little, to the passage of his thoughts or his sayings, which latter, if they are worth anything, will be sure to find their way into

sympathetic and congenial ears wherever the star of cycling wends its way. Though under promise to forward you gossip, entertaining gossip, presumably, from the haunts of Quakerism and blue blood, I am not sure whether I ought to attempt the duty; for in these days of promiscuous pen-wagging, he is a lucky fellow indeed who comes out ahead of his contemporaries in the estimation of the editor and his printer's devil. Indeed, this latter much-hailed and ink-bespattered individual is often an exceedingly intelligent specimen of humanity, and frequently an acute critic of the shortcomings of authors and writers of all sorts; hence, you know, all the millionaire printers who, the story books tell us, were so fond, when they hadn't a cent in their pocket, of improving the shining, or, rather, the shaded hour of their start in life. But this style of talking is irrelevant to matters connected with cycling in this immediate locality; therefore, with some doubt, as I said before, as to my ability to retail entertainingly incidents, facts, suppositions, and imaginings allied to cycling round this region, I will give my pen license to do its best to please your readers. I need hardly say that the GAZETTE interests all who come in contact with it here, as far as I know; so beware of what new features of the nature of this communication you insert in it. It is best to "let well alone," you know.

How do cyclers feel in Philadelphia over the wonderful outcome of the past racing season? That is a question which our Eastern friends may have a curiosity to hear answered. Well, then, from all that I can see and hear, I should say we are an exceedingly surprised lot of fellows; poetically, though not practically, speaking, we are fairly surprised out of our boots, or, rather, we would be if we wore such articles,—we wear shoes here. Well, the extraordinary doings East in the matter of playing fast and loose with the records, and the extraordinary sayings farther East relative to said doings, have afforded plenty of material to think, talk, and write about, material the like of which we hardly expected. I have said that they have afforded matter for writing as well as talking and thinking, and thank heaven for the same; for have they not given our respected friend Hal, of national analytical reputation,—"hem!"—a chance to expend on foreigners some of the bottled-up distillations, which might, if subsidized by common sense much longer, threaten an annihilation, or a disintegration of his physical and mental organism,—"hem! again. The foregoing is a poor attempt of the writer to convey in the poetic imagery of Hal's language, the idea which he would otherwise compress into the expressive term "bust." Yes, we were all surprised round here at the developments of the past racing season, and we hardly know what to look for next season. Perhaps we should not look for anything startling; the end, or rather the results, already accomplished have been so wonderful that they

cannot leave much for the future,—at least it would appear so. Cycling around here, as far as the racing department is concerned, seems to be at a dead stop. The only attempt made this year to hold a Philadelphia race meeting turned out a complete failure. The elements were against it, and the interest taken in it beforehand was none of the warmest. It is almost an impossible feat to excite any interest in bicycle racing in this city; what the reason is for this apathetic stand towards race meetings, taken by even the cyclers themselves, it would be hard to determine. Popular cycling is in Philadelphia. No one can doubt this who takes note of the number of cyclers who throng the park, and who frequent Lancaster pike and the roads and pretty villages, like Bryn Mawr and Wayne, lying along it. But the genius of our cyclers appears to be of the kind for which Philadelphia is noted, viz.: a desire for solid, easy-going comfort, which finds more enjoyment in a leisurely ride through the park and out the "pike" than in a mile rush round a race track, and which sees more utility in a contemplative tour across the country-side than can be gotten out of a fifty-mile hunt after fame or a record. Perhaps my immediate neighbors are right in their ideas; indeed, I have no doubt but that they are, for being neither a Hendee nor a Rowe, and caring to be nothing less as a flier, your correspondent will make a virtue of a necessity and consign racing to—racers, of course. There would be hardly any use in my mentioning the names or the achievements of our present local fliers; you would simply ignore their claims to the title of racers. Most of our racing glory is linked with the past, and seems to center round the time when "Gid" "made time" for Americans. The mile championship of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club was run off some time ago at the games of the University of Pennsylvania, and it was won in 3.27 $\frac{1}{4}$ by T. A. Schaeffer, who was supposed to have no chance against his competitor for the trophy, Edward Kohler, who has a fair reputation here as a fast man. Schaeffer has also won the club cup of the Camden (N. J.) Bicycle Club, his time being 3.27 $\frac{1}{2}$. In both races he could most certainly have made much better time; the tracks were none of the best, and, as he is practically a novice, never having trained, we may expect next year to have at least one fairly good local racer. Road-riding, after all, is the great stand-by of our riders here,—that is, road-riding for pleasure. The crowds of cyclers to be seen in Fairmount Park on a fine, bright evening evidences the favor with which cycling is regarded in Philadelphia. Lancaster pike is proverbially the one and only respectable highway for the riders of this great city, but it is fast losing its reputation for being the road *par excellence*. Many other roads branching from it, principally in the direction of north and northwest, are assuming the appearance of the "grand old pike," and soon quite a network of roads resembling those which are the boast of New England, perhaps even an improvement on those much belauded highways, will lie at the feet, or rather the "wheels," of our local wheelmen. Of late, since the macadam has crept its twenty miles out "Lancaster," the little town of Paoli has become the Mecca, or rather the Ripley, of Philadelphia riders, the reason being that at Paoli there lives a respectable Quaker gentleman, Shoemaker by name, who makes it his business to cater to the wants of cyclers out for a spin from the great city. Paoli lies eighteen miles from Philadelphia,

but for an afternoon's enjoyment, embracing a beautiful ride and a slap-up dinner or supper, thirty-six miles is not considered much by our average cyclers. One day last week, I counted thirty-three riders round the well furnished board at Shoemaker's, and the chestnut trees in the immediate neighborhood of the house had to yield a goodly meal to the sturdy visitors after the regular one had been discussed. Gradually the places situated out the "pike" have become more and more familiar to cyclers, as cycling has gained ground among the youth and manhood of the city. I remember when Ardmore, five miles out, at the summit of the first rising ground, of which the hills called the "Three Sisters" form an interesting portion, was considered a good ride. Then Bryn Mawr, select Bryn Mawr, was the place. Then the macadam and the "wheels" crept out by Rosemont, with its memories of Longfellow, by Villa Novas College, and on to Wayne, the abiding place of the well-known George W. Childs, then on to Devon, and, last of all, after a laborious climb up the heavy hill at the last named place, the local cycling world, generally speaking, contents itself with stopping where the macadam stops at Paoli, and does its best there to wreck the comestible department at Shoemaker's. The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club is now being made a body corporate, and it is the first cycling organization in Philadelphia to take this step. The project, I believe, has been under consideration for some time past, and by the time that this letter gets into print, Philadelphia will have one incorporated cycling club. Three years ago there were as many bicycle clubs in this city; now the cycling fraternities number over a dozen,—so we grow.

This communication having also grown to this inordinate length, I think it is time, for the sake of your readers, to cast anchor. I fancy, indeed, that I have written too much. The next time I drop you a missive, I shall have, very probably, something to say relative to the cycling clubs and club life in the Quaker City. CHRIS.

News Notes.

Wheeling Annual.

Have you seen *Wheeling Annual*?

Woodstock is the hub of cycling in Canada.

To the making of records there seems to be no end.

William A. Rowe, the record murderer of America.

We know of no paper that cares to dispute the *Cyclist* record.

A thorn in the flesh to the *Bicycling News* and *Cyclist*: Springfield.

W. W. Stall can ride Corey Hill in full-dress on his favorite Star.

Arthur Young, of St. Louis, made us a pleasant visit on his recent trip East.

The Nashville Bicycle Club contains some of the liveliest kind of cyclers.

The record of the *Cyclist* will stand the test of time, gentlemen of the press.

Percy Furnivall denies having his expenses paid on his recent visit to America.

All of the important bicycle records of the world were made on a Columbia bicycle.

The squabble in the English cycling press is a disgrace to the nation of beef-eaters.

Our Row-e for this year is hoed, and we present a complete table of cycling records.

The very thought of riding on the Springfield track inspires men with the desire to go fast.

Wheeling Annual, the best of all wheel annuals, mailed, post-paid, upon receipt of 50 cents.

The chestnut crop is good. For proof of same, see the cycling press during the winter months.

Again the Overman Wheel Co. is going to move,—this time to larger and more commodious quarters.

Mr. L. R. Harrison has resigned the captaincy of the Boston Club, which he has held for two years.

A Christmas present for friend or foe is Chris Wheeler's new book, "Rhymes of the Road and River."

Read the advertisement of *Wheeling Annual*. In fact, read all of the advertisements, and profit thereby.

A Newark (N. J.) mechanic is working upon a new bicycle combination of a lamp, cyclometer, and alarm bell.

Boys going through the woods whistle to keep their courage up. The moral of this lies in the application.

Francis P. Prial has severed his connection with the *Wheel* and Fred Jenkins once more assumes the helm.

Bi, Bi. Yes! BUY "Rhymes of the Road and River," By Chris Wheeler, a Bi-cycler of fame in the literary world.

The loss of the world's records up to and including twenty miles, is a nut the *Bicycling News* is unable to crack.

Percy Furnivall is catching it right and left since his arrival home, and all on the makers' amateur question.

Springfield people must not be judged as fast, simply because their track is; but they do appreciate speed on wheels.

By reference to our list of new patents, it will be seen that the Marquis of Lorne has applied for a patent on a bicycle.

"Gone over to the United States," is the way the English cycling press announce the marriage of wheelmen nowadays.

The Portland Wheel Club has set the ball rolling by holding its second annual ball Thursday evening, October 3.

Chris Wheeler, one of our most popular cycling writers, will hereafter pay a monthly visit to the readers of the *GAZETTE*.

It is with pleasure that we record the reinstatement of Lewis T. Frye in the amateur ranks by the racing board L. A. W.

Now for a League meeting in California. A nice trip, and an enjoyable time would be insured all who cross the Rockies.

Springfield's "Big Four" next year will be Hendee, Rowe, Adams, and Brown. Where is the team that can beat them?

Open warfare is honorable; but mere suppositions are contemptible. Respectfully dedicated to the *Cyclist* and *Bicycling News*.

The number of records made on the Hampden Park track this fall have never been excelled on any track in the world by any sport.

The *Bicycling World* looks for the downfall of

the importation of English bicycles, owing to the excellence of our home-made wheels.

One thing you will always regret, *i. e.*: If you don't secure at once, and before they are all gone, one of those superb *Wheeling Annals*.

The contortions of the *Bicycling News* and *Cyclist*, since the American press got after them, are painful to witness, even to Springfielders.

Wheels of the world: 1, American; 2, American; 3, any English wheel. Records of the world: 1, American; 2, well—none worth speaking of.

The *Wheel* is now a paying investment, and is netting the stockholders a handsome dividend on their investment; at least so says the *Wheel*.

The Bay City Wheelmen, of San Francisco, have voted to join the L. A. W., and will endeavor in the spring to have a State division formed.

Chris Wheeler's new story will be in three chapters. Chapter I., A Conversation; Chapter II., An Explanation; Chapter III., A Consummation.

Fred Wood was royally received upon his return to England. He greatly enjoyed his trip to America, and will undoubtedly repeat it next year.

Cyclist and *Bicycling News* have lost their former reputation for honesty and intelligent criticism by their stupid course in regard to Springfield records.

Canary has carried England by storm, and at last our British cousins are forced to believe what has been said regarding American fancy riding.

Messrs. Furnivall, Lambert, and Dan Canary arrived in England, October 13. The latter gave his first exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, October 21.

Englishmen present the novel sight of disputing the records of their racing men in a foreign country, instead of upholding the just credit due their heroes.

The Springfield Bicycle Club has once more shown its allegiance to the L. A. W., by discarding its neat uniform of black and adopting the uniform of the L. A. W.

The Waltham Bicycle Club was organized September 15, and chose O. E. Davies president. Thus Springfield is honored, as Mr. Davies is a member of the Springfield Club.

"He that laughs last laughs best." How is it, Messrs. *Cyclist* and *Bicycling News*? We now have the laugh, while you have the contempt of all reputable wheelmen.

A long and bitter discussion has been going on in the English wheel press about the Springfield times, some of which does not savor much of gentlemanly editors, to say the least.

We should judge by the issue of October 31 of the *Mirror of American Sports* that half of the population of the United States were expected to use roller skates the coming winter.

We advise all our readers wishing a graphic account of the great 100-mile road race to send to the H. B. Smith Machine Co., Smithville, N. J., for a copy of the *Mechanic* for October.

The *Bicycling News* has a cartoon,—“A Real Record,”—representing Canary standing erect in his saddle, with one foot on the handle-bar and at perfect ease, as is Canary's usual custom.

J. Clifford Hames, of Vincentown, N. J., is one

of the most expert riders on the Star. All of his tricks were mastered without the aid of a teacher, and some of them were originated by him.

The motto of the *Bicycling News*, “*Fiat Justitia ruat Caelum*,” is out of place, as the *News* knows of no such thing as justice. It is a libel to place the motto at the head of its editorial columns.

San Francisco wheelmen's ambition is, first, for all to join the L. A. W.; second, a State division; third, a track in Golden Gate Park, and last, but not least, a meeting of the L. A. W. in the Bay City.

Look out for your bicycle. Within a month three bicycles have been stolen,—one from Storrs & Candee, of Hartford, one from Garvey's repair shop, and one from George H. Corey, of New York.

A word of advice to the *Cyclist* and *Bicycling News*: Read the *Cycling Times*, of London, and then reflect as to how an English cycling paper looks when free from abuse, insults, and personalities.

In speaking of a recent collision between a horse and buggy with a bicycle, the *Lynn Bee* says: “The bicycle might be used for a crinoline, but it is of no more earthly use for breaking records.”

A complimentary supper was tendered William A. Rowe by the Springfield Bicycle Club, previous to his departure for Lynn, and a very enjoyable evening was spent with the world's amateur champion.

The *Sporting Journal*, of Chicago, has started once more to arouse the dormant spirit of the Chicago wheelmen. Had the wheelmen one-half the enthusiasm of the editor, we should all have to stand from under.

Wheeling has gained in circulation greatly since the unwarranted attack of *Bicycling News*. Well, Harry Etherington deserves it. He has stood by American time nobly, and we are glad to note that his stand is appreciated.

In speaking of the rapidity with which new records are made this fall, Chris Wheeler very aptly says: “It would take a recording angel with a fountain pen to keep track of present doings among the racing men.”

The “cycling-record craze” is what the New York *Clipper* says of Rowe's recent attempts on the path at Springfield against time; while the *Sporting Life* calls it “record murdering.” The records were made all the same.

Will our English cycling editors please read the *American Wheelman* for November and the *L. A. W. Bulletin* for October 30? It will be a dose for them to swallow that will make them wish they had never doubted Springfield times.

Springfield for tracks and records, Boston for roads, Chicago for tours, Philadelphia for clubs, Buffalo for freedom of parks, San Francisco for the greatest number of subscribers in one city to THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

The North Shields Bicycle Club will hold its great Anglo-American tournament on August 2 and 3, and it is hoped that Rowe, Hendee & Co. will pay this famous club a visit on this, the first tournament in England conducted on the Springfield plan.

Our editorial entitled “A New Record,” is a little hard; but it is time to show the English cycling press up in their true light, and remember-

ing the old motto, “it must be cruel to be kind,” we have sailed in with language that admits of no misunderstanding.

Gentlemen of the path, the use of alcoholic stimulants on the occasion of a long ride is totally uncalled for, and it is nothing less than a crime to force it upon a man who is tired and thirsty, especially when it is an article which in his daily life he never uses.

Ex-Senator Sharon has left \$50,000 to improve the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and the ever energetic Bay City Wheelmen have interviewed the heirs to have them build a bicycle track in the park. Cook is working for it, and has the aid of Governor Stanford.

Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Co., of Chicago, have a fine collection of photographs of leading wheelmen, and desire to obtain a complete file. If any racing man who has not favored this house with his photo will do so at once, it will be thankfully received and added to the collection.

Woe to the man or paper who says a word in favor of Mr. Etherington! It is a signal for a column of abuse from the *Cyclist* and *Bicycling News*. Their motto seems to be: “Let no man or paper escape our just condemnation who says a word in favor of Mr. Etherington.”

The population of the world is roughly computed at 1,435,000,000. Yet not a solitary one, says the *Cycling Times*, of this vast crowd can make it his business to meet a fellow who is coasting a hill on a dark night and warn him that there's a big patch of stones at the bottom!

We have beaten the Englishmen at last, even with “sixty-two seconds to the minute.” Next year we can beat them with sixty-five seconds to the minute, with American riders on American-made wheels, timed by American watches on American tracks, and checked by Englishmen.

Wheelmen, send your lady friends one of those elegant books of poetry, “Rhymes of the Road and River,” by Chris Wheeler. Published by E. Stanley Hart & Co., Philadelphia. Price, \$2; worth \$5 of any wheelman's money. It is the finest book ever gotten up with reference to cycling.

The demand for *Wheel* stock far exceeds the supply since the manifesto of the Cycling Publishing Company, stating that the paper now pays its stockholders a handsome dividend. We congratulate the Cycling Publishing Company on (we think) possessing the only paying cycling paper in the United States.

The Cycling Publishing Company tells how profitable the *Wheel* is, and speaks of the handsome dividends, while the stockholders—at least, some of them—say the paper is losing money and the stock is a dead letter. For our part, we hope the story of the company making money is true, for it gives us some hope.

The final hearing has been had in the bicycle suit of the Pope Manufacturing Company vs. T. B. Jefferey in the United States circuit court for the Northern District of Illinois, some time pending, the decision of the court being in favor of the Pope Manufacturing Company, for damages, costs, and an injunction.

At Taunton, Mass., on Sept. 30, a one-mile race was won in 4.30. Same date at Fitchburg, Mass., one mile in 4.15. We publish the above for the benefit of the *Cyclist* as a beginning of an acceptable table of American records. We think the

times must suit the way-backs of cycling journalism, and will be entered on the record books of the *Cyclist*. This is very essential, isn't it?

On a recent run of some Boston ladies on tricycles, was a lady who is an invalid and unable to walk a mile. She cannot ride in a carriage in an erect position or walk up-stairs without assistance. She rode twenty-three miles on her tricycle that day, and her physician said that the effort had greatly benefited her.

In recognition of the able manner in which Mr. H. D. Corey managed R. Howell, who accomplished such wonderful times on the Rudge bicycle and tricycle while in America, Mr. Woodcock, of D. Rudge & Co., Coventry, presented Mr. Corey, just as he was leaving England, with a beautiful "Genuine Humber" tandem tricycle built by his firm. The machine is valued at \$275.

The Bermuda trip for 1886 is now fully outlined. The party will leave New York March 2, for a twenty days' tour. Mr. Elwell will have charge of the arrangements. Frank H. Taylor, the artist and writer, will go with the party and will write and illustrate the trip, and publish it in book form. The expense will be about \$80, which includes a ten days' stop at the Hamilton Hotel.

The fourth annual road race of the Ixion Bicycle Club was ridden, November 3, from the Peabody House, Yonkers, to the club-house, Fifty-ninth street and the Boulevard, New York City,—about 15 miles. The road was in good order as far as Kingsbridge, but the remainder heavy; wind fresh, against the riders. E. S. Robinson, th. 11m. 1s.; P. M. Harris, th. 12m. 11s.; J. H. Tripler, th. 20m.

We regret to announce the suspension of the *Cyclist and Athlete*, which is owing to the members of the firm of Baird Brothers being so much occupied in other enterprises that they cannot give the proper attention to the management of the details of a live weekly paper. The *Cyclist and Athlete* was a first-class paper, and the graphic description of race meetings will be missed by many an enthusiast of the sport.

The New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association has been organized for the purpose of building a first-class bicycle path. The incorporators are: R. M. Sanger, Orange Wanderers; D. E. Drake and W. H. Parsons, New Jersey Wheelmen; H. W. Knight and W. H. Peck, Essex Bicycle Club; L. B. Bonnett, Elizabeth Wheelmen; E. W. Johnson, Hudson County Wheelmen, and R. W. Weir, Montclair Wheelmen.

The *Cyclist* and *Bicycling News* are laboring hard to have a few of their readers believe that they are the representative cycling papers of the world,—no; England only,—and the results of their labors so far seem to be fruitless. Never mind, brethren; if you will continue long enough, you will have the satisfaction of reading it so often that verily you will begin to believe it yourselves, and then imagine the rest of England does.

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of the *Sporting Life* in our advertising columns. The *Sporting Life* is a weekly journal devoted to all sports that are noble and manly. It contains no objectionable reading matter or advertisements, and is the leading sporting journal of the country. We advise our readers to send for a free sample copy to the *Sporting Life* Publishing Company, 202 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

According to reports, the supper to the victorious English wheelmen must have made the doubting editors of the cycling papers very uncomfortable, for we find that Mr. Hillier was only once applauded, while Mr. Etherington was applauded nearly thirty times. One thing is certain, the editors of *Cycling* and *Bicycling News* have placed themselves in an awkward plight, and it will call for some strategy to extricate themselves from it.

At last the *Bicycling News* has come to realize why Springfield times are fast, and says: "Given a competition such as was promoted at Springfield; given subsidized amateurs, straining every nerve to earn their "screws"; given a *bona fide* amateur or two, very anxious to keep in front, because they know quite well that three or four of their paid opponents have been instructed by their employers to cut them out at all hazards, by fair means or foul, and we fancy the times at Springfield might be approached."

The annual race for the bicycling championship of Paris, France, ten kilometers, attracted a large crowd to Longchamps on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18. The proceedings were under the auspices of the "Societe Velocipedique Metropolitaine." Nine competitors entered, all of whom kept exceedingly well together for a short time, but suddenly four of the number were observed to quickly leave the remainder behind. An exciting struggle then followed, which resulted in the victory of M. de Civry (champion), the time being 18m. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

It was with reluctance that the Pope Manufacturing Company went into the building of racing wheels. In fact, Colonel Pope did not have any desire to enter into path competition, as he was satisfied with the excellence of his wheels on the road; and it was only three months prior to the September tournament that the company decided to build racing wheels. It was then the Colonel decided to have the laurel wreath awarded the Columbia, and how well his Yankee enthusiasm has accomplished the purpose our record tables tell.

At the supper given in London to the victorious English cyclists, which was attended by nearly two hundred of England's representative wheelmen, the frequent applause accorded Mr. Harry Etherington whenever the accuracy of Springfield times was mentioned, shows how popular opinion is in England; and what is more, it made such an impression upon the editors of *Cyclist* and *Bicycling News* that the very next issue of *Cyclist* did not have one word to say on the subject, while *Bicycling News* had so modified its tone that it was equal to a retraction of the previous charges.

A "Villager" writes to *Wheeling*: "I rode my sociable with a friend to a country church, a few Sundays ago. Leaving it in the porch, I entered the edifice. During the sermon there was a bump, a noise, and a yell; I looked round and beheld the sexton, who had slipped out before the sermon, together with the grave-digger, on the floor, and my sociable on the top of them. They had been tempted to try the machine, but I always take the nut off the steering-bar when I leave it. They had some speed up when the bar came out, and the guiding-wheel, swerving round, had taken them into church, the door of which was open, much to the horror of the congregation."

"The disablement of my right hand, about which you ask particulars," writes Karl Kron,

October 31, "does not concern my using it for ordinary purposes. The premonitory symptoms of what is called 'writer's cramp' or 'pen paralysis' have merely shown the necessity of giving that hand a rest from pushing the pen. For the last month, therefore, I've done all my writing with the left hand, and have attained a fair degree of facility. I shall not try to write with my right again for many months; but, if my left shows similar symptoms of numbness, I shall resort to the type-writer, whose management has no effect upon those nerves which resent a too long-continued holding of the pen or pencil."

It is reported that Hendee was given so much sherry and other stimulants during his recent attempt to break the 100-mile record, that when he stopped he was so intoxicated that he had to be carried from his machine to the dressing tent. Hendee has never before indulged in such stimulants, and it is a shame that they should be forced upon him.—*Boston Globe*. If the above is true, Hendee's trainer or manager should be well ashamed of himself. If cycle racing cannot be carried on without the use of liquors, let us stop right off; and rather than have another such spectacle the Springfield Bicycle Club had better destroy their beautiful track and manufacturers stop building wheels for racing purposes.

"Not to Be Doubted."—The *Cycling Times* (London) says in a leading editorial: "The question of the American records still seems to trouble one of our contemporaries, but why they should feel so strongly on this point, we cannot understand. That the records are correct we do not for one moment dispute, especially as the times were taken by considerably more than one watch, and were duly verified before being given to the world. As we said last week, it is no uncommon thing in this country to see the times taken with one watch only, and accepted. Why, then, should not the American records be accepted?—records made by Englishmen in another country. Surely if the times were to be disputed, it would not be for Englishmen to dispute them, but rather the other way. We therefore trust that we may hear no more of this nonsense, and that all petty jealousies will be cast on one side, and credit given to those who took the times of knowing what they were about."

Of course this must be true, for the *Cycling Times* said it: "When you go to see Canary at the Westminster Aquarium there are several special precautions to be taken. Don't get excited before you get there. Be calm and cool. Wear a *pince nez*, and keep your hat on. These latter may at first sight seem superfluous. But they are not. I'll tell you why. Of the 60,000 people who last week witnessed the performance of the now celebrated 'bicycle tamer,' the hair of 28,762 visibly stood on end, while the eyes of the remaining 31,238 started from their respective sockets at Canary's marvels. The most comic episode in connection with the bicycle tamer's visit that has come before my notice is the fact that a certain Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society, having heard that a poor Canary was doing deeds of daring on a bicycle, sent a committee of wise men to the 'palace of the 10,000 lights,' with the object of fully investigating the matter and reporting thereon. Imagine, then, the feelings of said committee on finding the poor Canary to be a real live man."

WHEELING WISDOM FROM OHIO.

True blue; the solitary wheelman flaunts, and at the mystic shrine of L. A. W. bows. Grasp hands all Buckeye wheelmen, and let's toast.

The fading of the cycling season has been so gradual here in this temperate climate of ours, that autumn, forerunner of grim winter—the wheelmen's foe—has scarcely made its presence felt as yet.

An Ohio boy captured the first prize in the Four R's road race from Washington, Pa., to Uniontown, Pa., thirty-six miles. Out of eight starters, John Kerch of Canal Dover, Ohio, came in five minutes ahead of the second man.

The shortened days, the fallen leaves and clean stripped fields, alone remind us that the year is growing old. An Indian summer, resplendent with its glowing sunsets and balmy atmosphere, has been our lot, and left our roads and highways unusually smooth and firm.

Short tours were planned and run till late November, and if perhaps it chanced to be a run called by some club, unlooked for numbers participated, impelled, as it were, by the mournful stanza:

"But once a year the season's with us,
At pace of time, we stand aghast;
What's past is gone beyond redemption.
Alas! the leaves are falling fast."

As the racing and touring season has been drawn to a close in this State, those interested in such achievements are requested to send an account or list of same to William F. Goetze, Lockland, Ohio. This information is intended for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, and as our State has at all times been well represented in both speed and touring contests, the request should meet with liberal responses.

We have the right man at the helm with a trusty loyal crew. May our division always be one of the brightest in the American League, its brilliant and illustrious past but a promising prophecy of its glorious future. Monarch of her domain, let none dispute her righteous and beneficial sway. Long may it remain, the champion and protector of her creed, transmitting by the wholesome influence of her members, League wheelmen to swell her own chorus, and thereby increase the glowing prosperity of our dearly beloved frater.

Bicycles sometimes prove dangerous even when unaccompanied by their riders. Messrs. Draim & Co., of Canton, Ohio, are at present the defendants in a suit for damages, brought by one Alexander Thoburn. The defendant's wife with her son aged three years, had entered Messrs. D. & Co.'s establishment, and while the mother was occupied with an attendant the son incidentally brushed against a bicycle reclining on the counter, causing it to fall and strike the boy. He was knocked down and severely bruised, beside fracturing one of his legs.

Social entertainments and benefits will now be in order, in fact the rule among our more prosperous clubs, and it is at this season the club liar is most prolific, ever surrounded by his chosen coterie of faithful admirers, soaring to the sublime with the majesty of his falsifications, expounding truth and hoary bearded chestnuts, with a regularity as commendable and uniform as the incessant whirr of the home trainer operated by the club's fast man on meeting nights. And our solitary rider, who glories in the possession of the only wheel, and by that right the undisputed wearer of the only knickerbocker and helmet in some out-of-the-

way village, and we have some in this State, where when—

Winds blow hard, and
Winter storms do rage

may you be found. A roaring fire and capacious chair are his companions on such a night, a little brown jug—full of cider—THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE full of news; fitting comrades to the companions. WILLIHELM.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

Now we want Kron's book.

The ex-flier, John L. Ayer, lately called at the Solitary Club rooms.

The editors of the Greenwich *Graphic* are pretty low with the bi. fever.

Two of our post-office force are cyclers. No wonder things there run smoothly.

One of our wheelmen has a machine which a popular New York bicycle dealer calls a "dwarf," and he will sell!

Several cyclers wheeled over here from Vonkers-on-the-Hudson to absorb one of those square dinners at the Brunswick.

Some of Stamford's streets have recently been graveled, which renders them much more ridable than they have been for some time.

Mr. J. Bromfield was the lucky man in the raffle for a new 54-inch Expert, given at the rink, during Company C's late fair, by Captain Hurlbutt.

Circumstances have combined to prevent a Long Island tour planned by the tourist of the Solitary Club, but it may be supplemented by short local runs. He will keep a log!

They all pronounce the November number of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE one to be proud of, but have become so used to treats in that line that they are not surprised, and look for continued favors in December.

The zigzag, butterfly-like wavering of a lone cycler who passed our rooms last Sunday, and who dismounted at a slight incline in the road, did not need to give further evidence of his being in the "early stage." The figure 8's he cut told the story.

Our roads have afforded fine riding pretty well throughout November, and the occasional riders have reason to rejoice. As for the Solitary Club, its machines are available, positively, for all the year round use, and its thanksgiving therefor is loud and long continued.

The Stamford Wheel Club is arranging to give one of the better class of wheel exhibitions at the rink early in December. Polo on Stars, club drills, and fancy riding are to be among the attractions. "Star Weber," who has recently been "met by Hal," is promised for the occasion, with several others.

In wheeling we have such an immunity from horse odors and showers of hairs, with the equine's many other drawbacks, that we do not sufficiently appreciate the comforts and delights that come to us daily,—except when we meet a member of the Porcine Brotherhood, which latter is rapidly hating itself to death.

The dusty veil these old timers kick up as they pass us, and into which they kindly vanish, is typical of the dim and hazy past age to which they belong. It's a matter of soul-satisfying consolation that the shadows of those who will not turn out for a wheelman on the highway are growing beautifully more vague and indistinct.

"STAMSON."

Correspondence.

READING, PA., NOV. 5, 1885.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

It was on a delightful Sunday in October, that a couple of Reading (Pa.) wheelmen determined to test the glories of the famed Lancaster pike. Leaving Reading in the five o'clock train, Philadelphia was reached at 7.20 A. M. The weather at that hour was decidedly murky, as a heavy fog was descending in penetrating clouds, and after breakfast at the Colonnade it was a toss-up whether to stay or return by the next train. However, the wind hung from the west, and it was decided to risk it, so a start was made for the Park, via Filbert street. This route is described as good, but any one striking for the Park, through the city, will fully realize that "Philadelphia is a hard place to get out of." Once the Park gates are reached, all difficulties are forgotten, the ride through East Fairmount, across Girard avenue bridge, and over to the 52d street entrance of the West Park, being a most delightful one.

Just beyond 52d street is located the first toll-gate. Here you pay toll and get your tickets, which are in the shape of detachable coupons. The toll-gates are located every two miles, and it is a good plan to have your coupon ready on approaching each one; and as the toll-house keeper comes out if the bell be rung, the coupon can be dropped and the rider sail through without stopping. Toll is charged at the rate of a cent per mile, so that the ride to Paoli and return costs thirty-two cents. This, while not a large sum in itself, yet runs up if considerable riding is indulged in, and compared with the rates charged for teams seems excessive; there being absolutely no wear whatever from the rubber tire of the bicycle.

The pike is perfection itself. Hard, smooth and perfectly kept, it is a revelation to the cycler accustomed to nothing better than the typical American country road. If such roads—as should be the case, without question—were the rule instead of the exception on this side the water, the League would witness an accession to the ranks of wheelmen which would double its numbers within the next year. There is just sufficient rise and fall on the Lancaster pike to relieve the monotony of a level road. Through Overbrook, Ardmore, and Bryn Mawr, the road is a succession of gentle ascents and delightful coasts, bordered on either side by handsome grounds and residences, alternating with stretches of woodland and meadow.

About nine o'clock the weather began clearing, and in a short time nothing remained of the fog but an autumnal haze which served to temper the sun's rays. Cyclers innumerable were met. As one of the party remarked: "The woods were full of them." Four wheelmen from Wilmington, Del., and several Norristown and Philadelphia cyclers fraternized with our Reading party, and the ride to Paoli was made in company.

Near Berwyn the steepest hill on the route is met. Something that the Philadelphia men averred was, "really, a teaser of a hill, you know! If you climb that, you're good for anything." Well, the hill was struck, and before the top was reached Reading had forged way to the front. Philadelphians, and some of your Eastern riders as well, will find out that our hills here in eastern Pennsylvania are excellent training for road riding.

Long before the top of Berwyn hill was reached,

it had been discovered that it was quite warm—not to say hot—and “coats off!” was the cry. It was then that the flannel-clad of the party had their revenge on the “boiled shirt” detachment. One in particular—the “swell” of the crowd—was in an awful way. He had put up a job on his unsuspecting fellow-travelers, by appearing in all the glory of a starched shirt with cuffs, and the tallest of tall collars. Spick and span, as if just out of a band-box, he had captivated all the young ladies; but now, by the unerring law of compensation, he looked like the veriest tramp. Alas for the “glass of fashion and the mould of form!” Mounted on his 58-inch Rudge, with his Norfolk jacket tied on his back by the belt, and covered with dust and perspiration, he presented such a spectacle that the rest politely but firmly declined to know him, and sent him on ahead—a shocking example. Never again will he inveigle his friend into a rough flannel shirt, while he does himself up regardless.

Two miles this side of Paoli the pike ends, and the rest of the way is rough, although a good side-path may be picked all along by the careful rider.

Paoli reached, Mrs. Shoemaker’s hospitable table affords comfort to the inner man, and a good rest prepares him for the homeward journey. Her place is the *rendezvous* for Philadelphia cyclers. A well-appointed, substantial meal, nicely served, is given for the very moderate charge of forty cents. She is well patronized throughout the season. On this October Sunday there were eighteen or twenty of the knickerbockered fraternity at table—a goodly company.

Dinner over, the Reading wheels were turned Philadelphia-ward. Belmont lay eighteen miles to the east, with two hours in which to make the Sunday afternoon train. Still that dinner! Loitering by the road too long, owing to its effects, our cyclers awoke to the fact that that train would in all human probability leave at the appointed time. Bestirred by sundry vivid apprehensions on the Benedick’s part of what lay in store for him in case of a non-arrival at the appointed time, swift feet were put to pedals, and fair time made: Seven miles in twenty-five minutes; nine in thirty-five; and the entire sixteen in one hour and a half.

Said H.—on the train: “Old man, if we had come home this morning as we at first intended, I should have kicked myself all the rest of the day. I think I will quietly put my wheel away for the season, now, and live through the winter on the remembrance of this ride.”

Oh, pleasant recollections of the lovely road; long may ye linger green in memory’s shrine!

“CYCLE.”

The bicycle riders, of whom Jersey City has a smaller proportion than perhaps any other city in the land, join the carriage riders in the cry for better roads. Some people deem these two classes of citizens of the sort who ask only for luxuries, but it should not escape notice, that they are generally also of the class who pay for city improvements, and help to make a city grow. Give Jersey City such roads as may be found in most well kept towns, and an increase of population of the good classes will follow. The bicycle men may not be so far out of the way as some think, for the best test of a good road is the wheelman’s liking for it, and a good road means a prosperous town. Certain it is that Jersey City is now the only place in which a bicycle excites notice, and by this much at least we are behind the times.—*Evening Journal.*

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY CHRIS WHEELER.

CHAPTER I.

A CONVERSATION.

It was a dark night at Illston Grange. Illston Grange is in Somersetshire, and two years ago it was inhabited by the rector of Illston church, there being no regular rectory attached to the living. Illston is a pretty village of some four hundred inhabitants, and possesses the characteristics of most English villages. It has of course its church, its school-house, its premier ale-house, and it has its railroad station, situated some three miles from the village. It has also what so many other English villages have, its old family residence, where the descendants of the whilom lords of the manor dwell; dwelling there but thinking very little in this present nineteenth century of those past days when their ancestors were the recognized masters of the surroundings of Illston. Captain Shackford of the “big house” was a decidedly matter-of-fact military personage, his wife was a stereotype of the regulation English lady, living for nine months of the year in her provincial home, and spending the other three at the capital. His daughter was a youthful copy of her mother, only better versed in the polite arts than her maternal relation had been at the same age, and his son Ralph was a typical Eton boy of one year’s standing at college. Ralph could drive tandem and tell the points of a setter with any man at Oxford, he could get into double figures when playing for his eleven in the annual match, and he could scrape through an examination with some success, though, to tell the truth, with infinitely less success than he could kick a critical goal at some important or unimportant foot-ball match. Ralph Shackford was not much as far as brilliancy of intellectual endowments went, but he was “a right royal good fellow,” so said the other fellows. Handsome, hearty and ever happy, he was an athletic hero among the girls, and, as we noted before, he was a good fellow among his comrades. The captain did not relish much, however, the frequency of Ralph’s calls on his pocket-book; he sometimes thought that Ralph should not have so many expenses, but then Ralph might be worse; there were hundreds of young men at college who were worse than Ralph in the matter of spending money, money which most certainly they did not earn; Ralph had some conscience. Captain Shackford remembered when he was at Oxford himself, and he knew that Ralph might be much worse than he was; yes, he would be certain to settle down some day. Not only so said the willingly indulgent parent, but his opinions ament his son were

shared by the rector, the Rev. Theophilus Small, who, not knowing much beyond what Old Major Shackford chose to tell him, judged Mr. Ralph to be something like what he had been himself when he had figured as an undergraduate. The rector also had a son who was at college, fitting himself, or being fitted, to follow his father’s profession, and through the influence of Major Shackford the rector hoped to obtain for this son a respectable living when he should have completed his studies. Besides the son, the Rev. Theophilus Small had two daughters, and these latter, with himself and wife, constituted the regular inmates of “the grange.”

As we remarked before, it was a dark night at “the grange,” and a boisterous one too. The wind whistled through the trees which kept

guard round the old house, it explored every nook in the gables of the roof, and it whisked round the chimneys, making much ado that it could not gain admittance to stir things up inside the domicile, after the fashion that it was doing outside. The rector, his wife, and daughters were in the study, for on nights when no sermon had to be prepared, or other kindred work attended to, Mrs. Small and her daughters sat with Mr. Small in his sanctum, and held converse about things parochial and things non-parochial.

“I wonder what can have detained Robert, he should be home by this time,” said Mrs. Small, looking up from her needle-work. “What time is it, Theophilus?”

“It is nearly 11 o’clock, my dear,” said the rector, laying down his book.

“It is not often that Robert remains out as late as this,” said Emma, the elder sister.

“You are right, Emma; if he keeps as good hours when he is at college as he does when at home, he will do very well,” said Mr. Small, stretching his arms and joining his hands behind his head.

“Do you know, mother, that for the two weeks during which Robert has been home,” said Kate, the younger daughter, “he has done little else than run after Jessie Thompson?”

“Dear me,” said Mrs. Small, “I was not aware that anything like that was going on. Are you certain, Kate, that you are not mistaken?”

“Indeed, mamma, I am only too sure that what I say is the case. He goes over to Beechgrove regularly, and Mary Stephens told me that she has seen his bicycle standing outside the house several times during the past week.”

“But she may have been mistaken, dear, the bicycle may have belonged to somebody else. Captain Shackford’s son rides one, you know, and there are besides several gentlemen in the neighborhood who ride. Mr. Trevellyan from Ainsley often rides over here, and it is said to see Miss Thompson, too.”

“But I know, I am certain, mamma, that our Robert does go over to Thompson’s every day. Mary Stephens knew his bicycle from its being bright and having that peculiarly shaped bag, which you know Robert talks so much about.”

“Well, I am surprised,” said Mrs. Small. “I must talk to Robert about this matter. I understood that Mr. Ralph Shackford and Jessie Thompson were as good as engaged.”

“I don’t believe the report which says as much,” said Emma; “why Jessie Thompson is no more suited to Ralph Shackford than she is suited to, to—”

“To Robert, you were going to say,” interpolated Mrs. Small, looking up at her daughter.

“Well, no more than she is suited to Robert, then,” said Emma, sitting up very straight. “Why you know, mamma, as well as I do,” she continued, “that Jessie has, comparatively speaking, no education.”

“I think she has some little, not much it is true,” said Mrs. Small.

“Well, she has no polish—that is, I mean she has not the stamp of polite training and associations,” said Emma, as she repinned on her chair the embroidered tidy which she had divested it of on sitting down.

“How could you expect her to have, my dear?” rejoined Mrs. Small, “or rather why should you expect that she ought to have such polish, know-

ing as you do the style of man that Squire Thompson is?"

"I know perfectly well what her father is like," said Emma; "but because her father thinks lightly of education, that is no reason why Jessie should do so; she should have some ambition."

"But she wants the associations which you spoke of a moment ago," said Mrs. Small, "and as to her father, being a self-made man, he ought to know the value of knowledge, such men generally strive to give their children all the benefits which were denied to themselves."

"Squire Thompson then is an exception to the rule," said Emma.

"Yes; I must allow that he is," said Mrs. Small; "one would imagine that he would wish his daughter to be familiar with what he is deficient in himself; but his thought for Jessie's education seems to end with her ability to handle the reins, and to clear a respectable ditch successfully;" and Mrs. Small picked very methodically the stitches from the seam which she was ripping, as if she were ripping up the said Squire Thompson's ideas.

"And Jessie does not care very much more than her father does for improving herself," said Emma. "It was only the other day that I asked her if she had read George Eliot's new book, and—"

"Of course she had not," said Mrs. Small; "there is where you make a mistake, Emma dear, in supposing that such things would interest her."

"Yes; but, mother, she ought to have some idea of what goes on in the world outside of her own immediate surroundings. Why, she had not even heard of Eliot's 'Romola'!"

"Well, there now you have some reason to be surprised at her want of information," said Mrs. Small. "Such a book as that she should have heard of, if not read, long ago."

"And that is not all, mother. Do you know what she said when I mentioned the name?"

"I am sure I do not know. I suppose she asked something about the work, and perhaps declared she would read it."

"Nothing of the kind, mother; she has no more a notion of cultivating herself than that chair has. She took my breath away completely when she said: 'Emma, what a pretty name! Romola, how nice; what a pity I did not hear it before I named our new mare Maggie!' Was not that preposterous? What do you think of her?"

"That would be hard for me to say just at present, but, my dear girl, I know Jessie Thompson better than you do."

"I do not see how you should know her much better, mamma," said Emma, "she does not come over here much."

"Well, now you must remember, Emma, that you have been home from Bristol but for about three months, and you may say that you have not seen anything of Jessie for over four years."

"I do not see how that can have anything to do with Jessie's characteristic make-up," said Emma.

"Neither has it," said Mrs. Small; "but it has something to do with your judgment of her. Even Kate here knows her better than you do."

"Yes; but, mother, Jessie was always careless and inconsiderate—irreverent I was going to say. Why, she used to treat a party as a more serious matter than going to church."

"Very likely it was a more serious matter to her," said Mrs. Small, smiling.

"And," continued Emma, "nothing pleased her better when she used to come to Sunday-school with us than to have half the boys in the school attending to her."

"What is all this that you are talking about," said Mr. Small, who, with his hands placed behind his head, had been staring blankly at a picture hanging upon the wall facing him, though evidently he was thinking as much of it as he was of the subject that his wife and daughter were conversing about.

"We were just discussing the merits, or rather the demerits, of Jessie Thompson," said Mrs. Small.

"The demerits of Jessie Thompson! Well, I confess that I should have been more surprised than I am, if you told me that you were discussing her merits. Ladies generally love to gently criticise their friends, do they not, Kate?" said Mr. Small, winking at his younger daughter.

"Now, father, do not get cynical," said Emma. "Unfortunately our sex has obtained a greater reputation for proficiency as critics than we deserve."

"That is a question, Emma, that is a question. We will not fight, however, over the matter; but what is all this about Jessie? Jessie is a good girl."

"Yes, she may be a good girl, but, father, I am rather surprised since my return home to find her totally oblivious of and indifferent to even the polite information of the day. She can ride, and drive, and dance, and can talk of such things. She can even talk politics, but when you come down to anything of the nature of an accomplishment, why, she knows little or nothing, and seems to care little or nothing about knowing. In fact, she does not realize that she should improve herself in any special way."

"Well, now, Emma, my girl," said Mr. Small, "you are falling into a mistake commonly made by young ladies like yourself. You expect to find in a girl reared in the country all the educational polish and refinement which a college-bred young woman should presumably possess."

"No; now, father, I do not expect anything of the sort. I only demand what is reasonable, and when people tell you that they only read about half a dozen books during the year, and express the opinion that Miss Braddon is a beautiful writer, I think you are fully justified in criticising them."

"It depends altogether on circumstances and on the person," said Mr. Small. "If one of Shackford's stable-men talked in that fashion, I should criticise him rather favorably."

"Now do not run away after extreme cases in point," said Emma. "When a young lady like Jessie says that Shakespeare is about as interesting to read as—as—sometimes the sermons of somebody I know are interesting to listen to, why what are you to think?"

Mr. Small smiled. "Well, I hardly know," he said, stretching his arm along the table and with his head poised on one side, tapping gently with his finger on the cover of his book. "I hardly know; except," and he looked in his daughter's face, "that a great deal of this talk of ours about culture would in certain cases be mere twaddle, and I think that Jessie Thompson has her place and mission to fill in this world as well as the rest of us, and she will fill it perhaps better than a great many of us."

"Why, Theo, you are really philosophizing over

Jessie. You heard what the girls were saying, I suppose, about her in connection with our Robert. Emma says that Robert has been most attentive to her since his return from college."

"Well, if Robert was here you might tease him somewhat," said Mr. Small; "but, my dear, you see the high estimation in which Jessie is held by Emma, therefore draw from it your conclusions as to whether Robert can be extraordinarily impressed with the attractions of our pretty, but, according to Emma, our uncultivated young friend. But really I do not think that Jessie is as uncultivated as you judge her to be, Emma."

"And why do you think so, father?"

"Well, it depends in a great measure on what you deem cultivation. She is fully as capable of looking after a house as either of you girls are. She is liked by everybody, and that goes a good way towards proving that if not cultivated in the sense which I know you mean, she has the in-born instincts, the perhaps subtle touches of the true culture, which nature fashions, and which after all is a more potent magnet for attracting than acquired charms."

"What you say, father, may be very true, but I still hold to my opinion about Jessie, that she allows her taste to run in what, if not a low channel, is not a very high one, and I do not see why it is that Robert appears to think so much of her, or even that Ralph Shackford and others seem to be so struck with her."

(To be Continued.)

Items of Interest.

The Kangaroo record on the road for 100 miles is 6h. 39m. 5s.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club numbers 230 active members.

Rev. A. A. Thayer, over 60 years old, of Osage, Iowa, has taken to wheeling.

Percy A. Nix rode 254 miles in 24 hours on a Facile bicycle in England, Oct. 20.

F. F. Ives says that he would rather ride twenty-four hours on the road than 100 miles on the track.

Hunter, Van Sicklen, Rowe, Weber, and Burnham 20 miles, and perhaps 21 miles, within the hour.

At the lantern parade of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, there turned out 122 riders on 113 machines.

J. H. Adams holds the world's 24-hour tricycle road record, 233½ miles, and the bicycle record, 266½ miles.

The Chicago quarter-mile track cost \$2,500, Springfield's half-mile \$3,300, while the Cleveland and Washington tracks cost nearly \$2,500 each for one-quarter mile.

Corey hill, Boston, is 2,300 feet long, 199 feet high, average rise, one foot in 11.41. On the last 158 feet the average rise is one in 7.85 feet, and for the next 470 feet lower down the rise is one in 7.87 feet.

The Worcester Bicycle Club inaugurated on Saturday, October 24, a straightforward road race to Boston, with the intention of its becoming an annual affair. The names of the winners and their times are as follows: G. D. Putnam, Expert, 3h. 20m. 20s.; G. A. Peele, Victor, 3h. 22m. 20s.; O. J. Wakefield, Rudge, 3h. 36m. 15s.; H. H. Sibley, Victor, 3h. 39m.; H. B. Fairbanks, Victor, 3h. 49m. 45s.

COMPARATIVE CYCLING RECORDS.

Amateurs designated *a*. Professionals designated *p*. World's records in bold-face figures. English records marked *, made under cover and doubtful.

MILES.	AMERICAN BICYCLE RECORDS.				MILES.	ENGLISH BICYCLE RECORDS.				MILES.
	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.		TIME.	DATE.	PLACE.		NAME.
1-4	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 5, 1885	1.35 1-5	1-4	.39	Oct. 23, 1884	Crystal Palace	H. A. Specchy <i>a</i>	1-4
	Fred Wood <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	1.36 4-5		.39	Aug. 17, 1885	Leicester	H. O. Duncan <i>p</i>	
1-2	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 17, 1885	1.12 4-5	1-2	1.19 3-5	July 3, 1884	Crystal Palace	A. Thompson <i>a</i>	1-2
	R. Howell <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 28, 1885	1.13 3-5		1.17 3-5	Aug. 17, 1885	Leicester	H. O. Duncan <i>p</i>	
3-4	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 26, 1885	1.55 1-5	3-4	2.00	July 9, 1885	Crystal Palace	M. V. J. Webber <i>a</i>	3-4
	Fred Wood <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	1.52		1.59 4-5	Aug. 18, 1883	Leicester	R. Howell <i>p</i>	
1	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 23, 1885	2.35 2-5	1	2.39 2-5	July 9, 1885	Crystal Palace	M. V. J. Webber <i>a</i>	1
	R. Howell <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 29, 1885	2.31 2-5		2.40 3-5	Aug. 18, 1883	Leicester	R. Howell <i>p</i>	
2	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 23, 1885	5.21 3-5	2	5.30 4-5	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	M. V. J. Webber <i>a</i>	2
	Fred Wood <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	5.29		5.36 4-5	May 21, 1879	Cambridge	John Keen <i>p</i>	
3	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 23, 1885	8.07 2-5	3	8.32	Sept. 25, 1884	Crystal Palace	G. L. Hillier <i>a</i>	3
	R. Howell <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	8.20		8.39	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
4	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	11.11 4-5	4	11.24	Sept. 25, 1884	Crystal Palace	G. L. Hillier <i>a</i>	4
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 24, 1885	11.29 2-5		11.39	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
5	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	14.07 2-5	5	11.18	Sept. 25, 1884	Crystal Palace	G. L. Hillier <i>a</i>	5
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 24, 1885	14.23 3-5		14.28	Oct. 8, 1882	Wolverhampton	R. Howell <i>p</i>	
6	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	16.55 3-5	6	17.33 3-5	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	6
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 26, 1885	17.28 2-5		17.34	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
7	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	19.47 2-5	7	20.30	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	7
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 26, 1885	20.25 3-5		20.30	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
8	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	22.41 4-5	8	23.28 4-5	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	8
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 26, 1885	23.23 4-5		23.32	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
9	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	25.41 4-5	9	26.22 2-5	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	9
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 26, 1885	26.19 4-5		26.28	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
10	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	28.37 4-5	10	29.14 2-5	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	10
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 26, 1885	29.12 2-5		29.20	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
11	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	31.37 1-5	11	32.19 2-5	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	11
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	32.19		32.19	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
12	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	31.32 3-5	12	35.15	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	12
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	35.18 2-5		35.17	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
13	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	37.24 3-5	13	38.16	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	13
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	38.19 3-5		38.14	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
14	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	40.25	14	41.26	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	14
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	41.21 1-5		41.16	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
15	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	43.26 1-5	15	44.29 3-5	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	15
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	44.24 3-5		44.12	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
16	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	46.29 2-5	16	47.26	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	16
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	47.28 1-5		47.10	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
17	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	49.25	17	50.22	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	17
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	50.31		50.06	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
18	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	52.25 1-5	18	53.20	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	18
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	53.33 4-5		52.56	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
19	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	55.22 2-5	19	56.15	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	19
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	56.33 4-5		55.47	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
20	W. A. Rowe <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 19, 1885	58.20	20	59.06 3-5	Sept. 11, 1884	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	20
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	59.29 4-5		58.34	Aug. 11, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
21	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 9, 1885	1.06 25 2-5	21	1.03 45 2-5	Sept. 22, 1880	Surbiton	H. L. Cortis <i>a</i>	21
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.02 38		1.04 45 4-5	Aug. 2, 1884	Leicester	T. Battensby <i>p</i>	
22	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 9, 1885	1.09 50	22	1.06 31 3-5	Sept. 22, 1880	Surbiton	H. L. Cortis <i>a</i>	22
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.05 52		1.07 58 2-5	Aug. 2, 1884	Leicester	T. Battensby <i>p</i>	
23	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 9, 1885	1.13 02	23	1.10 09 3-5	Sept. 22, 1880	Surbiton	H. L. Cortis <i>a</i>	23
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.08 59 2-5		1.11 12	Aug. 2, 1884	Leicester	T. Battensby <i>p</i>	
24	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 9, 1885	1.16 04 4-5	24	1.13 26 3-5	Sept. 22, 1880	Surbiton	H. L. Cortis <i>a</i>	24
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.12 13 1-5		1.14 31 2-5	Aug. 2, 1884	Leicester	T. Battensby <i>p</i>	
25	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 9, 1885	1.19 06 3-5	25	1.16 41 2-5	Sept. 22, 1880	Surbiton	H. L. Cortis <i>a</i>	25
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.15 33 2-5		1.17 20 4-5	Aug. 2, 1884	Leicester	T. Battensby <i>p</i>	
26	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.26 32	26	1.21 07	May 28, 1885	Crystal Palace	F. J. Nicolas <i>a</i>	26
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.18 56 2-5		1.24 26 1-2	Aug. 23, 1880	Surbiton	John Keen <i>p</i>	
27	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.29 52 1-5	27	1.24 25	May 28, 1885	Crystal Palace	F. J. Nicolas <i>a</i>	27
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.22 21		1.27 57 1-2	Aug. 23, 1880	Surbiton	John Keen <i>p</i>	
28	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.33 13 3-5	28	1.28 30	May 28, 1885	Crystal Palace	F. J. Nicolas <i>a</i>	28
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.25 49 4-5		1.31 25 1-2	Aug. 23, 1880	Surbiton	John Keen <i>p</i>	
29	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.36 34 3-5	29	1.32 05	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	F. R. English <i>a</i>	29
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.29 22 1-5		1.38 47	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	T. Battensby <i>p</i>	
30	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.40 09 2-5	30	1.35 21 2-5	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	F. J. Nicolas <i>a</i>	30
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.32 56 1-5		1.33 20	July 5, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
31	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.43 39 2-5	31	1.38 47	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	31
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.36 45		1.40 11	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	32
32	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.47 07 3-5	32	1.42 11	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	32
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.40 28 1-5		1.45 43 3-5	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	33
33	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.50 48	33	1.45 44 1-5	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	33
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.44 06		1.49 10	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	34
34	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.54 21 4-5	34	1.49 10	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	34
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.47 43		1.52 32 3-5	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	35
35	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	1.58 12 2-5	35	1.50 24	July 5, 1884	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>	
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.51 25 2-5		1.56 .02	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	G. Gatehouse <i>a</i>	36
36	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.01 51	36	2.00	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	F. J. Nicolas <i>a</i>	36
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.55 28 3-5		2.16 51 2-5	July 29, 1882	Surbiton	John Keen <i>p</i>	
37	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.05 43 2-5	37	2.09 43	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	F. J. Nicolas <i>a</i>	37
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	1.59 19 3-5		2.03 21 3-5	July 18, 1885	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	38
38	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.09 41 3-5	38	2.06 49 1-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	38
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	2.03 15 1-5		2.10 45 4-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	M. H. Jephson <i>a</i>	39
39	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.14 12 1-5	39	2.16 49 1-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	39
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	2.07 22 1-5		2.20 49 1-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	M. H. Jephson <i>a</i>	40
40	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.18 19	40	2.21 05 4-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	R. H. English <i>a</i>	40
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	2.11 46 2-5		2.13 31 3-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	T. Battensby <i>p</i>	
41	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.22 18	41	2.16 51 2-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	M. H. Jephson <i>a</i>	41

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

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MILES.	AMERICAN BICYCLE RECORDS.				ENGLISH BICYCLE RECORDS.				MILES.
	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.	MILES.	TIME.	DATE.	PLACE.	
48	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.50.03	48	2.37.43 1-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	M. H. Jephson <i>a</i> 48
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	2.48.02					M. H. Jephson <i>a</i> 49
49	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.53.37 4-5	49	2.41.08 2-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	I. Keith-Falconer <i>a</i> 49
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	2.52.25 4-5					Fred Wood <i>p</i> 50
50	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	2.56.56 4-5	50	2.43.58 3-5	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace	G. L. Hillier <i>a</i> 51
	W. M. Woodside <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 27, 1885	2.56.19 4-5		2.47.20	July 5, 1881	Leicester	
51	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.07.17 1-5	51	2.55.24	Sept. 29, 1881	Crystal Palace	
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.16.06					
52	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.11.32 2-5	52	2.59.23	Sept. 29, 1881	Crystal Palace	G. L. Hillier <i>a</i> 52
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.19.54		2.58.43 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 52
53	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.15.26 2-5	53	3.02.50	Sept. 29, 1881	Crystal Palace	G. L. Hillier <i>a</i> 53
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.24.18					
54	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.19.21	54	3.06.15	Sept. 29, 1881	Crystal Palace	G. L. Hillier <i>a</i> 54
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.29.14		3.05.32 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 54
55	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.23.13 2-5	55	3.10.58	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 55
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.33.05		3.32.30	Oct. 6, 1883	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>
56	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.27.03 3-5	56	3.11.30	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 56
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.36.59		3.13.02 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 56
57	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.31.22 1-5	57	3.18.03	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 57
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.40.58					
58	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.35.29	58	3.21.32	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 58
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.45.06		3.20.08 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 58
59	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.39.21 3-5	59	3.25.01	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 59
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.49.18					
60	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.43.31	60	3.28.30	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 60
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.53.30		3.27.15 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 60
61	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.47.37 1-5	61	3.32.07	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 61
	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	3.57.48					
62	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	3.51.51 3-5	62	3.35.35	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 62
	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.02.01		3.31.18 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 62
63	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	3.56.32 1-5	63	3.39.01	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 63
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.06.17					
64	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.02.50 3-5	64	3.42.28	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 64
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.10.34		3.41.34 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 64
65	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.06.28 3-5	65	3.45.55	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 65
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.14.30		4.13.01	Oct. 6, 1883	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>
66	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.09.58 3-5	66	3.49.20	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 66
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.17.59		3.48.49 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 66
67	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.13.32	67	3.52.15	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 67
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.21.33					
68	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.17.12 3-5	68	3.56.12	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 68
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.25.09		3.56.12 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 68
69	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.21.26 3-5	69	3.59.50	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 69
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.28.40					
70	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.27.27 1-5	70	4.03.17	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 70
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.32.16		4.03.34 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 70
71	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.31.03	71	4.06.51	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 71
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.35.46					
72	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.34.30 3-5	72	4.10.21	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 72
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.39.19		4.11.45 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 72
73	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.38.01 1-5	73	4.13.54	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 73
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.43.23					
74	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.41.35 3-5	74	4.17.31	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 74
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.47.40		4.17.50 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 74
75	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.45.07 4-5	75	4.12.12	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 75
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.51.57		4.16.45	Oct. 6, 1883	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>
76	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.48.48 1-5	76	4.24.45	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 76
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	4.56.18		4.25.07 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 76
77	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.52.31 1-5	77	4.28.10	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 77
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.00.40					
78	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	4.56.11	78	4.31.38	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 78
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.05.03		4.32.11 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 78
79	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.00.05	79	4.35.03	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 79
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.09.26					
80	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.04.17 2-5	80	4.38.32	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 80
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.14.20		4.39.19 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 80
81	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.08.25 3-5	81	4.42.01	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 81
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.18.45					
82	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.12.23	82	4.45.35	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 82
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.23.09		4.46.21 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 82
83	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.16.43 1-5	83	4.49.02	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 83
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.27.41					
84	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.20.45 2-5	84	4.52.30	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 84
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.32.31		4.53.31 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 84
85	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.24.31	85	4.56.31	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 85
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.36.52		4.57.47	Oct. 6, 1883	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>
86	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.28.23 3-5	86	5.00.49	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 86
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.41.27		5.00.45 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 86
87	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.32.01 3-5	87	5.04.28	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 87
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.46.09					
88	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.35.50 1-5	88	5.08.10	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 88
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.50.49		5.08.09 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 88
89	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.39.55 2-5	89	5.11.34	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 89
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.55.27					
90	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.43.57	90	5.15.02	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 90
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.50.04		5.15.13 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 90
91	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.47.58 2-5	91	5.18.37 1-2	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 91
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.55.36					
92	Geo. M. Hendee <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1885	5.52.21 3-5	92	5.22.03	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 92
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	5.60.50		5.22.41 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 92
93	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	5.57.41 2-5	93	5.25.27	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 93
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	6.14.29					
94	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	6.01.47 4-5	94	5.28.17	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 94
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	6.19.05		5.29.53 *	May 7, 1880	Edinburgh	G. W. Waller <i>p</i> 94
95	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1885	6.05.41 3-5	95	5.32.28	July 27, 1883	Crystal Palace	F. R. Fry <i>a</i> 95
	J. S. Prince <i>p</i>	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 28, 1883	6.23.43		5.38.12	Oct. 6, 1883	Leicester	Fred Lees <i>p</i>
96	F. F. Ives <i>a</i>	Springfield, Mass.</td							

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

AMERICAN TRICYCLE RECORDS.				ENGLISH TRICYCLE RECORDS.						
MILES.	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.	MILES.	TIME.	DATE.	PLACE.	NAME.	MILES.
1-4	Geo. M. Hendee	a	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 4, 1885	.42	1-4	:46 2-5	July 11, 1885	A. J. Wilson	a
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 2, 1885	44 2-5		:54	May 24, 1884	Fred Lees	p
1-2	Geo. M. Hendee	a	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 4, 1885	1.21 4-5	1-2	1.29 1-5	July 11, 1885	Leicester	p
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 2, 1885	1.25 2-5		1.43	May 24, 1884	Crystal Palace	a
3-4	R. Cripps	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	2.10 2-5	3-4	2.11 3-5	July 11, 1885	Leicester	p
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 2, 1885	2.07		2.33	May 24, 1884	Crystal Palace	a
1	R. Cripps	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	2.13 4-5	1	2.58 4-5	July 11, 1885	Leicester	p
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 2, 1885	2.49 2-5		3.20	May 24, 1884	Crystal Palace	a
2	P. Furnivall	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 9, 1885	6.03 4-5	2	6.17	Oct. 3, 1885	Surbition	a
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 2, 1885	6.12 2-5		6.35	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p
3	P. Furnivall	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 9, 1885	9.08 1-5	3	9.38 3-5	July 11, 1885	Crystal Palace	a
						9.55	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p	
4	P. Furnivall	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 9, 1885	12.15 1-5	4	13.03	June 21, 1883	Surbition	a
						13.19	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p	
5	P. Furnivall	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 9, 1885	15.18 3-5	5	16.19	June 21, 1883	Surbition	a
						16.45	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p	
6	A. G. Powell	a	Philadelphia, Pa.	Aug. 27, 1885	22.53 3-5	6	19.35	June 21, 1883	Surbition	a
	R. Cripps	a	Philadelphia, Pa.	Aug. 27, 1885	26.43		20.08	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p
7	A. G. Powell	a	Philadelphia, Pa.	Aug. 27, 1885	30.32 1-5	7	22.54	June 21, 1883	Surbition	a
						23.32	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p	
8	A. G. Powell	a	Philadelphia, Pa.	Aug. 27, 1885	34.26 2-5	8	26.09	June 21, 1883	Surbition	a
						26.51	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p	
9	A. G. Powell	a	Philadelphia, Pa.	Aug. 27, 1885	38.05 2-5	9	29.23	June 21, 1883	Surbition	a
	H. W. Higham	p	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 5, 1885	41.03		30.15	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p
10	A. G. Powell	a	Philadelphia, Pa.	Aug. 27, 1885	38.05 2-5	10	32.33 3-5	June 21, 1883	Surbition	a
						33.39	May 24, 1884	Leicester	p	

AMERICAN TANDEM TRICYCLE RECORDS.				ENGLISH TANDEM TRICYCLE RECORDS.						
MILES.	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.	MILES.	TIME.	DATE.	PLACE.	NAME.	MILES.
1-4	R. H. English	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	.44 4-5	1-4	.41	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	a
	R. Cripps	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	1.26	1-2	1.21	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	a
3-4	R. H. English	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	2.05 1-5	3-4	2.04	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	a
	R. Cripps	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	2.46	1	2.47 1-5	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	a
1	R. H. English	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	5.34 2-5	2	5.48	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	a
	R. Cripps	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	8.23 2-5	3	8.39	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	a
4	P. Furnivall	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	13.39 3-5	4	11.30	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	a
	R. Cripps	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	16.49 4-5	5	14.22	June 15, 1885	Cambridge	a

AMERICAN SAFETY BICYCLE RECORDS.				ENGLISH SAFETY BICYCLE RECORDS.						
MILES.	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.	MILES.	TIME.	DATE.	PLACE.	NAME.	MILES.
1-4	A. P. Engleheart	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 9, 1885	.41 4-5	1-4	2.55 4-5	May 2, 1885	Alexand'a Palace	a
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 25, 1885	.43		2.55	May 2, 1885	Leicester	p
1-2	A. P. Engleheart	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	1.24 3-5	1-2	5.59	May 2, 1885	T. Battensby	p
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 25, 1885	1.22		5.59	Aug. 24, 1885	Brighton	a
3-4	A. P. Engleheart	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	2.07	3-4	5.59	May 2, 1885	T. Marriott	p
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 25, 1885	2.01 3-5		5.59	May 2, 1885	Leicester	a
1	A. P. Engleheart	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 10, 1885	2.48 1-5	1	5.59	May 2, 1885	Crystal Palace	a
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 25, 1885	2.43		5.59	May 2, 1885	Leicester	p
2	A. P. Engleheart	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 9, 1885	5.46 3-5	2	9.22	July 1, 1885	A. P. Engleheart	a
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	5.55 2-5		9.22	May 2, 1885	R. Howell	p
3	A. P. Engleheart	a	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	8.35 4-5	3	11.55	May 2, 1885	Leicester	a
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 25, 1885	9.11		11.55	May 2, 1885	T. Battensby	p
4	A. P. Engleheart	a	Hartford, Ct.	Sept. 3, 1885	12.55	4	11.55	May 2, 1885	Leicester	a
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	12.22		11.55	May 2, 1885	T. Battensby	p
5	A. P. Engleheart	a	Hartford, Ct.	Sept. 3, 1885	16.04	5	15.01	May 2, 1885	Leicester	a
	R. Howell	p	Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 8, 1885	15.36 2-5		15.01	May 2, 1885	T. Battensby	p

MISCELLANEOUS CYCLING RECORDS.

ENGLISH AMATEUR TRICYCLE.				ENGLISH PROFESSIONAL SAFETY BICYCLE.				AMERICAN AMATEUR BICYCLE, WITHOUT HANDS.						
MS.	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.	MS.	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.	MS.	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.
11	R. Cripps	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	37.26	MS.	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	2.55	1-4	A. O. McGarrett	Springfield, Ms.	Oct. 17, 1885	43 3-5
12	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	40.51	1	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	5.59	1-2	A. O. McGarrett	Springfield, Ms.	Oct. 17, 1885	125 3-5
13	R. H. English	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	44.19	2	T. Marriott	Leicester	May 2, 1885	8.55	3-4	A. O. McGarrett	Springfield, Ms.	Oct. 17, 1885	210 2-5
14	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	47.45 3-5	3	R. Howell	Leicester	May 2, 1885	11.55	1	A. O. McGarrett	Springfield, Ms.	Oct. 17, 1885	258 4-5
15	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	51.04	4	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	15.01	2	A. O. McGarrett	Springfield, Ms.	Oct. 17, 1885	6,09 3-5
16	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	54.34	5	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	18.06					
17	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	57.58	6	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	21.10					
18	R. H. English	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	1.01,35	7	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	24.16					
19	R. H. English	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	1.05,11 3-5	8	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	27.25					
20	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	1.08,42	9	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	30.34					
21	R. H. English	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	1.12,20	10	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	33.45					
22	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	1.16,03 2-5	11	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	36.57					
23	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	1.19,41 2-5	12	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	40.08					
24	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	1.25,19 2-5	13	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	43.18					
25	G. Gatehouse	Crystal Palace	July 11, 1885	1.26,29 2-5	14	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	46.30					
26	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	1.50,43 1-2	15	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	49.44					
27	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	1.51,12 1-2	16	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	53.01					
28	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	2.31,57 1-2	17	T. Battensby	Leicester	May 2, 1885	56.20					
29	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	2.52,35 1-2	18	T. Battensby	Leicester	June 1, 1885	59.41					
30	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	3.11,15	19	J. Grose	Crystal Palace	May 2, 1885	1.03,05 1-5					
31	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	3.35,25 1-2	20	R. Howell	Leicester	May 2, 1885	1.03,05 1-5					
32	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	3.56,38										
33	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	4.20,44										
34	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	4.43,10 1-4										
35	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	5.06,17										
36	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	5.26,21 3-4										
37	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	5.47,44 1-2										
38	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	6.06,07	11	Fred Lees	Leicester	May 24, 1884	37.01					
39	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	6.25,17 1-2	12	Fred Lees	Leicester	May 24, 1884	40.23					
40	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	6.43,32 1-2	13	Fred Lees	Leicester	May 24, 1884	43.41					
41	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	6.54,47 1-2	14	Fred Lees	Leicester	May 24, 1884	47.05					
42	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	6.65,07	15	Fred Lees	Leicester	May 24, 1884	50.29					
43	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	6.75,25 1-2	16	Fred Lees	Leicester	May 24, 1884	53.48					
44	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace	Aug. 7, 1884	7.53,25 1-2	17	Fred Lees	Leicester	May 24, 1884	57.12					
45	H. J. Webb	Crystal Palace												

"WHEELING ANNUAL"

1885-86.

EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD HANDLE A COPY OF THIS WORK.

•THIRTY * PORTRAITS• OF WHEELMEN OF THE YEAR.

"WHEELING ANNUAL" will contain finely executed lithographed Portraits of the following Celebrities:—

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- ATKINSON, G.** The leading time-keeper of Great Britain; editor of *Sporting Life*.
- BURNHAM, E. P.** The Bostonian who defeated English at Hartford.
- CANARY, DAN.** The American fancy and trick rider; champion of the world.
- CHAMBERS, R.** A Speedwell B. C. flier, so successful at Springfield in 1884 and 1885.
- COLEMAN, G. P.** The N. C. U. official time-keeper and handicapper.
- CRIPPS, R.** The speedy tricyclist; winner of the 5-mile tricycle championship.
- DUCKER, H. E.** President of the Springfield Bicycle Club; editor of *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*.
- ENGLEHEART, A. P.** The demon Safety wheelman; holder of all Safety records.
- ENGLISH, R. H.** The 25- and 50-mile bicycle champion, and the 20-miles-in-the-hour hero.
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- FOX, C. J.** Editor of *The Cycling Times*; one of the oldest riders in England.
- FURNIVALL, P.** The best all-round path rider of 1885; the most popular of the visiting English contingent.
- GASKELL, H. W.** An "old-timer," well known on both sides of the pond.
- GATEHOUSE, G.** The 25-mile tricycle champion; the best-looking, most popular, and truest amateur in England.
- HALE, E.** The fastest 100-mile road rider in the world.
- HENDEE, G. M.** America's favorite; the daisy of all daisies.
- HILLIER, G. L.** Winner of all championships in 1881; the man who will not credit the Springfield records.
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- ILLSTON, W. A.** The "demon boy"; for his age, perhaps the fastest in the world.
- JAMES, R.** The well-known and popular professional bicyclist.
- LARRETTE, C. H.** An all-round authority on sport; time-keeper, etc., *Bell's Life, Athletic News*, etc.
- MARIOTT, T. R.** The most able road tricyclist in the world; holder of the Land's End record.
- McWILLIAM, W.** Late joint editor of *Wheeling*; an old rider; the originator of the Keen fund.
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- SELLERS, S.** A 2.39 miler; winner of the mile championship of Great Britain.
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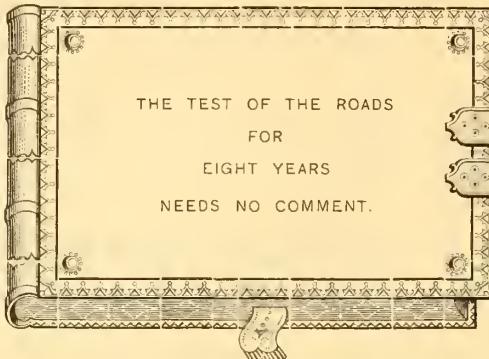
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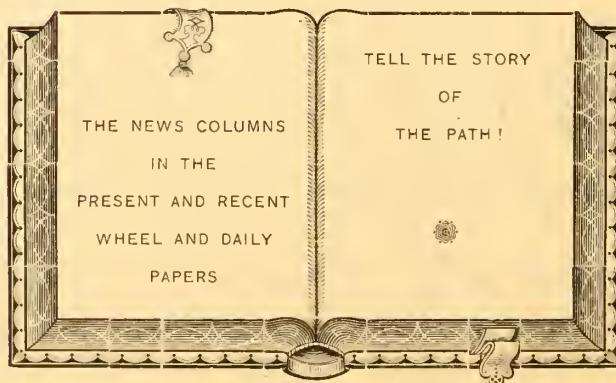
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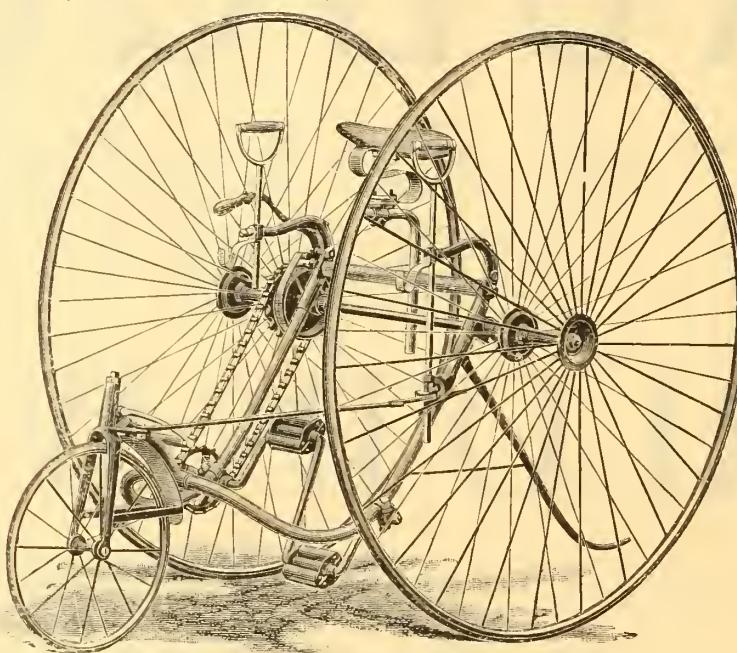
No. 10 has steel wire wheels, with rubber tires, 42-inch hind and 16-inch front.

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BRIEF.—Two 48-inch driving and one 16-inch front steering wheel, $\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{3}{4}$ inch moulded red rubber tire, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inch driving hubs, cylindrical cone steering head, rack and pinion steering rod, adjustable spade handles, adjustable 1 seat rod, double-cranked pedal shaft, $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch throw, chain driving, balance gear, tubular frame, and safety stays; plain universal bearings to main and pedal shaft, adjustable cones to front wheel, and band brake; 5 spring, suspension saddle; tool bag, wrench, and oil-can. Total width, 40 inches; weight, 53 pounds; finish, enameled, with nickelized trimmings.



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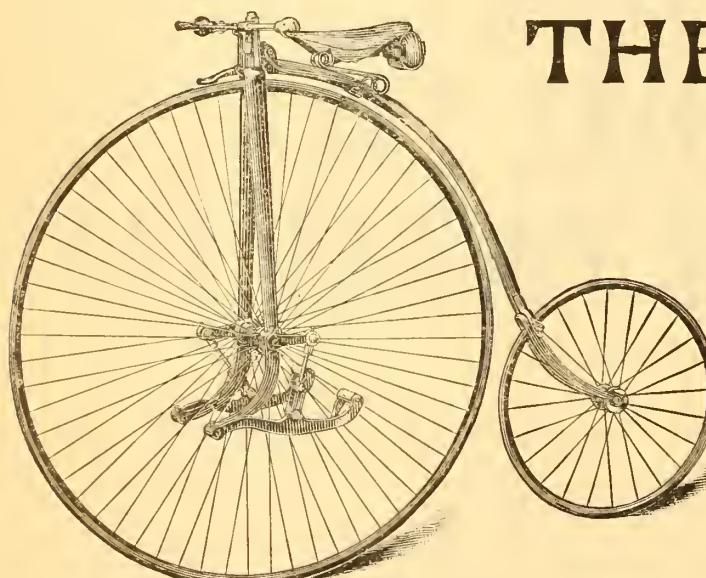
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THE CELEBRATED
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—FOR—
BOYS and YOUTHS.

Keep also a Full Assortment of
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Velocipedes

—AND—
PETITE TRICYCLES

In All Sizes and Grades.



SAFE! SWIFT! EASY!
Can be Learned in an Hour.
Proved by Six Years' Increasing Use.

THE FACILE
HOLDS THE FOLLOWING
ROAD RECORDS OF THE WORLD!

Ten Miles, in $33\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

Twenty Miles (actually Twenty-one Miles), in 1 hour 15 minutes.

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Twenty-four Hours, covering $266\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Seven Days, covering 924 miles.

The Longest Continuous Ride, covering 2,050 miles in 19 consecutive days.

The above is the THIRD TIME it has broken the 24-hours record. It has done 100 miles in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and holds every road record but one. It has made more records of 200 miles and over in one day than any other machine whatever, and for universal availability for all roads, weather, and purposes, and ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND, is simply unapproachable. Get 1885 Price-List and read about it.

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THE RECORD-BREAKING WHEEL—COLONEL POPE'S EXPERIMENTS.

America has not only brought out riders this year who can hold their own against the world—and more, too, but the father of American wheel making, Colonel Pope, has built a wheel which serves the world-record makers as well as any English product. Rowe, in all his speeding, both spurts and long-distance riding, has used one wheel, a Columbia racer. Such a machine was not known last spring. Colonel Pope was not easily convinced that it would be profitable to go to the expense of building a racing wheel. It is a peculiar piece of machinery. Some makers choose to build the wheels light, and the backbone rigid and heavy. Others make the wheels heavy and the backbone light. Strength, rigidity, and lightness are desirable. Then, too, every racing man must have a wheel for himself. So Colonel Pope began experimenting early in the summer. He made a wheel which Illston, of Hartford, took to Utica, but did not ride. It went to Buffalo, but Illston was taken sick, and the wheel lay idle. It went to Pittsfield and several small meets and stood well. Meanwhile several new racers were made, scarcely two alike, however, and riders were found for them in Adams and Wadsworth of this city, and Prince, Neilson, and Woodside. These wheels first came in lively competition with English wheels of note at Hartford, and then at the Springfield tournament. They were ridden well and none gave out in the races. It was left to make records, and the good work of Rowe, Woodside, Brown, and McGarrett, all of whom made world records at one time or another, has already been told. Wheelmen will remember Colonel Pope's modest apology for his wheel, beginning, "Notwithstanding the result of good men on good bicycles, of more practical value to the ninety and nine wheelmen is the fact that the Columbia bicycle is pre-eminently a road machine." Now his advertisement reads differently. His roadster holds the 24-hour record of $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and the 100-mile road record of 7 hours and $51\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, while Rowe has brought his racer the world's records from one-fourth mile to 20 miles, inclusive, and only two (the three-quarter mile and mile) are beaten by professionals.—*Springfield Republican.*

SUPPER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THOSE THAT WERE EXPERIENCED IN A GERMAN TOWN.

"Hungry as a buzz saw" I roll into the sleepy old town of Rothenburg at six o'clock, and, repairing to the principal hotel, order supper. Several flunkies of different degrees of uselessness come in and bow obsequiously from time to time, as I sit around, expecting supper to appear every minute. At seven o'clock the waiter comes in, bows profoundly, and lays the table-cloth; at 7.15 he appears again, this time with a plate, knife, and fork, doing more bowing and scraping as he lays them on the table. Another half hour rolls by, when, doubtless, observing my growing impatience as he happens in at intervals to close a shutter or re-regulate the gas, he produces a small illustrated paper, and, bowing profoundly, lays it before me. I feel very much like making him swallow it; but resigning myself to what appears to be inevitable fate, I wait and wait, and at precisely 8.15 he produces a plate of soup; at 8.30 the Kalbscotolet is brought on, and at 8.45 a small plate of mixed biscuits. During the meal I call for another piece

of bread, and behold there is a hurrying to and fro and a resounding of feet scurrying along the stone corridors of the rambling old building, and in the incredible short span of ten minutes I receive a small roll. At the opposite end of the long table upon which I am writing some half dozen ancient and honorable Rothenburgers are having what they doubtless consider a "howling time." Confronting each is a huge tankard of foaming lager, and the one doubtless enjoying himself the most and making the greatest success of exciting the envy and admiration of those around him is a certain ponderous individual who sits from hour to hour in a half comatose condition, barely keeping a large porcelain pipe from going out, and at fifteen minute intervals taking a telling pull at the lager. Were it not for an occasional blink of the eyelids and the periodical visitation of the tankard to his lips it would be difficult to tell whether he was awake or sleeping—the act of smoking being barely perceptible to the naked eye. In the morning I am quite naturally afraid to order anything to eat here for fear of having to wait until midday, or thereabouts, before getting it; so, after being the unappreciative recipient of several more bows, more deferential and profound if anything than the bows of yesterday eve, I wheel twelve kilometers to Tubingen for breakfast.—THOS. STEVENS, in *Outing*.

THE SECOND PRIZE WAS A BEAUTY.

When Whittaker was in Chicago at the October races he made many friends by his jolly ways, and his friends will relish the following from the *American Wheelman*:

When Whittaker was up at the Chicago races he had no intention to run in the Safety race, and a walkover was generally conceded to Van Sicklen. Before the race, however, Van approached Whit and said:

"Why don't you enter? There's an elegant second prize."

"I haven't got a wheel," replied Whittaker.

"That's r' shing; borrow one," said the Chicago champion. "We can take it easy, and that second prize is a beauty."

A little more talk ensued, and, when Van saw that Whittaker was about to take him at his word, he did not appear half as anxious. The St. Louis man, however, with his usual rapidity of action, immediately proceeded to hustle for a wheel. He went to Al Spalding's and tried to get a Kangaroo, but met with no success, and he would have been compelled to stay out of the race had not Phil Hammil come to the front and volunteered the loan of his Rudge Safety, geared up to 54 inches.

Once in his hands, Whittaker borrowed a monkey wrench and proceeded to divest the machine of its superfluous "fixings"; brake, dust cap, etc., all coming off, one after another. Presently up came Van Sicklen.

"Ah, ha," said he; "you're fixed, eh?"

"You bet yer," returned Whit, going for the nuts as though time were precious.

"What's it geared up to?"

"Sixty-four," replied the joking boy from St. Louis, with a grin that Van did not perceive.

"Whew!" ejaculated the Chicago champion, with a prolonged whistle, "three inches more than mme. You'll have a walkover for second. It's an elegant prize."

"You bet yer," replied Whit, surveying the results of his labor.

"Say," returned Van, "there's no use in rush-

ing ourselves. Let's take it easy and just spurt at the finish, eh?"

"Suits me all right," replied Whit.

"Sixty-four, I think you said?"

"Yes, sixty-four; but I expect it'll be hard pushing."

"Well, we'll take it easy. No use in rushing, you know; you're bound to get second prize, and it's a beauty."

Shortly afterwards the racers started from the scratch and ran along side by side for one or two laps, Van taking the opportunity to again impress upon Whittaker the needlessness of rushing, and alluding to the beauty of the second prize; but, after this distance had been traversed, Whittaker's blood became warm, and he suggested the propriety of a spurt, finally telling Van if he didn't spurt he (Whittaker) would, anyhow, and, true to his word, he did, and a lively race ensued; Whittaker finally crossing the line first with a lead of sixty yards on his opponent.

"Say, Van," said Whittaker, as the two champions entered the dressing tent, "that second prize is a beauty."

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

Dedicated to the editor of the *Cyclist*, in the hope that he will recover from the fit of temporary aberration into which the Springfield times have thrown him.

At St. Louis, when Whittaker's pedals slipped out

(They weren't English, they were Columbia, you know)

And Cripps stopped to wait, how the people did shout,

For he was English—quite English—you know.

But Whittaker beat him about two feet or so,

For as Cripps said, "I cawn't make the blasted thing go."

Yet we think lots of Cripps. He's a daisy, although

He is English—quite English—you know.

When the Englishmen came o'er to Springfield to race,

They were English, you know—quite English, you know;

They hustled our boys when they wanted first place;

That was also quite English, you know.

It is plain to a man who is not "up a tree."

That the time that they made was correct to a "t,"

But John Bull's muddled brain cannot grasp it, you see,

He's so awfully English, you know.

When you want to talk timing to one of those chaps

Who are English, you know—quite English, you know—

Just kill him first—then he will listen, perhaps,

For he's not quite so English, you know.

If this plan won't work, the next best thing I see

For the land of the brave and the home of the free,

Is to take all their time by electricitee,

Like the Ramblers—St. Louis—you know.

We have a machine—it is not very large,

But it's English, you know—made in "Lunnon," you know;

It splits seconds in hundredths without extra charge :

It cost three thousand dollars, you know.

It can give any English chronometer "tips,"

It is used in computing the solar eclipse,

It is always correct and it never makes slips,

For it's English—quite English—you know

ARTHUR YOUNG, in *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

The Westfield, Mass., bicyclists have formed a class for Bible study among themselves. What do they find in the Bible about bicycling?—*Boston Post*. "Their wheels like a whirlwind," Isaiah 5: 28; "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel," Ezekiel 10: 13; "He wrought a work on the wheels," Jeremiah 18: 3; "So run that ye may obtain," 1 Cor. 9: 24; "I have not run in vain," Phil. 2: 16; "Let us run with patience the race set before us," Heb. 12: 1.—*Daily Union*.

Among the Clubs.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB has shown a deal of activity in social events during the past few months, and is now arranging for a grand carnival at the Mechanics' building on December 16 which promises to considerably surpass anything ever attempted by a cycling club in the indoor line. Both the halls of the huge building are to be used, and in each will be stationed a band to furnish music for the skaters, dancers or paraders. It will be a genuine wheeling affair on cycles and skates, but there will also be dancing. It will be a fancy dress carnival, and many a unique costume will be displayed. Various prizes are to be offered for the best costumes. Ladies and gentlemen will all be eligible to compete for the prizes, the only restriction being that they must ride a bicycle or a tricycle. There will be a varied list of attractions, including club drills, fancy riding, slow racing, and obstacle races. The Brockton Club will probably give their drill, which is considered the best of any in New England. An effort is to be made to bring on from New York the Kings County Wheelmen's squad of twelve to give an exhibition of their famous "demon drill." Each of the riders is arrayed in the terror-inspiring costume supposed to be worn by his Satanic majesty. The hall is darkened, and each wheel is illuminated with colored fires, and blazing alcoholic torches add to the unique effect and attractiveness of the display; and for the fancy riding, Wilmet and Sewell and others will be secured. The Massachusetts Club under command of Lieutenant Peck will give a burlesque drill. Each rider will wear one of those costumes which created such a stir on the Big Four tour, and will carry one of the cow bells which came near locating the Boston division in the jail of the town of Amsterdam. For the slow and obstacle races medals will be offered for prizes. Entries for these contests should be sent to Lieutenant A. D. Peck. No entrance fee will be charged. Until 9 o'clock both halls will be thrown open for cyclists. After that hour the smaller hall will be reserved for skating and the larger for dancing. The latter will be exclusively for wheelmen and their lady friends. The contests will occur in the main hall, where the music will probably be furnished by the Boston Cadet band. Mr. George Pope is to be general manager of the affair, and various committees will have charge of the details. As thus far appointed the committees are as follows: Hall committee, E. W. Pope, A. E. Pattison, F. A. Pratt, and A. D. Peck; attraction committee, E. W. Pope, A. E. Pattison, and A. D. Peck; advertising, H. W. Williams, A. E. Pattison, and A. D. Peck; programme committee, A. E. Pattison, L. Barta, and S. A. Merrill. The programme is to be very artistic. It will comprise twenty-four pages, embellished by many fine engravings, and will also contain a history of the club. Lieutenant Peck has charge of the tickets to be distributed for sale among the bicycle clubs. The club which sells the largest number will be presented with an elegant silk banner, and a L. A. W. badge will be given to the Massachusetts Club member selling the greatest number.

THE LYNN CYCLE CLUB has appointed a committee to see if suitable grounds can be procured in the city for building a half-mile race track. The outlook is favorable. The club tendered W. A. Rowe, amateur champion bicycle rider of the world, a complimentary dance on Friday evening,

November 13, the affair taking place in Infantry hall. Early in the evening large parties commenced to arrive, many coming for the express purpose of viewing the beautiful prizes won by Mr. Rowe during the past summer. The prizes which were exhibited in an ante-room on tables, consisted of eleven gold medals, one silver medal, two silver tea services, three silver prize cups, two gold watch chains, one silver watch, Butcher cyclometer, crayon picture, mantel vase, silver nut bowl, epergne, silver water service, and shot gun, making in all twenty first prizes and seven second prizes, the whole valued at \$2,000. Each prize was numbered and the dance order, which was from Phillips Bros., contained the list in catalogue form. The order also contained a list of the records and their respective times. At 9 o'clock preparations were made for dancing, and the grand march was led by Floor Director Emerson G. Gordon and lady. Perkins's orchestra furnished excellent music, and dancing was kept up until a late hour. The aids were Edward L. Story, Joseph R. Phillips, Charles W. Wilson, and Frank D. West. The committee of arrangements were S. S. Merrill, J. H. Shurman, and E. G. Gordon.

THE KING'S COUNTY WHEELMEN held a road race, Tuesday, November 3, in which the Harlem, Hudson County and Brooklyn Bicycle clubs participated. The run was made from Prospect Park to Coney Island and return, on the Boulevard. The conditions were that the first man finishing should count as many points as there were contestants. The second man counts one less than his leader, and so on; the club whose four men secured the greatest number of aggregate points to secure the prize. C. E. Kluge came in first, in 44 minutes and 37 seconds, with M. L. Edwards, second. The time was the fastest ever made on this course. The Harlem Wheelmen won the prize, a handsomely engraved silver cup, by a score of 41 points; the Brooklyn Bicycling Club came next with 36 points. The other starters, in the order in which they finished, were: Messrs. Powers, H. W.; Slocum, B. B. C.; Meeteer, B. B. C.; Bridgeman, K. C. W.; Hall, K. C. W.; Loucks, K. C. W.; Halstead, H. W.; Steuben, H. C. W.; Hawkins, B. B. C.; Skinner, B. B. C.; Phelps, H. W.; Stults, H. C. W.; Lyne, H. C. W., and Bagot, H. C. W. Messrs. E. W. Johnston, H. R. Elliot and W. H. De Graff acted as judges; Messrs. Fred. Jenkins, W. C. Phelps, and R. B. Baird as timers, and Mr. John D. Miller was starter. The club afterwards took dinner at Capt. Alexander Hunter's Inn, Ocean Boulevard.

THE IXION BICYCLE CLUB, of New York City, following the example of other successful cycling clubs, has recently moved into a new club house. The building is at the commencement of the good roads that run through the upper part of the city, and within half a block of Central Park. The club occupies the whole building, the first or basement floor being utilized as a wheel room, etc., while the whole top floor is divided into private apartments for the use of members. The house throughout is furnished with a style and magnificence in proportion to the high standing already enjoyed by this well known club. Pictures and costly bric-a-brac abound, while luxurious furniture invites the weary wheelmen to repose. The beautifully equipped dressing rooms are marvels of comfort and convenience, while the wheel room offers ample accommodation for all the machines. The Ixions now have a club house that any club in the United States might be proud of, and the

GAZETTE wishes them all possible success in their new headquarters.

THE RAMBLERS' RACING ASSOCIATION, of St. Louis, are taking the preliminary steps toward securing a first-class bicycle track, and the probability now is that next season will find St. Louis with a fine and fast track, on which two large meetings will be held, in the spring and fall, respectively, while minor racing events will occur upon it at frequent intervals throughout the season. The Association will also keep the ball going during the winter by giving two race meetings in the Globe Rink, which measures about ten laps to the mile, while an entertainment, in which racing, fancy riding, club drill, and possibly a musical programme will be features, will probably be given at the Star.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB house was entered by burglars some time between 1 and 8 o'clock, Friday morning, Nov. 13, who succeeded in making way with all the cash in the steward's drawer, about \$60, all the cigars in stock, and the ivory billiard balls. The servants and one of the club members were asleep in the house at the time, but the thieves escaped without their presence becoming known.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

JUNIOR WHEELMEN CLUB (Washington, D. C.)—President, F. M. Phillips; secretary and treasurer, G. W. White; captain, W. A. Mills; lieutenant, S. E. Cole; bugler, C. A. McKenney; color bearer, F. W. Vaughn.

STAR BICYCLE CLUB (Harrisonburg, Virginia)—President, Dr. F. L. Harris; vice-president, S. G. Duvall; secretary, Jno. L. Logan; treasurer, W. N. Sprinkel; captain, G. W. Ribble; first lieutenant, F. R. Bear; second lieutenant, Jos. Loewner

YONKERS (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, M. Lorini; secretary and treasurer, E. C. Thorne; captain, W. B. Ewing; lieutenant, J. J. Lawrence; color bearer, D. G. Holbrook; bugler, W. L. Thorne.

BELLS.

BY T. W. E.

The cyclist's bell is now unheard,
And sound of whistle shrill;
But zephyr hearts are ever stirred
By chimes on plain and hill.

A change has come to every scene—
The fast revolving wheel
Resigns to snow enveloped green
Its claim and signal peal.

But merrily the sleigh-bells ring,
And hearts in tune grow light;
They feel nor care, nor weather's sting
In their grand rapt'rous flight.

By ones and twos, a score perchance,
They pass us and are gone;
Two are most sought by Cupid's glance—
No look is deigned on one.

'Tis pleasure's hill, enjoyment's vale,
Where o'er-fond couples ride.
Like summer breeze, the wintry gale;
Like flowers, the snow beside.

They loiter oft upon the way—
The bells are scarcely heard,
Nor things they speak, that might betray
Too oft a tender word.

But if we meet them, homeward bound,
Appearance sometimes tells
Ere long we'll listen to the sound
Of joyful "wedding bells."

The Trade.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen for the month ending Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1885, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Duffy & Brashears, patent law offices, No. 607 7th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 328,986, October 27, G. T. Warick, Springfield, Mass., machine for bending and setting the backbone bones of bicycles.

No. 328,987, October 27, G. T. Warick, Springfield, Mass., tool for making hollow rims for bicycle wheels.

No. 329,102, October 27, J. M. Tryon, West Farms, N. Y., velocipede.

No. 329,362, October 27, H. L. Chapman, Marcellus, Mich., velocipede.

No. 329,402, October 27, W. Lyon, Bridgeport, Ct., bicycle.

No. 329,517, November 3, T. Warick, Birmingham, county of Warwick, Eng., assignor to the Overman Wheel Co., Chicopee, Mass., velocipede.

No. 329,755, November 3, P. E. McIntosh, Auburn, N. Y., tricycle.

No. 329,850, November 3, A. H. Overman, Chicopee, Mass., seat for velocipede.

No. 330,026, November 10, E. P. Howe, Northborough, assignor of five-eighths to C. R. Rogers, and J. J. Shaw, Plymouth, Mass., brake for velocipedes.

No. 330,027, November 10, E. P. Howe, Northborough, assignor of five-eighths to C. R. Rogers and J. J. Shaw, Plymouth, Mass., automatic brake for velocipedes.

No. 330,123, November 10, S. A. Jan Graw, Nashua, N. H., bicycle.

No. 330,346, November 10, H. S. Owen, Washington, D. C., velocipede.

No. 330,430, November 17, A. P. Seiler, Mansfield, O., bicycle holder.

No. 330,786, November 17, J. Hussong, Camden, N. J., ice velocipede.

The following is a list of new patents, taken out in Great Britain, and specially compiled for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by Messrs. Hughes, Eli & Hughes, patent agents and proprietors of the Central Bicycle and Tricycle sales rooms, of 76 Chancery Lane, London, Eng.

No. 11,757, William D. McGoy, of London, "improvements in velocipede saddles."

No. 11,778, John David Thompson, of Brighton, Sussex, "improved automatic steering of tricycles called the 'Harrow.'"

No. 11,784, Laurence Taylor, of Birmingham, "improvements in saddles for velocipedes, and in their manufacture."

No. 11,797, William Henry Dunkley, of Birmingham, "improvements in velocipedes of the kind called tricycle horses."

No. 11,827, Samuel Spencer and Thomas Pendlebury, of London, "an improved treadle motion applicable to sewing machines, bicycles, tricycles, or any other machines requiring a treadle motion."

No. 11,858, Francis William Bagshaw, of Sheffield, "an improved adjustable tension saddle for bicycles, tricycles, and other vehicles, also applicable to the saddles of horses."

No. 11,883, Henry Frederick Napper, of London, "improvements in velocipedes."

No. 12,031, Frederick William Cocks, of London, "spring brackets or carriers for mounting velocipede lamps."

No. 12,114, Edwin Leadbeater and Benjamin Platts, of London, "improvements in apparatus

used in the manufacture of metallic spokes for wheels."

No. 12,226, James Richard Trigwell, of Brixton Rise, Surrey, "improvements in velocipedes."

No. 12,235, Thomas Bayliss, John Thomas, and John Slaughter, of Coventry, "automatic steering of tricycles."

No. 12,260, Albert Thomas Clarke, of London, "improvements in driving gear for velocipedes."

No. 12,293, Arthur William Child and George Binsted Childs, of London, "improvements in reducing the vibration of certain parts of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes."

No. 12,307, L. F. Appleton, of London, "an improvement in tricycles."

No. 12,343, Henry Edward Hutchins, of London, "improvements in treadle mechanism for tricycles."

No. 12,349, Phillip Louis Charles Frederick Renouf, and Isaac Watts Boothroyd, of London, "improvements in driving mechanism for velocipedes, also applicable to other purposes."

No. 12,381, Alfred Reynolds Norman, of Chatham Kent, "a tricycle or other cycle motor."

No. 12,400, James Seddon and Fraser Hall, of Bilston, Staffordshire, "a tire fastener."

No. 12,420, Horace Morehen, of London, "improved convertible velocipede."

No. 12,440, Thomas Henry Ward, of Tipton, "improvements in tricycles and quadricycles."

No. 12,467, Delevante William Crosland, of Kensington, London, "improvements in velocipedes and vehicles of light construction."

No. 12,482, John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, of London, "an improvement in bicycles."

No. 12,491, Thomas Humber, of Nottingham, "improvements in tricycles and like vehicles."

No. 12,520, Alfred Henry Bishop, of Birmingham, "an improved velocipede lamp."

No. 12,519, Harry Lucas, of Birmingham, "an improved adjustable wrench or spanner."

No. 12,619, John Marratt Taylor, of London, "improvements in velocipedes."

No. 12,669, Arthur Charles Sterry and John Sterry, of London, "improvements in velocipedes."

No. 12,678, James Starley, of London, "improvements in tricycles and other velocipedes."

No. 12,738, Sidney Calton Maguire, of London, "an improved steering gear for cycles and other machines."

No. 12,739, Sidney Calton Maguire, of London, "an improved method of altering the throw of the crank for cycles and other machines when in motion."

No. 12,740, Eustace Smith, of London, "improvements in and relating to the driving gear of velocipedes."

No. 12,741, George Singer, of Coventry, "improved bearings for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes."

No. 12,751, Walter Hasted, of Coventry, "improvements in the construction of heads and necks for velocipedes."

No. 12,781, Henry Fawcett, of London, "improvements in velocipedes and other vehicles."

No. 12,786, James Ogden (senior), and James Ogden (junior), of Liverpool, "the construction of an auxiliary air vacuum motor for gaining power on bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes, and other machines driven by manual power."

No. 12,831, George Singer, of London, "an improved steering for tricycles and other velocipedes."

No. 12,834, J. Harrington and John Hopper, of London, "improvements in automatic steering apparatus for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes."

No. 12,835, J. Harrington, of London, "improvements in springs for carriages, velocipede seats, and other purposes."

No. 12,965, Alfred Ashby, of London, "improvements in tricycles."

No. 12,978, Peter Arthur MacKintosh, of London, "improvements in treadle mechanism."

No. 13,081, William Arendt, of London, "improvements in the superstructure or baskets of baby carriages and similar vehicles, applicable also to cradles and baskets in general."

No. 13,103, Claude Hamilton, of Glasgow, "an improvement in the driving gear of cycles."

No. 13,166, W. Edward Hurrell, of London, "improvements in tricycles."

A CHAT WITH MY NICKELED WHEEL.

Vonder in the eastern sky peeps the morning sun,
Come, my bright and pretty wheel we will have a run;
Out in the lovely country we will take a spurt,
Leaving behind the city with its smoke and dirt;
The streets are quite deserted, traffic holds not sway,
Be steady! now I've mounted, let us flee away.

Now we the town have passed and speeding 'long this pike,
Some questions I will ask; thou'll answer me, my bike?
But first decrease this speed, and travel at a rate,
That we with ease may talk. A thing inanimate,
Or human, what art thou? or, if a beast, be frank!
What! no answer? Perchance thou art a "slotted crank."

If thou hast oftentimes "spoke," then surely thou canst talk;
If "gait" and "step" thou hast, then thou canst run and walk;
Thou hast a shapely "neck," soft "tread," an easy "bearing."
"Backbone," "joints" component, an "eye bright and glar-ing";
Then, truly, if thou art so full of complements,
Should not thy upright head contain good common sense?

In thee dwells the senses and attributes of man—
What! and must this be verified? So it can;
When I, through carelessness have fallen to the ground,
Meekly lying by my side, art thou always found;
And if I have broke flesh, sprained joint, or clothing rent,
Thou also hast a "brake," blue "wrench" and "backbone" bent.

When I am sick, sad, or to business subjected,
Thou lookest "dull" "shop-worn" and very neglected;
In fair weather, when my heart is happy and light,
Thou too in the sunshine art sparkling, gay and bright;
Or, when on level roads faster I wish to run,
Lo! here thou art with me to share the sport and fun

A coward's fear thou hast, ah! do not dissemble,
On steep, rugged descents oft I've seen thee tremble;
When on long runs I'm tired, and ache in every joint,
I find thee also "tired," thy "joints" I must anoint;
In fact, whatever mood or humor mine may be,
In thy resplendency it's mirrored back to me.

By this horseman and carriage let us make a spurt,
She is young—he handsome, perhaps they wish to flirt;
They gaze in admiration as by we quickly wheel,
And surely ought they not this modern taste reveal?
For neither he on horse nor lady fair in carriage
Canst thy rapid gait or graceful form disparage.

Because I oft praise thee, "Fifty-three nickel plate,"
My lady love has grown very jealous of late;
The i ea of growing cold as an icicle,
'All on account of my love for a bicycle;
It worries me, and to make amends I'll tell her
Thou art my "polished" friend, a good "solid fellow."

Why art thou so silent? Art thou dumb with rapture,
At this rural scene, yon cliff, that creek, this pasture?
Let us turn, now homewards, speed back with gait so fleet;
And thy spokes shall sing me a song so clear and sweet;
But look! here comes a wheelman of the N. Bi. C.
So no longer I'll converse this morning with thee

WELCOME HOME.

LYNN'S GREETING TO WILLIAM A. ROWE, THE CHAMPION WHEELMAN.

BOSTON, November 13.—Never did an athlete in this country receive a more enthusiastic welcome home than did William A. Rowe, of Lynn, the premier record breaker on the wheel and the holder of more records from a quarter of a mile to 20 miles than the wheelmen of the world combined, upon his return to Lynn last night, after a long stay in Springfield. Mr. Rowe was met upon his arrival in this city, at 3:30 p. m. yesterday, at the Albany depot, by Vice-President S. S. Merrill, of the Lynn Cycle Club, and a party, consisting of Mr. Rowe, his father, William T. Rowe, of Beverly, Col. Albert A. Pope, Mr. Atkins, and Mr. Wendell, Rowe's trainer, and took the 7:10 p. m. train on the Eastern division of the Boston and Maine Railroad for Lynn. At Chelsea, Abbot Bassett, chairman of the L. A. W. racing board, joined the party. The platform at the depot was packed with humanity as the train appeared, and Rowe started back as if to avoid recognition, but in vain, for hundreds of eyes detected him, and tumultuous cheers announced the fact. He was at once escorted to an open carriage in Central square, where thousands of people had gathered and the Lynn Cycle Club and the participants in the parade had assembled.

The line of march was immediately taken up under direction of Capt. Emerson Gordon, Harry Sherman, and S. S. Merrill, of the committee of arrangements. The Lynn Cycle Club, 60 members, under command of First Lieut. C. W. Wilson, led the way, music being furnished by the National Band. The wheelmen carried either torches or Japanese lanterns, while the several tricyclists in line carried strings of lanterns,—the whole forming a very pretty effect. Following the Lynn Club came the Boscobel Club, 20 members, Robert J. Heron, captain. In the first carriage were seated Mr. Rowe, Col. Pope, and Messrs. Wendell and Atkins. In the second, were Messrs. Abbot Bassett, of Chelsea, and James N. Buffum, of Lynn. In the last carriage was carried Rowe's racing machine. The sidewalks and roads along the route were packed with a cheering and enthusiastic, yet orderly, crowd. Colored lights were burned in profusion, and fireworks were frequent. The route was through a number of the principal streets to the Boscobel Hotel. The rooms of the club on Market street were brilliantly illuminated, and the word "Welcome!" flashed out in bright colors as the procession filed by.

Dismounting, the party proceeded to the parlors of the hotel, where the champion held an informal reception, being warmly congratulated by a large company of wheelmen and others. Among those present were Mayor Baldwin, Samuel G. Dunn, McCurdy, the holder of the 24-hour road record, and representatives of the Springfield and Gloucester Clubs. The company proceeded to the banquet hall, Mr. Rowe being seated at the head of the table, with the Mayor and the toastmaster flanking him. The table was very attractively set, and the menu was a model of neatness, its cover being adorned with a fine engraving of a mounted wheelman.

President Lindsey called the company to order after the coffee had been reached, and alluded to Mr. Rowe in very complimentary terms. He then introduced S. G. Dunn, toastmaster of the evening. Mayor Baldwin spoke for the city of

Lynn, and in conclusion presented Mr. Rowe with an elegant gold club badge in behalf of the members. Mr. Rowe rose amid cheers and applause, and responded modestly, giving an account of his work while away. Col. A. A. Pope spoke for the wheel industry; James N. Buffum to the toast: "Men are only old as they feel." William T. Rowe, the champion's father, made a neat speech, and was followed by Messrs. Atkins and Wendell. The party adjourned to the parlors, and a very pleasant evening came to a close with vocal and instrumental music.—*Daily Union.*

ENGLAND'S WELCOME.

*THE SUPPER TO THE VICTORIOUS ENGLISH CYCLERS ON THEIR RETURN FROM AMERICA.

Although in many quarters doubts had been expressed as to the success of this affair, the result has proved in the most emphatic manner that the grand victories which have been achieved on the other side of the Atlantic by our team of riders who visited America are most popular in every way, and that the slurs which have been cast upon them by those whose only motives in so doing are those actuated by personal jealousy of the very meanest description, have failed to shake the faith of English riders generally in the accuracy of the performances which have been justly claimed.

The chairman (Major Knox-Holmes) proposed "The President of the United States." (Applause.) He wished to be permitted to add to that toast the names of those Americans who had honored them with their presence that evening. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

Mr. Hillier (in proposing "Our Guests, the Winning Wheelmen") said he was not very clear on what basis he had been chosen to propose that toast, and he really felt overcome by the honor that had been done him in asking him to stand up before such a select representative gathering of wheelmen to propose the toast of the evening. He called the attention to the omission by the printers of the name of Mr. M. V. J. Webber from the roll of winning wheelmen on the toast list, and asked those present to supply the necessary addition, and asked all to join unanimously and enthusiastically together in the task of the evening, which was to welcome their guests,—the victorious wheelmen from the other side. (Applause.) Mr. Hillier read several telegrams from those who were absent.

Mr. Wolfgang Beissbarth, the champion tricyclist of Germany, also conveyed his best congratulations to Mr. Furnivall on his late successes. The speaker also referred to the regrettable absence of so many of those who were to have been guests that evening; some were still in America, some gone home, and Webber in Wales; and after a lengthy speech said he would ask them to drink the toast with musical honors. (Applause.)

The toast was accordingly drunk.

Mr. Engleheart, who was much cheered, responded, and confessed himself at a loss in his novel position. If he attempted to express his

*We reprint the above report of the English welcome to her heroes of the Springfield and Hartford tournaments, from the *Cycling Times*, London, as being the only report of the supper that did not savor of prejudice and malice, and we congratulate the *Times* on its success in its endeavor to keep the paper clean as far as improper allusions to the editors of the contemporaries, and to present a complete and truthful report of the meeting, which was called together to honor the sons of old England. To us Americans on this side, the slurs on this meeting by the Coventry papers are even more contemptible than the unwarranted attack on Springfield times.

feelings on that auspicious occasion he would lose his balance, and come to grief. Like the timid rider, who saw dangers ahead, he had better put on his brake and stop. (No, no.) He would, therefore, thank them heartily for the enthusiastic manner in which the toast had been drunk, and for the honor they had given to himself and his fellow-companions, "all true lovers of the wheel." (Applause.)

Mr. Percy Furnivall, who met with a hearty reception, said: I can assure you that it gives me heartfelt thanks—(loud laughter, encore, and "Try back")—I mean pleasure, to thank you for the kind manner in which you have received the toast of my fellow-wheelmen and myself. It was very nice to receive the plaudits of some 25,000 people, as we did in America; but here we are amongst our friends, and it is far pleasanter to receive their applause. (Bravo.) We had a very good time out in America—(laughter)—but I think that any of our men who may go out next year will have some warm work to get in ahead of them. I have nothing more to say, except again to thank you. (Applause.) After Mr. G. L. Hillier had perambulated around with a snuff-box,

Mr. Harry Etherington, in rising to propose "American Wheelmen," said: I feel I must disagree with Mr. Hillier about the toast of the evening, for this is really the toast. When Furnivall and the others who went out in the first steamer arrived in America, they were treated with the utmost courtesy. (Hear.) I can safely say, when my party landed we had a "real good time"—(laughter)—we hadn't got on the quay before we commenced—(laughter)—and from that point we were just nicely "handled" by Ducker and the secretary from Springfield, and along the route by the Hartford men. Right through the English team experienced (to use an American expression) "a real fat snap." What I am driving at is just to show you that American wheelmen are "real" wheelmen—there's no side issue about them—no cliquisms or anything of that sort. (Hear, hear.) They work for the benefit of the pastime. (Applause.) The English victories were received with the utmost enthusiasm. (Hear, hear.) The American riding, too, was downright square. As to clubmen, why, I may tell you that at Springfield there were 7,000 wheelmen in uniform—not sneaking around in trousers—(laughter)—but in uniform the whole time, and they're proud of it.

At this point Sid. Lee made a valuable suggestion, which was to the effect that the American wheelmen should be elected honorary members of the "Society of Wild-Earthmen."

Mr. Harry Etherington introduced Mr. Dan Canary to the meeting, and the chairman's permission having been obtained, Canary exhibited a few of his seventy-four different methods of mounting a bicycle, on two small stools placed on a table in front of the chairman. It was also stated that he starts at four o'clock on Friday afternoon next, at the Westminster Aquarium, when an invitation exhibition would be given.

The above toast was then replied to by Mr. Joseph Pennell, who said he should most certainly have been surprised if Mr. Etherington and the other gentlemen had not received the reception which they had met with over in America. He thought if Mr. Etherington and his party had stayed fifteen times as long as they had, they would have received fifteen times as much an ovation. (Laughter.) He was not much of a wheelman himself, so that he failed to appreciate all its good points.

He had raced but once, then he succeeded in coming out third, but as there were only three in the race—(laughter)—perhaps they didn't think so much of his performance, and over in America they had a lot of enterprising men who had done a lot for racing—he did not know how much they had done for their clubs and how much for themselves. He didn't think anybody knew that. (Laughter and applause.) He would like to state, and those who had been to America could confirm him, that over there they had the best tracks in the world, and upon which the best times had been made. Some of the times had been doubted, but they were not questioned by the Americans, and he was sorry any doubt had been cast upon them here by Englishmen—(hear)—and, in conclusion, would say that the result will be that the Crystal Palace track will swarm with American men, timed by American watches, and who will win all the races in this land; which is only their mother country after all. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. Johnson also briefly replied, making one or two statements with regard to the Springfield time-question.

Dr. Furnivall then proposed "The Cycling Press." He was glad to see such a representative gathering met to do honor to their countrymen who had gone across the water and upheld the honor of the old country so magnificently. He regretted the absence of interest by the general press in wheeling matters, but they had great cause to be grateful for the promptitude with which the triumphs in America had been reported by the cycling press. (Dr. Furnivall's speech, which occupied some time in delivery, was so interspersed with political allusions, and dealt with many matters foreign to wheeling, that he was being continually interrupted with cries of "No politics! sit down! subject!" etc.). He felt sure the times as reported were correct. His boy said to him, "I'll lay my life every time is right." Eventually, Dr. Furnivall proposed "The Cycling Press." This toast having been drunk,

Mr. Hillier replied. He reserved the right of criticism for himself and colleague elsewhere, but would not allude to debatable matters on the present occasion, when they were all met in amity and friendship.

Mr. Nairn said they had heard of records that evening, but he felt sure that Mr. Hillier held record for post-prandial oratory, and he felt himself fearfully out of place. He was thankful for being able to say that he had not read a word about the American clocking in the cycling press. (Laughter.) He was aware that Pem Coleman was clocking every speaker who rose to his hind legs, so would merely thank them for the kind manner in which they, as "Freemasons of the wheel,"—(laughter)—had received the toast of the cycling press.

Mr. Etherington (*Wheeling*), in replying, said he was afraid he had rather a warm time before him, after such eloquent speakers as Messrs. Hillier and Nairn. He couldn't tell them much about that "plough," as he didn't know what it was, nor would he dwell upon the shortcomings, the long-comings, or any other comings of the press. (Laughter.) Mr. Etherington also described the manner in which the "good news" from America was sent to *Wheeling* office, and casually remarked that his £100 challenge had not been taken up. As regarded the "times" they had got to stand—(hear, hear)—Americans had more stop-watches than there were, so to speak, potatoes in Ireland.

(Laughter.) Mr. Etherington went at length into the time question, his points being well received.

Mr. C. J. Fox (*Cycling Times*) also replied, and in the course of his remarks called attention to the enterprise shown by Mr. Etherington in the American expedition. As regarded the "times" it would be a remarkable thing if all the watches at Springfield had gone ten seconds wrong. If that had been the case, they would surely have heard something about it from the other side. (Hear, hear.) He thanked them very much for the manner in which the toast had been received.

At this point, the chairman read a telegram received from the Pelham C. C., and which ran as follows:—"Fifty strong assembled at headquarters, send their hearty congratulations to the victorious English cyclists, and regret absence owing to previous engagements."

Mr. Waldegrave then proposed "The Health of the Chairman" (Major Knox-Holmes), and remarked they could truly apply the term "veteran" to the Major, who had been born before the battle of Waterloo, and who was still riding a tri. (Hear.) He showed indomitable pluck, even to his last age. The toast was received with musical honors, when

The chairman replied, addressing the company as "brother cyclists, friends, and guests." He felt highly flattered at the complimentary manner in which the toast had been proposed and received. He could never tell what he owed to cycling—if it had not been for that he repeatedly testified to its beneficial effects on himself. With the possible exceptions of riding a friendly match with either his friend Lacy Hillier or Fred. Cooper, it might be said that he should in all probability have been in his grave. The Major then related in detail his progress as a wheelman in a humorous fashion, and re-made his bow as a tricyclist before the public.

During the evening some songs by Mr. Carpenter, and several humorous selections by Mr. Herbert Standing were well received by those present. The company separated about twelve o'clock.

BY AND "BI."

BY T. W. E.

By all the sports that men like best;
By all our dreams of quiet rest;
By all that adds to pleasure's zest—
Bicycle.

By hamlet path or city street;
By countless shores shall mankind greet;
By world-wide fame its name replete—
Bicycle.

By greater need than "sword or pen";
By dowers of benefit to men;
By needs supplied, thus to befriend—
Bicycle.

By all, anon, its use extolled;
By none disclaimed, its worth of gold;
By scale of merit bought and sold—
Bicycle.

By side of "tri-wheel," it shall glide
By pleasant paths, fair hands to guide;
By mated steel the race shall ride—
By 'cycle.

The *Mirror of American Sports*, published at Chicago, the official organ of the Illinois division of the League of American Wheelmen, is, barring THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, the most influential and judicious advertising medium for bicycles and their sundries published in America.

DON'D GUV IT AVAY

[A contributor to the *American Wheelman* trees his mind in a characteristic manner on the *Cyclist*, doubting of Springfield times, and, as there is more truth than poetry in the article, we reprint it entire.]

I have often noticed that one of the queer things of this world is, how stubborn and dogmatic people will be in the face of the most convincing evidence. Now, take the case most recently at hand. Here are Bassett and Aaron and Ducker all asserting that the time made at the Springfield meet was correct, in the face of the overwhelming fact that C. A. Nairn and George Lacy Hillier decline to believe it. Why, Bassett has the audacity to say, "It will not do for our English contemporaries to attack our timing," and Ducker—well, his presumption is past belief. He says, "The records were laid out cold at Springfield. Twenty of them went the first day." Now this is not right. He should not go against such authority as the statements of the eminent English editors. They are supreme. In their presence all men tremble, and under their frown the highest quake.

If they had thought to give their opinion, an Electoral Commission would never have been needed in the Tilden-Hayes affair. (Such an unimportant matter probably escaped their attention.) The conduct of our American editors is suicidal and revolutionary. What will come of the future if their Supreme Highnesses are to be deposed in this ruthless manner? Echo answers—*Chaos!* Who would be found to take their places? Who else could render the seemingly most incontrovertible evidence void by a simple sentence? Listen. "Our gorge over here is rising against those times, and we don't believe in them," and "Some explanation is necessary before 'Springfield times' will be accepted on this side of the Atlantic." This settles it, of course. In common with others, I had considered the time correct. In fact, I had held a watch on the races, and thought I had solid proof that they were right; but the eloquent arguments advanced in these sentences have convinced me that I am in error. It is true that Messrs. Whipple, Robinson, and Marsh are well known as expert timers, and that the watches had been carefully regulated; that Referee Bassett had beside him all the time a private time-keeper, whose watch steadily agreed with the official time, and that numbers of the audience and reporters had also clocked the men; that the timers and other officials were men of high standing in their respective communities, and that hitherto their integrity had been unquestionable. But that is nothing. Through the sagacity of our English friends, with the assistance of a gentleman of the nicest sense of honor and friendship, the whole base plot was brought to light.

The latter person, in a letter to the editor of the *Cyclist*, gives the key to the whole situation, and the tremendous intellect of the latter immediately lays the whole thing bare. Kennedy-Child cocks his Anglo-American head on one side and remarks that he "don't want to say hanything about it, but the boys have to have records, you know, to make the blasted thing pay." The gigantic brain of the journalistic high priest grasps the idea at once. "Fraud! fraud!" He says, "Springfield, teste Mr. A. Kennedy-Child, is a big business meeting, and as part and parcel of the colossal show records have to be made by hook or crook, for did not one of the biggest line-

in the displayed advertisements of the meeting run thus: "Records annually made at Springfield," and thus records had to be made, just as Barnum insisted on having the late lamented Jumbo. How they were made is another question entirely." Thus was everything ruthlessly exposed by the mighty brain of a master. Messrs. Ducker, Bassett, Potter, Robinson, Whipple, Marsh, Hazlet, et al., go and hide your shameless faces from the light of day; your baseness is exposed. O yes, Mr. Whipple, you "cared for" those watches, did you? Don't you know that to regulate a watch is a crime forbidden under pain of instant death by the statutes of the N. C. U.? And you, you vicious reporters of the daily and sporting papers—you, without whose active connivance this monstrous fraud could not have been perpetrated—what do you think of yourselves, now that your villainy is brought to light? And the audience—heaven save the mark—what can Mr. Nairn and Mr. Hillier think of the audience; those who held watches were knaves, and the rest fools.

Mr. C. A. Nairn and Mr. George Lacy Hillier, I beg (shut up, Aaron, don't contradict the gentlemen), I beg your gracious indulgence for my offending countrymen. Their intense desire (Ducker, will you be quiet,) to be English, you know, has perverted their sense of right and wrong. But they are conscience stricken and beg for mercy. (See E. M. A.'s writings.) For myself, it is with a feeling of shame and humility that I acknowledge to having been a party to this ghastly attempt to defraud you of your records. And now here is the secret of the whole thing: *The watches were doctored, and ran a minute slow in every mile. "Don'd guv it avay."*

I RISE TO OBJECT.

Mr. Chairman: I rise to object. If I may be permitted, I desire to stand up in front and object out loud—very loud—I wish to be distinctly heard by the gentlemen on the back seats. In fact, I object in behalf of the back seats. I am a back-seater myself.

What I object to is the bicycle racing records. I say they are not *racing* records, inasmuch as many records have not been made in a *race*—that is, if the word "race" means what it did in old-fashioned dictionaries, a contest between competitors.

In order to restore the records to what they ought to be, I move that the racing rules of the L. A. W. be so amended as to state distinctly that no official race record can be gained except in a duly advertised and fair race meet, in a contest open to competition, for a valuable medal or prize offered by some regularly organized and recognized bicycle club in good and regular standing in the League, and under League rules and management; wherein at least two proper competitors shall start and fairly run the distance prescribed, without collusion, previous understanding as to who shall win, or aid, abetting, or pace-making by one for another; the race to be run upon a day and track named at least three days in advance; and that no official race record shall be gained in any trial against time, or for the main purpose of lowering the record-time for like distances. That is, I would have the official race records strictly confined to the sole object of beating competitors in each particular race.

I wish to restore the good old rule of "fair play, and may the best man win." Who is the

best man? Self-evidently the best man is the one who publicly beats all other men, on the same day, the same track, in the same weather, and under the same conditions, in a square and fair contest between them. Obviously the best man is *not* the one who, being beaten in an open public contest, thereafter hangs all alone about a picked track until he gets a perfect day, a perfect track, and the most favorable conditions generally; and then, in the presence of only a few persons, and in the absence of competition—particularly in the absence of the man whom he could not beat in an open public contest—proceeds to beat the time of the man who has beaten him, and does this with the aid of pace-makers who help him on, instead of struggling rivals to bother him.

But I would not deprive any man of the glory of having made the best time. I fully appreciate the value of trials against time, not only in stimulating the sport, and developing riders who might not otherwise become racers, but also in giving to the world the very best time which the most famous racers are able to make under the most favorable conditions. Thereby we obtain a truer idea of the highest capacity of the bicycle, and also of the best tracks and atmospheric conditions. In order to have these records reliable and worth anything, they must be gained, as at present, under the strict rules and supervision of the L. A. W. I object to them as *racing* records—which they are not—but I do not object to them as *time* records. I object to a lie; I heartily approve of the truth.

I propose, therefore, that all time records not made in an actual race contest, be recorded separately under the head of time, or trial, or private records. Perhaps the title "private records" would be less misleading than any other, as it would distinctly distinguish them from public or race records.

Perhaps some racing men may feel that this matter is none of my business, because I am not a racer myself—that such things should be settled by the racers upon the front seats, and not by the great mass of non-racing wheelmen in the obscurity of the back seats, who have no personal interest in racing rules and records. But why does any man race? If for fame, then his fame depends almost entirely upon the appreciation and applause of the non-racing back-seaters. Their approval and applause is fame. Is it for gaining prizes? These also depend upon the generosity of the back-seaters, and even considerably upon the patronage of the general public who do not ride the bicycle at all. The back-seaters are the majority who make your clubs, who pay the expenses, whose verdict constitutes fame or failure. In fact the fame of racing men depends upon the memories of non-racing men. When the great body of wheelmen on the obscure back-seats forget one of you racers or fail to remember your special achievement, you might just as well never have been born so far as your racing record is concerned. Therefore it will be wise in you not to lay too heavy a tax upon our memories.

I solemnly warn you front-seat racing men that you are getting us back-seaters all mixed up. Most of us can repeat the multiplication table backwards, on a pinch. I personally know at least seven who can recite the Lord's prayer without any glaring errors. I believe there are somewhere an extraordinary few who can remember accurately how many miles they have ridden in a season, and how fast (or slow) they have ridden on the road. Now and then one of us knows and

acknowledges his own record time when he has over-ambitiously tested himself on a race track. Such little achievements of correct memory we may be equal to; but when it is thus difficult and unusual for a fellow to remember his own very brief record, how can you expect him to remember yours, if you make it very voluminous and very mixed? Already the records are so jumbled that the ordinary intellect is unable to remember who are champions by virtue of having actually beaten their rivals in races, and who are merely time-breakers, who haven't actually beaten anybody worth mentioning in a real race. We are apt to forget whether you are one of the men who have won something, or one of those who have never won anything; but only claim to have somewhere beaten somebody else's time, all alone by yourself, "unsight, unseen" by the public. The genuine champions are getting mixed up and confused with a crowd of fellows who are not champions and, perhaps, never will be.

I am not a racing man myself, but I am a married man, and a little of a politician; and I know that there is a vast difference between getting there all alone by myself, and getting there against, or in competition with, a well-organized opposition. I remember when Col. Berdan was raising a regiment of sharpshooters during the Civil War, a recruit was boasting that he could hit a turkey at sixty rods distance. "Very likely," observed the recruiting sergeant, a grim old fellow, who had seen service; "but you'll find it a great deal harder to hit a man with a gun at ten rods." Just so it is a good deal easier to run against time, on your own track, under your own conditions, than it is to race against a man. There are plenty of fellows who can whip the biggest sandbag that was ever hung up, who cannot argue with the Hon. Mr. Sullivan for a single round. Some higher qualities than speed, endurance, and skill in riding are necessary to make a real bicycle champion; and among these are an accurate judgment of your opponents and intelligent courage.

Now what the back-seaters want is a brief, distinct, and easily remembered record of champions. We want all the time-breakers put in a separate list. We want to reserve the highest fame for the best men who have proved themselves best by beating other men. After that, we want to award proper fame to the men who have made the best times in private trials. We don't want to be all mixed up, or to get these two distinct classes of fliers all mixed up in our memories; and we don't want to be compelled to constantly carry our pockets stuffed full of papers and records in order to be able to talk intelligently and accurately of our own favorite sport. In short, we want the records simplified, classified, and systematized. They must be, if racing fame is to be worth anything substantial or enduring.

If medals and prizes, honorably won in open public contest against all comers, are to be deprived of their value in a week or a month, not by publicly beating the men who wear them, but by some rider in a private trial, all alone by himself, upon a track and under conditions chosen by himself, hundreds or thousands of miles away, beating the time made by the medal winners, then unmistakably it is not worth while to travel far at a large expense, to contend at an open race meet; but the time must inevitably and soon come when, instead of public races, drawing together crowds of people, every rider who fancies himself

fast, will practice upon his local home track, or a select bit of road, and announce his time made upon a special day, under special conditions of track and weather, and claim the championship for his private performance. That way lies the sure death of public bicycle racing. That way lies the sure death of the back-seat and public interest in bicycle racing. That way, in another year or two, Squashville or Peddler's Corners will eclipse the prestige of the famous Springfield track and park, because it will not be necessary to have either a great meet or a great audience to capture the highest racing glory.

Therefore, Mr. Chairman, in behalf of the back seats and the public, and also in behalf of the real champions (so far as they will permit a back-seater to speak for them), I object; I protest; I complain; and that as loudly and as earnestly as the chair will permit.

PRESIDENT BATES.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Twenty miles an hour is not very slow for the "lawn mower."—*Star Advocate*.

The English cycling editors are greatly excited over the Springfield records, and make all sorts of foolish utterances. They virtually accuse the Springfield Club of having every watch on the ground "fixed" before the race.—*Pittsburg Sportsman*.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for November is undoubtedly the handsomest number of a sporting periodical yet issued in this country, its illustrations and typographical work being very good. And the reading matter is worthy of its dress.—*Sunday Express*.

The objecting English sporting papers are not yet convinced of the correctness of the records made at Springfield. This is no surprise to us. When an Englishman makes up his mind, he is very stubborn about changing it—even if all the world is against him, and the facts, too. Further than this, they took such a positive stand on the question that they are bound to make a show of defense of it, even if they have to acknowledge the records afterwards.—*Cycling Record*.

They were a loving, newly-married couple, and lived in Collingwood in one of a long row of houses, each with a lawn in front of it, the superficial area of which was about 10 square yards. He had been, during the 12 months of their wedded bliss, putting by small sums with which to buy a much-coveted article, the possession of which, in his opinion, was one of those things which made life worth living. The day at last came. He bought it. He led it home. He called his helpmate to admire it. "What a lovely bi! how bright! how pretty!" she said, and he smiled his largest smile—10 to the mile. "But," she continued, "don't you think you would have spent your money better if you had invested in a double-barreled perambulator, a set of dish-covers, and a flat-iron or two?" He wept his dampest weep.—*Wheeling*.

Englishmen are nothing if not eccentric and the cycling press across the pond are not exceptions. Their attacks upon the Springfield records, timing, track, and management are only what we expected from them, and hardly deserve the consideration they have received. It is simply preposterous for them to claim, as they do, that the watches used were so "cared for" that they ran

sixty-two seconds to the minute. Even if such a manipulation of watches is possible, which we doubt, it is folly to suppose that at a meet like that at Springfield, there were not a number of watches held by competent timers acting unofficially by which errors committed by the officers of the track would have been made apparent and have been denounced. We were not present at the events referred to, but can assure our doubting friends that the records will stand, both as to time and distance, and more recent performances than the ones referred to make the questioned records seem quite commonplace. We hope to have a still more stunning surprise for our friends the next time they send a contingent to visit us, one too of altogether a different nature.—*Bicycle South*.

The wheelmen of Lynn have decided that their city is just the place for a big tournament, and propose holding one next season which will outshine even the famous meets at Springfield. Rowe's marvelous riding has awakened a deep interest in cycling throughout Essex county, and there seems every reason to believe that a big meet could be held successfully at Lynn. The Lynn Cycle Club has appointed a committee to hunt up a desirable location for constructing a track. Several lots within the city limits can be secured, and something will be definitely settled upon very shortly. It has been suggested that the track be located somewhere between Boston and Lynn, so as to ensure patronage from both cities; but this is not thought to be wise, as Lynn can be easily and quickly reached by persons who desire to attend the races from Boston. It is proposed to form a stock company, the shares to be taken by prominent men in Lynn and the cycle dealers of Boston. The track will be a half mile in circuit and will be of the same construction as that at Springfield. It is to be enclosed by a high fence, and a huge grand stand will be erected on the ground. It is understood that one of the members of the club has offered to erect this stand at his own expense, and take as payment a lease of it for a certain period. It is proposed to have the track down by April 1, so that the riders may begin training for the spring races. This will be a convenience greatly appreciated by racing wheelmen in this neighborhood, and it is understood that several of the professionals will move their residences to that city, in order to obtain the use of the track. It is not intended that the track shall be for any other purposes than cycling, yet it may be secured for other athletic contests. A tournament will be held in the spring, and another and larger one will be held next September, when the English racers are in this country.—*Boston Globe*.

This has been a great year for fruits. We gathered our annual harvest of bicycle records in September, and the crop was an enormous one. There was, of course, the usual early, summer fruit, fair, and of good quality, and a few windfalls that were, perhaps, a little wormy at the core; but it remained for the three days' gale, at Springfield, to bring down the whole rosy shower of fall records, of good keeping quality, that we shall put away to feast upon through winter months. In point of interest and quality of work done, the Springfield race meeting of 1885 was far ahead of any previous occasion; that the records would be lowered a few seconds was almost a foregone conclusion weeks before the event, but no one dreamed of the wholesale record-lowering that was witnessed at this successful meeting. The making of new records one day, to break them the next, and again

on the third day, was simply treating the public to a series of pleasant and wholly unexpected surprises. Verily, it was good to be there. Meanwhile the British lion sat upon his haunches, smiling benignly, as one by one the races were run off,—for in the light of an international contest, it was a very one-sided affair,—and the American eagle, looking on serenely, took what he could get. And though he did not get "The lion's share," altogether, the old bird has considerable to be proud of. * * * * * And what does it all signify? That we are learning how to make fast tracks, or build fast machines, or train fast men? Doubtless all three, though the human machine should have the larger share of praise. It was Maud S. who won the mile in 2.084, and not Pushem & Co.'s sulky; yet the sulky and the jockey and the track were all factors in the glory of the achievement. At the Springfield races one fact seems to have been demonstrated—that our American racing men need a more thorough and systematic training and better physical development that shall bring out all the good that there is in them.—*Outing*.

WOMEN AS CYCLERS.—It is evident that the season of 1885 will show a great multiplication in the number of women and girls who ride the tricycle. Last summer the tricycle made such a long swing forward in feminine favor that its success this side of the water is as well assured as in Britain, where there are now hundreds of lady tricyclers. When we first read that the Princess Beatrice had mounted the three-wheel our lively interest in the machine began. We may be the most democratic of mortals, but we have been educated from infancy to consider Queen Victoria a model mother. Therefore, when the cable flashed over the fact that her daughter had taken a turn in the tricycle, we felt a national glow of emulation. The strength of English women is doubtless due to the great amount of out-door exercise they take. But American women must remember that they cannot put on the Saxon fashion of endurance as readily as they can the tweeds and flannels and the sensible boot of the English woman who walks. American girls are receiving much better physical training than their mothers, and the time must come when, in spite of what is called the nervous American climate, they may compare favorably in physique with their English cousins. If much out-door life in the moist meadows and cloud-hung parks and lanes of England develops health and muscle and vitality, one may reasonably expect as good results from the free inhalation of American oxygen.—*Chicago Tribune*.

WHAT MAY BE

When cyclists, in the course of a year or two, have discovered how very superior the roads are in France, Switzerland, and Italy to those of England; and how easy and jolly a thing it is to ride abroad, visiting cities as old as Verona and as beautiful as Venice, there will arise a need for a new kind of Bradshaw which will give in a very small bulk the routes from London to all the principal cities of Europe, with what the English Bradshaw does not give added—namely, the name of some inn or hotel at each place passed, and the prices, just as Baedeker does in his handbooks. The cyclist will have many advantages over the ordinary traveler, because he carries less luggage, and can visit places—a waterfall, a ruined castle or abbey, a quiet lake, a gem of blue set in the

Alps—without the bother and expense attendant upon the ordinary methods created by the present system of "going abroad." At present, even cyclists are too little aware of how much may be done, and at how small cost in a fortnight's holiday, when they bring to their aid in running about a bicycle or tricycle. Of course the bicyclist can run the faster, but he is at this disadvantage—he cannot carry as much luggage with him as is actually necessary for a run on the continent, while the tricyclist, on his machine, may carry enough for all his wants—of course those wants being of a modest character. Perhaps at no distant time the bicyclist will only need to carry a tooth brush and a comb about with him—all other necessities being supplied by the hotel keeper, on the same principle adopted by Captain Marryat. In the new "Cyclists' Bradshaw" how curious it will read, "To Venice from Chiasso, by Como, Milan, Brescia, Teschiera, Verona, and Padua, seven days, probable cost, £3."—*London Standard*.

WHAT NEXT?

A great deal of discussion is at present going on in the English wheel press, on the merits and demerits of the various "Safety" bicycles; but no remarks have yet been made on the peculiar and unappropriate names given to the "Safeties" of the several makers. A wrong impression may be and is easily conveyed by some names given to these machines, as I will presently show. The word "cycling" is still to many persons a new word, and then there are actually some who do not know what a "bicycle" is; they know what is meant by a "velocipede," but a "cycle" is a myth. It happened lately that in a remote part of the colony where no wheelman has ever penetrated, a copy of a cycling paper was received by an ancient couple, from a sprightly young grandson in Old England, who thought the progress of the sport should be equally interesting to all. The paper was headed "The Cycling Herald," and as old John Thompson read it, he said:

"Betty, I see they're changed the name of our town from Clayton to Cycling."

"Have they now? Well, that's a mistake, because Clayton was such a nice name."

Thompson proceeds to read several paragraphs in succession, which, curiously enough, were all bearing on Safety records,—the first ran thus:—

"M. O'Toole, a resident of Ireland, has been riding about England on an 'Antelope.'"

"A what?" asked Mrs. T.—

"A *Hantelope*," he replied.

"Why, that's a hanimal as lives in India or Sweden or somewheres, and a wild animal, too; go on."

Thompson reads:—"He has ridden 250 miles in a natural day (24 hours) on it."

"Well, I don't believe it," she said.

"Don't interrupt me," he answered.

"It runs remarkably smooth, and he believes it to be superior to any other machine."

Taking off his specs the old man put down the paper, and delivered himself of a few remarks, condemning the introduction of wild animals to every-day uses, and especially deprecated the calling of any animal a "machine."

"What else is in the paper, dear?" asked the wife.

"I'll read," quoth he.

The next "par" that caught his eye was headed "News from Australia." "Here's something near home," he remarked.

"We hear from our Melbourne correspondent that Mr. A. Gault rode a 'Kangaroo' from Ade-lade to Melbourne, a distance of 508 miles, in eight days."

"Never," put in Betty.

"Well, I can't make it out, this riding on animals," said John, "because how can a man sit to a kangaroo's jump? Why, it's impossible, and then he'd have to tame it, too!"

The last paragraph put the finish on the whole. "Mr. Harris—well known in this town—has traveled from London to Glasgow, a distance of 500 miles, in five and one half days, on 'Rover'" (the "comp." had omitted the prefatory "a" to "Rover"). "I suppose that'll be the Mr. 'Arris we knew in Clayton, as you know, dear, he had a dog named Rover—a large mastiff; but to think of such cruelty; riding a poor animal like that—and Mr. 'Arris was a big man, too—he must a' nigh killed the poor thing."

Again removing his glasses the old man said, "Well, now that is too much for me; I believe there must be some mistake in these reports, and it's just going a little too far to use a dog like that. I've no doubt it is our friend Harris by its being in our 'town' paper, but if that's the sort of paper the *Herald*'s turned to I've had enough of it," and, throwing it aside in disgust, he went out to a neighbor's to recount the degeneracy of modern journalism.—*Australian Cycling News*.

AN ATHLETE'S DIET.

"I eat," said Wallace Ross the other day, "and I always have eaten since I was a boy, plenty of nourishing, generous food, and I am very wide in my choice, eating, as a rule, any good food that tempts my appetite, and that is hearty enough to be easily tempted. For myself I am not especially fond of what you call made dishes, but prefer food in its plainer forms. For meats I eat chiefly mutton and beef, and I use a good deal of bread, of course being as careful as I can to get the best. My own idea is that so long as you have sound, sweet food, it doesn't make as much difference what kind it is as how much you eat of it. I am very particular to eat slowly. I eat three times a day. Breakfast is a light or hearty meal, according to how I feel about it at the same time. Lunch in the middle of the day is always light, and dinner at 6.30 or 7 is the principal meal of the day. I always take an hour for that. If I haven't an hour to spare at dinner time I put off dinner till I have.

"I find, though, that aside from meat and bread I must have plenty of vegetables. No man can make any kind of an athlete without eating plenty of vegetables. I take all kinds, and pretty much of all fruit, too. Fruits are good. A man can't stay without that kind of food. He has no endurance.

"Yes, I'm Scotch, and I believe in oatmeal, but I don't think you ought to eat too much of it. I have it at breakfast about three times a week. I am fond of milk, too, and especially careful to drink it slowly. It's excellent food, but it is very bad to drink it fast. And it isn't good to take too much liquid at any time, especially at meals. I have a habit of always drinking a glass of water when I first get up—spring water, if I can get it. I don't exactly know why I do it. I don't know that it is very good for me, I guess it is because I like it. There's no accounting for taste, you know."

"Tea is my greatest stimulant. I don't drink much coffee, but I do take considerable tea—black

tea, always; I never use green—and I take it with sugar and milk, and never take it iced. I don't mean when I say it is my greatest stimulant that I never take anything stronger. I very seldom do, but sometimes, just before a race, for instance, if I need it, I take some brandy; no malt liquor. That's bad, especially lager. Lager is very bad.

"In training? Well, I make no difference in my diet in training. I only try to keep more regular hours, especially in sleeping. And I take no physic. Physic is bad always. In training it's fatal."—Cook.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

We have never believed in "machine records" and have deprecated the importance which makers have attached to the records broken on their particular machines; yet we are forced to admit that the remarkable successes of the Columbia, both on path and road this fall, are a little startling. The Pope Manufacturing Company has not put out a very large number of light roadsters or racers, for their light machines have not yet been long enough on the market for extensive sale; but, that their success has been phenomenal cannot be denied. Our grounds for this statement, we believe, are good. At Springfield in the one mile handicap with nineteen entries, the first three men (two being scratch-men) ran Columbias over the tape. Since the Springfield tournament a handful of green riders mounted on Columbias have captured nearly all the best prizes offered at racing meets throughout the country. Wm. A. Rowe, a comparative novice in racing, has lowered the records of the world from the quarter to twenty miles on his Columbia and holds more and faster consecutive world records from the quarter up, than any man that ever put foot on pedal. Alfred A. McCurdy, who a few short weeks ago astonished American wheelmen with a record of two hundred and thirty-three miles on the road in twenty-four hours, has, since he has changed his mount for a Columbia light roadster, increased his record by twenty-two miles, having covered the enormous distance of two hundred and fifty-five and one-eighth miles on Oct. 27. Wm. Woodside, the old racing man, has, since he mounted a Columbia, made vastly better time than was ever credited to him on any other machine; and the same may be said of Neilson and Prince. We do not believe in records as a guarantee of the value of a maker's work, but such a vast combination of results challenges our attention and we congratulate our pioneer American makers, for while they do not, like too many others, point to their records as a first and most important consideration, they have shown the world that there is an American wheel that can stand the strictest comparisons on all points of merit with anything yet produced in the wheel line.—*Fort Wayne World*.

AN ACROSTIC.

Of all the sports under the sun,
Uniting more points to treasure,
Really, I know of only one,
Both used in business and pleasure.
It gives you strength, health, and delight,
Colors the cheek with ruddy hue,
Yields profit and pleasure alike,—
Can other sports do more for you?
Learn the art, for I know you can;
Enjoy the sport, youth, boy, and man.

"FIFTY-THREE."

FROM THE THOUSAND ISLANDS TO THE
NATURAL BRIDGE.*

BY KARL KRON.

Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario, is distant in a bee line only 175m. from Hamilton, at the head of it; and "the Lake of the Thousand Islands," which begins there, forms in fact the uppermost section of the River St. Lawrence, and may be considered as terminating at Brockville, 30m. north east of Kingston. This picturesque and romantic archipelago comprises more than 1,800 islands and islets, of which the largest by far is Wolf Island (15m. long), directly opposite Kingston. On the New York shore, 1m. s. e. of the island, is Cape Vincent, the terminus of a railroad from Watertown, 20m. s. e.; and the wheeling between those places is said to be good. Alexandria Bay, a famous summer resort, is 25m. n. e. of Cape Vincent, on the same shore; and I believe the shore route thither has been found fairly rideable by the bicycle, as well as the direct road of 30m. from Watertown. I presume, in fact, that little trouble would be had in pushing along the New York shore for another 20m., to Morristown, whence a steam ferry-boat crosses the river every half hour to Brockville. Gananoque is about 15m. w. of Alexandria Bay; and, during the summer season, the numerous steamers which ply among the islands give ready connection between all the ports I have named. They may be reached also by the through boats from Montreal and Quebec, on the n. e., and Oswego, Rochester (Charlotte), Niagara and Toronto on the s. w.

Kingston is the natural terminal-point in the wheeling of any tourist who starts from Western Ontario to visit the Thousand Islands; yet I myself not only did not stop there but continued down the river for a dozen miles below Brockville, where the last of the islands were left behind,—finishing thus at Prescott, on the night of October 21, 1883, a fortnight's straightaway run of 635m., which began at Windsor, opposite Detroit, on the morning of the 8th. The bitterly cold air which prevailed at daybreak on the 22d, when I took the first boat across to Ogdensburg, perhaps kept the customs inspector from the dock. At all events, I mounted there without challenge and wheeled up to the Seymour House, $\frac{1}{3}$ m.—though that was nearly six months before my "Bermuda case" caused the United States to relax its restrictions against bicycle touring, which were even more vexatious and absurd than those by which the Dominion authorities still seek to prevent Yankee wheelmen from spending their vacations, and vacation-money, in Canada. A good breakfast seemed specially refreshing, after the scanty fare of the previous day; and, having answered my letters, I mounted at 9, and rode in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ h. to Heuvelton, 7m., over a smooth and level surface, with a sharp descent across the railroad track at Heuvelton. At the top of a hill which I walked up, 2m. beyond,

after rather poor riding, I could see the village of Rensselaer Falls on my left, and also some mountain-peaks, whose outlines delighted me because my Canadian horizons had offered my eyes very little variety of that sort. Walking down hill through the sand and crossing a bridge, I kept the right to a church and school-house (4m.), where, of three possible roads, the left was said to be the best, though I found that it led over a succession of short hills and was largely unrideable for 4m. to De Kalb (no hotel), where I took a header by striking a stone on an up-grade, after having gone 250m. without a fall. The road improves and is good through Richville, 7m., beyond which I wheeled up two long hills, and then found stretches of smooth and flat riding (6m. in one hour) to Gouverneur, where I spent the night in comfort at the Van Buren House. The next morning, between 7 and 9:45, I rode 14m. to Antwerp, and stopped there one hour for breakfast. The first 3m. was done without dismount, and good riding continued 4m. further, or until I had passed Somerville. Then 2m. of poor plodding brought me to a point offering three routes to Antwerp, of which I chose the right (afterwards learning that the left is best), up a sand hill and then the left along a gravel road, somewhat hilly but generally smooth and good for 4m., ending with a long but rideable grade which winds around into the village of Antwerp. My first stop was forced 1m. beyond it; then rough clay prevailed to the river bridge, which I crossed, only to find the roughness increase to the unrideable point, as I plodded along a plain to a cross-roads school-house, where I turned to the right over the stream again (I learned later that I should have kept straight on), and after 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. of difficult riding reached Philadelphia, 6m. from Antwerp. Sand prevailed then for 1m., or until I turned to the right on the road which I should have followed from the school-house; and after going 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. on this road I reached the stone "3m. to Evans Mills." The last 2m. to that place was mostly rideable, and I reached the corners, 5m. beyond, in a little more than 1h. Thence to the Woodruff House in Watertown, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ m., I went in similar time, doing the last 2m. without stop, over rather rough macadam, ending in mist and dusk at 5:15 P. M. On this day and the preceding one I had nothing substantial to eat between breakfast and supper.

Watertown is the home of the rider who had accompanied me from Utica to Trenton Falls, the previous season, when rain at that point prevented his piloting me thence through Watertown to Alexandria Bay; and as he had also been my companion between Boston and Portsmouth in '81, he felt under bonds to see me safely started out of town. We left the hotel at 7 A. M., and got to the end of the good riding, 4m., in 35min., our route being through Washington st., about 2m., up a long grade; and we took the second left turn about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond this. We were 2h. in doing the next 6m. to Adams Center; but $\frac{1}{2}$ h. represented a halt for bathing my foot, where I ran a nail into it by jumping down from an apple tree upon a board which supported the unlucky nail in sticking stiffly upward. We gave only $\frac{1}{2}$ h. to the 4m. from Adams Center to Adams, and continued at speed along a smooth stretch beyond it. From Pierrepont Manor, 5m. from Adams, we went without stop 4m. in $\frac{1}{2}$ h., through Mannsville, to a water-trough at a fork, where we turned to the right (the left route, through Laconia, was said to be less sandy), and were $\frac{1}{2}$ h. in getting over the 2m. to the Sandy

Creek Hotel, where we stopped 1h. for dinner. Ridable stretches of clay, broken by sand, took us to Pulaski, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. in th.; and at the foot of a long grade, 3m. beyond, my companion said good bye and turned homeward,—the time being 4 o'clock. Colesse, of curious name, 7m., was reached 2h. later, after considerable walking in the dark, and I perforce sought shelter for the night in its terribly squalid little tavern. Shouts and shrieks of mirth from its bar-room, soon after I went up stairs, showed that (for the first night of my tour) I had forgotten to lock together the wheels of the bicycle; and an awful hush fell upon the assembly when I returned for that purpose, and displaced a small boy who had kindly consented to entertain them by a few experiments in the saddle. The weather of the day had been ideally pleasant, with favorable wind, and the 42m. covered represented but 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ h. of actual motion. The next day was also mild and balmy, barring the first 2m. after day-break, when a keen frost filled the air. For 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ m., to Hastings, the road was difficult, and then followed 6m. of sandy stretches, mostly unrideable, to the hotel in Central Square, where I halted 1h. for breakfast, ending at 10:40. It was while plodding hungrily along one of the most hopeless, not to say utterly irreclaimable, of these sandy levels, that I was confronted by a woman who came out from a little farm house in the woods to enquire of me where she could purchase a tricycle! I gave her a manufacturer's address from which she might procure a price catalogue; and I gave her this answer when questioned as to the probable time required for learning to drive a tricycle, with speed and comfort, over country roads of that sort: "Not less than 100 years!" The road grew better, however, from Central Square to Brewerton, perhaps 5m., where I crossed the Oneida river, near the lake (20m. long) of same name for which it is the outlet. The board "12m. to Syracuse" was reached at 11:45, and the next one in 20min. Goodish riding soon brought me to Cicero, with its unclassical cheese-factory, and its plank road, along which I jogged without stop, through Centerville, till I reached the water-trough a little beyond the board "3m. to Syracuse," at 1:30. It was a half hour later when I stabled my steed in Olmstead's harness store, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. on, with a record of 27m. for the half-day, and 80.4m. for 19 successive days.

I began my 19 days' ride from Syracuse to Staunton, 618m., November 3, at 2 P. M. (after halting at the house of a friend nine days, during which there was much bad weather ending in a snow storm which left the roads deplorably muddy), by taking the left sidewalk of Genesee st. at the park and traversing the flagstones for 1m. to the railroad crossing; then the plank walk up the hill and beyond till it ended, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. It took me almost 1h. to tramp 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. of muddy hills to Orville tavern, which stands about midway between toll-gates 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. apart, but I covered the next 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. in 25min. and found a good sidewalk then for 3m. to Fayette, where I turned to the right on Manlius st. and reached Manlius, 3m., in th. Here, at fork on the hill, I again turned to the right and went to Buellville, 3m., in 35min. Dusk had now settled down (5:20 P. M.), and I mounted not again, though the macadam extended a little further, to the hamlet of Oran. It was now pitch dark, and the roadway a mere slough of mud. After about 1m. of this, a wayfarer told me to "take the left at the next fork by a brick house"; but I failed to see it, and so struggled on to a cross-roads, where a

*This is to form a part of Chapter XXIV, in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (600 pages of 400,000 words, cloth bound, gilt top, no advertisements admitted, price \$1.50), to be published by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, New York City. The first twenty-nine chapters (470 pp.) have already been printed by the Springfield Printing Company, and it is possible that the book may be issued on the second anniversary of the issue of its prospectus, Jan. 25, 1886. Those who pledge \$1 in advance will receive it at that price, and will have their names twice printed in its appendix. The number of such subscribers enrolled on Dec. 5 was 3,275. A specimen chapter ("Bone-Shaker Days," 11,000 words) and descriptive circulars may be had by sending a postal-card request to the publisher at the above address.

driver told me to take the left up a long and rough hill, to meet the road which I had missed. I found this at last, near a railroad crossing, and tramped along a ridge where good riding would be possible in dry weather by daylight, with a fine view across the valley on the right. At last I crossed the railroad again, near a station, and took the left along the lake, — floundering through a terribly muddy stretch overhung with trees, and so reached the Stanton House in Cazenovia, at 8.40 o'clock, just as the rain drops began to patter down. The next morning was damp but not rainy, and, as the sun shone in the afternoon, I decided to proceed as far as the next town, West Woodstock, $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. I did so in $2\frac{1}{2}$ h., ending at 6.30 o'clock. This was much the shortest day's journey of my tour, and I walked the last 4m. in the dark, except that the faint moonlight tempted me to mount once or twice, towards the end. I had spent the early part of the day in the experiment of fitting rawhide bearings to my front axle; and as these had not been given time to dry, the wheel turned hard. The rawhide washer inserted in steering head quickly worked loose; and I threw it away, two days later, as an impracticable device.

West Woodstock was still in sight, next morning, after I had got to the top of a long hill 2m. beyond it; and Shed's Corners, 1m. on, was reached in 1h. from the start. For 6m. further, the road continued to wind among smooth and sterile hills to Georgetown, a sizable village at the end of the Otselic Valley. The stretch of loam below Georgetown was said to be "sand-papered" in summer; but the snow storm of four days before (whereof white patches still lingered on the hill-tops) had turned it into a slough of black mud, through which I toiled for about 2m., without a bit of riding, to a cross-roads school-house, where left or right may be taken to North Otselic. Taking the right, I reached the post-office of that name (13m. and $4\frac{1}{2}$ h. from the start) at 12.30, and munched some apples for $\frac{1}{2}$ h., in lack of anything better, without crossing the bridge to the village on the left. At the next fork I went up-hill to the right, then took the left under the bridge of an abandoned railroad, $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. An equal distance beyond is a fork by a grave-yard, where either road may be taken, but I chose the left, because leveler, and had bits of riding for 3m. to South Otselic, where stands a sizable new hotel. North Pitcher, 3m., was reached in 1h. and South Pitcher, 4m., also in 1h., about half the latter stretch being ridable. I probably walked 20m. of the 27 which I traversed that day ($9\frac{1}{2}$ h.), though all would be ridable in summer, except a few of the hills. My next day's ride of $28\frac{1}{2}$ m. seemed wonderfully swift in contrast, for though I gave Sh. to it, my numerous rests amounted to nearly 3h.; and the surface kept improving as I advanced. Mounting at 8.30, I took the left $\frac{1}{2}$ m. out, and then turned to the right down the valley to Cincinnati, 3m., where I am told that the leveler road on the right bank of the river is the better one in dry weather, but that I had best continue on the left to avoid the mud. At the top of a long hill, 3m. below (nearly all. ridden) I had a beautiful view of the sunlit valley; and fine views were before me as I rode down hill for 1m., and then 3m. to the hotel at Willet. Indeed, there was good scenery all the way to Upper Lisle (6m. in $\frac{1}{2}$ h.), whose little hotel supplied me with a really excellent dinner for 25 cents,—though its fare would probably be found less sumptuous on any other day than that of the State election. About 2m. on, at the top of a $\frac{1}{2}$ m. hill, I had an-

other fine view to the north; and then descended for $1\frac{1}{2}$ m., except one short up-grade, which would usually be ridable. The bridge leading to Whitney's Point, was 5m. below Upper Lisle; but, instead of crossing it, I kept on for perhaps 4m. to the next bridge, over a branch of the river, beyond which the road winds along a shelf of rock, undulating, but with general smoothness of surface, past a saw-mill and fall. From this point to the little "temperance hotel" beyond the bridge at Chenango Forks ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m.), where I stopped at 5 p. m., I was sprinkled upon slightly; and a heavy rain then continued far into the night. The next morning was damp, but the wind favored me, and, finally, the sun. The first 2m. required $\frac{1}{2}$ h. and brought me to the top of a high hill having a fine view,—also an advertising board, "9m. to Binghamton." Descending for $\frac{1}{2}$ m., I took the left for $\frac{1}{2}$ m. (instead of keeping straight on, as would have been better), and, at 10 o'clock, having crossed the bridge below the railroad bridge ($2\frac{1}{4}$ m.), I struck the first sand seen in about 100m.; but the side-paths proved generally ridable to Port Dickson, and I rode continuously for 3m., from the point where its horse railroad begins to the post-office in Binghamton (11m. in $2\frac{1}{2}$ h. from Chenango Forks). What with letter-writing, chatting with local riders, buying a new pair of shoes, and getting dinner, $2\frac{1}{2}$ h. slipped away before I resumed the saddle. I rode 1m. to the bridge and 1m. beyond; then walked nearly 1m., including a long hill; turned to the right with the river in 1m. at the fork where stands the 4m. plank; and, finally, at the bridge where stands the 5m. plank and where darkness overtook me in '80, my real riding of the day began. An excellent gravel surface stretches thence for $9\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the post-office in Great Bend, the first town across the Pennsylvania line; and I seemed to myself to be going very fast when I got over it in $1\frac{1}{2}$ h. My only stop was made for a horse, which I met under the railroad about $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. after mounting,—though the hill which I soon afterwards climbed, beyond the railroad tracks, and the hill which confronted me previously were both quite difficult. Beyond the post-office in Great Bend, I mistakenly kept to the left (whereas the right was recommended by riders of both Binghamton and Susquehanna), and soon found stones sprinkled on a soft surface. At the fork, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. on, I walked up-hill to the right and had a fine view backward of Great Bend. The descent on wheel was rather ticklish in the gathering dusk; and though the next 7m. would have offered fair wheeling in the day time, and though I was tempted occasionally to mount in the frosty moonlight, I tramped most of the distance (2 h.) and, at 7 o'clock crossed the bridge over the Susquehanna into the town of that name, and sought its chief hotel, the Starucca, which is connected with the railroad station. I recommend it as a place where wheelmen will probably get good treatment hereafter, because of the emphasis with which I resented the incivility there offered to myself. The hotel clerk having shown me to a room, I made my usual remark that I would "be ready for supper in about half an hour"; but, instead of giving the usual assurance that a good supper should then be ready for me, he pulled out his watch and said with an insolent swagger: "Tables are cleared at 7.30. If you want any supper, you must come down now." This was not exactly an alluring sort of "hospitality" for a traveler to have thrust upon him, as a sequel to a tiresome day's journey of 35m.,—which had

left him wet with perspiration, in spite of the frosty night air,—and so I picked up my roll of luggage and said I would take my chance of shelter at some other hotel, where it might be allowable to properly wash and dress myself as a preliminary to eating. As I re-entered the hotel office, and put on my jacket, which I had thrown upon the heater to dry, and ordered my bicycle to be brought out of the cloak-room, the loungers about the place pricked up their ears to know what the trouble might be; and one of the proprietors appeared on the scene, with apologies for the rudeness which had been offered. Being a wheelman himself, he wished to smooth the matter over by the promise of a good supper; but, as I quietly insisted that I'd had enough of the Starucca, he kindly piloted me to the "second best" hotel, where I was allowed to take my time in putting on dry clothes, and afterwards to eat in peace, without reference to any kitchen girl's rule as to "clearing the tables at 7.30." The lecture on the value of civility which that hotel clerk received from his employer, after my withdrawal, was, I trust, sanctified to him for his everlasting good; and the hotel itself, I am sure, can hereafter be all the better depended upon to make wheelmen comfortable because of the fact that, when once it endeavored to rob me of comfort, I flatly turned my back upon it.

The American 24-hour road record has made a surprisingly large number of good jumps upward this season, and is now within seven miles of the English record. At the opening of the riding season this year, the record was held by Messrs. Tracy and Webb, of the Lawrence Bicycle Club, on 201 miles. In July, L. D. Munger raised it $211\frac{1}{2}$ miles on an Apollo bicycle, beating the claimed, although not generally accepted, record of 207 miles made by Fred Russ Cook. Munger held the record for two months, when it was taken from him by A. A. McCurdy, who set the figures at $233\frac{1}{8}$ miles. Then Ives, of Meriden, and Rhodes, of Dorchester, brought it up to $241\frac{9}{32}$ miles. McCurdy again tried, this time on a Columbia, and reeled off $255\frac{1}{8}$ m., which is the record, and likely to remain such until another season.

A. A. McCurdy, October 26, broke the twenty-four hour road record, which was only made the previous week by F. F. Ives and W. A. Rhodes, on a course which measured $47\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length. The start was made at 6 o'clock from the Faneuil House, Brighton, and was checked by Frelon Morris and C. S. Howard. The distance covered was $255\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The following is the summary:—

Distance.	Started.	Finished.	Elapsed Time.
First round, 47	6 P. M.	10.18 P. M.	4.18
Second round, 46 15-16	10.34	2.37 A. M.	4.03
Third round, 47	3.02 A. M.	7.12	4.10
Fourth round, 47	7.34	11.37	4.03
Fifth round, 60 5-16	11.59	5.21 P. M.	5.22
Additional, 6 7-8	5.21 P. M.	5.59.30	37.30
Total, 255 1-8			22.33.30
Total time rested,			1.26
Total time,			23.59.30

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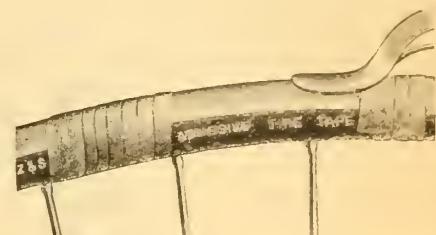
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