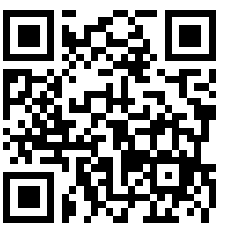
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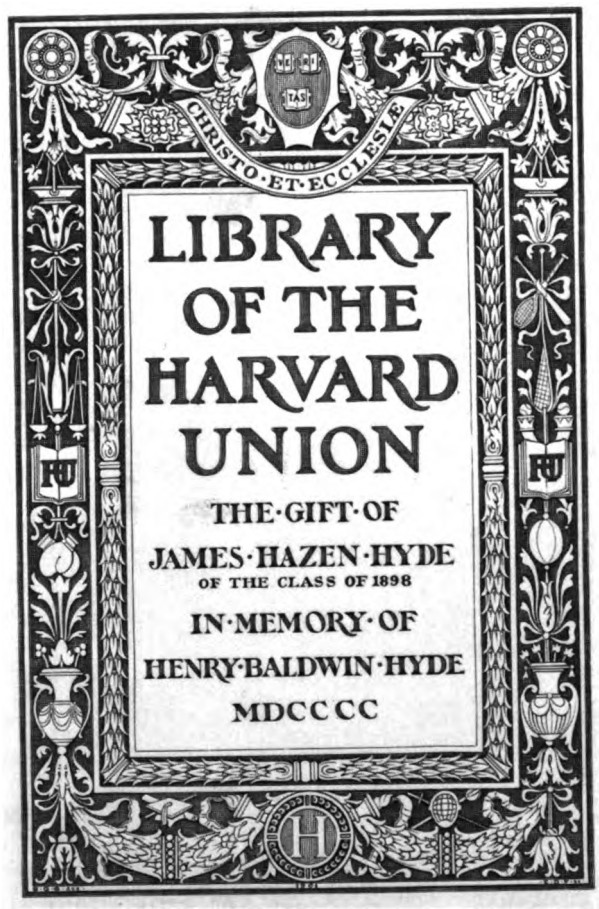




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THE WHEELMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

OF

CYCLING LITERATURE AND NEWS

VOL. I

October, 1882—March, 1883

BOSTON
THE WHEELMAN COMPANY
608 WASHINGTON STREET
1883

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THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1882. No. 1.

A WHEEL AROUND THE HUB.



RECREATION AT MASSAPOAG.

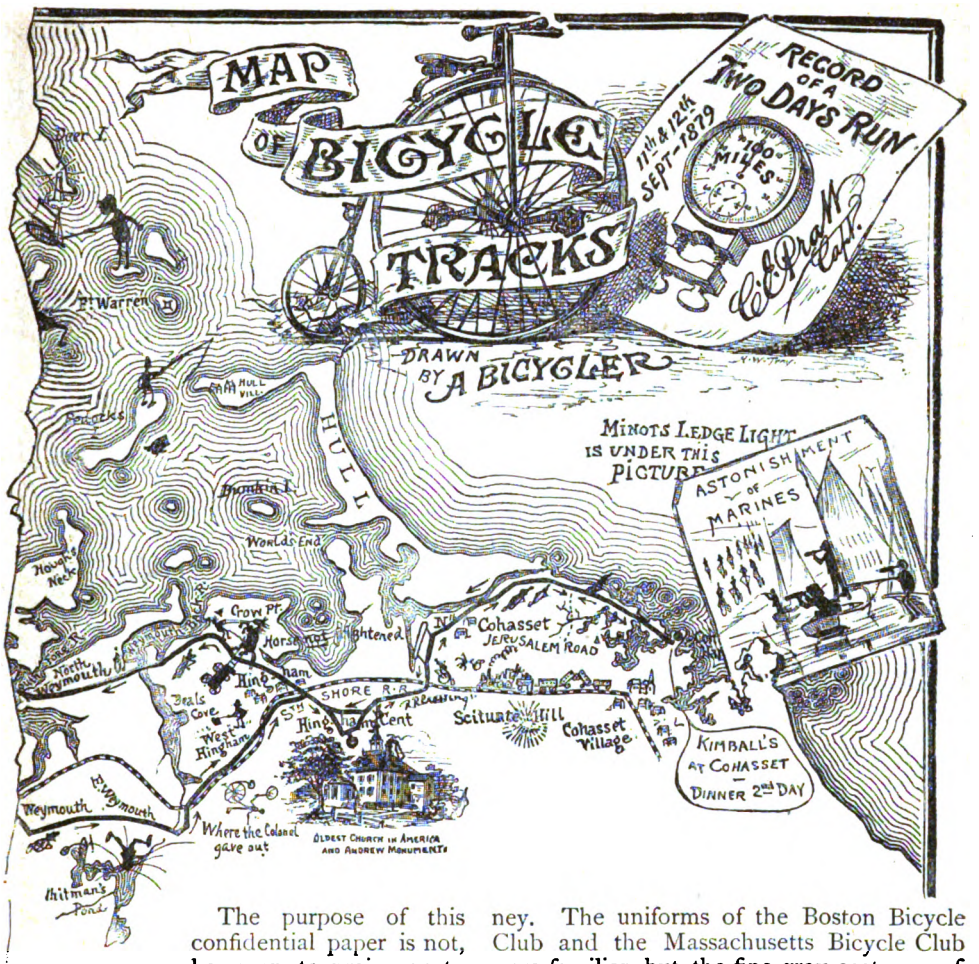
THREE countries claim the birth of the bicycle. Whether the paternity of it really belongs to a German baron, to an English postman, or to a French mechanic, we may leave to the debates of the curious, or answer with the safe suggestion that it is the result of a process of evolution, while we enjoy the fact, that whatever its origin, it is now an American institution. An instrument with which M. Laumaillé has threaded thirty thousand miles of European roads, with which Mr. Waller has accomplished more than fourteen hundred miles in six days, and which on any course longer than five miles enables a man to excel the fleetest horse, is one which may well excite the public interest and find its way into the popular literature of the time. If it was adapted only to the racing path or the public hall, if it had only its record in competitive and ornamental athletics, its use might be characterized as a fashion in

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sports—a healthful, humane, manly, and attractive fashion, to be encouraged like that of cricket or of archery, to be sure, but not of practical moment to the majority of busy, utilitarian Americans. But since it is a vehicle ready to the hand and foot, conserving time and energy while it reduces distance; since it is more economical, more effective and more attainable than a horse and buggy, suiting the needs of the messenger, the agent, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, the botanist, the surveyor, in their journeyings to and fro, it takes on the dignity of a modern improvement, and is entitled to rank with the hundred other things which go to make or to keep our crowded life worth living.

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The purpose of this confidential paper is not, however, to praise or to disparage this modern rival of the horse, but to disclose how a few possessors of the birotate chariot, numbering some forty odd, enjoyed "a wheel around the Hub," as our Artist put it, and to record some of the events of their two days' run.

The meet was entirely informal. Personal invitations had brought together individual members of seven or eight bicycle clubs, and also several amateurs from the unofficered ranks of "the unattached." A rosy September morning smiled on them as they glided by ones or twos toward the place of meeting. This was the foot of a broad, winding avenue in ancient Roxbury, now a part of the municipality of Boston. Roxbury had seen many bicycles before, but never so many at once. There was something novel in the diversity of dress, in the equipments with knapsacks and compact "*multum-in-parvo*" bags, portending a journey. The uniforms of the Boston Bicycle Club and the Massachusetts Bicycle Club were familiar, but the fine gray costumes of the Worcester Bicycle Club, the white flannel shirts and bright stockings of the Hartfords, and the blue polo caps, marked "E. Bi. C.," and the strange attire of the Newark, Washington, and Salem men, were remarked by the early-moving business men, on their way to town. Carriage people reined up to look, and teamsters to have a pleasant word; the street circulation of Roxbury had a stoppage. The community went into committee of the whole to consider a novel state of facts and canvass the prospects; ladies smiled from the windows and piazzas, children thronged the walls, and the irrepressible small boy shied his cap at the gleaming spokes and cried, "Mister, your little wheel's loose!"

As is usual with things "informal," the meet had a contriving head or two behind it, and the fact began to be apparent when a spirited horse with buggy attachment,

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THE MEET, ROXBURY.

and a similar antiquity with a light express wagon and driver, surrendered to Praed, who directed Apollo and our Artist to the first, and invited the knapsacks and other *impedimenta* to the second. Meanwhile Ned was handing about some manuscript copies of something which an eager reporter, who chanced along, explained to his companion was "a programme."



"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION 'S GONE."

The committee aforesaid had become a crowd. It rained questions and witty remarks.

"Pile machines!" exclaimed Quil,—an order equivalent to "stack arms" in a military company. The effort was futile, and revealed a need of leadership. Praed was requested to assume command. Calling his motley hosts to one side, by a thrice repeated "attention" with a small bugle, he addressed them with terse directness if not with eloquence. The organization was simple. Five aids were appointed, namely, our Highland Laddie to ride at the front with the captain, Quil and Old Easy to ride at the rear, and Ned and Squire Winsome for intermediate duty.

Just as the fortieth came wending his way laggardly through the crowd, the captain's bugle sounded "boots and saddles," and the mount was effected. Fluttering handkerchiefs of ladies receded fast, and fresh scenes opened to view as the rubber-hoofed steeds sped noiselessly along the winding avenue, across and beyond the busy streets, past fine new mansions and quaint old houses. Here was the New England Hospital set like a castle on a sunny slope; here, the ancient homestead of William Curtis, established in 1638. Tradition has it that, with very few changes, this is the house he then built; and from that time to this, continuously, he or some of his descendants have dwelt here. William Curtis was the progenitor of nearly all the numerous families of that name now in the United States, including the late distinguished jurist and him who graces the jolliest easy-chair in the domain of literature.

Arrived on the eastern strand of Jamaica Pond, a charming sheet of water between pretty hills, at signal of three short notes the bicyclers dismount and discover the third evidence of foreordination

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for this informal run. They had been preceded by a genial and accomplished knight of the camera, whose gentlemanly address had obtained leave of the residents, and whose artistic eye had selected a fine little lawn, bounded by an elegant country residence and the street, a hedge and a grove of young trees, as the best field for taking an impression of the pleasure-bound charioteers. His camera was set in position near the hedge, and at his invitation the company filed in, piled wheels, and grouped itself for a rest and a photograph.



PEGASUS PUZZLED.

Scarcely was the party at ease, however, when a buttoned and "billy"-bearing embodiment of the majesty of the law entered the enclosure, and growled:

"You're trespassing on private property here; get into the street!"

"No, sir," blandly interposed Mr. Notman; "I have obtained permission of the residents."

"Put him out!" exclaimed Cruikshank, unguardedly.

"Oh, take his picture!" said the Irrepressible.

"Now you git out o' here quick, or I'll arrest every one of ye!" retorted the lone policeman, now irate, and describing incalculable curves with his billy; "take them things and leave!"

"Shall we duck him in the pond, Captain?" asked Old Easy, drawing up his athletic figure.

"Mr. Officer," said the Captain, "we have a right here, and you are out of your jurisdiction."

"None of yer slack to me! The folks in the house don't own this property. I'll have this ground cleared or ——"

"I intend you no disrespect," answered the Captain, advancing, "but if you do not leave at once I shall report you to the Commissioners of Police. If you make the least disturbance here I shall, as a justice of the peace, make you my prisoner."

"The law is clear; we'll back you," added the Squire, amid a general clapping of hands.

"Clear these traps off, or I'll smash 'em over the fence," exclaimed No. 626, retreating toward the camera.

"Touch that, and I'll prosecute you for malicious mischief!" ejaculated the Captain, —and then added, with a sarcastic smile: "Don't you think, my friend, that one set of buttons is rather lonesome here, against a body of forty able men?"



THE OLD CURTIS HOUSE.

The faithful guardian of persons and property, yielding perhaps both to the argument of numbers and to his own calmer reason, walked away. Our Artist in the meantime had sketched him with nice

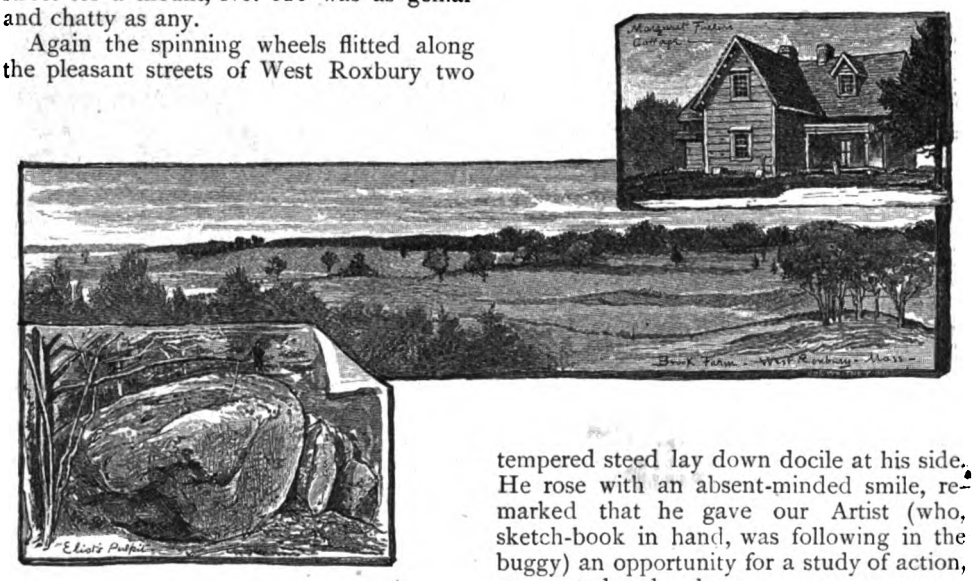
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accuracy in expression and attitude. When the halt was ended, and all returned to the street for a mount, No. 626 was as genial and chatty as any.

Again the spinning wheels flitted along the pleasant streets of West Roxbury two by two; and now the social chat was of the quickly passed Bussey Farm annex of Harvard; now of the courtesy of Massachusetts teamsters and drivers, whose obliging fairness to bicyclers was frequently remarked by the New York and New Jersey riders; or, again, of the little church, where Theodore Parker preached the first draft of his Discourse on Religion; or of the Weld Farm and its cider, or of other themes suggested by the wayside attractions of the route. Up hill and down dale they rode, through valley and over ridge, at eight miles an hour; it was a moderate pace, but there was much riding ahead, and this was the pursuit of pleasure, not of speed,—and how exhilarating it was!

The lead was down a winding hill toward Brook Farm. Two long notes from the captain's whistle—"slow up"—repeated along the line, was understood to mean "take the hill with care," and was obeyed by all but Froggie. His saddle had been set well up to the head of his roadster, so that he was nicely poised over the center of his wheel, which, getting the better of brake and back-pedaling, took on a speed of fifteen miles an hour, till suddenly meeting a stone, it stopped,—while Froggie yielded to the force of circumstances, and took "a header," in process of which he left his bicycle for a moment with its little wheel reared aloft, reached out his hands to Mother Earth, and kissed her frantically, while his high-



IMPRESSIONS OF BROOK FARM.

tempered steed lay down docile at his side. He rose with an absent-minded smile, remarked that he gave our Artist (who, sketch-book in hand, was following in the buggy) an opportunity for a study of action, remounted and rode on.

So large a body of men in costume with implements of steel and hearts of loyal courage had not invaded Brook Farm since the second Massachusetts regiment of vol-

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unteers was recruited here in 1861. "That was the best crop I ever raised," said the patriotic James Freeman Clarke, who, being then owner, gave the use of this two hundred and fifty acres to the state. One might easily believe his statement in the most literal sense, for this would seem about as poor a selection for a *farm* as could be made in fifty miles around. Whatever else the "Brook Farm Phalanx" were,—and these thirty-eight later years have proved them to have been a good deal besides,—they were not shrewd farmers.

The Captain led his band over the brook and to the left up a drive-way, and on by the wheel-tracks of a grassy and gravelly cart-road through the sacred acres. This way leads a half mile or more back from Baker street to a cemetery, which now occupies part of the former "farm"; but a dismount was made midway at the foot of a ridge of primeval gravel heaped on a pudding-stone ledge, and where from under the few shade trees some old sites, the meadows and the encircling hills were visible in rural repose beneath a forenoon sun. Froggie and the Doctor had halted at the entrance for a consultation. Apollo and the breakfastless Artist reined up their perspiring quadruped. Old Easy was detailed to forage for milk for the company and coffee and biscuit for the Artist; and the result of his errand proved the hospitality of the neighborhood and the appreciation of the visitors.

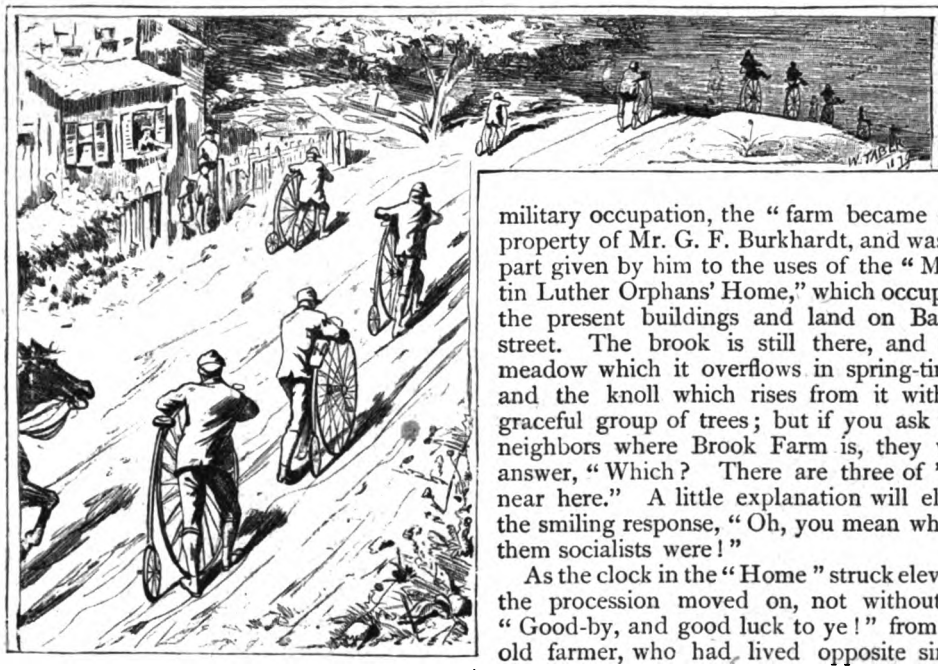
And this was Brook Farm—scene of the chief of socialistic experiments! Here met in brotherly and sisterly communion inspired and gifted men and women,—Emerson, Hawthorne, Channing, Ripley, Dana, Dwight, Curtis, Clarke, Hecker, Alcott, Bradford, Burton, Pratt, Parker and Thoreau; Mrs. Ripley, Miss Peabody, Margaret Fuller, Miss Ostinelli, Miss Bruce, Mrs. Diaz, Miss Russell, the Misses Dwight, and many more, not to mention the distinguished visitors and the pupils who have since become distinguished. Here, where they hoped to realize a higher type of fellowship—the only tangible monument of their industry to be seen—is a tiny rustic cottage, built in form of a Greek cross on the ground, one story high, with four gables, three porches, and a cupola, seated at the south-western end of the ridge. It contains four small rooms and a hall on the first floor, and a like number in the roof. Just below it is the old well; and a little to the westward is the place where the greenhouse and garden were, now partly overgrown with



A CHAPTER OF HEADERS.

scrubby young pines. The little house is now called "the Margaret Fuller cottage," and the tradition current in the neighborhood is that that distinguished woman contributed the money it cost and lived in it during her brief stay at the farm. When the "communitarians," as Hawthorne calls them in his "Blithedale Romance," came here, in 1841, there were only a farm-house and a barn on the place, near the road, and a short distance above the brook. That house came to be known as "the Hive." They subsequently erected the cottage and greenhouse referred to, and also a larger square two-story house, with a kind of parapet around the top for promenades, which was called

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A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST.

" the Eyrie," and was the favorite building, the cellar of which is still to be seen not far from the cottage. On the eastern brow of the ridge is the site of a still larger three-story building, which they erected with money borrowed on a mortgage of the real estate. This was called the " Phalanstery," and when it was about completed, but before any insurance was effected on it, it took fire and was burned to the ground. This was a staggering blow; a dispersion followed; and in 1847, the Brook Farm Phalanx was a beautiful and pensive memory. " Where once we toiled with our whole, hopeful hearts," wrote one in his note-book, " the town paupers, aged, nerveless, and disconsolate, creep sluggishly afield." The town of West Roxbury did indeed take it for a poor farm. The romantic " Eyrie " was pulled down and put up nearer the barn for a stye, and four hundred hogs were housed within its consecrated walls. The " Margaret Fuller cottage " was filled with small-pox victims, and became a pest-house. In 1849, the city of Roxbury purchased it for a town-farm, and added a workshop, one end of which is still standing as part of a large annex to the present main building there; and about 1854, every building on the place, except the cottage and the part of the new workshop, was destroyed by fire. Subsequent to the ownership of Dr. Clarke and its military occupation, the " farm became the property of Mr. G. F. Burkhardt, and was in part given by him to the uses of the " Martin Luther Orphans' Home," which occupies the present buildings and land on Baker street. The brook is still there, and the meadow which it overflows in spring-time, and the knoll which rises from it with a graceful group of trees; but if you ask the neighbors where Brook Farm is, they will answer, " Which? There are three of 'em near here." A little explanation will elicit the smiling response, " Oh, you mean where them socialists were! "

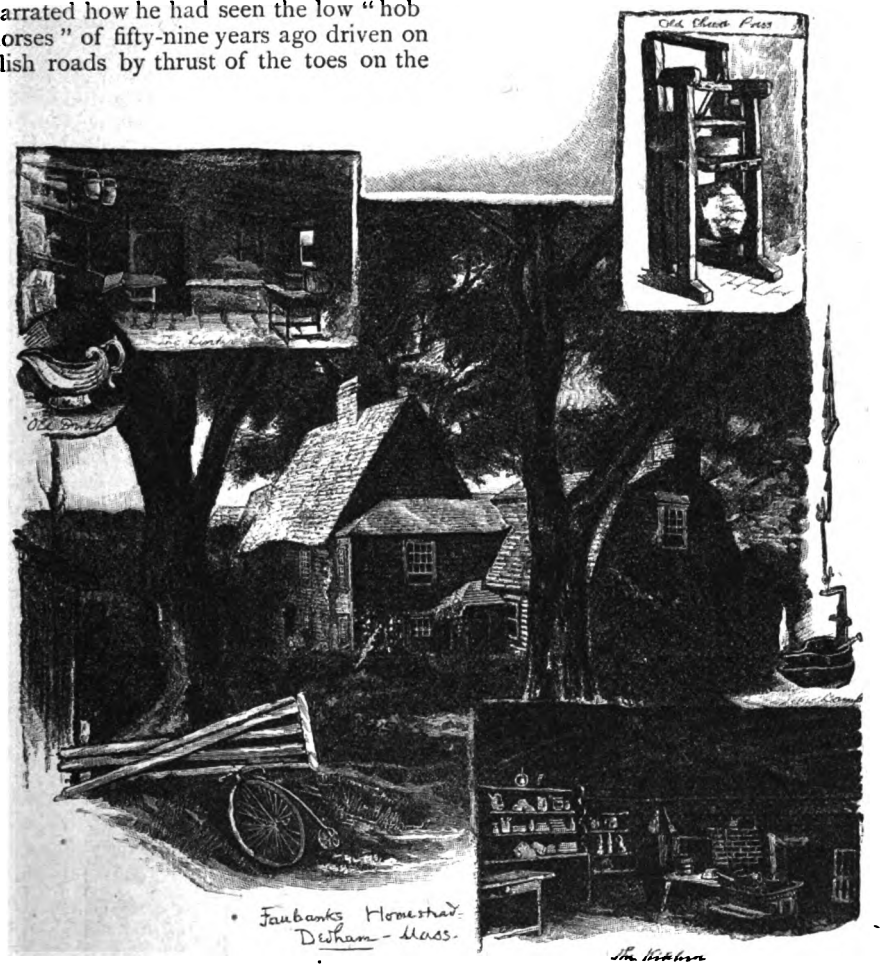
As the clock in the " Home " struck eleven, the procession moved on, not without a " Good-by, and good luck to ye! " from an old farmer, who had lived opposite since



THE MASHER.

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1848, and who took a kindly interest in the "hobby-horsemen," and recounted to them some of the traditions current about the place. His enthusiasm over their elegant aids to locomotion was quite puzzling until he narrated how he had seen the low "hobby-horses" of fifty-nine years ago driven on English roads by thrust of the toes on the



ground, when he was a subject of George the Fourth.

The village, a mile and a half away, was soon passed, and the route lay over worn turnpike, the worst of all roads for a bicycler, except unmitigated sand. Here some of the less experienced toiled at a slower pace.

"If the aldermen would only ride bicycles, or change places with their horses!" complained the Masher, struggling toward a smoother band at the edge of the road.

"When they do, we shall have the streets attended to," answered Ned; "but this is not bad at all."

"O, no!" said the Masher; "but what would you call right down villainous, now?"

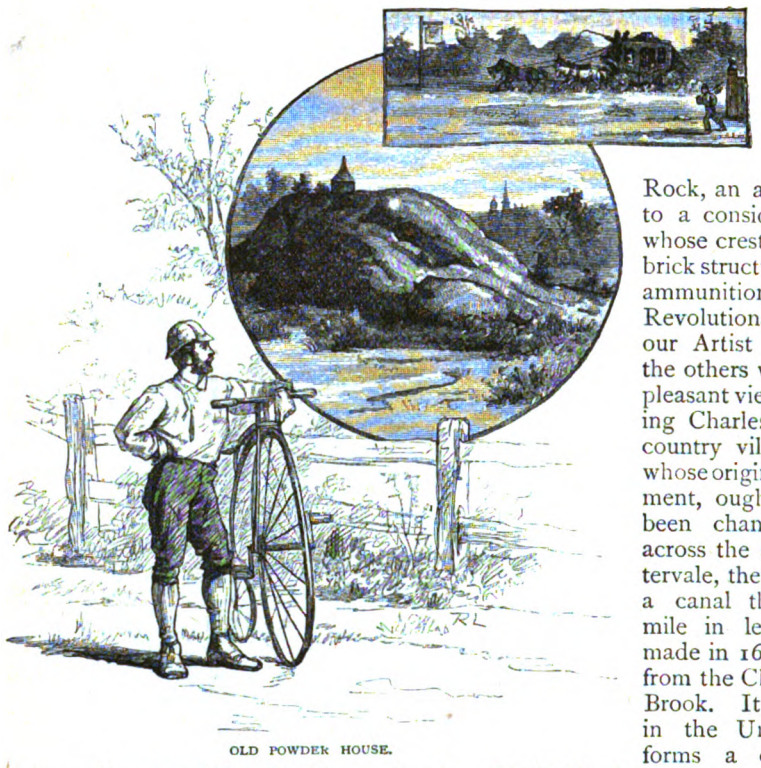
"You can't talk about roads with those men who have toured it in New Hampshire," interjected Quil, the editor. "Now here's Ned, and there's the Squire and the Captain,—either of them will ride in two inches of dirt, or in a rut, or on a ribbon of grass, or in the ditch, or on a stone wall or a plowed field ——"

"Oh, that's like your yarn of a depraved wheelman on the Great Wall of China," said Orange. "We should be proud of this road in New Jersey."

"Or in Connecticut," said Mr. Nutmeg; "we don't plane and sand-paper our roads, as they do around Boston."

"Quil always wants a calendered surface

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OLD POWDER HOUSE.

A turn in the smoother road brought the laggards in sight of the advance guard waiting on Powder House Rock, an abrupt ledge rising to a considerable height, on whose crest is a quaint little brick structure used for storing ammunition in provincial and Revolutionary times. While our Artist was sketching it, the others were taking in the pleasant view of the meandering Charles and the beautiful country village of Dedham, whose original name, Contentment, ought never to have been changed. Eastward, across the street and the intervale, they saw the end of a canal three-fourths of a mile in length, which was made in 1639, to draw water from the Charles into Mosher Brook. It is the oldest canal in the United States, and forms a connection, called "Mill Creek," between the Charles and Neponset rivers, making an island of six towns and three cities, around which the Boston boatman has often dipped his oar.

to run on," ventured the Wobbler, as he pirouetted from one ridge to another.

"Yes; like Mother Ann, he founded a community of shakers," broke in Ned, as he passed them, "and he'll be left as far behind as she is unless he hastens."

As our battalion moved in graceful order through the pleasant streets of Ded-



PASSING A SCHOOL.

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ham, by its villas and churches and Memorial Hall and business blocks, the Captain and our Highland Laddie recalled in contrast the scene of two hundred and forty-four years before, when a few pioneers from Roxbury and Watertown entered this same locality, then rich in woodlands and wolves, and "sat down together."

A little way out still stands a most picturesque old dwelling, with low lop-eaves, small windows and large chimney, showing the wear and tear and moss of age, and overhung with high, overreaching trees. This "Fairbanks homestead" is said to have stood against the wild attacks of savages, wolves, storms and "modern conveniences" since 1639. Our Artist beamed with delight as he and Apollo reined up before the quaint rookery, and saw it skirted with a fringe of gleaming bicycles leaned against the rustic fence. The riders whirled away southward, however, and dismounting, walked away into a pasture in search of a group of prehistoric chestnut trees. Rugged and gnarly, with scraggy arms swung aloft and a girth of thirty feet, each particular tree seemed to mock at the centuries and to vie with its fellows in longevity.

"Massasoit and Chickatabut and their swarthy warriors have danced beneath their branches," said Champagne, while his comrades lay on their backs looking upward through the tree-tops into the blue sky; "and here at their feet John Eliot learned the polysyllabic accents of the Indian maids and won the hearts of their brothers of the forest wilds by reciting in their own tongue the war-songs of David." He was aglow with enthusiasm. The ride had restored his boyhood. He hurled pebble stones high into the air until they looked like bullets in the effort to reach the top while, watch in hand, he counted the seconds of their falling to estimate the height. It was this effervescence of good nature that had earned him his name—a sparkling, bubbling good humor and quick suggestion, a readiness for any detour or feat or fun, that from the moment he put his foot to pedal in the morning of the meet made him a most genial companion. "I love my wheel," he said, "as the yachtsman loves his boat; I enjoy the recreation it brings as my boy does his play after school, and it puts care and weariness further from me."

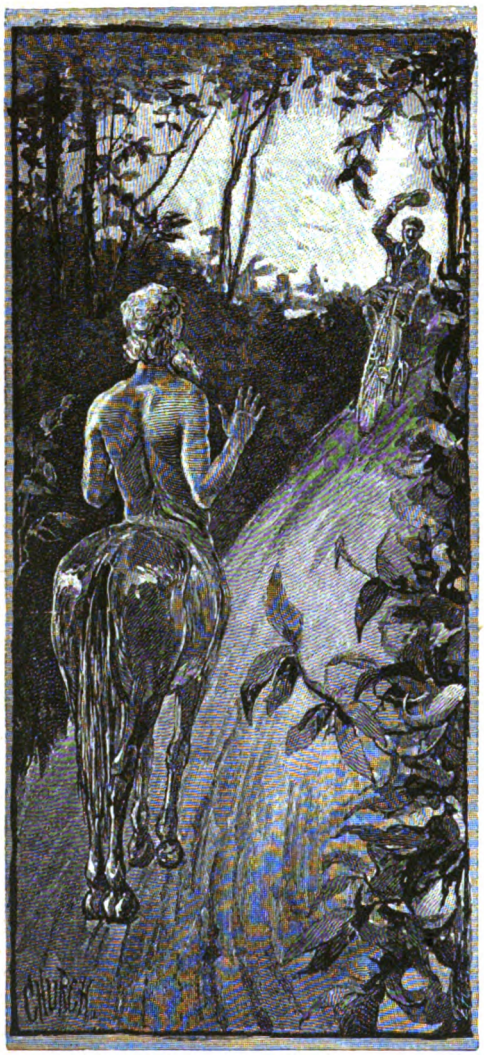


PICNIC LUNCH.

Returning to the old house over a fine and level roadway, Ned and Muffin indulged in a scrub race. It was injudicious in face of a long run; but when they had happened abreast, one had advanced a little, then the other, and so on, until without design the question of speed had arisen and must be settled. Muffin tightened his hold on the handles, set his elbows wing and wing, leaned well over his wheel, and put quick feet to the cranks. The full muscles of calf

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and thigh waxed and waned, and like a racking Canadian horse, with his head down and forward, he rocked from side to side, as his weight changed, until he seemed a nondescript bundle of action on a runaway



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

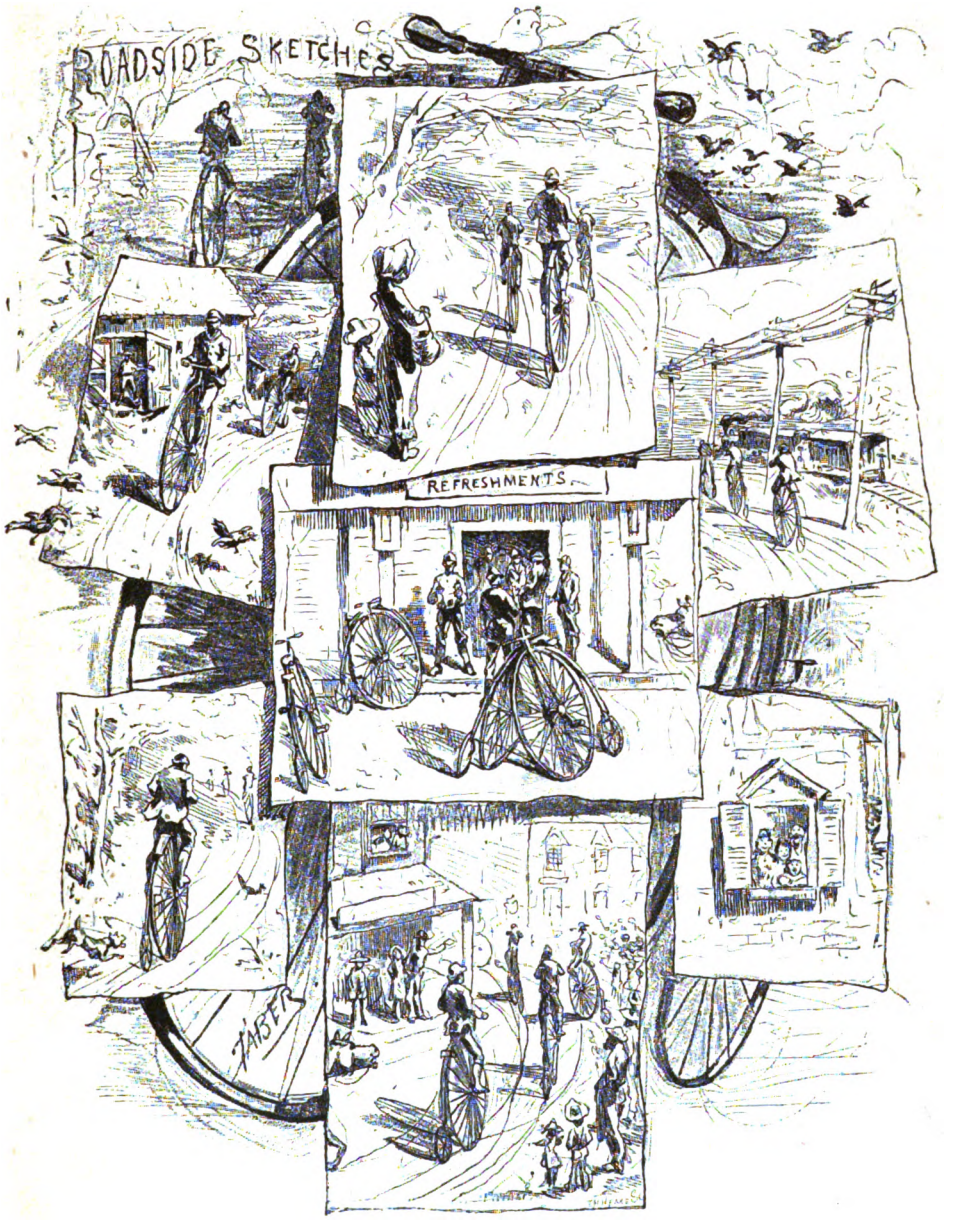
wheel. Ned, on the other hand, erect and apparently motionless above his saddle, with a graceful and steady movement, sped onward like a deer. How they flew! The wheels appeared but skeleton rims. The others increased speed to keep well in sight, now and then letting go the ebonies and clapping their hands. Half a mile, three-quarters, a mile, receded, and Ned put legs over handles and pressed on his brake, at "the Fairbanks homestead" again, fairly two lengths ahead of Muffin, who folded his arms behind him and unconcernedly wobbled by.

There had been a murmur of "rations" among the slower riders, and now there was a yearning inquiry to the same effect toward the front; but the finest of two mile stretches lay dinnerward over smooth undulating road to the east. The tiny valley of Mother Brook, two or three small ponds, the rural village of Hyde Park, rose one after another to view on the left; on the right were country villas and green fields, while before were the woodlands around Readville, with the western and highest of the Milton Hills rising in perspective beyond. A brisk spin, and then three short notes of the whistle called to a rest by the wayside in a grove of pines. Wheels were soon piled or leaned against the trees, and a general rest-as-you-please was effected on the soft knolls and in the breezy shadows. It was ten minutes before one by the watches—ten minutes ahead of time; but the prompt wagon of the caterer had already arrived. A long white cloth, stretched over the pine matting on the ground, was soon covered with the sundry good things which it is the caterer's art to supply, in profusion suited to the forty-odd fresh appetites. While these things were being diminished by the wanderers, grouped in every possible position around, the horses of Apollo and Jacob, the driver, were baiting at one side, and our Artist between courses penciled at a memorandum sketch.

The conversation baffled all reporting. Wit, humor, anecdote, narrative, toasts in coffee to Colonel Bounce, who had privately paid for the picnic viands; to Apollo and our Artist, who had favored the social as well as the fine arts by accepting such escort; to the Captain, who had contrived and sprung upon his (largely) unsuspecting command the pleasures of the day—all contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Any other toasts which might have been thirsting for response were prevented by the sudden summoning of a coffee-can court martial, which immediately sat on the case of Quil, the editor. He had been detailed, at his own suggestion, to proceed to Dedham, and meet Jacob and the caterer, and conduct them to the pine grove. It was alleged that he was afterward seen, far from the line of such duty, in animated conversation on a secluded piazza with a

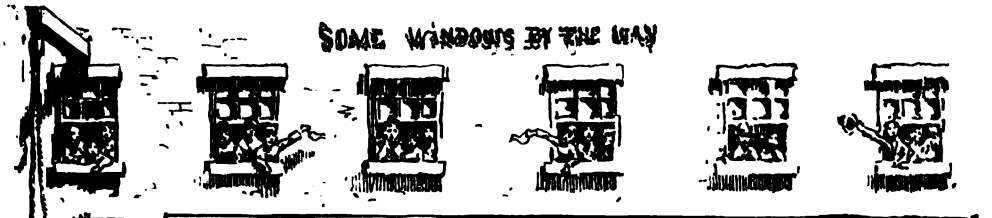
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fair damsel, who was neither his sister nor his cousin nor his aunt; and that he arrived at the grove just in time to reverse machine, and salute his superior officer, as the company came up, with that innocent and enthusiastic assurance which so frequently adorns his otherwise well-formed face. But as the charge rested mainly on the testimony of Old Easy and the Masher, both of whom were known to the court to be subject to hallucinations of the sentimental sort, and as the defendant did not "denige of it," he was promptly acquitted.

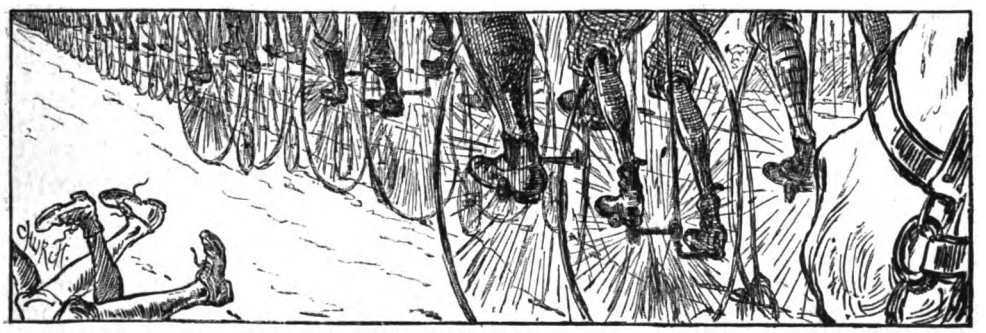
At precisely 2:30 the order was given to mount, and again the gallant battalion formed a line on the street, each man with his right hand on his saddle; and, at the signal of "Boots and Saddles," each in turn

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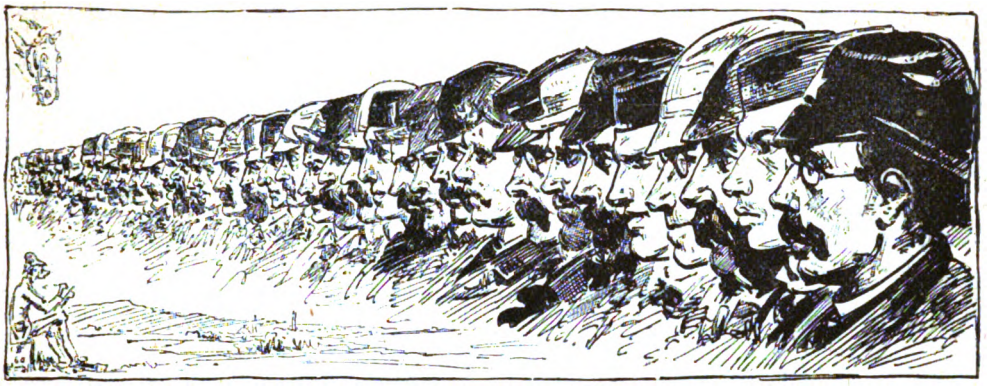
faced his machine about and, with two or three hops and a glide to the saddle, followed through Readville toward Blue Hill. Here the road turns and winds in a long, continuous ascent, varied only by some seven or eight pitches or ribs, each one of which, from the crown of the preceding, seems the last, till it reaches the waist of "the mountain." When about half-way up this ascent, those in advance, at a signal from the Captain, dismounted and walked beside their machines; while several of those in the rear, lured on by the delusion of the ribs, continued to ride and struggle toward the top. One by one they yielded to the superior persistence of the grade, save three, first and steadiest of whom was a plucky long man with a fifty-six inch wheel, who crowned his effort with the difficult performance of bringing his machine to a standstill before dismounting, and holding it so for several minutes. It was a fine sight at the end of a vista, and earned for him the sobriquet of Nine-Pin. Afterward, on whatever steepness of hill or roughness of way, he was frequently the last one down.

It was a part of this brilliant campaign to advance to a certain point on wheel and then to march on foot to the summit of Blue Hill, and thus gain a view of the whole eastern half of Massachusetts and the adjacent sea. The chosen line of attack was from the abruptest side, and not until after half-an-hour of effort was the bare rock of the summit reached. Here an exclamation of wonder and delight broke from all. The brown top of Wachusett, the dim and distant Kearsarge and Tom; the valleys of the Neponset and the Charles, the Concord and the Blackstone;



WINNERS OR LOSERS BY HALF A LENGTH.

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THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

the silver lakes of Massapoag, Quinsigamond and Cochituate; the gilded dome of Boston, the red-roofed villas of Nahant and Swampscott, of Squantum and Nantucket; the shimmering bays and blue sea beyond; the numerous spires and villages, fertile fields and forest wild,—all these were spread out under the clear sky in panoramic view. To the south-east was "little Blue Hill" and the long range stretching toward Mount Wollaston and the bay, while, nestled in the valley below, lay peaceful Ponkapoag.

"See that white tower a little to the left of the gilded dome?" said the Captain. "It is the Roxbury stand-pipe, near the place of our meet; then turn and look nearly southward, beyond the spires, to Massapoag, our destination to-night; and nearly eastward, to right of Minot's Ledge Light, is Cohasset, where we dine to-morrow."

A speedy mount followed their descent from the "hill," and then a brisk spin down grade and over gentle hills, by the trim, tasteful poet-home of Aldrich, by the well-kept farms and cemeteries and country-seats of Canton, on through the noisy, stirring village of



HALT TO CATCH UP.

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South Canton. Lightly sped the wheels into lovely Sharon. The evening air grew cool and the shadows lengthened as the pilgrims approached, in double file and close ranks, the eastern border of Massapoag. Here they followed the wend of the lake, and took the last mile and a half in the fading rosiness of sunset and the silvern twilight that succeeded. Smiles and waving handkerchiefs of ladies greeted them from the piazzas of the Massapoag House, as the notes of a "quickstep" signaled the approach, and the two bars of dismount followed. The cyclometers registered thirty-five miles, the baggage was brought in and



EN SILHOUETTE.

the hungry guests registered and sought their appointed rooms. There was luxury in sponge and towel and fresh merinoes, and no lack of good cheer and brilliant conversation at the two long tables. The hotel had unconditionally surrendered.

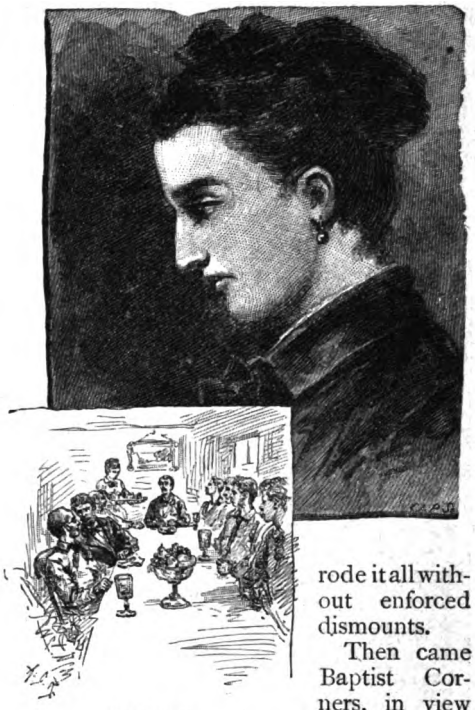
In the parlors the costumes of the wheelmen seemed not so much out of place as they were pleasing in their variety and color, while the uniformity of type and a certain positiveness of style bestowed upon the wearers collectively a half military effect. Short cut-away coats over flannel shirts, white collars and black ties, knee-breeches, long-worsted stockings and low shoes, had been dusted and freshened after the ride. Seal brown, chestnut, gray, drab, and blue were the colors, with now and then bright stockings or silver buckles and buttons to break the soberness of hue. Wheel talk, reminiscences of runs and races, the scenes and incidents of the day, furnished material for parlor conversation. There was a humorous address by the Arab on the "Unnatural History of the Oyster." In songs, the Tenor was at his best, well supported by the strong bass of the Colonel, the rich baritone of Shenstone, and by other voices, especially in the choruses. When the bicycling song, written by our Highland Laddie, was rendered to the air of "Dearest Mac," the applause was prolonged and persistent. "Farewell, Ladies!" was the closing piece of minstrelsy; and when the Masher's voice was missed, he was discovered in the opposite corner from the piano in a very engaging *tête-à-tête* with a charming young lady. This was the fifth he had won already. When, however, the music struck up, and whirling couples sought the electric floor, and the Masher in his winning way asked the young lady for the pleasure, etc., she was overheard to say, sweetly, "Thank you,—for the next; but I am always engaged to dance first with my husband." In the scenes that ensued fifteen of the bicyclers found partners.

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The rest of that night! The luxury of repose after action, of sleep after a day of sunshine and fresh air and energetic but unexhausted activity of every muscle and sense and faculty! The dreamless pillow, the downiness of perfect slumber, was found; and the curtain fell on the first day of the run.

The reader has now, it is hoped, some acquaintance with our excursionists and their methods, and has caught a little of the spirit, the breeze, and "go" of the trip. The second part was twice as long in miles and equally full in interest; but the pen must skip rapidly over it, as the wheels did, and the reader's imagination must now supply much of the filling.

A cheery breakfast at six, a hasty dusting and oiling of the trusty steeds, and then a fresher start was effected than on the morning before. A gentle west wind ruffled the placid and buoyant waters of iron-bedded Massapoag, and fanned the more buoyant spirits of the forty-odd bicyclers, as they sped along its shore and quickly left it behind. Cruikshank, making a sudden spurt on a treacherous bit of road, broke an axle, and was the first victim of the ambulance. A hasty good-by was said to him under the elms, at South Canton, whence he sadly turned away for a steam-train home. The lead was now for three or four miles over a devious country road, nearly all through woodlands, often loose or rutted, with occasional sand, and two or three sharp hills: a romantic route, but of a character to tax what might well be called the *horsemanship* of bicycling. Only the more experienced



PAN-DOWDY.

rode it all without enforced dismounts.

Then came Baptist Corners, in view of the fine old village of Randolph, and a few miles further on through an undulating country, the beautiful village of South Braintree, built lovingly around a smiling natural pond, and in view of the quarry-end of the Milton hills, with its forest of derricks. Here it became evident that the inquisitive reporter of yesterday had published the "programme," and the people were expecting the comers. Carriages drove out to meet them and escort

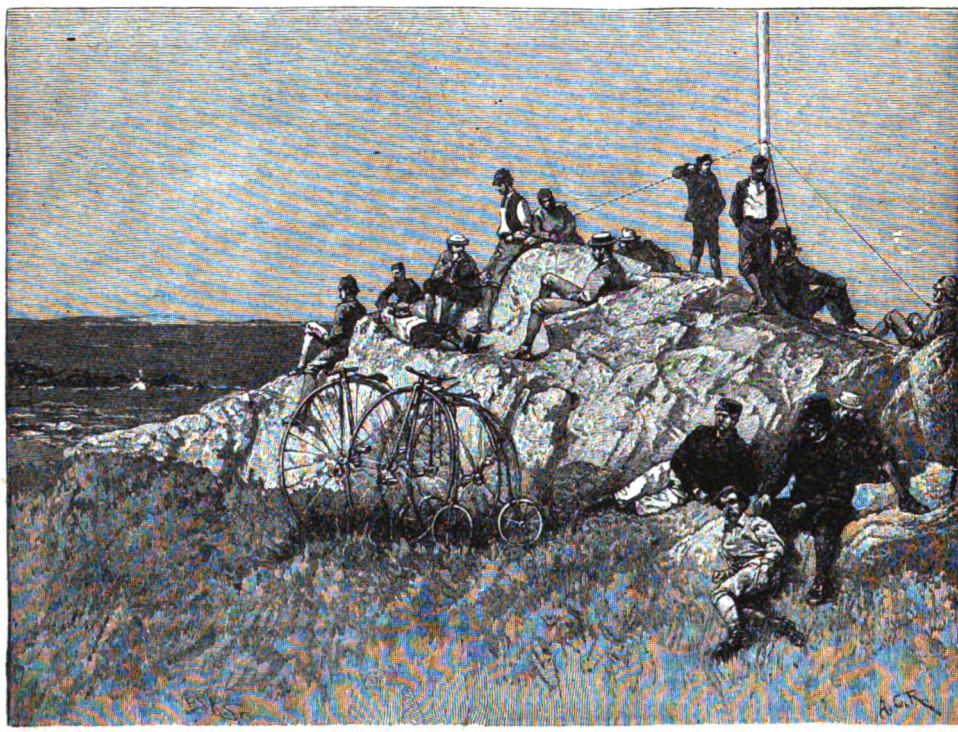


THE AMBULANCE.

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them into the town; and the reception was all the pleasanter because they were "on time."

Every one along the route through Braintree and Weymouth seemed on the watch; factory windows were filled with faces, men had climbed the roofs, and boys the trees; and when, for instance, Shenstone and Quinsigamond came sailing down an easy grade side by side, one with legs over handles, and the other with feet up on the toe-rests, or when Ned and the Tenor rode abreast in a span joining hands, they were greeted with applause from the crowds; and then some little boy, seated on a curbstone, would shout the familiar chorus: "'Hoa Wemmer!" as the rapid wheels went by. When, however, the rear was brought up by Jacob's ambulance, with Quil and the fat Colonel, and their machines thereon, the populace, supposing the run to be a race, was too much excited not to visit them with many adverse greetings—"Oh, you're playin' it on em!" "It's no fair!" "Get off o' that!" "You're cheatin'!" "He's too fat!" "They've given it up!" Quil said afterward that a flaw in his socket-head threatened him with disaster; and as for the Colonel, he had been off on a railway trip for a fortnight, night and day, and had ridden little during the season. At Hingham there was a smell of sea air; and when, after a brief halt for rations, the Captain waved his hand, and ordered "all aboard for Cohasset;" the scarcely cooled saddles were again taken, and the company made the next five miles toward a fish dinner by the sea in twenty-five minutes.



ON THE ROCKS AT COHASSET.

Not one of the well-trimmed yachts off Cohasset was in finer form than the jolly bicyclers as they luffed up and took their moorings at Kimball's fine old establishment, far out on the bluff rocks looking oceanward. The cyclometers read thirty-two miles since breakfast. It was not yet one o'clock. Apollo and Jacob had taken fresh horses at Hingham; "They are the two best horses in Roxbury," said Jacob, "but they can't follow them new-fangled velocipedes any further without a three hours' rest, anyhow." Bounce and Nutmeg had stopped at Hingham, with Quil and two or three others, to take a train for Boston; but the faithful thirty-two paused between courses to nibble their celery and congratulate themselves on the happy point just made, and

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began to talk briskly of the home stretch, thirty miles toward sunset.

"Apple-pie, squash-pie, and pan-dowdy," said a pretty and innocently pert maiden, to whom more trifling remarks had been made than were necessary to the detail of dining.

"What is pan-dowdy?" asked Orange.

"It's part of the dessert, sir, and it's nice to-day," answered the maiden.

"If she says it's nice, it must be," said Orange, feigning to speak under his breath. When it was brought in he looked at the plate, heaped with something very like pudding, and asked, quizzically, "But where is the pan-dowdy?"

"The pan is in the kitchen," replied the maiden, and with an arch look directly at her victim, "*here* is the dowdy!"

Laughter shook the table, and Orange stood treat. Our Artist had scarcely traced a sketch of the pretty profile, when his eye was again caught by the after-dinner grouping of the party on the most prominent and picturesque of the rocks which stood between the lawn and the tides. Apollo and the Captain here recalled the beautiful story of Thorwald, and tried to settle in their minds the question of locality where, wounded by an arrow of the "Skraellings," he "died, and they buried him on the pleasant cape that looked out upon the pleasant shores and waters of Massachusetts Bay."

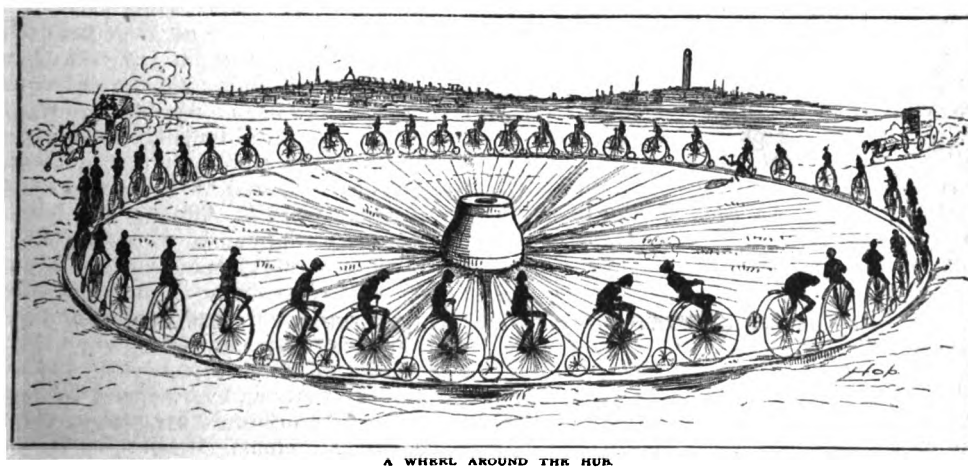
A brisk spin was made back to Hingham, where the "oldest church" was seen, and the fine Andrew Monument on the cemetery slope. Twelve miles an hour was kept up through North Weymouth and Quincy; and, with few halts, to the end of the route. The advance into the fine old village of Quincy was greeted with ringing of school-house bells, and fire-engine alarms, and other demonstrations. The quaint and unpretentious homes of the second and sixth Presidents of the United States; Mount Wollaston, now garlanded with cottages; the oldest railway, leading from the Neponset into the rocky heart of the hills, too old for the excursionists to remember when the ox-power of 1826 gave way to the steam locomotive; the quiet attractiveness of the "Blue Bell," with its suggestion of tea and toast; the "oldest house," from whose window Mrs. Minot shot prowling Indians in 1631;—these and more were visited or passed by these pilgrims of the merriest two days' companionship and the richest hundred mile round trip of the season.

As they passed from Brookline into Brighton, the lingering rays of a setting sun held dalliance with the twilight over valley and hill. The dispersion had been gradual, and the last hour of the run was as informal as the meet. When the long ascent of Milton Hill, from the eastward, had been accomplished at a scarcely abated speed, and the magnificent view of Boston's island-spangled harbor and her matchless suburbs lay stretching in serene enchantment below, the climax of the Captain's successful campaign was reached.

The bugler sounded "Boots and Saddles," and as the last of the party whirled away, the words of our Highland Laddie's song rang clear and hearty on the evening air,—

"The sun lay crimson in the west,
The soft breeze fanned my brow,
I rode the steed I loved the best,—
Would I were riding now!"

* * * * *



A WHEEL AROUND THE HUB.

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USES OF THE BICYCLE.

THE bicycle of to-day is the realization of a machine somewhat vaguely foreseen more than one hundred years ago. The mechanical development of that time was not sufficient to produce it, and it only came to real life within the last twenty years.

The velocipede had a brief and rather brilliant existence, but it answered a most useful purpose as the direct progenitor of the bicycle. One inventor improved its wheels, and made the spider pattern; another, an American, suggested the rubber tire; and another, the late James Starley, increased the size of one wheel and diminished the other, till at length, in 1869, the bicycle became known to the world. Since then hundreds of thousands of these machines, wonderfully perfected in the principles of their construction, in workmanship, and in material, have been scattered over the world.

On the highways of England they are almost as frequently seen as carriages drawn by horses. Every part of Great Britain and the continent is travelled over by tourists on the wheel. In the United States and Canada nearly ten thousand riders are numbered; and in Australia, India, Japan, and through portions of South America, Mexico, and the West Indies, it has made its way.

Never was known so rapid a spread of a new invention, or so eager an acceptance of a new element in human progress, except, it may be, in the case of the sewing-machine.

The uses of the bicycle are manifold. It furnishes a health-giving pastime to old and young, and to the tourist the most pleasurable and economical of all means of transportation.

In many places physicians employ it to relieve their horses, and, in some cases, ride it exclusively.

It is extensively ridden by mechanics in going to and from their work. It enables them to seek pleasanter homes and cheaper rents, because the objection of distance is of but little importance to the bicycle-rider. Many business men, also, use the machine in preference to horses or steam, gaining health and recreation thereby. Hundreds of them are ridden in such daily service in this country, and thousands in England. This eminently useful employment of the bicycle is rapidly increasing in all countries, and is quite sufficient to justify its existence; but it has still broader uses, fully to understand which we must consider its manufacture as one of the great industries of the world, its effects upon the physical development of the present generation of riders, and its moral, social, and political influences.

MANUFACTURE.

The manufacture of bicycles has necessarily been an integral part of their diffusion through the world. In the brief space of twelve years their number has rapidly increased, until more than one hundred and forty manufacturers in England, besides several in France and the United States, are actively engaged in the business. Several thousand men are employed, and fully six millions of dollars of capital are invested in this business. One firm alone, the Pope Manufacturing Company, has facilities for turning out twelve hundred bicycles per month.

Many thousands of women and children, in addition to the mechanics employed, receive their daily bread from this industry. It gives an additional impetus to the manufacture of machinery, iron, steel, and India-rubber. Clothing, lamps, bells, cyclometers, tools, and other attachments to the machines, and requisites of the rider, are in constant demand, and form the bases of extensive manufactures.

Most machines used in Great Britain have lamps and bells, as is generally required by law. These, and the oil needed for burning and lubrication, make alone trade items of no inconsiderable importance.

The severe requirements of a portable bicycle lamp are admirably met by such as the "King-of-the-road," Cooper's "Inextinguishable," "The Albion," and others; and these are the outcome of patient experiment and exacting demand. They are destined to be extensively employed for carriages and other purposes, as no others combine such compactness, light-giving power, and safety. Almost all riders require special clothing, and tailors, everywhere, are called upon to make uniforms for clubs and costumes for individuals. Indeed, so great is the influence of the bicycle in this direction,

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that it appears likely in time to modify perceptibly the dress of men in many parts of Great Britain. A recently-published letter from Edinburgh says that not only do many retain their riding costume during business occupations, but even others, who do not ride, wear the bicycler's dress.

The special construction of the bicycle beautifully illustrates the value of hollow tubes where lightness must be combined with strength. Already the development of this mechanical form has been of great value. It has long been used in large structures; but three years ago it was difficult, if not impossible, to get a curved or tapered steel tube made in the United States. Now they can be easily obtained, of fine quality, and in almost any desired form. They are already entering into the structure of other machines, and the impetus given to their use by the bicycle trade is plainly evident.

A similar influence has affected the use of rubber. Now, directly owing to the influence of the bicycle, rubber handles are being used for oars, tools, and other purposes where the hand requires protection, and vehicles for special purposes are being made with rubber tires. Their extension to pleasure carriages is not at all improbable.

In nothing has the development of the bicycle been more remarkable than in its journal-bearings. Many fine bearings have been made of rollers; but the modern balls are marvels of successful avoidance of frictional resistance, and we shall undoubtedly see their use extended to some classes of machinery and vehicles. The trotting-sulky and skeleton-wagon would be much improved by them.

The spider-wheel has been applied to steam fire-engines, and is now offered in our markets for use on various other vehicles.

In addition to the impetus given to invention, and the contributions it has made to the advancement of the mechanic arts, the bicycle has stimulated mechanical tastes among thousands who would otherwise never have turned their attention in that direction. Many, from their love of it, have made a careful study of all its parts; much experimenting has been done, and men have become critical judges of this machine who were before indifferent to all machines and all tools. This is notably true within the range of almost every bicycler's acquaintance, and needs no other verification.

Nearly all riders learn to attend to their own machines, — to adjust them, to make ordinary repairs, and become, to some extent, expert in the use of tools. This simple experience makes men more useful in every-day life, makes positive economies for many in saving paid labor, and tends to make the Anglo-Saxon race — the bicyclers *par excellence* of the world — more and more practical and efficient with their hands and heads.

This view of the value of the bicycle as a teacher is not a strained one. The sewing-machine was a teacher which had a marked effect upon this whole nation. It has made mechanics of thousands of men and women; and its final development to its present efficiency is owing, in a great degree, to the exactions of a public educated by the study and use of the machine itself. So has it been, to some degree, with the bicycle. Manufacturers and riders were proud of machines three years ago which all know now to have been faulty in principle, and defective in construction. This influence is certain to extend into the future, and the bicycle will prove a law and an educator unto itself.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Bicycle-riding brings about a physical development of high order. Even its most serious use is a pastime and an exercise which promotes cheerfulness in the highest degree. Drudgery soon becomes exhausting, but pleasurable labor is invigorating. The bicycle-rider enjoys an exercise which is remarkably uniform in its effects upon the whole body. The arms and chest are always involved in the general exertion; and, on rough ground, where steering is difficult and hard pulling necessary, the upper part of the body feels the strain even more than the lower limbs.

While riding, the body undergoes muscular undulations — one might almost say writhings and twistings — but little visible to the eye, still vigorous and unceasing. The skilful rider goes steadily up-hill without apparent exertion, and yet every muscle is tense, and the whole body labors. The arms, chest, abdomen, back, and hips, all take part with the legs, and so equally is the blood distributed throughout the body that a remarkable degree of endurance results.

When a special exercise is long continued it causes muscular exhaustion of the overworked part, and nervous exhaustion of the parts not used, but which have been drained of their natural supply of blood by the excessive local demand elsewhere.

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Thus, for instance, we frequently see men capable of great feats with heavy dumb-bells, yet extremely weak in the loins, and unable to lift or walk much.

Harmonious exercise and development of the body are of greatest importance to promote and sustain health; and for this use the bicycle is scarcely equalled among athletic exercises. No other sport has ever had so many votaries, or has been so absorbing to those who enjoy it.

On the wheel every sense is doubly acute. The blood courses gladly through every nerve and fibre of the body; and mere physical existence, under the excitement of such a stimulus, is pleasurable. The eye unceasingly watches the variations of the road, and yet has time to wander to every feature of the landscape.

The mental stimulus is akin to that of horseback-riding, but the bodily exercise is at once better and more gentle. There is less shock and more general and thorough circulation of the blood.

SOCIAL AND MORAL INFLUENCES.

While riding, the bicycler's eye is active, and brings its store of pleasure, and the mind is peculiarly appreciative of sympathy. His thoughts and perceptions bring him the greatest enjoyment when he has a companion to share them with him.

On the wheel the grave become gay, the reticent expand and become communicative, and the better and kindlier feelings of our nature are roused.

No friendships among young men are warmer or more lasting than those brought about by the fraternity of the wheel. Those who have attended general bicycle meetings in this country look forward to other such assemblies with pleasurable anticipations of meeting the same friends again. The correspondence of bicyclers is largely extended by the friendships of the craft, and no papers are more eagerly scanned than those devoted to this absorbing topic.

In a somewhat extensive bicycling correspondence, both in the United States and Europe, I find that even personal strangers write in the kindly tones of friendship, and very generally sign themselves "Fraternally yours."

A bicycler going abroad to-day can find friends and acquaintances who would have been utterly inaccessible to him ten years ago. These social influences are of infinite value. They call out a man's best qualities, and furnish him agreeable and respectable associations, even when a stranger in strange places. Every safeguard thrown around young men is worthy of most earnest commendation and support.

The bicyclers of England and America are a superior class of men, as is evident from the fact of their being drawn to an exercise which taxes their vigor and their manhood; still, the influence of the bicycle, both moral and physical, tends to further develop them. As a rule, they are temperate in living. Rarely is one found who is given to excess. The healthful influence of the exercise is here apparent. He who has a strong nervous system craves no stimulants and instinctively lives in moderation. The wheel tends to keep sound both body and mind, and makes men energetic and often daring. Its dangers, even, come from the vigor it creates. It may be abused, as may any good thing, even to the eating of bread or drinking of water; still, even from its improper use, comparatively few ills have resulted. Its benefits are great to every man who rides, and thousands owe to it restored health and prolonged life.

One case, under the writer's observation, is typical of a large number. About a year since, a young man joined a rural club in one of the middle States. He was weak and slender, and made at first a poor and timid rider. With perseverance he has steadily improved until he has become an exceptionally good man on the road, with a heart for any hill, and rides in the front in the afternoon of a journey. The bicycle has been of vital use to him. It has increased his strength in a remarkable degree, and has saved him from premature feebleness and decay. There is but little doubt that no other exercise would have tempted him out of his indolence into so vigorous a manhood.

CLUBS.

The club is the natural outgrowth of friendly intercourse on the road. It becomes a centre for social meetings, where many, otherwise friendless, find society and a refuge from *ennui* and loneliness, and from temptation to seek objectionable distractions.

Clubs generally admit none to membership but men of good character. They urge upon their members discreet conduct when on the road, and thorough courtesy to all pedestrians, riders, and drivers.

Clubs are not a mere social union. They exercise restraint upon the individual in

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many ways, teaching him self-control and submission to discipline. He must yield to club laws and regulations, and to the votes of a majority. The example of fellow-members makes him neat in dress. The discussion of machines, of their good points and defects, makes him intelligent on this subject, and the contact with others stimulates him to efforts to excel in riding. There is no question as to the admirable influence of the club in this respect; and club members are, in consequence, generally found to be better riders than the unattached. The effects of a vigorous mass are always stimulating to the individual.

BICYCLE UNIONS.

The Union Vélocipedique of France, the Bicycle Touring Club and Bicycle Union of England, and the League of American Wheelmen of North America, are great central organizations, with many thousands of members. Their officers are men of high character and ability, and their influence has been marked in all public matters pertaining to bicycling. They have brought about needed modifications of legislation in the interest of this pursuit, and have secured legal protection to bicyclers from persecution and from invasion of their rights. They have caused sign and danger boards to be put up extensively on the highways of England, and have secured many facilities and conveniences for tourists. Their consuls are in almost every town in England, and many parts of the continent. About one hundred and fifty consuls have been appointed in the United States, and the number is constantly being added to.

Strangers and tourists can obtain from the consuls all needed information concerning roads, routes, inns, and other matters pertaining to bicycling. These services are given gratuitously, and lead to many friendships and many pleasant remembrances of favors granted and received. Such associations make men more unselfish, and rouse in them higher and more generous impulses.

These unions are remarkable organizations. Their great motive is to protect and encourage bicycling. They are founded upon the wheel alone. Without it they have no *raison d'être*, — no cause for existence. Their work, though gratuitous, is well performed, and their influence, already great, is being rapidly extended.

It was recently said of the Bicycle Union that "it is a union of all, for the common good of all," and this noble sentiment can properly be extended to the other similar organizations herein named.

POLITICAL INFLUENCES.

The political influences of the bicycle have been positive and important. When the American commander violated his neutrality and went to the assistance of the British fleet before the Pei-Ho forts in China; when the brave Englishman, in turn, trained his broadside upon Santiago de Cuba, and put a stop to the slaughter of the prisoners of the Virginius; and when her Majesty the Queen, departing from the usual precedents of her exalted station, personally offered her sympathy to our wounded President and his noble wife, there were forged bonds of fraternity between England and America which will be forever as links of steel. Before such ties the force of treaties and the fruits of diplomacy are insignificant. The people which has felt just as deeply as ourselves the crime which prostrated the head of this nation we can never be indifferent to; and, when we have forgotten all else, we shall remember their warm hearts and generous sympathy.

If the temporary moving of generous hearts can exert so profound an influence upon two nations, it can safely be said that such a fraternity as that of the wheelmen of America and England will do noble work in cementing the ties already existing in their common blood and friendship. Bicycling has the great advantage that its fraternity, its associations and influences, are all constantly active, and destined to go on growing stronger from year to year.

When the American party from Boston visited England with their bicycles they were given a most cordial and generous reception. The hospitality of every town was extended to them, and the friendship of every bicycler. We see this same spirit constantly evinced towards us in their journals, and in private correspondence. It is universally felt, and universally expressed when there is occasion for such expression.

Who most make up the heart and force of a nation? Certainly its youth and vigorous manhood, — and these are they who extend to us the hand of brotherhood.

With all of our humanity, and all of our noble and kindly impulses, unhappily there still dwells in the breasts of men something of original evil, something cruel and inhuman. War, with its fruits of misery

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and desolation, weakens our Christian sensibilities and our sense of justice. Nothing is so effective to dispel the threatenings of such evils as an affection that abides in the heart. When expediency, self-interest, the force of treaties, or the dreads of consequences, are insufficient to preserve international peace and harmony, there will still be left a mighty force in the mutual respect and fraternity of such organizations and institutions as these we are discussing.

Every peaceful traveller to foreign countries is a mite added to the closer communion of nations; and when he carries with him and receives the active sympathies of bicycling, his influence is greater than that of diplomacy.

SPORT.

As a sport bicycle-riding has its uses beyond most athletic exercises. No other public contests are extensively taken part in by gentlemen in this country or in England. Its professional element is comparatively small and remarkably respectable.

At agricultural fairs, and other public assemblies throughout this country, bicycle-races are becoming a regular part of the entertainment, and are peculiarly popular among all classes. The incentive of honorary medals and popular approval appears to be quite sufficient to induce the amateur riders of our clubs to attend these meetings. Occasionally money prizes are offered for professional riders.

The records of the cinder-path bear marvellous testimony to the endurance of men and the mechanical perfection of the modern bicycle. Man, with no other power to move him than his own muscular force, is able to excel the best performances of horses.

In September, 1869, in London, G. W. Waller, a professional rider, made the following record in a race of six days, being limited to eighteen hours' riding per day. The track was not a perfect one for high speed on account of its sharp turns.

100 miles in 6 hours, 27 minutes.

263 miles within the first 18 hours.

After riding 980 miles in 4 days, he rode on the fifth day 220 miles without a dismount, and finally made 1,405 miles in 6 days, with the apparent ability to have made fifty miles more within the specified time, if he had been urged. The next man behind him accomplished, in the same time, 1,390 miles.

This is sufficient to illustrate the marvellous capacity of the bicycle; but authentic records are being constantly made but little, if any, less remarkable than the foregoing.

As an outdoor entertainment nothing is more attractive or refined than bicycle-racing. It enforces the necessity for temperance and long-continued labor, and gives men greater will-power. A young man can have no teaching about attaining or preserving health of greater value than the training required for a single successful race. He will ever after remember that temperance and exercise are more sovereign than any other agencies.

Club drills are becoming more and more common in this country, and are part of the system which naturally develops racing and fancy riding. The manœuvres of a body of disciplined riders, or the feats we see performed by individuals, are not merely graceful evolutions to please the eye, or daring gymnastics to astonish us. In themselves they are unimportant, but they are almost a necessary education for the road. The club member is a safe person to ride beside, and knows the rules and precautions which must be observed to make riding safe and agreeable; but the unattached rider is frequently a terror to the veteran wheelman, and a danger to pedestrians and drivers. Although simple tricks of agility on the wheel are incapable of being turned to direct use, they are admirable lessons to perfect one in serious road work. He who can mount in many ways, dismount safely while going at high speed, and balance himself in perilous attitudes, will be better fitted for the emergencies of the road, and will escape dangers which other less skilful riders must succumb to.

Such exercises make men active, daring, and manly.

RECREATION.

As a recreation, bicycling stands alone. It is well known that men will pursue it constantly who will not take active or regular exercise in any other form.

The clergy, as a class, are unable to keep horses, and the bicycle is for them an invaluable substitute. They need not only recreation, but healthful exercise and muscular development. This the wheel gives them without any objectionable features. It is a never-ending source of pleasure; it is cleanly; it is respectable; it stands on a higher plane than the ball-field or the walking-rink.

Touring on the bicycle is rapidly extend-

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ing among riders in this country and abroad. Great Britain has been explored by wheelmen in every nook and corner, from east to west, and from John O'Groat's to Land's-End. The continent is constantly travelled over; and we are treated, in almost every issue of our bicycle journals, to accounts of journeys which entertain us as notes of travel, and bear testimony to the intelligence of the writers.

I hardly need to cite the admirable descriptions of Mr. Chandler or the varied experiences of that indefatigable rider "Kol-Kron." Mr. Bentley, of Philadelphia, and Hausmann and Owen, of Washington, have made long journeys, and none are so eager as they for further travel. The records of many Boston riders and others in Massachusetts, of the brave boys of Amherst, and of New Jersey wheelmen, are well known. The newspapers tell us of one rider who came to the meet in Boston last May, making a journey of over one thousand miles on his wheel. The record could be extended to considerable length without exhausting the long-distance journeys which American wheelmen have made during the past three years.

Bicycle travel, to be successfully prosecuted, necessitates judgment, energy, and a stout heart. He who is of faint spirit will take to the railroad when it rains or the road is heavy; but the persevering traveller reaps the delight of the eye and gains big muscles, brown skin, and a merry heart.

Touring does the best of missionary work in spreading the use of the bicycle. Hundreds throughout the country see the machine for the first time when the passing traveller rolls by, and, once seen, it is never forgotten.

As the fabled bite of the tarantula is said to affect its victims so that they go on dancing forever, so does the bicycle leave its fascination in the mind and heart of many a wight who longs for it so long as he lives, or until kind fortune brings him his desire.

THE TRICYCLE.

The tricycle was, in point of fact, the predecessor of the bicycle; but it undoubtedly owes its present popularity to the latter machine. The use of this had been extended to twenties and perhaps hundreds of thousands of riders before the tricycle came into use.

The leading features of its construction are borrowed from the other machine. The use of tubular framing, the spider wheels, rubber tires, saddles, Stanley or other steering heads, brakes, lamps, etc., all originated with the bicycle, and without them the tricycle could have no successful existence.

Six thousand of them were reported to have been sold in England last year, and Sturmey's *Handbook of the Tricycle* gives descriptions of one hundred varieties of these machines.

The queen of England has caused one to be purchased for the use of her own family; and, in consequence, the "Special" has now been named the "Royal Salvo." We hear of ladies in many parts of England riding the three-wheeler, and it is gradually becoming introduced into the United States.

The double machine, or "Sociable," is quite popular for couples touring or riding for daily exercise. They carry baggage well, and have the advantage of constant association and friendly proximity of the riders.

The use of the tricycle is a step towards the emancipation of woman from her usually too inactive in-door life. It offers an unmixed good; and, if promoted, will prove a benefit to the individual and to the race.

Its manufacture is already an important industry, and as such is a blessing to the working-classes and a new field for enterprising capitalists.

It is already largely used for city and suburban letter and package distribution, and other service requiring speed and moderate carrying capacity. It is destined to be used extensively in the large cities of the world, and to a considerable extent in the country for light and rapid transportation.

In the Isle of Wight, in Coventry and its environs, and in London and its suburbs, the tricycle is employed for postal service, and it is being rapidly introduced elsewhere for similar work, proving always more efficient and economical than horses.

Tricycle clubs are spreading over England. One journal is exclusively devoted to its interests, and racing is becoming a common pastime. This is not the racing of the turf, but is conducted mainly by amateurs with an eye single to the development of tricycling.

THE PRESS.

The far-reaching influence of the bicycle has extended to the press. The relations between the two are mutual. There are three weekly bicycle journals in England, two others in France, one in Germany, and

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one in the United States. One semi-monthly is published here, two monthlies in England, and a French journal which the writer cannot classify. Another journal in England is devoted to tricycling, and two or three annuals of much merit and large circulation are to be credited to that country.

Many of the leading sporting papers devote special attention to bicycling, and report fully and prominently its races, touring, and mechanical development. The daily journals do not neglect this field for newspaper enterprise, and generally treat bicyclers with respect. They give to bicycling the dignity it has attained to, and defend the rights of its votaries in the questions which frequently arise as to their rights upon the road.

Bicycling would not for many years have reached its present prominence without the assistance of the press. Its manufactures, races, touring, and sociable and business gatherings, have all been faithfully and ably reported. Through the bicycle papers we know the leading wheelmen of England and their movements as thoroughly as though we were upon their own soil. Through their columns we watched with intense interest the daily progress of Waller when he rolled up his splendid score at the Alexandra Palace. We awaited with scant patience the news of Cortis' attempt to do twenty miles within the hour at Surbiton; and when we read of that magnificent record, almost won, but lost when victory seemed certain, our disappointment was bitter, and our sympathy with the brave rider was such as has left his name surrounded with the most kindly feelings in America.

Some of the bicycle papers are already quite prosperous. The *Bicycling World* has correspondence from a widely extended area in the United States, and from various parts of Europe. It is rapidly increasing in circulation, and is a credit to our country.

The *Cyclist* counts nearly eighteen pages of advertisements, and has its subscribers and correspondents in almost every known country.

The *Bicyclist's Indispensable Handbook*, issued annually, and edited by Henry Sturmey, is a remarkable work. It describes in detail nearly four hundred bicycles of different patterns, and gives a thorough knowledge of all modern improvements in the machine. All its parts and attachments are described minutely and illustrated. The same author also publishes a similar annual, treating of the tricycle. Much more could be said of the bicycle press, but the limits of this article forbid further mention.

Physical development necessarily entails mental and moral development also. The conquering races of the world have been races of individual heroes. Greece and Rome trained their youth to the highest state of physical perfection, and these became the conquerors of the world. When luxury and effeminacy undermined the Romans they were overrun by northern barbarians, who were men of marvellous vigor and endurance. The sturdy Goth swept the feebler Moor from the fair fields of Spain, and the Norman invader of England triumphed over the weaker Saxon.

The Anglo-Saxon of to-day, the pioneer of the world, whose footsteps are found equally in the frozen regions of the pole and under the tropical sun of India, — the same man in the cold of Maine and Minnesota, or under the heat of Arizona or Louisiana, — is, first of all, strong and active in body, and his dauntless mind is the natural complement of the physical man.

Animal force alone is not sufficient for the needs of our present civilization. The prize ring produces no heroes; but the bicycle makes men not only strong, but it leads them into such social intimacies as must develop their better natures. The absorbing character of the pursuit cannot but bring its votaries into close and harmonious fellowship. The love of our fellows is the sweetest thing in life. The great Master told us that this is part of our greatest duty.

If, through bicycling, we are led to clasp another's hand more warmly, to subdue our selfish impulses, and cultivate our better ones, then it is an unmixed blessing, and should be perpetuated.

Every wheelman knows that such are the influences which surround him.

From the saddle we perceive things which are hidden from them who only walk upon the earth. Our senses are more acute, the sunshine seems brighter to us, and nature is more lovely. We climb the forbidding hills, and rejoice in the struggle, or we dash across the plain with a wild sense of freedom and power which no one ever knows until he rides the magic steed. The heart throbs, the eye flashes, the muscles are tense, and the willing feet drive the wheel faster and faster, until the humming spokes flash one continuous stream of light.

Who will ever forget it?

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A veteran rider has written of bicycling: "It has been to me a source of health and unfailing enjoyment. When age compels me to give it up I am glad that my son will be a rider. It will make him strong and healthy; it will give him friends and good associations, and will aid to discipline him for the inevitable vicissitudes of life."

The *Cyclist* truly says, "Bicycling is a fraternity of more perfect organization than ever characterized any sport since the world began." It is destined to live forever.

C. E. Hawley.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

I.

You ask me to tell you about papa's famous race with his "colleague," and how he received his degree of D.B., — Doctor of Bicycling, — not from a college, to be sure, but from the great public he serves. To be exact, the race was with the Albany Express, not with his "colleague," as you might suppose; but his "colleague" was one of Pope's "Expert Columbia Bicycles," so it is right either way. I asked Hal to write it out, for he is an University student, and has studied rhetoric; and he received the prize last term for the best Essay on "Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy of the Conditioned," whatever that may mean; but Hal said the conditions were quite different in this case. It was real mean to poke fun at me, and when he saw I was sensitive about it, he smoothed it over by saying I had got my hand in as chronicler of the Morehouse family, and would distinguish the name. I suppose he thought it beneath him, so soon to become a Bachelor of Arts, to write about such humble matters, and only proper for girls. I never went through the University, only in at one door and out at the other, and I am a girl, but for the life of me I can't see what practical good Sir William Hamilton's "Philosophy of the Conditioned" has ever done the world. Hal says it was the outcome of a very acute mind. I hope so. I will admit it.

You must know, after "Old Duke," the horse, died, and papa had a "colleague," he did a great deal more pastoral work. He realy began to know his people. Before that, if, as the Scotchman said of his dominie, he was *not* incomprehensible on Sunday, he was certainly invisible the rest of the week. Now, every day he was out, — a familiar figure along the picturesque roads of Ridgeville. He was getting quite a color in his face, and those round shoulders, acquired in digging out Hebrew roots, were straightening back to their youthful line. Huldah said he was becoming quite handsome. She wished it had happened before she was born. Huldah had always said we children were the homeliest lot she ever saw. Hal had retorted that, as *she* was destined to be an old maid, beauty would be lost upon her. We all rejoiced in papa's renewed health, but we missed "Old Duke." Hal remarked that his vitality by and by would be transformed into the elm under which he was buried, and its foliage would fleck the sunlight for centuries. Huldah replied that for her part she had rather *flick* him for a few more years. "Old Duke" was terribly lazy, and Huldah had always the most distinguished success in urging him over the ground. One day, after having poured out a torrent of abuse upon him as he still pursued the steady tenor of his way, in sheer desperation she called him an old yellow kangaroo; he assumed a very peculiar gait, as when struck by a whip. *That* was the one straw too much on this family camel's back. He resented such a zoölogical reflection, and he struck such a gait that the people on the road thought he was running away. Sim Henry, a good Methodist brother, even tried to stop him, waving his straw hat and crying, "Shoo!" but Huldah shouted, "Let him go; he's getting a new experience." Sim said, afterward, it was sacrilegious in a minister's daughter, — a member of the church, — to make light of a Methodist; but she remarked, when told of it, that it was the literal truth, as "Old Duke" would testify if he could use his tongue as glibly as he used his legs that day; and that the Methodists were no better than other people.

Papa was quite in the habit of going over his extempore sermon while out on

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the road. He said his mind worked better, and the sermon grew, all the time, until the morning of delivery. His tendency to absent-mindedness was consequently increased. One day he rode plump into a yoke of steers, hardly broken; the driver was behind. Papa had reached the third division of his sermon on "The Will as an Impelling Force in Life," and those steers were dancing about the road, their tails elevated, their eyes wild. The will of the *cattle* impelled them to back off the bank; but papa was in a metaphysical abstraction, and not until Sam Hines, the driver, running up, said, "Dominie, those ere cattle think Lucifer himself is after them, horns and all," did he realize what was the matter. One Sabbath morning he was so engaged in getting up his extempore sermon that he went from his study to the church in dressing-gown and slippers. He noticed every one he met looked at him sharply, but not until he met Judge Bent and his wife did he understand the occasion. They were old school-mates, and she said, "Dominie, you anticipate a warm time to-day." The way he went home was hardly dignified. It would almost put to shame a bicycle.

But perhaps you think it will be a long race if I continue in this way; but it was not. Papa would call what I have written an exordium, if he were preparing a sermon.

II.

It was Tuesday afternoon, and the dominie had prepared the plan of his discourse in the morning, and now, as he was taking a spin along the river-road, he was working it over in his mind and trying to elaborate the points, one by one. It was in September, and the air had in it the first subtle hint of autumn, that electric coolness which tones up the system, and repairs the wastes occasioned by the exhausting heat of midsummer; the far-off hills were beginning to burn with nature's deep pigment. The hedges of maple, and chestnut, and oak, were the first to feel the touch of decay, and the white road grew whiter between the lines of fire. An artist might find a score of hints in the landscape, the river, the dense pineries; the groves of maple threw sparkling blue, deep green, and bright carmine, into exquisite contrast; over all hung the crystalline dome, like bell of perfume, holding the music of the spheres.

Papa's text was, "He hath made everything beautiful in his time." Who couldn't write a sermon from that text on such a day? The sermon was there before one's eyes; all you had to do was to gather it up into form. I suppose the dominie felt all this, for he was greatly absorbed, and passed two or three parishioners, who bowed to him; but he received their acknowledgment with a stony stare; they knew they would have revenge the next Sunday in an extra sermon. The river and the railroad run side by side, making a picturesque landscape down the valley; the railroad is bounded on one side by a high bank, above which runs the travelled way; the railroad is, therefore, in sight for two or three miles as you ride along the highway.

Father's destination was Aunt Mehetabel's, two miles and a half up the valley. She was a cripple, but one of the saints. Papa called her a member of his privy council. He crossed the railroad once before the long stretch of turnpike. A little further down the road the bank had given away, and an immense boulder stood on the track. There had been heavy rains recently, and the soil was a quicksand in many places. Papa saw it as he saw his parishioners; but he did not "apprehend" it, as Hal would say, who has studied metaphysics. So he went on unconcernedly, weaving beautiful figures for his Sunday sermon. He was trying to save the souls of men. Poor, absent-minded dominie! he did not know that scores were rushing to their physical death at the rate of forty miles an hour.

He had a delightful visit at Aunt Mehetabel's. She toned up his spiritual life as his rides on the bicycle had his physical nature. He realized that God had not only made beautiful a world pulsing with fire as the year died, but also human souls, as they were purified in the furnace of affliction and fashioned by the chisel of trial. She had said, as he left her, "If God puts any great responsibility upon us He will give us strength to perform it." How soon was the dominie to realize the force of these prophetic words!

As papa came back he was thinking more of Aunt Mehetabel than of his sermon, and he was not quite as absent-minded. He paid more attention to the world about him. He remembered he had passed some people, whose faces were familiar, without bowing; and what was it about the crossing? When he first started out, what had he seen then, — a flash across his vision, — for he was working out a knotty point in his sermon about that time?

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III.

As he was speeding along, the road was good and the afternoon was nearly gone. Looking down the track, for he was quite above it, he saw the bank had become dislodged, and dirt and stones had nearly reached the rails. Nothing serious in this case, but in a flash there came to him the trouble at the crossing. He remembered the boulder. It must weigh a thousand pounds, and the Albany Express was due at 4.30. If they were not warned it meant a fearful calamity. He took out his watch, it was 4.20. Ten minutes to save scores of people plunging to their death, at the rate of fifty miles an hour! The track was very straight and level for some miles here, and they always increased their speed. The dominie's mind worked fast, for he heard a faint whistle, and he knew the express was approaching the station above, five miles away. They would do this five miles in at least seven minutes. They would make a little stop at the station, and he was about two miles from the crossing. There were seven miles then between them and that boulder. He remembered Aunt Mehetabel's words. The great responsibility was thrust upon him. Would he have strength to meet it?

Thank God! the road was good, and at a little incline. Would his "colleague" stand by him now? For this electric creature was to have a fearful strain; if there was a shammy place in any of these seventy-seven different parts; if any one of the more than three hundred ligaments of this steel horse should fail, he could not reach the crossing. What large results depend often upon the fidelity of humble workmen! What critical inspection of every portion of the machine is demanded in the construction of such an exquisite piece of workmanship! In this age of shams it is refreshing to find a perfect and workmanlike creation. Father had oiled his bicycle just before starting; now tire, rims, spokes, and nipples must do their duty. Hub, axle, and spindle must bear the burden of saving human life. The spirit of the living creature was in it that day. It was only ten minutes, but in that ten minutes the express was certain to cover the seven miles; could the bicycle cover the two? It flew like a bird in exultant glee; it hardly seemed to touch the ground; like a racer cheered by the crowd, its glossy spokes shimmered in the sun, and it seemed a thing of life. Papa said afterward he thought himself part of the machine for the time. Four minutes passed and he was commencing the last mile, when, O horrors! he heard the distant thunder of the train. The air was very still, and as often after a severe shower sounds travelled long distances. Railway and highway would soon be near each other. The bicycle sped like a meteor. Papa said a stone as big as a walnut might have proved fatal; the slightest friction, or the giving away the least of any part, would have unseated him. The very thought of it almost destroyed the power of thought. The last quarter is reached, and, looking back, he sees the long train gliding like some reptile to its prey. How its thunder vibrates the rails! The engineer sees him and sounds the whistle, thinking he is trying a race; he is, but not, O God, for sport! The bicycle seems to have stopped, so persistently does that great creature press on. The engineer is putting on every pound of steam; but at that very moment the bicycle was making the mile at the rate of less than four minutes. The perspiration was starting at every pore of the poor dominie. But how like a goddess this creature of human mechanism swept on, with the fate of scores to be decided in a moment!

A stretch of hard, road-like pavement between him and the crossing. How nobly does the winged wheel respond to the roadway! A spring from the high seat, a rush beyond the boulder! a swinging of the arms! a shout! Father has a powerful voice. They said he *roared* that day, and the thunder of it rose above all the crash of the train, like a spirit in agony. And the engineer has seen him! The lever is reversed; the air-breaks are put on, and the puffing, snorting creature is at his feet! Saved! — But three feet between them and death!

IV.

How the people poured out of the train! How they grasped the dominie's hand! How they shouted! The ladies kissed each other, and the gentlemen hugged one another, like silly idiots; and then some one proposed three cheers for the dominie, the savior of the train; and three times three for the bycycle; and then a professional-appearing gentleman proposed the dominie be made then and there D.B. — Doctor of Bicycling — by acclamation, as he certainly had made the best time on record. What a shout went up when it was put to vote! The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the tears running down their faces. As it happened, the superintendent of the road was on the train, and he made a speech, and said

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some substantial token would be presented to the reverend gentleman who knew how to save men from temporal death as well as spiritual. What would be appropriate would be determined later. His voice trembled a good deal, and, altogether, it was a crying time.

Then they called for the dominie, and when they had done cheering, he had the audacity to preach a three-minute sermon; and the engineer said a parson that could run a bicycle, and pack as much truth into a three-minutes' talk, ought to be made a Doctor of Divinity. And then the train went on; it must reach its destination on time. Papa had stood up quite well until he saw Hal coming out of the train. He set his life by him, and that quite overcame him. He did not know one of his own family was on board.

Handkerchiefs waved and men shouted as the train left father. Hal got home before him, and gave us a graphic account of it all. He really got quite eloquent, and we cried like a lot of babies, but mother's eyes shone as in the days when she was young, years ago. Father took a more leisurely pace home, and when he met us he was not inclined to talk much, but went to his study and stayed until tea.

Of course it was noised about, and papa became quite a hero, and his sermon the following Sabbath, "He hath made everything beautiful in His time," was quite pathetic in its undertone of emotion. Two months after that day's race papa had a package come by express, — a morocco case, lined with crimson satin, — and in it a large gold medal, beautifully wrought. Accompanying it were the names of all on the train on parchment.

On one side of the medal were the words, "Presented to Dominie John W. Morehouse, by those whom he saved from death, with grateful remembrance." In the centre of the medal, around which this inscription was placed, was a beautifully executed engine in chased work.

On the reverse was a bicycle, with rider; in raised work above it, in Hebrew: —

הַגַּלְגַּל הַרְכֵּיבוּ

"O wheel, rejoice!"

Under this —

אֶלְצֶבֶר פָּנִיר יֵלְכוּ

"They went every one straight forward."

Beneath the figure: —

יֵלְכוּ הָאוֹפַנִּים אֵצְלָם

"The wheels went by them."

כִּי רוּחַ הַחַיָּה בָּהֶם

"For the spirit of the living creature was in them."

Papa was a fine Hebrew scholar, as the people learned, and so they tried to humor it. He said their gratitude exceeded their knowledge of Hebrew, but he supposed they intended to personify the bicycle. Train and bicycle were both going forward as fast as they could. The bicycle won, because it had a man to guide it, who put his living spirit into it, and so it might rejoice.

Huldah declared "Old Duke" never did a better day's work than when he died: his death brought the bicycle, and the bicycle an everlasting name, which was somewhat sarcastic, but not altogether fiction.

"*A Country Parson.*"

CYCLING HOURS.

We gazed at the nickel-plated moon in silence while Aurora shot her gilded spokes athwart the zenith, and anon a falling star took a header down the sky. It was a glorious night to plan a poetic journey. "Boys, I move we tour the Wyoming Valley to-morrow," said the captain; and in a moment we were discussing the routes, forecasting the weather, and carefully inspecting our machines. All were full of glorious anticipations of the morrow, except the newest member, who only hoped to keep up with the veterans a mile or two, and then sadly return. I had had the honor

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of protecting our rear in all the runs since I joined the club, and expected to hold that important post at all hazards, even if I had to stay miles behind to do it. At ten next morning we started. It was Sunday; no work-day in the calendar was ever fitted for such a delightful run. The cinder path between the rails had been decided on for the first two miles. It was only too smooth. I had to exert myself to the utmost to keep up with the "54" and the ball-bearing fifties and fifty-twos, and when one of those narrow culverts between the ties compelled a dismount, I had to take a running mount while the boys mostly slipped across on a narrow board or on a sleeper. At Taylorville, the end of the cinder path, I was thoroughly blown. We stopped at the inn, where our paths were to diverge, and the boys asked me to name over some of the muscles which the wheel employs. Before I had mentioned three hundred my respiration was normal, and I resolved to try for Pittston, where I could leave my wheel to be expressed back, and return by buggy myself. So we took the path along the old Carbondale and Wilkesbarre turnpike, while Captain Kolp told the boys how the locomotive spilled the milk. I happened to be at his head-quarters when the telephone called me to a man hurt at Greenwood mines. He mounted me on one of his Columbias, and we started down between the L. & S. tracks while trains were moving on either side of us. I'll never do it again; but the captain sped between the locomotives as straight as an arrow, and I followed, with my teeth set. There were two men in our path. They saw the captain and moved enough to let him pass, but not enough to get in the way of the locomotive, which was coming down behind me. One saw me, and the other had his back toward me. I did not speak, because I wished him not to move; but just as I neared him, at full speed, the man who saw me cried, "Look out!" Of course he looked, not for me, but for the locomotive, and my handle-bar took him in the back. Did you ever see a soldier doubled up by a rebel shell? He went down like a shot, and his milk-can fell under the cars. Need I say that *I* dismounted (?), and tried to convince him that it was not the locomotive. Had I been a layman he would have convinced me that the "spine of his back" was broken into smithereens, and that the whole coal train had "knocked him spacheless." The captain had just finished this incident off, with much embellishment, when we fell into Indian file, and coasted down the side-walk through Old Forge to the wooden bridge which spans the brawling, roaring, and picturesque Lackawanna. I began to get my second wind, and as we stopped to imbibe some ginger-beer at Lackawanna, I also felt that I could complete the nine miles to Pittston without too much fatigue. The river babbled along beside us; the mountains made wider sweeps of green; and "pleasant valleys" opened up to make the transition from the sombre anthracite valley to "fair Wyoming" less abrupt. I shall not attempt to describe the sweep of the Susquehanna River by Campbell's Ledge into this lovely valley. Read "Gertrude of Wyoming," or read John Eregina Barrett's less known, but scarcely less pathetic, poem of "Isabel." We crossed the beautiful river by the foot-path of the lower bridge without dismounting and sped through West Pittston, and so —

"Adown the Susquehanna's side,
Where weeping willows, green and grave,
Salute the ever-gliding tide."

It was noon, and the speed of the party having been accommodated to the slowest member, we had only made ten miles, including stops, in two hours; but the path became gloriously smooth; the scenery grew more lovely every mile; the day was perfect, and I resolved to try for Wilkesbarre, ten miles farther by the path. Heavens! what a magnificent run that was, — past lawns and hedges, flower-gardens and delightful cottages, the path sped on as smooth as ice. With congenial comrades and a perfect day, we seemed to fly along without an effort; every muscle invigorated, every nerve tingling with enjoyment, and the blood glowing like wine in heart and arteries. We made Wilkesbarre at one o'clock, registering ten miles in the last hour, and, crossing the dilapidated old bridge, dismounted at the Wyoming House by the river side.

During the last few miles of our journey visions of roast beef, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, beefsteak and onions, *et al.*, flitted before our minds as the landscape flitted by. The Wyoming monument suggested massacres of commissary stores, rather than of colonial patriots, and as we swept through Kingston, in Indian file, our feelings must have been nearly identical with those of Brandt's savages when they descended on the devoted band at Forty Fort: they hungered for scalps, we for rations. Our tread was as noiseless as theirs, our course more rapid.

Five years ago, upon another sentimen-

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tal journey, I dined splendidly at this hotel; the slight over-officiousness of the gentlemanly waiter, which marked our failure to conceal our identity as a bridal party, being the only flaw in the feast. The remembrance of the splendid *cuisine*, whetted by an occasional visit since, induced me to give free reins to my descriptive powers, and rather too free control to my Columbia; for in the midst of a gorgeous prospective feast, while following a narrow path, my off pedal touched a fence post, and instanter I sought the rugged bosom of Mother Earth. At the same moment Fred, who was ahead, and who must have been too intently listening, touched the same fence, and spread himself on the gravel. Our noble guide, who had modestly left the front since striking smooth road, now struck the wreck and reposed on the same kindly bosom. But our enthusiasm for a good dinner was unabated, and the hardest headers we ever took seemed light to the shock we experienced when informed that the Sunday dinner-hour had been changed to thē æsthetic hour of 6 P.M. Our feelings were intense, our remarks too utterly all blank. However, we could have "lunch," and a member having suggested that we demolish it and then seek some other hotel to devastate a square meal, the proposition was adopted by acclamation, and we adjourned to the dining-room. My old waiter was there, and the way he spread cold turkey, beef-tea, sandwiches, and pickles, coffee, and such trifles, before us must have been a revelation to his copatriots of the napkin; for probably never was a more substantial lunch destroyed by an athletic party, and never were gentlemanly waiters more gratefully tipped. Æsthetic lunch was voted an immense success, and, on invitation, we adjourned to the parlor of the genial Secretary of the Wilkesbarre Club, where champagne, old Bourbon, and cigars promoted fraternal enjoyment and reminiscences of bicycling adventures by land and water (our host has a marine bicycle), by valley and mountain. I will only relate one by mountain. Half a dozen of the boys had been seeking new roads to conquer all summer, and finally took a trip to Moosic Lake, on the top of the Moosic mountain, ten miles from Scranton. They pretended afterwards that they enjoyed it, and that though the grades were steep they occasionally had a chance to ride a few yards to relieve the monotony of pushing their tired steeds upward. The captain, indeed, asserts that as he toiled up the last mile the boys ahead shouted that the road in front was smooth and level, and so he found it, — level water. Then, after taking a grateful bath, the devoted band, considering that the road behind was too steep to coast, pushed on over the mountain, six miles, to Peckville, in the Lackawanna Valley, seven miles above the starting point, picking fine blackberries and gathering fresh laurels as they journeyed, and, finally, getting a splendid run home on one of our *old* roads. None of the conservative members of the club attempted to imitate this daring exploit, but I saddled my old charger, Frank, and essayed the route on horseback. I reached Moosic Lake all right, horse and man hot and tired; both plunged into the cool, translucent waves, which rest serenely in the mountain top, seven hundred feet above Scranton, and seventeen hundred above the sea. After this refreshing plunge we inquired the way of some of the sojourners of the summer camp, and took the road for Peckville. For a few hundred yards we had plain sailing; then the road became a grassy lane, which, in half a mile, lost itself completely in rocks and underbrush. Frank and I, like the bicyclists, did not wish to turn back, but continued our way over boulders, fallen trees, and brush.

"So toilsome was the road to trace"

that I dismounted, and led my noble horse over five miles of the wildest and most difficult mountain fastnesses that it was ever my lot to encounter. Fancy pictured the handsomely uniformed gentlemen carefully guiding their nickel-plated machines over the same lovely track. We startled a pheasant, and occasionally a rabbit. At last, overcome by fatigue and heat, I unbridled Frank, to let him crop the scanty herbage on the rocks, and lying down with my head on a boulder (as twenty years ago we used to lie on our McClellan saddles), I rested and dozed. The sun slanted westward, and far down the mountain beneath the shadow of some rocks I thought it shone upon some glancing nickel; yes, in a moment our ex-captain's heroic form glided out from the rock upon his trusty "52," and one after another the members of the club followed and ascended the precipitous hill. They rode over trees and clove through masses of rock in defiance of the well-known properties of matter and laws of gravitation. Reaching the summit, they turned and coasted down over terrific abysses and stupendous rocks, fire flashing from their spokes, and rocks, dust, and

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gravel following in their wake. It seemed as if the genii of the mountain were awake and joining in the sport. At last, when a coast like lightning was made by the bicyclers, a perfect avalanche of boulders hurtled down the mountain and woke me, — to find Frank pawing restlessly above me and scattering stones and gravel over my face. We reached home in safety, but, as before observed, none of the cautious members ever tried that route with wheels; none of the married men, I mean, who have families dependent on them.

With chaff like this, and much more entertaining converse, we whiled away the warm hours with our host, Captain Carpenter, of the Wilkesbarre club (the fastest rider round about this region), and other visitors, and when, at 4 P.M., Capt. K. ordered "Mount," every man sprang into his saddle, more vigorous and fresh than at the starting. Adieux were waved, spoken, and I suspect even whispered by the more romantic members, as we started over the Susquehanna. Speeding back through Kingston we retraced our path of the morning, and so on through fair Wyoming. Just here a low branch over the path struck our fastest man across the eyes so smartly that he was fain to consult the surgeon on the case. Obtaining sick leave from the commander, we rode off to find a drug store, while a hasty examination was made (*en route*) of the complaining optics. Nothing discovered itself, however, except a peculiar motion of the near eyelid, accompanied by some contraction of the muscles of expression. It was evidently an urgent case. Finding an apothecary, some Zinci Sulphatis Gr. ii, Aqua Rosæ ʒi, was quickly instilled beneath the eyelid; but as the patient was plainly sinking from "shock" or something, and as the tremulous motion of the lid had now transferred itself to the other eye, the ancient wielder of the pestle was informed that it was imperative to produce two eye-openers at once, — one to assist the surgeon's vision and one to relieve the patient. The venerable pill-compounder sadly intimated that he could not sell on Sunday, owing to local option, but he neatly filled the following prescription: ℞. Sp't's Vini Gallici ʒii; Tr. Card. Comp. ʒss; Sympi, ʒi; Aqua Distilata, *Quantum sufficit*, Misce; which had such effect that patient and surgeon were able to overtake the rest of the party and speed along through West Pittston and over the foot-walk of the other bridge, where a header would have cost us a plunge of forty feet into the river.

It was somewhat up-hill work back through the Lackawanna Valley, but we reached home at dark, tired, but happy, feeling that we had enjoyed a run such as we may wish to all the readers of "THE WHEELMAN."

F. Emmet O'Brien.

THE COMING HORSE.

A HORSE that needs no breaking, never bites, kicks, shies, balks, nor eats; needs no grooming. No smell of the stable attends his keeper. No danger from spavins, ringbones, founders, epizoötics, or wire fences, etc., etc. In short, all the ills that horse-flesh is heir to never trouble the bicycle, plus the saving of lots of patience and, sometimes, profanity.

Like Longfellow's "wind," he "is never weary." He is shod with rubber and muscled with steel; noiseless as a vision; a condensed poem; an Iliad without a Homer; a hobby minus a rider (?); a prescription that needs no doctor or druggist; the nearest realization of the mythical Pegasus. The saddle-horse, as a means of exercise, like polygamy and the Chinese, *must go*. Bucephalus is switched — occupation gone.

The tide is coming in, and Mother Partington cannot mop it up. The bicycle, where it is known, does now, and where it is not known will eventually, supersede the horse. Acquaintance is only one step from adoption. Grandfathers may stick to the horse, — old men seldom learn new tricks; but young America is *qui vive*, will see the point, and decline to wait. All the progressive American needs is to stop and think (he is a thinker), make a few figures; time saved, money saved, health saved, nerves braced, muscles invigorated, life lengthened, strengthened, and enthused. This done, he invests, and the graceful bicycle is sure to come. What the telephone is to

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speech the bicycle is destined to become to locomotion. Our periodicals as authority, the bicycle is no longer an experiment. London alone is using 17,000 (5,000 being owned by the government), while England uses 200,000 bicycles. On the same authority one American firm started in the spring trade this year with 1,500 bicycles ahead, and by June 1st was hundreds behind its orders; manufactory running its full capacity all the while. If these things are true (and I do not doubt it), the bicycle takes rank as a factor in locomotion alongside of the engine and fast horse.

Our Cousin John, across the water, is already in the saddle by the thousand. A little thinking and figuring and Jonathan will profit by the swift-footed, pedalled steed. "Hog and hominy" is equal to "beef and plum-pudding." It does not take a prophet's vision of "coming events" to see the tricycle for ladies and bicycle for gents as common as ponies. The present pedestrian limits of our suburban homes will ere long radiate from one and two miles to ten and fifteen. Country life and city life may get married. Within thirty to sixty minutes of place of business, reaching it all aglow with vigorous life, and *not a cent to pay*. Home at night completely rested from the sedentary duties of the day by the enthusiastic spin on the bicycle, the home itself will grow happier and brighter by the use of the wheel. Consumption, nervousness, dyspepsia, blue Mondays, headaches, ennui, doctor's bills, and divorce cases will grow beautifully less. Muscles firm, lungs expanded, liver active, brain alert, and the whole man, to the extremities, in his normal condition, — all as resultant from the habitual use of the bicycle.

What sedentary man does not know that the needed exercise, now obtained chiefly by walking, is performed, if at all, under protest? The theory is beautiful, and probably true; but, as a rule, it is postponed to a "convenient season," that *never comes*. Put off and put off, till the system breaks down, and an intellectual "strike" is the result. In nine cases out of ten walking or horseback-riding, as a means of exercise, is a failure. Resolve and resolve, as many of us do, yet we neglect it still, are prematurely "shelved," and call it a "mysterious Providence." Learn the easy art of bicycling, and all this is changed. The *duty* is transformed to a *pleasure*. We no longer need the spur to goad the laggard sides of our indolent intent, but the bit and rein, to hold the enthusiasm of bicycling within proper bounds. "Old things have passed away." A physical regeneration has come over us. We realize the difference between "Must I go?" and "Let me go!" What wonder if it "leads to racing"? What man, even if he be a minister, having a fast horse, does not like to see him beat some other horse? Principle must hold the reins, or he will do it. So of bicycling. It needs control. It becomes at once an enthusiasm. Exercise is no longer scourged to its task. The tendency of bicycling will be towards the development of more and healthier muscle to match the brain. Do not Americans need just this? We are proverbially "high-pressure" in brain-power. Too much mental for the physical. Wind-work too much for the rigging. We wear out too quickly. We need more physique. Who of us doesn't know that our best thinkers, as a rule, are often obliged to put out the fires to save the machinery? Too much steam for the machine. The physical must rest, and away to the mountains, or sea-side, at a heavy expense to somebody, they must go. No help for it. The physical demands are absolute. Instead of a dose of "White Mountains," or "Long Branch," present your overworked pastor with a "Columbia," and if he be a brainy man he will appreciate it. Let bicycling prevail, and a better rounded physical manhood will be one of the results, that will tell on future generations, as well as the present. Healthier children will follow the use of the wheel, — cause and effect.

Fifty years hence, and a "green old age" will not be so rare among sedentary men as at the present time. After an early breakfast mount your "Columbia," and take a wild run up hill and down, for just one hour. Return to your study, or place of business, kindle up the fires, and be surprised, as you will be, to see how smoothly the mental engine does its work, accomplishing twice the work in the ordinary time. Try it, and be convinced, as you will be. Then ten years from now thank the writer for calling your attention to the "wheel."

The benefits arising from the coming "Bicycle Boom" are too numerous and far-reaching to discuss in full, in one short article. Their name is "Legion." The subject will grow on you as you think about it. Not an objection can be urged against its use that cannot, with equal truth, be urged against any other vehicle of celerity. "Fast men use them." So they do horses and buggies. "Men get hurt on them." So they do on horses and railroads. "It is undignified." That depends solely on him

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who rides. "They frighten horses." So do the cars. "It leads to racing and betting." So do fine horses. Like all other good things, the bicycle will have its abuses and abusers. All will depend on the use made of it, and the man who rides it.

"But," says one, "how can we learn to ride without a teacher?" Teachers are well enough, but they are not *necessities*. Learn it just as you learn to swim, or skate; just as easily, and with just as few accidents. A hall, or barn-floor, a race-track, or a smooth bit of prairie (my rink), and a little pluck, push, and patience are all you need. Pocket your fears, if you have any. As well learn to swim before going near the water as to wait for a teacher. Practice does it, teacher or no teacher. I am as sanguine of the coming general use of the perfected bicycle as I am certain of the keen good sense of our American people, and believe that many of us old men will live to see them as common along our Kansas country roads as the saddle-horse of to-day.

It is perfectly natural to look for its early coming to Kansas, because it is essentially a temperance machine. It naturally follows where "prohibition prohibits." It demands a level head. Whiskey and bicycling don't mix worth a cent. Perfectly under the control of its rider, up and down grade, where a horse can trot; and out among the rocks, in graceful curves, the very poetry of motion, the bicycler sits his steel steed, centaur-like, and goes spinning over the road eight and ten miles an hour with the ease of walking, and on a spurt twenty miles can be reached. Instead of that "hungry-dog" look that prevails so alarmingly among sedentary men, "bay windows" in front will become fashionable, and even "Old Uncle Samuel" himself (who of us has not pitied his lean look?) will grow fat as he straps down his pants for a spin on his health-giving "Columbia." Who says "Exaggeration"? *He who does not know!* To try it is to be converted to a new faith in locomotion, and find, that, like Solomon's glory, "The half has not been told."

C. E. Bristol.

BICYCLING YARNS.

In the autumn of 1881 a number of wheelmen, on a trip to New York by way of the Sound, were watching the ponderous machinery of the steamer *Bristol*, and discussing the workings of the metre which indicated the number of revolutions made by the paddle-wheels. — They had come together from various parts of New England, and were on their way, from the Brockton meet, to attend the League races and the L.A.W. officers' meeting in New York. They were nearly all veterans, if such a term is allowable at the present early stages of bicycling in this country, and were enthusiastic supporters of the best interests of wheeling in its various forms. A part of them were to enter the amateur races, and contend for the champion prizes which the League had offered. Others were officers of the League, and they were, withal, a jolly set, intent upon having a good time.

The various phases of touring, racing, and business-wheeling had been discussed in their several bearings, and the principles of cyclometers were receiving earnest attention, while the advocates of the magnetic system were claiming its superiority over the old style of suspended weights. The contestants were, however, apparently annoyed by the persistent questions of a tall, tobacco-stained Yankee, who had unceremoniously joined their circle, and who plied them with frequent questions in such a manner as to require answers of some kind. He had seen a few wheelmen ride through his town, but had never, he averred, had the opportunity to examine a bicycle, or satisfy his great curiosity in regard to the riders and their accomplishments. He knew that they "went purty fast," and so readily believed that their speed surpassed the ordinary railway train, that the boys unrolled stronger and stronger yarns, in the hope of driving him away. But, equal to the occasion, he evidently swallowed all their remarkable statements, and, a veritable Oliver Twist in his way, was persistent in asking for more.

A Boston man claimed to have made the fastest time by means of a kite he had attached to his bicycle, which, when the

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wind was fair, he stated, hauled him over the roads at a breakneck speed; and the curious rustic did not discredit his apparently veracious assertion of having, thus equipped, attached his bicycle to a team laden with pleasure-seekers, and thus materially aided the horses in pulling the load up hill. A New Hampshire man, in whom the old Yankee seemed to have implicit confidence, was noticed by him to be hurriedly scanning the latest New York paper. He briskly inquired for what the wheelman was searching, and received the reply that nothing had been heard from the Marine Bicycle since it had been reported as spoken, a few days since, by a steamer off Halifax.

"Ye doan't say the pesky things run on the water, do ye?"

"Oh, yes, and a man from our city is half way across the big pond by this time."

A picture of the craft was shown him, and his questions came faster than ever.

"Haow the deuce does he find his way over?"

"Why, he just runs from buoy to buoy, which, you know, are attached every half mile to the Atlantic cable, which is laid from the New Hampshire coast to Torbay, and from thence to England."

"I wanter know! I'd hearn tell about the cable, but I didn't know it was p'inted aout all the way."

"Certainly, how else could they find it every time it breaks?"

"That's so! but what keeps the 'tarnal machine up when the sea's rough?"

"Why, the compartments in the floats, which are filled, some with air, and others with oil."

"What's the ile fur?"

"Well, when the waves are very high, he just makes fast to the nearest buoy, and throws out a part of the oil, which at once smooths the waves around him."

"Sho! ye doan't say! Should think he'd get played aout, now, making his feet go raound all day."

"Yes, so he would if he didn't have the chance to use his sail, which you see on the card, a part of the time."

"Sho! I didn't see as that was a sail! Waal, that does beat all. Now ye kin bet I'll look arter the critter's gittin' inter England ef I hev' ter buy a paper every day!"

Here the Maine bicycler happened along, when the Boston billiardist stopped him, and called the attention of the countryman to the new League badge. He pointed out the wheel, and especially the wings which were attached to it, and told him it was one of the greatest inventions which the Yankees had added to the bicycle.

"Waal, we *air* 'mazin' cute folks when we git started; but what's the wings fur? Ye doan't say as haow ye fly threw the air, 'sides going on the water, do ye?"

"Not exactly; but my friend here nearly does it, and though he is shaking his head for me not to give away his secret, I'll let you into it if you will promise to say nothing about it."

"Ye kin just bet yer eye I wouldn't be so allfired mean a cuss as that. I'll be mum as an oyster."

"Well, my friend used to come from down East to race the Bostonians, and the best that he could do was to carry home some third prizes. He was laughed at so much that he put on his 'thinking-cap' and manufactured a solid wheel, so as to save the resistance of the spokes; but this didn't work to his satisfaction, so he tried again, and finally made a lot of small, thin wings of steel, which he fastened to the spokes of the wheel. Every time his feet went down the wings opened like a duck's foot, and closed when they came up. This acted on the air the same as the paddle-wheels out there do on the water, and he could go just as fast as he wished. He kept his bicycle out of sight before the next race commenced, and the wings were so small that they were hardly noticeable on the track. He has swept in all the gold and diamond prizes offered at the races in New England, and to-morrow he will show the New Yorkers what a Yankee can accomplish."

"Good on yer hed!" exclaimed the countryman, grasping the hand of the modest inventor. "I guess I'll go up and see ye scoop 'em in. Ye all seem to be a rugged lot. Guess the work is good for ye."

"Certainly it is, but not for our pockets. It gives us such fearful appetites that the hotels charge us double rates, while the doctors would starve if they depended upon our patronage."

"Sho! but here's one that looks kinder lean and drawn out."

"Yes, that's Mr. Bernhardt, our racer. The club of which he is a member is the largest and richest in the country; has the finest rooms and the fastest racers, and they are determined to put the largest racing wheel on the course. So they tie heavy weights to our friend's feet and hang him up. They are gradually lengthening him out, and his body will cut through the air like a knife."

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The countryman asked how big a hill the bicyclists could climb, and was referred for information upon that head to one of the party, a member of the journalistic fraternity, whom, he was told, had twice crossed the White Mountains.

The editor was accordingly applied to, and after some persuasion reluctantly consented to rehearse his oft-told experience. It was soon evident, however, that he had also caught the exaggerative fever, and in turn surprised his hearers with a new version of his latest exploit.

"As you know," said he, "I have been through the White Mountains twice."

Chorus: "Yes, yes, we know it."

"Please be quiet, gentlemen, or if you've heard the story two or three times, you are at liberty to move off. I went with a party of bicyclers and horsemen, and upon each occasion the wheelmen finished the journey in better order and quicker time than the equestrians. The horses, however, had the advantage in climbing the steep, sandy hills, which led me to a series of experiments. My first trial nearly cost me my life, and affects my voice to this very day. You see, I believed that a balloon, or rather several rubber bags, could be inflated with a recently discovered gas of immense lifting power, attached to a bicycle, and so regulated under the control of the rider that the wheels should only touch the road sufficiently to admit of steering the machine. After a series of experiments, covering a period of some weeks, I made satisfactory progress, and was finally ready for the trial of my plan, and prepared to set forth on that errand. On the hub of my wheel I carried the apparatus and material necessary for making the gas, while "Lamson's Carrier" held the collapsed balloons.

Upon the following Thursday morning I repaired at an early hour to Chestnut-Hill Reservoir, that I might there take advantage of the exceptionally smooth grade for my initial trial. My balloons were quickly inflated, the valve ropes tied to the handles, and I jumped into the saddle. I slowly pedalled up the hill, my speed rapidly increasing, as the friction of the wheels upon the ground grew less The success of my trial was assured, and I was agreeably occupied in counting the probable pecuniary returns likely to accrue to me from the result of my discovery, when I suddenly felt the machine rise from the ground. In my fright I entangled the valve ropes, but finally succeeded in cutting one of the balloon stays, which brought the machine with a crash to the road, breaking off the rear wheel. Before, however, I could dismount, the machine, relieved of a part of its weight, was again lifted in the air. A slight breeze carried me over the reservoir, into which I slowly settled. I threw off my hat, which I found gave it a temporary check. Then with legs over, I pulled off my shoes, and cast them into the water. The wrench and oil-can followed, and I even unscrewed my favorite ivory handles and reluctantly cast them also after the rest. I could hardly have reconciled myself to parting from these last, save for the thought which flashed upon me that my rival journalists might spitefully refer to the incident, and suggest the expediency of the purchase by the public, for the next few days, of Everett spring water for drinking purposes, in consequence of my involuntary bath in the Cochituate. My jacket was next parted with, and the removal of this incumbrance lifted me free of the water. I struck the edge of the reservoir, cut loose the remaining balloons, and saved the wreck of my bicycle. The idea is a good one, but I would rather some one else should practically work out the details. I found something, however, last week, which a Frenchman was trying to dispose of in Salem, that will eventually make hill-climbing a perfect delight. The force which is exerted on the handles, when rising a hill, is utilized by means of a lever attachment, and aids in turning the pedal-cranks. I take my third trip to the mountains next week, to practically test them."

For an hour the stories grew stronger and stronger, until the wheelmen's imagination became exhausted. The old fellow did not let up his interrogations, and tired out the last man. Soon after retiring the two New Hampshire men were startled by a vigorous knock on their state-room door. Upon opening it, the Yankee put in his head and said, "I was mighty interested in what you chaps told me could be done on your bicycles, and I believe it all 'cept the one that air editor told. Doan't ye think he *lied* a little?"

They assured him that the editor, although he spoke in a hesitating way, was considered a very truthful man; and that his lifting attachment was an actual fact. An hour later the same wheelmen were aroused by a knock, heavier, if possible, than the one which had previously disturbed their slumber; the door was opened, and in walked the tall figure of detective Kant, well known as a chief officer of the United States Secret Service.

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"How are you, Kant; where did you come from, and how did you know we were here?"

"Ask one question at a time, gentlemen, if you please; you ought to be able to judge of that yourselves. I've been with you all the evening."

"That won't go down with us," said the captain.

"Sho! I wanter know," answered the detective in the self-same tones, voice, and twang of our Yankee friend.

The truth flashed upon them. The Yankee who had clung to their society so persistently, and of whom they had striven to rid themselves by waggish stories, was none other than the shrewd detective, their own fellow-citizen in disguise. They certainly felt sheepish enough as that sagacious officer rehearsed accurately each story-teller's yarn, and closely delineated their several peculiarities, not even sparing their own.

The detective soon stated his business, and required their aid in identifying and arresting an embezzler, whom he had been ordered to "shadow" and take into custody. What was their further consternation and astonishment when he announced that his attention was centred upon their immediate circle, and that one of the fastest of their racers was the object of his suspicion.

They protested, but it was in vain. The man in question answered to the description he had been furnished with, and he was not to be swerved from the strict performance of his duty. The only concession which he could be persuaded to grant was the promise that the arrest should be made quietly, and without the knowledge of the other wheelmen. The Yankee hunted for us promptly in the morning, and the boys reeled off a few more yarns which they had manufactured during the night. When the boat reached her dock the detective was the first to land, and was seen in earnest conversation with several policemen. The suspected racer was detained below by one of them, while the group of wheelmen, presuming he had gone ahead, went their several ways. At the polo grounds, the non-appearance of their principal champion was greatly regretted, and but for his detention several additional prizes would have been taken back to New England.

What excuse he made for his detention the New Hampshire man never learned; but they are well aware every time they meet him of the disgust he expresses for the officer who caused him so much trouble and disappointment.

As for the detective, he drawled out when he met them upon his return home, "Sho! yer tried to fool me and got fooled. I tried to catch a thief and got fooled too, in taking the wrong man, and I rather guess I was the biggest fool in the whole lot."

C. A. Hazlett.

THE EFFECT OF THE BICYCLE UPON OUR HIGHWAY LAWS.

EVERY important invention produces changes in the law. Every experienced lawyer, and every observant student of politics, will immediately assent to this declaration. The citation of a few conspicuous examples will convince any doubter. The invention of the railway has filled the statute-books of civilized countries with many pages of legislation previously unknown; this to so great an extent that the practice of railway law has become, in various States and countries, almost a special branch of the legal profession. The invention of gas-lighting has produced many remarkable legal changes in the government of municipalities. Municipal legislation is full of changes produced by street-railways, by the modern system of water distribution. The newest great inventions of all — the telephone and electric lighting — are already producing marked effects in municipal regulations. The telegraph has produced singularly striking changes in state and national laws. Even international law has suffered notable changes because of the invention of the ocean telegraph cable. Steam navigation has changed the commercial and international laws of the high seas, coasts, and rivers, and harbors. The sewing-machine, the lightning-rod, the reaper and mower, and other inventions, have changed State laws regarding contracts, and threaten to change our national patent laws most

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seriously. The invention of gunpowder has produced stupendous changes in the relations of nations to each other, as well as in the local laws of nations and their subdivisions. In short, while the main principles of law and legislation remain unchanged, new applications and modifications of those principles are so inevitably produced by invention, that it is not too strong a statement to say that the great body of commercial, international, and municipal laws — the very framework of organized modern civilization — are, more or less directly, the results of successive inventions in mechanics and the arts.

If we observe politics carefully, we find equally important effects produced upon political parties by the same causes. Occasionally only are parties divided upon any purely moral or political issue: they frequently differ upon some commercial or financial question, which has its roots in the effects produced by modern inventions. This is directly the case in the political movement known as "the Grangers," the division among parties over the tariff, the question of river and harbor improvement, railway subsidies, the Mississippi river improvement scheme, and other issues which clearly would never have arisen except for railways, steam navigation, manufactures, and other great interests dependent upon and created by modern inventions.

There are manifest signs that the invention of the bicycle will also produce important and permanent effects upon the legislation of the country, particularly upon the laws for the creation and regulation of common highways. That their influence upon legislation will tend to promote the general welfare is apparent.

It is one of the striking facts of bicycling experience that, the moment any person becomes a wheelman, he is instantly and ardently convinced of the necessity for improved highways. Within a month after he has learned to ride you will invariably find him an enthusiastic advocate of the smoothest and best pavements; of gravel or macadam country roads; of the legal proposition that the highways are not created and maintained exclusively or specially for the owners of horses, but for the general use of the public; of the general adoption of broad tires for wagons and heavy vehicles; of systematic drainage for country roads; of improvements in street lighting, and of other reforms which are clearly for the public good. He begins presently to study the causes which lead to the retention of poor and faulty highway systems; he becomes a close observer and interested student of paving systems, and paving laws and legislation; and he presently adds one more zealous adherent to the party of progress and improvement in these matters. Both his voice and his vote can be depended upon for such reforms in legislation, State and municipal, as will secure better streets, better pavements, and better country roads, and most effectively assure their durability in good condition. As this body of bicycling voters increases in numbers and political influence it will exercise a large power over public opinion; and it will not fail in the end to obtain those reforms in which it is so earnestly interested.

Of all modern inventions the bicycle may most justly be styled the perfect road tester. From no other vehicle does a rider descend with so much suddenness and *aplomb*, and with such serious emotion, to investigate a defect in the surface of the highway. It is the most sensitive of all vehicles to the slightest imperfections of any sort in the construction or condition of a road surface; and it communicates its discoveries to its rider directly, and in a manner which it is impossible to either ignore or forget. One who lolls in his carriage does not appreciate the effect upon his horses of a trifle of sand over the surface of a road, an unnecessarily steep grade, the roughness of a pavement which ought to be smooth, mud, stones, ruts, dim lights, wet paving blocks, slippery clay, icy streets, and other such evils. The jars, tremors, shocks, sudden strains, abrupt jerks and pushes, which worry the spirits and exhaust the strength and speed of his team and wear out his vehicle, do not affect his own person much. He knows them only through observation. The bicycle-rider, on the contrary, experiences all these evils in his own muscular and nervous system. He feels them himself, just as the horse does; and, if horses could talk, their expressions upon this subject would probably exactly agree with those of the bicycle-rider, and form a concensus of equine and human opinions which would revolutionize legislation in a single campaign.

The bicycle-rider alone understands by personal experience how much more severe a strain is put upon the nervous system by riding over even a comparatively good block pavement, say of wood or hewn stone, than by riding over a smooth dirt road. The muscular effort required to propel his wheel over a hewn-stone or wooden-block pavement is much less than that required to traverse the same distance

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over a dirt road with a trifle of dust upon its surface; yet any and every wheelman will be less tired and exhausted by a twenty-mile ride over a dirt road than by a ten-mile ride over the very best of block pavement. The continual tremor of the pavement shocks the nervous system, and produces exhaustion much more rapidly than considerably more exertion, which does not try the nerves, on a dirt road. Unquestionably the same effect is produced, to some extent, upon horses; for the jar and tremor of the load, the constant tremble and jerking of the wheels, is communicated to their nervous systems to a considerable degree through the harness. Especially is this true of the continual jar of the wagon-pole, or thills. But in hauling either a loaded or light wagon over a bad roadway, the incessant jerking, straining, rising and falling, bumping, pushing, and jarring, seriously affect the nervous as well as the muscular system of the horse. Nature has made the heavy draft-horse and the ordinary working horse with a comparatively stolid nervous system, fitted to bear shocks and strains of this sort. Still the average life of the work-horse would no doubt be considerably increased by the general introduction of smooth pavements and roads; while the more finely organized and comparatively nervous fast-trotter and thoroughbred, as is well known by horsemen, feel severely the effect of travelling over even the best of stone or other block pavements.

The bicycle-rider also appreciates how much more rapidly the jars and shocks of a block pavement wear out the running parts of a vehicle than much more severe service over smooth and elastic dirt, gravel, macadam, or asphalt road-beds. No other vehicle is constructed with anything like as much care as the bicycle. Its parts require the nicest mechanical adjustment and most accurate fitting. It is so constructed that, as a whole, it is like a fine steel spring, to take up and resist all shocks and tremors. Its bearing surface is shod with a soft and thick rubber tire. The weight of its rider is carefully adjusted upon a separate spring, to avoid strain upon the body of the vehicle. Compared with the bicycle, the very best carriage for horses is a rude and clumsy machine. But a bicycle will wear out more than four times as fast when ridden continually over paved streets than when ridden over even the worst of ridable dirt roads. That the same effect is produced upon carriages every observant carriage-maker and repairer knows. The carriage of the city man, who drives over even the best of stone and wood pavements, requires more repairs per thousand miles of travel, and wears out in much less time than the carriage of the country resident, even where the country roads are comparatively poor. It is the continual rattle and tremor which kill the life of the city carriage. The country carriage has occasional severer shocks and much heavier strains; but usually its wheels run upon yielding and elastic dirt, and it does not have to contend with tremor, that prime cause of loosened nuts, rickety joints, and general rapid disintegration.

In many parts of the West, thirty miles a day is considered good average speed for a week's journey by a first-rate horse or span of horses, with a light travelling buggy or wagon, or one hundred and eighty miles in a week. With loads, a team will do well to average eighteen or twenty miles a day. With first-class macadam or gravel roads nearly double these distances may be travelled with more than double loads, and with less fatigue and wear and tear. There is no other public improvement which pays farmers, rural villages, and all country towns and dwellers so large a percentage of profit as first-class roads. Those seasons of the year when mud and water have made the poor country roads impassable, or nearly so, are the very seasons when the farmer who is blessed with good roads can obtain at his market village the highest cash prices for everything and anything he has to sell. The village which has good roads reaching out in all directions into the country maintains thereby a perpetual market, is easily and constantly supplied, and suffers the least loss of trade during the fall and spring rains. On the other hand, the village which has poor country roads pays extra high prices for all sorts of supplies during the wet seasons, experiences great stagnations of trade, at least twice annually, and its surrounding farmers miss their very best market season, — a season, too, when the weather and the condition of the ground keep them idle, and when they could, if they had good roads, best afford to spend their time going to market. Good, hard, smooth, and reliable country roads are of more value to the average country village than a railroad connection. They are an almost necessary adjunct to a railroad connection. Therefore the making of good country roads is one of the most important reforms to which public attention can possibly be directed.

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The writer hereof was the first bicycle-rider in his State. Bicycle-riding naturally led his attention to the subject of roads and pavements; and then to a study of the highway laws of the State, as likely to contain the causes why his State was so lamentably deficient in good roads. He investigated the market prices and produce trade of villages which had good roads and of those which had bad roads. He ascertained the average expenditure made on old roads which were in bad condition; and found that enough money and labor had been expended on nearly every road in the State which has been in existence twenty to twenty-five years to have made it in the beginning a first-class gravel road, and kept it in good repair; that is, that in an average period of twenty to twenty-five years, according to locality and population, a first-class gravel road, kept in good repair, actually costs less than the average poor, sandy, muddy, and otherwise execrable country road. He found that, in this and other States, one prime reason for bad roads is the system by which farmers and country residents are allowed to "work out" their road taxes, instead of paying them in money, and with this money hiring the construction and repair of good roads. If the tax-payers of cities were allowed to "work out" their street taxes we should never have paved, or sewered, or gas-lighted streets.

Where this system prevails, the farmers assemble and make a holiday affair of scraping a little dirt in the middle of the road, where it will do least good and most harm, rendering the road for the time worse than ever; and then it is neglected for another year. Under this system, the older a road is the worse it becomes — at least it grows no better. What money is paid is also almost invariably wasted. The road-master is elected for his popularity on account of his letting the farmers off easily; and he never is a practical, skilled road-maker.

But where the system of requiring road taxes to be paid in cash prevails, the shrewd farmers insist upon getting the worth of their money in good roads. They look more closely after public expenditures than any other class of tax-payers. This cash system leads directly to good, substantial, hard, well-drained roads; and skilled road-makers are chosen to expend the public money. It is the only true system. It leads to double good, — the reduction of taxation to the lowest practicable limit, and to the wise expenditure of every cent that is raised. Where it is connected with a law which will allow townships to issue bonds to an amount not exceeding in any one year five per cent. of their assessed valuation, in bonds running not less than ten nor more than fifteen years, for the construction of macadam or gravel roads, with the privilege of collecting toll upon such roads for the first ten years after their construction, the tolls collected to be used to keep the roads in repair, and pay interest on the bonds, the surplus to go to a sinking-fund, so that the roads will become free at the end of ten years, and the ordinary taxation will by that time pay for them, the result is the almost immediate construction of from one to four or five first-class roads through each township, and this without any increase of highway taxation, and generally with some reduction.

Convinced of these facts, the writer began, some years ago, the publication in the newspapers of this State of articles discussing the highway laws, roads and road-making, the best material and modes of construction for pavements, etc., and the propriety of legislating, in cities and by the State, to compel the use of wide tires for wagons. This discussion rapidly produced an effect upon public opinion. Farmers' clubs in several counties took up the topic, and became strong advocates of reform. The last Legislature amended the highway law so that townships may, by vote, adopt the cash highway tax system. The subject of paving after scientific and sanitary methods has been actively discussed in the writer's home city, and the authorities are now, a majority of them, in favor of adopting new and better methods. One of the counties of the State has voted to bond itself in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to be expended in making macadam and gravel roads. The wide wagon-tire theory has become so popular that one great factory is devoted exclusively, and several others partially, to the manufacture and sale of wagons with three-inch tires, and trucks with four-inch tires; and the city of Detroit has enacted an ordinance requiring the use of such tires on and after January, 1883. The newspapers of this State vigorously continue the discussion on the right side.

One of the singular and amusing facts of this movement is that the reform has taken hold strongest in counties and cities where there are few or no bicycle-riders. The county which has bonded itself, and several others which are discussing the propriety of following its example, are almost strangers to the wheel, since the

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wheel only goes where there are already good roads. Another of the amusing aspects of the matter is the fact that the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *Chicago Times*, at the very time when they were almost daily sneering at and ridiculing the bicycle and its riders, fell into my trap, and published vigorous editorials, rehashing my arguments and facts in favor of a reform in the highway laws and highway construction. So, also, did many journals in this State. In one column would be found sneering references to the bicycling fraternity, while in another they urged the bicycler's reasons and facts in favor of that particular reform in highway legislation which all bicyclers most earnestly advocate and desire, — a reform which will, when it is accomplished, make the bicycle the most common, as it will be the finest and best, of our ordinary road vehicles; for the bicycle is the vehicle of luxurious roads, and of the highest civilization. While it is the poor man's horse and carriage, it cannot exist at all in a country of poor roads. It cannot run in sand, in mud, over stony roads, or over rough roads. But where there are good, smooth, well-drained roads, there it will abound, and be used for both business and pleasure. In a State of good roads, its riders will take long tours; and the doctor, lawyer, merchant, mechanic, tourist, and even many farmers, will use it as their cheapest, swiftest, easiest, and most durable vehicle. And the tricycle for women and old men, and many others, will soon become familiar objects on the highways and village streets.

With good roads, the average rapidity of travel with horses will largely increase. Much heavier loads will be hauled. Transportation will consume less of the farmer's labor and profits. The cost of living in villages and cities will diminish, and be less liable to needless fluctuations. Farms will greatly increase in value; and their nearness to market will not be so essential as it now is. The average life of working and road horses, and of wagons and carriages of all kinds, will be much enhanced; and life will be better worth living. To these reforms the rapidly growing army of wheelmen are and will be the most enthusiastic and personally interested contributors. We may safely count every one of their votes upon the right side of these issues, however much they may differ otherwise.

President Bates.

SECOND WIND.

ALL young men who engage in athletic contests are familiar with the peculiar sense of discomfort and air-hunger which accompany the first few moments of strong effort. As the muscles stretch to their work and the eager thought speeds on toward the expectant goal, the complex machinery of the body is not brought up to speed-time in an instant, but, here and there, the tardy parts creak and strain as they gradually swing into line and take on their new pace. The breathing becomes rapid, and yet there is a feeling of suffocation. The nostrils no longer suffice, and the mouth is forced open by the panting air. The heart is felt pounding against the chest-wall, and the red blood-tides are throbbing oppressively in every vessel of the body. The temples are bound by encircling bands. There is a tightening around the roots of the tongue. The cheeks are flushed, while a white zone round the mouth flies a danger-signal. The muscles begin to weaken, and the pace must be slowed, or else another series of symptoms, of greater gravity, appear. The beginning weakness increases to dizziness and faintness. There is a ringing in the ears. Darkness gathers before the eyes, which seem starting from their sockets. There may be a tinge of nausea, and even vomiting or complete unconsciousness may prostrate the man. Suppose the athlete is wise, however, and, knowing his own powers, husbands them with judicious care. In such a man the initial sense of discomfort soon yields to one of comfort. The breathing becomes slower. The chest heaves and falls with regular powerful rhythm. The mouth is closed, the nostrils dilated. The pulse at the wrist beats strong and full. The blood courses freely to every nook and cranny, through every straining muscle, carrying fresh vigor and new energy. This toning up of the body; this whipping into line of all the forces until they pull together, rejoicing in the harmony of unison, is familiarly known

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as getting one's "second wind." The breathing, which before was quick, impulsive, irregular, and insufficient, has become slower, rhythmical, regular, and sufficient, while the athlete himself feels a glow of body which fits him to battle for life.

Now, what is this *second wind?* Naturally our attention is first directed to the mechanism of breathing itself, and we note that the act, which was distressful a moment ago, is now easy and agreeable, and one might think that new facilities for admitting air into the chest were acquired by exercise. It is a well-known fact that proper exercise will, in course of time, expand the chest, and thus increase the breathing capacity; but the second wind can hardly be attributed to a temporary arrangement of this sort, because oftentimes more air will pass into the lungs per minute during the panting stage than during the subsequent stage of quiet, regular breathing.

The mere expansion of the chest, and admission of air into the lungs, however, are only one phase of the function of respiration. When air has penetrated into the thin, walled chambers of the lungs, there occurs a subtle exchange of vaporous gases between the air and the blood which flows through its delicate channels. The blood seizes all the oxygen it can carry, and conveys it away into the system where it is needed. In order, therefore, for the breathing to be complete and satisfactory, there must be not only a plentiful supply of fresh air, rich in oxygen, but also a swift-flowing and abundant current of blood to carry that oxygen to the tissues which demand it. That this blood-current may be free and copious, there must be a strong, sturdy heart, which shrinks at no work and yields to no fatigue. With the air-tubes wide open, and the breezes from the North Pole sweeping through them, a man will pant when the blood stream lags.

It is, then, obvious that the chief essential to a sound *second wind* is a strong, healthy heart. The first effect of sudden effort is to disturb the working pressure of the heart by changes in the position of the body and by the movements of the muscles. Then, again, the effort produces an immediate increase in the consumption of the tissues and of the stored oxygen. The jealous sentinels who guard this precious reserve begin to telegraph their danger signals. As in a well-organized fire-alarm system, the messages are set flying in all directions. The respiratory muscles spring into harness, and the heart is roused by powerful impulses. The heart, however, is a very conservative organ, and seems to have a proper appreciation of its own dignity. It possesses an immense amount of reserve energy, and is able to meet great emergencies; but, like the heavy draft-horse, it gathers itself slowly, drawing the traces taut and feeling the load which tempts its power. During this interval, when the heart is measuring itself for the new work, the athlete suffers and pants. Soon the new adjustments are accomplished. The rich blood is surging through the lungs and whirling out into the body. The man has caught his *second wind* and has ceased panting.

This is the picture of healthful, legitimate sport with all the intoxicating exhilaration of rivalry and contest. Unfortunately, however, all hearts are not strong, and are unable to stand up under the burden of sudden effort. They sink in weakness, and flutter a pitiful protest against the cruel work imposed upon them.

A short time since, two fine-looking, broad-chested lads ran after a car in which I was riding, and, entering, sat beside me. One of them, after drawing a few full deep breaths, became quiet and calm, as if he had merely walked to the car. The other lad, however, was distressed. His cheeks were flushed, but his lips were waxy white, and his panting breath was audible to the entire car for many minutes. It was his heart which was suffering and uttering its warnings. Such a boy carries his life in his own hands. A panting breath is the plaint of a feeble heart.

In 1871 the famous English oarsman, Renforth, fell dead in his boat before he had rowed a quarter of a mile in a great international race. He did not get his *second wind.* They said his lungs were found congested at the autopsy. Owing to some faulty mechanism, the heart was unable to pump out from the lungs on the one side as fast as it pumped in on the other, and, finally, overcome by too great obstruction, and by the sudden effort of rowing, it ceased to beat, — the oarsman was dead.

We are preaching no crusade against proper sports, however, for we enjoy them and have shared in them; but, writing as we are, for the bicycle world, and for those who are apt to engage in hot contests, we wish merely to warn the panters that the quiet breathers are dangerous company for them unless they go slowly and walk the steep hills.

G. M. Garland.

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SOME LAWS OF MUSCULARITY.

THE morality of muscle-men (no reflection upon the Musselmen of the Orient), who have obtained notoriety by feats of strength, has not been a subject of special thanksgiving on the part of the clergy. The muscle-men may have found a grim satisfaction, and enjoyed a quiet revenge, in the thought that so few of the clergy have been blessed with special physical endowments for their work. The full-grown, manly man should be well developed in both the higher and lower nature, and it is surprising to how great an extent the one will affect the other; for a healthy, hearty body has much to do with a healthy, hearty morality. It is now an open secret that vestrymen and church committees have at length discovered that better work can be done, and more of it, by a healthy, muscular man, than by a lean, lank dyspeptic, whose blue Monday casts a shadow over half the week, or a pinched, professional-visaged dominie who lives under the perpetual cloud of incipient nervous prostration, and whose sermons and piety take on the same sickly hue.

After careful examination and proof by experience of the benefits to be derived from the use of the bicycle, I am induced to write to the fraternity, remembering that the minister is so much an animal that the best results, mental, moral, and religious, lie in close relation to the health, strength, and vigor of his physical system.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has recently published a very interesting paper, by Dr. Emile Du Bois Reymond, read about a year ago before a military medical society in Berlin, in which he gives the results of a careful study of the effects, and the philosophy of the effects of exercise. He says, "By this word we understand the frequent repetition of a more or less complicated action of the body, with the co-operation of the mind, or of an action of the mind alone, for the purpose of being able to perform it better."

"The Romans obtained such perfection of physical manhood, through the exercise to which they were subjected in daily drill, that Gibbon says 'they anciently named their army *Exercitus*, from the methodical drill demanded every day of the soldier in the development of a strong manhood.'" They were athletes in courage, endurance, and hope, as well as in muscular powers.

He regards man not merely as a machine, but as a self-improving machine, which, by frequent exercise in labors, becomes stronger and more capable of enduring greater labor.

The Greeks found fault with the gymnasts who trained the boxers to engage in their national sports, that they merely developed the muscles of the chest and arms, and that the untrained muscles shrunk away until the entire man was enfeebled. Exercise is so much a law of healthy development that, even when freed from disease, unused muscles pine away or become powerless, as is the case with the muscles of the ear in most men, and as every surgeon knows to be the case when the muscles of the limbs are confined by bandages; while by frequent service in labor they become stronger and capable of enduring greater labor.

Drs. Ludwig and Sadler have shown that the blood flows richer and freer through the vessels of the working muscles, and that the motions of the joints are made easier by new chemical secretions which are induced thereby, said needful secretions being created to a very limited extent, or ceasing entirely, where exercise is omitted. Hence the stiffening of the joints of old people or persons of sedentary habits.

It is equally true that the efficiency of all the glands of the body is greatly increased, and that the nervous system shares fully as much as the muscular, in the beneficial results of systematic exercise.

The nerves transmit the impulse from mind to muscle, from brain to body, as when one runs or leaps. Johann Müller, in his *Hand-book of Physiology*, says: "Improvement by exercise often consists nearly as much in the suppression of unessential by-motions as in acquiring dexterity in necessary motions."

Observe the active boy, who for the first time raises himself by his hands up a hanging rope or ladder; although it is of no use to him in the attempt, yet his arms and legs shake and fly at every grasp; but after a few weeks of exercise he holds the hips firm and knees, feet, and joints of his closely locked legs tautly extended, whilst the extra motions that made him so awkward have entirely disappeared. The suppression of this by-motion furnishes unconsciously to us

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a marked feature of the pleasing appearance of a well-drilled soldier, the skilled gymnast, or the cultivated man.

Under continuous severe exertions, as in mountain climbing and long walks, the heart begins to beat faster and more strongly, and oppression of the breath is felt because the heart participates in the by-motion which exercise alone can correct and diminish. The necessity and advantage of exercise are further shown by the readiness of the turner, machinist, watch-maker, glass-blower, and other trained laborers; in the skill of the surgeon, writer and artist; in knitting, sewing, and performance on musical instruments, singing, etc.; all the nerves, as well as all the muscles, being capable of high development, obtain deftness and strength under training. It is this that sharpens and corrects the musical ear and teaches to perceive over-tones, inexact intervals, slight dissonances, etc. The same rule holds in regard to the memory, an illustration of which is found in the case of Robert Brown, who, through exercise of his faculties, came to retain the names and peculiarities of twenty-five thousand species of plants.

An attempt to revive physical training, which has greatly declined in our day, and specially so in our land, has been made by the athletic exercises of foot-ball and rowing clubs in our colleges, by a revival of English sports in that country, by German Turning, the Health lift, and by the Swedish movement cure; the last two being used chiefly medicinally, and consisting of the performance of various physical exercises in extremely simple though varied motions.

The more evenly effort is distributed over the entire body,—muscle, nerve, brain, and blood,—the better the results attained.

The advocates of the bicycle claim, and my experience leads me to confirm the statement, that this is supplied by its use better than by any other means.

S. L. Gracey.

THE PULPIT AND THE WHEEL.

It is a welcome and refreshing sight to see that the bicycle is becoming more popular with members of the cloth.

Theologians, as a class, belong to the conservative of the conservatives, and are usually the last to enter upon any new departure either in precept or practice; but in this matter of mounting the winged horse of the nineteenth century they show a truly progressive spirit.

Not only do they stand and admire the bicyclist as he spins by like the wind; not only do they break the tenth commandment whenever their eyes are permitted to fall upon his shining steed; but many of them, with equal presumption, have dared to break through the restraints which society has cast about them, and had the impertinence to straddle the wheel, like other independent and sensible men.

The bicycle is an innovation, and as such must elbow its way through many stupid prejudices. That there are such prejudices no clerical wheelman will doubt,—he has run into them too often to be ignorant on this point;—but it is equally evident that they are fast dying out. They are too superficial to be long-lived.

Not only the minister, but professional men of every stamp, are apt to encounter some of these prejudices when taking to the wheel.

In the first place, the man of refinement and studious habits must overcome his own feelings with regard to the supposed impropriety of such a step. To him, as to the untutored public generally, riding a bicycle seems more or less boyish, undignified, and beneath the notice of a full-grown, thoughtful, sober man. He feels, moreover, when perched in high air that he is making a considerable spectacle of himself, and needlessly eliciting public remark; both of which sensations are not agreeable to men of tender sensibilities. But these feelings soon wear off. When a man once experiences the pleasure and profit of bicycling, he rises above all these introductory experiences, and views the subject rather from a practical than a sentimental standpoint. He gets used to the staring crowd, for they give him no annoyance when his evolutions are well executed, and he soon learns the wholesome lesson of manly independence and disregard for a misguided public opinion.

Now, if this is the general experience of such men as lawyers, teachers, and the

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like, what must be the sensations of a minister, who ventures to follow nature in preference to the baseless conventionalities of society! The average clergyman is invested with a false dignity, which is either self-assumed or thrust upon him by the over-sanctimoniousness of religious people. His office tends to make an unreal man of him; to make him appear more dignified than he actually is; to clothe him with a solemnity which is comely enough in the pulpit, but simply frightful on the street.

Now, then, under such conditions of life, and surrounded by such a false atmosphere, it requires no little moral courage for "our beloved pastor" to vault into his saddle and whiz past some of the shocked and sentimental sisters of his congregation. His utter worldliness becomes the general theme of parish conversation, and not a few of the saints are ready to predict his downfall.

Until society is sufficiently instructed as to the value of the bicycle, and learns also that ministers are made of the same flesh and blood with themselves, our clerical brother will certainly be the target of criticism and the occasion of many a smile. The times are growing better, however, in this respect.

The era of staring at wheelmen is about over, and the increasing number of ministerial bicyclists indicates a rapid improvement in public opinion and the speedy extension of common-sense.

The people are learning to see that the bicycle has a grace and dignity of its own, and that a minister can make a most imposing appearance if he knows how to manage his machine, and pays a proper attention to his dress and carriage. If his pantaloons are too short for him, and he persists in wearing coat-tails, in place of the neat and snug roundabout, we do not wonder that the risibles of the community are excited.

If he is a novice, and in the attempt to take off his hat to a lady, indulges in a "header," no one will question that his actions are very undignified, and the spectators may be pardoned, if, on the Sabbath, their thoughts carry them back to the sad occasion when their pastor's heels were in the air and his mouth in the dust.

Every minister should remember that ease and grace in riding the bicycle will go very far to his credit, whereas any awkwardness in his conspicuous position is sure to make him a laughing-stock. His practising need not be done in public any more than his sermon-writing.

Bicycling is a sport both innocent and healthful, and supplies a want deeply felt in ministerial life and labor. Mental recreation and bodily exercise are requisite to interesting preaching and successful pastoral work, and both of these are comprised in the modern bicycle.

As a solitary land sport, this pastime is unexcelled. I am aware that horseback-riding combines these two elements of exercise and pleasure, but horseback-riding grows monotonous unless one has a companion; but the bicycle never fails in interest.

A man is obliged to keep his mind upon it, for no one knows what a minute may bring forth. Then the consciousness of propelling yourself, of generating your own momentum, is an unceasing source of delight.

A peculiar exhilaration comes from this sport, which cannot be expressed in words, and is best represented by the word "flying." The rider feels like a bird, light and airy; for, on a smooth and level road, a slight expenditure of effort carries him forward at a very brisk rate. This life-giving sensation is just what a jaded, nervously worn-out clergyman needs. It replenishes his elasticity; makes him feel like a boy again; and turns "blue Monday" into a carnival of delight.

Fortunately, the devil has not captured this modern sport as yet, and compelled the ministry to recuperate in horse-cars. Bicycling to-day is in the hands of the respectable classes of society, and if men in professional life will generally enter the ranks, as well as young gentlemen of wealth and leisure, I see no reason why this pleasant pastime should not maintain its present high moral tone to the end of time.

As an exercise bicycling is mild and agreeable, though a man can put as much work into it as he pleases. The movement of the feet upon the pedals is natural, and resembles such as a man makes in ascending a flight of stairs.

For men of sedentary life a bicycle is the best of medicine; it certainly has this virtue, of compelling the rider to heed the scriptural command, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." My firm belief is, that if bicycles were more generally used by American preachers, there would be fewer hollow chests, round shoulders, sensitive stomachs, and torpid livers; these would be superseded by strong muscles, clearer heads, sweeter tempers, less soporific sermons, and all for the price of one pint of sperm-oil a year.

John L. Scudder.

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SOME METHODISTIC EXPERIENCES.

We had just sold our Canadian French "Jennie," — a reliable little horse, which had carried the writer on many a fishing and hunting trip, apostolic and otherwise. A few months passed, during which certain inconveniences were felt, the value of horses discussed, and eulogies of Jennie were frequently spoken. These and kindred topics were one day matters of discussion in the domestic council-hall, when from the feminine side there came an exclamation, "Husband, why not get a bicycle?" How little the speaker knew of what was involved in those words, — of long days and nights of unshared pleasures! How little any of us know, etc. We neither of us knew much about the bicycle. We had a faint recollection of reading in the *Literary World* a review of Mr. Chandler's interesting little book, *A Bicycle Tour in England and Wales;* but unfortunately had never lived where we had seen the noiseless steed move smoothly by. So we had much to learn (as we still have).

The suggestion before-mentioned was worth thinking over. So I wrote for information, which, on receiving, we sat ourselves down to study. About the same time we read of an eminent Chicago Doctor of Divinity, who, as delegate to a religious gathering in London, expected to cross the sea, and intended (as he afterwards did) to run over southern Scotland and through England, then, crossing the English channel, tour through certain parts of the continent. The land part of all this was to be by bicycle. Our vision was widening. To be ignorant of a piece of mechanism possessing such marvellous possibilities was shameful. A visit to the largest and most interesting bicycle warerooms in Boston followed. I cannot well forget the feeling of awe that held me, as with rustic simplicity I gazed around.

Were we indeed to be released from what that Western professor termed bondage to the horse? But then I asked myself, how can a man sustain himself, or, rather, how can these two wheels, one in advance of the other, keep their forward movement without constant and unexpected throws (throes)? The feeling of awe was changed to other feelings when invited to "try it." And in the school I found there were additional subjects concerning which my knowledge was greatly circumscribed. I had shot wild ducks when facing a freezing "nor'-wester;" I had, when alone, sailed a boat on the open Atlantic when it seemed as if the cave of Æolus was empty; I had — but what's the use? — I had never attempted anything just like this. How shall I clearly recount the exertions, the mishaps, the failures, the dubious successes, when the trembling tyro tried to trust the wheel? One day, descending the stairs, I asked a well-known expert, "Did you ever know of any one earnestly attempting to learn, and failing?" — "Never," was the firm rejoinder. That was enough. Others had, why not I? Then I would endeavor to rise to the occasion; but, like water (it was perspiring weather, hence the simile), would find a level. It was discouraging. I fought my fears, shed blood and perspiration; looked up at the picture of the nice young man sitting so serenely on his bicycle; on rising from the floor, would slowly spell out something about going one hundred miles a day; but, like the deacon getting up a sermon, felt no inspiration. I rested between my times of trying by reading of the way to do it.

Every scrap in papers or books intended for beginners was eagerly seized upon, and carefully and repeatedly read. Some paragraphs were read so often that they enstamped themselves in the memory, and I could descant most fluently, to those who knew nothing of bicycling, on how we bicyclers did it, long before I could do it myself. At times I was in despair. Was I on the verge of my first defeat in athletics? Must I give it up? Never. I had, a few years before, succeeded in learning to walk, and this involved similar difficulties and principles. Obedience to the ancient jingle about trying again met with a reward. At last, at last, I could sit on the pig-skin with something that resembled calm confidence, keep my feet moving, steer clear of posts and walls, and dismount by the pedal; but I could not mount without help. I am almost ashamed to state how much I stood upon the step, not daring to lift myself over into the saddle; but there came an hour when I achieved the feat which most bicyclers long remember, I lifted myself over into the saddle, was

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comfortably seated, and riding before I knew it; but my triumph was chastened by the fact that the machine was a forty-six-inch, while my regular size was a fifty-inch.

Nevertheless, that very day I ordered my bicycle, and was impatient for its arrival and clear weather; both events conveniently following each other. The arrival of that machine was an important event. The crate was no sooner in the house than the machine was rolled out; but the master of the house looked upon a piece of mechanism which was *his* master. Then began road practice. The first mount was delayed by needless fears, and simple lack of confidence *in the bicycle*, quite as much as in myself.

Upon first mounting my fifty-inch on the road, without any help, I was so astonished when I found myself in the saddle, that, unwarily putting a foot in between spokes, with startling suddenness I found myself examining the character of the soil; but the worst was over. I kept taking my road practice on level ground and in seclusion —

"At five o'clock in the morning."

Before I was anywhere near out of my novitiate, I read in our local paper that "— is practising bicycle riding early of mornings. He bids fair to be an expert rider." As the journalist who wrote this knew nothing about the bicycle, and had never seen me riding, I was much encouraged by this, and it has been of great advantage to me in my subsequent wheeling career.

Then followed the riding up of gradual ascents, with equally gradual success. Then short runs of two and more miles, and I began to use my bicycle in my regular business, which I have kept up ever since, with increasing interest and never-ceasing exhilaration.

S. Hamilton Day.

THE BICYCLE FOR PHYSICIANS.

A MEDICAL friend said lately, in a conversation in which he expressed a wish to learn to ride a bicycle for pleasure, "But I could make no practical use of it in a business way."

A few minutes' conversation, however, brought the acknowledgment that even situated as he is, and judging from a strictly utilitarian point of view, the bicycle would be a useful addition to his means of locomotion. He is a young man, and is well started in a city practice; but living in the outskirts of the city, in the midst of a large, thickly settled suburban territory, he has calls that take him four, five, and more miles from his office. Of course one could hardly expect him to make his morning and afternoon calls "about town" on a bicycle, at the present stage of growth of the machine; for as near perfect as the bicycle seems at present, the future will, without doubt, show some improvements. But how often after a busy day, toward sundown, when his horses are tired, and he still has that "country patient" to visit, only those who have had the experience know how one dreads to drive a jaded horse out and back four or five miles. But another horse is not readily obtained, to say nothing of the expense, and so "Dobbin" or "Dolly" has to do the journey, and the sympathetic master urges them on with a prick of conscience at each request for more speed.

The fortunate rider of the bicycle at such a time puts his horse in the stable, hangs his country satchel over his shoulder, mounts his "silent steed," and glides along over the road with such a feeling of pleasure and such speed that he wonders if all riders have the exhilarating pleasure he feels at that moment, or whether a special boon has been given him, which enables him to nearly realize, what he imagines the birds feel in flying. Or perhaps he has not found time until so late that he concludes to wait until morning, and go out early before breakfast. Now, an early morning drive is pleasant; but he who has mounted a bicycle, and ridden over a good road, say ten miles, between six and seven, or earlier, on a fresh, bright morning, will be quite sure to enjoy another such ride at the first opportunity.

The foregoing remarks were made to my friend. He was also reminded with what

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irregularity our work comes, so that for one week our "horse-power" is overworked, and then for a couple of weeks perhaps there is just enough work. A few rides on the bicycle during the busy week keeps the horse or horses in good condition.

I suggested to him, also, that as soon as he was a little expert with his machine, its use at night would often save time and trouble, it being much easier for him to light his lamp and mount his bicycle, which is always standing ready at hand, than to go around to his stable and wait for a sleepy hostler.

Also, when he had a case some distance from home, where he must remain into the night, with an uncertainty as to when he can get away, he could have no anxiety with a bicycle standing in a corner, as he often has now, with his horse standing in the street waiting for him.

After I had started his thoughts in the right direction, my friend found his own mind so active in regard to the uses of the wheel in his practice, that he fairly outran my own belief in his ability to get utility from it.

He was ready to say what I knew, but had not brought forward, that it might take the place of a horse, and with one horse and the bicycle he could do his work easier than with two horses through nearly all the year. For with one horse one can do a large amount of work "in town," where the patients are near together, and the two, three, or more in the suburbs are easily and pleasantly visited with the bicycle.

There are many physicians situated as my friend, upon whom the bicycle would confer the same advantages.

There has now been experience enough to warrant the assertion that the bicycle will prove such a valuable addition to our means of getting about that its use will rapidly extend, and although at first thought one might say it could be used only by the "country practitioner," in the narrow sense of the term, a little reflection will convince one that the "city practitioner" has a use for it that is well worth considering in the strictly practical direction.

The pleasure from being a rider, the agreeable change from carriage-riding, the exercising of muscles ordinarily but little used by the physician, and thus assisting in keeping the balance in the economy so necessary for perfect health, and other advantages which need not be spoken of in this connection, lead us to the inevitable conclusion that the bicycle will soon be as indispensable to the physician as his horse.

J. A. Chase.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY.

THREE months' possession of the "steel horse" has opened up many experiences altogether unexpected to the writer, some of which may not be without interest to the readers of *The Wheelman*.

It should be premised that a son ten years of age is the constant companion of every ride, and that when not riding by my side he is invariably in front, for several reasons: first, to be under my eye in case of danger from any source; and, secondly, that he may determine the rate of speed, thus avoiding overtasking.

We have often been surprised by the malice of mean men and dogs towards the wheel. Occasionally we have met both the pleasure-rider and the teamster, who, if appearances could be trusted, would enjoy nothing better than to turn upon the man and wheel, without caring what the consequences to either were, provided harm was done. Why should this malice exist? We cannot understand. Once, within a few feet of our own door, as we returned from a brief run, a man, an entire stranger, was heard to say, "I wish it could be made a criminal offence to mount one of *them* affairs." On another occasion, when riding in Cambridge, we were confronted by a hack, suddenly driven across our course from a side street, and when the driver had reached a point where the street was entirely blockaded he deliberately stopped his horses; but seeing that a space was left between the rear wheel of the vehicle and the curbing wide enough for a possible passage of the machine, so controlled his team as to, if possible, catch and crush it in the passage. Instances of this kind are, however, infrequent, and, in the main, evidences

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of pleasure are manifested by all we meet.

The most risky of all our adventures have arisen from the sudden rush of some large, fearless dog, of size sufficient so that the feet of the rider are just at convenient height for him to reach. The especial thing to be dreaded is not the attempt of the brute to bite; but the fact that he seems entirely oblivious of the existence of the wheel, and is liable to strike it with his full force.

Is there something in the high perch of the rider and the movement of his feet in air that is especially irritating to the average dog? I have never found the same dog inclined to attack the wheelman, if passing on foot. Most cases of canine attack have, however, been instigated by some person, either for malice or mischief.

This is one side of bicyling; but there is another side, most enjoyable from its exhilaration, novelty, and laughable incidents.

The little fellow met with an adventure which caused him much merriment for a time. We were passing a stretch of rather rough highway, between two villages. By its side ran a smooth gravel-walk some six feet in width, wholly unoccupied, and with no discovered reason to expect any pedestrian till long after we should have passed. The boy took the walk, and had nearly passed the bad road, when a woman of portly dimensions, with a huge folded umbrella, and fluent tongue, appeared on the scene. Spying the coming wheel, her umbrella, grasped in both hands, was held horizontally across the walk, her voice was lifted up like "a pelican in the wilderness," and she boldly advanced to the fray. The outrageous manner of the attack aroused the courage of the lad, and, putting his "steed" to his best paces, he went directly for the enemy. She endured the prospect till wheel and rider were within eight or ten feet, and then beat a hasty retreat, hurling a volley of sharp words at the laughing boy as he sped on his way.

Riding with a boy of ten is not, after all, devoid of comfort, except the larger wheelman is jealous of his laurels; for, as a rule, the interest of all who look on is with the child. And from the child who shouts "See that little fellow beat the big one," to the gentleman who encouragingly says, "Go it, little boy!" and the lady who is overheard exclaiming, "See the little boy, how he rides!" or, "How can he keep up so well?" both riders will feel that they receive only a kindly welcome.

Our conclusion, then, from our brief acquaintance with the machine, is, that with all its various incidents, pleasurable and otherwise, it "pays" the professional man to bicycle, and, if he has sons of ten years or more, nothing can be used to greater advantage as a means of recreation, and at the same time as an assistant to moral influence, than the "wheel."

L. A. Bosworth.

LOOK HAPPY!

EARLY in my bicycling career, — which, I am happy to say, was during the early days of bicycling in America, — a charming young lady, to whom I was "talking bicycle," offering her my heartfelt sympathy that she was debarred the enjoyment of riding the new steed, astonished me by saying, "Well! It may be as jolly as you say; but I never saw anybody riding a bicycle yet who *looked happy*."

I have usually found that "the sex" have a high idea of the pleasures of bicycling, and acknowledge at once their vexation at the cruel fate — or fashion — which prevents their participating in them; and this remark, so different from those I had been used to hearing from charming young ladies, made quite an impression upon me.

It frequently came up to me as I rolled along on run or tour, and to the remembrance of it is largely due the seraphic smile which — *almost always* — illuminates my features as I ride.

Persistent effort in this direction has so formed the *habit* of looking happy, that I fancy every observer must see that one rider at least of the wheel *is* happy. Not that I look as happy as I feel. That could hardly be expected. The human features have limitations upon their powers of expressing intense joy, and these limits were fixed before bicycles were invented; consequently there is no expression equal to the task of outwardly showing that serene satisfaction which a man, quiet as to his conscience, confident as to the staunchness

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of his wheel (and as to the *tightness of his tire*), and sure of a good road before him, inwardly feels. Some one has said, "There is no expression for perfect happiness but perfect silence," and who — that *moves* — attains so nearly to perfect silence as the bicycler?

But the cold, critical, outside world is not satisfied with this. Unable to stop you to ask, "Aint it hard work?" — "Don't it tire you?" — "Aint you afraid of falling off?" etc., — the observer is sure to judge as to how you like it by your looks, and it therefore becomes every bicycler's *duty* to *look happy*.

I am aware that self-consciousness has always been considered a fault, and I realize how difficult it is to attempt any studied regulation of one's looks without degenerating into an unbecoming affectation, or self-satisfied look; but we, who wish that the world should know of our felicity, cannot but feel the importance of impressing upon every wheelman the duty of taking this risk, and of looking as happy as he can, and no doubt the muscles of the face are as capable of development in this way as are the muscles of the legs in propelling a wheel.

In fact no less a philosopher than Mr. Herbert Spencer has made this the subject of an essay, — "Personal Beauty," — in which he treats this muscular development of the face as learnedly as he does elsewhere the duty of happiness.

The original remark of the lady had nearly faded from mind, or had come to be thought of, if at all, as describing an early and passing phase of bicycling, in which all were anxious learners, before any had become confident veterans, when, to my surprise, it was a few weeks since brought freshly up, and given added force by its repetition from a very different source.

A gentleman of large experience, who has travelled widely, and is by taste and occupation a critical observer of men, a journalist of note, to whom I was sounding the praises of bicycling, finally silenced me by saying, "Well, *I* want none of it! I have observed bicyclers carefully, and I never saw a rider yet who *looked happy!* I see them go past on the avenue, and they all have the same terribly anxious look."

This, from a most competent judge, was bad enough; but a few days later, desiring to be photographed mounted on my wheel, I was posing, when the artist, holding his camera-cap ready for the critical moment, startled me out of all propriety, and banished the before-mentioned smile, by saying, "Now put on your *bicycle look*, — that anxious expression you all have on the wheel!" Whether he was in jest or in earnest I anxiously wondered, while the sun painted the picture, putting, alas! the anxiety all in.

Here, then, we have testimony from three widely-separated sources as to the unhappy look of bicyclers.

Can it be true? Is it possible that while we are so full of happiness as we sit astride our shining steeds we yet bear upon our faces signs of fear, discontent, and misery?

Let us look happy and think of this, its causes, its remedy.

The power of the imagination is something enormous. It is but very faintly realized and can hardly be over-estimated. Now, probably the first thought, and the strongest one, which strikes a non-bicycler upon seeing a man approach delicately balanced upon his wheel is, how *anxious* he must be, and *pity* for the daring rider taking his life in his hand stirs the blood until the eyes are befooled and discern deep anxiety, feverish fear, in the face of calm content.

We are very apt to see what we look for, and the spectator looks for alarm, and is sure that he sees it in the placid face, just as in a prison, a visitor, seeing the chaplain behind the bars, asked his guide what that hardened-looking wretch was in for, or as visitors to insane asylums frequently mistake some of the attendants for violently insane patients.

The imagination, no doubt, has much to do with this idea of bicyclers' anxiety; but this is all the more reason why we should *look happy*, that the preconceived expectations of the beholder may be quickly overturned.

There is another cause. Of course the wheelman is seen by more people in crowded streets than elsewhere. While one person may watch him as he bowls merrily along a smooth country road, hundreds see him guiding his frail craft over the slippery pavement, or cobble-stone crossing, or over the rails of a horse-railroad.

What wonder that the hundred think that bicyclers look anxious, and the few who meet him on his chosen field, forget how happy he looked!

But, even granting that bicyclers, as a rule, do *not* look happy, before we accept that as an argument against the new sport, will it not be well to investigate somewhat the expression of those who are enjoying other amusements?

The very suggestion startles one as the

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faces of those whom we have seen in various recreations, flash upon the memory. Why, do *any* happy people *look happy?* Is not excessive gravity the distinguishing characteristic of excessive joy?

Think of the horribly mournful faces which swung past you in the dance last winter, or at the hop this summer. Surely no one looks happy when dancing. It is depressing to watch the faces of waltzers, or the victims of the German.

Who ever saw a happy face on the croquet ground, unless it be that of a spectator? And the solemn look of the lawn-tennis player is really pitiful. The man who drives is far from being "the man who laughs," and the dismal, careworn look of those who "poke ivory balls around on a green cloth table" is proverbial.

The skater, the horseback-rider, the base-ball player, are doleful-looking fellows, and just in proportion as the enjoyment is most intense is the expression the most woe-begone and miserable.

No; a very little thought and very slight observation will show that the happiest moments are not those in which we *look* happiest, and it may almost be doubted if a happy face is possible — to an American — while one is *actively* happy.

There is high authority for the statement that —

"One may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

But can one smile, and smile, and be a happy bicycler?

It was one of Young's Night Thoughts that —

"To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain,"

was easy.

It is plain, then, that smiles are not necessary to indicate happiness, and that one may, in a hundred ways, be delightfully happy while wearing a sober visage. But for fear of its influence upon the unthinking, I come back to my first precept, and affirm that every bicycler should certainly try to look happy as he gracefully courses over the earth, but one remove below the angels, who happily fly while we but walk the air. And looking happy probably means, after all, to look unconcerned, indifferent if you will; and for this expression I beg to recommend the humming of a pleasant tune, — a remedy which I have used with uniform success.

If you are so unfortunate as to be a "man that hath no music in himself," much can be done in the way of looking unconcerned by the judicious disposition of a toothpick in your lips; and the luxury of a cigar smoked while a-wheel might even be pardoned for the effect it will have in this direction. Certainly it is much more appropriate as a solace on your lonely ride than when riding or walking with a lady.

But the well-balanced mind and man will readily invent means for putting into the face the much-to-be-desired look of peace and quiet satisfaction which, without falling into an unpleasant self-consciousness, shall bear witness to all the world that happiness is as secure upon the top of a whirling wheel as it is in grovelling in the dust.

Bicyclers need but to be reminded of their duty.

Ride on, *and look happy.*

Albert S. Parsons.

THE TRICYCLE: A MEANS OF OBTAINING HEALTH AND ENJOYMENT.

A PAPER like the present needs neither preface nor apology. As a means of locomotion, or pedal progression, as one might call it, whether for business purposes or in pursuit of pleasure, the tricycle is becoming every day more common. Not only can young and old easily learn to ride this machine, but both sexes, and that, too, with equal grace and safety. Indeed the votaries of the three-wheeler do not hesitate to predict that the time is not very far distant when the tricycle will run the bicycle off the road.

Although very partial to the former, I cannot believe that it will supersede the latter until we have the additional power of either steam or electricity. That this will eventually be the case, no one doubts who gives the matter a thought. The old turnpike roads will then be kept in better repair; they will be watered, trimmed, and tidied, and the ponderous steam-roller will be constantly seen at work on them. The old-fashioned country hostelries will in these coming days flourish once again, and once again "make up beds," which they seldom require to do now. But, on the other hand, I opine and hope that the extra cycle traffic on the roads will not affect the sale of intoxicants to any very

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appreciable extent, for — and here is the first thing I mark in favor of our silent roadsters — cyclists, are as a rule, which admits of very few exceptions, extremely temperate. To men who are breathing the pure air, and enjoying ever-varying and beautiful scenery, the temptation to indulge in vinous stimulants is but little likely to present itself.

Now, what one really wants is a machine that will have no injurious effect upon the health. Such a tricycle as this will not weigh too much, to begin with, — most machines are uselessly heavy, — it must be an easy-going machine, simply constructed, not likely to get out of order, and possess some extra power for assistance up the hills.

To this last point I wish to draw the especial attention of the would-be tricyclists. Why, I should like to know, cannot a machine be so constructed that riding up-hill shall be no whit more fatiguing than walking up that same acclivity and trundling your tricycle in front of you?

Now, on the pleasures of tricycle-riding I do not mean to dilate, except in so far as they relate to the health; and I do not think I am wrong in saying that the enjoyment of innocent pleasure in moderation means the acquisition of health and the bracing up both mind and body. To thousands on thousands of our dwellers in cities and towns the possession of a good tricycle is an incalculable boon. Walking lacks excitement unless one has the time to go in for long spells of it; games cannot always be played, and even when they can be constantly indulged in they are not invariably advantageous to the health. The air of a racquet-court or bowling-alley is never pure, while a tennis-lawn or cricket-field is seldom far removed from the smoke of the town; boating or riding is often impracticable; but mount your tricycle, it seems to glide away with you of its own accord; lethargy is at once banished from your brain, care from your mind, and *ennui* from the heart. It is but a very short time ere you are out of the dull town, with all its prosy worries and petty annoyances, out of the town and surrounded by the green, quiet country, with nature and things natural on every side of you. Probably the day is fine and the roads in order; but what matters even a shower or two? You have a light mackintosh, and you have even an umbrella; both can be used on a tricycle; and, as to the road, there are good bits and bad, and you will not grumble at either. Life itself is all ups and downs. There are a hundred and one little incidents to be met with on the way which will tend to divert and amuse one. Probably, lured on by the beauty of the weather and the scenery, the rider goes much further than he first intended, and the appearance of a snug, old-fashioned hostelry suggests dinner. It may be but a frugal meal, but a good appetite makes it a really enjoyable one, and thereafter, feeling like a giant refreshed, the cyclist mounts for the return journey. Mayhap night overtakes him. What of that? He has bell and lamps, and fairly good eyes, and when he gets home at last he has to see neither to grooming nor feeding; the iron horse needs but a stall to stand in while its master enjoys his well-earned rest and sleep.

The bicycle is the machine for long, speedy journeys, the tricycle for lounging on; you may go as slowly as you please, or as fast as need be, on the tricycle. If tired of looking around you, you may pull out a book and read, and you can rest when you wish without coming off, or stop and sketch, or write. No one possessing a tricycle would think of going to the sea-side, or anywhere on his summer holiday, without taking his favorite along with him, and thus enhancing his enjoyment a dozenfold.

To an accomplished rider on horseback his special exercise must be more enjoyable to him than tricycling could be; this stands to reason; but, on the other hand, tricycling is much more pleasurable than driving, and it is much better exercise as far as health is concerned.

To a person wishing to learn the tricycle, I would say be most careful in your selection of a machine; try and try again before you buy, for what may suit one man will not suit another. Having procured a tricycle to your satisfaction, you must set yourself to learn to ride it; and, as a medical man and a cyclist myself, I will now give you one or two hints on this.

It must not be imagined that you can be an accomplished rider in a few days. To ride a tricycle well and safely does not certainly require so long experience as playing the violin; but it needs a little nevertheless. Besides, from the very day you first mount, if you keep up riding daily, the body begins to acquire a special training. The muscles of the legs get harder and the joints more supple, and at the same time you gradually get into the knack of riding without fatigue.

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If you would not, then, affect your health detrimentally, go cautiously to work and do very small journeys at first, and increase the distance daily by slow degrees, as you feel fit. Sit gracefully and upright in the saddle or chair; do not sway the body about, but let the feet and legs do the work.

The power should come directly to the pedals from the front part of the foot, not from heel or instep. Be most particular how you paddle or pedal at first, for I have known of accidents happening from people having missed footing and fallen forwards.

Never ride far from home to begin with, but when you do so, choose a fine day with good roads. Avoid riding up any hill that "winds" you, or sets the heart beating too fast. This is most important. Whenever you feel tired stop to rest. After a time both lung and leg power get increased, and the exertion that at first tired either becomes only pleasurable. Before starting on a journey see that every nut is in its place, that every point and bearing is well lubricated, and the whole machine is clean and nice, with the lamp or lamps in position, and the bell in good working order.

If going on a journey, take some refreshment in your bag or basket, — biscuit, eating chocolate, and cold tea, with plenty of milk, are the best; and as at the terminus of your ride, where probably you mean to dine, you may find your merino under-clothing damp or wet from perspiration, have a change in your bag, so that you may avoid catching cold.

The tricycle is a very safe machine, and with ordinary caution an accident need never happen. One should never ride too closely behind a dog-cart or carriage; he should always keep to his own side, being carefully obedient to the rules of the road; he should never race round a corner, nor turn a corner at too acute an angle; and, although it is very pleasant to fly down hill, it should not be forgotten that it is often dangerous.

Special care and caution are required when speeding through towns, for there are special dangers there, — crowded thoroughfares, trams and tramways, and last, though not least, awkward gratings in the streets.

Never spare your bell, keep a hand on the brake when needful, and light lamps before dusk.

Neither extreme youth nor advancing age would seem to be any bar against the enjoyment of tricycle-riding. In America children positively ride before they can well walk, and in our own country it is by no means unusual to find men between sixty and seventy who can do from thirty to fifty miles a day easily enough on the tricycle. They ride best and with the greatest safety to the health who race not. Seven or eight miles an hour for a young man, or from five to six for one past life's prime, is speed enough.

Tricycles are made to suit any height or strength, and even people who have not the use of the legs can have machines specially made for them.

As to sex I have only to say that, as a means to the enjoyment and acquirement of health, the tricycle is becoming every day more fashionable among ladies; and I am very glad to know that it is so.

For the tricycle gentlemen ought to dress lightly, though warmly. Flannels should be worn, and light, strong, flexible shoes, with soft merino socks. The neck must not be muffled up, and the hat or cap ought to be soft and light, and at the same time not easily blown off. There are dress-guards specially fitted to tricycles for ladies' use, and I am told there are habits adapted for riding; at all events, everything worn should be of a close-fitting nature, with as little loose, floating trimmings as possible.

And now, in conclusion, I stand face to face with the questions: (1) What particular classes of persons are likely to derive benefit from tricycle-riding? and (2) who are those that should avoid such exercise?

The name of the first is legion, and includes every one who is strong and supple enough to ride the machine, and who does not possess other and ample means of obtaining healthful and enjoyable exercise in pure air. To shop and office people, to hard-working men of business, but more particularly to brain-workers, the possession of good tricycles would, if judiciously used, indeed prove a blessing.

Tricycle-riding, if not carried to excess and weariness, relieves brain fatigue and incipient congestion of the liver; it causes the kidneys to act more freely and lightens the whole system; it banishes *ennui* and lowness of spirits, strengthens the whole muscular system, induces a free action of the skin, braces the nerves, and insures a healthful sleep. More I surely need not say.

As an answer to the second question — Who should not attempt tricycle-riding? —

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I may reply: The very aged and very feeble, and the extra-nervous; those who have a tendency toward apoplexy, or whose lungs or hearts are not strong enough to bear strain. This is a general answer; it is of course impossible to invidualize. But I know many men to whom the tricycle seems to have actually brought back health and strength, who, from being scarcely able to walk from rheumatic stiffness, or obesity, have become really good riders, and whose very minds have been improved by the pleasant exercise; happiness and contentment with life having taken the place of lethargy and indifference, or utter lowness of spirit.

Just one last word of advice, and, like every hint I have given, it is the result of my own experience. You will often come in from a ride contentedly tired and hungry. Do not think of sitting down to table until you have changed your under-clothing, and, after a delightful wash and rub down, quietly and leisurely dressed again.

A Family Doctor, in Cassel's Family Magazine.

FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROAT'S ON A BICYCLE.

KEITH-HALL, 24th June, 1882.

SIR: — A short account of my recent ride from Land's End to John o' Groat's may interest some of your readers.

First day. — I left the Land's End point at 4.5 A.M. on Monday, 5th inst., with a S.W. wind blowing me along. Sixty-five minutes' riding brought me over 10½ miles of rough, hilly road to Penzance. Passing through Hayle, Camborne, and Redruth, Truro (36 miles) was reached at 7.40. The smooth macadam road from Redruth to Truro struck me as being singularly good for an English road; but I have since been informed that it was made by a wily Scot, who was awarded a prize for it. Leaving Truro at 9.0, a very swift ride brought me in sight of Bodmin (60) at 10.45. Heavy rain was now falling and necessitated an hour's halt. I had not got 6 miles out of Bodmin when a second and more violent storm of rain and mist gave me a bath, all for nothing. So I pulled up again at a lonely village called Jamaica, owing to its remote situation (70). Here I sat for five and a half weary hours at a little temperance inn, for there is no public house in Jamaica. A copy of Butler's "Dissertation on Virtue," which I found here, served, I hope, to reconcile me to the weather. It was the dryest experience I had that day. Starting once more, I rode gingerly over a succession of tremendous hills into Launceston, of beautiful situation (81), where I realized that tea in dripping clothes is unpleasant. About 10 P.M. the river Tamar, which separates Cornwall from Devon, was crossed, and two miles further on I pulled up for the night at Lifton (85).

Second day. — The next day was fine, and the ride through Okehampton (100) to Exeter (121), though abounding in difficult hills and severe collar work, was pleasant enough, the scenery being lovely all the way, and the air most exhilarating. At Exeter I entered on a plain, and, pursuing a fine level road, soon reached Taunton (152), one of the cleanest, pleasantest, and most flourishing of English country towns. From here a delightful spin in the dark over a smooth country lane brought me to Langport (166) about 11 P.M. A long argument with a commercial traveler kept me up till one o'clock, the consequence being that next day I was good for nothing (besides having failed to convince the commercial).

Third day. — During the ride through Somerton (171) to Glastonbury (183) I became the victim, first of stupidity, then of malice. A wagoner, seeing me about to overtake him, pulled very suddenly to the wrong side, and sent me sprawling over a heap of flints. No harm done. Shortly after, a wilful misdirection, given me by a playful Somertonian, sent me 2½ miles in the wrong direction, so that I traversed 12 instead of 7 miles between Somerton and Glastonbury. Wells Cathedral (188) was one of the few sights which I lingered to see. It is gorgeous. Then came the long ascent of the Mendip Hills, and I shall never forget the view of the Somerset Plain obtained from the top. At the summit of the steepest part the Bicycle Union has placed one of its boards, inscribed, "To cyclists this hill is dangerous." A beautiful ride took me shortly to the city of Bath (208), whose glory has departed. Once up the long hill out of Bath, progress became rapid, and the third night was spent

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at Didmarton, a Gloucestershire village (225). Here a commercial gentleman told me that three well-known cricketers (who are brothers) learned all their cricket from their mother, who, he told me, knows more about the art than any of her sons!

Fourth day. — A pleasant, if uneventful, ride led through Tetbury (231), Circencester (241), celebrated for its scientific college of agriculture, Burford (258), Chipping Norton (269), Banbury (282) to Southam (296?). Here my troubles, which never come singly, began. Rain commenced falling, which soon wetted me through; I lost my road and went quite a mile and a half out of the way, and shortly before reaching Rugby (309) the spring broke. But I felt so well and fit that I could not be glum. So, on reaching this town, I promptly took the machine to a mechanic, who had it plated and made stronger than before by next morning, and myself to the Three Horse Shoes Hotel, where I received every attention.

Fifth day. — Sunshine and rain alternated rapidly until the afternoon. My road lay through Lutterworth (316), Leicester (328), Melton Mowbray (343), Grantham (359), Newark (374), Retford (394). The last 10 miles were done in the dark, rendered more intense by the rain-clouds. To ride along a stony road on a dark, rainy night is a most severe trial of nerve and temper. One cannot see the stones to avoid them, and each time the wheel goes over one the machine is jerked up, or thrust on one side, and the rider gets a shake that makes his heart jump into his mouth, and brings to mind unparliamentary language. Retford was reached at 11 P.M, and when I asked the landlord of the "White Hart" whether he often put up bicyclists, he looked at me severely, and replied, "Yes; but not so late as this." However, I met with every attention here. I got wet through twice to-day, and hardly slept a wink all night, — nerves a little overwrought, I suppose.

Sixth day. — On emerging from the hotel I found to my horror that a furious north-west wind was blowing. I struggled on as far as Doncaster (412), when I became sick of fighting against that strong man, and threw up the sponge. After a good dinner at the "Reindeer," I went to bed for a couple of hours, expecting that the wind would lull in the evening; it did so, but of course the road got bad then. A wet, greasy, oölite road, rendered more delightful by the recent gyrations of a feathery traction-engine, is a treat not soon forgotten by the bicyclist. I enjoyed it this evening. Riding was only possible here and there. I tried to make myself believe I was on a walking tour, and had taken the machine with me to come in handy now and then. About 11.30 P.M. I tramped into Wetherby (443). Two friendly policemen aided me in making sufficient noise to awaken the landlord of the inn here.

Seventh day. — The wind, still N.W., was blowing gently to-day, and did not impede perceptibly. The road improved gradually to Borobridge (455). Instead of running straight from here to Durham, through Northallerton and Darlington, I chose the celebrated Leeming Lane, a smooth, flat bit of road full 30 miles long, and often selected for trotting-matches. It is properly the high road to Carlisle, *via* Scotch Corner and Greta Bridge. The lane has little traffic on it, and steers clear of towns. High speed was made through Leeming, Catterick (477), Scotch Corner (482), where the road to Carlisle bends off, and you can see the violet hills of the border country in the distance, Pierce Bridge, and over a range of hills to West Auckland (495), all black and grimy with coal-dust, and Bishop-Auckland (498) hard by, where the Bishop of Durham resides. Dined here, and met with a young Japanese, who was interesting; then on to Durham (508) through Spenny Moor, and thence *via* Chester-le-Street to Newcastle-on-Tyne (523). The County of Durham may boast of considerable natural beauties, but commercial enterprise has introduced into the landscape so many features of ugliness that the traveler is glad to leave it behind. The high-level bridge which unites Gateshead and Newcastle is a grand structure. I had now scored 84 miles since the morning, and hearing from a policeman that I could get comfortably lodged at an inn six miles on, I thought I might complete the 90 miles before halting for the night. In due time Six Mile Brig hove in sight. It was a dirty little colliery village. But I was tired, hungry, and wet, and the hour was eleven; so I thundered at the doors of all the inns I could find. No answer, except at one place, where a woman looked from a window and told me that the house was full; which, of course, was quite true. I shall take care that Dash Mailes, Esq., the landlord of the "hotel" which the policeman recommended, receives a copy of this account. A merry Northumbrian, prompted by that temporary feeling of generosity inspired by strong drink, vowed he would

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not leave me till he saw me safely housed, and made the locality reverberate with shouts of "Tom," and "Jack," and "Bill;" but T., J., and B., slept quietly on. At length a tall man came up and offered me a night's lodging, as well as food. I accepted. The house to which he took me was a pitman's lodging-house. He was a pitman. His landlord — also a pitman — and family lived downstairs, and he upstairs. The landlord was directed to prepare supper. A vast pot of tea and a measureless pile of spice-cake, with butter, soon adorned the festive board. I had ridden 30 miles, from Bishop-Auckland, without tasting a morsel of food or drink; so I did not count the cups of tea or the planks of cake which I consumed; I was afraid of getting into double figures. Then half a pipe of twist (for experiment), and upstairs to lie down till it was light enough to go on.

Eighth day. — I was up with the lark, and amused with it too, and shortly found myself in Morpeth (537), 8 miles on. Here, as might be expected, I had one of numerous baths and a breakfast worthy the name; also made the acquaintance of a Presbyterian tailor, full of theology, politics, and good nature. 19 miles of fresh, open country over a fine macadam road brought me to Alnwick (556). My old enemy, the north-west wind, got very boisterous now, and I was forced to resume the walking tour, taking the machine along with me, in case it might be of use again in the dim future. The wind was terribly cutting as well as powerful, but a blue jersey, bought at Alnwick, kept me as warm as toast. Of course I missed my way going out of Alnwick. I always do when other troubles are on hand. They never come singly, and nothing succeeds like success. But the hardest blow was yet to fall. A few miles out of Morpeth my right foot began to hurt at the back; but I thought nothing of it, as I only felt it when walking up a hill. But the walking tour from Alnwick to Belford (572) caused so much pain that resignation and defeat seemed a matter of minutes. However, an hour's rest at Belford did good, and on I went. The wind was cruel, and forced me to walk most of the way to Berwick (587). I limped in about 10.30 P.M., and put up at the "Red Lion."

Ninth day. — Foot better to-day, and by leaving the boot unbuttoned I seemed to give it the requisite relief. Fortunately I had no walking tour to-day. The wind was still strong, but the road was grand, and 29 miles of hard pushing brought me to Dunbar (616). At this point the road turns in sharply to the west, and I felt the wind but little as I rode through Haddington (627) and Tranent (636), into Edinburgh (645). This city on a beautiful summer's evening presents a spectacle not equalled anywhere else. Quitting Edinburgh shortly after 9 P.M., a ride of an hour and a half over the finest and smoothest stretch of road I have ever been on in my life brought the traveler to the "Star and Garter" at Linlithgow (661). The Town Council had been riding the "marches" to-day, — an arduous proceeding I should suppose, and one requiring substantial refreshment.

Tenth day. — When I awoke the rain was pattering on the window-panes, and a keen N.W. wind blowing. A shudder, a resolve, a leap, and I was dressing quickly. The road to Falkirk (669) I found hilly, rough, lumpy, and slippery. Add to this wind and rain, and the result is misery. At Falkirk I stopped. Cook let me stand before the kitchen-fire while she prepared breakfast. At 9.30 the rain stopped, and I continued. The wind was rising rapidly. More walking tour. Though I tramped most of the way to Stirling (680), and thence to Dunblane (687), my foot gave no trouble. I fondly thought that it had got well. At Bridge of Allan (683½) I dined and slept an hour. At Dunblane the road turns sharply to the west, and thence to Crieff (704), by Muthill and Perth (721), the ride was pleasant and prosperous. Dunkeld (736) was reached at 11 P.M.

Eleventh day. — To-day was a failure. After passing Blair-Athole (756) the glen becomes rapidly higher and narrower. The wind came sweeping down as through a funnel. There was a strong draught. Another walking tour. After three miles my foot began to complain. Once past Struan Inn there is no other until you get to Dalwhinnie, 20 miles distant. At Dalnacardoch I was in such pain that I was obliged to invade a farm-house and ask for rest and food, which I got at rather a high figure. Then on past Dalnaspidal Station, over Drumochter Pass to Dalwhinnie at the head of Loch Ericht (780). It was now eight o'clock, and I had only covered 44 miles since morning. At the Loch Ericht Hotel the medical skill of Dr. Peyton, of Broughty-Ferry, worked wonders, and the next day saw me traverse 105 miles with ease and pleasure.

Twelfth day. — Newtonmore (789), Kingussie (793), Aviemore (805), and

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Carr-Bridge (811), succeeded one another rapidly. The scenery along the road from here, *via* Loch Moy (822) and Daviot (831), to Inverness (837), was glorious. The day, too, was lovely, and not a breath stirring. Leaving Inverness at six, I rode rapidly through Beauly (847), Dingwall (859), and Invergordon (872), to Tain (884), where the last night on the road was spent. Two miles before Tain the road forks right and left. No guidepost is there to direct a stranger. It was nearly midnight. Fortunately I descried a light in a window, and procured the necessary information. This reminds me that I did not see a single guidepost in Scotland, except two close by John o' Groat's, put up at the repeated request of an English tourist, Mr. Blackwell (the first bicyclist who rode from end to end of our island). Why is this? In England they abound.

Thirteenth and last day.—I rose to find my foot horribly stiff and painful; but the day was fine, no wind, and only 110 miles more to run. Starting at 9.20, I ran hard to Bonar-Bridge (899), over The Mound to Golspie (920), where I dined and slept an hour. Leaving at four I ran rapidly through Brora (926) to Helmsdale (938). I had limped up the Ord of Caithness by sunset. At Berriedale (948) it was raining hard. At Dunbeath (954) I stopped to have tea and bathe my foot, which had been tried severely by the 4-mile limp up the Ord. Wick (975) I reached about midnight. After refreshing and nursing myself for an hour and a half at the Station Hotel, I started again, to the blank astonishment of landlord, boots, and waiters. The utter solitude, stillness, and dreariness of the remaining 19 miles made a most remarkable impression on me. Not one tree, bush, or hedge did I see the whole way,—only dark brown moor and a road straight as a rule. At twenty minutes past three I stood stiff, sore, hungry, and happy before John o' Groat's House Hotel. I had ridden 994 miles in 13 days less 45 minutes. This gives an average of 76 to 77 miles a day. I had no difficulty in rousing the landlord, and was soon asleep. Thus ended an interesting and amusing ride.

I have only to add that the machine which carried me is a 58-incher, built by Humber & Marriott, of Queen's Road, Nottingham, and weighing 45 lbs. As an illustration of the perfection of this bicycle I may mention that the hind wheel, which revolves 1,000 times a mile, ran from Dunkeld to John o' Groat's (a distance of 260 miles) without being oiled on the way. Thus it made over a quarter-million revolutions on the strength of a single lubrication!

I am, yours faithfully,

ION KEITH FALCONER.

Last night, at eight o'clock, the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer gave a descriptive account of his famous ride to an interested audience in the Inverurie Town-Hall. He was accompanied to the platform by Provost Skinner and the Rev. P. W. Minto, and was received with very hearty applause by the audience, which quite filled the hall. Provost Skinner introduced the lecturer, who, having brought his bicycle on the platform, was able, by reference occasionally to the machine and a couple of maps, to bring the details of his journey very clearly before his hearers, which he did, with exquisite humor, keeping their close attention for an hour and a half. At the close the Rev. Mr. Minto moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, and a vote of thanks to the chairman closed the proceedings.

Aberdeen Daily Free Press.

A PLEA FOR FAIR TRADE.

SPEECH OF COL. ALBERT A. POPE BEFORE THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

Col. ALBERT A. POPE, President of the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, appeared before the Commission and made the following statement in regard to bicycles:—

Mr. PRESIDENT,—The operation of the present tariff is in many respects unjust to our people and inexpedient for our country. I will confine my remarks to the working of it upon the young but growing business in bicycles and tricycles, and explain briefly how, in this department at least, instead of protecting American industry, it represses and defeats it. I speak of this branch of business particularly, partly because other branches are so well represented

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to you by other men, and partly because I can speak of this from intimate knowledge derived from observation abroad and experience at home,— the Pope Manufacturing Company, of which I am president, being a corporation entirely and exclusively devoted to it, and the largest concern of the kind in this country, if not in the world. Notwithstanding the discriminations against it, and the difficulties attending its development, this industry has already reached respectable proportions here. In England, with a free trade, it has become one of the large manufacturing industries. Coventry, Birmingham, London, Leicester, Wolverhampton, and other cities, are busier for the hum of its factories; indeed, in Coventry this is now the leading industry. I estimate from authentic reports the amount of English capital invested in plant, machinery, etc., at $10,000,000, and the annual volume of business at more than that. The English makers send their machines into foreign markets, which they find already not only in the United States and the Canadas, but also in France, Switzerland, Spain, Germany, Russia, India, South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, New Zealand, and parts of South America. The uses of the machines in most of the foreign markets have but lately begun, and the prospects are for immense increase in their demand. Who shall supply this demand? With present tariff rates, England; with no tariff, or with a just and expedient one, the United States. The whole business has grown in a dozen years; it has a future of importance.

How does the tariff stand? Forty-five per cent. *ad valorem* on steel, which is the principal part of the bicycle. American labor is better paid than English, the price being from 50 to 100 per cent. higher here. About one-third the cost of bicycles and tricycles is in labor of mechanics, and this is 50 per cent. more expensive here; while in the other two-thirds of their cost, as made here, there is 45 per cent. additional expense. The duty on bicycles and tricycles, imported as carriages, completely manufactured in England, is 35 per cent. Here is a discrimination of 10 per cent. in favor of the foreign maker. I am not now arguing for free trade, but for fair trade.

The present state of things is unjust at home, because there is a discrimination of 10 per cent. against American labor, where, if there be discrimination at all, it should be in favor of our own labor; and there is 10 per cent. discrimination against American capital and enterprise, when it should be the other way, if at all. English manufacturers compete at an advantage, therefore, for our home consumption to a large extent; and, while this is so, American manufacturers of machinery will hesitate to extend their enterprise and their consumption of raw materials and their employment of labor, so as to cover the demand for bicycles and tricycles at home. The present state of things is inexpedient for the manufacture and export trade of the country.

In competing for foreign trade we may offset our greatest cost of labor here by our better machinery and methods; but the American competing in Brazil, for instance, with the English bicycle or tricycle maker, is at 45 per cent. disadvantage on every particle of material entering into the construction of his machines, since that which he does not import is kept up in price by the duty, and this disadvantage is so great as to be almost exclusive. This discrimination in its working on the export trade is against every just and wise principle of policy for the United States. This special manufacture, if fostered here, would bring a large home consumption of steel in special forms, and of labor; would give employment to many and create other industries of which the country is deprived, and for which the trifling receipts of revenue under existing laws is but a pittance of offset. So, on every hand, the operation of the present tariff law on this branch of manufacture is impolitic and hostile.

Where we have now $500,000 in plant, there ought to be ten times as much to-day; where we have a volume of $500,000 of annual home trade, we ought to have three, five, or ten times as much; where we have $5,000 volume of foreign trade at no profit, we ought to have several millions at a profit; and, in my judgment, we would, but for the tariff, with larger possibilities for the future. If we are to have a tariff "for protection," or even "for revenue only," the rate on raw or half-worked materials should be less than on the manufactured machine.

Q. (By Commissioner McMahon.) Do you make bicycles of imported material entirely? *A.* No, sir; but largely; and yet the duty on steel for bicycles makes the price for the home article about the same as for the foreign. In England the business is older than it is in this country. It has been in existence there about twelve years. The velocipede business started here in 1869 or 1870, and went out of exist-

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ence the same year. The velocipede was found to be too hard to propel to ever become popular. The English manufacturers went on making the bicycle until it has been brought to its present state of perfection. There are now nearly 200 manufactories in England, and about 200,000 bicycles and tricycles used by all classes, from the Queen down; for the Queen uses one of the latter in her private garden, and so do some of her daughters. On the Continent it is also used very largely. This industry was taken up again by me in this country.

Q. (By Commissioner GARLAND.) How many manufactories are there in the United States? *A.* About a dozen.

Q. How many men are employed? *A.* Perhaps about 1,000. Our concern is the largest in the United States; we employ 350. The foreign demand is growing very fast, but we cannot compete with the English. As I have said, the duty on raw material is 10 per cent. more than on the manufactured article.

Q. (By Commissioner MCMAHON.) If you were allowed a drawback on your exportation equal to the duty which you pay on the raw material, would that help you? *A.* Yes; if we were allowed a drawback on the steel that enters into the construction of the tricycles. The 45 per cent. duty on steel keeps up the price of domestic steels about the same as the foreign. If this drawback were allowed there would be many manufactories started in this country to supply the English market. That market is very large. It is estimated that the English manufacturers will turn out more than 50,000 bicycles and tricycles this year, and the business is only in its infancy. Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., now seventy-four or seventy-five years of age, rides a bicycle. More than 100 members of Parliament are bicyclers. You see what a hold it has taken in popular favor there. A man on a bicycle can outdo any horse for 20 miles and upwards.

Q. (By Commissioner PORTER.) Did I understand you to say that they can manufacture 45 per cent. more cheaply than we can? *A.* Not exactly. The material I said is 45 per cent. cheaper.

Q. How could you sell your machines in Brazil, for instance? *A.* We could do so if we could get our material cheap enough. We do everything in this country by machinery, which makes all the parts interchangeable. We do nothing by hand that can possibly be done by a machine; while in England the working people object to machinery, and they do as much as they can by hand. Boys even stand up at a lathe and turn out screws by hand; while in this country we grind out screws all day long at a machine, and one man takes the screws from thirty machines; and if you were to examine a thousand screws you would find that every one is exactly the same. In fact, they pass through gauges, and if not exactly alike they are cast aside. That is the advantage the American machinery will have in competing with the labor of the Old World, where it is done by hand.

Q. (By Commissioner BOTELER.) You have the interchangeable process where the parts correspond, so that if one part is broken you can have it replaced? *A.* Yes, sir; just exactly like the Waltham watch; and that is why the Waltham watch sells so largely in Europe. The Waltham Company, and the other large companies of our country, have killed the cheap-watch business in England, so that there is very little done even in Coventry.

Q. (By Commissioner OLIVER.) What are the principal materials you import? *A.* Steel; that is, hardly anything but steel. The saddles are of leather; the handles are either hard rubber or horn.

Q. What are the duties? *A.* Forty-five per cent. on steel, and 35 per cent. if you import the bicycle complete, made in England. A bicycle comes in at 35 per cent., because it has been decided to be a carriage. In England they have had many suits instituted by people who think that horses and horsemen have an exclusive right to the highways; and in every instance, without a single exception, the bicycle has been decided to be a carriage, and that it has the same right to the carriage-way that a carriage has. When bicycles were first imported at Boston, the collector did not know what duty to levy upon them, so he inquired of the department at Washington, and Attorney-General Devens decided that the bicycle was a carriage, for the purpose of duties, and consequently the duty was fixed at 35 per cent.

Q. If a higher rate of duty was fixed on imported bicycles, would that help you? *A.* No; it would not help us for export business. We do not complain of our home trade; but we want the export business too.

Q. (By Commissioner MCMAHON.) What prevents you now from exporting and having the benefit of a drawback? If you make a bicycle entirely of imported material, it can be exported, and the orig-

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inal duty upon the raw material refunded, less 10 per cent.

THE WITNESS. Who is going to tell how much imported material there is in it?

Commissioner MCMAHON. You must state that under oath.

Commissioner BOTELER. Is there a drawback on India-rubber as well as on steel?

Commissioner MCMAHON. There is no duty on India-rubber, and none on raw horn.

THE WITNESS. With a lower duty on steel for the manufacture of bicycles, it would make the cost of bicycles in this country less, and it would create a greater demand.

Q. (By Commissioner OLIVER.) What do bicycles weigh? *A.* They weigh from 40 to 50 pounds.

Q. How much of that weight is steel? *A.* I should think all but 10 pounds, at least, — say from 30 to 40 pounds. We import the steel in tubes, bars, and wires. Some of it costs 15 cents a pound, and that would be about 6 or 7 cents for the duty.

Q. The bicycle is used only for pleasure, is it not? *A.* No, sir; it is also used for business. I suppose one-half are used for business.

Q. Have you made any estimate as to the duties you pay? According to what you have stated, you do not pay over $2 or $3 to the government for every bicycle. *A.* Yes, we do. The cost of the steel in a bicycle is at least $30 before you do any work; at 45 per cent. duty, that would be nearly $14.

Q. Why do you not import steel in its raw state and finish it here, if you have such good machinery, which will make all the parts interchangeable? *A.* We cannot draw the wire. To draw wire we must have a very expensive plant. The Washburn & Moen Company have a plant, I suppose, of about $2,000,000, just for that purpose. We buy the wire drawn, and the tubes are all drawn like a gun-barrel, and then we have to taper and shape them properly.

Q. (By Commissioner MCMAHON.) What sized wire do you use? *A.* From 11 to 12 gauge. It is a very small wire. The telegraph operators in country towns in New England use bicycles largely to deliver their messages. In England the Postmaster-General has recommended them for letter-carriers. In Coventry every letter-carrier is mounted on a bicycle or tricycle, and then he does his work in nearly one-half the time that would be required if he went on foot, and he has the other half for other purposes.

Q. (By Commissioner GARLAND.) I understand you to say that the duty upon the material in each bicycle is about $14? *A.* I said that as a rough estimate. The cost of steel for felloes is 15 cents a pound. It is partially made up or half wrought when we get it.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

"BUT the revenue ought to be reduced so as to accommodate it to the fact of the payment of the public debt."

So spoke Henry Clay, the eloquent defender of a protective tariff, in the United States Senate, fifty years ago. Now, as then, the income of the national government, through revenue taxes, is greater than is required to meet necessary outlays and payments of the public debt at maturity. The annual surplus is becoming too great for frugal management of the finances of the country; and the raising of that surplus is a burden upon the people, not of extreme hardship, but heavier than need be borne, by consent of all parties, "protectionists" and "free traders" alike. History repeats itself; the conditions of 1832 recur in 1882; "the revenue must, ought to be reduced"; the tariff laws need revision. Where and how to make this revision most wisely is one of the great questions of the day for our statesmen to solve; and the appointment of what is now so familiarly known as the "Tariff Commission" was a step toward that solution. It is to be borne in mind also that total repeal of the tariff laws, or even the entire abolition of custom duties on any imported articles, is not contemplated nor even asked for by any considerable number. Even those who favor "free trade" urge only an adjustment of the tariff that shall make it sufficient for revenue, disturb existing relations of prices and property as little as possible, and at the same time be so imposed that its operations shall consistently favor, and not discourage, American industries. It was in accordance

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with this idea of judicious reduction, and not abolition, of duties that the tariff commission was appointed, and with that idea have representative men appeared at their hearings.

It is now five years since the tariff question first had a special interest with reference to bicycles of the modern construction. Its first advent through the Custom House was met at the Boston port of entry with the judgment of officials that, being almost entirely of steel and iron, and apparently to them a machine, it should be classed with those articles admitted at a forty-five per cent. *ad valorem* duty; and, *per contra*, by the importer, who chanced to be an accomplished lawyer, that being a vehicle it was entitled to be brought into the country as a carriage, at the duty of thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* placed upon that class of goods. The latter opinion prevailed at Washington, and ever since in all the ports of the country the bicycle and tricycle have been admitted at that rate of duty. The justice and propriety of the classification have never been questioned, and there has been no attempt made either to revive that old question of classification, or to change the duty, until about a month prior to this writing. It would seem, however, that the bicycle, in one way or other, is to make its way into the consideration of most important questions of the day; and the present phase of the tariff question, by a circumstance seemingly casual, has been confronted by the ever present and irrepressible wheelman.

By invitation of counsel of the New York Free Trade Club, Col. Albert A. Pope, known for some years amongst merchants and manufacturers as an outspoken "free-trader," appeared before the Tariff Commission at Long Branch, and very naturally chose for illustration of his views upon the general subject of tariff revision the particular line of business to which his attention has of late been mostly directed. This gentleman was well qualified to represent the bicycling industry of the United States in its various phases, as well as bicycling and tricycling interests of every variety amongst the users of those machines. Both an importer and a manufacturer from the beginning of the revival of velocipeding in this country; at the head of the largest manufacturing and trading concern in this line of goods; and also one of the first practical users of these vehicles; a member, and sometimes an officer, of various amateur associations, it might well have been expected that he would fairly represent, not only the makers and dealers, but also the riders of the country, before the Commission.

There are several notable points connected with his appearance before the Commission. One of these lies in the fact that the bicycle and tricycle industry has become of sufficient magnitude in the United States to be considered and to receive respectable attention in connection with a revision of the tariff. In this connection he well called attention to the growth which the industry has already attained abroad, and which it has a fair prospect of attaining in this country. Another is in the fact that a representative of this industry now, after five years from its inception, could appear to ask, not protection, but for a reduction, of the existing duties. These two points have attracted the attention of conservative papers; and one of them — *The Nation* — has well commented: "If there is any infant industry in the United States, it must be the bicycle industry. If there is any which needs protection, it must be that. Yet it appears that the only thing it asks of the Government is to be let alone and permitted to make its own way, being neither helped nor hindered by the tariff."

Another notable point, and one which has deservedly, from the peculiar aptness of the illustration it affords, attracted considerable attention, is the fact that the present tariff code, constructed as it was, upon the express idea of protection to home industry in addition to that of deriving revenue, not only does not protect, but palpably discriminates against, home industry, that is, operates to prevent the successful employment of American capital and American labor in the manufacture and sale of bicycles and tricycles to such an extent as might, from a fair survey of the field, be expected.

The inconsistencies in the present tariff, and the manner in which it works, to quote Col. Pope's language, "in many respects unjust to our people and inexpedient for our country," are well illustrated here. Nothing is better settled, as a principle upon which any tariff code should be constructed, than that the duties on crude materials should be less than on those which have been worked up in processes of manufacture; and this principle should be followed all the way up through the various stages of manufacture of any particular material; for instance, the duty on iron bars should be less than on steel bars; that on pig iron should be less than that on

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bar iron; that on ore should be less than that on pig iron; and, of course, that on steel rails or cutlery, or other special forms of tools and instruments into which steel has been completely worked, should be greater than the duty on steel bars; the reason of this being obvious, namely, that the more specialized the form of material the more labor and capital and enterprise have become absorbed in its production; and the true theory is, that any country considering a tariff system, either for revenue alone or for revenue and protection together, should consider how to favor its own labor and capital and enterprise. Now, as was pointed out to the Commission, the bicycle is a completed specialized form of steel principally, and on that the duty is thirty-five per cent., whilst on the less specialized forms of steel, from which the maker of bicycles proceeds in the processes of manufacture (and which must still in part be imported, and for the remaining part are affected in price by the duties on the same forms of material of foreign production), is forty-five per cent. This difference of ten per cent. operates exactly in an opposite way from what the wisdom of a century's legislation would dictate. The duty on steel in bars and tubes should be less than it is on the same material when it is worked up into bicycles, or other more specialized forms.

Another point immediately depending upon the last noted, and which was well put and well illustrated in the same connection, and which deserves much more prominence than it has hitherto received, is the fact that whilst import duties operate to protect American manufacture, when they are discriminately placed, so far as the *home* market is concerned, they operate adversely when a *foreign* market is considered.

If there were no duty on steel, and still a duty of thirty-five per cent. on bicycles, the American maker and the American mechanic would have an advantage arising from the tariff against all competitors dealing in foreign machines in supplying the United States market; and would also have a fair field, so far as the tariff is concerned, for competing in foreign countries. But when English makers, with no duty to pay on steel, compete to supply the market of Australia, or of France, or of Brazil, and the American maker endeavors to place his machines in those same markets, but upon every pound of material used in constructing his machine he is compelled to pay either directly a duty, or indirectly a higher price, on account of the tariff, he is at a disadvantage represented by the amount, and a little more. If the American maker offers bicycles in Brazil his machine costs him, in addition to the nominal or unprotected cost of material and the price of labor worked into it, and the expense of doing business and transportation, and royalties on patents, and whatever else enters into the cost of the machine, the amount of the duty on the material it contains. The United States would be poorly off as a manufacturing and commercial country if it did nothing but a home trade. It is deprived by one line of inexpedient legislation almost entirely of the carrying trade of the world, and American shipping is to-day the lament or the smiling-stock of most thoughtful citizens. It is to be hoped that neither by omitting to change from time to time the statutes, as circumstances require it, nor by the passage of unnecessary or inexpedient tariff laws, will the condition of our manufactures be reduced to that of our shipping. The export trade is what we want. The world should be our market. Our natural facilities and the inventive abilities of our people — or, if you please, Yankee resources and Yankee gumption — should be adequate to secure in the markets of the world a fair degree of export trade.

Another point well worth noticing in the presentation of the subject to the Tariff Commission above referred to was the fact that the manufacturer not only did not ask for an increase of the tariff on imported machines, nor omit to ask for a reduction of the tariff as it is; but urged the justice of a considerable reduction in the present rate. In the course of the cross-examination he was asked, "If a higher rate of duty was fixed on imported bicycles, would that help you?" and he replied, "No; it would not help us for export business; we do not complain of our home trade; but we want the export business, too." Those who appear before the Commission are requested to formulate their statements upon blanks prepared for the purpose, and file them with the Tariff Commission. Col. Pope, in complying with this request, placed in his statement a recommendation that the duties on bicycles and tricycles be reduced to a rate not higher than twenty-five per cent., and that the duty on steel be reduced to a rate or rates less than that. This recommendation of a reduction of the duties on bicycles and tricycles was made on the ground that the present duty, although not greater than it is on carriages and many

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other articles constantly imported, and even less than it is on many articles of equal necessity, is still greater than there is need of under the present state of affairs; and that where a consideration is given to the reduction of the tariff generally, this particular article should receive, at least, a proportionate abatement; and also on the further ground, that the number of machines imported into the country, and likely to be imported, is so small in the aggregate that the revenue received from them, aside from being unnecessarily high, is but a pittance to the government, though a considerable tax to individual riders; whereas, to increase the rate to forty-five per cent. to make it equal with the duty on steel, instead of reducing the duty on steel to or below that on bicycles, would be in the nature of an injustice and a hardship to the wheelmen of the country.

This presentation of the matter of bicycles and tricycles very naturally, for obvious reasons, elicited considerable comment from the public press, whose reports, necessarily incomplete, but generally very fair and just, gave opportunity for some slight apprehension and misinterpretation in one or two quarters. Immediately and rather hastily following these reports, either in order to create a feeling amongst wheelmen that the manufacturer had done something prejudicial to their interests, or else with a desire to offset with the Tariff Commission any influence which it was erroneously assumed had been exerted by Col. Pope upon the Commission in favor of an increase of the tariff on bicycles and tricycles, a petition was prepared and sent broadcast to the bicycle clubs and individual wheelmen, in which "Bicycle and tricycle riders of the United States do most respectfully but earnestly petition your board to consider the expediency of materially reducing the tariff now imposed upon imported bicycles and tricycles." This petition was sent out with the request to obtain signatures and return with little delay, and was to be addressed to the Tariff Commission.

Now, it was without question perfectly proper for the riders of the country to address a suitable petition for reduction of the tariff to the Commission; and it was equally proper for the one or two gentlemen who originated the petition referred to, to have prepared and circulated a suitable petition to that effect. It is to be regretted, however, that, owing partly to haste and partly to hostility of feeling, no doubt, the one actually sent, and to which reference is here made, in considering the matter as it stands before the wheelmen of the country, was puerile in its construction and ill-advised in its general tone and its specific presentation of the subject. There are probably in this country some two thousand persons who derive their income in whole or in part from industries both depending upon and contributing to the use of the bicycle and tricycle; the efforts of many of whom have been directed in large and generous degree to the spread of this manly art, and to the comfort, convenience, and enjoyment of riders. There are also, probably, between thirteen and fifteen thousand active wheelmen in the United States, included, to a considerable extent, though notby any means entirely, if even to a majority, in the national organization of the League of American Wheelmen, and in the various bicycle clubs. The interests of each and all of these are identical, when looked at in reference to any large and general question. Why, then, should there not be concert of action, rather than conflict? Would it not be wiser to coöperate with one who has asked what all desire, rather than to prejudice what has already been done by seeking to discredit the doer?

It is not for the purpose of dissuading any from signing or from presenting the petition last referred to, that this comment is made, nor to impair any effect in the desired direction of obtaining a recommendation for a reduction of the tariff. But, in reviewing the present aspect of the question, and of what is being done about it, it seems necessary to refer to the "*reasons*" alleged in this peculiar petition for the action asked. There are four of these reasons assigned. The first is, that the bicycle is a practical and useful vehicle and a settled article of commerce. Well, that is a very good reason why the duty should be retained. It is only on articles of commerce that tariffs are imposed. But it is simply no reason at all for reduction of rate. The second "reason" is, that the English bicycle, when brought here, "costs in this country nearly half as much again as its list price there." So, it may be observed, do most other articles of commerce of considerable weight and bulk. "Imposts," of course, add to the price of these articles here; and so do "transportation charges, incidental fees, and the American royalty;" but what the Tariff Commission, or even Congress, can do about these latter is not plain to be seen. English dog-carts, cloths, cutlery, watches, etc., cost more here than they do in England; but no business man or legislator would urge or accept

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that fact as a reason why the tariff should be reduced. The third "reason," as assigned by the author of this "petition," is that American manufacture is "yet in the experimental stage." How quickly would the "protectionist" gentlemen of the Commission see in that just the reason why the tariff should be retained, or even increased. But this "reason" is coupled with the complaint, and the remaining "reason" of the four consists of it, of "the exaction of a royalty and license fee by the Pope Manufacturing Company," and that "by purchase and reissue of patents" this company has "obtained control of bicycle manufacture in this country," and "this monopoly enables the American company to put its machines on the market at a very much higher price than the same quality of machines can be purchased for in England." Indeed, one-half of these "reasons" consists in a complaint of "The Pope Manufacturing Company," and the other half in an effort to show that bicycles cost more here than they do in England. Assuming all to be true as to the former, what has the Commission to do with it? As to the latter, what bearing has that upon the expediency of reducing the tariff?

If this "petition" receives any considerable number of signatures and is presented, it may have an ounce of weight in the fact that some people *ask* for a reduction; but would it not have a pound if the same people would state, along with their request, rational grounds upon which it were based? That there are good grounds for such a request, and that they might be put with force and receive attention if presented by the wheelmen of the country, the writer has no doubt; but that they would be sufficient to take bicycles and tricycles out of the general class of carriages, and entitle them to be admitted at a less rate while the duties on the latter are unreduced, there is less reason to believe. At any rate, the agitation of the subject should be harmonious. All wheelmen desire, probably, a general reduction of the tariff rates, and especially a reduction both on steels and on machines. The former would tend to lessen the prices of American machines directly, and of foreign machines indirectly, probably; whilst the latter would tend to lessen the prices of imported machines directly, and, perhaps, indirectly of American machines. The variation in prices, however, would not be certain to follow, nor would it be equal to the release of duty. In this connection a little consideration of the effect of the tariff on prices may not be out of place.

It was long ago pointed out in *The Federalist* that when the supply of an article is less than the demand for it, the duty is usually paid by the consumer; but when the supply is greater than the demand, it has to be paid by the dealer; and that when supply and demand are about equal, the duty falls about equally upon both. This is probably correct still, in a general way, when only the effect of the tariff is considered, though it is modified to some extent by other circumstances. It cannot be gravely said that the demand for bicycles and tricycles has yet exceeded the supply in this country; so it may be expected, from the general principle, that the duty on them does not fall altogether on the users, and that one of the immediate effects of a reduction in tariff would be better profits to the dealers in imported machines. The precise relation of prices to the tariff can be but approximately ascertained, yet some light can be had on it.

The general interest of wheelmen as to prices and machines is in obtaining, (1) the most effective machine; (2) at the least trouble; (3) at the lowest price, and which (4) will, in use, put the owner to least expense and inconvenience for care and repair; and which (5), as convertible property, retains its value best when one may wish to part with it, or as an alternative will serve him longest in use. Again, there are some (1) who fancy a foreign make of anything because it is foreign; some (2) who patriotically prefer a machine made in their own country; some (3) who fancy a peculiar thing, — which, in form or finish, every one else has not, — while (4) some care only for the most satisfactory results. So it will be seen that neither duty nor price altogether regulates the demand as to particular machines; nor any more do the absolute qualities of the goods.

And yet it is true, as a general principle, in the bicycle trade — as in any other — that the American maker cannot sell *higher* than the importer, unless his goods are preferred, nor *lower* than cost and profit; and the importer cannot sell *higher* than the American maker, unless his goods are preferred, nor *lower* than cost and profit. So we see that the *maximum* limit of price is the preference or value which the article has above others, while the *minimum* limit is cost and profit, in either case. Now, suppose a dealer in foreign bicycles and a dealer in American bicycles to be located side by side, and doing business under similar conditions;

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profit for one is profit for the other, business expense is alike, and both have to pay royalties on the machines and parts under American patents; but one takes his goods of an English maker, and one of an American. Having eliminated the three common elements of cost above-mentioned, there remain—*on the English machine*—material in England, + labor in England, + royalties under English patents, + English maker's profit, + duty, + freight, etc.; *on the American machine*, — material in the U. S., + labor in the U. S.; + royalties under American patents on machinery and processes (such as nickeling, tools, etc.); + American maker's profit; + certain incidental differences (such as freight, etc., on imported parts, greater cost of small additions, such as saddles, etc., which go with a machine, and cost more here because of the greater price of labor and the tariff), + freight on American machine from the makers to the dealers. These will readily be conceded to be the elements of cost of the respective machines to the respective dealers supposed. Now, the average retail price of English bicycles, as given in the "petition" referred to, being $75 to $85, and the rates of discount allowed to American dealers being from thirty-five to fifty per cent., we may assume the average cost of English bicycles in England to our dealer to be $50; and we may approximately (not exactly, of course, but nearly enough) apportion and aggregate the several items of cost above mentioned, as in the table below,[1] and find the average cost of the English machine brought here by our dealer to be $72.50.

We know that American labor is dearer by from fifty to one hundred and fifty per cent. than English labor, when reckoned in dollars; that interest is at higher rate, and that capital must earn more here, when reckoned in dollars; and so we may assume that the American maker's profit is fifty per cent. more; and, also, that material is at least forty-five per cent. higher in price, owing to the tariff, and the difference in labor for bringing it to specific forms. And with these allowances, which all will assent to as fairly assumed, we may approximately, as before, apportion and aggregate the several items of cost above mentioned for the American machine to our other dealer here, as in the table below.[1]

These are assumptions for wholesale prices; if retail prices were considered it would be necessary to estimate the three items, — dealer's business expenses, royalties on the machines under American patents, and dealer's profit, — referred to in the text before, in order to make up the whole approximate average cost to the user; and we find that the average cost to our dealer should reasonably be expected to be $76.75, or $4.25 more than that of the English machine to his next-door neighbor. So that, under the present tariff laws, it may reasonably be said, the American machine is at an average of four and a quarter dollars disadvantage, which difference must fall on either the purchaser and user, or on the dealer, or else on the American maker, and so reduce his profits below those of English makers, unless he can save it by greater enterprise, or business skill, or better methods of manufacture. This difference (of $4.25) would indicate to a "protectionist," or a selfish manufacturer, that the duty on foreign bicycles ought to be increased to forty-three and one-half per cent. or more; or, to a "free trader," and liberal one, that the duty on steel should be reduced to seventeen per cent. or less. A forty-three and one-half per cent. duty on bicycles with steel where it is, or seventeen per cent. on steel with bicycles where they are, would just about equalize the tariff, or place it so as to discriminate neither for nor against American industry, so far as the home market is concerned; but the former would not help our export trade and the industries that depend upon it, while the latter would, to a considerable extent.

What fault, then, should be found with a manufacturer who asks that the duty on bicycles and tricyles be reduced to twenty-

[1] Approximate cost, by items: —

Average English Machine.		*Average American Machine.*	
Material	$15 00	(45% more)	$21 75
Labor	25 00	(50% more)	37 50
Royalties	5 00	(About the same on processes and tools, etc.)	5 00
Maker's profit	5 00	(50% more)	7 50
	$50 00		
Duty at 35%	17 50	Incidentals	4 00
Freight, etc.	5 00	(One-fifth as much)	1 00
Total	$72 50	Total	$76 75

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five per cent., and that on steels to fifteen and ten per cent.? Probably the six other considerable American makers (two of whom, at least, already court an export trade), and the seven other considerable importers, and the three hundred or more smaller dealers, are glad of his effort to secure a result that would be directly to their advantage; and most other wheelmen will recognize the fact that this advantage would inure, in large part at least, to them.

The present unnecessarily high tariff, generally speaking, substantially unchanged since the times of inflation and of larger need for revenue, operates to increase the cost of living, and therefore of labor and of superintendence, and of tools and machinery and transportation; it makes all our products expensive for ourselves, and it prevents or handicaps our trade with other nations. But more specifically, and what particularly interests wheelmen in the current discussion and examination of the general question, the duties on steel, and on bicycles and tricycles, ought especially to be reduced. Why? On steels, because they are absurdly and mischievously high, and are not properly graded to specialized forms; on bicycles and tricycles, because lower duties would lessen prices and increase sales, and thus bring more aggregate revenue to the government treasury than it receives now; because it would relieve individual citizens of a tax which the government would not miss, and which is considerable to them; and because the manufacture here is so well started that it no longer needs protection. Indeed, it might be urged as having some bearing on this point, that notwithstanding the adverse discrimination of the present tariff, the manufacture here succeeds so well that (for some of the reasons mentioned in this paper, or for others) American machines take three-quarters of the American market already. They are no more "in the experimental stage" than English ones, — all being subject to variation and improvement.

Of the two, a reduction in the tariff on steel would benefit wheelmen most, because by lessening the expenses of manufacture, and letting down the bars for export trade, it would both directly reduce the prices of machines and induce more manufacturing concerns and closer competition.

Charles E. Pratt.

COL. POPE'S RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE WHEEL," AT THE L. O. W. BANQUET.[1]

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the League of Ohio Wheelmen: —

I thank you for your cordial and generous reception. Your enthusiastic greeting assures me that I am among friends. I congratulate you upon the success of your meeting to-day. This is not my first acquaintance with Ohio men. I have seen them on the field of battle marching toward the foe, 'mid shot and shell and iron hail, and never saw them falter. I noticed the same manly bearing among you to-day as you wheeled through the streets of this beautiful city; and, should occasion require, at your country's call I have no doubt you would wheel to the front with the same steady, manly courage. But I must confine myself to the subject assigned me, namely, The Wheel.

It was in 1866 that Pierre Lallement came to this country. He had worked in a velocipede factory in Paris, had seen and ridden the old-fashioned draisine, and conceived the idea of applying cranks to the forward wheel for propulsion, which he did, and successfully rode in his native city, though no practical use was made of his invention at that time. While looking about for work in New Haven he made the first velocipede with the crank application, and rode it in the streets of New Haven, to the astonishment of the public. In connection with an enterprising Yankee, he took out a patent for this crank application in November, 1866.

Soon after he left Paris the French makers began to construct the velocipede with the crank action, and the business grew, developing larger proportions each year as they went on, improving the construction of the velocipede, until it grew into the form similar to the present bicycle.

[1] We print this speech, knowing it would interest our readers, since it gives, from an authoritative standpoint, an account of the rise and growth of the manufacture and use of the bicycle. — [EDS. WHEELMAN.]

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The French and German War put a stop to the growth of the bicycle business in France.

In 1868 the attention of American mechanics was drawn to the possibilities of the velocipede, and in a small way manufacture began in this country, which developed in 1869 into what was called the velocipede fever or rage. All over the eastern part of our country could be found makers working night and day on the velocipede, or bone-shaker, as it was called in later days. Rinks and riding-schools sprang up in every city, town, and large village in the country; but there was scarce a place where the fever lasted more than six months; for, as the spring opened in 1870, and they were used on the road, they were found to be a total failure, as it required more strength and nerve to propel one of those heavy arks ten miles than it did to walk a greater distance.

In less than two years from the time that the first velocipedes were made in this country there was not one to be seen anywhere, except as old junk.

The velocipede for men was completely abandoned in this country as a total failure; but over across the water in England they did not so abandon it. They had not taken up the velocipede with the enthusiasm that we did in this country, but went into it in their English way, more slowly and carefully; and, while we abandoned and threw the thing over as worthless, they went on experimenting and developing the machine until it was brought into the perfect shape of the bicycle. They drew largely on the inventions of American mechanics; for, during the year of the velocipede rage in this country more than a thousand inventions were patented for the perfection and improvement of the velocipede; so that the English mechanics, in developing the velocipede into the improved bicycle, were assisted greatly by the inventions of American mechanics.

Among the important features in the improvement of the bicycle was the application of the round rubber tire; making of the suspension wheel with its wire spokes and steel rims; the tubular framework; the enlargement of the forward wheel, and the decreasing in size of the rear wheel; of the nipple and lock-nutted spokes; enlarged spokes for direct action; movable saddle; slotted cranks for adjustment; leg guard; bifurcated fork over rear wheel, and many others, — these were the things which contributed largely to the success of the bicycle.

The first makers of any importance in England were the Coventry Machinists Co. They took into their employ the late Mr. Starley, who made some of the most important improvements made in perfecting the bicycle. This concern was established by a few capitalists in Coventry, for the purpose of giving work to a large class of men who had been thrown out of employment by the introduction of American manufactures, and the depressing times. Out from this firm have grown many of the most important bicycle and tricycle makers of England.

The first bicycles publicly exhibited in this country were shown at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. They were looked at with wondering eyes by thousands of people, who could not believe that any but a skilled acrobat could ever balance himself on one of them. I remember my own impression as I gazed upon them, wondering if it could be possible that any man, unless he were a skilled gymnast, could balance himself on one of them.

During the summer of 1877 an English gentleman, Mr. John Harrington, now known as the maker of the Arab bicycle and cradle spring, was a guest at my house for several months. Filled with enthusiasm for the possibilities of the bicycle in this country, he caused one to be made, at an expense of over $300 and two months' time. It was brought to my house and I learned to ride, with him as my instructor. Having proved to my own satisfaction that the bicycle was a practical thing, I ordered eight through our correspondent in England. These arrived early in January, 1878. After still further examination and practical use of them I decided to go into the bicycle business, and immediately took measures for the manufacture of them in this country.

The first bicycles we turned out were finished during the summer and fall of that year. There were only fifty in the first lot, and we sold less than fifty more imported ones; so that our total business for the year was only ninety-two bicycles. Not a very encouraging outlook, for the balance-sheet showed many thousand dollars' loss.

Soon after ordering our first bicycles from England we learned that the house of Cunningham & Co. had been organized for the purpose of importing and selling bicycles. They received their first machines in November, so that in point of time they were the first to offer them for sale in this country.

The early pioneers had scarcely com-

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menced the bicycle business when owners of patents appeared on every side, demanding royalties for the use of their inventions. We found that either we must take out license under these patents, or obtain control of them by purchase.

We investigated carefully, through eminent counsel, these different patent claims of numerous owners; and wherever we found the claims to be good and valid we either bought or took out license under the patents, so that gradually we have been obliged to pay tribute to more than forty patents; and these patents, all massed now under one ownership, derive a reasonable royalty (which is very much less than it would have been under separate owners) from those who are licensed under them. Had these patents remained in the hands of the original owners the business would have been so much hampered that no one of us would have been warranted in going on with it. In fact, until the patents came into our hands, Cunningham & Co. were seriously contemplating the abandonment of the business. They have frequently borne testimony that it was the salvation of the business that the ownership of these patents came under one control.

These different owners demanded royalties ranging from $1.00 to $10.00 each; and in one instance not only demanded $10.00 royalty, but $100,000 for the patent; so that we have been obliged to invest large capital in these patents, and the royalties that we receive are only a small return for the great outlay that we have made.

It was a great and hazardous undertaking to embark capital in the bicycle business when the public were so prejudiced against them, remembering the total failure of the velocipede craze of earlier days. With one hand we had to create a demand, and with the other create the supply; with no material at hand suitable for the work; with no mechanics familiar with bicycle construction, — all having to be educated and trained to the business.

There was no rolling-mill in the country that would at first undertake to roll the steel tires; and it was only by giving a large order far in excess of the demand that at last a rolling-mill would consent to undertake to roll the felloes. We had the same difficulty with back bones, forks, rubber ties, and almost everything else that entered into the construction of the bicycle.

But now at last all these difficulties are overcome, and we have put on the market a bicycle that we believe to be equal, if not superior, to the best that has ever been made. This is the product of American industry, which all who are truly American should be proud of.

We are now in the early days of tricycles. The tricycle will gradually come into general use, until it will catch up and keep pace with the bicycle. Its future is certain. It meets a demand long felt by those who are too old, or heavy, or timid, to mount the bicycle; and it is also particularly adapted for the other sex. It will aid and encourage and help the further introduction of the bicycle.

The tricycle business in England is this year almost as prosperous as the bicycle business. It has grown up within four years in England; so that now the manufacturers there have about all they can do to supply this year's demand, and the tricyclers are numbered by many thousands, embracing the best class of the community. Old gentlemen, middle-aged gentlemen, professional men, merchants, and many ladies, are now using them daily.

If the tricycle business is just born in this country we may say that the bicycle business is still only in its infancy; for we as old riders know that if others knew of the value and importance of the bicycle to us individually, where there are hundreds of them in use now, there would be thousands.

A prominent bicycler of fifty years of age, and a Doctor of Divinity, came to me a little while since, with an anxious look on his face, inquiring how many years more he would be able to ride the bicycle, as he could not bear the thought of having to give up the pleasure of the bicycle while he lived. I assured him that if he kept his health he could enjoy the bicycle at least twenty years more, and then he could take up the tricycle. At that assurance a happy smile broke over his face, and he went away rejoicing.

Another gentleman came to me the other day, and said, "Colonel, I can give you the strongest recommendation that ever was written on the value of a bicycle. When I came to you first to inquire about this machine I had not slept two consecutive hours for twelve years. I had tried boating, horse-back riding, hunting, farming, and various other means of exercise, to find relief; but it did not come. I learned to ride the bicycle, and found almost immediate improvement; and now that I am a regular road-rider, every day taking this needful exercise, I am able to sleep from seven to eight hours without waking.

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I was broken down in health and had concluded to give up the ministry, until my health was restored by the use of the bicycle. Now my people are building a new church, and I am in the ministry for life." This is the class of testimonials that come to us every day.

If others knew the value of the bicycle as we know it, there would be scores of riders where there is now but one; but, gentlemen, you are the pioneers in this movement. Your numbers are growing slowly but surely, and the time is coming when the bicyclers of this country will be numbered by tens of thousands instead of a few thousand.

I thank you for your kind attention, and wish the League of Ohio Wheelmen great and glorious success.

EDITORIAL.

It is impossible for us to realize our plans for The Wheelman at once. We must secure a constituency of artists, engravers, contributors, and news-gatherers, before we can fully carry out our aims. We must have capital and support, subscribers and advertisers. It may be urged that we ought to have secured all these before we entered upon the publication of the magazine. In reply, we will say that in entering upon this department of periodical literature it was absolutely impossible to secure this support without entering upon the publication, and plunging *in medias res*, mark out the dimensions, possibilities, and elements of the enterprise, and thus give a rallying-point for the resources and forces necessary to the successful prosecution of the aims of the publishers. We do not make these statements in the way of apology, for we believe our subscribers will not be disappointed, nor as the expression of general principles that apply to the early history of all magazines. For The Wheelman enters upon a peculiar domain of literature, — a domain in which are few trained artists and writers. The literary magazine commands at once the best brain and ability of the day. The circumstances of life, the training of the schools, the political, industrial, scientific, and literary activities of the age, all unite in furnishing the *materiel* of the modern magazine. Not so with a publication limited to a single phase of the manifold activities of the age. And so, while from our standpoint we propose to make our magazine as interesting, as valuable, and as excellent in its literary, rhetorical, and artistic characteristics as the leading magazines, still we cannot do so in our first issue, or even in our second issue present our readers with that collection of sketches, stories, poems, and news, which we will be able to give when our resources are fully organized. However, we can promise our readers a series of articles of rare interest and value. We have already secured the assistance of a gifted young artist, who will, we are sure, develop the art department of the magazine to the highest possible results. We have also made arrangement to have a serial bicycling story from a well-known novelist, which will, we believe, be worth the entire subscription paid for the magazine. We will also, from time to time, publish a series of illustrated bicycling poems. We will introduce several valuable features, as the support we receive will enable us.

The next number of The Wheelman will contain a full account of the League Meet at Chicago last May, written by a well-known wheelman, and finely illustrated by an artist specially engaged for the purpose. Every person who was present should have a copy as a souvenir of that enjoyable occasion, and bicyclers generally will be glad of this detailed account of this third great gathering of the wheelmen of America. Orders for extra copies should be sent in early, to avoid disappointment.

We are happy to be able to reproduce in our Magazine "A Wheel Around the Hub," which is undoubtedly the finest bicycling article ever published, and which was brought out two years ago in *Scribner's Monthly*.

In the next issue we will give a history of "A Wheel Around the Hub," with a sketch of each one who participated in the run.

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WHEEL NEWS.

L. O. W.

THE Annual Meet of the L.O.W. was a great success. August 28 a large number of visiting wheelmen had arrived at Columbus; but, on account of the threatening weather, the parade was postponed till 9.30 the next day. Meanwhile the election of officers took place in the City Hall. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, H. S. Livingston, of Cincinnati; Secretary and Treasurer, D. E. Barnum, of Springfield; Directors: T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield; C. H. Walbridge, Toledo; J. M. Osborn, Fremont; H. M. Kitchell, Cincinnati; N. E. Chandler, Zanesville; H. B. Hutchinson, Columbus.

At 8.30 the next morning the wheelmen met at the west front of the State House, where they were photographed. An hour later the parade began, and, accompanied by the Garrison band, the "Amateur Ixions" wheeled through some of the principal streets. At 1.30 they again met in front of the Neil House, where each rider was decorated with a sunflower, and at once proceeded to the Fair Grounds, where the following races took place: —

First — Trial heat races — Four trial dashes of half-mile each. The winner of each trial dash entitled to a place in the race for the championship of Ohio. Three jewelled L.A.W. badges to three of the winners of the trial dashes.

Second — One-mile dash — Gold badge, valued at $50. Four entries.

Third — Half-mile dash — Citizens' prize, valued at $40. Six entries.

Fourth — Championship race — One-mile dash — Championship of Ohio. Prize, diamond badge; value, $125. Seven entries.

Fifth — Race for bicycle — Five-mile dash — Prize, a nickel-plated Columbia bicycle, presented by Pope Manufacturing Co. Six entries.

The mile dash for gold badge was won by Robert Knight, of Delaware; J. B. Griffith, of Stubenville, being second. Citizens' prize was captured by D. G. Porter, of Dayton, but J. G. Kitchell, of Cincinnati, was a close second. The five-mile dash resulted as follows: Lewis Pease, Columbus, first; W. E. Galway, Cincinnati, second; W. H. Wetmore, Cuyahoga Falls, third. In the mile dash for State championship, Frank Lamkin, of Medway, came in first; S. S. Mott, of Dayton, second; George Collister, of Cleveland, third.

In the evening the contest in fancy riding and competitive club-drills took place in City Hall. Frank S. Cook, of Springfield, Edward Barnett, of Springfield, and W. H. Wetmore, of Cuyahoga Falls, were the only entries for the prizes in fancy riding. Cook took the lead, and made two failures out of the twenty-five movements on the programme. Barnett followed, making one failure, and several errors. Wetmore, the third man, was a "dark horse;" but as soon as he was fairly started, he was seen to be the winner. He went through the entire programme with ease and grace, making but a few slight errors, and exhibiting much nerve and skill. As an *encore*, Wetmore performed the wonderful feat of riding *backwards*, across the width of the hall, seventy feet. This caused great excitement among the wheelmen, and won for the young bicycler round after round of applause. The judges awarded the first prize — a nickel-plated Livingston cyclometer — to Mr. Wetmore, and the second — a full nickeled hub-lamp — to Mr. Barnett. Club contests followed, in which the Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Springfield participated. The prize banner was won by the Cincinnati. At this time also, a nickel-plated lamp (King of the Road) was presented to Fred. D. Sholes, of Cleveland, as having the best general appearance as a rider, and the solid silver bugle to the Springfield Club for the largest attendance. All the recipients of prizes were heartily cheered.

Then followed a sumptuous banquet, after which the following toasts were responded to: —

1st. *The L.A.W.*

Our parent organization, which exercises a great influence in obtaining public recognition of our wants, and promotes the success and increases the popularity of bicycling.

Response by W. H. Miller, President L.A.W., Columbus, O.

2d. *The Wheel.*

"Turn, turn, my Wheel!
Turn 'round and 'round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away."

Response by Albert A. Pope, Boston, Mass.

3d. *The City of Columbus.*

The Capital City: Capital in the hospitality of her citizens; Capital in her beautiful streets and drives.

Response by His Honor, Geo. S. Peters, Mayor of Columbus.

4th. *The State Board of Agriculture.*

Husbandry the Basis of Wealth.

Response by W. I. Chamberlain, Columbus.

5th. *The Press.*

"He comes! the herald of the noisy world,
With spattered boots strapped waist, and frozen locks, —
News from all nations lumbering at his back."

Response by Leslie C. Macpherson, Columbus, O.

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6th. *The L. O. W.*

The first State League. It fraternally binds us closer together, promotes good-fellowship, and affords opportunities for comparison of experience and of opinions.

Response by the President.

The clubs represented were: Champion City, Springfield; Cadiz; Cincinnati; Steubenville; Hillsboro'; Cleveland; Springfield Juvenile; Valley, of Newark; Xenia; Norwalk; Delaware; Zanesville; Fremont; Massachusetts, Boston. This Second Annual Meet of the League of Ohio Wheelmen was most pleasant and successful, and is a warrant of greater things to come.

The Worcester Bicycle Meet.

All the elements of a successful and highly enjoyable meet were present at Worcester. The day was simply charming; the atmosphere clear, bracing, and delicious. Nestled amidst the delightful hills, Worcester presented a rare spectacle to the fortunate bicyclers as they entered, some by rail, others on their wheels. At the station we experienced a foretaste of the generous hospitality that has rendered Worcester bicyclers famous. Every wheelman was a guest, and every guest was the recipient of the most princely attentions. The visiting clubs were escorted to the armory, whence they rode through the streets up the boulevard to a pleasant grove, where the glittering machines, the green foliage, the deep blue sky, and the tasteful uniforms of the two hundred wheelmen, were fit environments for the third annual meet at Worcester. A generous collation of oysters, turkey, coffee, lemonade, and various kinds of fruits, was the next evidence of the generous spirit of the Worcester clubs.

Shortly after two o'clock the long lines were marshaled, under the able leadership of Chief Marshal Fred S. Pratt, assisted by C. A. Hazlett, of Portsmouth, and the bicyclers wheeled to the fair grounds.

The following was the order of procession: —

Chief Marshal, Fred S. Pratt;
Bugler, E. K. Hill.

Worcester Club, Boston Club, Providence Club, Chelsea Club, Marlborough Club, Newton Club, Leominster Club, Westborough Club, Pawtucket Club, Natick Club, Northborough Club, Lowell Club.

Second Division.

Æolus Wheel Club, Massachusetts Club, Boston Ramblers, Springfield Club, Nashua Wheel Club, Rockingham Club, Manchester Club, Woonsocket Club, Argus Club.

The simpler evolutions, riding in single, double, triple, and quadruple ranks, were performed in a manner that elicited the heartiest applause from the large assemblage present. In the matter of uniforms the improvement over the earlier days of bicycling was most marked. The tasteful equipages of handsome uniforms and glittering wheels, the long lines, the handsome banners, and the harmony of action, all combined to produce an impression of grace, elegance, and strength, such as one must have experienced in beholding the cavalcades of gaily-attired knights.

At half-past three the first race was called. This was the first heat of the two-mile race, and was won easily by Frank Moore, of the Warston Bi. Club, Birmingham, Eng., in 6 minutes and 51 seconds; Geo. W. Hendee, of the Springfield Bi. Club, second, in 6 minutes and 53 seconds; and W. A. Norton, of Natick, third, 7 minutes and 4 seconds. The second heat was a repetition of the first, Moore being first, in 7.20¾; Hendee, second, in 7.21, and Norton, third, in 7.24¾. The next race was the first heat of the one-mile, and was won by Moore in 3.21; A. D. Claflin, of the Mass. Bi. Club, second, in 3.21¾; and W. R. Pitman, of New York, third, in 3.25¼. The second heat of this race was won by the same gentlemen, in the same order, time being 3.24½, 3.24¾, and 3.29, respectively. The half-mile race was next in order, and was won by Moore in 1.35. J. W. Wattles, of the Boston Ramblers, was second, in 1.39; and W. R. Pitman, third, in 1.44. The second heat was a duplicate of the first, and the time was: Moore, 1.34; Wattles, 1.38¾; Pitman, 1.39. This concluded the races, which were an entire success, although they were not as exciting as they would have been if there had been any one there who was able to push Moore. As it was, he had it all his way in each of the contests. The prizes in each of the races were handsome gold medals for first, silver for second, and bronze for third.

The "Anniversary Souvenir" of the Missouri Club is a neat folded card, decorated with some of Lowell's best designs, and issued to commemorate the club's birthday. On the front is the date of organization — July 24, 1881 — together with the names of officers. Within are to be found an account of first run, club signals, M.B.C. records, etc., and some club songs. Of these, "Under the Garden Wall," a humorous parody upon the popular song, is very apt. On the last page of the "Souvenir" is a list of members, and the size of wheel of each, headed by a sixty-inch Special Columbia. The membership is forty-two.

Fred Jenkins, editor of *The Wheel*, made us a pleasant call on his way home from the Worcester Meet. Mr. Jenkins is soon to publish *The Wheel* as a weekly. It is his intention also to make some changes and improvements, such as illustrations, etc.

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At the invitation of the Rockingham Club of Portsmouth, N.H., quite a number of New Hampshire wheelmen met at Portsmouth, Sept. 18. A street parade and marine bicycle race took place, followed by a complimentary dinner at the Rockingham House. On the 19th, Chief Counsel C. A. Hazlett called together the L.A.W. members to consider the matter of forming a State league. We are not in receipt of the results of this called meeting as yet, and so cannot give report in this issue.

From the Register of the L.O.W. Meet at Spring Hill we compile the following curious statistics: There were 84 members of the L.O.W. present. Oldest rider, 60 years; youngest, 6 years; average age, 23.55 years. Tallest rider, 6 ft. 2 in.; shortest, 3 ft. 11 in.; average height, 5 ft. 7.69 in. Longest leg, 38 in.; shortest leg, 22 in.; average leg, 33.22 in. Largest wheel, 58 in.; smallest wheel, 32 in; average wheel, 52.15 in. Members of L.A.W., 65.

In connection with the bi-centennial celebration of the founding of Philadelphia, the Germantown Club will hold a meet in Fairmount Park, October 26. There will be a parade, races, hill-climbing contests, and other events to be announced hereafter. A cordial invitation is extended to all wheelmen to be present.

The *Bicycling World* comes promptly to hand each week. Though occupying a different field from The Wheelman, it is devoted to the same interests. The daily doings of wheelmen, such as runs, races, meets, etc., furnishes a good field for this journal, and these things are all recorded in the *World*.

H. C. Witmer, editor of Judah *Latest News*, Judah, Wis., and R. D. Evans, principal of the Monroe schools, recently passed through Peru, Illinois, *en route* for Peoria and Springfield, Illinois. They were making the trip on 54-inch bicycles, and were well pleased with the journey.

Will Rose, the bicycle tourist, who is making the tour from Danville, Ill., to San Francisco, was at Princeton, Sept. 4, having only wheeled two hundred miles in two weeks. He reports the roads in bad condition through that part of Illinois.

The maps of the city, which the Springfield Club sent out with the invitations to their meet, were very useful to attending wheelmen. This neat and novel idea is worthy of general imitation by clubs.

We have received as our first foreign exchanges, *The Cyclist*, *The Wheel World*, *The Tricycling Journal*, and *The Tricyclist*. Each is filled with interesting matter, such as accounts of races, trips, etc.

BOOK NOTICES.

May's "Constitutional History of England."[1]

True as trite is the saying, "History is philosophy teaching by example." Hence it is that the study of history, whether general or constitutional, is fraught with so great and profitable knowledge of the life and institutions of man. To understand and appreciate ourselves and our environments it is absolutely necessary that we study diligently and with the greatest care the lives and civilizations of those of whom we are but the inevitable exponents. However, this is a task which, to the students of each succeeding generation, becomes harder and more difficult. Even now the ways and accomplishments of man have become so subtle and intermingled, that to barely understand them is the life-work of a master mind; while, to the ordinary, it is appalling and impossible.

In Mr. May's Constitutional History of England, the third edition of which has just been published, as in Mr. Hallam's, genius has been at work. Neither is the result of ordinary talent or knowledge. The two works, taken together, form an invaluable history of the British Constitution, according to Mr. Gladstone, "the most subtle organism that has proceeded from progressive history."

In the two we have a complete exposition of the growth and gradual evolution of the British Constitution during about four centuries.

Mr. May's work opens at the accession of George III. In the first three chapters there is a succinct and highly interesting history of the Crown between 1760 and 1860. The following quotation will show its general style and trend: "We have seen George III. jealous of the great whig families, and wresting power out of his ministers. We have seen ministers becoming more accountable to Parliament, and less dependent upon the Crown; but, as in the commencement of this period, a few great families commanded the support of Parliament, and engrossed all the powers of the state, — so, under a

[1] The Constitutional History of England since the accession of George the Third, 1760–1860. By Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B. With a new supplementary chapter, 1861–1871. In two volumes. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

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more free representation, and more extended responsibilities, do we see nearly the same families still in the ascendant. Notwithstanding the more democratic tendencies of later times, rank and station have still retained the respect of the people."

The chapter following, upon the Revenue and Civil List of the Crown, also the Prerogative of the Crown in relation to the royal family, is the only uninteresting one in the whole work; but, nevertheless, is replete with valuable facts and statistics, which, at the least, show the author to be a man of great knowledge and, if possible, greater assiduity. The remainder of the first volume exhibits, all throughout, the purely analytical and discriminating judgment of the author, as he traces out and philosophizes upon the great and radical changes which have been wrought during the last century in the constitution and rights of the English Parliament.

He thus speaks of the progress and present state of the Peerage: "It is no longer a council of magnates of the land, — the territorial aristocracy, the ascendants or representatives of the olden times; but in each successive age it has assumed a more popular and representative character. Men who have attained the first eminence in war and diplomacy, at the bar or in the senate, — men wisest in council, and most eloquent in debate, — have taken their place in its distinguished roll; and their historic names represent the glories of the age from which they sprung. Men of the highest intellects, achievements, and of wealth, the Peerage has adopted and appropriated to itself: men of secondary pretensions it has still left to the people."

To-day the House of Lords is undoubtedly the great conservative power in British politics. Although the commoners, according to Pitt, "are omnipotent," there have been not a few momentous occasions when the ruin or progress of England depended wholly upon the decision of the Lords. "The House of Lords, in truth, is not only a privileged body, but a great representative institution."

The last two chapters of this volume contain the constitutional history of the House of Commons, from 1760 to 1860. The democratic spirit which pervades all England at the present is due, according to the author, to the influence and inherent rights of the Commons. This branch of Parliament it is which has built up in Great Britain an almost purely elective form of government, though still burdened with the useless paraphernalia of a monarchy. Although the powers of the British constitution are distributed among the "regal, noble, and popular," the latter gets the paramount part. As the author pertinently puts it, "The increased power of the House of Commons has been patent and indisputable. Responsible to the people, it has at the same time wielded the people's strength. No longer subservient to the Crown, the ministers, and the Peerage, it has become the predominant authority in the state. But it is characteristic of the British Constitution, and a proof of its freedom from the spirit of democracy, that the more dominant the power of the House of Commons, the greater has been its respect for the law, and the more carefully have its acts been restrained within the proper limits of its own jurisdiction."

The second volume, after a scholarly and interesting prelude on the changes, influence, and opinions of all the various parties which have arisen and fallen in England during the last hundred and fifty years, is devoted almost entirely to a full and detailed history of the constant extension and development of that great desideratum, English liberty, between the commencement of the "Hanoverian dynasty and the Reform Bill." As we read the chapters upon the Freedom of the Press, the Liberty of Opinion, the Liberty of the Subject, and the Liberty of the Church, — wherein he traces, in clear and vigorous English, the manner in which the British subject of the early part of the eighteenth century, "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the stringent laws of the land, is replaced by the free, outspoken, liberty-loving representative of the present age, — we cannot but marvel at the depth and accuracy of the author's knowledge, — the keenness of his judgment, — and the peculiar power, which he possesses in an eminent degree, of explaining in the clearest and most straightforward language, the most subtle and recondite questions of constitutional import. After having surveyed the progress of freedom and the influence of the people in all the English institutions, he thus speaks of the improved spirit of modern legislation: —

"Everywhere we have seen the rights and liberties of the people assured, and closer relations established between the state and the community. The liberal spirit of general legislation has kept pace with this remarkable development of constitutional liberty. With freedom there grew a stronger sense of duty in rulers; more enlightenment and humanity among the people; wiser laws, and a milder policy. The asperities of power were tempered; and the state was governed in the spirit which society approved."

The supplementary chapter, which is published in the present third edition, though of much value and covering a decade of considerable constitutional progress, falls far short of being as exhaustive and meritorious as almost any part of the original work. The history, as first published, is full and complete, a masterly continuation of Mr. Hallam's great work.

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The style of the author is very plain, indeed. No sentences are involved or labored, but everywhere the language is pure and simple, and the thoughts easily gathered and comprehended.

To read such a work is, at once, a benefit and a pleasure. Of course it is for the student, and not for the idle and desultory reader. If the two works — Mr. Hallam's and Mr. May's — are read in their order, the English constitution, which to many is a vague, chaotic, intangible mass of conflicting principles, becomes the plain embodiment of all those fundamental doctrines upon which every stable and enduring government is built.

The Heart of the White Mountains.[1]

To one susceptible to the subtle influences of the beautiful and majestic in nature, this book is extremely fascinating. It is a prose idyl, with the love story left out. One instinctively feels the surroundings the fit setting to the purer and loftier flights of the soul in imagination and reverie, but the reveries are merely hinted at. And right here lies the charm of the book. The marvelous imagery of the writer enables the mind to see what is described and to fill out the sentiments and feelings produced by actual contact with nature.

All natural beauty is but the expression, the epiphany of spiritual beauty. The material world has no existence but as an expression of the spiritual world. Matter is relative; spirit is absolute — in respect to existence. The soul is exhilarated, intoxicated with the inner beauty that is expressed by the outer beauty. In no part of our continent can the lover of nature find this exquisite, restful enjoyment more completely and absolutely than in the White Mountains. The author has fully entered into the spirit and heart of the scenes which he so accurately describes. The style is so faultless and so pure that, like a perfect mirror, it reflects without loss or distortion the scenes as they appear to the eye of the beholder. Communing thus with the soul-elevating and freeing beauties and majesties of nature, it would have been unnatural had the writer not thrown aside the reserve of conventionalism. In this respect the reader is not disappointed. We have said that the work is a prose idyl. It appears in prose form, but expresses thoughts and feelings, the very utterance of which constitutes the essence of poetry.

The peculiar merit of the book consists in the fact that, stripped of its poetical coloring and legend, it would form a perfect guide-book. The style and appreciativeness of the author adorn the guide-book as the air, sky, sunset, cloud, forest, stream, soil, and foliage add beauty to the rock-ribbed skeletons of the mountains. Perhaps we can no more fitly introduce the reader to this book than by quoting from its pages:—

"This quality, the blending of a thousand tints, the dreamy grace, the sumptuous profusion, the inexpressible tenderness, intoxicated the senses. Earth seemed no longer earth. We had entered a garden of the gods."

Throughout the entire work the author exhibits the closest sympathy with nature. We will close this very inadequate notice with an extract from page 289: —

"The turf beneath the cliff was most beautifully and profusely spangled with the delicate pink anemone, the *fleur des fées*, that pale darling of our New England woods, to which the arbutus resigns the sceptre of spring. It is a moving sight to see these drooping flowers, so shy, so modest, yet so meek and trustful, growing at the foot of a bare and sterile rock. The face, hardened looking up, grew soft looking down. "Don't tread on us!" "May not a flower look up at a mountain?" they seemed to plead. Lightly fall the dews upon your upturned faces, dear little flowers! Soft be the sunshine, and gentle the winds, that kiss those sky-tinted cheeks! In thy sweet purity and innocence I see faces that are beneath the sod, flowers that have blossomed in paradise."

The book is accompanied by two maps, gotten up in the usual excellent style of Harper & Brothers. To those who have visited the White Mountains, to those who purpose to visit them, and, finally, to those who cannot visit them, this book will be very acceptable.

Camps in the Rockies.[2]

THE writer of this picturesque and vivid book of camp and sport life is an Englishman, who has not followed the traditional routes of his countrymen. The opening chapter treats of scenes more than a thousand miles west of the usual terminus of the Englishman's tour, — Chicago. It takes us right into the heart of the genuine "far west," and treats of men and customs, as new to us as to the writer himself. Mr. Baillie-Grohman is a member of the Alpine Club, a hearty sportsman, a keen observer and lover of nature. Among the "Rockies" he finds scenes equal in grandeur to those of the Alps or Tyrol, with the additional charm of fresh, solitary wildness. Incidents of camp life are related with the true story-teller's zest, and with a naturalness that suggests the mountain camp-fire. No one can fail to enjoy wandering about among the mountains with this enthusiastic sportsman and indefatigable mountain explorer. He leads us along a rough trail, through and across canons

[1] The Heart of the White Mountains, their Legend and Scenery. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] Camps in the Rockies. By Wm. A. Baillie-Grohman, author of "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," etc. Member of the Alpine Club. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

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of the Colorado, and among the wild mountainous regions of Wyoming and Idaho. The chapter on "Camps in Cowboy-land" is a remarkably clear description of stock ranches and of life among the stock raisers, in both the northern and southern territories. The book is written in a clear, manly style. The writer can tell a good story well, and state facts plainly and concisely. This is altogether a most readable book of camp-life among the wildest and least-known portions of the Rocky Mountains, not filled with prosy descriptions of natural scenery, but describing the wanderings and adventures of an Englishman's "outfit" in this wild region, which forms a sort of a background to the incidents of camp and sport life.

King's Hand-Book of Boston Harbor.[1]

HERE is one of the most interesting books of the kind it has been our fortune to read. It is as fresh as the sea-breeze. One would hardly suppose that such a delightful volume could be written about Boston Harbor, but after reading feels as if it but touches the subject. Mr. Sweetser, the author of this book, chats with us in the most taking and charming manner about persons and places. He takes us down the harbor, pointing out places of historic and traditional interest. Of all the islands and forts in the harbor stories and bits of history are told, interesting and often thrilling. The descriptions of the garrisons are the best and most vivid in the volume. It seems as if the reader had independently looked up these histories, and the same interest seems to be attached to them. This is due to the easy, flowing style in which the book is written, — a style preëminently suited to this kind of writing. The descriptions are rather outlines, which the imagination, or memory, as the case may be, delights in filling out. Among the pages of traditions we step down from the present decade and wander back, dwelling for the moment in by-gone times. No point or island is overlooked in this tour.

Hull, Nantasket, Quincy, Old Dorchester, etc., with the many interesting spots in each, are vividly described, while Castle Island, Thompson's Island, Long Island, and many others famous in the early history of the city and State, are all drawn in bold, rapid strokes. Altogether the "Hand-book of Boston Harbor" is the very best and most interesting guide-book we have ever seen. Its pages are illustrated by two hundred drawings by Copeland, Shute, Garrett, and others.

Mr. Sweetser has given us a valuable book, one which must be the result of much and long-continued reading and research, judging from the quotations, stories, traditions, and bits of history, which, together with the vivid descriptions, give the volume such a pleasant flavor.

[1] King's Hand-book of Boston Harbor. By M. F. Sweetser, Author of "Artist Biographies," etc. Illustrated. Cambridge, Mass.: Moses King.

Beauty in the Household.[2]

IN this day, when so many crude notions of dress and household furniture are gaining foothold, a little book of this kind may accomplish a great deal of good by way of direction and suggestion. Mrs. Dewing has herein made a sensible, womanly plea for a truer standard of taste in the household, opposing the erratic idea that grotesqueness is identical with beauty.

Though the first chapter attacks the popular fallacy that only the wealthy can have beautiful and tasteful surroundings in the household, the writer fails to carry this idea through the succeeding chapters, and does not make a practical demonstration of the principle advocated. Mrs. Dewing is essentially an artist, as the beautiful and often exquisitely appropriate pen-and-ink designs assert, and, to an artist, beauty cannot be purchased cheaply. There are, however, numbers of persons whose ideas in such matters of taste are vague, to whom this little manual will be very valuable for its suggestions. Many points are covered, from hints in regard to the selection of a residence, to suggestions for the arrangement of the table and courses for a dinner-party. The chapters on "Color" and "Form" are, perhaps, the most valuable and excellent for their clear exposition of the subject. These two short essays make this little work very useful to all, as the ideas and theories are of general application.

Anne.[3]

"ANNE" is a novel, containing many excellently drawn characters and full of charming and striking situations, which bring out these characters. William Douglass, Miss Lois, Père Michaux, and Dr. Gaston, though minor personages in the story, are very distinct and real in portraiture; while the chief characters, Anne, Helen Torrington, Ward Heathcote, Gregory Dexter, are more than strong portraits, — they are men and women. The sweet, womanly, pure Anne, with her natural untrained strength of character and mind, is a genuine American conception, and has rightfully given the name to the book.

The first few chapters are the most charming and striking in the book, and the pictures of life

[2] Beauty in the Household. By Mrs. T. W. Dewing, author of "Beauty in Dress." New York: Harper & Brothers.

[3] Anne. A novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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at a northern post, with its novel features and incidents, are the most perfect. The plot of *Anne* is somewhat complicated, — composed of several parts, each of which might have been the foundation of a novel. Though there are so many finely-drawn characters, interesting situations and scenes in this book, the reader cannot but be disappointed that the writer must have recourse to the old, worn-out device of a murder in order to bring about a proper close to the story. Aside from this fault, "Anne" is a strong, telling novel.

In our hurried glance we must not fail to note the splendid and apt illustrations by Reinhart, which make the volume more attractive.

American Game-Bird Shooting.[1]

A MANUAL of "Game-Bird Shooting," to be of any value to those interested in the sport, must be exact and authentic, and to be interesting to general readers must also be written in a vividly descriptive style. The book before us seems to possess, in a great degree, qualities which will gain for it both classes of readers. It is not a dry, uninterestingly exact book upon the subject, but the pages are enlivened by descriptions of real hunting incidents, in which the author took part while off on hunting excursions. The author of *American Game Bird Shooting* is John Mortimer Murphy, who has written several books upon hunting in the west and north-west, and who is in every way competent to discuss the subject.

The Poets' Tributes to Garfield.[2]

A COLLECTION of poems written in memory of Garfield must necessarily be of a varied character. Still they are the exponents of the great love and respect universally felt for this great man. This love and respect, grown strong by the constant, anxious waiting and watching through his long sickness, made the sorrow at his death deep and sincere. Such is the love and such the sorrow shown in the poems of this volume. There probably never were so many poems ever written in memory of a great public man before; and we doubt if any were ever written in such a spirit of genuine love and respect. The poems from the English papers are among the best, those from *Punch* reminding one of those fine stanzas upon Lincoln's death, by Tom Taylor, which appeared in that journal. Here are tributes by Longfellow, Aldrich, Boyesen, Paul Hamilton Hayne, George Parsons Lathrop, Will Carleton, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Boyle O'Reilly, Joaquin Miller, Julia Ward Howe, and many others of more or less note as poets. Many of the short poems, by unknown writers, are full of tenderness and music. This book is a choice memorial volume, and, as such, must find a place in many a household library and many a home.

Kennedy's Biography of Longfellow.[3]

FEW great men of recent times have endeared themselves so much to the people as Longfellow. The school-children of the entire country regarded him as their especial friend. No one who ever met him could escape the fascination of his winning ways. His nature was so genial, and his manner so cordial and gentlemanly, that not to be attracted was impossible.

His death is too recent for a complete biography and account of his writings to be published; but a short sketch of his life, together with anecdotes illustrating the sweetness and lovableness of his nature, would be very appropriate, and just what would be most interesting, and, probably, most profitable, to a majority of the people. Such a work is Mr. Kennedy's life of the poet. It abounds in stories and anecdotes which are at once most interesting and valuable. It is not the work of one man, but is choice extracts culled from the productions of a hundred of the best minds of the country, skilfully joined together so as to form one continuous whole. Besides these, it contains many anecdotes and facts not found in any other work, and his juvenile poems, never before published in America in book form. These of themselves would form an interesting volume.

While there are two or three places where incidents entirely foreign to the subject seem to be dragged in, and a few instances of carelessness in the connection of the different productions, yet Mr. Kennedy has succeeded admirably in accomplishing his design, namely, of presenting to the average American reader a most interesting and instructive account of the life of our great poet.

The illustrations are especially fine, both as to selection of the subjects and execution of the work. There are two portraits, — the frontispiece, a full-face view, and another showing the profile. Both are excellent, and true to life.

THE official and authentic reports of the lectures, poems, and other exercises at the Concord School of Philosophy, in 1882, will soon be published by Moses King, of Cambridge, Mass. The price will be $1.25.

[1] American Game-Bird Shooting. By John Mortimer Murphy, author of "Rambles in Northwest America," etc., etc. New York: Orange Judd Co., 1882.

[2] The Poets' Tributes to Garfield. A collection of many memorial poems. Cambridge, Mass.: Moses King, 1882.

[3] Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By W. Sloane Kennedy. Illustrated. Cambridge, Mass.: Moses King.

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SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The Past Month.

THIS department of the magazine will be devoted to a summary of wheel news from all parts of the world. We would be pleased to have club secretaries, and others who have facilities for acquiring information, keep us thoroughly informed of all events of general interest to wheelmen. It is the intention of the editors to render this department a comprehensive history of all important bicycling events. In order to accomplish this result we will need the hearty coöperation of wheelmen in all parts of the country. The value of such a record is apparent to all. The volume for the current year will thus give a convenient and reliable *resumé* of the year's doings. It has been impossible to complete such a department for this issue.

Communications for this department will be received up to the 10th of the month preceding the date of the magazine.

Sept. 5. Worcester meet.

Sept. 6. Boston Bi. Club 100-mile run.

Sept. 16. Boston Bi. Club annual 20-mile race for the championship, at Beacon Park.

Sept. 18. League of Essex Co. Wheelmen meet.

Sept. 19. League of New Hampshire Wheelmen formed.

Sept. 20. Springfield meet.

Sept. 23. Massachusetts Bi. Club annual races at Beacon Park.

Calendar of Coming Events.

IN connection with the record of past events we will give a calendar of coming events. This column will be valuable in proportion to its reliability and completeness. As the magazine will reach every wheelman in the United States and Canada it will be to the interest of all clubs and other organizations to announce their proposed meets, runs, races, etc. We therefore believe that it is to our mutual advantage that this calendar be complete.

Communications for this department must reach us by the 10th of the month, as the magazine is published on the 20th of the month.

Coming Events.

Oct. 4. *The Wheel* becomes a weekly.

Oct. 26. Grand bicycle meet at Philadelphia, in connection with the municipal bi-centennial celebration.

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THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1882. No. 2.

BENEDICITE.



. . . . . *reposes 'neath the lea*
Of an embedded wreck and dreams his dream.

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FROM out the heated city Cyclist takes
His way; an instant pauses at the gates,
An instant listens as the morning wakes
The din of life he leaves behind; then waits
No more, but with a cry of pleasure flees
To where his wheeling song may freely rise
On air more pure; where floats the sweetened breeze
Between the verdant fields and azure skies.

Through woody hollows carpeted with moss,
Up daisy-covered hills, o'er babbling brooks,
Down steep, uncertain paths, with vines across,
In sleep-enticing spots and ivied nooks,
Past cooling caves — from each to each he flies;
Now sinking deep amid some clover bed,
Now drinking crystal dew of summer skies
From out some lily cup above his head.

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. . . . an instant pauses at the gates,
An instant listens as the morning wakes
The din of life he leaves behind.

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Upon a cliff, in mute amazement lost,
He stands at last and listens to the roar
And rush of waters, by late tempests tost,
That crush in anger on a rocky shore.
Below him, up the beach and to the right,
Makes in a cove, one of those sheltered spots
That win a sailor's heart, a cosey bight,
Safe haven for some fifty fishers' cots.

'Tis here, in this secluded fishing-town,
Where hollyhocks and china-asters grow
Before the doorways weather-worn and brown,
And o'er the shelly paths their petals strow,
That wandering Cyclist, lulled by moaning sea
And sighing wind, by stormy petrel's scream
And flying mist, reposes 'neath the lea
Of an embedded wreck and dreams his dream.

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Now drinking crystal dew of summer skies
From out some lily cup above his head.

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He sees a narrow street, to him well known,
Where busy men go rapidly along,
With woful care upon their faces shown;
And lo, he, too, is of the anxious throng
Of hurrying ones; a frown of fretting thought
Sits on his forehead and unrests his eye;
Anon he passes down a sultry court,
Then gains a heated office wearily.

All day without he hears the roar of trade,
Within the hum and noise of laboring clerks;
Below accounts lie waiting to be made;
And though the day is done, yet still he works;
Though temples throb, yet still within this den
He lingers on, companion of dull pain,
Till fingers guide no more the stubborn pen,
And on his desk he rests a weary brain.

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Upon a cliff, in mute amazement lost,
He stands at last and listens to the roar
And rush of waters . . . . .

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In sleeping Cyclist's breast a sigh now burns;
He wakes; looks long upon the land and sea;
Arises; then to beauteous nature turns
And cries aloud, in joyous ecstasy,
"God bless my wheel! it knows nor care nor strife,
For one day out the ever-coming seven
I run with it far from the hells of life,
To find in nature's handiwork a heaven."

Now all is silent as the falling dew;
The sun has set; the moon, ascended high,
Doth light the slumbering earth with silvery hue;
A nighthawk gives his solitary cry,
Safe in the confines of the heavenly blue.
Again doth Cyclist leave his day of weal;
And, when the city's gates he passes through,
Once more with joy exclaims, "God bless my wheel!"

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Now all is silent as the falling dew;
The sun has set; the moon, ascended high,
Doth light the slumbering earth with silvery hue.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON THE HYGIENE OF THE "WHEEL."

THAT it is desirable for the comfort and happiness of the individual that the entire organism should be maintained in as perfect a condition of health as possible is a self-evident truth. And this is especially necessary for the prolongation of life of those possessing hereditary tendencies to disease, — whether it is believed that hereditability is a transmission of the genus or seeds of disease from parent to offspring, or, according to the view lately announced by Koch, of Germany, that heredity diseases are caused by *bacilli* operating in a system that is hereditarily favorable for the development of these microscopic organisms.

As prevention is better than cure, so it is eminently better to prevent, or, at least, retard, the development of these diseases, than to endeavor to cure them, and especially as the latter is unfortunately so unsuccessful. And this prevention or retardation can only be accomplished by maintaining a high degree of health and development, and more particularly of those organs bearing the stamp of hereditament. The above being true, it becomes an all-important question how this standard of health may be attained and preserved. We would answer that proper and systematic exercise and recreation are a *sine qua non*, and are the only means that will be considered in this article.

That exercise and recreation are essential to the health and happiness of the human race no one will deny, theoretically, while practically the majority of persons whose avocations do not require them to be out of doors declare, by their actions, that systematic exercise in the fresh air is not necessary to health. But observation of the manner in which the forces of life are maintained and propagated teach us that to keep any organ in a normal condition requires the constant and judicious use of that organ in its functional activity. On the contrary, when this functional activity does not exist, or is reduced to a minimum, the organ deteriorates in proportion to the reduced activity. A very striking instance, and one most easily recognized, is observed in the effect of systematic and continued exercise upon the development of the muscular system. We see all the gradations, from the fine physique, and the well-rounded, hard, and tense muscles of the athlete, standing out in bold relief, —

> "And biceps upon each arm piled in a formidable stack,"

to the attenuated limbs, and small and flabby strands of the paralytic. And observation will elicit the same fact in regard to all the organs of the body. Another fact is, that the development of any particular part of the body, to the exclusion of the rest, detracts from the undeveloped portion, and results in lack of symmetry, as well as a weakened condition of the latter. So that, in seeking for a means of exercise, it is needful that it should be such that will give recreation and development to the entire frame, with as much uniformity as possible.

But there are three very important factors not to be overlooked in the proposed exercise; and these are, fresh air, sunshine, and mental diversion. That fresh air is essential is as self-evident as the fact that it is necessary for us to breathe at all. And sunshine is as beneficial to the animal economy as it is to that of the vegetable kingdom. All are familiar with the blighting effect of deficient sunlight upon vegetation. And a little observation will convince the most sceptical of the same injurious effect upon mankind. But the observer must take cognizance of the appearance and physical condition of the individuals, and not the size of their sun-umbrellas, or he may be led to believe that sunshine is some baneful influence to be avoided, instead of an invigorating blessing to be courted.

Unless the mind is pleasantly occupied, and the thoughts diverted into a pleasing channel, anything that is engaged in for the purpose of exercise becomes tiresome and mere drudgery, and fails of the true result, — recreation.

Many are the appliances that are constructed, and the means that are recommended, for affording exercise and recreation to those in need. Among the more prominent may be mentioned the gymnasium with all its elaborate appliances, and the more gentle system of calisthenics, walking, rowing, and horseback riding. Each of these have their objections, which

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are more or less serious, and operate largely in preventing many from availing themselves of the benefit to be derived from a diligent use of the above methods of exercise. The gymnasium is not accessible, except in large towns and cities, and then it is often at an inconvenient distance; the air in it is often anything but pure and wholesome; there is no sunshine; the development is chiefly muscular; and, to the majority of persons, the frequent repetition becomes mere tiresome drudgery, and consequently soon abandoned. The same may be applied to calisthenics. Walking, while giving the advantages of fresh air and sunshine, exercises principally the lower extremities; as one does not care to appear in public swinging Indian clubs, and going through a general calisthenic exercise along the street, followed by all the small boys in the neighborhood. Besides, walking becomes merely monotony of movement, unless one can avail himself of a genial companion. Rowing is excellent for the development of the arms and chest. But, in order to row, there must be a suitable body of water, and this is not always at hand. Besides, the movement is comparatively slow; the eye tires of the same scenes passing in review, and the rower wearies of his task. Horseback riding is, perhaps, more congenial to the taste, and more recreating to both body and mind, than either of the other means mentioned. But it is advised, as best promoting the desired result, that the horse should be ridden at a trot, which most find not the most agreeable gait; yet the most serious obstacle is the question of expense. The query is not so much the first cost of a horse, but what will be the subsequent cost; how much will it take to keep him; how many times will he eat his head off? For, unfortunately, the horse must be groomed and fed daily.

While feeling that these objections are valid, we would feel guilty in giving voice to them, and thereby discouraging a use of the foregoing methods, if we did not feel that we had something better to offer, in the form of the bicycle and tricycle. That these machines afford the most perfect system of calisthenics none who are practically acquainted with their merits will deny. The bicycle is a steed that stands saddled and bridled, ready to mount and away in a moment. It eats no oats, requires no extra stabling; in fact, can be kept in the house, and be rather an ornament than otherwise. Mine has its well-earned corner in my waiting-room. Its first cost is moderate, considering the workmanship; while the subsequent expense is comparatively nothing — that is, of a good one. Who does not delight to speed over the country on the back of a swiftly flying steed?

"And his pace is swift as light,
As he gallops out of sight."

Such will find increased pleasure in whirling over hill and dale, and along rolling plain, astride of the "silent steed," and at the same time, while realizing more enjoyment, they will ride with more comfort and safety, and thus the increased assurance will impart more elegance and grace of movement than they can attain on the back of the other horse. There need be no fear that, under the provocation of some garrulous watch-dog bounding out unexpectedly, or upon suddenly seeing some unfamiliar object, your steed will shy, and unceremoniously land you in the gutter, or, stumbling, send you head over tumble. True our steed will kick up; but then he is true to his record, and you know under what circumstances he is given to such tricks; and forewarned is to be forearmed.

But the bicycle and tricycle are not only enjoyable modes of locomotion, they are also without a peer in their hygienic capacity. By their use the muscular system is exercised and developed, with a uniformity that cannot be achieved by any other means, with equal simplicity, celerity, and certainty. There is hardly a voluntary muscle that is not called into play, in the varied and complex movements of the bicycle rider. Not only the muscles of the legs are exercised, but those of the arms are called upon to steady and steer the machine, and to add power in propelling up grade, or keeping up rapid motion; while the back and abdominal muscles are on the alert in maintaining the erect position. In fact, with the foot on the pedal as one point, and the hand grasping the handle as another, we have the entire voluntary muscular system operating between these two points; and the force exerted will be little or much, according to the speed or character of the road. The respiration is quickened and deepened. The hands grasping the handles, the arms and shoulders become fixed points, and we are enabled to fill the lungs more fully, and thus the air is more thoroughly changed,—bad air expelled, and fresh air

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inhaled into the remotest part, — and the lungs thoroughly exercised. This is of incalculable value to those who are shut up all day in close rooms, and to others, who, by reason of quiet occupations, are never called upon to breathe deeply, and contract the habit of superficial respiration. Consequently, a large portion of the lungs are not properly exercised, and, with lowered vitality, become veritable hot-beds, inviting the development and propagation of disease.

Bicycling accelerates and adds force to the heart-beat, whereby the blood is propelled more rapidly through the arteries, conveyed through the capillaries, and carried along the veins. Becoming thoroughly oxygenated in its passage through the now well-aerated lungs, it makes again and again its vitalizing tour throughout the body, stimulating healthful nutrition. The tingle of health is felt throughout the entire system. The pallid cheek assumes a rosy hue, the lips become red, and the eyes sparkle with renewed vigor; the stagnant blood is driven from the nooks and crannies of the brain, the cobwebs brushed away, and mental exaltation and exhilaration take the place of depression and weariness. That must be a very pertinacious "fit of the blues" that can withstand an hour's spin on the bicycle. The very fact of being in motion is enlivening, and the more rapidly we are carried along, the greater the exhilaration produced. Who does not become enthusiastic riding after a fleet pair of horses, and still more so rushing along behind the shrieking locomotive?

"Over the rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow.
But to me, ahold of the lever,
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful, and always ready
My lightest touch to obey."

With similar emotions, and equal confidence in the docility and obedience of his machine, does the rider of the bicycle whirl along, rejoicing in the glowing tints of the rosy morning, sparkling in the brightness of the noonday sun, or fanned by the breezes of the dewy evening, exulting in the ease and rapidity of his progress; while through crowded thoroughfare to suburban limits, and out into the free air of the open country, does the eye drink in new scenes and survey the ever-changing landscape.

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?"

Bicycling requires quick judgment and rapid action, and learns one to think quickly and act promptly. It is not well calculated for meditation, for indulgence in business cares, or for brooding over domestic or social troubles. The bicycle requires the attention of the rider to be in constant sympathy with its movements; therefore while exercising upon it he cannot cheat the mind of its much-needed recreation by continuing mental labor or useless worry.

With these well-adapted means for bodily invigoration and mental diversion, in the fresh air and sunshine, that most sensitive, all-pervading, most subtle in its influence, and most powerful for good or evil, of any part of the human frame, — the nervous system, — is maintained in a healthy condition, or recuperated and toned up when exhausted.

Thus may be enjoyed a normal appetite, a good digestion, pure blood, proper assimilation, healthy nutrition, and a sound nervous system; in short, robust health. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

The bicycle, as a means of exercise and recreation, is peculiarly adapted to us Americans, in that it can be obtained by nearly every one requiring its use. It is attractive, always ready for action; a large amount of exercise can be obtained in a short space of time, and, perhaps not least, in that it gives the idea of doing something with a rush.

Americans, as a class, are noted for being in a hurry, and for the little or no time devoted to exercise and recreation. Everything is made subservient to business — even health and comfort are sacrificed — in the race for wealth and position. Professional and business men, intent on these ends, rush along the street, to and fro, between office and house, not taking even time to eat properly, but bolt their food as if it was a necessary evil, to be engulfed as quickly as possible, and back to business, with the nervous system screwed up to business pitch all the time, and with no thought that there are any other lawful demands upon nervous force. So that we are fast becoming, if we are not now, a race of nervous dyspeptics; in fact, many amount to little more than a rather unenviable mass of organized nervousness.

When the proper remedy is suggested, the plea is lack of time, or that such languor follows the turmoils of the day that there is little inclination for anything but

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to remain languid. To such, an hour's ride on the bicycle daily will prove more salutary than twice the time devoted to horseback riding, or thrice the time given to walking; while the time will be well spent, the lassitude dispelled, digestion improved, the nervous system toned up, and new life infused. To all persons of sedentary habits, and also to those whose labors are physical, but who are confined in-doors all day long, where the air is close and more or less impure, the bicycle and tricycle afford an opportunity of enjoying the much-required recreation in the open air, for an hour or more every day; even to the extent of exploring miles upon miles of the surrounding country.

The use of the bicycle and tricycle should be encouraged in our colleges, schools, and seminaries, where they would promote physical development and mental vigor. Certainly it is more conducive to bodily health and mental power and clearness to take an hour's ride upon the bicycle than to congregate in each other's rooms, and smoke the room blue, and themselves into the "blues," from chronic tobacco-poisoning and dyspepsia.

The introduction of the tricycle as a means of exercise and diversion in our seminaries and schools for young misses would result in the greatest good to those individuals. As it is unfortunately considered derogatory to their dignity for our girls to engage in out-door games, even before reaching their teens, the only fresh-air exercise left for the boarding-school girl is the proverbial walk. The result is that they suffer physically for lack of more vigorous exertion. The tricycle would supply this want, and add enjoyment and mental recreation as well. If our young misses could be induced to pay as much attention to tricycling as they do to music, and would not do with the tricycle, as their mothers did with the piano, shove it aside and cover it up, when they enter their sphere in life, nervousness would be less fashionable, because everybody would not be nervous, and it would be held in as great contempt as it was by our grandmothers. There would be less domestic unhappiness and fewer divorces, and the medical profession would feel more crowded than it does now, because of a decrease of business.

Bicycling may be said to have a moral bearing. By affording a means of exercise in the fresh air and sunshine (Nature's tonics), and thus inducing bodily health and mental vigor, there is not that tendency and inclination to resort to artificial stimulation to "keep up," and to relieve the languor and depression felt by those suffering from dyspepsia and nervous exhaustion.

A general adoption and proper use of the bicycle and tricycle will result in a national blessing, by making us a more vigorous, hardy, moral, and therefore a more happy people.

Are any disposed to call the advocates of the "wheel" enthusiasts? Let such thoroughly master the art of bicycling, and if they do not become enthusiastically infected it will be because they lack enthusiasm in a good cause, and are not subject to contagion.

"I WAIT FOR MY STORY."

"NAN!"

"Yes'm."

"That young Englishman comes here much too often."

Mrs. Delly took several cautious stitches in her sofa-pillow embroidery, and looked as if she had something on her mind.

Her pretty niece yawned over her magazine before looking up. Nan Browning *was* pretty. If she had not been this story would very likely never have been written, for it has to do with the fascinations of her golden eyes. Yes, they were really golden eyes, of a deeper tone than her yellow hair, but bright and much too brilliant to be called brown or hazel.

Nan knew she was pretty in a sort of way. Everybody had always told her so ever since she could remember. Whenever she went to a party she was always described by the society reporters as the "belle of the occasion." If she wore a twenty-five cent muslin, with a lot of violets, cheap in their season, her "toilet" was described at length, her muslin transformed into a crêpe de chine and her violets into "rare exotics."

One of the youthful journalists, Frank

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Humphrey by name, who described Nan semi-spasmodically in his paper, fell in love with her the first time he saw her, — genuinely, desperately, and deeply in love with her. He was a clergyman's son and had ideals. He was "doing" society temporarily for his paper, expecting promotion to the religious column.

But all at once he ceased applying to his city editor for the sermon department, and devoted himself to society with an ardor which caused his salary to be raised three dollars a week, with a word of recommendation from the managing editor which made his heart bound with joy. His heart always jumped for joy whenever it had a chance, it was usually so terribly weighed down with depression at thought of the immense distance between himself and Nan. Not that Nan was rich. On the contrary, Nan hadn't a cent in the world, and Frank knew it. But her aunt, with whom she lived, had money, and knew how to dress Nan becomingly, and how to introduce her into rich people's society, and there Frank had no means of pursuing her, for, alack-a-day for the course of true love, they all lived in Chicago. If they had been placed by kindly fate in some romantic city, where Frank could have played the amorous flute under her window clad in a russet-velvet coat, there might have been some hope to beat a cheering roundelay in the poor boy's bosom. But there he was in Chicago, and with only a reporter's *entrée* into those gilded palaces where Nan shone resplendent on such festal occasions as Clara Whitelead's wedding or Susie Porking's *début*.

Clearly there was nothing for it but to hold fast to the position of society reporter until he could at least win an introduction to Nan, and have the felicity of a glance for himself from the depths of those golden eyes.

A six-month before, Frank Humphrey would have declared it impossible that he should lose his heart to a girl to whom he had never even made a bow.

He was just out of college, and had those profound theories about women in general that youths of his age are apt to cherish. His experience with them was all in the future, when he applied for and obtained a place on the *Chicago Morning-Between-Seas*. It was a good deal like his literary experience. He had taken a prize for composition on his graduation day, and his name had been in all the papers, and he had been proud and happy. He had felt as though he was on the high road to fame and success. By the way, success is fame, and fame is success; but this is a story, and has no vital relation to such parenthetical statements.

I said that Frank Humphrey's experience with womankind had been about like his literary experience. It was of about the same value to his real life. He had been tremendously interested in somebody or other when he was sixteen, or thereabouts. So all the rubbish had been cleared out of his heart, and the flame that Nan's eyes lit on its hearth was clear and bright and enduring. I suppose I ought not to say *enduring*. No flames are enduring of themselves. It is in their nature to burn out; but in this earnest young spirit there was a certain loyalty to itself which would keep the vestal fire burning always for sake of the loved one, and for sake of the love.

Of course Nan did not know anything of all this on the sunshiny morning when Mrs. Delly looked up from her embroidery to say to her pretty niece, "That young Englishman comes here much too often."

As you already know, Nan yawned over her magazine before replying. There are so many sorts of yawns that it is no wonder Mrs. Delly did not know how to interpret this one, and paused to reflect before proceeding with the lecture she had been planning. Not coming to any conlcusion, she very sensibly inquired, "What do you mean by yawning that way, my dear?"

"It was the story, auntie. I beg your pardon. It is one of Mr. Howells'. I know it is the fashion to admire him; but I don't. I detest him. He makes all his characters go introspecting into their hearts and motives and intentions, till they don't know what they are and who they are, anyway, you know."

Nan finished her very evident quotation with another yawn, after the comical little drawl in which she had imitated the Englishman. Mrs. Delly laughed. "I say again, Mr. Hargrave comes here too often. See how you read the stories he dislikes, and quote his opinions."

That was not a wise speech on the part of Mrs. Delly; but wisdom comes.

Nan made a little grimace.

"What shall I do? Shall I say to him, 'My dear Sir, — I am out of school now, and my auntie doesn't like to have me talk to boys as much as I used to when I was sixteen. Hoping you will take this gentle hint, I am yours truly, Angela Browning.'"

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"That's so, you were christened Angela. I always thought that was so good of your mother. I had so nearly forgotten it that you might say I didn't know it."

Frank Humphrey knew, however, that Nan's name was Angela, and he thought the heavenly name quite suited to the sweet child-face he loved.

"If I can make her care for me some day in this sort of way," he said to himself, once, as he was sitting in his lonely room, dreaming over a volume of Jean Ingelow's poems, —

"If I can make her care she will care so much."

He had been reading "The Songs of Seven," and his heart beat fast at thought of that wistful face of the girl of fourteen.

"'I wait for my story,'" he said. "I will make Angela love me some way, somehow." And then he remembered that he must be off on his duty.

He wrote his report that night of Mrs. Lumberman's reception in a sort of dazed way, for he heard some one say something as he sat writing in a little smoking-room back of the grand parlors. This was what he heard, —

"It will be a good match for little Nan. She is deucedly pretty, and deserves the luck, and they say Hargrave has no end of money."

He remembered every word of it with torturing distinctness. He returned to the office, after going home, long after midnight, and hunted up his "copy" in the printer's waste, to assure himself that he had not written those words with his description of the gown Nan wore.

Nan had laughed at that description before she commenced reading the magazine story which was interrupted by Mrs. Delly's remark already quoted, —

"That Englishman comes here much too often."

Nan had hardly finished her mocking little speech, in reply, when her aunt saw a sudden change in the girl's face turned toward the window. It was an indescribable expression, incomprehensible to Mrs. Delly, because the feeling which caused it was equally little understood by Nan herself.

Mrs. Delly was a practical woman, not given to what Hargrave called "introspecting," and she looked out of the window to see what Nan had seen to bring the inexplicable look into her eyes. And there was Hart Hargrave, in a tweed suit and an abominable cap, whirling by on his bicycle, with an absorbed air, as if bicycling was the one and only earthly occupation worthy the attention of a Christian and an Englishman. That was Hargrave's nationality coming to the surface. His countrymen are at their best in those outdoor exercises which show off their splendid muscular development, and Hargrave was as proud of his arms and his inches as any son of his island.

If the truth were known, he was conscious that he was on Dearborn Avenue, despite his absorption in himself. He was fully aware that he was directly beneath Mrs. Delly's windows, and he wondered inwardly if Nan saw him and admired him. He had seen her and admired her, and fairness demanded that she should do likewise. Indeed, he had seen her many times, and admired her very much, for Nan had golden eyes. Hargrave's own were a bright brown, and his hair was not too dark. He was tall and athletic, and he knew how to wear a dress-coat better than any man in Chicago. There was no acquired virtue in that, however. He came of a race of dress-coated diners, whose evening clothes are part of their religion. Hargrave himself rather despised a man who dined in a frock-coat, before he came to Chicago. It was a mining speculation that brought him to America. He had been in Denver and Leadville, and was waiting in Chicago the result of certain business evolutions. He had letters of introduction to somebody, who introduced him into Nan's world.

Hargrave rather looked down on the world, but looked up, a long way up, to Nan herself.

He found himself lingering an unconscionable time in Chicago. He haunted Mrs. Delly's parlors with persistence. He called them "drawing-rooms," and rather lisped the "r," Nan said, feeling it her duty to be funny about international peculiarities.

Nan belonged to the Margaret Fuller Society, and read Emerson, and knew some of Swinburne's sonnets, and doted on Wagner's music. At least, she said she did, and, doubtless, thought so, with the lovely enthusiasm of nineteen.

She talked to Hargrave about these things, and he listened with amazement. He had thought that only ugly girls and old maids knew of such things, and told Nan so in his straightforward way of complimenting.

Hargrave lingered in Chicago. When any one asked him if he intended propos-

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ing to Miss Browning, he looked grave, and retreated into himself. He did not understand outside interference with a man's private affairs.

I have read somewhere that a good story-writer lets his characters tell their own story in their own words. Very well.

Scene: The avenue. *Dramatis personæ:* Miss Browning, Mr. Hargrave, young gentleman on his bicycle returning; young lady standing on the edge of the stone pavement in an embarrassed way examining minutely a bit of scarlet wool, which she has pulled out of the tiny package she carries. In the distance, and invisible, Mrs. Delly, congratulating herself by her library fire on her good management in sending Nan to match wools at a moment when she would be sure to meet Hargrave returning from his morning run.

You perceive that Mrs. Delly liked Hargrave, and practically advocated his interests while opposing him theoretically to Nan. Mrs. Delly believed in the rule of contraries with young girls. That is a good rule if practically put into operation. The only trouble is that the young girls have so much innate contrariness that the application of it externally produces a negative effect, like that old rule in the grammars about the double affirmatives.

That is a prologue or an epilogue, as you like it, the scene you have before you.

Here is the dialogue:—

"The morning is quite delicious, Miss Browning."

"Yes, indeed, is it not?"

"Have you enjoyed your walk?"

"Oh, very much. Have you had a pleasant ride?"

"Oh, jolly, awfully jolly. There is nothing more refreshing than a brisk run on a bracing morning like this. It quite sets a man up for all day."

"Yes, indeed, I should think so. Do you ride bicycles much in England?"

"Oh, very much. It is quite the thing now. And ladies go on tricycles, too. I fancy you would like that sort of thing."

"Oh, no, indeed, I am sure I shouldn't. I must go home now. My aunt will be waiting for her wools!"

"Oh, yes, how stupid of me to keep you here! May I say good-morning?"

"Oh, yes, good-morning!"

"Good-morning, I say, Miss Browning."

"Yes?"

"Good-morning. Or, that is, shall you be at home after dinner to-day?"

"Yes; so will Aunt Delly. Good-morning."

"Good-morning."

Now, all that sounds very stupid on paper, but it looked tragically living to Frank Humphrey, who happened to be walking by on the opposite side of the street, though he could not hear a word of the eminently interesting conversation I have set down for you.

First of all, he saw Nan coming along the pavement. He felt a thrill of consciousness that she had a little scarlet shawl around her shoulders. Frank had a sort of poetic instinct as to Nan's colors. It was more than the usual lover's sensitiveness. He was accustomed to see her in white at her parties, and he thought of her oftenest as Angela.

When, as sometimes happened, he saw her in her street dress, she was Nan to him; but now, with the scarlet wrap and the bright color in her cheeks, at sight of Hart Hargrave she was suddenly transformed into Miss Browning, of Dearborn Avenue, and he realized himself to be poor Frank Humphrey of the *Morning-Between-Seas.*

He saw Hargrave jump from his wheel and take the girl's hand. He saw her evident embarrassment, and it cut his heart. He had so recently heard the society talk about their engagement, and he had no means even of guessing that it might not be true, yet he was fiercely determined from his very soul that Nan should never belong to any man but himself.

He saw Hargrave's animation of manner; he saw that he took her hand again at parting. He walked very slowly, and hated Hargrave bitterly for his chances, and then he turned and walked the other way, crossing the street so as to be near Nan, while Hargrave whirled off into a side-street.

It was in the forenoon. There was no one else on the avenue for a long distance. Nan looked around, saw Humphrey, and stopped short, waiting for him, and looking directly at him as he approached her, feeling irresistibly the fascination of his eyes. I can't explain it, I only know that it happened. Frank stopped near her, and they looked full into each other's eyes for a second. Then Nan drew her scarlet shawl around her shoulders with a shiver and almost ran to her home, while Frank walked away in a tumult of emotions. Nan had only one, — a feeling of outrage, of keen indignation. She had seen that face

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somewhere, but it had never impressed her. The man might be a ribbon-clerk or a slipper-man, for aught she knew. He had no right to look at her so, and to make her unable to help looking at him. There was the sting. Nan sat down on the floor and cried. There was no meaning in her crying. She couldn't help it on general principles, and that would have been the end of this queer little moment of the girl's life if Hart Hargrave had not seen their silent meeting and parting.

Humphrey had seen him talking with Nan; and fate, with a little bit of her own irony, gave Hart a tremendous twinge of jealousy at seeing this strange little encounter, although he was nearly two squares away.

Round whirled his good bicycle, and back into the avenue came the Englishman, rushing toward Nan and destiny in a desperate sort of way.

He had seen men in society talking to her, and felt confident that he was preferred before them all. And now he saw her stop for a moment beside some one whom he did not know, and the sunshine went out of the world suddenly.

Hart Hargrave saw that the future light of his summer days was all in Nan Browning's eyes.

He wondered why he had been waiting to tell her, and turned with the impulse of his heart in words upon his lips.

Whether he was blinded by the sunshine, or the swift insight into his own well-regulated emotions, I cannot tell you, but, someway or other, he fell.

Humphrey heard and saw the fall, and ran toward him. A little fall of that sort is nothing to a man like Hargrave, ordinarily; but a bad pavement corner and a frosty morning make little mishaps great, and Hargrave lay unconscious, with a little blood on his face, as Humphrey lifted his head. To the first passer-by he left Hart, ran straight to Mrs. Delly's house, and asked for Miss Browning. To you that may show undisciplined youth; to me it looks generous and good; to Humphrey it meant a chance to see Angela, perhaps to hear her speak to him, even though it was to say loving, pitying words of Hargrave.

Nan came into the parlor with her scarlet shawl still around her shoulders and the signs of tears in her golden eyes. She stopped short, looking frightened when she saw who her visitor was.

Humphrey rose, grave and calm. He told her his name, saying, "Mr. Hargrave has just met with an accident on his wheel. Do you wish him brought here?"

"Why, no; he doesn't live here," said Nan, simply. Then, "I will call my aunt;" and she vanished.

This was too good an opportunity for Mrs. Delly to lose. Certainly Hargrave should be brought to her house, and Humphrey's spirits, which had risen at Nan's indifference, sunk fatally again at her aunt's interest. But he went off bravely with the servant Mrs. Delly sent, and helped bring Hart up to the house; then he went down on the lake shore and looked at the water, and wished he could lie down forever in its cool, green depths.

That afternoon Humphrey wrote a poem, which was printed later on in one of the big magazines and copied all over the country, bringing a pang of memory to many hearts which had loved and longed and lost.

Not that Humphrey knew when he wrote the poem that he had lost something never attained. It was one of those prophetic lovers' insights that do happen to people sometimes.

That same afternoon Nan sat reading to Hargrave, who lay on the sofa in her aunt's library. Mrs. Delly was busy with her embroidery in the bay-window, across the room.

Hargrave looked very pale and touching. His forehead was bound up in fine linen, and a purple rug that Nan had made was spread over him.

I don't care about telling the rest of this story, so I will fall back on that good rule of letting the characters do so. My thoughts are with Frank Humphrey, and I can't help wondering if he could possibly have taught Nan the story in the deep way he had learned it.

Perhaps if Hart Hargrave had not fallen off his bicycle into the arms of a friendly future, the light Frank dreamed of might have shone in Nan's golden eyes; she might have learned the depths and heights of the meaning she saw in Frank Humphrey's eyes in that moment when they two stood face to face, heart looking at heart.

Hargrave stopped Nan's reading.

"Please bring your chair a little nearer. I can't hear you distinctly," he said.

Nan did so, feeling a little tremor of apprehension, but not having much time for her Saxon he spoke at once in a low but tremendously earnest tone,—

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"I should like this sort of thing to go on always. I can make you happy, Nan; I will; I promise you I will. There is no one you like better, is there?"

Nan looked down at her hands, and said, "No," truthfully; and without a flutter of her heart.

"Will you take me, then? I will make you a good husband, dear. I never cared so much for any girl, and I have seen a good many. Your home will be a long way from here, but I will make it a happy one. Will you trust me?"

"Yes, if Aunt Delly says so," said Nan. She rose and rushed off to her room and cried for the second time that day. Then she bathed her eyes and began to plan about her wedding-gown, and to wonder what her English home would be like. And they all had dinner together very happily. Hart's head got well rapidly. During the next half-year the Chicago *Morning-Between-Seas* published a column account of the wedding festivities of Miss Angela Browning and Mr. Hart Hargrave, of Blankshire, England.

Humphrey did not write the report. He had been promoted, and somebody else had charge of the Social Department.

"*Minimum.*"

THE WHEEL.

"WHITHER on whirling wheel?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief thou wert?"

"I have the wheel of life;
Soiled with my city's dust,
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow street I fly
To the road's felicity,
To clear me from the frown
Of the moody toil of town."

Lyra Bicyclica.

I.

OUR MINISTER RIDES THE BICYCLE.

"OUR minister rides the bicycle!"

The voice was sharp and rasping. The tone and accent indicated severe disapprobation and intense disgust.

The sewing circle of the ——— Church, of Chattertown, was in session. The ladies, gathered around the comforter they were knotting, had about exhausted the ordinary subjects of conversation when the startling and mysterious announcement was made,—

"Our minister rides the bicycle!"

Miss Deborah Glib, an elderly spinster, with keen ears and keener tongue, managed to hear and tell the news of the whole parish.

Noticing the surprised looks of most present, she enjoyed a monopoly of the information concerning her announcement, and she continued, with increased severity of accent and sharpness of tone: —

"Our minister rides the bicycle, dressed in tights, right in the public street. Things are comin' to a purty pass. No wonder the church is dead and given over to worldliness when the minister has turned circus-rider!"

Old Grandmother Snow, who was a

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little deaf, put her hand to her ear in a bewildered manner, as she said,—

"I would not have believed it. Our minister tight in the public street when the circus was here? Too bad! What a nice young man, too! I never can hear him preach again!"

Miss Mate Cheerful, a young lady Sabbath-school teacher, quickly replied, "Oh, you misunderstood Sister Glib, Grandma! Our minister, when he rides, wears knee-breeches and stockings like that lovely picture of Grandpa Snow, when he was a young man. Sister Glib calls them tights, and the minister a circus-rider for wearing them!"

"Knee-breeches are tights — eh!" replied Grandma, severely; "I wish all gentlemen had sense enough to wear them, and all ladies had grace enough to keep them from bearing false witness against their neighbors. He wears them when he rides? I would like to see him wear them in the pulpit. Does he ride horseback?"

"No, he rides the bicycle," quickly retorted Miss Glib, "and a purty exhibition he makes of himself."

"A bicycle! what's that?"

"A machine with two wheels — a big one before and a little one behind."

"What pulls the machine?"

"The minister pushes it with his feet."

"Pushes it and rides on it both at once. Do you think I am growing simple as well as deaf? A man can't ride, and walk behind and push the machine at the same time. Any fool would know that."

"A bicycle, Grandma," said Miss Cheerful, "is a beautiful carriage with two wheels. The gentleman sits in a saddle, and by pushing treadles with his feet makes the large wheel revolve. It looks like a flying-machine, it moves so quickly and silently. The minister is a very graceful rider; you ought to see him."

"Oh! it is the new riding-machine. I have seen the picture. I thought, from Sister Glib's description, it was something like a wheelbarrow; the gentleman rode on it, and walked behind and pushed it, all at once. How fast can the minister ride?"

"I heard him say he could go ten miles an hour as easy as he could walk three miles."

"Is it possible! Ten miles an hour! That is faster than our old gray horse can travel, and I always thought he was powerful smart. What wonderful doin's they are inventing nowadays!"

"I think it's perfectly outrageous for a minister of the Gospel to be makin' an exhibition of himself, a dartin' and flyin' round on one of them pesky things. I expect he will break his neck one of these days. It would serve him right. It's runnin' right into the face of Providence to ride on a concern that won't stand alone without being held up."

Miss Glib viciously dug her needle into the cloth before her with a savage emphasis that made the whole comforter tremble. With a cry of pain she withdrew her other hand from beneath the comforter, and the trickling blood evidenced a serious prick from the hasty needle.

"If your needle had been as sharp as your tongue, Sister Glib, you would have had a fearful wound," said Grandmother Snow, as she carefully bound up the suffering member.

"Did you see Jake Jones at church last Sabbath?" said one of the ladies.

"Yes," several replied.

"Three of his children have joined the Sabbath school," said Miss Cheerful.

"The minister beat Jake in a race, and ever since he has been a steady church-goer," laughed old Mrs. True.

Noticing the look of surprise and incredulity upon several faces, she continued, merrily,—

"In the store the men were talking of the minister's new horse; one said it was the fastest in town. Jake is a great horse-jockey. He had just bought a fast trotter. He interrupted the conversation by saying, with a round oath, 'If the parson ever comes my way with his new-fangled machine I'll run him down with my sorrel.'

"'You can't do it,' shouted several.

"'If I don't, I'll — I'll — I'll go to church every Sunday for a year,' shouted Jake. 'I'll try hard enough, for church-going aint in my line, you know,' he said, with a wink, as he left the store.

"One day the minister rode by Jake's house just as he drove his sorrel, in a light beach wagon, out of the stable. Some one must have told the minister what Jake said, for he smiled and bowed and said, 'Good-morning, Mr. Jones.'

"'Get out of the way, parson. I'm comin'.'

"He hit his horse a great lash and drove toward the minister at a furious rate. Such a race you don't often see.

"They flew by our house — we live two miles from Jake's house, you know — so fast it almost made me dizzy. The minister was a little ahead and gaining every minute. I ran out into the yard and waved

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my apron and shouted like a foolish girl. They came to a long, steep hill. The minister swung his feet over the handles and let his machine go itself. It flew like a bird skimming the water. Jake stopped at the top of the hill and watched the minister in amazement as he flew along. He muttered to himself, —

"'I'm beat; — you might as well race with the wind.'

"He stopped at our well, to get a drink. The minister rode up and said as he dismounted, 'Mr. Jones, there is not another horse in town that could have given me such a race as that. If it had not been for the hill, I guess you would have beaten me. I will ride back with you, if you have no objection.'

"Before Jake could say a word he had put his bicycle into Jake's wagon and sprang into the seat by his side. You will hardly believe it, but Jake asked the minister to take dinner with him, and he spent all the rest of the day there. When I went to town, about four o'clock, Jake was sitting on the step, smoking his pipe, his wife by his side, laughing as if he were crazy, as the minister taught Jim, his oldest boy, how to ride the bicycle. Just as I got to the gate, the machine tumbled, and Jim, the minister, and all, went rolling over on the grass. I can hear Jake's shout yet, as he held his sides and rolled to and fro in delight. The minister had family prayers with him, and made him promise to send all his children to Sunday school."

"If the minister can drive Jake Jones from wrong-doing to church-going by ridin' the bicycle, I shan't object," said Grandmother Snow, as she wiped a tear from her eye.

"Poor Ellen Jones! what a relief it must be for her to see Jake mending his ways!"

"She told me, with tears in her eyes," said Mrs. True, "that the first prayer she had offered for ten years was the morning of the race. She was standing at the door when they started. She prayed, 'O Lord, help the minister to beat, if you have to lame the sorrel horse.'"

"What do the folks say in the village?" timidly asked Mrs. Fearful.

"Lots of people say the minister has got to be a regular sporting man, and will be running races at the county fair, and having a circus for a church sociable the next thing," said Miss Glib.

"Going to the circus, are you?" said Grandmother Snow. "I would not have believed it of you. You'll be riding a tricycle the next thing."

Miss Glib, with sharper voice and a brighter gleam in her eye said, —

"Mrs. Brown said Mrs. Smith told her that her Hattie heard Johnnie Wise say at the school that some of the boys said Willie Porter's father heard a gentleman at the tavern say as the minister rode by on his bicycle he would give the minister more money to teach people to ride in his rinktum than Chattertown paid him to preach the Gospel."

"That reminds me of a game the young people play. I forget the name of it. One tells a story to his neighbor and they pass it around back to the starting-place. The fun is caused by seeing how the story changes and grows as it travels. This story about the minister started at the tavern as a compliment on his graceful riding. By the time it gets to the sewing-circle it is an impertinent slander," said Mrs. True.

Old Mrs. Strong, who had attentively listened without speaking, now said, —

"It seems to me we are making a great ado about nothing. Our minister has a large country parish. He cannot afford to keep a horse. He is a strong and active young man. He prefers to ride the bicycle instead of walking or begging a ride with others. He rides well. He is able to go three times as far in an hour with the same effort it would require to walk. He dresses neatly and becomingly and in a manner befitting his mode of travel. What reasonable person can object? Unreasonable persons will find fault whether he rides or goes on foot. Our minister is a devoted Christian, modest, humble, and a hard and faithful worker. He came to see me when I was sick about a month ago. We live five miles from the village. I was glad to see him, but told him I was sorry he had such a long walk. With a merry laugh he told me about his new horse that required neither feed nor stable. He brought it into my room, told me all about it. He leaned it up in the corner of the room and prayed with me. As I joined in prayer with him, my eyes were so blinded with tears of joy I could not see the bicycle right before me, and never thought of the knee-breeches, stockings, shoes, or helmet. I only cared to know my minister was a man of God — a faithful disciple of Christ. God bless him whatever he rides or wears! I wish all his church were as humble, faithful, unselfish, as free from uncharitable fault-finding and tale-bearing. There he comes now! I have been watching that

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hill-top for a half-hour. He partly promised to ride home this way."

Work ceased immediately. All hurried to the door to see the minister ride his new horse.

Down the hill, along the plain, the bicycle and rider came, seeming but one creature as it skimmed the road, with movement as graceful and fleet as the flight of a bird.

Old Grandmother Snow was the first to greet him as he dismounted. With both trembling hands clasped around his young, brown hand, she said, with eyes filled with tears, —

"God bless you, my son! You remind me of my husband when he was young like you."

Tenderly and reverently he kissed the aged hands, and said, softly, —

"God grant me as long and useful life, and as triumphant death, as his."

Cordial greeting was next extended to all. Miss Deborah Glib was not overlooked. Miss Mate Cheerful, although the last to be noticed, was not forgotten, as her bright eyes and rosy cheeks plainly indicated.

The minister laughingly apologized for his costume, and then, by request of Grandmother Snow, explained the working of his wonderful steel steed, and wheeled it around with one of the children upon it shouting in great glee.

Grandmother Snow asked who held it while he got on.

With a smile he wheeled it along before her, and, putting his hands upon the handles, leaped into the saddle, rode to and fro, and then, turning the wheel, sat almost motionless, with folded arms, to the old lady's great wonder.

Dismounting, he entered the house with the ladies. For an hour the conversation hovered around the theme uppermost in every mind. The minister, simply but earnestly, made his wheel teach a divine truth.

"A great preacher," said he, "says living a religious life is like riding the bicycle: you must go on or come down. I find it a powerful teacher of the importance of having 'a single eye.' We are like children riding the bicycle. It is a dangerous conveyance for a child unless it is held and guided by a strong hand. You saw how the baby crowed with delight as I wheeled it around. For me to release my hold upon either wheel or child would give both a serious tumble. So God holds all his children; He will not let them fall, if they submit to His will."

An earnest prayer followed, and the company separated.

The minister accompanied Miss Mate Cheerful to her home, which was but half a mile away. As they walked with the bicycle between, each with a hand upon it, the half mile seemed strangely short. As they preferred to walk alone, we will not trespass by listening.

A fragment of the conversation will indicate that it was of deep interest, at least to those who took part in it.

Miss Mate Cheerful said, —

"The chief objection I have to the bicycle is, it is a selfish machine, the rider enjoys it alone. He needs a companion. You know it is not good for a man to be alone."

The minister quickly replied, "I have been sensible of that ever since I knew you. I need a mate, and prefer a cheerful one."

She made no reply, but the rest of the way the bicycle did not travel between them.

As they reached her home, and he was about to bid her adieu, she shyly said, —

"You will ride the bicycle, shall I go afoot?"

His answer was a kiss and a laugh.

"No, you shall have a tricycle."

J. Benson Hamilton.

THE CLERICAL WHEEL.

HORACE sings of the glowing wheels, and allots to those who on them awakened the Olympic dust so high a prize that it

"Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos."

Such exaltation, certainly, is the *desideratum* of all ministers of the gospel. Yet some ministers look with suspicion upon the bicycle, concerning which — were their education only complete — they would sing as rapturously as Mæcenas' bard himself. The purpose of this writing is to complete their education.

"This rage for bicycling will soon subside. It is only a passing fancy. It had a similar run fifty years ago. And every one

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can remember the velocipede-mania. Just as extravagant prophecies were made of that great discovery, destined to revolutionize travel, *et cetera mirabilia!*" So runs objection the first.

This "hobby-horse" of 1820 — which, by the way, Faraday adopted, and used to ride through the suburbs of London, thus displaying his usual scientific prescience — resembled the modern bicycle as little as the first ocean steamship, the *Savannah*, of 1820, resembled the *Arizona* or *Adriatic* of to-day. Ocean steam-navigation was esteemed chimerical by the wise and scientific conservatives of that day. Dr. Lardner learnedly contended, that steam was quite incompetent to impel a vessel 3,000 miles over the ocean; just as, only five years ago, an eminent teacher could demonstrate the impossibility of preserving one's equilibrium on a bicycle. And, hence, no further attempt to navigate the ocean by steam was made for ten years after the *Savannah* took that trial-trip; and even then, ten years more were allowed to elapse before one of the greatest mechanical triumphs of the century was seriously entertained and finally put into use. The period of conservative delay for the bicycle was forty years, instead of twenty. In fact, however, the *Savannah* was far more like the *Arizona* than Faraday's *Drasine* like Pope's *Columbia*. The principle of steam-propulsion was the same then as now. But the "hobby-horse" was driven by hand, and the distinguishing feature of the bicycle, the foot-crank, was never employed until some twenty years ago. Since that hour its progress towards perfection of construction, and into public favor and use, has been constant and accelerated. The bicycle is no longer an experiment. *Furors* do not last twelve years nor five years. And England has tried it twelve and America five years.

The velocipede lasted only some two years. Its obvious disadvantages were numerous. It was noisy and clumsy. It was a "bone-shaker." Its continual use was found hurtful to health, and so it was discarded. But no one should forget that the bicycle is the outgrowth of the velocipede, so that the latter has been rather superseded than discarded. Quietly — as is its nature — but steadily, and with increasing rate, the bicycle has won its way into the public service. Two hundred thousand machines are in actual use in England, and from 15,000 to 20,000 in America, and these chiefly in New England, where prejudice has been mostly overcome, and where is the seat of the American manufacture. It is full time for all to say, as the Boston *Evening Transcript* did nearly a year ago: "It might as well be admitted that all who predicted a fleeting career for the bicycle have been greatly mistaken."

"Yes, yes; but it is not yet ime for ministers to adopt it. It doesn't harmonize with ministerial deportment. It will detract from their influence. Those who ride are, mainly, sporting characters, and the associations are not good." Thus, objection the second.

I confess that for several months after I had begun to ride the machine I was so ignorant as to believe this, and, as a consequence, felt a little ashamed to expose myself freely. And I was surprised and re-assured to discover that the majority of bicyclers are professional and business men. The fact seems to be that very few "fast" men patronize the wheel; it is too manly and wholesome to pander to an abnormal taste. It would only be necessary, were it suitable, to mention the names of a few bicyclers in Boston, from all ranks of life, — in commerce, medicine, the bar, the pulpit, the workshop, and among editors, artists, and professors, — to convince the most sceptical. The velocipede, the immediate predecessor of the bicycle, found its home in halls, rinks, and race-courses, and got an unsavory reputation. The bicycle has had to bear its father's sins — like many another respectable and virtuous applicant for public recognition. It is a slander upon the thousands of gentlemen who daily bestride the steel steed for any clergyman even to harbor the feeling that he would be discredited by public riding of the bicycle.

The real basis of all ordinary objection to the bicycle is its newness, its singularity. Half a century ago no minister would have dared to wear a beard, and a mustache would have been unspeakable. And it is well enough to bow to popular prejudice in concerns of trivial import. But if growing his beard would have saved some preacher's throat and voice, and hence himself, to our grandfathers, he had better bid defiance to unreasoning custom, and given us better grandfathers. But this generation is not afflicted seriously with fear of new things, and no minister at this stage of bicycling need fear that his influence will be impaired a whit by the adoption of the hygienic wheel.

"But Sunday desecration is being promoted by the bicycle. What have you to say to that?"

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I have to admit what is true, and a grief to multitudes, that many individual riders, and some clubs, take advantage of the leisure of the Lord's day. Yet it is also true that this desecration is in the man, and not in the machine. No gentleman who respects the first day of the week, as set apart to the worship of God, will use his bicycle on that day for pleasure. And he who does go pleasuring on that day with his bicycle would not hesitate to do so with his horse, if he had one. Yet the bicycle affords opportunity publicly to violate the sanctity of Sunday to some men who would not otherwise do it. Clerks, mechanics, and others of small income, are, by this means, added to the great army of Sunday riders. For the many rich families — numbers of them among our church-members — who regularly take their Sunday-afternoon drive, the *argumentum ad hominem* would suffice to silence all criticism of the bicyclers. But our clergy — I speak of the great majority — believe all such holiday-making on Sunday by wealth, competence, or indigence, to be morally wrong, and will not excuse the bicycle by reference to the equipage.

In this connection three points are to be noticed. (1) Nothing can be said against the bicycle *per se;* it has certainly no special predilection for Sunday employment. (2) It supplies opportunity no more than any other innocent improvements, as, for example, the laying out of a new public park, or the opening of avenues and attractive streets, or the construction of railways. These all are temptations and means to Sunday desecration. (3) It is worth while to inquire whether these young men who use the bicycle on Sunday are not more worthily employed thus than they would otherwise be. It is certainly better to be healthily traveling, with the sweat of the face, through God's air and sunshine and woods and valleys, than to be lounging in the smoky and spirituous atmosphere of the card-room or billiard-hall, or some worse retreat. No one needs to be told that the bicycle is a thorough-going temperance advocate. The wine-bibber, with his light head, has a more hopeless task than Sisyphus and is in purgatory on this mettled steed. Milk is usually the strongest beverage even of the tourist in his long rides. But it is time to say something more positive. The bicycle may be viewed in three ways: either as a toy, or as an athletic and hygienic instrument, or as a vehicle.

Does the minister need a plaything? If he does not, who does? Is all the child in him dead? Then he, too, will soon be dead — if he is not so already. "Lifeless," say his hearers; "died an unnatural death"; of how many *passé* preachers is that the epitaph? Scores of pastors dying this death, because they cannot *play*, and hundreds because they dare not! The nature that God gave us cries out for diversion. Vacations help us out a little. But who wants to eat his year's salt all in one month? Croquet and lawn tennis, and even base ball, are possible. But some of that same popular prejudice exists against games as a class. And it must be admitted that games are apt to be too fascinating; and one must play them when others are ready to play with him.

Now, against the bicycle, as a medium of pure and healthy sport, not a breath can be breathed. It may be taken alone or in company, and at morning, noon, or night. It is marvellous how quickly a spin on Monday morning will "drive dull care away," and transform a very blue parson into a very radiant boy.

And this is very different from effeminate fun. Fun, the genuine article, the boy's fun, the man's fun, cannot be had with flabby muscles. *Divertissement* may be found in a dozen hot-house amusements; but fun, the sturdy, Saxon stuff, demands quick blood and alert nerve and tense muscle.

So, this leads us directly to the second and best way of viewing the bicycle, viz., as an athletic and hygienic instrument. The old velocipede — in which the propelling movement was a forward and difficult push — was pronounced injurious to health. To the bicycle — which is propelled largely by transferring the rider's weight from foot to foot, much as in walking — no such objection exists. This is now proved beyond cavil by the long experience of thousands of riders. The Boston *Weekly Traveller*, in an issue of last January, stated the general judgment thus: —

"The physiological objections which were at one time urged against its use have been proved entirely groundless, and bicycling is now recommended by many physicians to persons who are leading sedentary lives."

And Dr. Blackham, President of the American Society of Microscopists, says, with emphasis: "To busy brain-workers, the bicycle is a God-send; almost, if not quite, a necessity."

This paper might be filled with the witness of physicians to the excellent effects

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of bicycling upon the system. In a recent illustrated and admirable book — *A Bicycle Tour in England and Wales*, by Mr. A. D. Chandler, of Boston — there is a chapter in the appendix, entitled, Is Bicycle Riding Healthy? which will convince the incredulous. Mr. Chandler was impelled to write by his own experience of benefit and cure.

I quote the following few lines from the chapter alluded to: —

"But you say, 'My physician tells me it is injurious.' Then your physician is as ignorant of the subject as the university professor, who declared it to be impossible to ride a bicycle. No professional opinion is of value unless given with a thorough knowledge of the case. No thorough knowledge of the effects of bicycling was attainable by any physician until recently. Experience has now settled the question in favor of the bicycle, and it may well be doubted whether an intelligent physician, informed on the subject, can be found who will say that a judicious use of the bicycle is injurious. On the contrary, the testimony of medical men is now overwhelmingly in favor of the bicycle, and in England it is common for physicians themselves to use the machine in their daily practice."

I have myself been made a new man by the use of this machine. I was broken and unnerved by long study and pastoral work. The bicycle fell in my way, and I learned to ride, more as a pastime than with serious intent. Then I began to ride upon the road — rather superciliously. And now, during the winter months, when I am deprived of it, I get sick again, for lack of exercise. As an instrument for the restoration of weakened frames to strength and health I believe it has no equal.

It is fitted alike to the delicate and the stalwart. Those who are constitutionally feeble, after the effort of learning to ride is past, may take a slow and gentle run of a half-mile over a level roadway with less exertion and a hundredfold more exhilaration and health-resumption than a stroll of two blocks and return, or the stale swinging of dumb-bells or clubs, could ever afford. On the other hand, he who is blessed with abundance of brawn can satisfy all his vigor with an hour's roll of fifteen miles, or with climbing a few of the longest hills in his neighborhood.

A mistaken notion prevails that the muscular exertion of bicycling is exclusively of the legs. But every practical wheelman will assure the inquirer that lifting on the handles is no less essential than pressing downward with the feet. It is probable that in ascending a steep hill, the rider — proportionately to his strength — is lifting from fifty to five hundred pounds, with the greater stress transferred alternately from one hand to the other. Such an effort, combined with those of balancing, steering, and general lookout, leaves no remotest sinew of the body unemployed. "How graceful and easy!" cries the uninitiated observer, as the keen and silent steed rolls by. Yes; but it is the grace and ease of trained and taut muscles, of virile vigor in its full development.

And here speaks another, a curious and dubious observer: "That must be very hard work, much harder than walking." And when the ardent rider replies that he can now travel fifteen miles more quickly and with less fatigue than he can walk five, his interrogator smiles incredulously, and privately comments, "Zeal without knowledge." But Incredulity is mistaken this time, and Zeal is right. One simple fact is always overlooked in such comparisons, viz., the rider's weight is borne by the machine. When one is seated on his bicycle his legs are relieved of the weight of his body, say one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, and are no longer burden-bearers and propellers, but propellers only. In walking one is constantly lifting himself; but in bicycling this is never necessary, except in ascending an inclined plane. In walking, moreover, the force of gravity cannot be utilized; but with the bicycle this is the only force required on a descending grade.

Both walking and horseback riding, as athletic exercises, suffer in comparison with bicycling. Walking is a tedious and mild and incomplete exercise. Horseback riding is jolting, and injurious to many, and often dangerous, and does not actively and directly involve the muscles of the back.

And this perfect exercise has its perfect conditions. Heaving sand in a cellar; sawing wood in a barn; turning somersaults on horizontal bar or trapeze; swaying Indian clubs in the study; even walking the prescribed and monotonous two miles, — how dull they all are! How soon they become drudgery! Gladstone is a tree-chopper; so was Garfield. And that is next to bicycle-riding. It is inspiriting; it has worthy conditions, — open air, sunshine, something to be overcome, a little danger, vigilance, and variety. All these, in larger measure, and motion, — free, comely, glorious, triumphant motion, — are compassed by our hero. The bicycle is the gift of Providence to the delicate and

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dyspeptic and study-worn and harried minister of our day. Somebody's troubles distress him. His own failures fret him. Deacon Good's disapproval shadows him. He doesn't know what to preach about next Sunday. He wishes he was some one else, any one else. For such a state of mind William Wirt Sikes recommends a walk in the teeth of the wind or of a storm.

"There is an exhilarating sense of power in overcoming the opposing forces of the elements and breasting along at a brisk pace against a furious storm of sleet or rain. As Leigh Hunt said, you have a feeling of respect for your legs under such circumstances; you admire their toughness as they propel you along in the teeth of the storm. As your blood begins to warm up and to whirl through your veins with an exhilaration beside which that of wine is tame and effeminate, the 'blues' that have been gibing you vanish like magic."

If he wrote that of a tame walk, what would he say of one of our time- and space- compelling and gloom-dispelling flights? Mr. Chandler states that he "has ridden twenty-four miles on a bicycle in a snow-storm, and kept warmer and enjoyed the ride more than if in a carriage or a sleigh." "So complete and active is the circulation of the blood throughout the system, when riding, that it is common to ride comfortably for miles, without gloves, when the thermometer is as low as between 10° and 20° Fahrenheit; and yet riders well know how often in winter weather they are surprised with the question, 'Is it not cold up there?'" One could write endlessly in his enthusiasm upon the bicycle as an athletic and hygienic instrument.

But that which has given the bicycle a fixed tenure is its capacity as a vehicle. I cannot do better here than to quote from the New York *Evening Post*:—

"The bicycle is very fast growing in use all over the world. Letter-carriers, country doctors, and business men living in the country, have begun to use them largely in England and France. The probabilities are that in the next generation nearly all young men will learn to ride them, and they will become *par excellence* the vehicle of men of small means, especially if the improvement in road-making, which has been so marked during the last ten years, continues."

Around London bicycles are perhaps commoner than any light vehicle. It is said that eighteen thousand men ride into London on business every morning. A newspaper of East Saginaw, Mich., reports that a hundred or more mechanics ride there to and from their work. In parts of Massachusetts that I have visited this summer I have found a number of workmen in shops who thus saved themselves the keeping and care of a horse. The machine can be employed in almost all weathers. Tourists do not pause for rain or slight mud. It is not agreeable to drive through a storm in any carriage; but I have myself ridden the bicycle over muddy country roads for twenty miles, the last seven miles of which were made carrying an open umbrella under a pouring rain, and in an hour's time. During the snowy months, like any other wheeled carriage, the bicycle is withdrawn, though even then the rubber tire makes it possible to run easily over the ice and hardened snow. Nor is it necessary to don a uniform or knee-breeches in order to ride. For long journeys or pleasure trips it is good taste and convenient to do so. But pantaloons of the ordinary sort receive no damage on a first-class machine, and are just as *comme il faut*, though not quite so "natty" — whatever the club-members or fancy riders may say. There are many men — and we clergymen, especially — who use the bicycle for the most as a vehicle, and it is folly to expect them to change their apparel every hour or two.

For any distance within fifteen miles of Boston the minister of the suburbs can actually save time over any other conveyance whatever by using a bicycle. My home is Newton. If I have a call to go to Malden, Cambridge, Arlington, Natick, Dedham, Milton, Roxbury, I go by preference on the bicycle, and save time and expense; while for short journeys of one to five miles, within our own city, it is invaluable. For the pastor of a country church, where the members are widely scattered, and who cannot afford the expense of horse and carriage, it seems to me that the bicycle is an express invention. It will transform his tedious, time-wasting journeys from Dan to Beersheba into joyous, health-giving, and sermon-inspiring flights about Jerusalem.

Since I do not wish to leave any possible rejoinder unanswered, before closing this article, I must notice one or two other objections — or apprehensions — which one sometimes hears.

Says one — who is somewhat timid, or who has become nervous and weak, or who, perhaps, is sixty years old: — Learning to ride must be very hard and a little hazardous. If one is cautious and patient, and has a cautious and patient assistant, I give it as my judgment, that any one who is not physically disabled may learn in safety

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to ride in twelve lessons of one-half hour each. I know one minister of above forty years, and not particularly agile, who learned in one such lesson. As to age, it is sufficient to state, that the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, ex-Chancellor of the English Exchequer, now seventy years of age, well known as a bicycler, and President of the West Kent Bicycle Club, observed, in 1877: "I am satisfied that if persons who are not young would addict themselves to the use of the bicycle, they would find it a very good thing, and the best possible antidote against the gout." For "gout," read in America, rheumatism, or dyspepsia.

But, finally, we hear it said that bicycle-riding is dangerous. Many accidents occur, some of them very serious. This is true, though the accidents are certainly less according to the number of riders, and much less usually fatal than in horseback riding. There is danger of being thrown occasionally. But it must in justice be added, that nearly all falls, and all serious ones, are the result of the rider's imprudence. Young men rather court than avoid danger. They prefer valor to discretion. And therein lies, I believe, the explanation of almost all the accidents. I have seen, in my experience, no exception to this rule: the cautious rider never has an accident. The man who wants to race with every horse he can tempt, or make his distance in the shortest time, or test his ability to run in the narrowest paths or ruts, or coast the most difficult hills, or explore the sandiest roads, that man will have accidents, probably never fatal, — it is very hard for a man to kill himself on a bicycle, — but he will have enough to make him a wiser man, and to discredit the bicycle.

The sum of the whole matter is this: There is no disease that has not somewhere in the world its appropriate remedy. When, in the course of time, the disease appears, the remedy, too, is soon forthcoming. The clerical disease of the present day — and is it altogether clerical? — amounts to an epidemic, and is indicated by these words of his physician to the minister who now testifies, "You have become physically lazy." The cure for this malady — which carries in its train effeminacy, delicacy, indigestion, pale theology, and short ministries — is providentially at hand, a better preparation of iron than any in the *Materia Medica*. Let him who, in his apathy, deems the writer a devotee, make trial of his advice and

"Fortune's furious *nickel* wheel,"

and he, too, will soon illustrate the old sentiment, "*Amor jussit scribere.*"

Hermon Franklin Titus.

CYCLING.[1]

BY A. WYNTER BLYTH, M.R.C.S., L.S.A.

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HISTORY. — The history of the application of mechanism set in motion by the feet or hands to four-wheeled carriages is, I believe, anterior in time to the idea of two-wheeled machines. In the *London Magazine* for August, 1769, there is an illustration and desciption of "a chaise to go without horses, by a certain John Vevers." It appears to have been a true velocipede, — a large open carriage, — and the footman sat behind and worked certain levers, while the master, sitting in front, steered by a mechanism applied to the front pair of wheels.

In the early part of this century a strange machine of French origin was imported. At first it was called the "Dandy Horse," afterwards the "Hobby Horse." It appears to have become in a few months the rage of the fashionable world, then to have declined with equal rapidity. The decline was probably in part due to the storm of ridicule which the movement excited. The construction of the "dandy-horse" was very simple: two wheels of equal size, one in front of the other, connected by a wooden bar. The front wheel could be twisted by means of a suitable mechanism to the right

[1] A lecture delivered before the Balloon Society, Westminster Aquarium, July 21st, 1882.

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or left; the rider sat on the middle of the bar, his feet on the ground, and by alternately pushing with his feet propelled himself along. Nothing could well have looked more absurd than a gentleman, exquisitely dressed in the fashion of the times, going along the muddy streets in this guise. The caricaturists did not fail to take advantage of a sight so novel, so extraordinary. I have found in the British Museum twenty-five caricature prints, ridiculing dandy-horses (1819–1821); probably there are more than these, for some may have escaped my notice. A few of the caricatures may be noticed. One, for example, — one of the best, — is by Cruikshank, and is entitled *The Horsedealer*. In the foreground, a coarse-looking man, in shirt-sleeves and striped waistcoat, is attempting to sell a "dandy-horse" which two swells are regarding. The horse-dealer "warrants him sound and free from vice." One of the gentleman rejoins that he does not think there is "quite barrel enough;" the other swears "he has been down." Three horses stretch their necks out from an adjoining stable, staring at the phenomenon with looks of fear and curiosity. A surly groom sits scowling on a low stool, with folded arms, while in the background are two or three mounted dandies.

There is another entertaining print, entitled "Bumbailiff outdone, or one of the comforts attending the patent hobby-horse." A debtor is represented cycling away from the baliffs. A third print is subscribed, "The Spirit moving the Quakers upon wordly vanities." A crowd of Quakers, with their broad-brimmed hats and long quaint coats, are seen on dandy-horses, going to the meeting-house, the front wall of which is covered with hooks or pegs, upon which those who have already arrived have hung their wooden steeds.[1]

On the dandy or hobby-horse dying out, the velocipede took its place. The history of the early velocipede can never be told in its entirety, for it is a history of isolated efforts made by ingenious mechanics, working under every kind of disadvantage. Machines were, however, produced, — rough, complicated, and clumsy; a few showed distinctly germs of the modern improvements. The idea of two wheels, the one provided with pedals, took a practical form certainly as early as 1862, for in the exhibition of that year a machine was exhibited; but it made no mark, nor was it until fourteen years later that anything approaching the modern bicycle was adopted in England. In that year Mr. Charles Spencer introduced the two-wheeler, which has been called "bone-shaker." The wheels of the "bone-shaker" are of nearly equal size. The machine is constructed of wood; it is heavy, and possesses a rigidity justifying its name. Nevertheless, on such a machine, Mr. Spencer rode from London to Brighton, a feat recorded in *The Times* of Feb. 19, 1869.

From 1868 up to the present the record of the wheel has been one of progress; the substitution of iron and steel for wood, the invention of the spider wheel, the application of India-rubber to the tire, and ball-bearings to the wheel, combined with almost perfect springs, have reduced friction and vibration to a minimun.

A few years ago a distinguished mathematician held that it was impossible for cycling to be a saving of labor; for, said he, you have to move your own body in addition to that of the machine. Experience has proved this view to be altogether erroneous, for distances can be accomplished by cyclists which are simply impossible to the mere pedestrian, and with less fatigue. The explanation is, I believe, simply this: when we stand or walk, the weight of our bodies presses on the ground, representing a force which in no way aids progression; it is lost; but on the wheel this force is utilized. The difference between walking and cycling is, then, as follows: walking is wholly muscular exertion; cycling is one-third muscular force, two-thirds weight force or gravity. The cyclist alternately puts his weight first on one pedal, and then on the other, and the chief part of the muscular force used is not used in directly rotating the pedals, but in this shifting of the weight of the body. A long walk tires the ankle-joints, the knees, and the hips, in part from the very weight they have to support; and this weight, so long as we walk, is continuous, but in cycling it is discontinuous. In cycling, the main

[1] The titles of some of the other prints are as follows: — "A raw Irish jaunting car, the dandy's hobby; the velocipede, or perambulator, by which you can walk at your ease, and are able to walk in the mud at the same time." "A land cruise on one of the patent hobby-horses exhibiting at the west end of town." "Going to Hobby Fair." "The ladies' accelerator." "Parsons' hobby, or comfort for a Welch curate." "Anti-dandy infantry, or the velocipede cavalry unhobbyed." "Collegians at their exercises, or brazen-nosed hobbies." "Stop him who can, or the English patentee introducing a French hobby-horse, or a bit of a rush down Highgate Hill to Long Acre." "Every one on his hobby." "The female race, or dandy chargers racing at Maidenhead."

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stress is on the muscles in front of the thigh; in walking, the calves and the muscles moving the feet are among the first to get weary, but so little is this latter the case on the wheel, that a rider, after a long and sustained effort, often feels quite up to any reasonable amount of walking.

SPEED OF BICYCLES. — With regard to the speed of bicycles, from the records of races, we are enabled to speak with some precision. As might be expected, the speed diminishes with the distance to be traversed.

Mr. Cortiss, an athletic surgeon, has ridden the mile at a little over twenty-two miles per hour. Mr. Falconer has cycled two miles at a little over nineteen miles per hour. Twenty-five miles have been ridden at an average speed of eighteen seven-tenths miles per hour. Fifty miles at a speed of seventeen three-tenths per hour; and, lastly, a hundred miles in the Bath competition have been cycled in seven hours and twenty-six minutes, or an average of thirteen two-eighths miles per hour.

The speed of tricycles cannot be said to have been settled; the machines are, however, rapidly approaching in perfection the bicycle, and though it is improbable that they will ever attain such high speed as the two-wheel, they have advantages which, to a great extent, compensate for a little slower movement.

TRICYCLES AND BICYCLES COMPARED. — Tricycles are less dangerous; they are more comfortable for touring purposes, since a larger amount of personal luggage can be carried, and it is so much easier to stop when and where you choose and enjoy the scenery. On the other hand, bicycles have not alone the convenience of swiftness, but of being easily stored. In the future, without doubt, each morning will be seen some twenty or thirty thousand cyclists coming toward their business in commercial centres, and if each of them are to ride tricycles, the matter of storage might be difficult, without considering the yearly rent for warehouse room; but a bicycle can stand in a passage, in an office, an area, or almost anywhere, and, lastly, not the least advantage is the greater readiness, in case of injury to the rider or the machine, that the bicycle and rider may be conveyed by a hansom, or any other light carriage, to his home or a railway station.

WHAT IS THE BEST MACHINE TO BUY? —As to the question, What is the best bicycle or tricycle to get? the answer is, that there are so many varieties of machines, and so many different wants to satisfy, that each must judge for himself. With regard to bicycles, those who have practically studied the subject are unanimous in their opinion that for each height of rider there is a diameter of wheel which cannot with any comfort be exceeded. It is possible for men of ordinary height to ride very tall machines, but they do so with much greater labor and risk than if they rode machines suitable to their height and length of leg. Learners generally, and middle-aged men, might do worse than to get a "Facile," a much safer steed than the ordinary bicycle. A little time ago, a gentleman, nearly sixty years of age, did a hundred miles in the day on a Facile, so that, although a small machine, it is capable of doing good work.

With regard to tricycles, there are all kinds of makes; they may be divided roughly into those that have the steering wheel behind, and those that have it in front. The former class were at first in favor; but at the present time riders, with justice, prefer the Salvos, Cheylesmores, and Fleets, — all front-steerers. The Humber, it is true, though a rare steerer, is a great favorite; but the Humber is a special machine altogether. Those who, knowing nothing practically about tricycles, yet wish to purchase one, should go to some of the numerous establishments where machines are let on hire, and try every make they think is most suitable for their particular requirements; otherwise they may buy a machine which they will afterwards be glad to part with at a loss.

CYCLING FOR LADIES. — Ladies are now cycling, and their numbers are daily increasing. For ladies the best possible machine is a Sociable, always provided they can get a companion, who should preferably be a male cyclist. In this way the lady learns with ease; she is provided with a suitable escort; and, if anything goes wrong, she has assistance at hand. Besides the advantages of the Sociable for ladies, the machine itself has intrinsic merits likely to render its growing popularity permanent. On a long tour — a companion is almost a necessity for any enjoyment — a Sociable will carry any reasonable amount of luggage; there is a division of labor; the moving of three wheels is divided among two persons; and, lastly, it is far safer in descending a steep hill than any other machine.

A very special machine has been brought

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out by the Centaur Coventry Company, in which four people propel the three wheels of a tricycle. The labor of movement is here minimised, for to each person there is only about seven-tenths of a wheel. In all probability, this machine will become a great favorite wherever there is an adult cycling family.

LONG JOURNEYS. — Wonderful journeys have been done on the modern machines; a cyclist has ridden on a bicycle 202 miles in the twenty-four hours.[1] The Rev. H. G. Simms rode from Birmingham to near Brighton in about twenty-two hours, a little over 154 miles, on a Coventry rotatory tricycle. Messrs. Bird and Marriott, the one on a Humber bicycle, the other on a Humber tricycle, rode from Derby to Hollyhead within the twenty-four hours, a distance of 180 miles.

THE USE OF CYCLING. — Tricycles or bicycles are used at the present time by many rural postmen in different parts of the world, by clergymen, by medical men, by policemen, and it has even been gravely proposed that a volunteer battalion of cyclists should be formed. This idea, at first sight whimsical, on close examination seems both feasible and practical. What quicker and more convenient method, indeed, is there of transporting, in a few hours, a thousand or two thousand men, armed with weapons of precision, to occupy a distant part, and hold it, — for a few hours it may be, — against a superior force, until the main body comes to their assistance; or, again, what readier method of transmitting intelligence is there, in the presence of roads, and the absence of rail or wire? But the great boon of cycling — leaving the volunteer battalion to its merits — is its value to the working-man in the extension of his residential area. The working-men in our great cities have to live, for the sake of proximity to their work, in crowded tenements, in which cleanliness is difficult, and pure air impossible; while their progeny, cramped up in a single room, grow up under conditions unfavorable to their health, and inimical to their morality. But let the working-man save his money and buy a bicycle (the larger and broader tricycle will in nearly every case be out of the question on account of storage room). A radius of ten to fifteen miles is then open to him, and if he has to get up an hour earlier in the morning, and to come home an hour later in the evening, the benefits of purer air, cheaper and better accommodation for himself and family, will in the long run more than repay. Any cheaper means of locomotion, which has a tendency to make the English home healthier by relieving the pressure that has hitherto herded men and women together like penned-up animals, should receive the hearty support of the hygienist, the philanthropist, and the legislature.

THE BEST FOOD FOR THE TOURIST. — I may be expected to say something relative to the best food for the cyclist, the more especially when he is making a prolonged effort; but I have studied the diets recorded as in use, and find that those who have done long journeys successfully have used that class of diet which science has shown most suitable for muscular exertion, viz., one of a highly nitrogenized character, plenty of meat, eggs and milk, with bread, but not much butter, and no alcohol. I have cycled for over fifty miles, taking frequent draughts of beer, and under these circumstances, although there has been no alcoholic effect, it has caused great physical depression. The experience of others is the same. However much it may stimulate for a little while, a period of well-marked depression follows. I attribute this in part to the salts of potash which some beers contain, in part to injurious bitters, and in part to the alcohol. My own experience as to the best drink when on the road is most decidedly in favor of tea. Tea appears to rouse both the nervous and muscular system, with, so far as I can discover, no after-depressing effects.

CONCLUSION. — Those who witnessed the colossal meet at Hampton Court of over two thousand riders, or who have even casually marked the great development of cycling, as can be seen in the enormous manufacture, in the excellence, variety, and ingenuity of the machines, or in the large periodical literature devoted entirely to the interests of cycling, or in the numerous clubs and associations, or, lastly, in the simultaneous rise of a hundred minor industries dependent on the greater, may well ask, where will it end? Steam tricycles; electric bicycles; the whole metropolis paved with wood or asphalt; the great main roads of the country re-

[1] There have recently been performed on the bicycle longer distances. Mr. W. S. Britten has ridden to Bath and back in the twenty-four hours, 212 miles. Mr. W. F. Sutton rode 222 miles in twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes, twenty-one and a half of which he was in the saddle! This is certainly a feat which it will be difficult to imitate or exceed.

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constructed, with a special reference to the cyclists' requirements; the rise again of the old coaching inns, under the name of cycling hotels; all these are possibilities, some are probabilities. In any case, I trust I have shown that the wheel has its *raison d'être* and its uses, and that its great future may be confidently forecast. The wheel is a temperance organ; alcoholic excess is fatal to long rides. The wheel is abolishing the groups of idle young men on highdays and holidays, standing at the corners of the streets, generally full of mischief,—a mischief sometimes deepening into crime. The pent-up passions now evaporate with copious perspiration in road and lane.

The wheel is a civilizer; the knights of the road have a freemasonry of their own; they meet together, they help each other, and are knit into one mighty brotherhood by mutual sympathies.

"Fortune herself is a cyclist,—
Long Live the Wheel!"

THE TRICYCLE.

"I AM about to buy a tricycle, and can't decide between an open-front single-driver and a front-steering double-driver. I have read arguments on both sides. A friend advises me by all means to buy the open-front, saying it is so much easier to get in and out of, and chiefly, that in case of any accident there is no wheel and steering rod in front in the way of jumping out of the machine."

"Are these points well taken? I should like to know from a practical rider."

Answer. We went through exactly this same experience, and came very near buying the open-front. Thanks to the off-hand frankness of Col. Pope, we escaped that experience. To our questions and cross-questions the Colonel laughingly said, "Now, we know more about this business than you do. We have been studying it for years and learning all the points. It's for our best interests every way to sell you the best machine. You let the open-front alone, take a Salvo, and go home. After you have ridden it a few weeks you will understand yourself why it is better."

And we took a Salvo and went.

Result: we soon found that the objection to front steering, that it would be in the way if one were thrown out suddenly, was on a par with the objection to telephone wires, that they would be in the way if one wanted to fly up there. We have got far enough to feel pretty sure we are not going out that way, though we may be destined to run into stone walls, or loads of hay, or the ditch. We were specially warned of the danger of this in flying or coasting down steep hills. Our adviser was reasoning in a circle. His open-front machine compelled him when coasting to perch his feet up near his hands, and in this grasshopper, kangaroo, or frog-about-to-jump position, anything in front would be a very serious objection indeed. From our trial of his machine we should say a brick in the road taken fairly across might be enough to force the jump which the rider is evidently ready to make. It reminds us of a hair-trigger which the slightest touch will set off. Now, in fact, the front steerer allows the feet to rest firmly extended at nearly full length, exactly as against the brace or foot-rest in a buggy. The tricycle might be run against a building without danger to the rider, for the blow would come on the slightly curved legs and feet, and be harmless. On the steepest hill there is a feeling of as absolute security in the machine as in walking. This argument is sheer nonsense except where there is no proper brake, and the rider must go down hill with feet on the pedals. Then the objection has force.

As to getting out and in: after a few days we found it wholly mechanical to step out or in by the pedal. In going out, as the left foot goes to the lowest point, we step out with the right, for rising on the left foot stops the pedal at the dead point, and makes a cushioned step from which to alight.

We find a great advantage in the steering from having the wheel in sight. Experience would make the rear steering satisfactory as it is in a boat; but it aids the judgment greatly to see the exact motion of the steering-wheel, and sometimes in starting near the edge of a curb or bank the rider, forgetting that his steering-wheel (behind or out of sight) is turned, may at the first

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thrust of the foot go over, when it would have been impossible with a front wheel not to have seen it when taking the seat.

In steering through narrow gateways or on narrow walks the eye is helped greatly by seeing the little wheel starting in the exact centre. Perhaps we are prejudiced from much use of the front and little of the rear steerer, but we run freely at high speed on a raised walk but 20 cm. (8 in.) wider than the machine; while with the rear steerer we shy into the fence now and then in spite of to us careful steering. A very significant fact about the front steerers is the rapidity with which the various makers are adding them to their lists recently.

As to double-driving: we have ridden a balanced geared tricycle, and are in the habit of turning, backing, and dodging about with the same freedom we use in walking. To us a single-driver or a machine that would not back-pedal produces a curious sensation of insecurity. One gets used to anything, and by practice could get around very well without ever turning in walking in less than ten feet of space. So we find experienced riders of most any machine are usually apologists for its weak points. We tried a single-driver, with a prejudice in its favor, and personal reasons to like it. But the thing seemed vastly interested in the wayside flowers, and unless watched closely (we are in the habit on our Salvo of looking about the country most of the time, with only a glance now and then at the road) would manifest a disposition to climb trees. In fact, we doubt if even Bunyan could have followed the straight and narrow path, with a single-driver like those we tried. Running sharply along we had occasion to stop to speak to a friend, and so held both pedals with the feet. As a result the driving-wheel was held still; the loose wheel, being under good motion, of course continued it, and we faced half round with a suddenness that loosened our collar buttons. This machine would run backwards if you brought it to a stand-still before beginning. Another, much admired by its owner, would not back-pedal at all, but simply ran free. As a result the right foot went back so easily that the left slipped off, when it was soundly rapped by the quickly revolving free pedals. We should learn that also from experience, but don't like so much instruction. It seems the natural thing to do, as in the other affairs of labor, to hold or reverse the power when one wants to stop or go backwards. We do it in walking or rowing, and instinctively try to do it on a tricycle, till the idea is knocked out of us by the loose pedals. With an open-front machine these loose pedals are so much better as foot-rests than the little second-story brackets on the back-pedaling, open-front machine, that we should prefer them, even at the expense of our shins.

In short, in our opinion the front-steering double-driving tricycle will very soon drive out most of the open-front single-drivers, except, of course, that single ingenious *double-steerer* which seems to avoid the difficulty, the Coventry Rotary, itself the invention of the same James Starley, the father of the tricycle, who invented the front-steering double-driving Salvo, that has served as a model to so many other makers.

Melvil Dui.

THE PRICE OF BICYCLES.

FOR some time past, in fact from the time of the bicycle's introduction into America, the air has been rent by the howls of wheelmen for a reduction of the tariff on imported machines, and a corresponding decrease in the price of the American machine as well.

I do not doubt that to hint at such a thing will draw a hot fire upon the writer's head, yet I believe that, while in its infancy, it is for the best that the wheel is something not within the easy reach of all. This very fact, I think, has given us, on the whole, a gentlemanly class of riders that we would not have had were Patsy O'Rafferty and Hans Schneider able to secure mounts without having to make some real effort to that end, and have their noisy Sunday runs and races, endangering the safety of foot-passengers, frightening horses, shocking the sensibilities of many otherwise well-disposed persons, and bringing the bicycle and its riders into general disrepute. I see no harm in a quiet Sunday run, if the riders conduct themselves as gentlemen should. A rest of one day in seven is physiological, as was proved, to recall a case, by actual experiment on English post horses, when

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it was satisfactorily demonstrated that a given number of animals could travel a greater number of miles in the year, and keep in better condition, by being allowed a day of rest to every six of labor, than if pushed constantly; therefore how much more necessary must a given amount of relaxation and exercise be to a *man*, whose mind and body both have been severely taxed week after week. But we must remember that the bicycle is just emerging from its period of probation, and that as we do, so, to a certain extent, will we be done by.

The opening of parks and drives that, until a recent date, were closed to wheelmen, speaks for itself, and needs no comment. The wheel has met with little disfavor in this country, because of the number of true gentlemen to be found among its riders. Some one made the remark, "Why, bicyclers are all gentlemen," upon seeing so many fine-looking and well-behaved men at one of the League meets; and I am happy to say that I have frequently had occasion to substantiate this statement, for I have none but the most pleasant memories to recall when I bring to my mind the faces of all the wheelmen I have known in my wanderings between the Red River of the North and the Rio Grande. Genial, wholesouled fellows, may their paths be smooth!

How many road courtesies would be observed if the new vehicle had found its way into the hands of all classes? Very few, I assure you; and the list of accidents would be swelled to such an alarming extent by runaways, etc., that peaceably-disposed men would be compelled to abandon one of the most delightful and exhilarating modes of locomotion in existence by a general uprising of the public against its abuse. In explanation I would say that I am not one whose nest is well feathered, for I do not feel able to pay one cent more for a wheel than is absolutely necessary; yet I am willing to pay what I have done for the best machine constructed, and cheerfully too, when I think of the prestige the extra number of dollars above its real value gives us.

I have the pleasure of being acquainted with several young men, who, while living at home, have bought themselves good machines on salaries of twelve dollars a month. And what does this amount to? It means that these parties were able to lay by their earnings, not having questionable tastes to indulge that would consume double that amount; whereas others, working on the same or better wages, could never wean themselves from their extravagant or even vicious ways long enough to secure the desired amount. Here price, by a selection of the fittest, recruits the ranks of wheelmen from among our best types of manhood. That the present price of bicycles has done much towards a favorable reception of the wheel in America must be admitted; and not until we are so well established that the machine attracts little more comment upon the road than a horse and its rider will low prices advance our cause in the end.

E. A. P.

AN OCTOBER RAMBLE.

THE morning was as lovely a specimen of autumn weather as one would wish to see; the sun, shining bright and clear from a cloudless sky, warmed but did not heat the atmosphere, which, filled with the peculiar haze of the season, softened the rugged outlines of the hills, the summits of which lay some eight or ten miles south, and some eight hundred feet above us, and made them appear to be much higher and more distant. A gentle breeze from the north, having traveled for miles over the waters of Lake Erie, had parted with all dust and noxious vapors, and came cool, clear, and exhilarating, so that one could take deep inspirations for the pure pleasure of breathing it, and find in every breath a stimulant which "cheered but did not inebriate." To be alive and well on such a morning was much; but to be alive and well, and a wheelman, too, was more. On such a morning I stood at my gate dropping a little oil on the bearings of my bicycle, and debating with myself as to which route I should take. It was Sunday morning, and yet I did not feel that I was desecrating the Sabbath. I had a patient or two in the country who needed a visit, and, even without this, I should have felt that so far from doing wrong in riding out, I would have done wrong had I failed to avail myself of the good things spread

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before me, like the ungrateful guests, who, upon being invited to the King's marriage feast, "began with one accord to make excuse."

A few moments' thought decided me, and, mounting my silent steed, I was soon rolling swiftly along Fifth Street to the "Old Railroad," — so called because it was once graded for the Old New York & Erie Railroad, and abandoned because a better route was found. This "Old Railroad" is now an excellent county road, leading southward and somewhat westward, and crossing the main road at a point known as Roberts Corners, about three miles west of the village of Fredonia. This main road is probably the best piece of road in Western New York; at least, the eighty odd miles between Buffalo, N.Y., and Erie, Pa., are, at this season of the year, nearly equal to the roads in Central Park, New York. The point where I struck it was as nearly half way between Buffalo and Erie as possible, and, as I dismounted to refresh myself from a well whose large wooden pump stood invitingly by the road-side, I felt grateful that I was beyond the city limits, and out in the freedom and freshness of the country. After a moment's pause I was in the saddle once more, with my face towards the rising sun. I was in no hurry, having neither cause nor disposition for haste, and so I sped along in a gently contemplative frame of mind, and at a pace certainly not exceeding six miles per hour. So smooth, so steady, and so easy was my progress that I seemed to be moving almost by the mere act of volition, and I was able to take in the beauties of the ever-changing scene. The road on which I was riding winds along a gravelly ridge, which, at one time, long ages past, was, doubtless, the shore of Lake Erie, but which is now some three miles south of, and, on an average, about one hundred and fifty feet above, the ordinary high-water mark. On my left lay, stretched out like a parti-colored map, the three-mile-wide strip of well-tilled farming land, and beyond that the green-blue expanse of Lake Erie, calm and smooth at the horizon, where it seemed to meet and fade into the cloudless sky, but fretted into little white-capped breakers where the shallows neared the shore. To my right the Arkwright hills rose somewhat abruptly, their sides covered with the growth of primeval forests, amid whose dense green an occasional fleck of flame color showed where the early frosts had touched a maple or sumach till it glowed with such vividness that the miracle of Horeb seemed to be repeated: "And, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

Here and there large spaces had been cleared and cultivated to the very summits of the hills, and snowy farm-houses and bright red barns showed in strong contrast to the yellow of the stubble-fields or the denser green of the woods. Nearer at hand all was cultivation and apparent prosperity. At one moment the rapidly moving panorama presented a substantial farm-house, with a group of children at the door; then a capacious barn, bursting with its treasure of hay; now a pasture, with fat kine lazily chewing the cud; and then a corn-field, with the stalks gathered into sheaves and ranged in serried ranks, like skirmishers at the forefront of a battle; and next, perhaps, a field in which the winter wheat was already showing above the soil like a tender-green carpet; now I reach a side road leading southward up the hills, and turn into it, for near this road lies a patient; it is fairly good, and I ride along into the shadows of a piece of woods. Suddenly the silence is broken by a sharp *Chee, chee, chee!* and a comical little chipmunk, or ground squirrel, races along before me on the topmost rail of the fence and sits up on end on one of the posts, chattering away as if he resented this intrusion upon his domain. I reach a little rustic bridge over a tiny stream, and am attracted by a gleam of gold; dismounting, I see it proceeds from a group of bur-marigolds (*Bidius Chrysanthemoides*), sometimes, though wrongly, called the dwarf sunflower. Securing a few of the gaudy blooms for personal adornment, I remount and proceed upon my journey. The path gets steeper and steeper, but I manage to ride all the hills till I come to one newly turnpiked. This is at once too soft and too steep to be ridden without considerable exertion, and this is a lazy day with me; so I dismount and push my wheel up before me. At the top I stop a moment to rest, and am rewarded with a sight of a battle between a wasp and a spider, two things I detest; so I watch it with a curious interest, and with much of the same feeling with which Iago watched the quarrel between Cassio and Roderigo, when he exclaimed: —

> "Now, whether he kill Cassio,
> Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
> Every way makes my gain."

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The fight is fierce and somewhat protracted; but soon the wasp triumphs, and, with a lucky stab, paralyzes the spider and bears him off to a living tomb, to become the food of the larva of the wasp. This little affair having been settled to the satisfaction of all concerned (with the possible exception of the spider), I mount once more and soon roll up to the patient's door. I find him better and in consequent good-humor, and gladly accept the draught of rich, creamy milk, offered by his good wife.

Cheered and refreshed, I resume my saddle and soon come to a cross road, on which I turn northward and take a long coast down the hill, and then, a few rods further, the railroad is crossed, and then I reach the main road once more at Sheriden Centre. The country church stands in all its puritanical plainness of architecture on the corner, teams are hitched under the sheds, and around the doorways stands a group of young fellows whose interests, it is to be feared, are centred in some fair worshipper, rather than in the solemn services. A little further on I find another patient sitting at his door and drinking in the sunshine with the eager thirst of one who has been confined to a sick-room for long and weary weeks. It seems to be a good day for sick folks, and, having no further business, I ride on for pleasure.

The village of Silver Creek lies but five miles beyond, and noon is but twenty-five minutes away. The road is so smooth and perfect that it fairly invites a little burst of speed, so away we go, my wheel and I, past farm and field, and country school-house, over little streams, and by banks purple with the wavy-leaved asters, now just missing a little snake that lies sunning itself in the wood, and now startling a red-headed woodpecker from his post on a dead tree, and sending him across the fields with his undulating flight and displaying his deep contrasts of inky blackness and snowy whiteness. Here is a country graveyard, its headstones all awry, and two small boys (probably truants from Sunday school), seated on the fence, imperilling their immortal souls with the unholy delights of mumble-te-peg. Absorbed in the contemplation of their possible future, I forget to mind my own way, and, consequently, run over a large stone, and receive therefrom a shock which nearly upsets me, and convinces me that there is something wrong about my saddle spring. I get to thinking the matter over, and conclude that the trouble is that its fixed point in front is just where it ought to have most play, all shocks coming from before, backwards and upwards, and, consequently, the spring should be free to move downwards and forwards.

Four miles and twenty minutes are gone, and I find myself at the foot of a steep and sandy hill, which empties my saddle, as I am in no mood for hard work. I do not mount again till the summit is passed, and the pretty village of Silver Creek lies at my feet.

Riding slowly through the quiet streets, filled with gayly-dressed girls and spruce young men returning from church or going to Sunday school, I dismount at the door of a fellow-disciple of Esculapius, who is also a brother wheelman. I find him at leisure (for this is terribly healthy weather), and keeping bachelor's hall, as his wife has taken the baby to see grandpa. He makes me welcome and extends the hospitalities of his home.

A good wash and a substantial dinner are presented and taken and I begin to feel better, and then we sit down to discuss matters, medical and bicycular, over our cigars. Gray's "Anatomy" and Sturmey's "Indispensable" are brought out and referred to, and so the afternoon passes pleasantly away till the lengthening shadows remind us that it is time for me to start for home. The doctor debates briefly, and resolves to accompany me, and away we go, back over much the same route by which I came. But all is changed: the road which was almost deserted in the morning is alive with carriages; Jack and Jill are going up the hill (in a buggy) quite numerously; and the noiseless progress of our steeds causes us to surprise some couples in very confidential attitudes; we smile, but say nothing (were we not young ourselves once?) and continue on our way. Our talk is chiefly upon matters bicycular, on the relative merits of light and heavy machines, straight and curved handle-bars, long and short cranks, etc., etc. The dusk begins to come down, the crows are winging their lumbering flight towards the woods, the tree-toads are singing in the trees and the frogs in the swamps, and, just as the first star begins to twinkle in the heavens, we reach my door and dismount to go in to supper, with appetites sharpened by fresh air and exercise, and my October ramble is done.

Geo. E. Blackham.

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THE LEAGUE MEET AT CHICAGO.

It is complained of the bicycle that it is selfish, unsociable, isolating in its tendency; but the history of the sport fails to warrant this idea. From the very beginning of bicycling the votaries of the wheel have shown an irresistible disposition to *get together*, and a fraternal feeling, hardly seen outside of secret societies, has grown up between bicyclers.

No sooner were there three or four wheelmen in a vicinity than a club was formed, and early in the career of the bicycle "meets" of wheelmen were held in England and the increased attendance at the annual meets of Hampton Court and Harrowgate has been the surest index to the extension of interest in bicycling. These meets gather annually from one thousand to even three thousand wheels in parade, — numbers almost incredible to the American.

Just when the first bicycle wheel rolled upon the soil of America it is hard to say; but it was probably in the spring of 1877, although David Stanton, at that time the English champion, had given exhibitions in halls in 1876. The first meet worthy of the name in America, bringing together wheelmen from different parts of the country, was upon Walnut avenue, Boston, on the morning of Sept. 11, 1879, for "The Wheel around the Hub," so graphically described in the October number of The Wheelman, taken from *Scribner's Magazine*, of Feb., 1880. The forty men who made up that party have always been looked up to as pioneers in bicycling, and have held their heads a little higher because of their share in that memorable two days' ride.

That excursion, conceived, pla nned, and carried out most successfully, by Chas. E. Pratt, Esq., who also wrote its history, probably did more to give an impulse to bicycling in America than any event up to the present time.

The next gathering of wheelmen was "the great meet" at Newport, R.I., on May 31, 1880.

The credit for this affair is due to the New York Bicycle Club; and its Captain, Chas. K. Munroe, and Mr. Kingman N. Putnam labored hard to make it the great success which it was.

In spite of a heavy rain upon the preceding day, which kept many away, one hundred and fifty men rode their wheels, under command of Captain E. C. Hodges, of the Boston Bicycle Club, through the streets of Newport, and to the cliffs, where they were photographed.

Crowds lined the streets, and great curiosity was manifested.

Previous to the parade a meeting, called by C. E. Pratt, Esq., had been held in the skating-rink, and there was formed the League of American Wheelmen, of which Mr. Pratt was most fittingly elected President.

The formation of this League rendered annual national meets of bicyclers certain as long as the League exists. On May 30, 1881, about 800 wheelmen met in Boston, and led by League Commander Chas. K. Munroe, paraded the streets of the Back Bay region, viewed by, it was estimated, twenty thousand spectators, who evinced their interest and enthusiasm by continuous applause. Familiar as the people of Boston were with the bicycle, this meet gave a decided impetus to its use in New England.

For the third meet there came from the West a great demand that it be held in that section, and the League officers yielded to it, and voted in favor of Chicago.

Newport, Boston, Chicago! "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way," and westward a large majority, no doubt, of the bicyclers of the United States would have had to take their way to attend the League meet at Chicago; but none the less glad were they to have the meet there, as a token of the national, or say *continental*, character of the League, and westward many of them *did* "take their way," with their wheels, in the closing days of May, 1882.

It would be pleasant to picture the highways and by-ways leading to Chicago as filled with sturdy wheelmen, pedaling their own frail craft toward the great city of the West; but, alas! truth must not be sacrificed to beauty. This is a great country, and its railroads are better than its wheelroads, and from far and near the Pullman, or the Wagner, brought the men, while the wheels lay or leaned ignobly in the baggage-car.

Of course were this the "snug little island," which is the home of the bicycle,

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its riders would scorn the cars, and, mounting their wheels, they would ride merrily to the place of meeting; but the magnificent distances of America are too much for the most enthusiastic and muscular wheelman, and so it was that the traveler by rail who was headed toward Chicago about this time was pretty likely to be attracted to a party of hearty, healthy-looking, young or middle-aged men, attired in a somewhat novel costume, and just in the degree in which he was "up to the times" would our traveler instinctively murmur, "Base Ball?" "Oscar Wilde?" or "Bicycler?"

But a little pricking up of the ears would soon prove to the inquiring listener that these young men were not æsthetic, *simply;* that their talk was not of bats or balls, — though it might be of "ball-bearings," of "runs," and of "standing in the League," — but mainly their talk is of *wheels*.

At the tail-end of one of those great express trains, which go thundering almost constantly across the continent, was a Wagner sleeper, bearing the legend, "Private Car, Boston Bicycle Club. To the Chicago Meet." And at the head of the same train a mysterious, closed baggage-car piqued curiosity, and glimpses into it disclosed a bewildering array of shining wheels, of all sizes and kinds.

Leaving Boston on Saturday night, this largest and most distant party of wheelmen, comprising, in addition to members of the Boston Club, members of the Massachusetts, Chelsea, Newton, and Providence Clubs, rode swiftly westward, until Monday forenoon, amusing themselves as such parties never fail to do. THE WHEELMAN'S special artist was with these westward-whirled wheelmen, and of them, and his sketch-book bears evidence, "taken on the spot," of the way in which these "tourists" relieved the monotony of forty hours of railroading. We might present many very graphic views of this life *en route*, but that the confidences of a private car must be respected; and we prefer to picture these gentlemen as they appear on wheels more familiar to them, and less so to the general public.

From every direction came similar parties to Chicago on Monday, May 29; and, upon their arrival, members of the Chicago, Ariel, and Hermes Clubs welcomed them warmly at the depots, and piloted the wheels to the Exposition building, in which, less than a year ago, some of the visitors had seen James A. Garfield nominated for the high office he was fated to fill for so short a time.

The wheels disposed of, the visitors were taken to the Grand Pacific, the largest and finest of Chicago's many palatial hotels, which was to be the head-quarters of the League. A most novel and brilliant scene it was, which for three days the patrons of the Grand Pacific enjoyed.

The broad corridors and spacious office-floors were thronged with gentlemen in short jackets and small clothes, all varieties of color being represented, — sometimes *in one uniform!* — and almost every available space was occupied with the stacked wheels of the visitors, who soon found that it was much more convenient to keep them here than at the somewhat distant Exposition building; while many of them would have liked to ride them down the long halls to their very rooms, which seemed almost a block away from the elevator, and at no distant day the call boys of this hotel will no doubt be provided with bicycles upon each floor.

The aristocratic denizens of the hotel made their way back and forth through the labryinth of wheels, and were about equally divided in their opinions, either voting them a nuisance, or a thing of beauty, as their tastes inclined; but as to the bicyclers themselves there was but one opinion, all agreeing, as one of the daily papers said the day after the meet, that "it cannot be denied that bicyclers are a handsome set of men."

Whether, however, the outside public enjoyed this array of wheels, or not, the bicyclers did, most heartily. Such an assortment, big and little, of full-nickeled and half-nickeled, of partly painted or "all bright" wheels had never been seen in the West, and little knots of wheelmen hung about them, admiring, criticising, and some coveting them. The new "Experts" were critically examined by experts and by novices, and their beautiful lines, high finish, and thorough build, were universally admired, even by the lovers of the "early English," or later English productions.

Fair "Harvards" leaned lovingly up against slender "Yales;" "Premiers" consorted with plain "Columbias;" "Shadows" locked arms with the substantial "Matchless;" and "Clubs," "Stanleys," "Duplex Excelsiors," and "Humbers," were friendly neighbors.

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Wherever a little larger crowd than usual was gathered about a wheel it was certain that some novelty in the way of saddle or spring, or other accessory, was to be found, and there never was a better opportunity for study and comparison. Here were "Burley" saddles, the hard "Long distance;" and the new "Milwaukee saddle," as Rintelman's was commonly called, attracted great attention, its principle being commended, but its heavy build condemned.

Woe to the inventor who adds a pound's weight to the bicycle! The fate of his improvement is sealed. *The* curiosity of the collection was a backbone with a spring over the little wheel, which allowed it to telescope up into itself when, passing over an obstacle, or while the rider is mounting. It seemed a bold experiment, but one which every bicycler would like to see tried, and wheelmen will await its further development with interest. Over this glittering mass of wheels hung from the chandeliers the pennants of the different clubs, adding greatly to the picturesque effect of the scene.

In among the wheels Director Lamson, of Portland, Me., had a show-case, in which were displayed all varieties of the League badges, from the $75.00 diamond, to the $7.50 ruby, or even the $3.50 garnet; and he was surrounded by an admiring and purchasing throng, very few Leaguemen leaving Chicago without the badge-pin. Many badges of the old design were still worn in uniform.

The first event on the programme was races at the Central Driving Park on the West Side, and at two o'clock the line was formed at the Exposition building with about 150 men, Commander Marsden at the head, to ride to the races, — a sort of grand dress-rehearsal for the morrow's parade.

"A bad beginning makes a good ending," proved true at Chicago. The rains of the preceding week, continued up to Monday morning, had seemed to endanger the success of the meet, and this first trial of Chicago roads proved a trial of skill, of nerve, and of temper, and endangered the limbs or lives of riders not familiar with the uncertainty of Chicago pavements.

Nicholson is a fair surface for bicycles *when it is all there;* but the absence of some of the wooden blocks at frequent intervals, leaving holes reaching down to Chicago's original mud, is rather *astonishing* to the unsuspecting man whose wheel suddenly drops into one of these vacant places.

The artist has happily sketched some of the first unhappy victims of misplaced confidence in Chicago streets. Others profited by their misfortunes, and soon became artful



CROSS STREETS OF CHICAGO.

dodgers; but a constant dodging wears a soul away, and a greasy slime and frequent pools of muddy water, the residuum of recent rains, rather hastens the demoralization.

Frequent and frantic attempts to avoid these holes became monotonous, and many a timid wheelman promised himself during this ride that he would not take part in the parade next day; but better roads appeared, Garfield Park was reached at last, and through its beautiful drives the encouraged riders sped rapidly on to the adjoining race course, already crowded with spectators.

Those whose appetites kept them later at table had even worse luck, finding some impassable streets, and several rode quite a distance between the rails of the C., B. & Q. R.R., famous — in advertisements — for its smooth road-bed.

The races proved, in spite of the well-meant efforts of Capt. Miller, of the Chicago Club, and his men, rather uninteresting. A full mile track, heavy and rough, is no place for a bicycle race. The contestants should pass the grand stand two or four times in each mile to keep up the interest.

No eastern men entered, much to the disappointment or disgust of the spectators. There were several races upon the programme, but the track was in such poor

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conditior that all were not run. The two-mile race was won by A. W. Friese, of Milwaukee, in 8.55; J. J. McKeon, of Belfast, Ireland, his only contestant, coming in 14 seconds later.

The one-mile race drew out four starters, L. J. C. Spruance and J. B. Lyon, of the Ariel Club, of Chicago; Arthur Young, of St. Louis, and Chas. S. Barnard, of Niles, Mich. This gave a little opportunity for the rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis to manifest itself, and the St. Louis man won two heats in 4.10¼ and 4.02½, much to the chagrin of the Chicago crowd.

The quarter-mile dash, in two heats, was well contested by Clarence E. Jenkins and O. W. Thomas, of Louisville; J. G. Hitchcock, of Omaha; A. W. Cornwall, of New Orleans; Fred Donine, of Niles, Mich., A. G. Francis and Arthur Young, of St. Louis; Arthur Mesher, of the Ariel Club, and H. L. Snow, of Detroit. Clarence E. Jenkins won both heats, the first in 46½ and the second in 46¼.

A hurdle race, for which Capt. Miller, of the Chicago Club, had offered a prize, secured no entries, — racing enthusiasm not appearing to be great.

The slow race was, however, one of the best thus far seen in America, and almost reconciled those who saw it to this usually uninteresting race.

Mr. Edward Brown, of the Chicago Club, rode from start to finish in a marvelously steady, confident way, that was a revelation to most of those present. There was no wriggling, not a symptom of a stop, or a push, but a brave, constant movement forward at a snail's pace. Mr. Angus S. Hibbard, of the Milwaukee Club, did nobly toward repressing his pushing spirit, but lacked the steadiness of the Chicago man, who won the race of 100 yards in 3m. 16s.

The Milwaukee Bicycle Club gave an exhibition drill, under command of Capt. A. A. Hathaway, who must certainly be set down as the most graceful bicycle rider who has ever appeared at a League meet. It is, indeed, "the poetry of motion" as he does it, and his command are worthy of him.

The evolutions were finely performed, and called out the heartiest applause of any event of the day.

There were loud calls for the Boston Club and for the Cincinnatis, and great disappointment was manifested that no others appeared.

The wheelmen, many of whom had never visited Chicago before, and wished to see as much as possible during their limited stay, had been riding back to the city in squads all through the afternoon, leaving but a small detachment to return in form.

Meantime the faithful officers of the League had been in earnest consultation, in Parlor 4 of the Grand Pacific, over the revised rules to be submitted to the Convention; and, sacrificing their own pleasure for the good of the League, accomplished much in preparing the work for their successors.

The evening found the parquette and many of the boxes of Haverly's new Theatre occupied by the wheelmen in uniform; and, judging by their applause, they were quick to catch the good jokes, and enjoyed the revival of negro minstrelsy. Marching back to the hotel in a body, they rapidly separated to their rooms, and at midnight all was quiet, and hardly a man in knee-breeches was to be seen. If there was any canvassing of or for candidates for offices in the League, it was very quietly done, and no names were publicly proclaimed. Everybody seemed willing that somebody else should name a candidate. The West made no claims, and the East was not pushing.

The morning of Tuesday, May 30, was a perfect one for the purposes of the meet. All nature smiled, as much as nature *can* smile through the smoke of Chicago. The sky was as clear as it can be there, and the temperature was exactly right. A gentle breeze was blowing, which might have made it a little harder pulling going out, but was behind on the return to help, when, if at all, fatigue was felt. Every wheelman appeared with a smiling face, and uniforms had been brushed up for the occasion. A little party of them, stepping out to see what the day promised, were charged upon by a quartet of eager hackmen, shouting, "Have a carriage, gentlemen?" "Right this way, sirs!" but before they could reply, a wise "old whip," who had not left his box, drawled out, "O boys, 'taint no use a-goin' for them fellers! Haint they all got wheel-barrers of their own?"

Credit should be given to all classes in Chicago for their general courtesy to the visitors. There were exceptions, of course. The drivers who felt that a bicycle had no right in the street were occasionally met; the small boy was surely there, and the same stale old jokes were fired at the calves of the 'cyclers; but, upon the whole, there was no cause for complaint.

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The wheelmen could not but see that in so big and *busy* a city as Chicago the meet counted for but very little with the masses, and it was evident that many knew nothing of it, even though thousands gathered to witness the novel spectacle. Other thousands hardly knew that there was a parade. Decoration Day is not observed as a holiday in Chicago, and business went on in its usual feverish way, regardless of the memory of the gallant dead, or of the spectacle presented by the gallant men who paraded the broad streets on shining wheels.

One by one the wheels rolled out of the halls of the Grand Pacific, the last pennant was taken out to flutter in the air, and the great hotel resumed its usual every-day appearance. Along the Lake Park, facing Michigan avenue, the procession formed with the inevitable delays, the rushing about of aids, straggling riders searching for their clubs, etc., but with much more than military promptness. Commander Marsden marshalled his hosts, the bugle-call was given; and, following his lead, the old Boston Club, which had spiritedly resented a proposal to have the Chicago Club act as an escort, and lead the way, proud of their seniority in formation and in joining the League, mounted at the right of the line, and rode down past the other clubs.

Alas for the men who "never ride on sidewalks"! The grand parade started upon its route on the sidewalk, the street just there being "out of condition." There was no help for it, and it was done "under the protection of the police." A half-mile of sidewalk, and the line was well launched on broad Michigan avenue, magnificently paved (a different kind in each block), but good and favorable to the wheelmen, who moved steadily and well straight south for six miles. Novelties in bicycle parades were the large band-wagon drawn by eight horses, at the head of the procession, and a squad of thirty mounted police, who kept the streets free from curb to curb.

These one of the Chicago papers called "the only two funny parts of the show;" but they proved a decided addition. Heretofore bicycle parades have been so quiet and solemn that they failed to excite any exhilaration in the riders, or any excitement among the spectators, while many have missed seeing the unheralded procession until it was nearly past.

The band waked up the people and enlivened the riders. It played almost constantly, and was so much enjoyed that probably no great bicycle parade will hereafter be attempted without it. Next to the band-wagon came Commander S. A. Marsden, of New Haven, Conn., and his staff: Fred T. Sholes, of Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. A. G. Coleman, of Canandaigua, N.Y.; Alfred Ely, Jr., of Cleveland, Ohio; Angus S. Hibbard, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Fred Aldrich, of Chicago; Geo. H. Day, of Hartford, Conn., and Fred W. Hinman, of New Haven, Conn.

Then came the first division, in command of John M. Fairfield, of Chicago, the clubs being placed in the order in which they joined the League.

The second division was led by K. N. Putnam, of New York, and the unattached were under command of Wm. V. Gilman, of Nashua, N.H.

Com. Marsden was an ideal leader, and, with his aids, rode gracefully and confidently; and, without intending to disparage former parades, it is safe to say that none has been so *steadily* ridden as this one. How much of this should be credited to the Commander's good judgment, or to the steadying effect of the band-wagon, or to the wide, perfectly level, and smooth streets, it is impossible to say. Each year finds wheelmen better skilled in the management of their wheels, no doubt; but the sudden slacking up of the advance, so that every rider found it necessary to practise the (*almost*) stand-still feat, and wheels lapped each other, and nervous riders hastily dismounted, was not experienced here, and that other evil succeeding it, when the rear struggles bravely to keep in sight of the flying head, was unknown.

Like all bicycle parades, the pace seemed rather slow for comfort, grace, or effect. Comment from the sidewalk by some grumbling looker-on, "Humph! is *that* as fast as they can go?" or words to that effect, was occasionally heard, but the driver of the band-wagon and the mounted police found that their utmost exertions were required to keep out of the way of the pushing young fellows behind. "I hope you fellows are not as tired as we are," said one of the latter to the writer, beside whom he happened to be riding on the return, and in answer to praises for their success in keeping the streets clear, he said, "Ah, yes; but there's several of us as wont be able to sit down for a week after this."

Among the noticeable clubs were, first, the Bostons, who added a pleasing effect

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by carrying, strapped to the handle of each machine, two nickeled sleigh-bells, and they jingled merrily over the route.

The mature, staid men of the Massachusetts Club immediately behind, "neat but not gaudy," in their uniforms of dark blue "from top to toe," looked and rode like the veteran road-riders they are.

The New Havens, resplendent in gold braid, a sort of semi-military uniform, missed their gallant captain, but felt the honor of having him at the head of the line. Far-off Chelsea, Mass., sent a *live* delegation, including a bicycling editor of world-wide fame. Grand Rapids, Mich., Louisville, and Detroit clubs appeared well; but the Cincinnatis "took the cake"!

Sixteen men, in uniforms of olive-green velvet, with helmets made of the same, and black silk stockings, every man superbly mounted upon a full-nickeled Expert, were "the observed of all observers," and marked a great advance in elegance of uniforms.

The Champion City Club (which city is Springfield, Ohio) very nearly equalled them in a similar uniform.

At this distance from the Queen City it may be safe to suggest that the Cincinnatis had the finer uniforms, but that the Champion City Club were the handsomest men! Certainly, a finer-looking set of men are seldom seen together.

The Cleveland Club was noticeable, too, for its neat uniforms, and for its fine riding no less; and the Buckeye Club, of Columbus, Ohio, was well represented. These clubs, though scattered through the line, gave Ohio the honors, and marked it as the coming bicycle state of the West.

The Milwaukee Club had a continuous ovation, won by their graceful riding and bearing. Composed mostly of young men, this club has, in numbers, activity, and enthusiasm, been one of the leading clubs in the country.

The Chicago clubs, proud of the visit of the League to their city, turned out in full force, and rode as men upon their native heath.

The original Chicagos, comprising some of Chicago's best-known citizens, in their neat uniforms of cool gray, rode particularly well, executing many evolutions with confidence and precision.

The Ariels, in striking uniforms of drab corduroy, over black and red striped shirts, with black hose, and the Hermes, a club of quite young men, in a similar uniform, made a strong team for Chicago.

St. Louis made a good show, with fourteen men, and Oshkosh, Wis., Fond du Lac, Wis., Keokuk, Ia, and Elgin, Ill., clubs furnished their quota of well-uniformed men.

From the far East, the clubs of Portland, Me., Portsmouth, N.H., and Providence, R.I., were well represented in line in addition to those before mentioned.

New York city was represented only by the popular and hard-worked Corresponding Secretary of the League, who, though "a host in himself," was hardly as *large* a delegation as was hoped for from the metropolis.

It is only fair to mention, however, that "Kol Kron" was present; but as he holds aloof from the League, as far as actual membership goes, giving it, to be sure,



KOL KRON.

most valuable suggestions, and the encouragement of his somewhat picturesque presence at the yearly meets, he fails to be a New York representative of the League. The Empire State had several well-known wheelmen in line, but no club in force.

The "unattached" brought up the rear, the proportion of these being less than ever before, showing that clubs still attract all riders in places where sufficient numbers can be found to form them.

As the long line moved on, considerable enthusiasm was manifested by the crowds

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in the streets, and all along the route hearty applause and waving handkerchiefs greeted the favorite clubs. The long flights of steps leading up to the fine residences of Michigan avenue were covered with parties of gayly-dressed ladies, welcoming the manly riders with admiring gaze and expressions of delight.

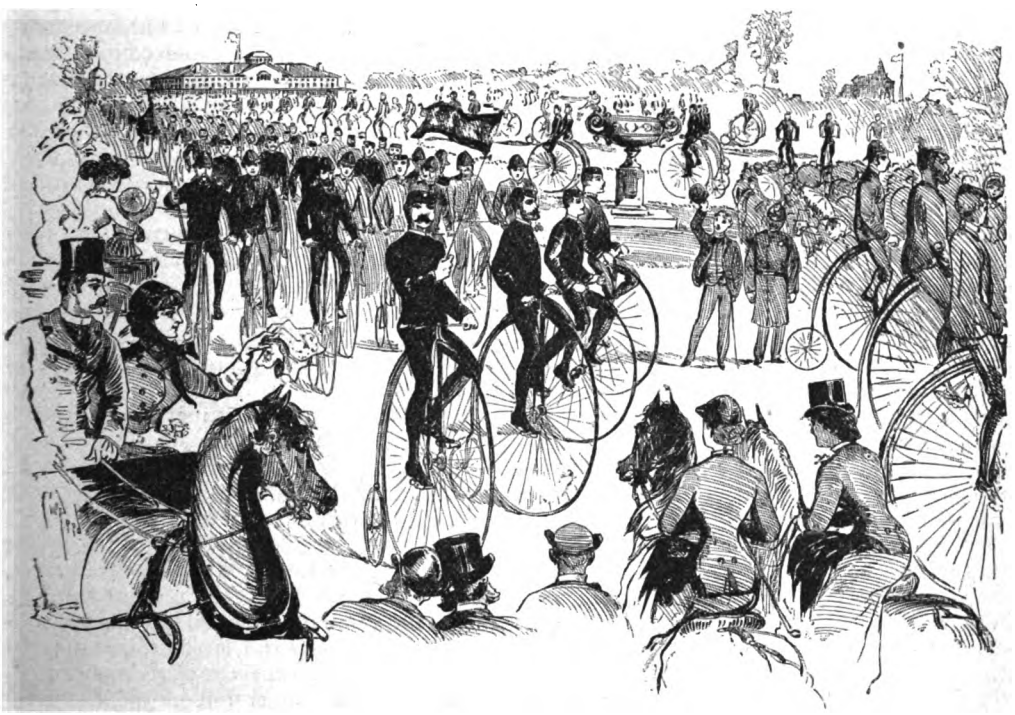
The roads were superb, particularly after the Park was entered. Probably many of the riders had never ridden upon so fine a surface before, and it was difficult to restrain them from dashing past band and police for an impromptu race. At Fifty-first street, the bugles sounded the first dismount, about six miles having been covered in good form. Wheels were stacked and a fine lunch, furnished by the Chicago clubs, was heartily enjoyed, washed down with several barrels of the best lemonade that ever passed a bicycler's lips.

A half-hour's rest and social intercourse, and the bugles sounded the assembly, the refreshed riders resumed their places, bearings were oiled, and through the lovely roads of the Park the long, graceful line started upon its return.

And here, in front of the South Park Hotel, came the review and countermarch, presenting a scene that those who witnessed will not be likely soon to forget, and of which the pen and pencil can give but a faint suggestion.

Up the winding road, through green lawns and beautiful banks of flowers, to the Drexel fountain, the procession came at quite a rapid pace.

Invigorated by the rest and the fine air, the wheelmen were in the best of spirits; the band played its liveliest airs; the wheels, glistening in the bright sunshine, rolled noiselessly over the smooth roadway, and, doubling upon itself through the serpentine paths, the silvery line moved in those easy curves which best exhibit the graceful movement of the bicycle.



COUNTERMARCHING ON PARADE.

As the clubs passed each other they exchanged hearty cheers, and with bells ringing, pennants fluttering, whistles blowing, and bugles sounding the different club-calls, they wound in and out, the enthusiasm spreading to the spectators, who joined in the cheering as the pageant swept past.

A more inspiring scene it would be hard to imagine.

The homeward route was more varied than that going out, and took the visitors through other of Chicago's finest avenues, past its most palatial residences, finishing

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up by a run through the winding paths of Lakeside Park and the dismount at the Exposition building.

Fifteen miles the cyclometers registered, all of which was ridden in good form; and it must be set down as the most successful parade of bicyclers, all things considered, that has ever taken place in America. Wheels were taken and checks given at the building, and the wheelmen disposed themselves as gracefully as possible upon the grand stand of the base-ball grounds and were photographed, the artist running a race with the fast gathering clouds and beating by one lap, for it was only by a lively foot-race that the Grand Pacific was reached before the water came pouring down.

The Chicago men had kept their word, and everything was favorable, even to the weather, which had been stormy up to the day before the meet, and immediately upon the conclusion of the parade it relapsed into a state of chronic rain. For a fortnight there was not another two days that would have permitted a parade at all.

The exhibition of Marine Bicycles on the lake, and plans for a run to the north side parks the next day, were necessarily abandoned.

Comparing this with former meets, the great improvement in uniforms, as in riding, was most marked. Even the "unattached" rode well, under Treasurer (to be) Gilman's able leadership, and there was scarcely an involuntary dismount during the whole ride, and no fall or accident of any kind.

In styles of uniform the advance from year to year has been remarkable. It is safe to say that the best-uniformed club in the parade at Newport would hardly surpass the least tasteful or most ordinarily uniformed at Chicago. From the really startlingly elegant uniforms of the Cincinnatis and Champion Citys, to the cheapest and most common here, nearly all were in good taste, and well fitted to the purpose — as well as to the men. Those fearful combinations of inharmonious colors upon one human body, which made the bicycle uniforms of the early days of the sport, were hardly seen at all. It is difficult to imagine what the future has in store for improved bicycle uniforms; but if we may judge the future by the past, coming years will make the uniforms of to-day seem very plain.

The great need now is for a well-understood system of drill, so that wheelmen on parade may change their order without confusion. Occasional changes from twos to fours, sixes, or eights, or to platoons, will make a parade much more striking and interesting to riders and spectators.

The order had been given that the clubs should ride by twos only. This must have been called out by the experience of past parades in the comparatively narrow streets of Boston; but for the wide streets of Chicago it made the procession almost "too thin," and a much better effect would have been produced by riding up the broad avenue in fours.

In numbers the meet was, it must be confessed, a great disappointment. Opinions as to the number who would be present had varied from six hundred to a thousand, and almost everybody thought that it would equal the Boston meet of eight hundred wheels; but only about four hundred appeared in line, and the League must wait another year to see a thousand wheelmen in procession. Eastern men were indignant, and western men were mortified at this small attendance; but it must be remembered that cities and towns in the west are separated by greater distances than in the east; that railroad fares are much higher, and that people are, as a rule, less able to pay them.

Western men are busy men, with money to make, and that leisure class who are masters of their own time and fortune, to which so many of the bicyclers of the east belong, is small in the west.

As at all meets, the observers were greatly surprised to find how large a proportion of the riders were mature men, to whom the games of boyhood have no charm, but who are none the less enthusiastically devoted to this latest form of recreation.

The annual convention of the League, which must be but briefly reported here, was to have taken place in the Appellate Court Room (in the Grand Pacific building), at two o'clock; but it was nearly four o'clock before lunch was finished, and Vice-President Fairfield succeeded in getting a quorum together, and the large room was soon filled with interested members.

Hard-worked Corresponding Secretary Putnam was obliged to appear as the representative of the Recording Secretary, the resigned President, the Treasurer, and for two or three committees, as well as *in propria persond*.

The Committee on Credentials reported four hundred and ten votes, as repre-

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sented by delegates and thirty-three individual voters. Fred. T. Sholes, of Cleveland, was appointed Recording Secretary *pro tempore*. The revised constitution and rules were considered in detail, and were adopted with scarcely any amendments, the system of election of the State officers, by the members in each State, being favorably received. The "Lamson Badge" was adopted; the action of the Board of Officers in joining with the National Association of Amateur Athletes in giving championship races was indorsed, and the election of officers for the ensuing year was then begun. Here the usual



placid course of League meetings was disturbed by a ripple of excitement, which nearly developed into a storm, but was not the frightful gale which some accounts have indicated. It was discovered that the Crescent Club, of Boston, through a mistaken idea of the League rules, had given certain members of the Boston Club permission to act as delegates for the former club. There certainly was room for misunderstanding as to the intent of the rule; but the meeting showed unmistakably that it agreed with all previous understanding of it, that a club could send only its *own* members as delegates.

It appeared to some members that an attempt had been made to cast these forty votes without the knowledge of the convention, and indignation was expressed, and considerable feeling was excited. At a critical moment in the controversy Vice-President Fairfield adroitly suggested a recess, for the banquet, and the convention adjourned to 10.30 P.M.

The banquet, spread in the main dining-hall of the Grand Pacific, was a fitting ending of a day of pleasure and good fellowship.

Vice-President Fairfield presided with grace and dignity. Over two hundred wheelmen were present; and among other distinguished guests were His Honor Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago; E. E. Wood, Esq., one of the Park Commissioners; Rev. Arthur Edwards, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, himself an enthusiastic wheelman, and others.

After bicycle justice had been done to the spread, Mr. Fairfield called up Mayor Harrison, who surprised and delighted his hearers by his enthusiasm for their favorite steed, although he acknowledged himself an ardent horseman. Some extracts from his speech are well worth quoting. Opening with the words, "I wish that I was a bicyclist," he said, "Next to a ship in full sail, or a locomotive in full motion, the bicycle is now one of the finest sights to be seen." Humorously describing the appearance of a man "a-wheel," he prophesied that the Lyell of centuries hence would unearth the fossil remains of a bicyclist of the present day, and would be puzzled to know just where the machine ended and the man begun. He most emphatically asserted the rights of bicycles to every place where any pleasure-carriage could go. The spirited speech called out great applause, and the company drank to his health, and gave him three hearty cheers. Brief speeches were made by Commander S. A. Marsden, of Hartford, Conn., who had so successfully led the parade; Cor. Sec. K. N. Putnam, of New York; A. S. Parsons, of Cambridge, Mass.; E. C. Hodges, of Boston; J. O. Monroe of Buffalo, N.Y.; Wm. H. Miller, of Columbus, O.; Capt. T. S. Miller, of Chicago; Dr. A. G. Coleman, of Canandaigua, N. Y., one of the gray-haired "veterans" and a very popular wheelman, and Mr. Bennett, of the Cincinnati Club. President Fairfield, with characteristic modesty, adopted the plan of inviting up those called for by the crowd rather than that of making his own selections.

Loud calls were made for President Bates, and great disappointment was felt that he had been obliged to leave. Persistent demands failed to find Colonel Pope, "Kol Kron," Dr. Edwards, Director Ely,

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a representative of the "Champion Citys," and others.

The speeches were interspersed with music by a band, and the singing by the Milwaukee Club of some of Sec. Angus S. Hibbard's capital bicycle songs, set to popular airs, Mr. Hibbard himself leading. These songs were the features of the evening, and drove those present nearly wild with delight.

Every bicycle club should have its glee club, and should obtain copies of Mr. Hibbard's songs for its use.

After a most enjoyable evening the Leaguemen marched merrily back to their duties in the court-room. It was impossible to quarrel after that fraternal gathering about the festive board. Through Mr. Weston, as spokesman, the disputed delegates gracefully yielded to the manifest sentiment of the meeting, and disclaimed any intention of opposing it further, and the election proceeded with the following result: —

Total number of votes	363
Necessary to a choice	182
Wm. H. Miller, of Columbus, O.	207
Edward C. Hodges, of Boston .	156

And Mr. Miller (President of the Buckeye Bycicle Club) was declared elected. Hearty cheers were given for President Miller, who responded in a modest, pleasant speech.

The Vice-President then withdrew as a candidate for reëlection, — the nominating committee having reported his name for the office, — and nominated A. S. Parsons, who was, on a motion, elected by the Secretary casting the ballot as the vote of the convention, and the rest of the officers were elected in the same way.

J. S. Dean, of Boston, nominated for Recording Secretary, declining to be considered a candidate, Mr. Hibbard's name was received with enthusiasm.

Dillwyn Wistar, Esq., who has so ably filled the office of Treasurer for a year and a half, — generously refusing to take the compensation voted to the office, although the duties have been arduous and trying, — declined a reëlection, and was given a vote of thanks.

The following is the full board of officers as elected: —

President. — W. H. MILLER, Columbus, Ohio.
Vice-President. — A. S. PARSONS, Cambridgeport, Mass.
Corresponding Secretary. — K. N. PUTNAM, 54 Wall Street, N.Y.
Recording Secretary. — A. S. HIBBARD, Milwaukee, Wis.
Treasurer. — WM. V. GILMAN, Nashua, N.H.

DIRECTORS BY STATES.

California. — George H. Strong, G. L. Cunningham, San Francisco.
Connecticut. — T. B. Beach, Hartford; Dr. T. S. Rust, Meriden.
District of Columbia. — P. T. Dodge, Max Hansman, Washington.
Illinois. — J. M. Fairfield, Chicago; H. G. Rouse, Peoria.
Indiana. — Harry Bates, Indianapolis; John O. Perrin, Lafayette.
Iowa. — D. R. Craig, Keokuk.
Kentucky. — H. Beddo, Louisville; C. W. Macklin, Frankfort.
Maine. — C. H. Lamson, Portland; F. H. Elwell, Deering.
Maritime Provinces. — Clarence H. Dimock, Windsor, N.S.
Maryland. — Albert Trego, Clymer Whyte, Baltimore.
Massachusetts. — Fred. S. Pratt, Worcester; E. C. Hodges, Boston.
Michigan. — Frank H. Escott, Grand Rapids.
Minnesota. — Charles N. Chadbourne, Rochester; C. H. Porter, Winona.
Missouri. — F. M. Gifford, Edina; Richard Garvey, St. Louis.
New Hampshire. — C. A. Hazlett, Portsmouth; E. M. Gilman, Nashua.
New Jersey. — L. H. Johnson, Orange; C. J. Wood, Hackensack.
New York. — W. F. Gullen, Brooklyn; J. O. Monroe, Buffalo.
Ontario. — S. W. McMichael, Brantford.
Ohio. — Fred. T. Sholes, Cleveland; J. G. Kitchell, Cincinnati.
Pennsylvania. — Charles Beltz, Pittsburg; W. E. Montelius, Philadelphia.
Quebec. — H. S. Tibbs, Montreal; W. N. Campbell, Quebec.
Rhode Island. — Chas. T. Howard; A. G. Carpenter, Providence.
Vermont. — A. W. Childs, Brattleboro'; Geo. E. Styles, Burlington.
Wisconsin. — A. A. Hathaway, A. C. Jones, Milwaukee.
England. — Henry Sturmey, Coventry; Ernest R. Shipton, Salisbury.

A discussion as to the expediency of a consolidation or combination with the Bicycle Touring Club, of England, took place, it being the sense of the meeting that, while the most friendly relations should exist between the two organizations, it was better that they continue as separate bodies.

Mr. W. B. Everett, of the Boston Club, in a very neat speech, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. John M. Fairchild for his labors to make the meet the success it was, and the demonstrative response showed that those present appreciated how much was due to his well-directed efforts.

The level-headedness — if the term may be used — of the Chicago bicyclers was

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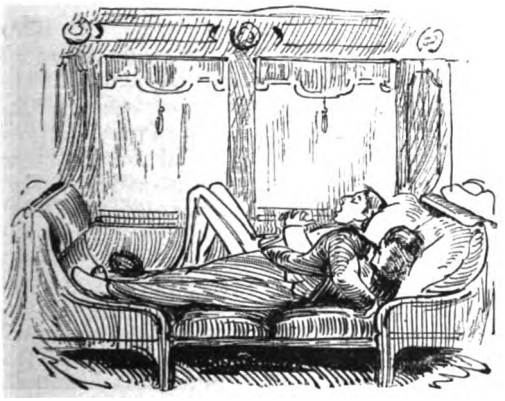
admirably shown by their action in putting the entire charge of the preparations for the meet in the hands of one person, rather than dividing them among committees. Possibly had a man of less executive ability been selected for the task it might not have proved so successful a plan, but not a hitch or a break occurred in any detail.

Mr. Fairfield acknowledged the vote in an exceedingly happy speech, vainly trying to depreciate his own part in the labor, acknowledging the coöperation of the Milwaukee and Cincinnati clubs with the Chicago clubs, and thanking the men of the East for their attendance.

A few minor matters were then passed upon, and soon after midnight the meeting dissolved.

The tired wheelmen sought their beds, and the third gathering of the bicyclers of America was practically over.

The following morning was rainy, and those who had remained appeared in ordinary dress, and would hardly have known each other but for the League badges, so great was the change in appearance.



A "SLEEPER" GOING HOME.

It is impossible to over-estimate the favorable influence of these great meets of bicyclers upon the public. If the League did nothing but to get together each year some hundreds of wheelmen in parade and consultation, it would be well worth to every wheelman in the country the slight cost of membership.

Those who never leave their own vicinity may question the usefulness of the organization, failing to see its advantages to them; but certainly no one who attends a League meet can doubt its value or influence.

The press of Chicago gave great prominence to the reports of the meet and meeting, and the Associated Press reports, sent by telegraph to all parts of the country, were as good as could be asked.

The *Times* started out with a savage, almost indecent, attack upon the amusement, but was more just and respectful after the first day. Its famous alliterative head-lines were not lacking: "Æsthetic Athletes;" "The Bounding Bicycle-Riders of America;" "Bipeds and Bicycles," are a few specimens.

The *Tribune's* reports were full and appreciative. The new *Herald* perhaps excelled all other papers in its detailed accounts, and was quite enthusiastic, and the *Inter-Ocean*, *Journal*, and other papers, gave considerable space to the affair.

The people of Chicago and of the vast territory which gathers its information as to the events of the day from the papers of that city — and they are the greatest newspaper readers in the world — cannot but have a much more exalted idea of bicycling than ever before.

Numbers of eastern young men have acquired that interest in the great city of the West which only a personal visit can give, and pleasant acquaintances have been made among the most active and enthusiastic men of both sections, which cannot but bind the East and the West more closely together.

These are only some of the minor advantages of the League and its meetings.

A fresh impulse has been given to bicycling, local prejudices have been lessened, and a national fraternal spirit has been developed, which no event managed by local clubs could have produced.

The League must live if only to continue these annual gatherings of the wheelmen of America.

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THE EFFECT OF THE BICYCLE UPON OUR HIGHWAY LAWS.

II.

As the bicycle and tricycle become more common vehicles in cities, their riders will form the nucleus of a party which will insist more and more effectively upon laying the best and smoothest pavements. If it were now proposed in Washington, D.C., to abandon the admirable system of asphalt pavements now in use there, and return to the use of stone, wooden blocks, or any other less smooth and comfortable style of pavement, the bicycle and tricycle riders of that city would, without exception, be found solidly and determinedly opposed to such change, and actively exerting every particle of their strength, by vote, voice, pen, and business and political influence, against such change. The political or municipal party which should propose any such return to inferior forms of pavement, no matter upon what pretext, whether upon the pretence of economy and decreased taxation, or for any other alleged reason, would certainly not only lose the votes, but incur the active opposition of every bicycler and tricycler in the city and its vicinity for every office having any bearing upon the pavement question. This is so obvious to all wheelmen that it hardly needs to be stated except for the information of those who are not wheelmen, and who do not know or appreciate the opinions and the growing political influence of the wheelmen.

I cite this as a conspicuous instance, illustrative of the influence upon this subject of the bicycle everywhere. Its riders demand and will have, just as soon as they increase sufficiently to make their numbers felt in public affairs, the best roads in the country, and the best pavements in cities. By best, all bicyclers mean those with the smoothest and cleanest surfaces, and the most durable. A bicycler abominates a roadway which is only smooth while new, but soon gets out of repair, or has to be replaced every few years, next to a roadway which is rough from the beginning. Bicyclers demand, and will have, as soon as they obtain power, smooth roads, hard and durable roads, and roads kept at all times clean and in thorough repair. All bicyclers believe that the cost of first-class roads and pavements is the wisest and most absolutely necessary expenditure of public money. They are as set in their opinion that they must and will have first-class highways, at any necessary expense, as are intelligent voters that we must and will have good public schools, no matter what they cost. At the same time, bicyclers are as strongly opposed to extravagance as any class. They know, by personal experience, better than any other class, what a good roadway is; and that they want at the lowest price which will secure it.

In a former paper I have shown that the influence of the bicycle has already effected changes in at least one State, and is forming a public opinion which demands changes in other States, in the highway laws affecting country roads. I have pointed out some of the advantages to farmers and to country villages obtainable by the construction of good roads. But there are other advantages, of great importance to country property and rural villages in the neighborhood of large cities, which may be secured by the construction of first-class roads. First-class roads, leading from a large city out into the country, tend strongly to carry city capital and city homes out into the country, thus greatly enhancing the value of property within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles from the city. In a city where all the roads leading out into the country are sandy, or muddy, or stony, or bad to travel over at any season of the year, the wealth of the city remains in the city, and dwells in city homes. Make first-class gravel or macadam roads out into the country, and immediately along such roads the wealth of the city begins to build beautiful country-seats, permanent rural suburban villages, and elegant homes for wealth and refinement, each one carrying with it a new market of greater or less value for the neighboring farmers, and enriching them by increasing the salable value of their acres.

Why is Boston so notable for its suburbs and suburban villages? New York is wealthier, Philadelphia is rich, Chicago and many other cities possess abundance of wealthy capitalists whose tastes incline them to create suburban homes; but Boston

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is alone noted for its beautiful suburbs, and its many outlying villages, villas, and country-seats. Railway communication has done much to help Boston; but the observant man will not fail to be struck with the one great fact which accounts fully for the suburbs and suburban villages and rural homes of Boston: they are connected with the business heart of the city by smooth, clean, luxurious roads, over which the suburban dweller may drive his carriage, or may walk, at any season of the year, day or night, without the discomforts of either dust, mud, or roughness. The carriage rolls along as if over a clean-swept floor; the walking is as good and clean as if upon a city sidewalk. All these beautiful drives, far out into the country, are dotted with costly villas, and the beautiful homes and grounds of wealth, refinement, and elegance. Every acre of ground, and especially every desirable location for a home or village, has been enormously increased in price by this pushing of city wealth out into the country. Thus these fine roadways have paid the largest percentage of profit upon their cost of any public improvements either in Massachusetts or in the entire United States.

First-class roads connecting a large city with the surrounding country are the best paying investments to which public moneys can possibly be devoted. Like causes will produce like results, any and everywhere else. Whenever the city editor, lawyer, merchant, mechanic, or any other business man, can live three, five, ten, or more miles out in the country, in a rural home, with pure air, a garden, and other rural advantages, and easily and regularly drive his team, or ride his bicycle, into the city every morning in the year to his business, sure that he will not be prevented by water, mud, sand, rough roads, or storms; at once the city man becomes earnest in his effort to attain the dream of his life, — a country home with city refinements for his family and himself. If the country wishes the city man's money to improve the country and increase the value of country acres, the people have only to make the paths from the city into the country smooth and easy, and city wealth will at once flow abundantly out along these paths. The bicycle and tricycle will enable thousands on thousands of city men of moderate means to avail themselves of the delights of rural homes wherever there are good roads, and thus greatly accelerate a movement which promises so many desirable advantages to both city and country. And within a reasonable ratio this same experience holds good in the neighborhood of every town and village which possesses business men of capital and taste.

No sooner does an intelligent bicycler begin to appreciate the necessity for better pavements in a city than he is forced to consider the reasons why poor pavements exist, and the means to secure better ones. He almost immediately perceives that behind and below all paving systems are the laws upon which they are based. A slight investigation of these laws shows him that the problem of securing good pavements is much more intricate than that of securing good country roads. He finds that the highway laws in nearly if not quite all the States divide the country into what are called highway districts; and that the highway tax is levied upon all the taxable property in each of such districts, and the money and labor thus obtained are expended under the direction of the highway officers wherever, within the district, it is deemed most important to construct or improve a road. Therefore, in order to secure good roads in the country, it is chiefly necessary merely to so change the highway laws as to require all highway taxes to be paid in money, when the well-known shrewdness and closeness of the farmers in dealing with public moneys will induce them to watch closely after their interests, and see that they get the worth of their money in good roads.

In the cities a different system generally prevails. In fact, there are many city paving systems. But they may be all resolved into three, as follows: —

1. Where a whole city is created one highway district; all highway expenditures being made at the expense of the whole city.

2. Where the streets are improved at the expense of the property-owners on the lines of such street, or adjacent thereto.

3. Where the first pavement is laid at the expense of the property-owners on such street, but all subsequent repavements, repairs, etc., are made at the expense of the whole city.

The first system is apt to furnish the best results in good pavements. The objections to it are that political power and favoritism sometimes expend most of the money where it will do the most good in carrying elections, leaving the tax-payers of the "reliable" portions of the city without any returns for their money. It is

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also charged that this is apt to become an extravagant system, since the property-owners do not exercise so direct a control over the raising and expenditure of highway moneys as under either of the other systems.

Under the second system, where highway taxes are only levied and expended upon petition of the adjacent property-owners, the tax-payers have a direct control over both assessments and expenditures. But, under this system, the property-owners are slow to make improvements; and they are apt to select styles of pavement which are the cheapest immediately, without paying sufficient attention to their durability or their excellence.

Under the third system, the property-owners, having to pay for the first pavement only, and knowing that thereafter the whole city must take care of their street, are directly bribed to select the cheapest pavement to be had. Why should they care if it does not last, or if it is of the "cheap and nasty" sort, knowing that, as soon as it is worn out, the whole city will be taxed to replace it? This system has been the curse of many western cities. Under it the property-owners will stubbornly refuse to petition for any pavement except the cheapest; and the cheapest soon wears out, and has to be replaced at the expense of the whole city. It was under a system which produced this evil that the city of Chicago, a few years ago, was carried to the verge of municipal bankruptcy. So many cheap wooden pavements had been laid, that finally, there were so many miles of rotten pavements to be replaced, the estimates for repaving rose to an enormous figure, and thousands of tax-payers became tax-fighters, and refused to pay their taxes. In every city where this system prevails, as it now does in Detroit and Milwaukee, the same tendency is apparent; and thoughtful men look with dread to the future. Under this system property-owners are encouraged to pave all sorts of streets, where the property bordering thereon is worth but little. It has cost less than a dollar a square yard to lay a "cheap and nasty" pavement of wooden blocks set loosely upon an inch or two of sand. This makes the street look nicely, and furnishes an easy-riding pavement for a short time, and the value of property is largely increased. But in two or three years pavement repairs begin; in six to ten years the pavement is worn or rotted out, and then the whole city has to pay for its replacement.

Within the first ten or twelve years, under this system, miles upon miles of these cheap pavements are laid each year; so that, at the end of twelve or fifteen years, the city suddenly finds itself in a condition where it is absolutely necessary to repave dozens of streets, and replace many miles of rotten pavement, all in one year, with a prospect of worse each succeeding year. Then the paving taxes mount up to something appalling, and the evils of the system become clearly apparent. This expense is inevitable, because there is no choice except to repave, or else abandon streets which have been already paved, — a course not to be thought of. There are miles of streets paved in western cities in this way, along the lines of which the average value of property, at the time the first pavement was laid, did not exceed from $25 to $50 per foot front; and miles where the average value, four or five years after paving, did not exceed $50 to $80 per foot front. In Boston, or any other well-governed city, a proposition to pave such a street — especially a side street, not a thoroughfare, with only a scattered line of buildings along it, few and far apart — would strike the people as the scheme of a lunatic.

The bicycler desires the very best pavements. He knows that the very best pavements are costly at first, though much the cheapest in the long run. Thus, a cheap wooden-block pavement, costing only one dollar a square yard at first, but having to be replaced every seven years on an average, will cost, in fifty years, over seven dollars a square yard, besides repairs, which are frequent, and the curse of having a poor roadway nearly all the time; whereas, a first-class pavement, though it may cost three to six dollars per square yard at first, will last a lifetime, — its foundations will last forever, and its surface renewal will cost comparatively little at long intervals. In fifty years it will be much the cheapest; in one hundred years, incomparably the cheapest, and it will be the best and most satisfactory all the time. But its first cost will induce cities to extend pavements slowly and with care. The most necessary streets — the thoroughfares — will be paved. The side streets will be macadamized or graveled until they become important enough to be paved; and macadam or gravel makes an excellent roadway for a bicycle.

I find the bicyclers in the West, so far as I have observed, in favor of one of the two following systems of paving laws: —

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1. All highway expenditures at the expense of the whole city.

2. Half the expense levied upon adjacent property, and the other half upon the whole city.

This latter plan I am in favor of, as at once the most conservative in keeping down expenditures, and the most progressive in securing good pavements.

There are other points in the laws of great importance. Thus, in some cities, pavements can only be ordered upon a petition from a majority or more of the property-owners along the street. This is a power very liable to abuse. At any rate, it leaves the question of paving solely to the interests of the lot-owners, not to the interests of the city as a whole. Speculators in lots are thus given a control over a question which should be decided solely by the general public good. And they may refuse to petition at all unless they are promised that the pavement laid shall be a certain kind, likely to be one of the "cheap and nasty" sort. I believe that the city government should possess the sole power to order any street paved, and to decide what sort of pavement shall be laid. This system is the most likely to produce the best results. It seems to me the system which gives those who desire good pavements the best chance to make their desires felt in the nominations and elections of city officials.

This paper is already too long, else I might discuss various other phases of this important subject. But I only desire to show the facts that the invention of the bicycle is likely to produce changes in our highway laws, that bicycle riders are each personally much interested in the subject of good roads and pavements, and that their influence is, and will be, in favor of the best roads and pavements, and of such legislation as will secure the best; therefore, it will be an influence for the public good. And I desire, also, to set them in the way of correct investigation, and of such action as will soonest and most effectually accomplish their desires.

President Bates.

JOHN-O'-GROAT'S TO LAND'S END ON A TRICYCLE.

THE biggest feat ever accomplished on wheels has, as our readers probably know, been accomplished by Alfred Nixon, of the London Tricycle Club, he having covered on a tricycle a distance of 1,007 miles in 13 days 23 hours and 55 minutes, — a record which will stand for a long time as records go now.

The performance thus credited to the three-wheeled steed is one which, a few years ago, was looked on as a great feat for the narrow-gauge machine, and even now the names of the first "John-o'-Groat's to Land's End men" are held in due reverence. When we consider that Nixon took this long journey entirely alone, with no one to share the *ennui* or the miseries of the trip, we know from experience that any one who has tried a long trip will thoroughly appreciate the vigor and energy of the "Premier" jockey, which carried him successfully through nine days of wet and over-heavy roads to the end of his self-appointed task. Nixon has kindly placed his MSS. account of his ride at our disposal, and we are very pleased to print in the pages of *The Tricyclist* the first fully detailed account of "the greatest wheel feat of modern times."

. . . . . .

At 8.30 P.M. on Monday, August 14th, I left King's Cross for Thurso, in Caithnessshire, which place was reached at 9.15 P.M., on the 15th inst. Stayed the night at the Royal Hotel B.T.C. house, at Thurso; see account No. 1, 6s. 9d. Had breakfast at 7 o'clock on Wednesday, August 16th, and at eight o'clock started for John-o'-Groat's, a run of 21 miles, which, the roads being good, was accomplished by 10.15. Saw Mrs. Mackenzie at John-o'-Groat's house. Wrote an account of what I *intended* to try to do in the visitors' book, and had some luncheon, read Falconer's entry in the book, and then, at 11 A.M., said good-by to Mrs. Mackenzie, and started on my journey to the south, with the wind blowing S.W., in a dense Scotch mist, which prevented me seeing much of the country; found the roads good in places, and rough in others. Noticed that the fences between the fields were made of paving-stones, and that any horses met on the road were very frightened at the machine, the

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inhabitants ditto, and answers to inquiries vague. Reached Wick (40 miles) at 1.20, and had lunch at the New Hotel, 2s. 3d. Shortly after leaving Wick one of my Brown's bearings on the crank went wrong — not the machine, although the bearing being broken, and all the balls gone, did not improve the running. Opened the case of the bearing at the opposite end of pedal crank, and inserted some of the balls in the empty case; these, however, soon came out, and I decided to run on without any at one end at all, and did so all through the journey. Telegraphed to Hillier from Keiss to the Stock Exchange, and also to home, to say that I left John-o'-Groat's at 11 A.M. Went on to Dunbeath to tea, which I had at the Post-office for nothing, as the Postmaster would accept no payment. Tried to telegraph to Coventry, *re*-ball bearing; but found the wires were out of order, and could not communicate. Stopped the night at Helmsdale. I don't know the name of the hotel, as they did not give me a receipted bill, but I see by my notes that I paid 6s. 6d. for the night and breakfast. Met a Mr. Mackintosh here, who would insist on drinking a prosperity to my ride, in which I had to join him. Rode 77 miles, including Thurso, to John-o'-Groat's.

Second day. — Wind, S. Fine at first. Wet afterwards. An uneventful day. Very hot in the morning. Suffered much from thirst. Passed Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland. Rode through lovely roads, with heather in full bloom, and lovely fir woods on either side. Roads good. Lunch at Dornoch, 2s. 7d. On through Bonar Bridge (95 miles) and Tain (110 miles); from Tain to Dingwall roads very good. Rained hard from Invergorden to Dingwall. Tea at Invergorden, 1s. 6d. Stayed at the National Hotel at Dingwall for the night. Accommodation good. Paid 7s. 9d.; hotel bill No. 2. Rode 80 miles to-day. Received first letters from home,— one from my wife, and the first one I ever received from my little daughter, Murrielle, aged six, written under the supervision of her mother.

Third day. — Wind, W. A lovely day. Sun very hot. Getting over severe thirst. Roads from Dingwall to Inverness lovely and smooth, though rather heavy from recent rains. Cattle-show on, and town full of visitors. Had some refreshment for nothing at the shop of a bicycle manufacturer, and then on through lovely scenery to Freeburn, where I had dinner of eggs and bacon, 1s. 6d., and then on again past Loch Moy (172 miles), a lovely loch with an island in the centre. Carr Bridge to Kingussie roads simply awful, about 40 miles like the beach at Hastings. Progress very slow. Tea at the Post Office Hotel, at Alvie, 1s. Saw the first snow I had seen since the winter, on the top of Cairngorm. Had more letters from home. Rode only 66 miles to-day, the roads being so bad the last 40 miles. Average, so far, including 21 miles from Thurso to John-o'-Groat's, 74 miles per diem. Stopped the night at Pullars' Hotel, at Kingussie, B.T.C. house; good. Hotel bill No. 3, 7s. 6d.

Fourth day. — Wind, S., hard. Kingussie (201 miles) to Dalwhinnie (214 miles). Head wind, bad roads, very exposed, and heavy rain; three hours to do 13 miles. Water-proof suit on three times. Lunch at Dalwhinnie good, 2s. 6d. (See hotel bill No. 4.) Liquor at Dalwhinnie; champagne ginger and bitter — from the North British Mineral Water Co.'s Stores, at Perth — and didn't it go down! Stopped at Blair Athol Hotel, and signed their visitors' book, then on past the entrance to the pass of Killiecrankie, amidst lovely scenery, through Dunkeld to Perth, where I stopped for the night at the B.T.C. house, The Queen's Hotel. (See hotel bill No. 5, 7s. 7d.) Rode 72 miles to-day.

Fifth day. — Wind, S.W. A gale. Awful roads and rain. Very uninteresting scenery. Wet through twice to-day, in spite of water-proof, the rain getting in at the tops of my leggings, etc. Passed the memorial to Sir William Wallace; on through Stirling and Falkirk, to Linlithgow, where I decided to stop the night at the Star and Garter. (Hotel bill No. 6, 8s. 8d.) Very good accommodation, and a capital landlord, who did all in his power to make me comfortable. Distance to-day only 66 miles.

Sixth day. — Wind, W. Heavy. Off early for Edinburgh. Roads very good. Rode through Princes Street, Edinburgh, then to Milnes' Hotel. (Hotel bill No. 7, 3s. 9d.) Found letters waiting me from home — from my wife and son. Had lunch and wrote to Hillier and home. Saw all cycling papers, and then on to look up "Thistle," — Mr. Hay, — who kindly volunteered to go part of the way with me on the road. Think I saw Bashall, of the Temple, in Edinburgh, and spoke to him,

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but could not stop, as "Thistle" was making the pace. On to Dunbar, with a gale astern, and then had dinner together at the George, 3s., and soon after he left me to take train back to Edinburgh. Felt it the greatest relief to have some one to talk to; very sorry when he left me, as I found him a most pleasant companion. Passed the village of Preston Pans, where the battle was fought. Stopped for the night at the Red Lion at Berwick. (Hotel bill No. 8, 6s.) Distance to-day 75 miles. All the way from Edinburgh along the sea-shore.

Seventh day. — Wind, W. Roads from Berwick to Belford bad. Called at the Post Office at Belford for letters, but found none. Wrote to Mr. Hillman, of Coventry, *re* another machine for the Championship, as it strikes me these roads will knock this one all to pieces before I have finished. Had lunch at Belford, 1s. On the left had a fine view of Holy Island, just before reaching Belford. Passed Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. No doubt, had he known that another "Dook" was going through, he would have had the guns fired and the flags hoisted. Passed through lots of horrid colliery villages on nearing Newcastle. On over the High Level Bridge at Championship pace, which was soon stopped by my being nearly "run in" at unintentionally avoiding the toll, of which I was not aware. On in the dark to Durham, Three Tuns. (Hotel bill No. 9, 7s. 10d.) Distance to-day 80 miles. Rather tired on reaching Durham.

Eighth day. — Accommodation at the Three Tuns, at Durham, the best I have had yet — to say nothing of the landlady's cherry brandy, supplied gratis on arrival of her daughter (but I forgot for the moment I was "engaged," and am likely to get my hair pulled when I get home, if I say too much about the daughter). But "joking" apart, the kindness of every one here was great, and I hope other wheelmen will make a point of stopping at the same house. On waking up in the morning, I found Durham Cathedral facing my bedroom window, and such an awful morning! — pouring in torrents and high wind against me; so much so that I determined to stop for an hour or two and thoroughly overhaul my "Premier" trike, as it had now done about half the journey. Fortunately I did so, as I found one of the lynchpins had broken in the box of the wheel, and the nut which holds it on loose in the box. Left Durham at 11 A.M., and got on somehow over awful roads, in heavy rain and wind, to Scotch Corner; then roads better to Boroughbridge, but very heavy all over the celebrated Leeming Lane, 27 miles straight, through an uninteresting agricultural country. Saw a bicyclist at Leeming going north; I think he was a Londoner, but did not stop, as I was anxious to push on to Boroughbridge, where I stopped the night at the Crown. (Hotel bill No. 10, 7s.) Only rode 55 miles to-day. Wind, S.W.; strong all day.

Ninth day. — Roads bad from Boroughbridge to Wetherby, but managed to get along the sides, and thus avoid the mud and ruts. Called at the Angel, B.T.C., at Wetherby, for lunch and letters from home; found three letters, which cheered me up and encouraged me to persevere. Roads improved at Ferry Hill, and from there to Doncaster fair. Dinner at the Reindeer, at Doncaster, good, 2s. 9d. Then on through Retford, and on in heavy rain to Newark. Rode 13½ hours to-day, and finished with 81 miles; very tired. The best run yet. Stopped for the night at the Royal Oak, at Newark. (Hotel bill No. 11.) Accommodation good. The landlady's son, a bicyclist, tightened up three of my spokes, and I obtained new straps for my bag, the others being worn through.

Tenth day. — Another awfully wet day. Rode in water-proof for five hours. Wind, S.W.; strong. Barometer rising, so hope for better weather. Had lunch at the Angel, at Grantham. Dinner at the George, at Melton Mowbray. (Hotel bill No. 12, 4s. 5d.) Changed my clothes, and had others dried. Roads to-day very good, but heavy from wet. Accommodation at Melton A 1. Several heavy hills to-day. Wind very high at first, but subsided later in day. Decided to stop for night at the Hind, B.T.C., at Lutterworth. (Hotel bill No. 13, 6s. 7d.) Wrote a long letter home, and card to Hillier. Distance run from Thurso, 705 miles, and distance to-day only 59 miles. Found the accommodation at the Hind A 1, and the landlord a capital fellow. Gave him an account of my ride, so far, for Rugby papers (of which I have received a copy since). Distance from Leicester to Lutterworth, 13 miles — not 12, as per Falconer's distance.

Eleventh day. — Wind, N.W., not heavy. Off at 8.15 A.M. Tolerable roads to Rugby, heavy in places under the trees, then good on to Southam; had lunch at the Bull, at Southam, and wrote to Radford,

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of the L.T.C., from whom I found a letter here. Good roads on to Banbury, with several stiff hills. Dinner at the White Lion, at Badbury: being Saturday, rather poor. (Hotel bill No. 14, 2s. 9d.) Walked about the town whilst waiting for an answer to a telegram to my wife; filled up the time in looking at Banbury Cross, but did not see the ancient female I used to hear about in by-gone days. Had a shave, about a foot and a half (more or less) of my beard having grown since I left Berwick. Had an answer to my wire, and then started off for Chipping Norton. Soon after leaving Banbury my old enemy, the rain, began falling in torrents, and thus ended my chance of a good day's distance. The roads became worse and worse, — greasy chalk, and heavy ruts, caused by the carts carrying corn from the fields on wet roads, — and the machine went nearly as much on one side as she did forward, and although I stood on the pedals nearly all the way to Chipping Norton, I could only get about five miles an hour out of her. This is the third day of heavy going I have had. Only did 58 miles to-day, which required as much doing as 80 miles on a fine day with fair roads. Reached Burford at 7.30, and as the next stage was 17 miles over an unknown road, I decided to stop for the night at the Bull. (Hotel bill No. 15, 7s. 5d.)

Twelfth day. — Wind S.W., rather strong. Rode from Burford through Cirencester, Tetbury, Didmarton (where I called for letters), and on to Bath to tea at the White Lion. Roads from Burford to Cirencester like a ploughed field — three hours doing 17 miles. Rough to Tetbury. Dinner at White Hart, Tetbury. (Hotel bill No. 16, 4s. 1d.) Good, consisting of roast duck and green peas, etc., of which not much was left. Roads from Bath to Wells good. Misdirected three miles near Cawston, making distance to-day 73 miles, as against Falconer's 70. Lovely moonlight ride from Bath to Wells. Passed B.U. notice board going into Wells, which prevented me running through or against toll gate at bottom of hill. Stopped the night at Star Hotel, at Wells. (Hotel bill No. 17, 7s. 3d.) Accommodation fair.

Thirteenth day. — Wind, S.W., hard. Left Wells at 8.15 A.M., ran through Glastonbury, Somerton, Langport, to Taunton (36 miles); dinner at Clarke's Hotel. Met and dined with Mr. Sturmey, of Coventry, who was going to race at the sports. Rode on to Exeter, 31 miles from there, doing the distance in 4¼ hours, in spite of head wind and two halts for rain. Tea at the Rougemont Hotel, A 1. (Hotel bill No. 18, 2s.) Should like to have stayed here, but anxious to finish in the fortnight if possible, and get home; so pushed on in a head gale to Okehampton, another 21 miles, which my log made 23. Rode 88 miles to-day, my longest yet. Reached Okehampton at 11 P.M. Very tired. Stopped the night at Okehampton. (Hotel bill No. 19, 8s. 8d.) The White Hart.

Fourteenth day. — Wind, S.W., hard. Left Okehampton in heavy rain. Four hours to Launceston. Dinner at King's Arms, 3s. 3d. (Hotel bill 20), A 1. Left at 2 P.M., and reached Bodmin at 5. Tea at the Royal, and reached Truro at 11, on a lovely road, but with head wind all the way. Stopped the night at the Royal, at Truro, and ordered my breakfast of soda and milk, fowl and tongue, etc., to be laid over night, ready for 3.30 in the morning. Went to bed at 12, and then up and called the boots to light gas and get out machine, and left Truro at 4.30 for the last stage (39 miles) *via* Helstone and Penzance to Land's End. Reached Penzance at 9.15, over fair roads, and Land's End at 10.55 A.M., making distance, with the three hours' rest at Truro, for the last day, 104 miles, and the total distance from one point to the other, 1,007 miles.

I may mention, in conclusion, that I rode *every* day, Sundays included. The machine that carried me was a "Premier" tricycle, built some three months since by Messrs. Hillman, Herbert & Cooper, of Coventry, having Surrey Machinists' hollow felloes, 50-in. wheels, ball-bearings all over, geared even, and weighing about 97 lbs. She carried me well, and except for one or two minor breakages was as good when I reached Land's End as when I left John-o'-Groat's — the tires of course excepted. My health and appetite were both thoroughly good, and I suffered neither from soreness or sprain at any point of the journey; and when I reached Land's End I weighed a pound more than when I left John-o'-Groat's. I had, as nearly as possible, five meals a day, and enjoyed the ride thoroughly. My saddle was a Long distance one, on an Arab Cradle spring. My luggage weighed, I should say, from 12 lbs. to 15 lbs., and was all carried with me.

ALFRED NIXON, L.T.C., B.T.C., & B.U.

The Tricyclist.

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WHAT OF THE LEAGUE?

THE League of American Wheelmen appears to have become, during the past season, of sufficient consequence to be criticised. It is the fate of all organizations of similar character to meet occasionally with gusts and storms, and, at times, even with tempests of abuse. The League and its officers must not expect to be exempt from this fate. I do not mean to imply that the League has yet received abuse. There has sprung up a good deal of discussion of its scope, its rules, the action and alleged non-action of its officers, in the bicycling press; and of this, generally considered, nobody can complain, because it is an advantage every way.

There has been of late a good deal of misunderstanding apparent, and want of definite knowledge in regard to League matters. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at. The two bicycling papers, one as the "official organ" of the League, and the other less favored, but equally well-disposed, have been depended upon mostly for making known the objects and doings of the League by its officers, and as sources whence to derive information by its members and other wheelmen; but neither of these papers is read. Yes, I end the sentence there. From all appearances, neither of these papers is *read*. Each has its lists of subscribers, each is taken up and looked over by a considerable number of wheelmen, and each is very useful and valuable as a medium of communication. I am not now disparaging these papers, but I am simply inviting attention to a neglect on our part as American wheelmen. There are, at the least calculation, twelve thousand bicyclers in the United States and Canadas; and I will venture to say, from observation and inference, that not one in ten of us subscribe for either of these papers, and not one in twenty subscribe for both, and, further, that not one in twenty reads either. It may be allowable also to suggest that it cannot be reasonably expected of subscribers to a paper that they shall remember everything that has been printed, or that they shall always have the files of papers at hand to refer to, and that while information may have been fully published six months or a year or eighteen months ago, there may still be necessity for serving up the same facts and the same suggestions again. Iteration — reiteration — is the duty of the newspaper.

I have looked almost in vain to the bicycling press for any defence of the League, or any attempt to correct or explain errors made by correspondents in their communications concerning it. Even in "the official organ" of the League, which may be expected, perhaps, to do something more for its officers and members than any other paper, I have noticed a dearth of the dew of charity, and the rain of information, which might gratefully fall on thirsty and inquiring fields. If the wheelmen of America would devote as much attention and pains, and as many small sums of money, to the American sources of information as they do to the English, they would be quite as wise and quite as patriotic, and would find quite as good returns for their investments.

Other things might be mentioned as contributing to the apparent want of information in regard to the League. The League handbook, of which I shall have something more to say hereafter, which ought to have appeared in the spring of last year, or, at the latest, in June, was delayed until November. Until its appearance even the permanent information, such as relates to constitution, rules, officers, consuls, etc., was only accessible in "the official organ" and in circulars, and was, consequently, scattered and never at hand. It may be observed, too, that while wheelmen are not inapt or infrequent in the use of their pens, the members and officers of the League have apparently been, like other wheelmen, more busy with action than with words.

Now, I could wish that some explanation of the scope of the League and its rules, and an adequate setting forth of what its officers have done, might be attempted by others better able and better situated to attend to it than I; but I propose to try to contribute my views in regard to these matters, and to make some reply to the various criticisms which have been made, in a general rather than a specific way, for the most part.

To begin at the beginning, it seems proper to take some observation of the origin and scope of the League I had the honor to suggest first, in the *Bicycling World* of March 20, 1880, from which I quote:

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"The organization of a Bicycle League which may serve to protect and to further the general common rights and interests of wheelmen throughout the United States and Canadas." On the 26th of April, 1880, I signed, as President of the Boston Bicycle Club, a call for the first meeting, which was published on the 1st of May, 1880; and that call but repeated in different words the same fundamental suggestion which I have above referred to. The first meeting was held, and the outline of organization was adopted, on the 31st of May, 1880. At that time the League was given a name, an organization with officers, and a constitution; and that, it is to be borne in mind, was but little more than two years ago. It was not until the fall of that year that a code of rules was adopted, the organization of the League completed, and work begun. The specific work of the officers of the League has, therefore, been done in two years, and the general work in two years and a half. When, therefore, comparisons are made with the Bicycle Union and the Bicycling Touring Club (the former founded February 16, 1878, and the latter organized August 5, 1878), it should be remembered that these have been in operation more than twice as long, and under much more favorable conditions.

The organization of the League was continued according to the best light and ability of its officers, to "serve to protect and to further the *general common* rights and interests of wheelmen."

In the remarks which I had the honor to make on accepting the presidency of the League at Newport, I said (according to the published report), "We each have the right of every citizen of this country to the equal and impartial use of the public highways, and of the public parks and driveways which our forefathers dedicated, or for which our taxes helped to pay; and we will not rest until we and our brother wheelmen have the freedom of travel on our choice of wheels anywhere from Penobscot Bay to the Golden Gate. [Cheers.]" The enthusiastic response to this sentiment showed that it was the key-note of that convention, and I think I may say with entire correctness that it has been the leading principle of the board of officers up to this time. The brief constitution adopted is especially to be looked to, in the light of the circumstances under which it was adopted, as showing the purpose and scope of the League. The second section sets it out tersely but broadly: "2. Its objects are to promote the general interests of bicycling; to ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen; and to encourage and facilitate touring."

The third section provides that "any amateur wheelman of good standing may become a member," and fixes the "initiation fee per member" at one dollar, with a proviso that where a club joins with its entire membership the rate shall be fifty cents a member.

The fourth section places the management of affairs in the hands of a board of officers, who "shall direct and decide in all matters not provided for in this constitution." The election of these officers was so provided for in the constitution that they should represent every State where there were any considerable number of wheelmen. It is obvious to any one on reading this constitution, and especially when considering it in connection with the circumstances under which it was adopted, that it was not the purpose of the League to regulate all the affairs of bicycle clubs or of individual wheelmen; nor was it to provide an organization which should be eleemosynary in its character, — that is, it was not to be an insurance society, or a charitable aid society, or a law association for the purpose of providing counsel for its members, and paying their costs and court fees, and furnishing bonds and satisfying judgments in every case in which a member might be hauled into court or might prosecute a non-riding barbarian for injuring him in body or limb. It may be that it would be desirable to have such an institution. Accidents do happen sometimes to wheelmen, and it would be pleasant if any one of them who was disabled might be able to draw ten dollars a week from the League treasury during his disability. Wheelmen, like other people, sometimes make mistakes and cause injury to others upon the highway; and, like other people, they are subject to abuse from the rough and hurt from the inconsiderate or malicious. To be able simply to send his name and a statement of the circumstances in any such case to the nearest League officer, and find an organization ready to take up the legal cudgels in his behalf in any contingency, would be very convenient.

But in the first place it isn't provided so in the constitution of the League of American Wheelmen; and, in the second place, the officers couldn't attempt to carry it out if it were so provided. It is a principle

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acted upon by any competent court not to issue a decree which it cannot enforce. With an initiation fee of one dollar at the greatest, and fifty cents for the majority, and with subsequent annual dues of one dollar, it is obvious that the action of the League as to expenditure is very limited. The League numbers now something more than twenty-five hundred members, I believe. If this year every one be counted as contributing one dollar our treasury would exhibit, in the absence of savings from last year, an amount of twenty-five hundred dollars. Nearly one-half of this amount may reasonably be allowed as necessary expenditure for printing, stationery, postage, and expenses incidental to the offices of secretary and treasurer. Evidently the officers under this constitution are not called upon to do anything more than they can, or to incur any more liabilities than the League has funds to meet; but it has some funds to apply; how shall they be applied?

The energy and time of the officers should be so directed as to protect and further the general common rights and interests of wheelmen, or, to quote the words of the constitution again, "to promote the general interests of bicycling, to ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen, and to encourage and facilitate touring."

Now, if, to illustrate by examples, an individual wheelman be riding along Fifth avenue on his bicycle, and if a collision occurs between his vehicle and that of a driver of horses upon the same street, the wheelman may be injured in person or his bicycle may be broken. Had he been riding in a buggy the same thing might have happened and the same results followed. In the latter case he would look out for his redress himself, and why should he not in the former? Suppose a wheelman to start from Philadelphia to ride to New York, and to enter upon a turnpike, there to be warned or thrust off by the gate-man, and informed that an order has been issued by the corporation that no wheelman shall ride on that highway. He then suffers a peculiar hardship, strictly on account of his being on a bicycle, — a hardship which impends over every other wheelman. In this case "the general interests of bicycling" are involved. A general common right is invaded, and the League officers should appropriately be called upon to assist in the contest that might ensue.

It is evident that the question of bicycling in driveways of public parks is also one of general common interest, like that of freedom of turnpike. So, if a town or city government pass an ordinance prohibiting the riding of bicycles on the public streets, this is a matter which falls in the same category.

Now, a great amount of confusion arises, I think, in the minds of wheelmen who have not considered the matter, from a want of discrimination between general matters which relate to the whole bicycling community, and special hardships which relate only to the individuals upon which they fall.

There is a little confusion, too, in the matter of "test cases." If a brutal rough pushes a bicycler off his machine, or a hoggish hackman crowds a wheelman into the gutter and throws him, the injured one or his friends are very likely to set up the cry of test cases. But the day for test cases in that sort of thing has long gone by. There are scores of English cases of the sort, to be sure, but here in our own country there are plenty to cite. The lower courts have been resorted to by injured wheelmen in a variety of such cases, and there is no such thing as a "test case" there now. But if one of these suitors in the lower courts for redress for injuries caused by negligent or malicious collision of a driver of horses should fail in the lower court, where his action was brought, on account of misapprehension or misapplication of the law, so as to give him an opportunity by exception or appeal, or otherwise, to reach the highest court of a State on question of law relating to the use of the bicycle, he would then have brought about an instance of "a test case," and would have a case involving not only his own rights, but the general common rights and interests of wheelmen; and there the League should come to his assistance.

The case of the Brooklyn city ordinance arose and was satisfactorily settled just before the League was in existence. The next opportunity was that which became familiar to wheelmen as the Haddonfield Turnpike case; and in this matter the League officers contributed by their personal efforts to the result, and the expense was paid out of the League treasury. The contest with the Chicago South Park Commisioners was begun and carried on as a local one, John G. Shorthall, Esquire, representing the Chicago wheelmen; and no opportunity was afforded the League for action, except that its president was given, and gladly responded to, occasion

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for some little personal assistance. The conflict with the Commissioners of Central Park, in New York, however, offered different conditions. The League joined with the local clubs in petitions and presentments. Its officers procured statements and depositions from mayors, marshals, commissioners, and other officers in cities where the bicycle was in common use, and made other efforts to gain admission, at certain times and under certain restrictions, for wheelmen to Central Park. These proceedings were not successful, but they led to the prosecution of three wheelmen for riding in the park, and the bicycling *cause celèbre*, "the Central Park case." This is still pending on appeal from the decision of Judge Lawrence to the General Term, and it is not now the time to discuss the case and its points and bearings. One member of the L.A.W. generously consented to bear the expense of the printing, etc., of the preliminary proceedings, — one who has often before and since quietly aided bicyclers to carry out their undertakings, — Col. Albert A. Pope, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club. And, beyond this, through his influence the Pope Manufacturing Company agreed to "back" the three New York wheelmen in their resistance to the ordinance and prosecution by the Central Park Commissioners. They and the League treasury were thus relieved of an expense[1] which has grown to be too heavy for either to have borne; and while wheelmen hope for victory in the end they owe thanks, at least, to the donor of the large cost. The late comment in "the official organ," that this backing was "from motives of trade policy," is as absurd as it is ungenerous. That is only parenthetical, however; the instance is cited to show why the League has not assumed all the burden of the case, and also to point the moral that the League treasury isn't ample enough to meet the most creditable and effective opportunities, and will not be unless wheelmen more generally rally to its membership, or some other way be found to increase its revenues.

But there are many ways of helping the general cause, as well as the individual interests of its members, besides pecuniary aid; and the officers have been neither reluctant nor idle in rendering such services in a thousand ways which are not and cannot well be proclaimed or put in print. The executive officers and the directors, or chief consuls, are nearly all busy men in the affairs of practical, bread-winning, and enterprise-building lives, and taking their share in social and public duties. They are in some respects more valuable to the League than men of leisure would be. But they cannot devote *all* their energies to the one cause. If they give such time and strength as they can spare or snatch from other duties, to League work, it is all that can reasonably be asked of them. And friendly suggestion is more inciting to good work than howling criticism.

The two years that have passed have been largely given to recruiting membership, to completing the organization, and to projecting methods of work; but there has been much accomplished in establishing a uniform definition of amateur and professional, furnishing racing rules and championships, bringing out a basis for a League hand-book, appointment and instruction of consuls in many of the States, preparation and filling of route slips, and obtaining some beginning of an establishment of rates with railroads. The annual meets, parades, and conventions would be sufficient excuse for the existence of the League, if there were nothing else, the effects of which are of substantial benefit to the cause of good wheelmanship as well as of delight. The broad spirit of comradeship and the genial friendships promoted by this knitting together of so many far and near, by howsoever light a web, are not the least of its benefits.

Not to take the place of the clubs or to supersede State or other divisional organizations, but to fill a peculiar and appropriate place unreached by any of them, the League of American Wheelmen has been and will be useful enough and enjoyable enough to command respect, and to attract more and more all wheelmen of generous and genial qualities to its ranks. The revised *régime* agreed to at Chicago will tend to carry League work nearer to every locality, and the work already done in paration, will bear fruits fourfold, no doubt, under the labor of the new board of officers. If there were any warm rivalries attending the recent convention and elections they were transient, and good nature and hearty coöperation should now prevail. On a calm survey, the outlook for the League of American Wheelmen is

[1] The Pope Manufacturing Company has paid all the expenses of that contest, amounting, up to July 1, of this year, to $6,711.01 exactly (as shown to me by their bookkeeper), in cash paid out, — though that did not include the whole actual cost to them. It is estimated that a further requisition of some $2,000 may be made on that account if the case is carried to the Court of Appeals.

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encouraging, and what it needs most is cordial support and coöperation more extensively from the great body of wheelmen individually, and from their representative institutions.

Charles E. Pratt.

THE WHEEL AS A GYMNASIUM.

History paints man in the open air at the beginning, prophecy paints him in a city at the end of time. In the golden age that poets sing man was care-free; the groves, "God's first temples," were man's play ground. In the simple life of long ago the tilling of the soil, the chase, the constant conflict with the forces of nature, and with his fellows, kept man in a fine state of physical health. Now, prophecy is fulfilling itself daily; the city idea dominates civilization. Year by year our cities increase in number and size, streams of life rush into ever broadening and deepening seas of life. The civilization of this century crystallizes in cities; in place of broad fields we have high buildings, rents are rising, room a luxury, physical growth almost an impossibility. "The individual withers, and the world is more and more." Sedentary occupations multiply; ever new avenues of trade — means of support by brain and skill — are opening. Small offices, desks and chairs, are claiming yearly new recruits. Right here comes in the necessity of the city gymnasium. The body under-exercised, the brain over-exercised, physical collapse is certain. Dumb-bells, health-lifts, Indian clubs, organized gymnasiums, are all attempts to meet a felt need, and minister to man's body. When Pharaoh's chariot-wheels drave heavily his army was lost; when the body grows weary, muscles tired, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, & Co., mortgage the flesh, the mind fails, and ruin results.

To a certain extent, up to the level of their power and possibility, gymnasiums and lesser helps are well enough; the trouble is in their inherent and incurable lack.

The gymnasium is shut in by roof and walls from the open air and sunlight,— the two things that minister most of all to human health; is usually so far from the home office as to be unhandy and ofttimes inaccessible; is limited as to hours by the numbers who wish to practise, and demands too much time and care to give all the muscles a fair chance. The office and home exercise is too limited in space and time, too uncertain in practice, too rude and unskilled, without a teacher, to amount to much, and, in common with the larger gymnasium, comes under the common condemnation of being in-doors.

Exercise we must, or lose our health. Exercise we cannot, most of us, in gymnasiums, public or private. Just here comes the bicycle.

It must be used out of doors as a rule. The city streets that shut us off from mother earth are made to serve a healthful turn, and bear us up; the buildings that shut us in lose their power to imprison. The wheel is always at hand. Epizoötic hath no terrors for it; distance does not furnish excuse for inactivity; sunlight and open air are no longer unknown quantities in human life. Exercise can be taken, where it should be, in the open air. A few moments suffice to put the city behind us, and then green fields, blue sky, fresh air,— all are ours. Every muscle is brought into play, from the soles of the feet to the head, — from the hips down to propel, from the hips up to control, the machine.

The mind is exercised as well as the body; the machine-like series of motions that make up gymnasium practice gives way to a constant play of the muscles in ever-varying motions. Monotony is no part of bicycle practice; custom cannot stale the infinite variety of action needed to keep the saddle; and, under headway, mind controls muscle; thought regulates action; feet and hands, body and limbs, head and eyes, are all servants of the wide-awake mind. The eye studies the road for the safest course, and at the same time scans the ever unrolling panorama of scenery upon the right and left. Thus the mind has double-acting control of the body, and through it the machine and enjoyment of nature.

The wheel fits itself to the mental moods of the rider.

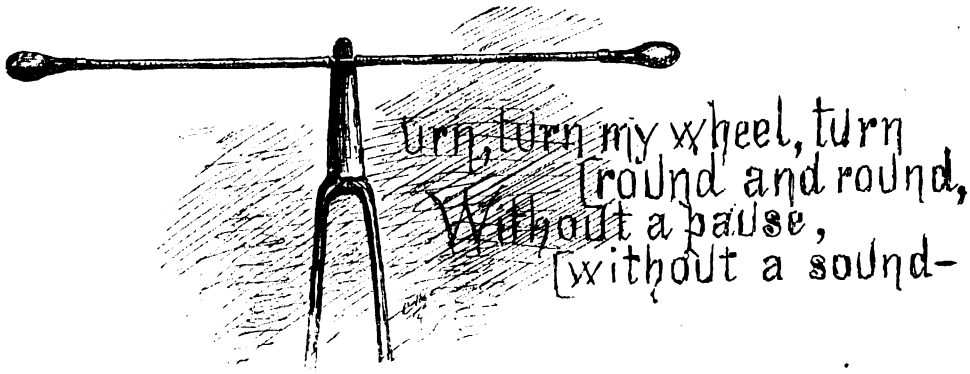
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" For his gayer hours
It has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty; and it glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

When the circulation is sluggish, and the muscles are weary, it is quiet, creeping like a shadow over the ground. When the heart beats high and the spirits rise, it feels the life and shares it. If you wish to be alone, it will bear you from your kind, "and far from the madding crowd" carry you quietly as a nurse a tired child through quiet ways mottled with sun and shade. If you desire company, then in sympathy with you the silent steed joins the club; and, as the wheels silently roll over the road, the interchange of thought quickens mental action, and friends are grappled together with hoops of steel. The hour is passed, the body is refreshed, the mind quickened, the heart warmed, the head cleared, the blood cleansed, and a rested, strengthened man slips from the wheel to "sleep aery light from pure digestion bred," thankful for this last best gift, — this ever new delight, — the bicycle.

O. P. Gifford.

A VACATION TRIP.



Such were the lines of Longfellow silently whispered in consciousness as, hastily mounting, my chum and I glided out from the crowd of somewhat sceptical friends who had assembled to witness us start upon our "vacation trip," and bid us good-by.

For more than a year I have been accustomed to forget the cares incident to the school-room by an occasional ride of an hour on the nerveless but never-resting wheel. I have found daily relaxation, and that cheering sense which wheelmen know of increasing power, of reserve force, while slowly climbing and swiftly coasting our long-swelling Wisconsin hills. Very naturally, therefore, when the school-room doors were closed for the summer, and the monotony of vacation was upon me, I turned to my silent and unfailing friend. I had never ventured farther than to a neighboring village; but, now that my time was my own, I began to think about crossing counties, of leaving Wisconsin behind me, to roll across the limitless prairies and cornfields of Illinois.

I confided this newly wakened ambition to my friend, H. C. Witmer, the only wheelman resident within forty miles, and I saw at once that a vacation trip had in it enough of temptation for him.

"When do you want to go?"

"I'm free — you may fix the time."

"All right! Any time after the middle of August will suit me."

After the trip was arranged, I confess I began to feel somewhat uneasy over anticipated difficulties; but the Rubicon was crossed by the giving of the promise, and on the morning of the nineteenth of August two wheelmen stood facing the south in Juda in the early morning.

It was a magnificent morning, bright, clear, and warm, with a breeze from the

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south. About us on every hand the harvest was being gathered; and, as we rode along, many a kind greeting, many invitations to stop, came to us from the busy fields.

We were mounted on 54-inch Columbia Experts, and carried no baggage — not even a coat. Soon the hills shut Juda from our sight, and henceforth our thoughts turned southward to the land

"Where the wind blows over the gardens,
And the flowers that kissed it are betrayed."

But the serious business of missing the stones, and maintaining the delicate poise of the wheel, quickly crowded all poetry aside. A rough and stony road may be conducive to piety, but certainly does not lead a wheelman into that "serene and gentle mood" which Wordsworth regarded as necessary for the appreciation of poetry. A "header" is of the most prosaic character. It humiliates one — rolls him in the dust as it were — makes sackcloth and ashes superfluous; and the prospect of a "side-fall" seriously interferes with the contemplation of the subtle beauties of a metaphor. I think my companion of the wheel will testify to the accuracy of this conclusion. If closely questioned he might, perhaps, acknowledge that stars, rather than figures of speech, occupied his attention immediately after the first fall, which my note-book registers as occurring before getting out of the village.

It is the first step that costs, says Madame de Staël, and we found her saying literally true. The first mile was the hardest mile, and the first day's ride by far the hardest of all. Of the first sixteen miles, about seven were fair riding, the remainder very rough and hilly. But we were fully compensated for the slowness of our going by the magnificence of the scenery, which we had full time to survey. I had never before seen such variety and such perfection. We drank from the clearest of springs, we rested beneath the most massive of trees, and gazed till our eyes were weary over fields of corn that stretched from hill to hill in the distance, and waved the banners of peace to the horizon's edge.

We reached the village of Dakota a little before noon, and stopped for dinner. Some one had evidently seen us from a distance, for the village turned out to meet us. And such questioning, such comments! Evidently we were the first



wheelmen that had passed through that town. After dinner my chum did some exhibition riding. I was lying on a lounge in the front room of the hotel, and overheard the expressions of the villagers. Such surprise, such admiration! Ezekiel's wheels can hardly for them hereafter be symbols of mystery and wonder. After resting a couple hours we renewed our journey, found smoother roads, and entered Freeport at a few minutes past four. Entire families along the way came rushing out to see the queer machines. One woman, on seeing us, hastily closed the window, and was barricading the door as we passed. Are all the horses sick up your way? How far can you go on "them things" in a day? How far have you come? How quick can you make a mile? Hard riding up hill, isn't it? Have you got a "tell-tale" (cyclometer)? How much does such a machine cost? Where were they made? Do you have to oil 'em? Takes a good while to learn to ride, doesn't it? Such were some of the many questions asked us. We answered from the wheel as best we could, not having time to dismount. In Freeport we were at once surrounded and became targets for unnum-

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bered questions from a multitude of questioners. It was assumed that we were racing, and we soon learned that the question of questions was as to our "record." What time can you make? That is what the average American wants to know.

That night I retired early, for my chum spent the evening calling on friends. At about eleven o'clock I was awakened by hearing my friend, in somewhat excited tones, call out, "Hold on! hold on! this isn't Dick!" And then an assuring voice answered, "It's all right; it's all right."



"No, hold on, it isn't all right; this isn't Dick!" Evidently there was something wrong, but I was too sleepy to make out just what. But soon my chum, escorted by mine host, appeared at the door. "It's all right *this* time," said mine host, and disappeared. I waited for an explanation. "You see, I had just begun to take off my shoes, when I noticed some wearing apparel that it struck me no bicycler ever wore, and when I glanced at the bed and saw a mass of long black hair on the pillow, it satisfied me there must be some mistake. Chum, it's a lucky thing that your hair is short." I extended congratulations, and we quickly sank into the dreamless sleep of the tired.

We remained over Sunday in Freeport. Early Monday morning we started southward, following the line of the Illinois Central. The first town was nine miles distant, and here we stopped for breakfast. A carriage followed us quite closely for several miles, but we finally left it, and had the satisfaction of seeing it, some fifteen minutes later than ourselves, roll into town. Coming down the hill just as we entered town, the first "header" of the trip was scored by my chum. He was giving attention to a passing horseman, and his wheel seemed to resent it. South of Bailyville the road grew smoother, — seemed of a velvety consistency. The country was gently rolling, and the very spirit of motion seemed to be in our wheels. I shall never forget the exhilaration of that morning. How glad and happy life seemed to be! The rich tinge of August lay all about us. The air was like wine. We seemed to have had no past; to have forgotten the deep shadows of life; to be conscious neither of hope nor

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fear, — seemed to have entered into that morning's fulness, to share the very spirit of the birds that rose and sang and sped with us over those splendid fields.

We reached Forrestown by ten o'clock, coming into town at the same time with a band of gypsies, with whom we were at once classed by the villagers. We took dinner at Polo, fifty-two miles from home. Here, as elsewhere, our wheels attracted much attention. In fact, we soon learned that we were travelling through a section of country in which bicycles had never been seen before. The only wheel in Polo proved, on examination, to be a *velocipede*.

Coming in to Polo we were halted by a farmer, armed with a hoe, and compelled to "stand and deliver," the tale of our pilgrimage; meanwhile, eating the excellent apples with which he supplied us. And a woman, whom we met, wanted to know: "Whar did ye come from?" "Whar are ye goin'?" "What are ye doin' down hyur?" "What do ye call them things, anyway?" "Come from Wisconsin on 'em, did ye?" "Let me see ye get on 'em an' ride."

Resting a couple of hours we started for Dixon, which beautiful little city we entered at four o'clock. Remained in Dixon till half-past six, taking supper at the Waverley, one of the best places we found in Illinois, and on this matter a bicycler is thoroughly competent to testify. After supper, rode into the country six miles and stopped with a farmer. Next morning rode into Amboy, seven miles, for breakfast. Walked through seven miles of sand, from Amboy to Soublette. Thermometer, 95° in the shade, sand ankle-deep, and no breeze.

That sand-waste seemed like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. "Stick to it, and you'll beat it some time," cheerfully shouted my chum, while the sweat in great clear drops rolled from our faces to the almost hissing sand. At one place the land seemed crusted over sufficiently to bear the wheels. We tried it, and quickly learned the full treachery of sand. I had ridden about a hundred yards when the voice of my partner, calling for help, arrested me. Turning, I saw that the wheel had triumphed — that my chum was *under* and half buried in the sand.

It was noon when we reached the next town. We had made seven miles in four hours. Just as we started our wheels a gentleman came hurrying across the street and saluted us with, "Boys, you're off the road a little. I saw the rest of your company this morning, and they turned off above." This was news to us. We weren't acquainted with "the rest of our company." Our surprise manifesting itself, our informant continued: "You belong to Cole's circus, don't you?" Assuring him to the contrary, we inquired for a hotel, and were directed to a house where, as we soon learned, only the *unwary* stranger stopped. Dinner was quickly served; but bread and meat "remains" salted with sand and dust, the bread mouldy, and a strange compound of blackberries and flies and various spices, was a bill of fare for which even our ravenous appetites were not sufficient. So, we left Soublette in haste and disgust, and reached Mendota at three o'clock. Stopped in Mendota for an hour, meeting the only wheelman that we found in Illinois. He treated us most kindly, riding out for some distance with us on the La Salle road. The country between Mendota and La Salle was very flat, the road level, and though rough in places, we made good time over it, arriving in La Salle at half-past six, eighteen miles in two hours, having stopped a half hour for lunch on the way. The last five miles the road was gravelled and smooth as a floor, and this distance we made in twenty-five minutes.

About nine miles out from La Salle we each discovered a "hollowness" which nothing but bread and butter could fill, and without which "filling" 'twould be impossible to proceed. We tried at three farmhouses before succeeding; and surely bread and butter never were more relished. We realized how true it is that hunger is the best of sauce; and that kindly German woman, whatever her name, shall have our thanks forever.

We spent a day in the smoky "Twin Cities," La Salle and Peru, visiting friends. Thursday morning, at half-past seven, we again started southward, and at noon our landlord informed us we had made thirty-five miles.

That night we got to Washington, a town twelve miles from Peoria. Had not a shower passed over this place previous to our coming, we should have reached Peoria. Learning here that to the south the roads were sandy, we changed our course, and on Friday travelled directly east to El Paso, then south to Normal, Bloomington, and on to Shirley, after pper. At Normal we visited the Soldiers' Orphan's Home, the Normal School, the Wesleyan University,

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etc. It was nearly nine o'clock when we got to Shirley. But we were within forty miles of Springfield, and had a day to make it in. So we slept the sleep of the hopeful that night — that is, after we found a place to sleep at all. There was no hotel in the village, but we were informed that a man named C. sometimes kept travellers. Finding a man in front of a house that had been pointed out as Mr. C.'s, the following conversation took place: "Is this where Mr. C. lives?"—"I guess it is."—"Do you know whether he is at home?"—"Well, yes, I guess he is."—"Are you Mr. C.?"—"Yes, stranger, I guess I am."—"We were directed here as a possible stopping-place. Can you give us a place to sleep?" Mr. C. glanced at our Oscar Wilde costumes, looked somewhat puzzled, and finally said, "I dunno; I guess I'll hev to ask the woman." Reaching the door, Mr. C. opened it, and, letting the light fall fully upon us, looked us over once more, and, being evidently unable to decide the question unaided, called in the referee. "These men want to stay over night; how is it? Can you keep 'em?" It seemed to us, standing there, uncertain, "on probation," that it was a very difficult matter for Mr. C., now that the decision of the matter was thrown back upon him, to *think* at all. But, at length, he seemed to reach a conclusion, for he turned and said, "Well, I guess you can stay." We very quickly accepted this somewhat doubtful hospitality, and soon were conducted, without a lamp, up a ladder, to the guest-chamber. Here we found a straw bed, with two places so thoroughly worn in it that there was not the slightest danger of falling out. I think the bed perhaps was made up when it was new, the preceding summer; but the evidence of it was so slight that I shouldn't care to testify on the point. A dreadful smell of onions was everywhere prevalent. Cæsar's ghost might have "walked the night" for less. In the morning we breakfasted on onion-hash, onions and tomatoes, onions unadulterated, sour bread, and potatoes. But we remembered the bill of fare at Soublette, and though compelled "to pass" the onions, both simple and compounded, were able to make a meal. At the next town, however, I noticed that we each set out with diligence to hunt up a restaurant, and weren't satisfied until we had visited two.



It had rained during the night, and the roads were muddy. At the station, however, we learned that the rain was local; had reached only some eight or ten miles. so we took a freight train to Lincoln. There the roads were dusty, and, leaving the train, we hurried southward. On turn-

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ing a corner we suddenly met a team of white mules, drawing the most antique, dilapidated thing I ever saw on wheels. The mules were somewhat frightened, and we hastily dismounted, giving the entire road. But the mules had evidently programmed for a picnic, and were not to be disappointed. Whirling suddenly round, the axle was pushed clear through one of the fore wheels, the spokes and felloes falling in a heap. A woman and child rolled gracefully through the gap, and quickly gained the sidewalk. "Lor' bless you, honey," said she to the child; "did they most kill you?" Turning to us, she said, with measureless indignation, "Aint you ashamed of yourselves, ridin' around the country scaring folks and their teams most to death? I should think you would be."

The mules had, meanwhile, been headed in toward a fence. The driver, saying nothing to us, called excitedly to his wife, "Bring it to me! bring it to me! and I'll bring 'em down!"

We discontinued at once our conversation as to what we should do in the premises. Mounting, we had gotten about forty yards, when the report of a pistol added wings to our flight. Though the day was intensely hot, I think we made the next mile in something less than three minutes. At last we reached the next station, just ahead of the freight train we had left at Lincoln, though we had nine miles to go to its six. During the hurry to make this next town, I got my only "header" for the trip. My wheel had seemingly heard the command, "To the rear," and had "marched" without notifying me. And the record of that fall is in hieroglyphics, which the initiated understand, on my elbows as I write.

While waiting for dinner at Broadwell, we became somewhat interested in a young lady with blonde, *awfully* blonde, uncombed hair, and bare feet. She was running an old-style sewing-machine. Suddenly something broke. "By Jove! that's the second glass foot I've broke today. I'll be dog-goned if I can see why the darned thing bu'sted, either." We couldn't, either of us, at the time, give adequate expression to our sympathy. We were neither of us sufficiently accustomed to language at once so delicate and forcible. Without further incident we arrived at Springfield, our destination, and took up our quarters at the St. Nicholas. There we were soon visited by some Wisconsin men, resident in the city, who extended to us every possible courtesy. Though the evening was rainy, we visited the Lincoln Monument, but could see it from the outside only, as the gates were locked. It is a massive pile of granite, relieved by splendid groups of statuary, and marks a spot forever sacred. Oak Ridge Cemetery has become a shrine, not to Americans only, but to the world.

Springfield is situated in the midst of what seemed a splendid farming country. The soil was evidently both rich and deep, and the occasional forests in the Sangamon Valley made a Wisconsin man feel somewhat at home. I felt like taking off my hat to the massive oaks and maples after our week's ride through shadeless avenues of osage orange.

The State Capitol is not yet finished. We were informed that from its dome was floated the highest flag in the United States — highest, not with reference to the sea level, but relative to the surface.

We have occasion to remember very kindly the young men of Springfield, and would very gladly have remained over Sunday with them at their solicitation, but it had rained shortly after our coming, and we learned that it had rained for several days in the direction of St. Louis. Realizing that the plan we had formed while *en route*, to go to this latter city on our wheels, was beaten, we determined to take the Sunday morning train and spend the day in the Southern metropolis. At half-past eight the outlines of the city were discernible. At nine we had crossed the Mississippi, over the finest bridge I had ever seen, and were rushing through the tunnel under the city to the Union Depot. That tunnel took me by surprise. I was standing on the platform to see the city. Suddenly I found myself trying to decide whether I or the city had been snuffed out, for all was darkness. I shall never forget that ride — the noise, the suffocating smoke, the absolute night. I know that I now have a better appreciation of Psyche's joy on emerging into the light from the vague darkness and uncertain perils of hell. I can sympathize with the old-time Greek's loving reverence for the sun, and henceforth Milton's invocation will be more full of meaning to me.

We registered at the Southern, and at once set out for the levee to find the time of the departure of steamers for the North. There was to be no boat north until Tuesday night. This information in some way

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had a depressing effect. Hotel rates were four dollars per day, and we at once realized that unless we took the train home next day we shouldn't be able to purchase through tickets. After consultation, however, we determined to remain till Tuesday night. We paid our bills in advance, rode round the city like millionnaires, and faced inevitable bankruptcy with all the calmness of philosophy. We visited a beer-garden and attended the Centenary M. E. Church South; we looked into the hovels of the poor along the levee, into the homes of the rich, which front the various avenues, and upon the dusky faces of the homeless as they slept on bales and boxes by the riverside. Business houses were very generally open, and customers were not lacking. The electric light has not been introduced as extensively as in Chicago, the streets are much narrower, but are numbered and named in such a way that a stranger can easily find his way to any special point.

On Monday morning I unfortunately awakened my chum in the midst of a rich speculation. He was about to close a bargain by which he would have made four per cent. clear on I don't remember how many thousand dollars — enough, at least, so that we should have been able to have *three* meals a day instead of the *two* with which we had tried to content ourselves on the day preceding. But fate seemed to be against us, and the hated sign of the pawnshop was omnipresent that day. I think I never saw so many pawn-shops before. To get rid of them and all that they suggested we visited Lafayette and Tower Grove Parks — each a splendid resting-place in the hot and dusty city; but the greater part of that day we spent in Shaw's Botanical Garden. Of the completeness and splendor of this I despair to convey even a faint idea. "Who shall sing the beauty of the flowers of God?" Here the East and the West, the luxuriance of the tropics and the meagre mosses and lichens of the frigid zones, are brought together. I understand that the proprietor offers a large reward for any new species from any part of the world. The garden is very large and is surrounded by a massive stone wall, at least sixteen feet high. In one bed were collected together all the various plants mentioned in the Bible. There were orange-trees with ripe and half-ripe fruit, and long bunches of the sacred grapes of Eschol. There were flowers of all shades and forms, and every variety of foliage.

On Tuesday we visited the Chamber of Commerce, the Markets, the Mercantile Library, and other public places. We were not able, on account of the rain and mud, to use our wheels in the city. We found a flourishing club of forty-five wheelmen, and three of the Expert wheels. In the club-room was a 60-inch wheel, and beside it the most diminutive bicycle in the world, — the fore wheel being but twenty inches in diameter, — and each of these had regular riders. We were very kindly treated by the members whom we met, especially so by the president of the club. They were a hearty, enthusiastic, and muscular set of fellows. On Tuesday afternoon we got on board the steamer "War Eagle." My chum left his watch with the clerk for safe-keeping, and I couldn't help commending his caution, as the passengers were notified on all hands to "Beware of Pickpockets." We were on the steamer three days, and travelled three hundred and thirty-two miles. Once we ran aground, and were four hours in getting off. The greater part of the deck hands "struck" just before the boat put out, and, in consequence, we remained in most of the towns an hour or two. My chum distinguished himself by helping the darkies to load and unload — so much so that a rather fastidious young man wanted me to speak to him about it, for he said that some of the passengers were beginning to think that he was working his way. The trip up the river was very pleasant. The table was fine, and we had the appetites of wheelmen. We were sorry to bid the boat good-by.

We got off at Davenport, Iowa, rode through the grounds of the Rock Island Arsenal, took the night train for Beloit, and found ourselves back in Juda by Saturday noon. We had travelled some eight hundred miles, and each of us voted it the most pleasant and beneficial of trips.

On our wheels we had averaged forty-five miles a day without fatigue. We remained in towns from seven to eight hours a day. We stopped to talk with people along the way, and, altogether, became better acquainted with the country and its characteristics than would have been possible in any other way. But we saw nothing anywhere that surpassed our Wisconsin farms and homes, and returned better pleased with her splendid diversity, her rolling fields, her clear waters, her industrious and successful people.

R. De Lacy Evans.

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NOTES ON "A WHEEL AROUND THE HUB."

Mr. A. W. DRAKE, manager of the art department of the *Century* (then *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*), and Mr. Charles E. Pratt, President of the Boston Bicycle Club, are entitled to the chief honors of that delightful excursion on wheel, and its charming presentment in ink. Mr. Drake has not been much of a practical wheelman, though an honorary member of the Boston Bicycle Club; but he is an artist and a skilful art-manager, and brimful of bright suggestions. He was quick to see that an article on the then new era of bicycling in this country would be a fresh attraction for the bright pages of his magazine. He had seen the Essex Bicycle Club, in the spring of 1879, disporting around his home in New Jersey, and was acquainted with its genial captain, and afterwards distinguished champion, Mr. L. H. Johnson. He had asked the latter to write an article, but the request was modestly declined. Afterwards the editor of the magazine, having also adopted the idea of an article for the magazine on the subject, and with possibly the success of the attractive and breezy "Tile Club" papers which had previously appeared, he wrote to the author of the "American Bicycler," a book which had shortly before been published by Houghton, Osgood, & Co., of Boston, inviting a paper on bicycling illustrated. Mr. Pratt accepted the suggestion, and offered to arrange and bring about a real excursion over a certain route, selected from his "log-books," in Massachusetts, as a basis for the proposed paper, if the magazine would provide artists to make sketches at the same time. In this way Mr. Drake and Mr. Pratt were brought into communication upon the subject, the former giving especial attention to the illustration, and the latter to the promotion of the excursion and the preparation of the article.

At that time what are sometimes spoken of as "overnight excursions," that is, rides for more than a day, were not much known of in this country. The promoter of this excursion, with two others, had previously taken a four days' trip, and several shorter ones, and learned something about it in that way; and he found little difficulty in inducing others amongst the club men of Boston and elsewhere, Mr. Johnson and others of the Essex Club being naturally amongst the first to attend upon the proposed event. About fifty invitations were issued. After the project was well in hand, and by a personal going over of the route anew and making divers little preparations, which any one about to have a party to entertain might think of, it resulted in a very enjoyable programme; which, however, was kept a secret to all but two or three. The only information given beforehand was comprised in this, that the meet would be at a certain hour, at a certain place; that the run would continue two days; that artists would accompany the party, and that there would be incidents to make it a good time.

The route was known in part to Mr. Frank W. Weston, Mr. Edward W. Pope, and Mr. Edward C. Hodges, who in turn accompanied the promoter over parts of it. The picnic dinner, on the first day, in the pine grove near Dedham, was known to Col. Albert A. Pope, who generously offered to audit the bills and directed the refreshments. On the morning of the start, however, a short programme was placed in papyrograph copy in the hand of each participant, which read as follows: —

BICYCLING EXCURSION.

Outline of Programme for Thursday, Sept. 11, 1879.

8	A. M.	Walnut ave. (near Warren st.)	3 3-4	miles.
9	"	Jamaica Pond		
11	"	Brook Farm (Baker st., W. Roxbury).	6 1-2	"
12.30	P. M.	Dedham	6	"
1	"	Pine Grove, on Readville road	1 1-2	"
2	"	Picnic lunch.		
2.30	"	Readville, etc.	3	"
3	"	Blue Hill (to summit) Remount, 4.15	2 3-4	"
5	"	Punkapoag	2 1-2	"
5.30	"	So. Canton	3 1-4	"
Ar. 6.45	"	Massapoag House, Massapoag Pond, Sharon Supper, 7.30.	7.	"
			36 1-4	"

Friday, Sept. 12.

6.30	A. M.	Massapoag House.		
8	"	Canton Corner (by cemeteries)	9	miles.
10.15	"	So. Braintree	8	"
10.45	"	E. Weymouth	4	"
12	M.	Hingham	5	"
1	P. M.	Kimball's (foot of Jerusalem Road, Cohasset)	6	"
		Dinner.		

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2	P.M.	Leave Cohasset .		
3.30	"	Hingham . .	7	miles.
5	"	Quincy . . .	7	"
6.30	"	Milton (Col. Russell's farm) . . .	6	"
6.45	"	Milton Lower Mills.	2	"
7.45	"	Arrive in Boston, and supper . . .	6 1-2	"
			60 1-2	"

This programme may be varied on the second day by omitting Cohasset and making the time at Quincy and following places two (2) hours earlier.

Mr. Drake, and Mr. Allen C. Redwood, the accomplished artist, were along, provided with a fleet and well-conditioned horse and buggy. Mr. Jacobs drove the "ambulance," or light express wagon, which had been provided for taking along multum bags, etc. The others were all wheelmen, and were as follows: —

C. E. Pratt, F. W. Weston, J. S. Dean, E. C. Hodges, J. G. Dalton, Willis Farrington, R. M. Diaz, all of the Boston Bi. C.; Col. A. A. Pope, E. W. Pope, Dr. C. H. Corken, A. S. Parsons, W. G. Fish, W. S. Slocum, J. T. Dyer, C. P. Shillaber, all of the Massachusetts Bi. C.; L. H. Johnson, H. W. Knight, Mr. Tinkham, all of the Essex Bi. C., of New Jersey; F. S. Pratt, E. F. Tolman, John Brown, all of the Worcester Bi. C.; G. A. Fairfield, T. B. Beach, both of Hartford Bi. C.; A. J. Philbrick, Mr. Chipman, both of Salem Bi. C.; H. S. Owen, of Capital Bi. C., Washington, D.C.; W. H. Jones, F. H. Craigin, Rev. L. A. Pope, W. J. Costello, H. Arnet, E. S. Robinson, H. I. Carpenter, F. S. Lathrop, E. Hemmenway, W. C. Edmunds; many of whom have since become members of different bicycle clubs. These were attended by several others on the return toward Boston, on the second day; and there were several inquisitive reporters at the start, to whom little information was furnished, as it was intended to be a quiet run, and no intrusions were desired.

Part of the value of the trip arose from the surprise which was raised on every hand along the way. It is, however, to be noted that two or three other artists were taken to some points on the route afterwards. One of these was Mr. F. S. Lathrop, a brother of the novelist, and Mr. W. Taber. Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Church, who contributed to the illustrations, were not, so far as is known, on any part of the route. One artist, however, was at the dismount at Jamaica Pond, and at the picnic dinner, with photographic camera and plates; that is, Mr. James Notman, of the Mass. Bi. C., and his pictures, taken at the time, were not only used in illustrating the paper for *Scribner's*, but were also in considerable demand by the participants and others afterwards.

The success of this excursion was such as to incite to several others during the autumn and the following season; and when its details had become known amongst others than those who participated — and it may be interjected that the article doesn't tell half of what was done and enjoyed — there were many who were very expressive of regret at not having attended, and many more who wished to exact promises to be counted in next time.

Much of the delight of that excursion was due no doubt to its freshness. It was the first thing of its kind. It was a new revelation, even to our wheelmen, of what they might do or enjoy. The same men, taking the same excursion to-day, would probably fail to find the same zest in it. On the other hand much of the delight was due to the preparation. The route was carefully chosen; the scenes along the way and the resources for amusement were previously ascertained by the promoter, and so everything was made available.

There has often been expressed, especially in the last year or so, a desire to repeat that excursion. By all means let it not be attempted. There are a thousand runs just as attractive, and many ways of making a two days' run on wheel very enjoyable, which were not brought out at that time; and there are those who could promote such an excursion with a selection of company to be limited to a practicable number, say fifty or less, and with just as much of surprise and revelation to the participants.

Out of the forty odd who participated in that precursor of enjoyable wheelings, there were not more than sixteen who were thoroughly competent companions for it, as one might say; that is, who could then ride at a pace of seven miles an hour, or of fifteen miles an hour, as occasion might call for, take hill and sand and rut and distance, without paying so much attention to the particular wheels on which they were as to detract from the general enjoyment of the scenes. An open invitation to such an excursion now would probably prove a street-blockade, a town nuisance, and otherwise a failure as to the pleasantest results.

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THE FIRST MEET OF N.H. WHEELMEN.

THE number of bicyclers in New Hampshire is very small in comparison with many other states, which is mainly due to the universally sandy and hilly roads within her borders, except along the limited seacoast. The wheelmen in the interior, however, make up in enthusiasm what they lack in numbers, and the invitations sent out by the Rockingham Bicycle Club of Portsmouth, for a two days' meet, September 17th and 18th, was accepted by one-half of the total number of wheelmen in the State. The greater number of visitors reached the city on the afternoon of the 16th. The first to arrive were the Nashua Wheel Club, in their natty gray uniform, and commanded by Capt. Gilman, the treasurer of the L.A.W., having wheeled in from Epping. Then two riders from East Rochester, mounted on American Stars, came clicking up to head-quarters, after a twenty-five-mile road ride.

Early the next morning some of the visitors, anxious to see the antiquated and historical houses in the city, made a sunrise trip through some of the excellent streets of the "old town by the sea," lined with quaint gambrel-roof houses, of a century ago, with here and there a dwelling dating back a couple of centuries.

One old moss-covered structure, occupied by the descendants of the original owner, was visited. It was built in 1664, with the front towards the river, and so situated on the side of a steep hill that the eaves on the back side of the house, towards the street, are on a level with the sidewalk, making a tempting coast, down over the shingles, for "the bad boys of Rivermouth."

They called at the oldest brick house, erected in 1718, at an expense of 6,000 pounds, from brick brought from Scotland by a member of the King's Council, who was also the projector of the first iron-works in the country. The house is well preserved, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of the last century, and rich in memorials of olden times. The heavy lightning-rod on the west end was put up, under the personal supervision of Benjamin Franklin, in 1762. The slave quarters still stand a short distance from the house.

In an adjacent street was pointed out the old Bailey house, made famous by T. B. Aldrich, as the dwelling-place of the "Bad Boy."

Near by —

"One hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen street, Portsmouth, at her tavern-door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows" —

occurred the episode leading to the marriage of Governor Wentworth to the servant girl, Martha Hilton; so pleasantly told by Longfellow in his poem, "Lady Wentworth."

On another street is the peculiar-shaped building, where for many years in the last century the *New Hampshire Gazette*, the first newspaper published in the State, and now the oldest in the country, was edited and printed. Copies of the first issue are still preserved. They are dated October 7, 1756, and measure when laid open seventeen inches by ten.

The last house visited was the elegant and splendidly preserved mansion of Governor Langdon, of which Washington wrote in his diary, in 1789: "There are some good houses, among which Col. Langdon's may be esteemed the first."

The wheelmen assembled at the Captain's house, promptly at the appointed time, prepared for an all-day run. The route passed over the smooth half-mile surface of Richards avenue, lined with rows of thrifty elms, planted by the soldier whose name it bears.

The first stop was made at the salt-water aquarium, at Newcastle bridge, to examine the wonders of the deep held captive in glass and huge floating tanks by the ingenious Major Urch, the inventor of the marine bicycle, and various other patented articles. The reservoir, which supplies the glass tanks with flowing water, is filled by a force-pump, worked by the turning of a large floating wheel, arranged to rise and fall with the tide, and revolved by the force of the current of the river. Here through the summer the educated seals perform various tricks at the command of their teacher. The sea anemones gathered from the rocks under the water at the mouth of the river are of all shades and colors, from common drab to beautiful pink. The young lobster, the sea robins, the nest-building sticklebacks, the hermit crabs, the large eggs of the skate fish, and numerous

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other small inhabitants of the sea, are placed in tanks conveniently arranged for the study of their various habits and peculiarities. The king of the floating-tank is a sturgeon, eight feet in length, which required the united strength of a number of men to force into its captive home, but only after a severe struggle, during which, with a swing of its powerful tail, it would tumble them about in a dangerous yet amusing manner. The monster skates, the unsightly lump-fish, the hideous sculpin, the ugly catfish, and the rapacious shark, are a few of the many specimens which, having been captured in the weirs at the mouth of the river, are brought to and confined in the aquarium.

Mounted again, the crooked streets of the ancient fishing-village of Newcastle are run through at too great a pace to notice many places of historical and traditionary interest; though the gambrel-roof cottage of Allen, the boatswain of John Paul Jones in all his memorable cruises, had due attention.

When descending a sharp hill to the beach the captain held up his hand as a warning signal for more distance between the riders, and indicative of a dangerous road-bed. The signal was not seen or was disregarded by the riders of the large wheels in the rear of the procession. When the 54-inch struck a deposit of sea sand at the bottom of the beach, the wheel stopped, while the rider went on and spread himself at length on the sandy beach, and all the Jumbos in the rear came tumbling after and on to him like a row of bricks. Bicycle handles and rear wheels, well-filled hose and huge canvas shoes, projected from the moving pile in all directions; yet, when the laughter had subsided, but few bruises and no breaks were discovered.

The dismount signal was sounded at Fort Point, and a score of bicyclers quickly took possession of Walback Tower, scaling the steep ledges and climbing, in Indian file, up the loose brick-work of the structure itself. This tower was built in September, 1814, when an attack of the British was hourly expected by the commander of the adjacent fort, who summoned the inhabitants to the aid of the garrison, and the tower was constructed with great speed. Not being found necessary it was neglected and soon assumed its present ruinous appearance. It is circular in shape, and closely resembles the turret of the first monitor. It was intended to be mounted with a central pivot gun, and its sides are pierced with several port-holes for smaller guns. From the top an extensive and beautiful view is had of the wide mouth of the swift-running river, its many islands, long bridges, its half-dozen forts, and its lengthy ship-houses at the navy-yard. Odiorn's Point is in view at the south, where the first settlers landed in 1623, and where — an unusual thing in our land — the eighth generation is still found on the homestead of the first. Nine miles out, in the ocean, were seen the hotels on the Isles of Shoals, and close to the largest building the cottage of Celia Thaxter, who has so charmingly written and sung of the beauties of her native isles.

It was only a short walk to Fort Constitution, passing on the way the government building, so long occupied by Sergeant Davidson, a hero of the Mexican war, and for many years the oldest soldier on Uncle Sam's muster-roll. In front of the house the fifteen-inch guns and pyramids of solid shots and shells present a warlike scene, in strong contrast to the open, unguarded gateway at the entrance of the fortification. The opening to the interior, apparently so unprotected, reveals on closer inspection of the upper portion, an old and heavy wooden portcullis, with its machinery in the chamber above for raising and lowering. The keystone of the arched entrance bears the date 1808; but the fort occupies the site of one of the earliest fortifications in the country, being described in the earliest records as an "earthwork with certain great guns." In 1666 a more regular fortification was built, and in 1689 it was called Fort William and Mary, after the then reigning sovereigns of England. Dec. 13, 1774, "one Paul Revere arrived, with letters from the Committee of Safety in Boston," bringing reports that a British man-of-war had dropped down below in Boston harbor, with the suspected intention of reinforcing this fort. Great excitement prevailed, and the following night a body of patriots went down the Piscataqua in a gondola, attacked the fort, hauled down the colors, and carried off one hundred barrels of powder, and all the small arms and light artillery, and stored them under the Old South Church in Portsmouth. This was the first capture from the British at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. A part of this powder was used by the patriots, months afterwards, at Bunker Hill. Two men-of-war were sent by General Gage to prevent the entire dismantlement of the fort.

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From the ramparts of the fort a near view was had of the North Atlantic Naval Squadron, at anchor in the harbor. The nearest vessel was the steamer Tennessee, the longest ship in the U.S. Navy; and directly ahead was the famous Kearsarge, returned to its native river, where it was fitted out for its voyage, which resulted in ridding the ocean of the troublesome rebel cruiser Alabama. In consequence of a heavy storm, which had prevailed for several days, the harbor had been sought by an unusual number of coasters and vessels, of all sizes and descriptions. Between four hundred and five hundred crafts crowded even the wide mouth of the river; and to a part of the bicyclers, who made a trip to the fort the night previous, when the lanterns on the vessels were lighted, they presented a sight seldom seen at this port. A favorable morning breeze was taken advantage of, and the horizon, as far as the eyes could reach, was dotted with the white canvas of the last hundred of the departing fleet.

Again the wheelmen were called together and pedaled up the steep grade to the spacious and magnificent Wentworth House, commanding a view of river, ocean, city, and mountain scenery, unsurpassed by any seaside house on the coast. Looking across Little Harbor to the west was seen the rambling pile of the old and famous Governor Wentworth Mansion, which Longfellow describes as

"A pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style.
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air,—
Pandæan pipes on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unnumbered splendors meet the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where, on brazen dogs,
Revelled and roared the Christmas fire of logs.
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with old Scripture names."

Its forty-five rooms, its richly ornamented council-chamber, its cellar arranged for the stabling of thirty horses in times of danger, and its historical occupants and visitors, will be more fully described and illustrated, with views of exterior and interior, in a future number of THE WHEELMAN.

At the Wentworth House a small speck was seen creeping along the road in the distance, and, as it approached, the home club recognized their protegé, Georgie Girard, the youngest L.A.W. rider in the country, mounted on his 40-inch wheel, which he drove up the steep hill with apparent ease. He had overtaken the party, though starting an hour later, and could not be persuaded from accompanying them on the all-day ride. He kept up with the guides, and was among the first arrivals at the dinner rendezvous.

The route now taken was the same which was selected for the drive of President Arthur, the week previous, along the coast to North Hampton. The road-bed through Rye is kept in splendid condition. On a large portion of the way the surface is covered with beach gravel, making a live, solid road, free from dust or mud. The farms and buildings throughout Rye surpass any in the State. The productiveness of the former is due in part to the nourishing qualities of seaweed, the only expense of which to the farmer is the cartage from the beaches; while the checks of the summer boarders improve the houses and enlarge the bank accounts of the owners. The roads warranted a quick run by many old places of interest and by beautiful seaside resorts of summer residents.

At the Farragut House a bicycle gleamed in the pavilion out among the rocks, and its owner proved to be the enthusiastic scribe from Manchester, who had ridden through the sand from that city since daybreak, to join the party, making a run at the close of the day of sixty miles.

Again the assembly call rang out above the noise of the waves on the beach, rudely interrupting the hearty and almost interminable laughter of the jolly treasurer at the mishap to the rider of the Star. The way the latter had climbed the hills and rushed down the steep and rocky descents was a constant surprise to the riders of the more silent wheels.

"Do you never have any accidents while using your wheel?" asked a new rider.

"No, never," said the Star expert, "for there are no headers; and, look here, see how easy and safe it is to drop off sideways at any time."

The rider gracefully mounted, turned in the narrow road and approached the group at speed. Unfortunately for the experiment, an unnoticed rut turned the little front wheel inside out, and in his hasty dismount his pants caught in a projecting part of the levers, and the tearing of cloth, sudden contact with *terra firma*, and demand for a paper of pins, came successively.

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The road now ran along the beach rocks of the Atlantic coast, and up a long, gradual rise to the magnificent view from the top of Little Boar's Head.

On the road towards the North, and near Capt. Brown's house, situated far from the sea, and with no river or water near, the keel of the schooner "Ruth" was laid in 1819; and the mystery of how she was to be launched into the sea was solved one winter's day when all the neighbors round about were summoned to be present with their oxen the following morning. The long string of cattle was hitched to the schooner, and the load was gradually drawn on the snow, over the fields and through the marshes, toward the sea; but the land voyage was too long, and the vessel failed to reach her destination before darkness approached. A furious snow-storm prevailed during the night, but early the next morning the men and oxen were again in position, and the good schooner "Ruth," was launched into the ocean.

At 1.30 the three signals for the dismount was sounded, in front of the Union House, Hampton — the cyclometers registering twenty-one miles for the forenoon run.

Here a substantial dinner was waiting for the hungry party. It was the first experience of one of the young wheelmen with a bill of fare. Noticing that his neighbors commenced at the top of the card-board, he told the inquiring waitress that he guessed he would have a plate of *menu* first. But the waitress, either a well-trained one, or, perhaps, she was mashed with his bright and youthful face, politely told him it was not quite ready, and whispered that he should have it the last thing.

After dinner, the antiquarians of the party took a short walk to a quaint gambrel-roofed house, the former residence of General M., a Revolutionary hero and patriot, for whom Washington entertained such respect that when he passed the house on his northern tour, he uncovered his head in homage of the memory of his companion-in-arms. The General was regarded as a strange man by the neighborhood, which believed him in league with the devil. The General's house was once burned in revenge, as it is said, by the fiend, whom the former had outwitted. He had agreed, it seems, to furnish the General with a boot-full of gold and silver, poured annually down the chimney. The shrewd Yankee cut off, on one occasion, the foot of the boot, and the devil kept pouring down the coin from the chimney's top, in a vain attempt to fill it, until the room was literally packed with the precious metal. The legend connected with his second marriage has been rendered immortal by Whittier, in his poem entitled, "The New Wife and Old." In the early days Hampton enacted her laws in Assembly, and they had reference to many things outside of ordinary legislation. The drinking of healths and use of tobacco were forbidden, the advances towards matrimony were regulated, and pride and levity were frowned upon. Women were forbidden to expose their arms to view, their sleeves must reach to the wrist, and their dresses fit high upon the neck. Men must keep their hair cut short, and no person worth less than two hundred pounds was allowed to wear gold or silver lace, or silk hoods and scarfs. Nickel-plated bicycles were not forbidden, and short breeches were all the rage.

The return trip was made *via* Breakfast Hill, in Greenland, where, during the early Indian troubles, a party of redskins, who had been burning houses near Portsmouth, and scalping the inmates, were overtaken at breakfast while on this elevation, and were forced to a hasty retreat.

The hotel was reached at the supper-hour, and the first day's run was completed without an accident, and to the full and complete enjoyment of all the participants. The report has been detailed in some directions, but not on account of any extraordinary riding, for many of the new riders were having their first experience in road-riding of any extent, or on account of any unusual pleasure or novelty; for numerous are the clubs which have on their touring calendar many just such "Red-Letter Days."

The morning of the 18th opened bright and clear. An early morning run had been arranged to the elegant grounds of Hon. Frank Jones, at Gravelly Ridge, and return over the long coast leading therefrom. The wheelmen were invited to the extensive and beautiful gardens, and while they were being presented by the ladies with button-hole bouquets, one of the visitors remarked upon the massiveness of a yellow mastiff, saying he was by far the largest canine he had ever seen.

"Why," says Mrs. Jones, "you should see our Jumbo!" and, calling to the hostler, she asked if Jumbo was chained.

"No, marm, for he's quite good-natured this morning, and if the gentlemen

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won't crowd into the stable too suddenly, I guess he'll behave all right."

But there was no crowd to the boys; in fact, they shrank back, — a few casting sly looks at their calves, and wishing they were protected, *à la* "Juvenis," with top-boots. The door was swung open. The boys fell back still farther, and out crawled a tiny four-inch pug.

At 10 A.M. the buglers sounded the assembly, and the men, after a short drill on foot, and a limited one on wheels, were ready for the parade through the streets.

On the principal square, locally known as the "Parade," the wheelmen drilled by bugle-call very creditably. A photographer, who promised to consume but fifteen minutes, succeeded, as usual, in occupying a full hour. Girard, with his 40-inch, and Jumbo, beside his 58-inch, were the end-men; and the centre clubs of the group were interlocutors, and puzzled the photographer with numerous conundrums.

At noon a crowd gathered at the wharves, to witness the marine bicycle race. The contestants were the captain and president of the home-club, and, being very evenly matched, the race was nearly a dead heat. Two officers of a club from the interior of the State, and famous as fresh-water sailors, then indulged in a scrub race. They were very successful in choosing the strongest tide to run against on the down course to the stake-boat, and returning against a powerful eddy. They made an interesting race, however, and proved their extraordinary staying qualities.

The dinner given by the Rockingham Club was spread, by request, in the century-old dining-room of the Rockingham House, with its finely carved cornice and wainscot, which were wisely retained when the building was remodelled. Among the invited guests was the Mayor of the city, who, though a companion with Aldrich in many of the exploits related in the "Story of a Bad Boy," has a very youthful and sprightly appearance, which led one of the bicyclers, who was assigned a seat next to him, to imagine His Honor to be a wheelman who had just arrived, and, therefore, hardly entitled to a front seat. There not being plates enough by one, the earnest but polite struggle they had for the chair of honor, on the right of the Chief Consul, was an amusing episode, until the chief explained to the anxious wheelman that the young man was His Honor the Mayor.

The post-prandial speeches were short and witty, and full of strong testimony in favor of the healthfulness of the exercise and the strong friendship it had promoted. But one selection was unwisely chosen. The junior punster of the local club was introduced by the chief as the silver-tongued orator of the club. He promptly arose, and, in a singularly sweet and well-trained voice, began with: "Mr. Chief Consul, your Honor the Mayor, and fellow wheelmen of New Hampshire, — I did not expect to be called upon to address you." Here he was observed to take a hurried look at his cuff, and those near him smiled audibly when they saw it was covered with pencilled headings to a long speech. "First, I desire to tell you a good bicycle story I read yesterday. An old lady, a few days ago, was asked by a tourist if she had seen a bicycle go by her house. She said she didn't know what they called it, but she saw a cart-wheel running away with a—" The last word was buried beneath the united shouts of the whole company. "Long Joe" grunted out, "Brother, that's as ancient as the oldest velocipede." The silver-tongue was silent for a moment, and only long training and close examination of his cuff enabled him to resume and charm the guests with his eloquence; but he attempted no more stories.

After the speeches the Chief Consul called the wheelmen to order, and proceeded to organize the first State League, under the auspices of the L.A.W. A committee, consisting of Chief Consul Haslett, Representative Gilman, and State Secretary Wilkins, were chosen to draft a constitution. The Nashua Wheel Club formally invited the wheelmen to their city for the second annual meet in 1883, and the Manchester Club followed with a claim for 1884.

In the evening the wheelmen attended at Music Hall, and listened to a fine rendering of the opera "Mascotte."

The next morning the visitors were escorted to their several trains, and noisy parting salutes, from bugles, and calliopes, were liberally indulged in.

The charming weather, the extra condition of the excellent roads, the hearty welcomes and continuous attentions of club men and citizens, all combined to make the meet a success, and the initial sub-league commences its career under the most favorable auspices.

C. A. Hazlett.

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EDITORIAL.

Velocipede Patent Litigation.

Two suits have recently been terminated in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York, in such a manner as to be of general interest to wheelmen. We give a brief outline of the matter only, as sufficient to indicate the bearings of the result.

It is pretty generally known that there are a considerable number of United States patents relating to bicycles and other velocipedes; but it is not so generally known, perhaps, that the first bicycle patent was obtained in this country, and that for the first four years of bicycling American inventors led those of any other country in their attempts to perfect the construction of the bicycle and the tricycle. There are many licensees under these patents, and few infringers.

Amongst the most notable and spirited of the latter were Messrs. McKee & Harrington, of New York, who, in the spring of 1880, bought out the stock of R. H. Hodgson, of Newton, Mass. (who had obtained some reputation on "Velocity" and "Newton Challenge" bicycles), and commenced the manufacture of bicycles in New York city, not only without license under the patents, but in open and avowed disregard of them. They took this course upon the advice that the patents were not valid, and did not properly apply to the latest construction of these machines; and they made a very spirited endeavor to prove the correctness of their position by making and placing upon the market what was known as the "Union" bicycle, and employing counsel and experts and contesting the patents.

A bill was filed against them by the Pope Manufacturing Company on the 2d August, 1880, setting up the Reynolds patent of 1865 and the Lallement patent of 1866. Under this bill an injunction was obtained restraining the defendants from making, selling, or using bicycles, in the fall of 1880, the injunction being granted by Judge Blatchford after a contest upon a large amount of testimony and documents.

Subsequently the defendants made two successive attempts, on motions to dissolve the injunction, to obtain relief, and were unsuccessful in each. They also modified, to a small extent, the construction of their velocipede, so as to make it what was advertised by them as the "simultaneous movement" bicycle; and proceedings for contempt in disregarding the injunction were instituted and argued before Judge Wallace, since his accession to the bench in place of Judge Blatchford, at the same time with another motion of the defendants for relief from the injunction. The decision of Judge Wallace was against the defendants on both motions, the injunction being sustained, and the defendants fined for contempt.

The sale of a few of the "simultaneous movement" machines was the occasion for the bringing of another suit by the same company against McKee & Harrington, under three other patents, namely: the Hanlon patents of 1868 and 1869, and the Pickering patent of 1869; the bill in this latter suit being filed 23d June last, and a motion pending for preliminary injunction in that suit.

The defendants in these suits employed several of the most able counsel in New York, and several experts, exhausted the resources of America and France for evidence wherewith to defeat the patents, and produced the strongest defenses, no doubt, which could be made. But these efforts were unavailing; and having been defeated at every turn, and put to large expense, and substantially blocked up as to bicycle business for some two years, they finally, as it appears, on the 27th September last surrendered. Decrees have been entered sustaining the validity of the five patents in controversy, granting perpetual injunctions against the defendants under the same, and referring the cases to a master for ascertainment of the amounts to be recovered.

We understand that McKee & Harrington had actually sold but very few machines; but they had parts for about a hundred bicycles in process of construction, and that they have taken license under usual terms to finish up and sell these, when they will stop the business entirely.

It is, on some accounts, to be regretted that this controversy ever arose. Messrs. McKee & Harrington had an opportunity to enter upon and continue bicycle making, — had started with a good model, and would by this time have been doing a large and profitable business, no doubt,—and we should have seen another good competing manufacturer in the American market.

The Lallement patent, which has thus been contested and sustained, covers, as we understand it, any two-wheel velocipede with the wheels arranged one in front of the other, having a cranked axle, pedals, and handle-bars to guide the machine. The Hanlon patent of 1868 covers the adjustable saddle, the adjustable driving-cranks, and the bifurcated perch. The Pickering patent of 1869 covers the polygonal pedals, as well as hollow forks and tubular perch and rear forks; and the Hanlon patent of 1869 covers the front wheel brake, the stop-head or limited sweep of steering mechanism, and also a shield, oftener seen in tricycles than in bicycles.

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It is not probable that the validity of these four patents, or the fact of their application to the devices referred to in modern velocipedes, will soon again be contested.

DURING the past year the bicycle has made rapid strides in popularity. It is no longer confined to one or two localities, but is found everywhere, and is patronized by all classes. It is becoming more and more a practical assistant in every-day life. By its aid many an invalid has regained his health. On the bicycle long trips through the country are transformed from a task into a pleasure. Among the most important uses of bicycling are club runs. Clubs are composed largely of business men, who will not take exercise if left to themselves. To them the bicycle is an undisguised blessing. Drawn out by the power of association, they indulge in spins through the country, inhaling fresh air and new life. We are glad to see this phase of bicycling receiving special attention. Within two months no fewer than five clubs have made runs of more than 100 miles in a single day. The Boston Bicycle Club led off with a run of 102½ miles between 4.38 A.M. and 9.30 P.M.; entire time, 16 hrs. 52 m.; actual running time, 12 hrs. 6 m.; average distance per hour of running time, 8½ miles. This was followed by the Massachusetts Bicycle Club run of 118 miles, Sept. 28, between 4.52 A.M. and 10.30 P.M. Total time, 17 hrs. 38 m.; actual running time, 12 hrs. 41 m.; average distance per hour of running time, 9⅓ miles. Oct. 5 witnessed two extraordinarily long runs. The Champion City Bicycle Club, Springfield, O., accomplished 110 miles between 6.03 A.M. and 8.15 P.M., including all stops, which could not have amounted to much, for the running time averaged only a little over 9 miles an hour. On the same day the Æolus Wheel Club, Worcester, Mass., made 136 miles between 5 A.M. and 3.05 A.M. the next morning; total time, 21 hrs. 3 m.; running time, 16 hrs. 49 m.; average distance per hour of running time, a little over 8 miles. Saturday, Oct. 7, the Boston Ramblers' Bicycle Club covered 120 miles between 4.50 A.M. and 11.50 P.M.; actual running time, 11 hrs. 52 m.; average distance per hour, 10 miles.

This is a good showing, and, before another month has passed, no doubt many other clubs will follow their example. Without doubt greater distances than these can be accomplished even on our American roads, although we cannot hope to rival the English riders for some time to come. A recent issue of the *Tricyclist* contains an account of a tricyclist who made the extraordinary distance of 214½ miles on a tricycle inside of 24 consecutive hours. With our roads in their present condition this would be an impossibility; but, as the bicycle advances from a luxury to a necessity, improvement of roads will doubtless accompany the change, as a necessary adjunct, and in time we may hope to be able to boast of macadamized highways leading in all directions throughout the entire country.

WHEEL NEWS.

The Springfield Meet.

BY far the most important bicycling event that has occurred this year was the Springfield meet. Great praise is due the home club for their untiring exertions to make it a success in every way. That their efforts were eminently successful the results have shown. Over four thousand invitations were issued, special rates were secured on the roads running into Springfield, and every inducement was offered to wheelmen and their friends to attend. On the day before the tournament bicyclers began coming in, and kept pouring in from all directions up to twelve o'clock of the day itself. The neat little city was full of them; wherever the eye turned it was arrested by the gleaming spokes and shining handle-bar of the steel steed. At half-past one the line of march was formed at the rink, and moved slowly around the block, and toward Hampden Park. The order of march was as follows: Detachment of police, under Officer Wright; Little's Band; Springfield Club; Attleboro'; New Haven, Conn.; Rutland, Vt.; Brockton, Boston Ramblers, Chicopee, Greenfield, Glastonbury, Pawtucket, R.I.; Mt. Vernon, N.Y.; Northampton. Second division: Hutchins' Band; Meriden Club, Manhattan, Ixion, Massachusetts, Natick, Holyoke, Marblehead, Columbia, Worcester, Scitico, Wilbraham, Easthampton, Menotomy, Glenn's Falls, N.Y.; Waltham, Pittsfield, West Springfield, Mittineague. Fully 20,000 people witnessed the procession. At the park at least 12,000 people were gathered. The first event was the one-mile race. Nine men entered,—Will. R. Pittman, New York; Frank Moore, Birmingham, Eng.; V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa.; J. W. Wattles, Jr., Boston; Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield; L. W. Morse, N. Attleboro'; C. W. Clarke, Waltham; J. G. Knowlton, Easthampton; W. A. Norton, Natick. Hendee took the lead at the start, and held it until coming down the home-stretch, when Moore spurted past him, and won. Time: 2.54¾; Hendee, 2.55;

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Norton, third in 3.14. The second heat was a repetition of the first. Time: Moore, 2.57¼; Hendee, 2.57½; Norton, 3.7¼.

Seven men contested the two-mile race, — Moore, Morse, Norton, Place, B. G. Sanford, New York; H. J. Hall, New York, and H. D. Clark, Mt. Carmel, Conn. Place kept the lead up to the three-quarter-mile pole on the second mile, when Moore spurted to gain the lead. Place responded gallantly, but Moore passed him, and passed under the wire in 6.14; Place, 6.14¼; Clark, third, in 6.47¾. The second heat was won by the same three in the same order.

The half-mile dash was won by Hendee, Hatch second, Pitman third. Time, 1.24¾, 1.29¾, 1.31¾. The half-mile dash for boys was won by H. T. Smith, of New York; Charles P. Adams, of Springfield, second; and Atty Hanks, Springfield, third. Time: 1.43¾, 1.49½, 1.59.

The five-mile women's race was plainly out of place. Mlle. Louise Armaindo was the only woman who appeared, and she allowed T. W. Eyck, her trainer, a half-mile start, and beat him of course.

In the five-mile amateur race, Moore, Place, Norton, Morse, Sanford, and A. D. Claflin, of Newton, competed, Moore allowing the others 30 seconds the start. Place took the lead, with Claflin close behind. Moore kept steadily closing the gap between him and the leaders, and at the end of the fourth mile was in his favorite position, just behind Place, who was leading. Moore won, of course, with Place second, and Claflin third. Full time, 16.17¾; Moore's actual time, 15.47¾; Place's, 16.19¾; Claflin's, 17.57½.

There were only four entries for the one hundred-yard slow race. C. S. Howard, of the Boston Ramblers, won easily in 3.57; George Nash, of Springfield, second.

The one-mile without hands was won by Hatch; Hendee, second; Tufts, third. Time: Hatch, 3.28¾; Hendee, 3.35¾; Tufts, 3.36¼.

The twenty-mile professional race, in which Prince was matched against Mellen and Harrison, was very interesting. Mellen and Harrison alternated every five miles. Prince won easily in 1 hour, 8 minutes, 10½ seconds.

It was a day of record breaking, — the mile record being reduced from 2.58⅝ to 2.54¾; the two-mile from 6.21½ to 6.14; the five-mile from 16.10¾ to 15.47¾.

E. F. Tolman, Worcester; C. R. Percival, Boston; and Dr. T. S. Rust, Meriden, Conn., were judges. A. W. Whipple, J. S. Dean, and H. C. Norton, timers, and F. H. Johnson, scorer.

In the evening the rink was filled to its utmost capacity, at least 1,500 people being present, and many were turned away. In the centre of the room stood a large table bearing prizes worth over $1,000, which were awarded the lucky men amid loud applause and very loud music. The Springfield and Attleboro' clubs gave exhibition club-drills, and some very neat fancy riding was done by Hendee, Howard, and Tufts.

The New Haven Races.

THE third annual fall races, and 1st annual State Bicycle Tournament, held under the auspices of the New Haven Bicycle Club, occurred at Hamilton Park, Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1882. About seventy-five wheelmen were in the line, which traversed some of the finest streets of the city, the whole line being over Telford pavements, or concreted streets.

The races at the park began at 3 P.M.

The following well-written account of the races is clipped from one of our exchanges: —

In the grand club championship race for a gold medal, best two in three heats, open to club members only, Herman Clark, of Mt. Carmel, and L. B. Hamilton entered. In the first heat Hamilton fell near the distance point and Clark finished alone in 3 m. 14¾ s. The second heat was also won by Clark in 3 m. 20 s. Hamilton's time was 3 m. 21¼ s. There was no third heat.

In the ride and run race, half-mile, for a silver medal, Hendee and Fowler entered, and Hendee won in 2 m. 9¼ s.; Fowler's time, 2 m. 21¼ s.

There were four starters in the one-mile boys' race for a silver medal, — John H. Klock, Adams, Joyce, and Richardson. Klock won in 3 m. 29 s.

The slow race of 200 feet was won by Hendee, who took the silver medal. The race which excited the most general interest was the five-mile race, the first prize being a gold medal, and the second a silver medal. George M. Hendee, of Springfield, and J. F. Ives, of Meriden, entered. Ives led until three and one-half miles had been covered, and then Hendee took the lead, and finished in 18 m. 9½ s., making the last mile in 3 m. 57½ s.

The last event was the half-mile race, without hands, for a silver medal. J. D. Canary, formerly of this city, entered the grounds late and unprepared to race, but competed with Hendee; and it was an extremely pretty race, there being not over a bicycle length between the positions of the contestants at the finish. The time was, Hendee, 1 m. 54½ s.; Canary, 1 m. 55 s. The judges for the park contests were Dr. T. S. Rust, of Meriden, and Henry Ducker, of Springfield, and the time-keepers, Frank Fowler and F. A. Jackson, of this city.

At the rink in Dwight street, last evening, a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen gathered to see the exhibition riding. The clubs taking part in the parade first entered, and there were on the rink floor, at once, twenty-four riders, headed by Commander Marsden. After a drill, which evoked applause, there were other features. The clubs drilled separately. The New Haven Club, without question, made the finest appearance, although the visitors looked well and rode well. Features of the

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evening were the riding of Hendee and Canary. Remarkable and apparently impossible feats were accomplished by both. Mr. Canary by his "illustrations of the beginner" caused a great deal of amusement. Hendee took the gold medal, and Canary the silver cup.

Annual Meeting of L.A.W. Officers.

THE board of officers of the League of American Wheelmen met at the Hotel Vendome, in this city, Friday, Oct. 20th. The following members of the board were present: President W. H. Miller, of Columbus, O.; Vice-President A. S. Parsons, of Cambridgeport, Mass.; Treasurer Wm. V. Gilman, of Nashua, N.H.; S. A. Marsden, New Haven, Ct.; Geo. H. Day, Hartford, Ct.; F. S. Pratt, Worcester; C. L. Clark, Newton; Frank S. Winship, Lynn; A. J. Philbrick, Salem; M. D. Currier, Lawrence; F. B. Carpenter, Boston; E. K. Hill, Worcester; C. P. Shillaber, Boston; C. A. Hazlett, Portsmouth, N.H.; E. M. Gilman, Nashua, N.H.; C. H. Lamson, Portland, Me.; Dr. A. G. Coleman, Canandaigua, N.Y.

After electing Mr. E. K. Hill, of Worcester, secretary *pro tem.*, the board filled the vacancies left since the spring elections, as follows: Philip T. Dodge, of Washington, D.C., Chief Consul of District of Columbia, and C. E. Hawley, Representative; C. Waterhouse, Representative for California; L. M. Beebe, Chief Consul for South Carolina; H. Bedoe, Chief Consul for Kentucky, and C. W. McLean, Representative; A. G. Carpenter, Chief Consul for Rhode Island, and J. A. Cross, Representative; H. W. Williams and C. K. Ferry, Representatives for Massachusetts; Henry Bates, Chief Consul for Indiana; H. G. Rouse, Representative for Illinois. The treasurer, Wm. V. Gilman, reported that the receipts for the year were $1,717.88; expenditures, $743.93; balance on hand, $973.95. K. N. Putnam, corresponding secretary, sent in his resignation, which was laid on the table. It was voted to print the constitution and racing-rules of the L.A.W.

In the evening, at 7.30, the board again met. A good deal of time was taken up in discussing the amateur question. It was finally decided that members of the League may teach bicycling and still be classed as amateurs. Following this action, W. R. Pitman, of New York, who for years has been trying to get into the League, but was rejected because he taught bicycling, was admitted into full membership by a unanimous vote. The corresponding secretary was instructed to send names presented for membership and League notices to the *Wheel*, of New York, as well as to the *Bicycling World*. A few changes were made in some of the by-laws, making them clearer, but not changing the import.

The League Races.

IN the afternoon, between the sessions of the board of officers, the L.A.W. races took place, at Beacon Park. The championship medal, which was held by Lewis T. Frye, and which must be won three times before becoming personal property, changed hands. The stories told of the fast times made by Frye while training made him the favorite. The entries were L. T. Frye, Marblehead; Geo. N. Hendee, Springfield; V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa. At the start Frye had the pole, Hendee the centre, and Place the outside. Frye took the lead at once. Place, being out where the track was the heaviest, got a bad start, but pulled up to the others, and was just about to take the lead, when Hendee spurted, took the first place and kept it till the finish. Frye came in second. Hendee's time was 2.57½. The result was a surprise to many, especially to those who did not see Hendee ride at Springfield. He is no doubt the coming fast man. The five-mile race, under the auspices of the League, for two silver cups offered by the *Bicycling World*, was entered by Place, Jno. Tacy, of Lawrence, and Wattles, of Boston. Place led from the start, and, though pressed hard by Tacy, held the lead; Place first, Tacy second; time, 17.45½. The judges were Fred S. Pratt, C. A. Hazlett, Dr. Coleman; referee, C. E. Pratt; starter, F. W. Weston.

The Massachusetts Division of the L.A.W.

SEVERAL weeks ago F. S. Pratt, Chief Consul, L.A.W., sent out a call to the Massachusetts members to meet in Boston for a run to Canton, where a State organization was to be formed. Accordingly, on Saturday, Oct. 21, about fifty wheelmen assembled at Trinity square. Among the number were several wheelmen from other States, who were in the city attending the meeting of officers, and the races. At 9.30 they mounted, and in twos rode out of the city. The route lay through Roxbury, Dorchester, and Mattapan to Canton, where the party dismounted for dinner. After dinner, Chief Consul Pratt called the company to order. Frank P. Kendall, of Worcester, was elected secretary. At the suggestion of H. W. Williams, it was voted to call the organization the Massachusetts Division of the League of American Wheelmen. On motion of A. S. Parsons, the Chief Consul and Representatives of L.A.W. for the State were elected as an executive board, with the Chief Consul president. Chas. P. Shillaber was chosen treasurer. President F. S. Pratt, E. R. Hill, and C. L. Clark were appointed a committee to select sign-boards, and advocate their adoption by the L.A.W. There was a long discussion on the subject of raising funds, and it was finally decided to leave the matter to the executive board. After this meeting the wheelman were photographed, and then started back. Some of the party rode directly in, and others rode around by the Chestnut-Hill Reservoir, arriving in the city about 5.30 P.M.

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CHICAGO, September 30. — The event of this last week of September was the race at Waukegan. Waukegan isn't Chicago, of course, any more than Taunton is Boston, but the riders were mostly from the city. Brown and Vomell, Mearing, Ayers, Calkins, Miller, and Conkling, of the Chicago Club, went out to the suburban fair. Stevens and Fitch, of the Owl Wheeling Club, were visible in the tremendous gale of wind which swept everything before it. The track is a bad one, — sandy and as full of ups and downs as the life of a circus clown. But the riders went in for winning, and Captain Miller was the judge. There were six races. The first one was for exhibiting fancy riding; the prize a gold-plated cyclometer. It was won by Brown, of the Chicago Club.

The second race was also won by a representative of the Chicagos, Calkins. It was a quarter-mile dash, and the prize was a water-proof touring suit.

The third race, for the prize of a racing costume, was won by Captain Brown. It was a slow race of 100 yards, done by Brown in 4.30.

In the fourth race, a mile handicap, Conkling started from the scratch, gave his fellows starts of one hundred to two hundred yards, and won in four minutes. The prize was a Perfection hub lamp.

The fifth race was a three-mile dash, for which two prizes were offered, — a cyclometer, won by Philbrick, and a Columbia lamp, won by Ayers.

The sixth and last race was a five-mile dash, handicap. As before, Conkling gave the others a start of from six hundred to seven hundred and fifty yards, and he won in 21.00. Stevens came in second, in 22.10. Conkling cheered himself with the rest at winning, for he broke a spoke while running, and, in getting down to take it out, lost about one of his minutes.

A visitor at this race, was Mr. G. F. B. Bryant, of the Danville (Ill.) Club. Some of the most finished fancy riding imaginable was exhibited by Mr. Wood, of Chicago.

A new organization, known as the League of Chicago Wheelmen, has just been formed here, with the following officers, to hold office until March 1, 1883: President, J. O. Blake; Vice-President, E. Mearing; Secretary, M. Greanbaum; Treasurer, Heaton Owsley; Commander, T. S. Miller.

The evening that the preliminary meeting of this organization was held will be long remembered by the wheelmen here. They went in a body, and likewise in good spirits, to call upon our mayor. He has just got home from London, where he patronized the wheeling idea by buying some tricycles. The moon was bright, but the mud was deep, and the men turned gracefully without tumbling, in marvelous manner. It was after receiving the hospitality of the mayor that the wheelmen adjourned to Owsley Hall, there to enjoy coffee and sandwiches, and hold the organization meeting of the L.C.W. — MAX.

AT Pittsfield, Mass., October 11 and 12, occurred several bicycle races in connection with the annual fair. Five medals were offered, — for half-mile dash; one mile, best two heats out of three, and two-mile races, the two latter from the scratch. There were four entries in each race. W. T. Damond won the silver medal, valued at $10.00, for two-mile race; H. J. Hall, Jr., of Brooklyn, won two straight heats; and A. B. Price, of Cheshire, was second. Prizes, gold and silver medals, valued at $10.00 each. In the two-mile dash, H. S. Wollison, of Pittsfield, took the gold, and Price, of Cheshire, the silver medal. Owing to the roughness of the track no time was accurately taken.

STARTING with nine members, in the winter of '81, the Troy (N.Y.) Club now numbers twenty-three, and steadily increasing.

The first annual tournament occurred September 28, and the races resulted as follows: —

Two mile: Prize, silver medal; won by Charles Ross; 8 m. 12¼ sec.

Three mile: H. N. Straight, 1st, 14 m. 16 sec.; and L. J. Theissen, 2d. Prizes, gold medal, 1st; nickel time-piece, 2d.

Slow race: Won by Alfred F. Edmans. Prize, leather medal.

Five mile: H. N. Strait, 1st, time 21 m. 37 sec.; with Geo. M. Powers 2d.

The first prize was a handsome gold medal; and, second, a silver medal.

OCTOBER 5, at the thirteenth field meeting of the Athletic Association of Dartmouth College, among other contests, a bicycle race occurred. Rogers, C.S.D. (Chandler Scientific Department), Bryan, '85, and Wardwell, '86, C. S. D., started. Rogers won easily, Bryan coming in second.

A CLUB was recently formed at Taunton, Mass., called the Cohannet Wheelmen. The following is a list of officers: —

President. — George E. Whiting.
Secretary. — William Niblock.
Treasurer. — Edward Brown.
Captain. — John Harding.
Lieutenant. — Harrison Baker.

The club starts out with sixteen members.

THE Pennsylvania Bicycle Club has been organized by several gentlemen in West Philadelphia, to meet a want long felt by wheelmen residing in that portion of the Quaker City. With their head-quarters close to the site of the Centennial Exhibition buildings, in Fairmount Park, this club has a fair field to work in. They are removed from the location of other Philadelphia bicycle clubs; and, being so close to the park, ought to turn out an active lot of members on club runs, etc. The club runs, up to the present, have been eminently successful; and, as the charter mem-

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bers are all practical cyclers, the Pennsylvania ought to prove a thoroughly active club. The number of members at present is sixteen, and recruits are bound to come in. The uniform is just what a bicycle uniform should be, — plain and serviceable. The suit is dark brown corduroy; cap to match, — the shape, Polo, with detachable peak; brown stockings, and celluloid collar and cuffs. The club badge is a complete miniature bicycle, with "Pennsylvania Club" inserted among the spokes of driving-wheel; and the club colors are blue and old gold. The officers appointed are as follows: —

President. — Mr. E. M. Aaron.
Secretary. — Mr. A. H. MacOwen.
Treasurer. — Mr. W. H. O'Keefe.
Captain. — Mr. C. M. Miller.
Sub-Captain. — Mr. J. L. Roberts.

One of the noteworthy features about the new club is that they ride large wheels, — there being a number of fifty-sixes, while fifty-fours are in the majority, and constitute the average size for the club. None of the men are great fancy riders; but, generally speaking, they are fair road riders, — one member, Mr. Samuel Crawford, having put one hundred miles in twelve hours to his credit, while on the road during his vacation this summer, and this on a fifty-six "Expert," which his fellow-wheelmen say is too big a wheel for Sam, though he is a big rider. More will be heard from Pennsylvania after a while.

ON Tuesday, October 3, at Warsaw, N.Y., A. E. Purdy rode one hundred miles in ten hours, on the Driving Park track.

THE following is the programme of the meet and races at Philadelphia, October 26. We are unable to give a report of this important meet for the present issue, but will give an extended account of it in another number: —

GRAND PROCESSION.

First Event. — Competitive club drill, in club squads of eight. Prize, a banner composed of the winning club's colors.

Second Event. — Best fancy riding, single. Prize, gold medal.

Third Event. — One-mile race in heats, open to all amateurs. Three fastest winners, and second man in fastest heat ride in final.

Fourth Event. — Two-mile handicap, 200 yards limit, open to all amateurs.

Fifth Event. — One-mile race for novices, open to all never having won a first prize.

Sixth Event. — Half-mile dash (L.A.W. men only).

Seventh Event. — Five-mile handicap, all amateurs. Prizes in each race will be medals, — gold to first, silver to second.

AT the annual fair of the Worcester S. E. Agricultural Society, at Milford, September 26, was a half-mile bicycle race, best two in three. First prize, Waltham watch; second, gold medal; third, silver medal; fourth, McDonnell's cyclometer. G. H. Lilley took first; A. H. Ball, second; H. E. Nelson, third; E. F. Temple, fourth. Time: first heat, 1.56; second heat, 2.00.

It was expected that some of the Woonsocket Club would participate; but, after the society had conceded every point that they asked for, the Woonsocket men failed to put in an appearance.

THERE are but three riders in Montana Territory who own machines, viz.: Wm. E. Norris, James Norris, and Will R. Sharp, all of Helena.

ST. PAUL'S School, Concord, N.H., has a growing club. The officers elected recently are: B. F. Harding, President; A. R. Richardson, Secretary and Treasurer; C. A. Stevens, Captain.

THE bicycle race, open to members of Phillips, Andover, and Exeter Academies, occurring at Haverhill, was entered only by wheelmen of Phillips Academy. Segur took first place at the start, and held it till the finish. Holden was second; distance, two miles; time, 6.54. A fine silver cup, twelve inches high, with a bicycle surmounted by a bird for a standard, and valued at $25, was given to the winner.

MR. HAMILTON, '85, has made the fastest time on a bicycle of any college man on record. — *Yale News.*

ON Sunday, the 1st of October, as Fred Packard and R. H. Robeson, of Salem, were riding homeward from Lynn, a man drove his buggy against Mr. Packard's wheel, causing him to fall, and breaking one of his pedals. The man drove on; but it was discovered that his name was Wm. Clemens, and he was arrested.

MESSRS. LINDSAY AND FARLICK made a run to Niagara, Drummondville, and along the river to the Falls, and hence by way of St. David's, yesterday, a distance of 40 miles. One of the riders took a header while running along the bank, landing just on the edge. This is the second narrow escape by bicyclers running along there this season. — *St. Catharine's News, Oct. 2.*

A CLUB was formed at Lehigh University (Pa.) on Saturday, Sept. 9th, with R. Stinson, '83, President; A. P. Smith, '84, Secretary and Treasurer; J. W. Packard, Captain. The L.U. Club has a dozen members.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Jonathan Swift.[1]

SHERIDAN says Dr. Swift was a man whose original genius raised him above all the writers of his age; and in his biography of Swift represents him as of the most unselfish disposition, constantly seeking to serve others. The latter part of this statement will scarcely bear close inspection, for, while his public life was free from the taint of corruption so prevalent at the time, yet he seemed to be but scantily supplied with some of the private virtues. He repaid the kind help of his uncle, Godwin, with the basest ingratitude. There is no doubt that his fine-strung nature fretted under the restraints and miseries of poverty and a life of dependence upon the bounty of another; yet he had no claims upon his uncle which demanded recognition, and to add to the baseness of his ingratitude, his uncle could illy spare the money which he gave him. This misanthropic tinge never left him, but showed itself in some form or other in every period of his life, and at last settled down on him like a cloud. Like Dr. Johnson, he was a man of very strong prejudices, which he often permitted to run away with his good sense. But the world has little to do with a great man's private life, except as it affects his public actions or his writings. It is immaterial to us whether the author of "Gulliver's Travels" was grateful to his uncle or not, whether he was supremely self-conscious, or the reverse; and, turning to the public life of Swift, we encounter a man, who in an age of political rottenness was singularly upright and intrepid. He was feared alike by corrupt political friends and foes. He was the greatest satirist that ever lived, and all the force of his biting sarcasm was brought to bear upon his opponents, who never got the better of him. Owing to some objectionable features in him, such as his strong prejudices, his contempt for men in general, and his egotism, it is a hard matter to estimate his character correctly. In his life of him, published in John Morley's English Men of Letters Series, Mr. Leslie Stephen has, with rare discrimination, shown us the real character of Swift without attempting to smooth over any of the more disagreeable parts. And yet the subject does not suffer from such treatment; in fact, we are rather inclined to like Swift more after we read the book. The author displays his good taste in confining himself to stating the facts in the case rather than making dogmatic assertions of his own. And here lies one of the chief charms of the book. Every one likes to form his own conclusions, and rebels instinctively against the autocratic decisions of an author.

When he wishes to illustrate a characteristic of Swift he selects some of his own speeches, which reveal more than whole pages of biography would. For instance, to show what a wonderful ability he had to turn an enemy's weapon against himself, he cites the following, directed against the deists, in an ironical strain: "Moreover, as long as we keep to any religion, we do not strike at the root of the evil. The free-thinkers consider that all the parts hold together, and that if you pull out one nail the whole fabric will fall. Which was happily expressed by one who heard that a text brought in proof of the Trinity was differently read in some ancient manuscript; whereupon he suddenly leaped through a long *sorites* to the logical conclusion: 'Why, if it be as you say, I may safely . . . . drink on and defy the parson.'"

As an author, Swift was distinctly original, as the severest critics will allow. Even Johnson, who was singularly blind to the merits of "Gulliver's Travels," and strongly prejudiced against him, admits that "no author can be found who has borrowed so little, or who has so well maintained his claim to be considered original." This originality has been well brought out by Mr. Stephen, who, in every respect, has performed his work thoroughly and conscientiously.

[1] Jonathan Swift. By Leslie Stephen. English Men of Letters Series. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

The Lady of the Lake.[1]

ALL lovers of art will give a most hearty welcome to this poem in its new setting. The frontispiece, "The Lady of the Lake," is a charming conception of a beautiful character. The art of the engraver, too, has supplemented the work of the artist, and the whole effect of the engraving is simple and pleasing. "The Half Title," on page 17, is by Ipsen, and is well worthy of its place in the book. An exquisite little engraving illustrates Canto 1, 12 —

> "Here eglantine embalmed the air,
> Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
> The primrose pale and violet flower
> Found on each cliff a narrow bower."

Turning the page, the eye is arrested by an illustration by Garrett, on the line —

> "A narrow inlet, still and deep,"

while on the opposite page is the view of Loch Katrine,

> "Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
> One burnished sheet of living gold,
> Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled.
>
> "High as the south huge Benvenue
> Down on the lake in masses threw
> Crags, knolls, and mounds . . "

[1] The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

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The figures in the book are by Mr. A. B. Frost. The selection and conception of these illustrations, supplemented by fine engravings, are all the most fastidious taste could demand.

The first one illustrates the lines —

"In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian naiad of the strand."

The next figure that greets the eye is that of James Fitz-James —

"His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride."

The skill of the artist is nowhere better displayed than in the illustration of the line —

"Dame Margaret, with silence grave."

The quiet dignity and grace and loveliness, together with the grandeur and nobility of Ellen's mother, flashes out, as it were, from the engraving.

Thus, through the entire book of 224 pages, half the pages have fine illustrations, revealing the marvelous scenery, or giving noble conceptions of the characters and scenes of the poem. We are not surprised to learn that the work has been in preparation for several years, and that Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, under whose supervision this edition was executed, visited the Scottish Highlands, and made sketches on the spot. Of the poem itself, it is hardly our place to speak. It breathes the spirit of a chivalrous age, idealized and ennobled by a noble and lofty nature. In its present dress it is one of the most charming and readable poems in the language. The text and illustrations, mutually worthy of each other, fully express the chivalric purity and nobility of an age long past.

George Ripley.[1]

THE latest addition to the American Men of Letters Series, edited by Charles Dudley Warner, is this volume upon Ripley, by Octavius Brooks Frothingham. George Ripley did great good in his varied life, and assisted in elevating the tone and correcting the taste of American literary criticism. His work and his life are worthy of remembrance and emulation. Nor could any one be better fitted to do justice to this life and this work than Mr. Frothingham, who was his personal friend, and who is preëminently fitted, from the bent of his own mind, to write of Ripley's opinions and beliefs. Still, George Ripley is not a prominent figure in our literature, and will probably never become such. He is known to the majority of persons as one of the projectors of the Brook Farm scheme, and, afterwards, the literary critic of the *New York Tribune*. Placing a biography of him among the first volumes in a series of American Men of Letters might give a wrong impression to some of the estimate of his life and character held by the author. A single paragraph from the last chapter will give the key-note to the biography: "It is not claimed that George Ripley was a man of genius, the peer of Irving, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Bryant, Emerson, Channing, or any of the men who have made the age illustrious at home or abroad. It is not claimed that he was a profound scholar, an original thinker, even in his favorite department of philosophy, nor yet an accomplished man, in the usual sense of the word. But it is claimed that he possessed the literary spirit in a remarkable degree; that his mind was singularly calm, even, capacious, and exact; that he was a man of rare intelligence, and master of a pure style of English."

Ripley's life was singularly uneventful; a fact which may account for the seeming bareness of the biography. Mr. Frothingham finds very little in his boyhood and youth worthy of record; indeed, those pages devoted to college life are among the dryest in the book, in spite of the many letters inserted, which were very mature for a college boy. From a sedate college student he became a calm, philosophical, theorizing minister, but discovered his mistake in adopting this profession. Then he took hold of the Brook Farm, and, with a wonderful faith in the success of his ideas, worked until compelled to abandon the scheme, as impracticable. The account of the Brook Farm phalanx, their daily doings, their theories, their successes, their final failure, is the most interesting portion of the book. With another failure behind him, Ripley made another effort, and was successful. The success of this last venture, as a literary critic, gave him this place among American men of letters. The plain, unaffected style in which this book is written is exactly suited to the subject,— a style as plain, simple, direct, and unaffected as that of Ripley himself.

Andrew Jackson.[1]

MR. MORSE, the editor of the series of biographies of *American Statesmen*, could not have given this subject to a writer better acquainted with the life of Jackson, or the questions which a study of that life necessarily involves. Prof. Sumner has been known for years as a thorough scholar and able writer in the department of political and social science. It is with special reference to the bearing of Jackson's life and opinions upon our political history that this book is written. The first forty-five years of his life are crowded into one short chapter, though the incidents of these years are full of interest, though not of importance. Neither does Prof. Sumner treat of Jackson as a military hero, as did Parton in his exhaustive biography, though he gives him full credit for his exploits in the second war with Great Britain. "The reign of Andrew Jackson," as Von Holst called it,

[1] George Ripley. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. American Men of Letters Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1882.

[1] Andrew Jackson, as a Public Man; What He Was; What Chances He Had, and What He Did with Them. By William Graham Sumner, Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1882.

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was one of the most important administrations in our history as a nation. Among the questions brought up then were the tariff laws, the national bank system, and nullification. Jackson is also the fabled originator of the spoil system. The author treats of these subjects very fully and clearly, and he often criticises Jackson's actions and political opinions, with candid impartiality. Still, here and there are touches of intolerance, where he does not give Jackson his just dues as a man and a statesman. The book is written in a vigorous style. The sentences, especially in the strictures upon Jackson's political ideas, are full of life and earnestness.

Prof. Sumner must have been drawn to this subject simply because of the questions it involved, and he has certainly accomplished the object of writing a full though concise political history of the times of Jackson, and a masterly discussion of the political questions of that day.

Harvard and its Surroundings.[1]

WE have before us a neat little volume, from the publishing house of Moses King, entitled "Harvard and its Surroundings." In his introduction, the author says it "is designed to take the place of an intelligent companion to the visitor in his walk through Harvard and its historical vicinity, giving brief yet sufficiently definite descriptions of every place visited, with passing allusions to its leading historical and biographical associations, and devoting the larger portion of the space to the specially noteworthy objects." It is replete with information. Not only does it fill completely the place for which it was intended, but it is an interesting bit of reading for any time and place. With this in one's hand, a walk through the grounds is hardly necessary. It is illustrated with forty full-page albertypes and thirty engravings, comprehending illustrations of every spot of note or interest connected with the University.

The Kingdom of Ireland.[2]

THE full title of this book is "A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain." Charles George Walpole has given us a useful book, presenting in a single volume an account of the Irish people and their country while independent of England. Such a history is very timely now, for the "land question" in Ireland dates far back, and can only be understood by reading a connected narrative of the events that bear upon it. The history of what O'Connell called "the saddest people the sun looks upon," with their early importance in spreading Christianity; their struggles against the English invaders; their patriotic revolutions and uprisings while under English governors, and final union with Great Britain — all this history is full of interest and bears directly upon the present current of events. Mr. Walpole has consulted many authorities, and has written a work, which, though mainly a compilation, still will be a standard short history of Ireland. It is unbiased, clear, and readable. In the volume are five maps, always useful in a history, showing the country at different periods; also, a chronological table, list of authorities, and several appendices, containing lists of governors, original planters, peers, etc.

Bright Days in the Old Plantation Time.[1]

THIS unpretentious volume of sketches is from the pen of a Southern lady, who writes of her childhood days on the old plantation. We learn from the introduction that these pages were not written for publication, but were read to the author's grandchildren "on rainy days, and at such time as they needed home amusements." As a result, the chapters are written in a delightful, easy, and graceful style, and told with charming freedom and zest. There is no particular originality in treatment or style, and the writer attempts none. She only relates, in an interesting manner, incidents connected with her early life on a slaveholder's plantation. This book pictures a phase of slave life not always fairly noticed and appreciated by us of the North, representing them as a "free-from-care and happy race." As a pleasant book for children, "Bright Days in the Old Plantation Time" fills its place, and older people may read its pages with interest, since it tells of plantations where the whipping-post was not in daily use, and where the negroes, though slaves, lived contented and happy.

The Talking Leaves.[2]

WM. O. STODDARD is known as a writer of entertaining stories for children. His name as the author is enough to insure the interesting character of the contents. "The Talking Leaves" is a story of life among the Indians and miners of our Western prairies, and cannot fail to interest boys of all ages, on account of its true and vivid pictures of their wild life in the far West. Though this is an "Indian story," there is a healthy atmosphere about the book, and it is not full of extravagant, melodramatic situations. This little book is filled with good illustrations, which in themselves almost tell the story.

[1] Harvard and its Surroundings. By Moses King. Cambridge, Mass.: Fourth (subscription) edition. Copiously illustrated with albertypes and engravings.

[2] A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain; with five maps and appendices. By Charles George Walpole, M.A., Barrister-at-Law; author of "A Rubric of the Common Law." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

[1] Bright Days in the Old Plantation Time. By Mary Ross Banks. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

[2] The Talking Leaves, An Indian Story. By Wm. O. Stoddard. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

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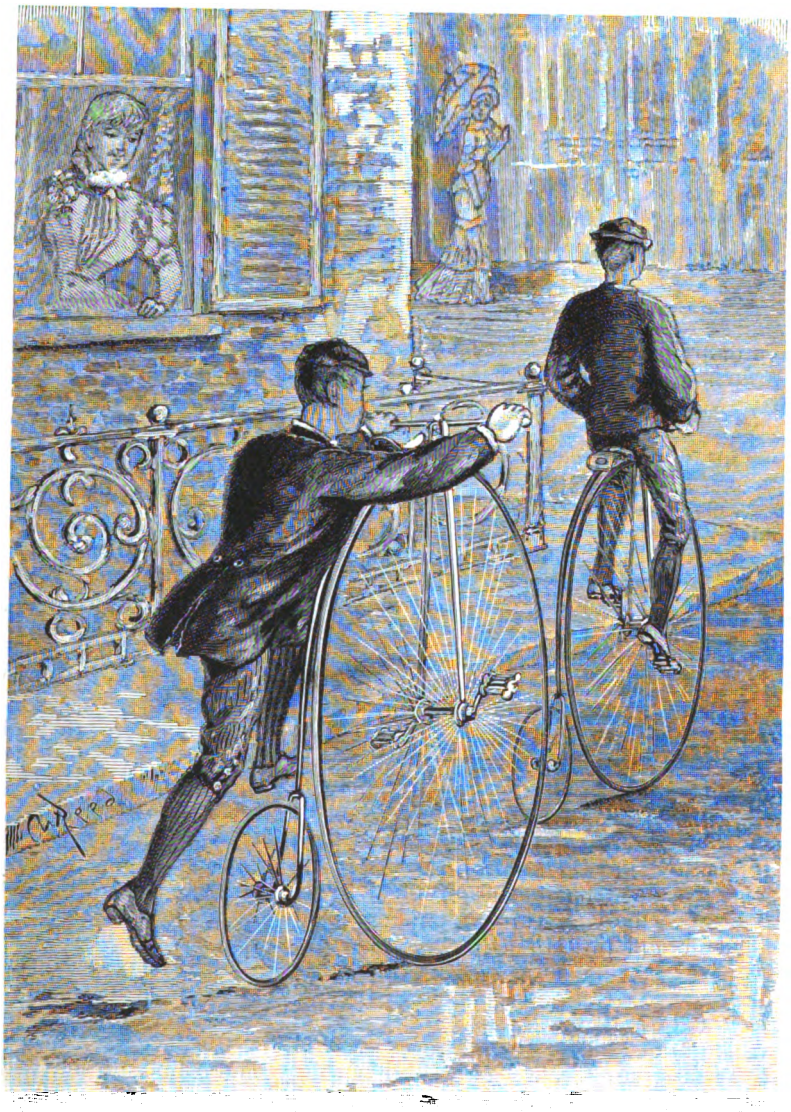
THE WHEELMAN.

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A RACE FOR A RIBBON.

IT may seem strange to some that the life-story of two resolute men should hang upon a bit of ribbon. But note how trifles determine the course of events. A pebble may deflect the flying wheel and send its rider from the winning lead to a losing curb; or a ribbon may tangle its spinning spokes, or pull the pedaling bestrider by gentle impulse to the winner's goal. The tall oak and the little acorn furnish a too familiar illustration; but who stops to inquire what infant foot has pressed the acorn into the soil, or what urchin, throwing acorns at squirrels, has determined where the oak shall grow?

How few attempt to unravel the work of life and find the decisive stitches;



"GO!" SAID ANNETTE, AS SHE WENT TO THE WINDOW TO SEE THE START.

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how few, when they attempt it, but stop their research at the larger events, and fail to find correctly the little things which made them occur. The silent bipedaliferous wheel has caused more happenings than have ever been written; it may even be the clue to mysteries yet unsolved.

One story out of the early days of bicycling in Massachusetts has remained untold, except in a very select circle of happy friends. It can now only be recited with such changes in names and vagueness of locality as to conceal the identity of the parties. With this limitation enough may be disclosed to entertain the resting wheelman, or to stir the heart of him or her who is not yet within that category. If the coloring, or even the weaving, of the story be not strictly in accord with the actual occurrence of events, some allowance must be made for lapse of time, and some for license of the story-teller.

In the delightful early spring of 1878 two young men, in the bloom and vigor of life, and with the good sense and pluck to keep them, began to be seen spinning over the charming roads radiating from Boston, on their bright, swift bicycles. As they grew more accustomed to the gait of their steel steeds and lither-limbed for the exercise, they sought longer communings with nature and with each other, and extended their runs farther and farther along the sinuous roads and amongst the pleasant hills and dales of the surrounding country.

In those happy days a bicycle was a bicycle, and it seemed to make little difference who made it or who imported it. They had not begun to discuss with so much avidity, not to say dilettanteism, the merits or demerits of solid forks and hollow forks, of seventeen-inch and eighteen-inch rear wheels, of cones and rollers and balls, of weight and rake and tread and close-build; they did not question the rights of patentees, or look very closely at prices, or monopolies, or tariffs; there were for them no dissensions of clubs, no politics of the L.A.W., no wrangles about amateur and professional. The machines they had were not so fine as they have now, and they paid just as much for them, and they had but two or three sources through which to obtain them. But in those primitive times the bicycle was of itself a thing of beauty and a joy all the time; every wheelman was a gentleman and a brother, and the roads were the common meeting ground, the common highways, of good fellowship.

The two friends rode often abreast, often in line, sometimes rapidly and sometimes at a leisurely, sauntering rate, free as birds and jolly as yachtsmen. They drank in the fascination of motion with the fresh air and fragrance of the fields. They took the stimulus of positive exercise of limb and muscle and lung, with that of the sunshine. They braced themselves to wind and grade, glided serenely through rural scenes, and partook of rustic hospitalities. With county road-maps for charts, with pocket compass for direction and cyclometer for measurement, folding-rule and tape-line for angles and perpendiculars, and with note-books for incidents and memoranda, they went up and down as explorers and discoverers. Appetite was sharp, and sleep was sweet and sound; and a brave and generous life throbbed livelier through their hearts and brains. And others seeing and hearing it went and did likewise. What wonder that bicycling increased and multiplied?

Ralph and Ernest (for so their names must be called) were not exactly of the same age or temperament. Ralph was larger, strong and impetuous, of "fine old family," as the phrase goes, and full of jollity and good-humor. Ernest was rather slightly formed, studious, and, in company, reticent and observing; he was finely educated and had a good position, but not so much prospect of wealth as the other. Both were manly and hopeful young men, both had many mutual acquaintances and interests, and each knew that the other had a warm personal friendship for Miss Gray, a young lady residing about three miles west-south-west from the old South Church.

They were, in reality, not madly in love, but were just in that interesting state intermediate between friendship and love, or rather where the former shades into the latter, and where one may, if he have consciousness and self-control, either halt or go forward without injustice or reproach. Moreover, whatever might have been the real feeling of Miss Gray towards either, she had shown equal circumspection and warmth of friendship to both, and indicated her preference for neither.

"I have a call to make this afternoon, and cannot go far with you to-day," said Ralph, as the two friends mounted for their usual Saturday spin, one pleasant day in September. "I told Annette I would

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come and play tennis with her and her sister, and stay to tea."

"Yes? So did I," replied Ernest, who had not known of the other's invitation. "Suppose we go together?"

Ralph hesitated. Whether it was this hesitation, or something in the previous tones of voice, Ernest was sensitive enough to perceive that there was already an impending collision or else divergence of feeling and interest. "I think, however," he generously added, pursuing his thoughts aloud, "that I will make an engagement elsewhere this time."

"No, don't," said Ralph, abstractedly. "Do you think," he inquired, rather experimentally; "that Annette shows either of us any particular preference or favor?"

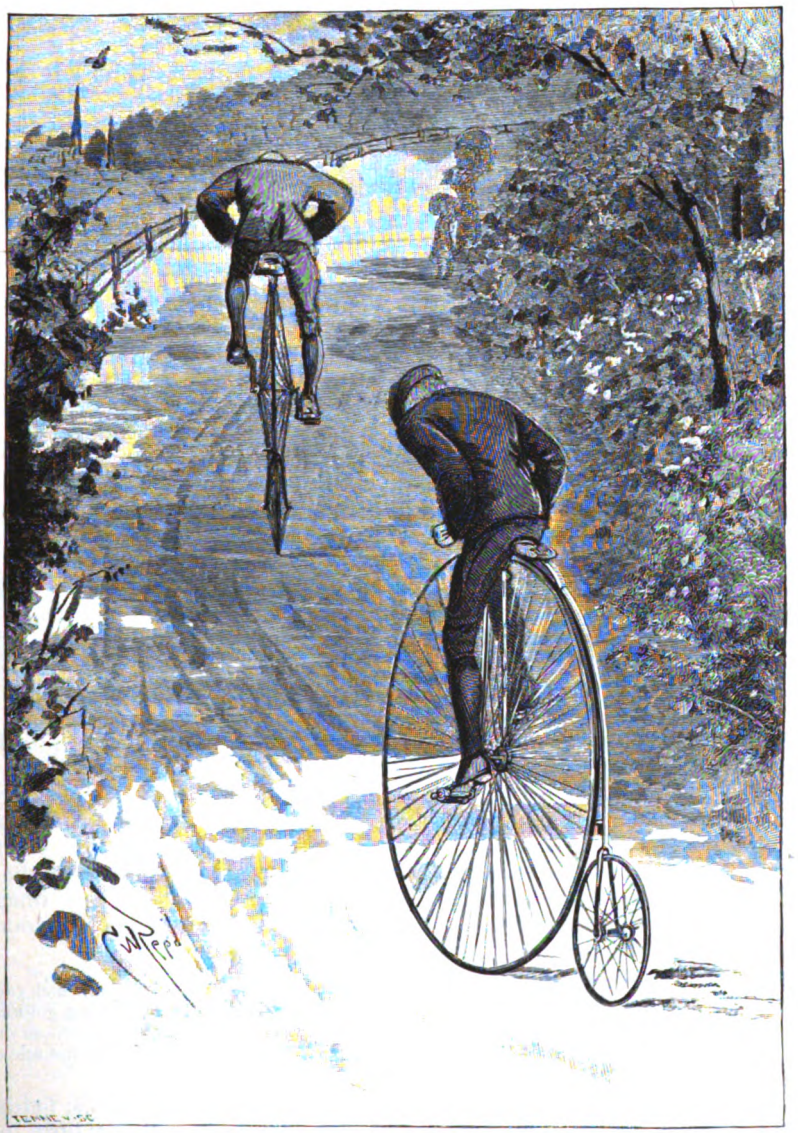
"I don't," answered his companion, "but I heartily wish she would, to be frank with you; and I think you do."

"Well, I do," answered the first. "I suspect we are likely to be rivals, unless we contrive to get her preference and abide by that now. We can either of us stop now, Ernest, and each of us seems to have a fair chance to win. It were better decided now."

"But how can we ascertain her preference without prejudice?" queried Ernest, brightening up. "You are bolder as well as more fertile in such expedients than I. Suggest."

"I have it!" exclaimed Ralph, after some moments. "We will go together and both ask her at the same time for the blue ribbon she wore last Saturday night at croquet. If she gives it to you, you take the lead; if she gives it to me, why — see?"

"Agreed;" and they rode on together for some minutes in silence.



HERE EACH BENT TO HIS WORK, AND THE WARM PEDALERS TOILED HARDER AND MORE SLOWLY TO THE SUMMIT.

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The friends, after circling that beautifully set gem of water, Jamaica Pond, set off toward the home of Miss Gray. Leaning their machines lightly against the fence before her father's house, they soon found themselves in her presence, and each was received as an expected friend. Her younger sister was already on the lawn, skipping about with a racquet and a ball. Annette herself, appropriately dressed for an afternoon on the lawn, and with a jaunty shade hat in her hand, wore a turquoise blue ribbon simply folded and held with a pretty silver pin at her throat. Before she had invited her guests to the lawn, Ralph, still holding his riding-cap in hand, and advancing a few steps toward her, preferred his request for the ribbon.

"Miss Gray," he said, in a rich, manly voice, but evidently with a little embarrassment, "I have a very particular wish for a piece of ribbon, — that which you wore last Saturday afternoon. Will you gratify me by letting me have it?"

"One moment, Miss Gray," said Ernest, already at her side, "I ask for that ribbon, to keep as a souvenir of the delightful game of Saturday last, — and remember that I was your partner."

Annette's face was an interesting study. The look of innocent surprise at Ralph's beginning faded into a puzzled expression before he had ended; and the lips, almost posed for a half mechanical "Certainly," parted in a smile when the other interposed; then, with a quick glance from one suitor to the other, her eyes fell and her cheeks tingled with a conscious blush. Her hesitation was momentary only, for she quickly replied, "Really, it is a trifle you ask for; and, as it is in two pieces, I will give each of you a part. But you must ride for it," she added, without waiting for a reply, as she glanced at the neat riding-suits of her two friends standing before her in close-cut coats, trim knee-breeches, and stockings.

Whether she divined something of disappointment in either face which she was willing to dispel, or whether she, too, had a little ruse to satisfy a personal wish, they did not know; but they replied almost simultaneously, "I'll ride for it," and still looked at her inquiringly.

"I left it at my cousin's this week," pursued Annette, "and you may ask Miss Brown for the blue ribbon I left on her dressing-case — each for a part of it — and," she added, half playfully, half earnestly, toying with the ribbon she wore, "I'll give *this* to the one who brings the other to me first."

"I'm ready," said Ralph.

"And I," said Ernest.

"Go," said Annette, as her glance fell longer on Ralph, and she went to the window to see the start.

Miss Brown lived ten miles away. It was four-fifteen o'clock on the mantel as the friends left the library-room for their wheels. A brisk breeze was just slackening, and the shadows grew long in the well-kept landscapes by which they passed at a quick, even pace for a mile or two, chatting of their first race and settling the route to be taken. Erect and graceful, with no apparent effort, they rode along without disparity, except in height, for one bestrode a forty-eight inch roadster, the other a fifty-four inch semi-racer. Perhaps it was deemed certain that the latter would win. Both knew every part of the route, and both were acquainted with Oenone Brown, a charming brunette, full of life and vivacity, and unspoiled by a course at Wellesley. Ernest had been charmed by her sweetness of voice and delicacy of execution as she sang in the twilight of a summer evening, or played accompaniment while he and Ralph sang bass and tenor duets. But with all her vivacity and apparent frankness of manner there was a dignified reserve, which Ernest had of late been half consciously debating in his own mind, without being entirely satisfied that it was not either haughtiness or dislike. He could not have explained why it was, but somehow the thought of her spurred him on more than the thought of Annette.

Gradually the conversation lessened with our competitors, and the pace quickened. To them, as their imaginations outsped their rubber-hoofed coursers, the bicycle became

> "A wheel which turned and turned,
> With nave of burning gold and jewelled spokes,
> And strange things written on the binding tire,
> Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled."

Hedges, gardens, fields, receded as they flew, and the "little hills skipped like lambs." Ralph had gained the lead and held it well, until a long hill stretched upward before them, where the surface of the roadway was less smooth and firm. Here each bent to his work, and the warm pedalers toiled harder and more slowly to the summit, to find themselves drawing a long breath abreast. A brief exchange of words and a resoluteness of movement revealed

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the serious aspect which the contest had assumed. The strong muscles of the older and larger rider seemed to leap to their work, and the ankles of the smaller showed their necessarily quicker action. There was nice engineering required, too; for, crossings, and the irrepressible dog and small boy to be curved for.

And now, at last, within two miles of the turning goal, one of those pests of wheelmen, the driver who wants to race, entered upon the course from a side street.



AT LAST, IN SHEER DESPAIR, MAKES A SPURT WITH THE QUADRUPED FOR THE LEAD.

poised as they were, well forward on the fore wheel and moving at speed, a small stone or an unexpected rut or gulley might throw the unlucky rider and disable him or his steed. The strain became intense. Then there were passing teams and road

Taking middle road, the man with the buggy and dark bay horse, giving a free rein and divers encouragements, urges his beast to attempt a three-minute gait. Taking advantage of a smooth siding, Ernest gains the clear road in front and

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outstrips the intruder, while Ralph, waiting his safe opportunity, at last, in sheer despair, makes a spurt with the quadruped for the lead, leaning dangerously near a collision, and then leaving the dust and the clattering hoofs behind.

But Ernest has reached the villa where the silken trophy must be found. Springing from the left pedal, with right toe on the perch (as was the favored dismount in those days), he luckily spies Oenone just disappearing in the garden. In a moment he stands before her, glowing with the swift ride and with the moisture of physical effort on his brow. The manliness of his form and features is heightened just now by the consciousness of first achievement. He scans the dial of his watch and observes that it is forty-five minutes since he left Miss Gray's.

Explanation of the hasty errand followed quickly, and was duly appreciated by the sympathetic Oenone, who promised at once to produce the blue ribbon, but begged him to be seated while she brought it.

"There must be something more than that trifle which nerves you to this effort," said Oenone, retreating a little way, and twirling a dainty willow basket in her hand. "Blue eyes are certainly more inspiriting than ribbons. I have read of gentlemen fighting for a lady's glove, and all that; but this is more romantic than all," she added, archly, and, as Ernest thought, mischievously.

"But brown eyes are my favorites," he protested; "and I could ride further and faster for the cherry bow on your hair."

"Blue and cherry do not go together, you know," was the quick retort.

If Ernest Hathaway had had any doubt hitherto as to which of the two young ladies he cared most for, or as to whether he were really in love, he had none now. As Miss Brown stood before him, without the restraint of the drawing-room, beautiful under the over-hanging maple boughs as a naiad queen, his twilight of feeling broke at once into day.

"Oenone," he said, with unaccustomed courage, "I have been playing a part today with a friend. I cannot tell you all now; but I have won the first race and am entitled to the first prize. Award me the cherry bow from your hair, and I shall be happy." And he took her hand reverently but firmly in his, and raised it to his lips.

"Mis' Brown! Mis' Brown! shure ther's a gintleman here, mum, with two o' thim bysickles mum, 'n he's afther seein' ye roight away, mum."

"Well, go right and tell him I'll be in in a moment, Bridget," she said to the servant; and the two interrupted ones walked in silence into the house. Here Ralph repeated the request for the blue trophy, and when it was produced he took it, and handed one piece to his comrade. "Thank you," said the latter, "you may carry it all."

Ralph was puzzled, but waited for no explanation, and bowing good-by to Miss Brown he led the way to the waiting wheels.

On the return run Ralph was allowed to make the pace, while Ernest rode meditatively at his rear wheel for some distance. Neither spoke until the long hill was reached, when, with legs over handles, they coasted down together at almost lightning speed.

It was a dangerous way to do. The foot-rests and toe-rests, which had been so much in vogue, were then becoming obsolete, really because of their temptation to coasting and its attendant danger; though, perhaps, ostensibly on account of the incoming style of "legs-over," which was urged by many as a safer method of taking hills. Hard instances of experience afterward became frequent enough to turn the judgment of wheelmen to the safer conclusion that, except on short, smooth, unobstructed declines, where play may be indulged, coasting, in any way, is unsafe; and that it is just as necessary and consistent that a bicycler should always have complete control of his steel steed as it is that a driver should retain command of his horse.

Near the bottom of this hill our riders discovered a tip-cart. Ralph, having the lead, was able to glide by without accident; but Ernest, attempting to gain his pedals, and using his brake too quickly, took that peculiar interruption to a wheelman's equanimity known as a "header." Fortunately for his limbs, there was neither wall nor curb by the wayside, but only soft gravel and turf, over which he took two or three promiscuous revolutions; then, with a half-dazed feeling, he raised first himself and then his bicycle, to find the latter with only a bent handle-bar and the former with a much-soiled coat, and a hand slightly scratched.

It was evident that Ralph now had the race on the homestretch. Looking back, however, at the foot of the hill, he saw his

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companion sitting on the ground with his machine by his side. His first impulse was to dismount and go back to his friend; his second, to go on and keep the advantage he now had. He believed that Ernest was serious in the contest, and he found himself



THEY COASTED DOWN TOGETHER AT ALMOST LIGHTNING SPEED.

more intensely interested in the real stake than he had admitted. Surely Annette, he thought, had given him a meaning glance at the start, and, perhaps, counted upon his easily winning by reason of his larger wheel and finer physique. At all events he must show her some prowess now that she put him to the test, and he must not lose the advantage with her which he might now gain, however slight it might be. But he yielded to his first impulse, and returned to his friend, with genuine inquiry for his safety. As they straightened the bent handle-bar against a tree, conversation ran somewhat as follows: —

"I won't take advantage of your fall," he said, generously; "we will wait and start fair again, when you are able. Or,

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perhaps, as you were first to reach the ribbon, we will complete our ride leisurely together without further contest."

"Not at all," replied Ernest; "though I thank you very much. You shall now remount first, and I will follow and pursue you. I warn you that I shall pass you if I can."

"Well, then, take your part of the ribbon, and a race it is," said Ralph, rather warmly.

"No, I don't care for that ribbon, but I am riding to-day for something as valuable as you, and shall win if I can." As he said this there was an inexplicable, far-away look in his eye which Ralph had never noticed before. The friends had found themselves for once without a mutual understanding.

The remainder of the ride was a race, and a pretty one. Rim and rim for a mile; then, with a fine spurt, Ernest shot ahead and left several lengths between them. Then Ralph leaned forward and exerted himself to the utmost, and made a gallant dash ahead just far enough to alight first before the open window where Annette was watching for their return.

"Bravo! Six o'clock to a minute, and you are the winner!" she exclaimed to Ralph, as he held up the blue evidence of distance. Gratification beamed in her eyes; for she was no exception to the rule that the fair sex admire the successful man, or that other rule that they delight in gallant deeds done in either devotion or compliment to them. It was without any exhibition of reluctance that, after they had entered and were seated, she unpinned the turquoise ribbon from her own breast and fastened it upon Ralph's, with a wish that he might ever be as successful in his undertakings.

"My friend was first at Miss Brown's, and might have been first here, perhaps, but for an accident," remarked Ralph; "it was an honest race, I assure you."

"To avoid accidents is a good part of achievement," rejoined Ernest; "and then, accidents have their place in working out desired results sometimes," he added, thoughtfully. "Ralph would also have been first at Miss Brown's, too, perhaps, had it not been for an accident. You see there were wheels *and* wheels, if not within wheels, to-day."

When the two friends had gone upstairs to freshen their toilet for tea, and had closed the door behind them, Ernest was first to make conversation: —

"We have not played tennis this afternoon; but we've played a better game."

"And I have won, my dear fellow," was the reply; "and I don't believe you care. But I purpose to follow up the contest for something more than this ribbon."

"We have *both* won," was the rejoinder. "I shall leave you here this evening, and retrace my ride;" and without other words Ernest took from his pocket a cherry bow.

It was Oenone's; for as they had walked out to their wheels at Miss Brown's, she had taken the coveted trifle from her hair, unobserved by Ralph, and said, softly, "Ernest, I will lend it to you till you can tell me all." . . . . . .

So far the thread of the story is clearly traceable; the main points have been verified, with ample exchange of cigarettes, on an over-night excursion, and even attested confidentially over more than one cup of tea. But there is less certainty about the immediately subsequent course of events. A peculiar reticence of two of the characters since that eventful afternoon, and also divers ambiguous intimations by the other two, tend to preserve a veil of mystery about the ultimate award of prizes. At all events, the two young men who had found themselves that afternoon without a mutual understanding, and who apparently had in mind two other mutual understandings to be established that evening, agreed to meet again at eleven o'clock that night at Meeting-House Hill and have a confidential talk.

Just before the appointed hour Ralph approached the place of meeting with noiseless wheel. The moon had set, and even the starlight was half snuffed out by cloudy extinguishers moving along the sky. Here and there a dim lamp-post showed the general bend of the street and deepened the darkness between it and the next. The stillness of night was broken only by rustling leaves and occasional footfalls of late returners to suburban homes. If any of these noticed the wheelman's passing, they could not recognize his countenance, as the headlamp, whose rays illumined for a few yards in advance the track for his soft tires, left his form more completely in the dark.

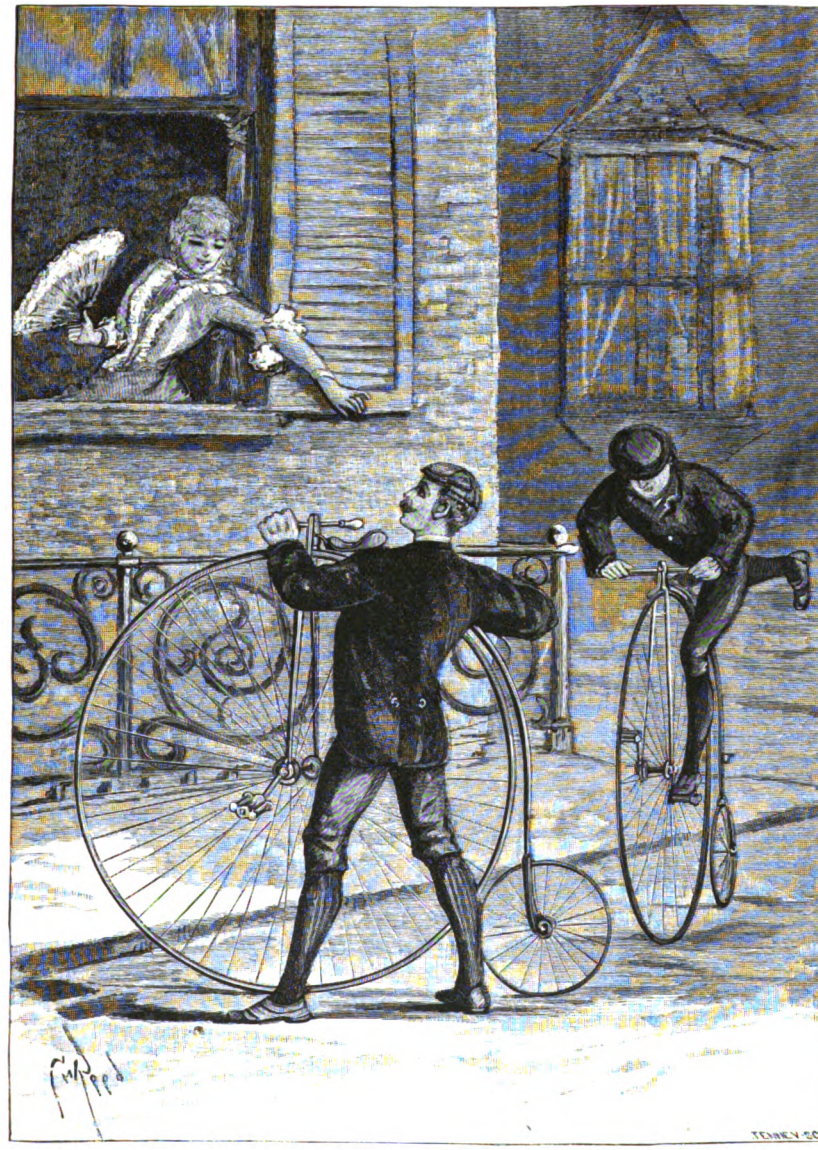
What Ralph's meditations were, as, having dismounted at the intersection of ways, he leaned with his right arm on the saddle and waited, the reader can infer as well as the writer. The fact was, that after two cigarettes, and several readings of the dial of his watch, he raised the wick of his lamp, remounted, and circling twice

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about the square, turned away and rode home. His companion of so many evening runs did not arrive until later than midnight at least, though the exact time when he passed Meeting-House Hill has never been disclosed. Ralph had no apprehensions for the personal safety of his friend, however. He knew that whatever accidents may occur from carelessness or inadvertence in the daytime, nothing serious ever befell a wheelman when riding by night.

It is to be assumed as true that two scenes in courtship were enacted that September evening; but what occurred at either remains as yet untold. In Ralph's bachelor apartments, however, a photograph of two little Hathaways, named respectively Annette and Ralph, rests in an easel on the mantel; and there stands, too, as if it were a companion-piece, on another easel, mounted with a pretty silver pin on a plain white cabinet card, a turquoise blue ribbon.

Charles E. Pratt.



"BRAVO! SIX O'CLOCK TO A MINUTE, AND YOU ARE THE WINNER!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

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BICYCLER'S SONG.

WHEEL on, wheel on, gay cavaliers are we;
On light-hoofed steeds, caparisoned jauntily.
O'er rolling hills, with bold advance we ride,
Along smooth, shaded glades, unwearied glide;
Down city avenue, through country lane,
By brook-side path, o'er village-skirted plain,—
Unbounded are the fields our raids explore,
As those of bloodier knights in days of yore.

Wheel on, wheel on, without a thought for rest;
Untiring are our steeds, howe'er hard-pressed.
With noiseless stride, along their course they fly,
As ne'er did war knight's beast, though blood burned high,
And victory spurred on to bolder, rasher speed,
And battle's fire renewed the flagging steed.
So light, so silent, yet so swift we race,
E'en birds lament that we have caught their grace.

Wheel on, wheel on, a careless course we ride;
Our changeful fancy for our only guide;
With graceful mount, and gay and gallant mien,
We rouse the welkin by the novel scene;
And old folk stare, and urchins stand to gaze,
And e'en fair maidens turn their pretty face
And smile, coquettish, at our ranks so free;
Wheel on, wheel on, gay cavaliers are we.

Williams Athenæum.

ON THE WHEEL.

"THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods," without a doubt. But when the solitary wayfarer journeys through those woods afoot he must expect to derive that pleasure wholly from the natural objects around him; he cannot count on gaining any from communion with his fellow-man. His fellow-man is, in fact, much inclined to fight shy of such solitary wayfarer whenever he ceases to view him with absolute indifference; for nothing picturesque or attractive attaches to the casual pedestrian plodding slowly along his chosen path, and even the very name of "tramp" has come to carry with it the notion of something disreputable or dangerous. In the view of the average American householder a stranger tramping along the public highway must be either a poor man in search of employment, or a book-agent, or patent-rights hawker, or some other variety of the peripatetic peddler, or else he must be a professional vagrant and thief. In any case, he is a person whom it is advisable to keep at arm's length, and to favor with civilities of only the briefest and most formal description. He is an essentially commonplace and uninteresting object, whose room is much better than his company. Acquaintance with such a one can presumably yield the householder neither pleasure nor profit, and is more likely to result in discomfort and loss. Good-day to him, therefore, and good riddance.

When the solitary wayfarer glides through the country on top of a bicycle, however, his relations to his human environment are absolutely altered. The Frenchmen of old, to whom must be accorded the ultimate credit for rendering possible this modern mechanical marvel, might well exclaim, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" Mounted

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on a four-foot wheel, which sends him spinning swiftly and noiselessly o'er hill and dale, the whilom tramp is transformed into a personage of consequence and attractiveness. He becomes at once a notable feature in the landscape, drawing to himself the gaze — and it is usually the admiring gaze — of all whose eyes are there to see. His fellow-humans ignore or avoid him no longer. Gentle or simple, they all recognize in him the representative of something novel and remarkable. He is the centre of universal curiosity and comment. His presence illustrates a fresh triumph of mind over matter. All creatures who ever walked have wished that they might fly, and here is a flesh-and-blood man who can really hitch wings to his feet. That is the one touch of nature which makes the whole crowd kin.

The deprecatory remarks often addressed to that large body of Americans who make the tour of Europe without any preliminary travels of importance through their own country may seem rather plausible at first blush, but whoever looks below the surface of things will quickly discover the injustice of such reproaches. The tourist who goes abroad gets a great deal more for his money than he could possibly get by traveling an equal distance at home. This magnificent country contains without doubt many notable natural objects which are well worthy of the inspection of its natives as well as of foreigners, and the foreigner has, as an additional motive for traveling here, the outward life of the people, which can compare instructively with the similar manifestations made in the mass by the life of other nations. But the cities of the United States, however widely separated geographically, are all practically alike, and so are the towns and the villages, and so are the outward characteristics of their inhabitants. The "local color" which sentimental writers are so prone to attribute to the people and institutions of particular sections of our vast domain does not possess the vividness which would make it really distinctive. New Orleans, which is the most un-American of our cities, does not impress me as essentially unlike New York, and the most radical difference between Boston and San Francisco is a difference of longitude only. To speed along the frozen lake-side at Chicago behind the jingling sleigh-bells of a bustling business-man's "fast-trotters," and three days later to lazily pluck the yellow fruit from an overladen orange-tree in a sleepy garden of Mobile, is merely to indulge in an impressive change of physical surroundings; it is not to learn an instructive lesson of life, such as is gained by going from St. Petersburg to Rome, from London to Paris.

The distinctive characteristics of the various European nationalities are sufficiently obtrusive to arrest the attention of the most heedless observer, while the local peculiarities of people residing in widely-separated sections of this country are for the most part too faint and subtile for off-hand detection. In other words, all Americans are so much alike in the main essentials of character that the minor respects in which certain divisions of them differ seem hardly important enough to be worth paying much attention to. The process of jostling about among people who were born under different skies, and brought up to accept a philosophy of life greatly at variance with our own, educates us in tolerance and increases our broadness of view; but a man may travel here from Maine to Mexico without of necessity receiving a single shock to his preconceived ideals of correct conduct or seeing anything to remind him that there are other people who do not accept his inherited rules of right living as being unquestionably "the best." The inhabitants of these United States are a remarkably reticent race, greatly given to minding their own business, and extremely slow about revealing their real thoughts to a stranger until they discover what his business may be. The ordinary traveler may pass and repass among them till doomsday without any more penetrating their reserve than a summer shower penetrates the plumage of a duck. Yet they are talkative enough if once their sympathy is aroused and their confidence gained by the introduction of some object which supplies a common ground for interesting conversation. Such an object in a supremely eminent degree is the modern bicycle. The dauntless sailor of four centuries ago, who persistently pointed his prow through the stormy westward waves, had the unique satisfaction of discovering the great American continent; but it has been reserved for the philosophic bicycler of to-day, who steadily guides his wheel through peaceful and pleasant pathways, to indulge in the rare delight of discovering the average American citizen.

Undemonstrative as that citizen is apt to be toward the ordinary stranger, the spectacle presented by a smoothly-

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gliding wheelman somehow warms the cockles of his heart, and likewise loosens his tongue. He usually manifests his good will by "passing the time o' day" in one form or another, instead of maintaining his customary unsociable silence, and not unfrequently, when driving a horse that readily keeps him alongside, he is tempted into an extended, though perforce rather fragmentary, conversation. It is not until the bicycler dismounts, however, that the degree to which his wheel has put him on "easy speaking acquaintance" with a great variety of people becomes fully apparent. Whether in city or in country, he quickly becomes the centre of an interested conclave, all intensely eager to learn about his movements and inspect at close quarters the new-fangled mechanism, and all at the same time rather shy of directly asking questions which may be resented as impertinent by such a distinguished traveler. While engaged in wiping or oiling or adjusting his wheel, he is cheerfully conscious that the first brief period of silent awe on the part of the bystanders will be followed by the offering of various leading suggestions and speculations from one to the other which they design him to overhear and reply to, and that, under the encouragement of a civil explanation on his part, the usual battery of questions will be fired off and the "conversation become general." To know the price of the machine is the universal wish; yet the question is not often flatly put without a preface of decorous apology for asking it. One common way of beating around the bush is to profess having "made a bet" on the subject which the owner only is competent to settle, and will he therefore kindly consent to tell? "We know it's none of our business, boss, but —" — "We don't like to trouble you, colonel, but —" "I hope you won't think me impertinent, sir, but —" Such are the common introductions to requests for information on this, that, or the other point.

It may seem to the unreflecting as if a man must at last grow inexpressibly tired of replying over and over again to the self-same inquiries propounded by different sets of people. I should be afraid to guess the number of hundred times I have "answered the anxious" by saying that the price of bicycles varies from seventy-five to one hundred and seventy-five dollars or more, according to the size, make, and finish; that the tire is of rubber, and that the "cut" in the same is not the result of an accident, but simply the point of junction where the two ends are cemented together; that the spokes are steel wires plated with nickle and not with silver, which tarnishes more readily; that the cyclometer revolves with the axle and registers the distance, the big pointer moving along one notch on the hundred-mile dial every time the little pointer moves entirely around the mile-dial; that I ride a smaller wheel than most men having my length of leg, and that long-legged riders can propel a very much larger one; that the saddle-bag is filled with oil-cans, wrenches, and rags rather than with cigars and whiskey-flasks; that the instrument "keeps his balance" without conscious effort of the person who is astride it, and can be readily mastered by any one; that the act of learning it is merely a mental process, like the act of learning to swim, — "whenever a man thinks he can do it, he can do it;" and that the time requisite for getting the mind up to the point of conviction may vary from a few minutes to several weeks, according to the natural aptitude and persistency of the individual concerned; that, in respect to the English record of "best times," Waller has ridden fourteen hundred and four miles in six successive days of eighteen hours each (including two hundred and twenty miles without a dismount); Terront, three hundred and forty miles in twenty-four hours; Applevard, one hundred miles on the road from Bath to London in seven hours nineteen minutes (including seventy miles, without stop, in four hours fifty minutes); Cortis, twenty miles in an hour, and Edlin, a single mile in two minutes forty-six and one-half seconds; that forty thousand bicycles are owned in London and its environs, and three times that number elsewhere in England, of which some two thousand two hundred were massed together in simultaneous motion at the last annual parade at Hampton Court; that upwards of five thousand are certainly known to be owned in the United States, while the true number is presumably nearer ten thousand, judging from the fact that more than eight hundred were present at the Boston parade; that I myself, while touring through the country, cover a daily distance of from twenty-five to fifty miles, according to the state of the roads, the winds, the weather, and my own free fancy, though I once rode seventy-five miles in a day without special effort; that the legs do not become stiff and weary, as in walking, because they do not have to lift the weight

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of the body; that the saddle is not too small for comfort; that the wire spokes are not too small for safety; that the rear wheel is not too small for swiftness; that the bell and lantern employed by some riders seem to me needless encumbrances; that I can ride up-hill when the road is good; that sand and mud are the chief obstacles to progress; that I do not frighten horses.

Many hundreds of times have I, "by special request," rung the changes on all the foregoing statements and innumerable others of similar character, and many thousands of times more do I expect to expound them for the enlightenment of fresh relays of sympathetically inquisitive fellow-citizens whom I hope in future years to meet in distant States and cities. The unreflecting are at fault when they assume that this sort of talk must necessarily grow wearisome from mere repetition. On the contrary, the delight in one's hobby is, like white-winged hope, a sentiment that springs eternal in the human breast. As long as a man continues to find supreme enjoyment in propelling a bicycle, so long must he continue to take pride and pleasure in expatiating concerning it to the new groups of auditors who gather expectantly about him. Sincere sympathy from any source is always sweet, and one of the dearest delights of a hobby-rider is to meet with people who manifest a disposition to view his hobby admiringly and to exaggerate its relative importance with something of his own enthusiasm. It is not permissible to trot out a hobby before one's friends, for the owner, from the mere fact of having the hobby, is rendered incapable of determining the point at which their expressions of interest in the blessed beast cease to take active inspiration from the same and begin to rest on the mere passive basis of personal politeness toward himself. In other words, he stands in constant peril of becoming a bore. But no such calamity can possibly overhang the man who discourses concerning his hobby to a self-summoned audience of strangers, for, as they are not under the slightest conventional obligation to listen to him or to encourage him in talking, such partiality as they may exhibit in those directions must be in the highest degree genuine. Thus there is firmly established at the outset one of the surest safeguards for a free conversation that shall be mutually entertaining to those who participate.

It must by no means be inferred, however, that the tourist who prizes his wheel as a convenient device for demonstrating that the noblest study of mankind is man confines the examination of his fellow-mortals to conversations of this single cast, wherein he himself is always sure of speaking as an expert to an interested interlocutor. The talk about bicycling is often a mere introduction, an exchange of credentials, a bridge across the chasm which separates men of different pursuits, a pleasant prelude productive of confidence wherefrom follow more extensive talks on a great variety of topics. It is hard to imagine a man so ignorant or inexperienced or stupid as not to be interesting if once he can be made to talk about his specialty; and I glory in the bicycle because of its magnetic power in drawing to the surface the quaint characteristics of many peculiar people, which they could never be tempted to reveal to the casual stranger not possessed of this persuasive instrument. The instructive personal debates and enlivening interchanges of sentiment which take place in country bar-rooms and city lager-beer saloons may also be freely overheard by the touring bicycler, absorbed as he seems to be in the cleaning and polishing of his machine. Without this his presence would be looked upon with vague suspicion and hostility, and, unless he should "set up the drinks" several times and thus "make himself one of the boys," a lull would soon fall on the gathering, and an uneasy sensation of being watched by the coldly-critical eye of a respectable interloper not of their class would render the conversationalists unable to maintain their customary sprightliness and "tone." But the bummers and beer-guzzlers do not resent as intrusive the presence of the stranger who runs a wheel. They accept him as one of themselves. He is a fellow-sportsman, a member of "the fancy," a man "working to win a bet." They assume the necessity of his "finishing the race on time" as a satisfactory excuse for his temporary abstention from strong drink. Hence his refusal to share in their revels and his keeping his own counsel do not lower him in their respect or create a coolness against him. They go right on in their customary lying and bragging to one another as unreservedly as if the unsuspected student, who is carefully taking to heart the lesson in life thus presented, were a thousand miles away.

An amusing tribute to the gracefulness and ease of bicycling is unconsciously paid by every urchin who cries, "Let her out, mister!" or, "Why don't you go fast?" to

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a rider who is already proceeding as rapidly as a horse usually trots. The cry shows that noise and an appearance of violent muscular effort are so associated in the mind of the spectator with the notion of swiftness that he cannot readily grasp it in their absence; he cannot easily believe his eyes when they alone tell him that this noiseless apparition with the slowly and smoothly moving legs is really flying fast over the ground. There is something comic, too, about the manifest inability of all classes of people to accept the "tour a-wheelback" with any degree of seriousness; to regard it in the same light as they regard a journey made with the help of a heavier vehicle, which has to be propelled by steam or horse power. If a man in a buggy, stopping in front of a village tavern to water his horse, should announce that he was riding through the country for his own recreation, no one would think of asking him, "How far can you drive in a day?" nor would it occur to any one that he was spending his vacation in a particularly unreasonable manner; nor yet would a doubt be raised as to the probability of his returning at his journey's end to the same commonplace and unobtrusive mode of earning a livelihood to which he had presumably been accustomed. But a man on a bicycle is assumed by everybody to be testing his speed, to be spending his entire physical energy on the problem of covering the greatest possible number of miles in a given time. He is also assumed to keep up this character continuously, at least to the extent of having no other regular occupation or pursuit. No one for a moment thinks of him as an ordinary work-a-day member of society, who, when his brief outing is ended, resumes the common garb of civilization and bears a hand again in the common battle for bread and butter. The bar-room gentry, as already remarked, accept him as "a sport," and yield to him as his rightful due the deference they would humbly extend to a prize-fighter, or collar-and-elbow wrestler, or distinguished gambler, or successful horse-jockey, or the winner of a long-distance walking-match. This theory, that the rider must be "racing on a bet," is also widely prevalent outside the bar-rooms. Second only to it in popularity is the notion that he is an agent for the sale of the machines, or, at least, that the manufacturers thereof pay him a salary for wheeling himself through the country as an advertisement for them, even if he is not an out-and-out "drummer." Others, again, evidently look upon the bicycler as a creature of infinite leisure, a favored child of fortune, who has morosely turned his back on "society" in weariness of the conventional pleasures to which it restricts the possessor of wealth, and who has now recklessly thrown himself upon the wheel as a last desperate resource for getting rid of his superfluous time and money.

When I respond to the customary interrogations by saying that I don't know "how far I could ride in a day," because I never tried to "make a record;" that such brief bits of leisure as can be snatched from the routine business of life I devote to bicycling simply "for the fun of it," because it is the cheapest, healthiest, and swiftest way yet devised for seeing something of the country and its people; that, though I should be sore and stiff and weary at the close of a day spent in a carriage which a horse had dragged fifty miles, I can, from my perch of pig-skin, propel myself a similar distance in a similar time without any similar evil results; when I utter commonplace truths of this sort, I always do it with an amused consciousness that my sceptical auditors are severally assigning to me, in their crafty minds, the various ulterior motives before mentioned, as somehow seeming to them a more plausible explanation of my conduct than the motive which lies plainly on the surface. It is not to be denied, however, that the spectacle often presented by a wheelman coming in at night, reeking with perspiration, his tattered garments discolored by dust, *does* seem a trifle inconsistent with his claim that he has had a pleasant and easy day of it; and if, under such circumstances, a cynic, wielding his fan on the veranda, is led to repeat the remark that "life would be a very endurable thing were it not for its amusements," I certainly shall not begrudge him his mild indulgence. It seems probable, furthermore, that the scepticism as to the fact of a bicycle-tour being undertaken "merely for fun," would be less pronounced where a large party were seen participating in the amusement; for the astonishing lack of resource in himself possessed by the average man is revealed by his inability even to comprehend the notion of another man's sticking to solitude as a matter of preference when on pleasure bent. The loneliness of the alleged sport is the last straw which fixes his belief that something else besides sport must be "behind" bicycling. "Admitting everything you claim about the ease and exhilaration

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of the pastime, what conceivable pleasure can be found in taking long tours through the country *all alone?*" Such is the "clincher" into which his scepticism is ultimately condensed. My customary reply to it is in this oracular form: "The pleasure of 'riding alone' depends very much on whether or not a man takes good company with him." It is often funny to watch the facial expression of the people to whom this explanation is offered. Some smile dubiously, some are perplexed, some think the speaker is "a little off;" even the bar-keeper has been observed to relax his heavy brows, as if trying to grapple with a thought.

Some of the things already said by me, concerning the prevalent ignorance, and scepticism, and misapprehension about the bicycle, may, perhaps, have seemed rather improbable to the reader, because inconsistent with the knowledge of the subject presumably diffused in all directions by the eight or ten thousand machines now in use, and by the abundant advertisements and newspaper articles concerning them. I therefore hasten to say that, on every extensive ride, I not only meet with many people who have never seen a bicycle, but I also meet with not a few who have never even heard of the existence of such an instrument. Observing me rolling the thing along on foot, they often ask if I am "measuring the roads for a map;" and when I assert in reply, that the wheel is designed to be ridden upon, they no more believe that I am speaking seriously than they would if I declared it to be a balloon with which one might fly through the clouds. The words and looks with which such simple folk manifest their astonishment when the miraculous mount is made into the incredible saddle, and the impossible vehicle is driven swiftly along before their very eyes, cannot be reproduced by any ingenuity of the pen. Neither can I hope, in repeating the remark of an honest old countryman whose carriage I passed, after giving the customary warning of "Please mind your horse, sir," to convey any adequate idea of the overwhelming surprise indicated by the tones of his voice. His words (let dashes indicate his pauses for astonishment in uttering them) were these: "What—in—the—devil—do—you—call—that?" Comparable to this was the speech of a drowsy lock-tender on the Erie Canal, who became conscious of my presence only at the instant of my dismounting close in front of him: "I'll swear, stranger," said he, after recovering somewhat from the first shock of bewilderment, "if you didn't half make me frightened! What with your white breeches — and white shirt — and white necktie — and white hat — and white face — I almost thought the devil himself had jumped down on me!" This was said with entire good nature, without a suspicion that any part of it could be construed as offensive or uncomplimentary. It seemed to the "canaller," in fact, quite an achievement in the way of facetiousness, for, as I stepped inside the lock-house to get a drink of ice-water, I heard him repeat it to the men who had gathered around, and when I came out to mount, he addressed every word of it to me again while he affably grinned good-by. Along the Erie Canal, I may remind the reader, the normal "local color" of the human countenance is assumed to be lobster-red. The burning sunshine may be accredited with this result in the case of the women on the boats, but the fiery beverages dispensed at the lock-houses possibly have something to do with it in the case of the men. Even that mild decoction known as "bottled sarsaparilla," or "root beer," which is presumably kept on hand only to accommodate the children of the fleet, is given a peppery addition by the bar-keepers of the canal.

Of the numerous novel experiences I have met with in the course of a hundred miles of towpath touring, the earliest was the most exciting, because of its suggestion of a tragical termination. I had passed many of the boat-pulling teams from the rear without a suspicion of trouble, but the very first pair of mules that I met face to face suddenly whirled about, and, tripping up their driver with the tug-rope, sent him rolling over and over, down through the weeds and brambles of a thirty-foot embankment. I shouted to the man to inquire if he was hurt, or if he needed my help; but he answered me not a word. The force of life-long conviction that there existed only one responsible source for all the evils in the world — namely, his mules — could not be upset by any such slight tumble. Getting his shaken body together, therefore, and scrambling up the bank, he utterly ignored my existence or connection with the case, but poured forth a torrent of the most profoundly complicated cursing into the capacious ears of his team, simultaneously belaboring their well-tanned sides and quarters. The captain's wife, however, took a less mystical view of the mat-

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ter. Recognizing in me the responsible cause of the mules' misbehavior, she levelled against me a tirade of righteous though somewhat incoherent indignation and abuse. The point of it was that I was liable to fine or imprisonment merely for having a vehicle on the path, as I must well know from the warning sign-boards of the bridges, if haply I had ever learned to read, that if the mules had seen fit to commit suicide by jumping into the canal or plunging down the bank, I should have had to pay the price thereof; and that, in general, only the extreme and unusual mildness of her disposition caused her to graciously refrain from springing ashore and dragging me off to jail forthwith. Thereafter, on the towpath, I deferentially dismounted in the face of all approaching mules, though their drivers often persuasively shouted, "Come on, cap'n! Don't stop for these d——d mules! They can't get away with me. I'll risk 'em. I'll stand the damage." The remarks and comments of the people on the boats were almost always good-natured, generally respectful, and rarely uncivil or sarcastic, even when designed to be jocular, and to exhibit the smartness of the speaker. One form or another of "Wheredyecumfrum, judge?" and "Howfuryergoin', major?" were the invariable inquiries, which "Schenectady" and "Buffalo" satisfactorily settled. I here call to mind the quaint observation of a certain tall humorist at the helm, who was inspired by the presence of no other auditor than myself, when he shouted, "I say, general, I wish I had one of them big, old-fashioned copper cents; I'd make you a present of it." Much richer than this was the caution deprecatingly administered to me (in a tone of friendly confidence, as of one superior being to his fellow of equal rank) by a mule-driver, whose aspect was as uncouth and forbidding as that of the ideal tramp: "You musn't mind what these canallers say to you, friend. They are a rough set." A little mild chaff from one of the boats was the inspiration of this politely apologetic utterance.

What shall a wheelman do to be saved, however, when two burly ruffians demand that he forthwith make an authoritative settlement of their long-standing philological dispute, by "saying whether the true name of the machine is 'bicle' or 'bihycle'"? What answer shall he give to the worldly-wise man who wishes to wager ten dollars on the impossibility of such a top-heavy concern being safely ridden ten miles in the course of an afternoon? The cyclometer is always called "the little clock," or "the watch," by the children, while grown people often air their superior knowledge by designating it as "a sort of pedometer" (pronounced "peed'-o-meet-er"). When they add that "at least it works on the same principle as the pedometer, doesn't it?" is it not pardonable for a tired philosopher, who never saw the "works" of either contrivance, to reply, "I suppose so"? Were I an adept in natural history, I might be tempted to prepare a monograph concerning the traits of certain rare varieties of the Great American Hog (*Porcus Americanus*), whose delight in the dangerous pastime of driving skittish and unmanageable horses would be worth no more than a passing remark, except for the fact that the mere act of purchasing a horse creates the curious hallucination that he simultaneously purchases an exclusive right to the public highways. The traits of this Hog can be satisfactorily studied only by a bicycler, for save in his inspiring presence the hallucination lies dormant. When the Hog, holding in his well-gloved hoofs the trembling reins which he knows not how to properly handle, savagely shakes his silken-hatted head and opens his eminently-respectable mouth to abuse me, I seldom make reply of any sort. It seems to me that in his case, as in the case of any other unfortunate victim of insanity, silence is the best sedative for an angry outbreak. But, as I am not now preparing a scientific treatise, I can follow the interesting subject no further.

In dismissing the "horse question," however, I may remark that, as women drivers are apt when their horse gives any token of nervousness to "pull him in," rather than apply the whip to make him pass the object of his anxiety, it is a wise rule for a bicycler always to dismount before an approaching team which is not guided by the hands of a man. The mildest-mannered horse in existence may be persuaded by persistent pullings-in to cramp the front wheel backward until it breaks or upsets the carriage into the ditch; and I have seen two or three feats of this sort slowly and sedately performed by animals which were not at all frightened, and which, under proper guidance, would have jogged past the bicycle without a tremor. I ought to say, though, in recommending the universal dismount before womankind, that some representatives thereof will perhaps be found "uncertain,

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coy, and hard to please," even by a man who loyally obeys the rule; for I remember stopping on one occasion for a raw-boned and decrepit "plug" in the toils of an angular and shrill-voiced woman, who exclaimed excitedly as they slowly passed me (a slight pricking of the ears being the only sign of animation on the part of the horse), "If you'd ha' set still he wouldn't ha' been scairt." With this I may perhaps be pardoned for coupling another instance of road-side rudeness manifested by the sex. Overtaking a pair of well-dressed and comely-appearing women on a country sidewalk, where the act of stepping aside involved no possible trouble, I proffered, in my most suave and winning accents, the customary request, "Will you please give me the inside track for a moment?" Imagine my surprise, therefore, when one of the women, who had been for some time taking glances backward to measure my approach, continued bravely on in the middle of the pathway, only yielding it to me as I was on the point of being forced to dismount, and then remarking, "I suppose you know what the law is, mister?" — "Yes, indeed, madam," said I; "the law is that a lady must always have the grace to grant any trivial favor which a man asks of her civilly." Our conversation extended no further.

"Bicycle-touring may be all very fine in Great Britain, or on the continent of Europe, where the roads have been used and kept in repair for centuries; but it can hardly be practicable in America, where the highways are generally poor, except in the neighborhood of the big cities, — the early introduction of railways having removed the chief incentive to good road-building on this side the Atlantic." Such is a fair statement of the *à priori* view of the case; and it must seem a perfectly plausible and reasonable view to those who have not made themselves minutely acquainted with the facts. The facts, however, as brought to light by the actual explorations of bicyclers, show that the view in question is entirely erroneous. The truth is that there are many sections of the United States where good riding may be had almost continuously for a hundred miles at a stretch, and where, by the aid of train or boat, much longer tours may be readily laid out. In offering examples of these I will confine myself to paths over which I have personally pushed the wheel in the course of the last two years (during which my cyclometer has registered some four thousand miles), though the log-books of riders in other parts of the country might doubtless show a record of many additional tours equally practicable and attractive. The "Connecticut Valley trip" may well begin at Meriden and extend northward through Hartford, Springfield, Greenfield, and Brattleboro' to Bellows Falls, — say one hundred and fifteen miles. Riding thence by train over the mountain to Rutland (two hours), the bicycler may there begin a charming course of twenty-five miles to Whitehall, near Lake George; and, having "done" the beautiful lake to any degree that suits him, he may drive his wheel from Caldwell to Albany, about sixty miles, and thence down the old post-road on the east side of the Hudson homeward to New York. Here is a track three hundred and fifty miles long, extending through four States, embracing a great variety of attractive scenery, and rich both in historic associations and in objects of "contemporaneous human interest." A fortnight given to this tour would cost a man but forty dollars; and he might reduce the cost to thirty if he cared to economize.

From Niagara I have ridden to Buffalo, Erie, and Ashtabula, — one hundred and fifty-six miles, — in three successive days, over the excellent "ridge-road," which generally keeps in sight of the lake. I recommend, however, that the tourist who tries this track should start at Girard, in the north-west corner of Pennsylvania, and ride eastward to Niagara, whence, I am told, a good road runs to Rochester and Syracuse, — at which latter point my own knowledge of the Erie towpath ends. I found it impossible to do any rapid riding on that path, for I was three days in covering one hundred and ten miles; but it may be inferred from some of my previous remarks that the chance there afforded for holding sweet communion with the "canallers" was a thing which had not a little attractive force, and I will also add that the scenery of the lower Mohawk Valley from Schenectady to Utica makes the route a pleasant one to explore. On the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which extends along the border of Maryland for one hundred and eighty-four miles, from Cumberland to Georgetown, I found the scenery of the upper half the more attractive, while the riding was much smoother than below. From New York to Boston the best road lies along the towns of the sea-shore as far as New Haven, whence it goes inland through Hartford, Springfield, and

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Worcester. Beyond Boston the tour may be continued up the coast as far as the river which separates Maine from New Hampshire at Portsmouth, say sixty-five miles. The return trip from Boston may be made through Taunton or Providence to Newport, where a transfer must be effected to Greenport, on the eastern extremity of Long Island. The road usually taken from that point to New York City measures just about a hundred miles, and the trip to Portsmouth and back, as thus outlined, implies rather more than five times that distance to be gone over upon the wheel. The journey can be pleasantly accomplished in three weeks, though a tourist who has leisure to inspect the various wonders on the way may well devote four to it. Some of the smoothest sections of the whole track are on the south shore of Long Island; and it may be worth recording that last year, on the first Wednesday of September, between six in the morning and seven at night, I rode through the island, from Sayville to Flushing, a distance of more than fifty miles, though the mercury stood for much of the time at 100° in the shade, and most of my riding was done in the fierce glare of the sun. Inasmuch as that day all along the Atlantic slope was by official observation not only "the hottest on record for the session of 1881, but also the hottest on record for the past seven years," I think that my ride, attended as it was by no excessive discomfort and followed by no evil effects, speaks well for the physical healthfulness of bicycling.

When bad wheeling compels the tourist to resort to the railroad-train, he usually has little difficulty in securing safe transit for his wheel in the baggage-car, after placating the lordly commander thereof either with civil explanations or with a quarter-dollar in current coin; but it is greatly to be desired that the transportation companies should issue definite and intelligently-considered regulations concerning this peculiar class of "baggage." Neither does the tourist often have much trouble in "finding his way" from one point to another of his chosen route, for the "best roads" — which are the ones selected for touring — are usually the old established thoroughfares, whose identity is apt to be well preserved at the forks and crosses, and, in cases of doubt, a house generally comes within hail before many miles are traversed. It is not difficult to so plan one's movements in a given day as to be sure of having a hotel within reach about noon and about nightfall; but the decision as to where one's baggage shall be sent two or three days ahead is not quite so easy. One complete change of clothing in addition to what he wears is about all that a wheelman can comfortably carry, and this does well enough for the first night, but by the second, or at latest the third, night it becomes very desirable for him to reach his "base of supplies." To determine in advance the proper point to establish this at when planning a tour on an unknown road, where the rate of progress is uncertain, is one of the most puzzling problems for the tourist.

The food and lodging which one gets at the country hotels are usually endurable, and are supplied to the bicycler when he is least in a mood to be exacting in his demands. He furthermore has the assurance of being invited to sleep in "the best room" that the house contains, and of being "fed off from the top shelf" of its pantry. He has numberless chances for observing novel and unaccustomed phases of "American cookery," "table-manners," and "waiting." The universal negro-waiter, as is well known, likes to dispense his dishes and arrange the tableware with a grand flourish and clatter and uproar; but it struck me as funny that the women-waiters who take control of the wayfarer at most of the hotels in the Mohawk Valley should agree in cherishing as *their* ideal of extreme "style" in table-service the knack of giving rapid utterance to the names of several dishes on the bill of fare, as if they all composed a single word. None of these girls ever shows the slightest tact in observing the real wants of a person at the table, or in supplying them. Having, in a single breath, snapped out, "Roastbeefroastturkeyboiledmuttonandfriedham," her interest in the case practically ceases, and she thenceforth goes about her business with the proud consciousness of duty done, and done not only in a complete but in an impressive and stylish manner, creditable to the reputation of the house. Incidentally she may occasionally condescend to bring out some of the dishes that have been ordered in response to her polysyllabic cry.

I have made no attempt to describe or discuss the relations of the Small Boy to bicycling; for those are of so important and interesting a character that nothing less than a separate essay could pretend to do them justice. When, however, I hear a philistine say sneeringly of the sport that

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it is a "boyish pastime" for grown men to engage in, I feel like saying to him that if he would substitute "boy-like" for the other adjective he might speak more truly, and might thereby give the highest praise that can be given to bicycling. Certainly may it be said, that no genuine, healthily-organized boy is now drawing the breath of life who can look upon the glittering spokes of a bicycle without an ardent longing to have them whirling merrily under his toes; and certainly do I believe that no grown man, who takes delight in swiftly cleaving the air on the back of the silent steed of steel, can fail to carry with him some of the noble freshness and bloom of boyhood, — "the golden, the happy, the unforgotten!" It was Coleridge, if I remember rightly, who insisted that the simple secret of genius is the art of carrying into mature years the free heart and fiery enthusiasm of early youth, — the art of keeping boy-like to the last. Such, at all events, seems to me to be the secret of happiness, and such is the theory on which I base the assumption that the votaries of a pastime preëminently "boy-like" are, as a class, a preëminently happy set of individuals. Presumptively, a good bicycler is always and everywhere "a good fellow." Genuine wheelmen grow readily acquainted with one another, off-hand and "boy-fashion," because the element of heartiness and sincerity in the sport creates the same feeling of fraternity and kinship which exists between boys up to the period when estrangement is caused by the advent of worldly wisdom.

The quick formation of bicycle clubs wherever groups of wheelmen are found to exist is often mentioned as a proof of the sociability of the sport, and the ready opportunities thus afforded for making pleasant acquaintances with men in all sections of the country are also included among its advantages. All these things I have refrained from enlarging upon, both because others have better said what could be said, and because they are almost self-evident, — "they go without saying." I have preferred rather to praise the bicycle in its character as a solace for the solitary; as a companion for those whom the voice of nature or of fate has commanded to hold themselves apart from the hurly-burly; as a device for enabling the philosophic observer to be among people without being of them, to examine at first hand all phases of life and society without revealing the mystery of his own personality. The bicycler is indeed the modern Asmodeus. In him is realized the myth concerning the traveler with the seven-league boots and the invisible cloak. He can swiftly betake himself to remote regions, can see and hear all things while his own presence is undisclosed. Were old Diogenes searching for the honest man to-day, he would surely tour on a bicycle, though, perhaps, the object of his search, being presumably a bicycler also, would prove a faster rider.

Karl Kron, in "Lippincott's Magazine."

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THAT CLUB RUN.

THE real history of the remarkable club run, which we made the first week in September, along the shore of Lake St. Clair, about which there has been so much public gossip, has hitherto been confined as a profound secret in the bosom of the club. There has been a sort of tacit convention not to mention it in the hearing of the censorious and gossippy world; and I now relate it to the readers of THE WHEELMAN, in strict confidence, relying upon their honor not to let it go any further.

It was a remarkable run, during which there were some surprising adventures; likewise some adventurous surprises. We had lots of fun; but — I never enjoyed a run better; but —

To begin at the beginning. Tommy Littleweed was to blame for it; not so much to blame, either, as Miss Grace Flash. Of course you know — everybody knows it — that Miss Grace Flash is Tommy Littleweed's best girl. She is a bright, quick-witted, pretty, altogether-charming girl. My wife thinks that Miss Grace is a trifle too flighty and flirty for strictly good taste; and that settles that point. I am the President of the club, but my wife is the president of me. Still, my wife says that, notwithstanding her levity, Miss Grace is a very charming young person, and a most

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excellent match for Mr. Littleweed, who is to be regarded as a very fortunate young man. In this opinion there is a club and society concensus. Tommy Littleweed is not as bright, intellectually, as Miss Grace. In fact, some of the members of the club have, at times, mildly put upon Mr. Littleweed, in the way of little practical jokes intended to expedite the natural development of Mr. Littleweed's wisdom-teeth. Their efforts have been attended with considerable success. When Mr. Littleweed joined the club, the confiding innocence of his character, from which the dew of youth had not yet been dried by the withering winds of worldly experience, strongly attracted the fatherly interest of the club President. But a six months' companionship with Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor, united with the benignant counsels of the president, have developed him into a pretty wide-awake and not-easily-to-be-fooled young man. I suspect, however, that Miss Grace has sharpened his wit much more than we have. Miss Grace has a lovely disposition; but no young lady of spirit likes to have her affianced lover put upon.

Besides, Miss Grace has had her own grievance to resent. Of course you remember the Club Wedding, and the practical joke which was played upon Tommy Littleweed and Miss Grace on that occasion. Everybody remembers that delightful and unique occurrence. Miss Grace, for reasons which there is no need of rehearsing, considers Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor guilty of the joke which was put upon Tommy and herself at the wedding. Probably this is one of the reasons why she has been particularly gracious and friendly toward brothers High, Lowe, and Condor ever since. Having been married these last twenty-five years, and therefore somewhat experienced in the ways of women, I have all along half-suspected that Miss Grace was not wasting her sweetness upon brothers High, Lowe, and Condor without ulterior purposes in view, which would not be exactly pleasant to those gentlemen. For I have observed that when a woman is particularly gracious and sweet, and you know that it isn't admiration or friendliness, and that she has a grievance to avenge, then is the time to establish a double line of pickets clear around your camp, to sleep with one eye wide open, and to listen for something to drop.

When Tommy Littleweed proposed that our club ride should be on the Lake road, and that we should go out beyond Grosse Point, which is the chief summer resort near Detroit, I remembered to have heard my wife remark that Miss Grace had been visiting friends near the Point. Nobody ever goes beyond the Point merely for fun; but Tommy said that he knew five or six pretty girls out there; that some of them had expressed an ardent desire to see the club, and he would warrant us a cordial reception and a good time. Thereupon the club voted unanimously to go there. But I began to suspect something. Therefore I took the first opportunity after the meeting adjourned to say to Tommy, in a grave aside,—

"Really, Littleweed, I don't understand why Miss Grace wishes us to run out beyond the Point."

Tommy looked a little alarmed. He evidently feared lest I should interfere with his plans. He hastily replied,—

"Oh, now, Mr. President! it isn't anything against *you*. Gracie wouldn't put up any scheme against you, you know. It's High, Lowe, and Condor. Come, now, you aren't going to spoil the fun?"

"If," said I, gravely, and a little severely, "if it is nothing ungentlemanly — nothing which will produce ill-feeling in the club — why, I'll — think of it."

"Ungentlemanly! Why, you know Gracie wouldn't do anything ungentlemanly!" urged Tommy, hurriedly.

I soberly acknowledged that I didn't think she would. Tommy proposed that he and Miss Grace should call at my house the next day and explain. I said that Mrs. B. and myself would be delighted to receive a call from them.

They called; they explained. That is, Miss Grace explained, while Tommy sat in his chair and occasionally remarked, "Yes," "That's so," "Those are our sentiments," "That's what's the matter," etc.

We — Mrs. President Bates and myself — desire it to be thoroughly understood by the club and the public that we yielded our reluctant consent not to interfere with the scheme solely on account of the pleading of Miss Grace. When Miss Grace goes in to win on a request for a trifling little favor of that sort her persuasiveness is irresistible. At such times she can be — she is — just the most altogether-charming, entrancing little witch in existence. We foresee times in the hereafter when Mr. Littleweed will be twisted around those slender, white fingers, figuratively speaking, at the expense of many figures to his purse, from

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the utter impossibility of saying a decisive no to this skilful charmer. But that is none of our business; Mr. Littleweed runs his own risks. I only wish to remark that if any severely virtuous person indulges in the fond delusion that he, she, or it would have refused consent to silence in our place, then the dignified, bald-headed, middle-aged, and calmly intellectual President of the Detroit Bicycle Club is willing to risk his bicycle against a baby-cart that he, she, or it is an ass,' and would get badly left on the home stretch in an encounter with Miss Grace Flash.

What Miss Grace said to us we do not propose to tell. We promised not to tell. We — Mrs. President B. and I — jointly and severally defy the L.A.W., or any other organization, to compel us to tell. If the L.A.W. wants to know, let it instruct its consuls and directors to tackle Miss Grace themselves — if they dare! I only propose to tell what happened afterward. I never promised anybody not to tell what happened afterward. But it is to be in strict confidence, mind, to THE WHEELMAN and its readers, and to go no farther.

Of the run out there is little to record. The club was in full uniform. The weather was still, clear, and extremely hot. Practised riders, over a fair road, of course, met with no accidents or incidents worth recording in THE WHEELMAN.

We arrived safely, and drew up in beautiful order at the house where Tommy wished us to stop. We dismounted in unison, to the swelling notes of the bugle. Everybody, except Mr. Littleweed and the President, was delightfully surprised when Miss Grace Flash appeared at the gate to receive and welcome us. She was attended by a bevy of pretty girls from the city and the Point. We were presented in due form; and very soon were gathered, a merry party of young people, over whom the President benignly presided, in the cool shade of the house and of the trees about it. Miss Grace and two or three of her lovely companions were particularly gracious and friendly with Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor. Those astute and experienced gallants, it was soon evident, esteemed themselves peculiarly favored, and were the envy and admiration of the rest of the club.

We strolled in the garden; we flirted audaciously; we enjoyed music and singing; one of the young ladies played and the rest of us danced; we went down to the lake and had a charming boat-ride. After this we gathered in the house and ate fruit, with delicious country cream.

After the fruit was removed, the President of the club sat outside, on the porch, and talked agriculture, politics, and other sober topics, with the farmer and his wife; and most of the young ladies disposed themselves carelessly near the open doors, drawing the members of the club with them. But Mr. High was seated on the sill of an open window by Miss Grace, with his back outward; Mr. Lowe was in a corner with a young lady from the Point; and Mr. Condor was near the open door of a closet, with the pretty daughter of the house.

At this moment a younger daughter of the house entered the room with a tremendous hornet's nest in her hand. She showed us that its entrance was securely plugged with a rag; and we could hear the insects buzzing angrily within it. To show us how securely it was fixed, she swung it around by the rag which plugged it. Mr. High hurriedly cautioned her. She said it was perfectly safe, and banged it against the table to prove its security. The plug came out, and we saw a swarm of insects issue from its mouth!

The girls all shrieked and ran. The club got out of doors in a moment. Mr. High fell backward out of the window into a large gooseberry bush, full of sharp thorns. Mr. Lowe, being penned in his corner by the young lady with him, who convulsively grasped his arm and shrieked, sat down on the floor and hastily pulled a chair cushion over his legs, which were dressed, of course, in thin summer riding-stockings. The cushion only partly covered them; and his frantic efforts to curl them under it were a sight to see. At the same time he whipped out his handkerchief and covered it over his face. Mr. Condor, urged by a push from his fair companion, jammed himself into the closet, and shut the door. The girl who had brought in the hornet's nest got under the table.

When the buzzing had subsided somewhat, Mr. Condor opened his closet door a little, and ventured to peep out. There was a buzz near his head; and he slammed it shut again. Then he opened it again; and, seeing the coast comparatively clear, he scrambled out on his hands and feet, and jumped out of the window after Mr. High, alighting in the gooseberry bush. I heard him and Mr. High using language out there unbecoming to Sunday-school teach-

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ers. The President, and the farmer and his wife, simply sat still and laughed; while a confounded little dog, excited by the proceedings, ran about barking, and threatening to bite the legs of the club, until the farmer gave him a kick, and sent him off howling.

After a while the commotion subsided, and a grateful calmness followed the uproar. Then the little girl came out from under the table, collected her breath from laughing, and explained to the gathered club that there were no hornets in the nest, after all — simply a lot of big flies, which she had spent all the forenoon catching and putting in there, "just for fun." The young ladies demurely remarked that it was shockingly rude. The farmer and his wife mildly observed that she ought not to play such tricks. The club smiled a sickly conventional society smile; while Mr. High and Mr. Condor remarked, with a sad assumption of cheerfulness, that it was really a very clever trick, whispering to each other that "it was beastly." Mr. Lowe was so much depressed that, for once, he could find no eloquence in which to express his sentiments.

The hilarity of the company was soon restored. In fact, with the exception of Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor, it was heightened by this frolic. As it was so warm a day, and the moon would rise about 10 o'clock in the evening, it was proposed and agreed to that we should stay for the evening, and ride home by moonlight.

The time sped happily. After a joyous tea, Tommy proposed that we should take a bath in the lake at twilight, which would render us delightfully cool for our evening ride. Thereupon Miss Grace and some of the other girls began to tell what a splendid place for bathing there was; and how three of the village girls once swam out so far that they could see a certain house at the Point. The genial farmer said that he doubted if the young men could do it. Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor are fine swimmers, and knew they could. Their ambition was evidently aroused.

The club adjourned to the lake shore, leaving the ladies at the house. The farmer provided us with towels, etc., and we soon found a sheltered spot on the shore, and prepared for our bath. Tommy Littleweed, however, alleged that he couldn't swim; and, after a momentary dip, he dressed, and hastily returned to the house. High, Lowe, and Condor proceeded to undertake the swim out into the lake, some eighth of a mile, described as having been performed by ladies. As soon as they were fairly off, the President withdrew from the water, and dressed. Presently the President called out to the rest of the club, with a warning that people were approaching. The club dressed in great haste and retired up the bank, as a coarse, large country girl, attended by a roughly dressed laborer, apparently her lover, were seen approaching along the beach, holding each other by the hand and swinging their arms idly, country fashion. As we retired, this rural pair, not observing us, seated themselves on a log, between the thicket where the clothing of High, Lowe, and Condor was hidden and the water. There they began active operations in uncouth spooning. They hitched close to each other. The rural swain put his arm about the ample waist of his companion. She leaned her head upon his shoulder. They became oblivious of the world and its cares.

Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor, returning, when near the shore, observed this embarrassing spectacle. What was to be done? The lovers must be frightened away, or they could not come out of the water and get their clothing. After a whispered consultation, the three each got behind a small rock, and Mr. High raised up his head and shouted, "Hi, there!" Then they all dodged down.

The spoony pair were startled. They slid hastily apart on their log seat, and looked all around, except at the lake. Apparently concluding that it was a false alarm, they hitched cautiously together again. Then Mr. Condor raised up partially and shouted: "Ho, you!" and again they all dodged down.

Again the pair jumped apart, and looked hastily all around, except at the lake. Again they considered it a false alarm, and cautiously hitched together.

Then Mr. Lowe rose out of the water a little, and yelled: "Go away, you! We want to come out and dress."

Again the rural couple jumped, and gazed uneasily around. This time they looked at the lake, but did not seem to discover anybody. Finally the man cried: "Hello!" not very loudly. Nobody responded; and the couple sat down again on their log. Pretty soon Mr. High rose up far enough to throw a stone, which fell with a loud splash in the water in front of the intrusive pair. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Conger threw some more, and all three shouted: "Hi, there!" "Get out!" "Go way, you!"

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The rural lover was evidently angered. He rose, gathered up several stones, flung one or two up over the bank toward the road, and remarked, energetically, "If you boys up there in the road don't clear out, I'll come up and mash some of ye!"

Then he kept his back to the lake and peered eagerly all along the bank, walking back and forth to discover his supposed hidden insulters, while the girl kept her seat on the log and stolidly faced the lake, where Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor, now thoroughly maddened, splashed the water, threw gravel, and yelled, always dodging down whenever the stupid girl appeared to turn her face toward their covers. Meanwhile the rest of the club lay on the grass on the edge of the bank above, rolling over and over with merriment, and stuffing our handkerchiefs into our mouths to keep from bursting into shouts of laughter at this extraordinary performance.

How long this ridiculous scene would have lasted can only be conjectured, had not Mr. Cubb, in his rolling about, rolled a sensitive part of his person upon a large bumble-bee. Enraged at this indignity, the bumble-bee immediately and very vigorously bumbled; and Mr. Cubb leaped to his feet with a wild snort of "Jerusalem! Ouch!"

Whereupon the country girl on the log arose, took off her bonnet, disclosing the cropped hair and placid features of Tommy Littleweed; and gathering her (or his) skirts under his arms, displaying the knickerbockers and ribbed hose of the club uniform, ran up the bank and went off toward the house at a clipping pace, followed by the man, who proved to be the hired man of the farm, whom Tommy had secured for his assistant in this little plot.

How rapidly Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor came out and dressed; the energetic and eloquent remarks they made; how they emptied their pockets of cigars to bind the hired man not to mention the thing to the girls; how they caught Tommy Littleweed and compelled him to swear never to reveal it; how we all knew, by the way the girls asked us if we had enjoyed our bath, that they were already fully informed of the proceedings; how we stopped near the Point, on the ride home, to eat a frog supper at the expense of High, Lowe, and Condor; and how we enjoyed our moonlight ride into town (all except Mr. Cubb, who was compelled to sit on one side of his saddle, on account of the bumble of the bumble-bee) — these are features of the great run which every reader can imagine for himself. I need only add that, during the frog supper, Mr. Littleweed invited us all to attend his wedding in November; and that Mr. Lowe made an eloquent little speech, gracefully acknowledging the great "h'eclaw with which Mr. Tommy and Miss Grace had got even with us."

President Bates.

THE QUESTION OF PREJUDICE.

THAT there is prejudice everywhere against that magnificent steed, the bicycle, among certain classes, nobody can deny. Is it a foolish, unreasonable prejudice? Nine times, yes; once, no! Of course, the old fogies will pooh-pooh it, ridicule it, and say mean things about it, just as old fogies have ridiculed new things since the birth of Progress. We may take it for granted, too, that the street loafer and bar-room lounger will coarsely denounce it, for they both know the possession of a wheel is an absolute impossibility, especially at present prices, and that (as a former correspondent justly remarks) whiskey and the bicycle don't combine worth a cent. The unreasonable man, whose horse was frightened the first time the animal beheld its silent rival, will, undoubtedly, wish them all in Tophet, until his son catches the fever; then he may catch the fever himself, and communicate it to several of his acquaintances before it leaves him. I'll take back that last suggestion, for cycling is a disease which *never* leaves its victim, who even gets fat on it.

But who are the one in ten with a reasonable prejudice? I use the term in a qualified sense, in contra-distinction to unreasonable prejudice, or a pig-headed determination to *hate* a thing first and last. In answer to the question, it may be stated, firstly: those timid people who think that a machine unable to stand upright alone must be a dangerous thing with which to annihilate space. A little information, judiciously administered, will soon win these people over.

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Secondly, those paradoxical individuals who carry such a *weight* of dignity that they cannot *bend*. Time will fix this class, and teach them, if they have observation, that the saddle of a bicycle is *the* place of all places, short of the pulpit or presidential chair, where true dignity may be asserted. There can be little dignity unattended by grace, and every cyclist knows how easy it is to be graceful astride a wheel of the proper size.

Thirdly, those people who have been frightened out of their wits by the sudden whir-r-r-r of the "alarm," and the sight of a wheel rushing toward them at full speed. Cyclist as I am, when on foot, it makes me mad, not at the machine, but at the thoughtless rider, though the non-cycling victims lay it to the innocent machine every time.

Now, how is all this prejudice to be overcome? Well, the old fogies will die off before long, and the coming generation of fogies will quietly lie in wait for some newer evidence of progress. In a few years more the wheel will have become so common that the loafers will cease to remark; and the sensible horses will very generally convince their owners that, as long as they, the animals, are not at all disturbed, there is no occasion for the man to ruffle his temper. I have seen really less than half-a-dozen horses frightened at the bicycle in my experience; and not half the horses which have been frightened would have anticipated danger had the cyclist kept the opposite side of the road, and taken the trouble to slow up when passing; even to dismount, in aggravated cases, — the practice with many, — causes little annoyance, and the good will of the horseman is often secured. However, old riders understand this as well as the writer of this article.

The timid people must be educated. Talk bicycle, modestly, whenever there is an opportunity. Often when preparing to mount, the passer-by will halt to witness the manœuvre. If riding for pleasure, and there is a moment to spare, under pretence of examining a nut or screw, make a pleasant remark. The man will at once approach, and in two minutes a number of good points will have been made, and the pedestrian walks away with several new ideas in his cranium, and prejudice weakened. *Don't* argue the thing, for a foregone conclusion admits of no argument, and that the bicycle is a practical, useful, safe, and healthful invention has been settled beyond controversy.

As to those people with a crushing weight of dignity, if ministers, other ministers will convince them that a man may serve God and his fellow-man, and ride a bicycle. (Let him keep away from a Virginia mud-road, however.) If a scientific man, he can watch his brother scientist when out for a morning spin, and see how *he* carries his dignity. If one of your "very correct" gentlemen, tell him that he of all men will make a "finished" cyclist. If a statesman — well, if he is a *medium-sized* statesman — he, too, may become a successful wheelman, especially if an adept politician and *wire*-puller; but two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois, I admit, appears to a better advantage in a carriage with good, strong springs.

Now for the thoughtless youth, who "cuts his way through" with his bell as a cavalryman would with his sabre. He, too, must be educated, and taught that the bell is for *use*, and not *abuse*. Pedestrians should have the right of way invariably, and it is the business of the cyclist to *avoid* them. No vehicles can be swerved to the right or left, forced ahead or checked almost to a stand-still, so suddenly as our loved wheels, — and how small the effort! Slow up at crossings where there is a crowd. Pick your way through in a manner which will give the least annoyance to those in your course. If the crowd is very dense, proceed quite slowly, and tap the bell slightly, merely to call attention. You will be given plenty of room, half-a-dozen pairs of eyes will look up approvingly, and you may overhear a compliment into the bargain, communicated to a companion from a pair of pretty red lips, — for the ladies, bless them! *are*, as a rule, friendly to the bicycle, because of its grace and beauty.

Wife was always opposed to them until "Hub" bought one, and then she admitted they were the embodiment of grace, and that she had often wished she might ride one. I suppose her remark, "For heaven's sake don't!" whenever the topic of my getting one was introduced, sprang from a kindly regard for our blessed neck and pocketbook. (I ride a "56.")

While upon the bell question I will remark that one of the greatest nuisances to cycling in Washington has grown out of the use and abuse of this whir-r-r-ing, ear-splitting, yet, at times, indispensable appendage. Not a day passes but that some boy or boys, eight to fourteen years of age, put themselves deliberately in the way of the machine, often with back to the rider,

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frequently leaving the sidewalk for the purpose, and for no other earthly reason than to hear the bell sounded. In such cases I let the bell severely alone, and either speak sharply, or manage to "come within an ace" of running the little scamps down. Smaller children, and little girls especially, behave some better, doing nothing worse than running after the machine with a "Mister, won't you ring the bell?" but I always tell them "it makes too much noise, and might wake the baby."

In conclusion, we may rest assured that prejudice of all kinds will gradually die out as the magic steeds grow more numerous; but, at the same time, we, the older cyclists, — and the youth, too, as for that matter, — can do much towards overcoming it, by respecting its existence to the extent of doing nothing which can cause a single non-rider to exclaim against the wheel.

Arthur Penfield.

THE NEAR AND THE REMOTE.

"Man is a tool-using animal . . . and surely if we consider the interval between the first wooden dibble fashioned by man, and those Liverpool steam carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, 'Transport me and this baggage *at the rate of five and thirty miles an hour*;' and they do it."— *Carlyle.*

One aspect of cycling is the effect that the new amusement is having on the people: the middle and upper classes have a plethora of pleasing distractions; to their youth is opened a score of athletic delights; to them are the pleasures of the chase. They can row, fish, or contend in a variety of out-door games, such as football, cricket, and tennis; but there are millions of toilers in factory, loom, and workshop whose amusements are very restricted. There was a time when there was a variety of entertainments open to the masses, in a coarser age. There were wrestling, boxing, bull-baiting, and other pastimes on the village green; and though it is a great advantage for such indecencies to be suppressed, yet, as usual, the suppression was easier than to find less objectionable forms of diversion in their place.

Hence, the invention of the wheel was singularly opportune. Here is an amusement apparently adapted to every taste. Its influence in abolishing the groups of youthful idlers at street corners and crossways is already felt; it gives them that endless absorbing occupation that is ever corrective and preventive of crime and folly.[1] In reformatories and industrial schools it is found that the best system to adopt for the reclamation of boys who are said to be "incorrigibly bad" is to give them interminable employment. Directly they rise, they are put to work, and through the livelong day the main object appears to give their restless hands and limbs not one instant's cessation from labor; fatigue is relieved not by rest, but by change of occupation. What the industrial school compels to, the bicycle allures to. For the old-fashioned remedy of "Send the unruly lad to sea," let us substitute, "No! buy him a bicycle."

No small influence has an athletic exercise of this kind in forming habits of temperance. The craving for strong drink, indeed, is more often a disease than people imagine. A sound body and a healthy mind cannot give way to intemperance. All that improves the bodily health assists in the cure of mental weakness. It might be argued that violent motion, and the perspiration induced by continuous exertion, would produce a thirst for drink; but experience teaches that this is not so. It is unusual to see cyclists drink anything save milk, tea, water, lemonade, or aerated liquids. Those, indeed, who are training for the racing path soon find that there is nothing more fatal to pace than wine, beer, or spirits; while those who are touring, even when not total abstainers, appear to reserve alcohol for emergencies, and drink it in a wise and cautious moderation.

Cycling is also found an unexpected aid to thrift. I have known working men, eager to purchase a machine, to put by, week by week, a small portion of their earnings. The habit once formed has continued, even after its immediate purpose has been fulfilled.

The infancy of cycling has changed in no small degree the aspect of our streets and roads. It has entered into the daily life

[1] "Quaeritis Aegisthus quere sit factus adulter
Inpromptu causa est; desidiseus erab. — *Ovid.*

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of thousands, and has revolutionized many of our habits. If the infancy has effected much, the futurity will effect more. Surely we shall not be satisfied with leg or hand power, but have true self-moving motors, road machines impelled by steam, by gas, or, better still, by that subtile force which man is just learning to subdue and train to his use, electricity, which last will, perhaps, give at once motion to the machine and light to the rider. This accomplished, the most probable contingency is the extinction of the horse. For martial purposes, for racing, for hunting, for ostentation, for luxury, and in undeveloped or extremely rugged countries, the horse will survive and have its legitimate use; but in civilized countries, as a beast of burden, as a draught animal, he will become extinct.

The horse, indeed, as a machine, is most expensive and imperfect. What would an engineer say to an engine that, whether at work or in repose, had to be continuously supplied with fuel? A horse, in the stable or out of it, must be fed; and the land in this country that is sequestrated for the sole purpose of breeding, exercising, and feeding horses, will, when it reverts to the more useful task of feeding man, enlarge enormously our capacity of self-subsistence.

As an example, let us require a wagon containing ten tons of coal to be transported ten or eleven miles, and compare the cost of transportation by a traction engine and by horses, respectively, according to a writer in the *Engineer*,[1] who seems to have calculated every expense, down to the lubricating oil. Ten tons of coal drawn by the traction engine would cost, in carriage, £1. 1. 8; but if drawn by horses, £2. 2. 0, — thus leaving a balance in favor of steam of no less than £1. 0. 4; or, putting the economy of steam-work in a still more striking manner, the same writer estimates that there are at present in this country 4,000 road locomotives, within the meaning of the "Road Locomotive Act" (which includes self-moving threshing machines and ploughing engines). The 4,000 engines do work equivalent to that of 80,000 horses, at an expense per day of £5,095. 10; while, calculating the horses' labor at five shillings per day, the same labor translated into horseflesh would equal £24,000; leaving a daily balance of £18,905.

The extinction of the horse as a draught animal may be looked forward to with complacency by those who realize the immense amount of suffering which is at present caused by the employment of brute labor. The horse is dumb, save, indeed, when, with horrible torture, the surgeon's red-hot iron brings forth a shriek, — no sound more weird and appalling. As a rule this animal endures the most frightful suffering in silence; this is most well; it spares us shame. If for one brief period the faculty of articulate speech were given, such an agony of sound would ascend that man would hide his face in deepest humiliation. There has been a movement here with regard to vivisection. While I have never witnessed in the English medical schools an experiment on a living animal in the public streets, I have marked in a single day more torture and more pain than Magendie, in the course of many years, inflicted with his knife, or Orfila with his poisons.

For the first time in all history the workingman has a horse, and one that cannot suffer; he is supplied with a magic wheel, and it transports him whithersoever he desires. One of the most obvious consequences of this most unexpected development is the enlargement of the artisan's residential area. Hitherto he has been restricted to some narrow circle in the immediate vicinity of his employment, so that certain quarters in large cities have become barracks of artisans; huge hives of humanity. Houses originally built for one family accommodate ten or twelve; there, from topmost attic to lowest basement, swarm, live, and propagate the human bees; but not from such places does the painter derive the healthy hue of female grace, or of manly strength; not from there the blush of shame, nor the glance of childish innocence; seek not there the prototypes of the awful beauty of the Greek statue; but, alas! rather seek to see the human soul quickened into premature manhood; see weak limbs curved by labor and study; strange maladies born of the foul air. Acts of Parliament, benevolent societies, sanitary boards, special commissions, missionaries, philanthropists, have attempted to grapple with these degrading conditions, but in vain.

Religion has entreated, law has threatened, but the disease is beyond the charm of pity, and too desperate to be exorcised by fear. A remedy has come from a most unexpected quarter, — a quarter from whence the students of modern philosophi-

[1] The Engineer, Aug. 18, 1882; ib., Sept. 1, 1882.

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cal history would never have dared to predict. What colossal model dwellings, legislative acts, and workman's trains have failed to give, viz., a healthy country home, is given by a couple of wheels. It is now actually possible for a workman, who has once saved sufficient money to buy a machine, to live fifteen English miles from his working centre; and what does this mean? — it means a small country cottage, with at least four rooms, and maybe a plot of ground, for the same sum, or, perhaps, less than he paid for a single room in a city. It means that his children will develop in sunlight instead of in gloom; that his young men and maids can sleep in separate rooms; that the moral feelings, the God that is in every one, no longer crushed by adverse environment, will exert their strength; and it means the unfettered growth of the body nurtured amid cleanliness, and strengthened by healthy exercise. This is no picture with its outlines exaggerated, and its tints heightened by imagination. The more the whole subject is coldly and mathematically examined, the more important, even in a national sense, does this cycling movement appear. There will come a time when governments will appreciate it fully; there will come a time when great asphalt paths of moderate width will be carried from the overgrown cities to the four quarters of the compass; and on these cycling roads capitalists and speculators will build healthy country residences for the future artisan; and the dark, overcrowded centres, the plague-spots of disease and poverty in our cities, will fade into the past.

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THE SONGS OF BICYCLING.

BICYCLING itself inspires music. None can resist the rhythmic force of the whirling wheel, and, verily,

"The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,"

is no true bicycler. There is, therefore, a natural demand for the wherewithal to soothe this desire for music engendered by the poetic motion of the wheel, which must, of course, be supplied to each in accordance with his individual cravings.

To the solitary wheelman, spinning along through fair meadows and green fields, the voice of nature sings in sweetest tones her songs so grateful to wearied mankind. The rustling leaf, the waving grain, the babbling brook, each sings to him its own sweet tale of peace and loveliness, while, silently and swiftly passing through their midst, our wheelman thus absorbs in fullest measure the harmony of nature. To two or even three in company come, at times, these pleasant voices in force sufficient to drive away all thought of self; but the usual jolly band of club tourists, of however small a number, brings into play the songs of worldliness and everydayism, silencing the fainter voices of nature, and crying for the jovial *vive la* of good fellowship.

In an attempt to cater to this latter demand, I have arranged a few songs to fit popular and well-known airs, some of which are, without doubt, familiar to us all. They are not presented with the idea of inspiring a critic; but with the hope of promoting to the convivality and enjoyment of wheelmen.

The first is written to the music of "Der Wasserfall," the familiar Tyrolean warbling song:—

TO THE BICYCLE.

'Tis a glorious wheel whose praise we sing
On the B. I. B. I. B. I.; B. I. B. I.;
Naught in life to us can such pleasure bring
As the B. I. C. Y. C. L. E.

Chorus.
On the B. I. Bi.,
On the C. Y. Cy.,
On the C. L. E.,
On the Bicycle

How so silently yet so swift we wind
On the B. I. B. I. B. I.; B. I. B. I.;
On our slender path, leaving all behind,
On the B. I. C. Y. C. L. E.

Chorus.
On the B. I., Bi, etc.

Here's a three times three to our bonny wheel,
Oh, the B. I. B. I. B. I.; B. I. B. I.;
Long may she live! Glorious steed of steel!
Oh, the B. I. C. Y. C. L. E.

Chorus.
On the B. I., Bi., etc.

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The second is written to the ancient "Auld Lang Syne," or minstrel paraphrase, "Old Grimes": —

CY AND SHONEY.

There were two boys who owned a wheel,
And these two boys were brothers;
Cybiclus was the name of one,
Shonebaker was the other's.

Now they were differential, quite,
In size did not agree;
Cybiclus measured thirty-nine,
Shonebaker, twenty-three.

Because Shonebaker was so short,
And Cy so tall and slight,
They did not seem to harmonize,
But fought from morn till night.

Cybiclus let the pedals out,
Which much did aggravate
Poor Shoney, so he gave it up,
And bought a forty-eight.

Moral.

Ye brothers large and brothers small,
Be wise and do not try
A partnership in wheeling; but
Go each and buy a Bi.

"Strolling through the woodland" furnishes music for the third, and a good instrumental accompaniment adds to it materially: —

ROLLING THROUGH THE WOODLAND.

Rolling through the woodland, the little brooks beside,
'Twas there, one day in summer, I met my little bride;
She tripped across the roadway, her eye at me did wink,
I quietly took a header and fell into the drink.

A sorry sight was I, but oh! she laughed, "Ha, ha," tra la!
All from that wicked eye, tra la, la, la,
But rolling through the woodland, the little brooks beside,
'Twas there, one day in summer, I met my little bride.

I soon crawled out the water, she then did smile on me,
And said I hadn't orter get off so gracefully.
I said, "I do not mind it, but quite content will be
To take another header, if I win a smile from thee."

We both rejoice you see, and so we laugh, ha, ha! tra la!
And together frequently — tra la la, tra la! —
Go rolling through the woodland, this little girl and I,
For she rides on the tricycle, while I ride on the Bi.

The usual version of "Gideon's Band" will accompany the following: —

TO THE L. A. W.

Wherever on the wheel you go,
From Boston to San Francisco,
You meet a rider you don't know,
Why, show your badge, and say just so.

Chorus.

If you're a member of the Law,
You're just the man I'm looking for,
Fraternally to grasp your paw,
And shake you by the hand.

So, brothers all, where'er you be,
From pole to pole and sea to sea,
With perfect unanimity
Go join this fraternity.

Chorus.

If you're a member, etc.

With justice all its aims imbue;
Confine its ranks to wheelmen true;
Good works along its pathway strew,
Long live the L. A. W.

Chorus.

If you're a member, etc.

The remembrance of our college days (or nights) will bring back the music of "Rolling Home" and "The Ocean's Wave," to which are arranged the two following: —

ROLLING HOME.

Slowly the day is dying,
The twilight gathers 'round,
So up, my wheel, be flying,
We must be homeward bound.

Chorus.

Rolling, wheeling, rolling, wheeling, rolling home, boys,
Rolling, wheeling, rolling, wheeling, rolling home, boys,
Let us sing our song as we roam, boys,
As we go rolling home.

Then stand to the pedals steady,
And dig right in with a will,
Have every muscle ready
To top off yonder hill.

Chorus.

Rolling, wheeling, etc.

THE BIG ROUND WHEELS.

Oh, we are the band
Who understand
The way to patch up a rhyme;
And the praise we sing,
From the tire to the spring,
Of the bicycle every time.

Chorus.

For our big, round wheels do roll
And carry us day by day,
So come along with me
On the cycle of the free,
And we'll drive dull care away.

Up spake the captain of the run,
As we bowled along the street:
"Oh, give to me the big, big B.,
And a life on the pig-skin seat."

Chorus.

For our big, round wheels, etc.

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Then up spake the last man of them all,
Just half a mile behind:
"Oh why, oh why, on the B. I. Bi.
Are the fellows so unkind?"

Chorus.

For our big, round wheels, etc.

So round and round spin the spider wheels,
And our spirits never flag;
But bubble out through the stopper and the spout,
Like the oil in the saddle bag.

Chorus.

For our big, round wheels, etc

The "Signs, Omens" song, from the "Mascotte," furnishes music for what I have called

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS.

We ride upon the bicycle,
Bicycle, bicycle,
We ride the bicycle,
B. I. Bi.
The unicycle, or the tricycle,
Yes, or the tricycle,
Or any other kind,
If we try;
Anything of pedal motion,
The motion, the motion,
We call ideal,
Ideal.
We ride when we take a notion,
When we take a notion,
All brothers of the wheel,
Of the wheel.

Chorus.

Mount, with a grip so strong and steady, grasping well each handle;
Start! with a pressure firmly balanced on the tire and springs,
Fly! and to you what power of man or beast can hold a candle?
Wiff! waff! Away you go so gayly on your wheel of wings.

When on the road together,
The road together,
Such jolly times have we,
Times have we,
All being of a feather,
Birds of a feather,
Off for a jamboree,
Jamboree.
Then pop or soda-water,
We drink soda-water;
And sometimes beer,
"Zwei beer,"
But no more than we had orter,
Than we had orter,
Just to refresh and cheer,
Fresh and cheer.

Chorus.

Mount, with a grip, etc.

The little song "Over the garden wall," I have paraphrased with bicycling sentiment and entitled

OVER THE HANDLES.

One day I was riding my wheel so free
Toward the garden wall;
A charmer was standing and looking at me
From over the garden wall.
Her face was so fair,
So saucy her air,
I was rattled completely,
And right then and there
I took a bad header
And flew through the air
Over the garden wall.

Chorus.

Over the garden wall,
A terrible, terrible fall,
I never did yet
A header get
Which filled my soul
With such regret,
As the time I struck
Head first in the wet
Over the garden wall.

I picked myself up and said, "How do you do?"
Over the garden wall.
She said, "I am certainly better than you,"
Over the garden wall;
"But much I should like
To know why you strike,
And get hot and muddy
And dusty alike,
And take such a header
From off of your 'bike'
Over the garden wall?"

Chorus.

Over the garden wall, etc.

"My dear," said I, "I can surely explain,
Over the garden wall,
The case in a moment, if I may remain
Over the garden wall:
Your glance was so shy
I wished to be nigh,
So over the handles
I went on the fly;
But now I'll beware
Of a saucy black eye
Over the garden wall."

Chorus.

Over the garden wall, etc.

The last was inspired by observation of the effects of æstheticism as expressed by the "great unwashed" in remarks on our uniform. The music is the familiar *rondo* from "Patience."

KNEE-BREECHES IN '82.

Now we are the band who sing
Of Bicicle or 'cycle alike,
Howe'er you pronounce it
We'll never renounce it
The praise of the elegant 'bike.

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A year ago to-day
We could ride our mystic way,
  With our pants to our knees, and
  We dressed as we pleased, and
We dressed so every day.

But now they laugh and jeer,
And cry, "Oh dear! oh dear!"
  "How very æsthetic!"
  "How peripatetic!"
For Oscar has been here.

One gave me a big sunflower,
And said, the other day,
  "I don't know what chaff is,
  But the cut of your calf is
Too utter in every way."

This wildly wild young man
Has placed us under the ban
  Of his own "languid spleenery,"
  "Yellow and greenery,"
"Very all buttish" clan.

To renounce it we don't propose,
So we'll elevate our nose,
  Continue to bore you,
  And calmly ignore you,
And stick to our knee-cut clothes.

On many a pleasant gathering already these songs have been made to fit in, and add to the general enjoyment. That they may continue to do so is the earnest wish of the writer.

Angus S. Hibbard.

A FLYING DUTCHMAN.

CHAPTER I. — A START.

Miss Kate Larkin and Miss Rose Madder stood side by side, on the deck of the steamer Scythia, in New York Bay, on her August voyage of the summer of 1881. The steamer was going homeward to Liverpool, but most of her passengers, being Americans, were outward bound.

The experienced people, who had crossed several times, opened their novels before the ship had passed Governor's Island. They unfolded their steamer chairs and their traveling-rugs, and made themselves comfortable in that peculiarly *dolce far niente* way enjoyed by the most proper people when on board ship.

Miss Larkin and Rose were not of the experienced ones; they had never before been on an ocean steamer; they had never even seen one till the week before, when they came to New York for the first time. Therefore they stood side by side on the deck, leaning over the railing, and watching everything with lively interest.

Miss Larkin was a Chicago school-teacher; and Rose, her former pupil, was now an enthusiastic student of art. Miss Larkin was twenty-nine, and wore glasses. Rose was nineteen, and didn't. Miss Larkin's traveling-dress was a half-worn black momie cloth, and her linen collar and cuffs were very straight and very white. Her dark hair was brushed rigidly back from her broad brow, and her solemn little black turban seemed to frown reprovingly above the little love-locks which would curl about her temples in spite of all her efforts. Miss Larkin's eyes were black. She was tall, and not quite stout enough for her height; she was one of the few women who can wear a shawl; she had a great plaid one over her arm now, as she stood leaning over the railing, ready for the cold weather that she had heard always prevails at sea. She held fast a little hand-bag, in which were three bottles of nux vomica, one dozen lemons, an air-pillow, a half-pound of flag-root, and a small flask of chloral. Miss Larkin would have considered it wicked to carry brandy as a preventive of sea-sickness, had she believed in its efficacy. She did not believe in it, however. Miss Larkin was wise in all scientific ideas of the day, and knew that doctors, as well as sailors, disbelieve in liquor for sea-sickness. Indeed, Miss Larkin had written a paper, which had been published in a noted science monthly, upon this subject. Miss Larkin was a woman of ideas.

Rose was a child of enthusiasms. One of her enthusiasms was for blue flannel dresses; she always chose them of a hue to match the clear, dark shining of her eyes. She had had a new one made for traveling; the skirt was short and jaunty, the pockets were big, the bodice fitted her plump figure to perfection. Her blue Tam-o'Shanter cap was suitable as well as becoming; and her yellow chamois-skin gloves wrinkled artistically up over her wrists and fat little arms to her elbows.

While these two western maidens talked

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together, leaning over the railing, a German artist, sitting on a pile of ropes near them, sketched their profiles, and they did not know it. His name was down in the list of passengers as Max Ehrlebach, of New York. They had not seen the list, however, and he was as far removed from them at the moment he was making their picture as if they were still in Chicago, and he on the banks of the Neckar.

Ehrlebach had more of an eye for color than most Germans, and his eye was attracted the moment he saw her, by the carmine and pink complexion of the maid in the picturesque blue suit. He took out his pencils to sketch her as soon as the ship was in motion.

Miss Larkin and Rose talked together.

"It doesn't seem quite possible yet, Miss Larkin," said Rose. "I want to pinch myself to be certain that I am not dreaming — To think we should really be going at last! Ooh — yoooh!"

Rose made a little inarticulate whistle of ecstasy, puckering her red lips and squeezing her friend's hand.

Ehrlebach was sitting so near that he saw the movement, and heard the funny little noise, understanding both, and smiling gravely to himself.

"Yes, we are off, dear. There's no doubt of it. Your heart doesn't fail you, I hope?"

"Fail, how?"

"At leaving home."

"But we left home a week ago!"

Kate Larkin smiled in sympathy. She had a good deal of the same feeling, and thought of her feeling, or lack of it, as she watched the passengers bidding tearful good-byes to their friends just before the Scythia weighed anchor. New York seemed almost as far away from home to both of these untraveled as Paris or Jerusalem.

It was almost as far away, and not much more accessible, not much better known to either imagination. They had journeyed a great deal on maps; they had studied their route for this year's absence with affection for all of its details. They were both so glad to go that they could hardly realize any sadness in their good-byes. Miss Larkin's ties were few; she had no near relatives except her handsome brother Hugh. She had aided him to finish a college course, and had seen him well established in journalism, — the work he liked best. She had lived in the Madder family for a long time. Hugh had spent his vacations with her there, while in college, and was often in her home after he had commenced active life for himself. Hugh and Rose were always quite like brother and sister; so far-sighted story readers need not seize on a complication at this early period of the narrative.

Rose's eyes looked into Hugh's brown ones as clearly as into her mother's when she bade him good-by, and promised to "take care of sister Kate," as he urged.

Rose's mother was Kate Larkin's best friend, and only confidant. Kate loved the daughter for the mother's sake, as well as for her own. Rose was a lovable child, and an enthusiastic little student.

She had painted two or three tolerable pictures, which had sold at very good prices. She felt certain of plenty of fame and orders after a little foreign study. All the world was bright before her; she left father and mother, brothers and sisters, home and home scenes, with no lack of love for them certainly, but with so much thought of the future in her heart that there was left in it little room for pain at the parting.

Miss Larkin, sharing the enthusiasm of her pupil, though in a calmer way, felt something of the same hard-heartedness at going away from America. She had taken charge of Rose for this journey with great willingness. Indeed, she had proposed the subject to Dr. and Mrs. Madder; and out of her own earnings had lent Rose, at indefinite time and no interest, a large portion of the money which was to pay for the child's good opportunities.

"I have a brother who will take care of me, you know," she said to her friends, when urging them to let Rose go with her. Kate always had a glad, happy light in her eyes when she spoke of Hugh. "He is a bonny lad," she would say. "Who wouldn't be proud of him?"

"And fond of him," Mrs. Madder would add. Though Kate always smiled again, she never said yes. It wasn't Kate Larkin's way to acknowledge liking people.

A good many people called this young lady peculiar, because she was a great student and had ideas. A woman is always called peculiar if she does not believe in corsets and beer, even if she is not interested in woman suffrage, or Southern education. A woman is very likely to be called peculiar if unmarried at twenty-nine.

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CHAPTER II. — A MEET.

It was the morning of the third day out at sea. Rose, in a dressing-gown and an ulster, with a shawl over one arm, a cushion under the other, and a fichu over her head, stumbled up the companion-way and fell down upon one of the little sofas with a groan.

Mr. Max Ehrlebach, smoking outside, recognized the voice that groaned, and threw his cigar overboard. He came and looked into the little room at the top of the stairs, and saw the forlorn bundle of gray and plaid lying on the salt-smelling, crimson velvet of that sofa. "This must not be," said he, cheerily; "you will soon be better when you have come upon the deck. How is your friend?"

Rose turned a wan face toward him, and pushed back one of the loose braids of her hair.

"She is sea-sick, thank you," she said.

"And why should you thank me, then?" laughed the jolly German voice. "It is not me who is to be blamed."

They both laughed heartily, and Rose sat up.

"I feel very much better now," said she.

"That is good then. You must come out into the air. Those sofas are bad places, and the deck is pleasant in the morning air. It is not cold this morning. May I find for you your chair?"

"Oh, yes, thank you; it would be very kind of you; it is marked with my initials."

Ehrlebach vanished, and Rose lay back in the corner of the sofa feeling wonderfully well all at once.

This would be such a nice, romantic thing to write home, — that a handsome foreigner was attending already to her needs. It seemed quite like a story-book. Rose was an enthusiastic student of art; but life was all before her, and she was as ready as young girls are, to peep into the sweet mysteries of the future. Rose was not a sentimental girl, — not foolishly so, that is; but attention is always attention to a pretty young girl, even if she is sea-sick.

Rose tucked back her braids, folded her Scotch shawl into a graceful drapery, and thought longingly of the pretty hood she packed somewhere among her belongings for ocean wear.

A few minutes before she had been utterly and deeply indifferent to her personal appearance. All such thoughts were swallowed up in the misery of dressing in some sort of way, and getting upstairs. Now a cheery voice and a bright pair of eyes had set the maid thinking upon her toilet.

She forgot that in a little while, as she sat in her deck-chair in a quiet corner of the deck, with the plaid shawl over her knees, watching the brilliancy of the summer-morning sunlight upon the calm, pulsing waves.

"This is a perfect morning," said Ehrlebach. "It is foolishness to be sick when the water is so still. See! You have not seen Lake Michigan more calmer than this water now."

"More calmer?" said Rose. The man colored, though Rose had such a pretty, naïve way of laughing at him that he could not be angry.

"We Dutchmen may not always speak correctly, but I know that I think the English well."

"What do you mean?" thought Rose, glancing at him with a merry, inquiring look that went straight into the heart before her.

"You must have some breakfast," said Ehrlebach, after one brief, bewildering instant, in which he realized the blueness of Rose's eyes, and the arch turning of her neck, in a way quite out of that young lady's comprehension. His first care after that instant was for her material comfort.

"You must have a small piece of ham, and a little ginger ale, and a hard biscuit," he said authoritatively, and went off to get them.

"I don't want a mouthful," said Rose; but he didn't hear her, and she looked out at the sea again, in a sort of unguessed dreamland.

It was one of those rare mornings that one sometimes sees on the western Atlantic, when far enough south of Newfoundland. The sky was deliciously, darkly, blue. The ocean beat into little wavelets of rose- and apple-tinted foam beside the ship, then stretched away in calm plains of scarcely moving softness and depth. The air was warm and dreamily delightful. Everybody seemed to be reading novels, lounging about in their deck-chairs. A few gentlemen were playing cards in the smoking-room; the sound of their voices was out of tune, and disagreeable.

Ehrlebach returned with a plate in one hand, an ugly little mug in the other.

"The stewardess has said that Miss Madder must take some beef-tea," he said.

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"I won't," said Rose.

He hesitated.

"But you have been very ill, and the ham is not good for you until to-morrow, she has said. That is why I have brought the beef-tea. See, then, here are the biscuits."

"English people call crackers biscuits," said Rose, musingly, as she took one and commenced nibbling it. "I won't touch that beef-tea, and you may throw it into the sea."

"Good, — there it goes!" and Ehrlebach obeyed her.

A lady in a canary-colored havelock near by said, "Goodness!" and looked shocked.

Rose tried to look offended, but only succeeded in laughing.

"Now you will teach me to speak English, Miss Madder?" said the German, sitting down beside her. "Is it not that you call these things biscuits?" He took one of them from her plate and commenced crumbling it.

"Is it that you are in the habit of throwing steamer property overboard?" asked Rose. The question sounded saucy, especially as she mimicked his idiom; but the child's absolute unconsciousness redeemed her words. She was ready to play; she had been ill; she felt better, and here was a handsome foreigner ready to laugh with her, and be laughed at. People always make acquaintance on board ship, and it was all fun; so thought Rose Madder.

"You must say crackers when you talk to me."

"I wish to speak as you do; it will be easy to remember," said he.

"How did you know my name was Miss Madder?"

"I looked in the list of passengers."

"Oh, is there one? I have not seen it. Won't you get me one?" she asked.

"Not now; I am too comfortable to go away. But you shall have one. You would have found one at your plate had you been at dinner the first evening. You will soon be very well now. They always put the cards on the dinner-table. I often find much sport in guessing who are the people."

"It was funny you should guess my name."

"No, it was not, Miss Madder."

"Why?"

"Because."

What a singular man this German was, to be sure!

Rose tried another question: —

"Did you guess Miss Larkin's name too?"

"Yes."

"Have you crossed the ocean before?"

"Five times already."

Rose stopped to laugh. That word "already" brought up blithe memories of German playmates in the Chicago public schools.

"Is it so funny to cross the ocean many times?"

"No, no; that wasn't it. But are you never sick?"

"Never, fräulein."

Rose clapped her hands. "I think it is delightful to be called fräulein. Miss Larkin would like it too," she said.

"Miss Larkin is your friend?"

"Yes, we never crossed before, and we are going to be gone away a year, — isn't it delightful? — I am going to learn lots. We are going to walk from Bonn to Bingen next month, and I shall make sketches. Have you been there? Can we get good guides and safe donkeys?"

"Why should you have donkeys, if you will to walk?"

"Oh, we will to ride when we are tired. Did you ever read Mark Twain's 'A Tramp Abroad'?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, in that he was always planning to walk all over Europe; but, as he says, 'for private and personal reasons,' he and his party usually took the express train."

"I am a tramp, too, Miss Madder."

Rose turned one of her bright, inquisitive glances upon him.

"I shall spend my vacation in the Scotch Highlands, but not in a train, not upon a donkey, not going upon my feet."

"Why, you will go on a horse, of course?"

"Not that either."

"What then?"

"A Yankee maiden should be able to guess."

"I am not Yankee, — I am from the West."

"I know; from Chicago."

"Yes; but you have not told me how you are going touring. Shall you have a palanquin and bearers?"

"Ach Himmel! no — I could not breathe away from the good air."

"Are you — yes, it must be — is it a bicycle?"

"It is a bicycle, fräulein."

Rose clapped her hands.

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"What a picture that would be!" she cried. "I wish I could do figures; I would make a picture of you beside Loch Katrine, on your bicycle.

"'Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That cost thy life, my gallant grey.'

"You remember that? If that brave Knight of Snowdon had only a bicycle, he never would have had to mourn the death of his 'matchless steed.'"

"Ach, that's your Sir Walter — I like him. So you make pictures, too?"

A sudden shyness fell upon Rose. She remembered all at once that she was chattering to a stranger. Her memory flashed a glance back over their inconsequent talk, and she felt a sudden hot flush creeping up her neck and temples. She had actually told him their plans. She had spoken in such a way that he even knew her purposes. She remembered all her mother's cautions as to nice behavior.

"Yes, I paint a little," she said coldly. "Will you excuse me from talking more now, please? I must go to see how Miss Larkin is."

Ehrlebach rose, cap in hand; his *insouciant* air changed to one of half-amused, but perfect courtesy.

"You are not well enough to walk yet. I will send a steward to see how she is, and to tell you. You must not neglect to have some lunch. I will speak to the stewardess for that. Good morning!"

He put on his cap and strolled off toward the bows. Rose sat perfectly still and scolded herself.

"You are going on nicely, telling unknown Dutchmen about yourself. It's a wonder to me that you didn't tell him where Miss Larkin carries your money, and how old you are, and where you learned to paint. What would your mother say to you? You're going on in a nice way; you better get Mr. Henry James to put you into one of his novels: heroine, Rose Madder; tells hero at first meeting that she means to make a picture of him. Hero — mercy, what *is* his name?"

Then her thoughts became a little incoherent as she remembered that he had known her name; that he had found her deck-chair by her initials marked upon it; that he had said he was too comfortable to leave her side; and that he was big and handsome, and not a day under thirty-five years of age.

Five minutes' self-flattery was enough for Rose. She began to long for some way to occupy her mind; she half regretted sending Ehrlebach away. He was very entertaining, and his manner was immensely respectful; besides, he must be an artist. He had said, "You make pictures too?" If he were an artist he could tell her lots of interesting things, for he had seen all the art wonders still before her. He had crossed the ocean five times; he must know a great deal. Crossing the ocean and knowing a great deal were confusedly synonymous in Rose's mind. She sat and thought about Ehrlebach for fully five minutes in this half-vexed, half-flattered, sort of way, then she went and got a volume of Thackeray from the library; she fell fast asleep over it in a very little while, lying in her deck-chair, with her Scotch plaid shawl trailing down to the dingy floor, from the gray of her ulster.

Ehrlebach, who had forgotten to send inquiry after Miss Larkin, came by, saw her, brought out his water-colors, and made a sketch of Rose as she sat with her head tipped back against her little half-moon cushion, with her white wool fichu over the soft brown of her hair, which the summer zephyrs were kissing.

The lady in the canary-colored havelock saw what Ehrlebach was doing, and murmured "Goodness!" to herself, as she turned a page of one of Ouida's novels.

CHAPTER III. — A SPIN.

MADAME FRANCESCO MORENA, the lady in the canary-colored havelock, was a fashionable New York milliner. People who had known her husband before he ran off to Arizona, some ten years before, called her Mrs. Frank More; but without the encumbrance of Mr. Frank More, his wife had transformed her name into Madame Morena, and was one of the most fashionable milliners of Gotham.

Madame Morena was a kind-hearted, straightforward, romantic little woman. She could make beautiful bonnets, in excellent taste, although the colors she chose for her own wear were often somewhat startling. Madame Morena read novels, and looked at life in the novel-gourmand's way. Everything was a situation to her; there were undefined possibilities in the dropping of a handkerchief, or the lifting of a hat; there were three-volume thrills in a hand-shake, and lots of sweet future

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misery and happiness in an exchanged "Good morning."

When Madame Morena saw Ehrlebach making a picture of Rose, her interest rose to a warm height in the thermometer of her observation. She felt a quick necessity of confiding her ideas to somebody. She sought Miss Larkin; her state-room was next to that of Miss Larkin and Rose. Never sea-sick herself, she had done what she could in these first few days to alleviate the misery of the moaning ladies next door; therefore she felt privileged to call upon Kate for a bit of morning gossip. She found that strong-minded young lady prostrate in her berth, looking helplessly weak-minded and woe-begone.

Madame Morena sat down on the sofa and put her feet upon Rose's portmanteau in a sociable way, as she said: —

"Good morning, Miss Larkin, — good morning! I hope I find you feeling better."

Miss Larkin smiled drearily.

"You must try to get up on deck; you will be well then, because the air is lovely, and people are all well; and Miss Madder is asleep, with a handsome artist drawing her, and several people observing it, though saying nothing, of course; only they naturally wonder if the pretty child is alone, you not being there. And she was so interested in him that she didn't see me when he led her out to her deck-chair, that he had first opened for her; and he brought her some crackers and beef-tea, and she wouldn't have the tea, and he threw it overboard, mug and all. She laughed at him, and they seemed to enjoy talking together; and I don't wonder at it, for Rose is pretty, and Ehrlebach is always known for a fascinating man, and awfully handsome. Everybody in New York knows how wild Fidella Fitzenduvil is about him. She is at his studio about forty times a week, they say, and gets him most of his orders from the up-town people. I was quite surprised to see him on this steamer, though I had seen in the papers that he was to go abroad this month. But it seemed to me I heard that he was going with a party, and I had an idea it might be with the Fitzenduvils. Fidella gets all her hats of me. I did make her such a lovely one for the sea-side just before I came away, and she said to me, just as she was trying it on, 'I shall be separated from the eyes that appreciate beauty, Madame Morena, when I wear this;' and I didn't say nothing of course, though I couldn't help sighing. It must be very sad to have the affections out where they are not reciprocated, so to speak; but she did look lovely in that hat: it was covered with lace, with a little drooping fringe all around the rim, and a big bunch and spray of lilies-of-the-valley. I wanted to put on forget-me-nots. Miss Fitzenduvil is a blonde, you know; but she said no, those flowers were not for her to wear; and I felt the truth of it."

Madame Morena sighed as she paused to take breath.

Kate lay quiet in her berth, a sort of languid interest in her black eyes.

Madame Morena felt encouraged to go on: —

"You know there was a great sensation about poor Ehrlebach a few years ago, and it did a good deal toward advertising his pictures and him, so to speak, though they do say he felt badly enough about it. He had sold a few of his pictures, and was beginning to get on when he first went back to Europe. He was from there, you know, and I have heard that his people are very nice indeed; but his parents were dead, and he had not seen his other relatives since he was quite young. Well, over there somewhere, he met a pretty little piece, — blue eyes and red cheeks, — married her, and brought her home to New York. She used to get her hats of me, and many's the time I have tried to find out of her who and what she was, without seeming to ask questions, of course. But she was a mum little thing, and nobody knew; it wasn't quite certain whether she was an Italian, or a German, or what; she might have been any of them. You would have thought we could tell by her talk; but, goodness, she hardly ever talked, — at least where anybody would hear her; but people began to talk about her after a while. The artists were all crazy about her, and she was painted as all those heathen queens and goddesses, and finally she ran off with one of them, — I don't remember his name; but there was a great to-do and a lot about it in the papers. Ehrlebach tried to get her back, and acted half-crazy, they said, for a long time. Then he went off to Europe, and stayed two or three years, and now he is going again, and he seems cheerful enough, though. To think I should really be the first one to see him making a picture of Miss Madder! It is plain to see — "

Kate sat up in her berth, and rang the

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bell for the stewardess with a good deal of energy.

"Why, whatever in the world, Miss Larkin!"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Kate, politely.

"I feel much stronger, and think I shall try to dress, and get out into the air."

"You want to see the first chapter yourself." Madame Morena chuckled a little. "Well, I don't wonder, it is real interesting; but don't bother the stewardess, — let me help you dress."

"No, thanks," said Kate, with such a well-bred air of dismissal that Madame Morena went back to her deck-chair and her novel a little discomfited.

Rose was still sleeping, and Ehrlebach was still sketching, when Kate came upon the scene of action. Except for her perfect pallor no one would have imagined her a victim of the unpoetic malady, as she walked resolutely up the deck, followed by a steward, with her chair and wrappings.

She stood for a moment beside Rose, awaiting her servant, and looking at Ehrlebach astride his camp-stool a few paces off. Under the nervous shadow of her gaze he worked uneasily for an instant, then looked up to discover the cause of disturbance of his psychic forces. He rose at once on seeing Miss Larkin, and bowed brightly and courteously, with a whole summer-time of sunshine in the glance of his gray eyes.

"You are well, then; that is quite good. Shall I place your chair for you? Ach, how pale you are yet! Allow me."

Kate reeled suddenly, and Ehrlebach put his arm around her, while the steward hastily unfolded her chair.

Rose opened her eyes at the noise, to see her friend gently lifted in the German's arms, and put down beside her in a chair. Kate's turban fell off, and her glasses followed suit. Madame Morena rushed forward with her cologne bottle, and the captain stopped in his passing promenade to ask if the lady needed the doctor.

Kate's face was scarlet as she opened her eyes a second later, and looked toward Rose. That damsel was laughing most unsympathetically.

"Our introductions to you are decidedly original," said she to Ehrlebach. "Miss Larkin has done worse than I did, however; I was so sick," — with a sigh.

"But Miss Larkin was not so," said Ehrlebach, looking around for his brush, which had disappeared in the confusion. "She was faint from weakness."

"Yes, that was it," said Miss Larkin, telling a direct untruth, and looking right at Rose as she did so.

"May I give you some breakfast?" said Ehrlebach, going off.

"What have you been doing, Rose?" said Miss Larkin, in a severe whisper to her charge.

"Nothing." Rose laughed aloud.

"Do stop laughing in that way; the passengers are looking at you."

"Not at me, dear, — it's you; the idea of tumbling into the handsome unknown's arms! You! Did you see what beautiful eyes he has?"

"Rose!"

"Yes'm; I'm good now; only I felt rather guilty at talking with him without an introduction, and here are you, my pattern of propriety, throwing your willowy figure into his embracing arms at first sight. How did he happen to come along so opportunely, anyway?"

"He was sitting there, making your picture," answered Kate, with dignity.

"My picture! Then he *is* an artist. I wish he would hurry back; I want to see it."

"My dear," — Kate spoke most earnestly, — "I can't let you talk to him; it is Ehrlebach, the artist, and he must not play with you."

A shadow passed over Rose's blue eyes, and a little frown contorted her eyebrows.

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Larkin," she said.

"It isn't playing to make my picture; and how can we help talking to him, either you or I, on the ship? He is polite, and we don't know anybody."

Perhaps it was the child's logic that convinced Miss Larkin; perhaps it was a desire not to put distrust into the sweet eyes that made her refrain from further cautioning; perhaps there was another and more subtle reason; but from this time forth Kate did not attempt openly to influence Rose's acquaintance with Mr. Max Ehrlebach. Things took their course without the benefit of Miss Larkin's expressed opinions on the subject; but she watched her, and was always with her. Rose did not see her scrutiny, because she had no desire to escape it. Ehrlebach saw it, and was puzzled.

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CHAPTER IV. — HALF A LENGTH.

WHEN Ehrlebach came back with some breakfast for Miss Larkin, he found her sitting up very straight, reading the volume of Thackeray over which Rose had gone to sleep. She ate some crackers, drank her beef-tea, and asked with interest how long it would be before lunch time. She had stabbed a long pin through her turban, and had fastened her glasses on by a bit of white cord. She thanked Ehrlebach for his attention to Rose and herself, in a formal little way, and then fell to reading again.

Rose commenced chattering: —

"Were you making a picture of me, Mr. Ehrlebach? — I'm glad it's you; I have seen lots of your pictures, you know, and if I intended to be a figure-painter I should beg to study in your studio. You take a pupil now and then, don't you? Won't you show me what you have been doing?"

"Certainly, let me get my first sketch of you also. Pardon me to be absent a moment; I will bring it from my cabin."

He brought up the picture he had made on the first day of their voyage, and showed it to Rose, with the water-color sketch of her, still unfinished.

Rose examined them with flattered curiosity.

"It's very nice to be sketched, but especially nice to have you do it. I have always heard so much about you," said she.

"You are a good child to say so," said Ehrlebach.

At his expression Rose lifted her blue eyes to his with a funny little conscious confession in them.

"Now I may be your pupil, and you will teach me lots during the voyage?" she asked.

Ehrlebach laughed. He thought: "She sees that I do not wish to talk only nonsense with her, and she tells me that she sees it, and thanks me, and asks me to be her teacher instead. What a candid little maiden! She sent me away awhile ago, because she thought I spoke too much with her; and she looks so much like poor Lena."

He sighed after his laughing.

"I will teach you what I can; you must draw some things about the ship," said he.

"It will be so good of you, and perhaps sometime I can draw something good, if you teach me."

"But we shall be only a week more on the water."

"That is true. If I'm well, though, I can learn a good deal. May I begin after lunch?"

"I think not; I mean to try a ride after lunch."

"A ride?"

"Yes; my matchless steed will be out of exercise if I don't get him up on deck. I have spoken to the captain, and we shall have some sport with the bicycles this afternoon. A young man and an old preacher on board have also their wheels on the ship, and we shall see if we can ride upon the deck."

"You will be sure to fall down; the ship rocks too much."

"We shall try it, fräulein; the ship is very quiet on the water to-day, and a little laugh at our expense will make the sea-sick people all well again. Is it not so, Miss Larkin?"

Kate picked up her book with a guilty start, and said, "I beg your pardon." She had been looking intently at Ehrlebach for more than a second, not listening at all to his words, but thinking of his romance, told to her by the lady in the canary-colored havelock.

Ehrlebach repeated his question with a decided frown between his gray eyes; he looked vexed; he pulled his long, tawny mustache with an odd feeling of annoyance. That any woman should look at him, and not be thinking of him, was a new and unpleasant idea and experience to the handsome German.

He did not speak to Miss Larkin again till after the afternoon's frolic, when he sought Rose, and found her reading to her friend.

"Poor Miss Larkin has been miserable all day," said Rose. "I don't know how we shall ever get her downstairs to-night, unless you carry her."

"Should I offer my service," said Ehrlebach, "Miss Larkin would be angry."

"I certainly should," said Miss Larkin.

"May Miss Madder walk upon the deck with me now, if you can spare her? The exercise is what will be good for her."

"Should you like to walk, Rose?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! Everybody is promenading. It is very kind of you to ask me, Mr. Ehrlebach."

"Not at all; we must make long voyages pleasant for each other."

They strolled away up the deck in the falling twilight; they walked lingeringly

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till the stars came out, and the moon shining forth, made the ship and the sea, and all the happy people, a part of a dreamland to be remembered long after in ugly waking hours.

Kate caught fits of their talk each time that they passed her with a nod and a smile.

Rose talked enthusiastically of pictures and people. Miss Larkin and her brother were eulogized together with art and artists. She forgot her romantic self-flattery of the morning, now that the handsome unknown was revealed as Ehrlebach, the artist. The little bit of consciousness that had troubled her had all faded away. She forgot that she was a girl without a story, and that he was attentive to her. All things were settled in Rose's mind; she was glad of her opportunity to hear the artist talk. As to his attention to her, "Why, it's because he knew I paint," explained Rose to herself.

So the little bundle of contradictions bade the artist good night, and helped Miss Larkin down to her berth. Then she climbed up to her own top shelf, fell asleep in two minutes, and dreamed all night of riding up and down the deck on a bicycle, with Ehrlebach coming after her with Miss Larkin in his arms, and an easel on his back.

Minimum.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CLERGYMAN.

(STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.)

IT has become a habit with me, in first meeting a man or woman, to look them well in the face, note the features, then pass from the hat on the head to the shoes, and then say, I quite like the get-up of that man, or that woman, or I think as short an acquaintance as possible is desirable, — they have not a pleasing appearance. Experience has proven that my first impressions have been quite correct in most cases.

And I find the same holds true in books and magazines. The general appearance of the book — the way in which it is arranged as to its title-page, preface, contents, and headings of chapters — will leave an impression that a careful perusal of the subject-matter will not change.

Thus, musing over similar dry subjects one day, a visitor came to my study in the form of a magazine. Its cover was very neat; the design unique; and, after reading its name, — THE WHEELMAN, — I commenced to turn over the leaves, examining the contents. The freshness of its appearance caused me to give careful consideration to the subjects considered. I soon became very much interested in my young visitor; and, as it was so full of pleasing and valuable information, I very readily gave it a post of honor on my paper-file. And thus early in our friendship I have concluded to give it my experience on, over, under, and quite nearly through my wheel, all of which is strictly confidential.

One cold day last winter — the wind blowing through the leafless trees, causing them to beat a dreary tattoo as their branches hit the buildings — I was seated in my study, and, for lack of more agreeable company, a cigar in my mouth, gloomily thinking of what gloomy weather it was, and how I should like to have the warm sunshine come once more, and much more in the same mood, when casually picking up the *Century*, I turned to an article on the manufacture of the bicycle. It was the commencement of a growing desire in me to investigate the matter in a practical manner. I wote for a catalogue, and when it came I was quite enthusiastic. All at once the thought came to me, "What will your parishioners say at seeing their pastor on a *bicycle?* You will put yourself in a position to lower your dignity. Think of it, — make a public show of yourself! No; I think you had best drop the idea." I felt disappointed, — quite like a child which has been deprived of a pleasure; but I *could not* drop the idea. It would follow me day and night, asleep or awake. At last, overcoming my prejudice in a degree, I went to an agent; and, after talking awhile and looking over the machines, I finally consented to try a machine, and, with the assistance of the agent, I mounted. Well, before I left a fifty-inch full nickle was ordered.

When it came my people were astonished; but gradually that wore off. It being yet cold, and no good place to ride,

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I did not learn much. After a time I took my wheel into a large hall; but, alas! the second evening the block, in which the hall was, burned down, and my wheel with it. Then, of course, I thought my sport was at an end. My friends condoled with me; but that only made me the more unreconciled. I missed the machine more and more every day, until, in July, I ordered another, and waited impatiently for it.

At last it came, and found me at a lovely little watering-place (Lakeside, on Lake Ontario). It found me among my friends, and could a wheel laugh I think that that one would have shouted to hear the questions asked, and looks of amazement when they were brought to believe that I *really* intended to learn to ride *that* machine. Then they wanted to see me *try her;* but I said *No*, and resolved that none of that crowd should "see how a minister looked while taking his first header." Accordingly, one morning, I started out to find a quiet place,—one where no man could see and tell it in Gath (Lakeside). So, on and on I went, until a long distance had been covered, when I found a retired place where there was sufficient grade to give me a start. Then began the war. I mounted the step and away went the machine for fully three feet, when, lo! united we fall, and divided we lay. Not to be beaten, I manfully came to the scratch, and for an hour the battle raged. Part of the time I was under, then again, by a chance, I found myself on the upper side. In either case the odds were by far against me until, at last, by one mighty effort, I brought the machine up standing, which position it retained until I was on the step, when all at once the thing seemed to turn in a hundred ways, and I—well I came down, and by a *pure accident* struck one of the cranks, barking, what is called in good old English, my shin. What did I then do? Of course put on a grim smile, and concluded that rest was good for both the lame and weary; and, being badly beaten, I sat down on a shady bank. That I looked the object of despair may be concluded from the fact that a little girl just then going by took fright and began to cry. If this is the effect that my appearance has on humanity, thinks I, I'll go home, and sell the machine cheap.

I went back, stood the wheel against a post, where it remained a number of days.

At last a friend of mine came who had ordered a fifty-four inch machine, which also came in a few days. This gave me fresh courage. We commenced practising on a driveway which was sufficiently inclined to start us, and kept at work until the step was mastered, which required only a short time. Then the saddle was reached. Once in the saddle, and away we went, sometimes landing on the soft earth, again in the middle of the road. It seemed possessed, and went everywhere but where we wanted it to go. At last the pedals were reached, and one or two pushes were sufficient to change our base of operations. In dismounting we soon learned a most graceful way, which was to let the machine tip over, sticking the foot out on the side we were falling, landing with a jounce that would cause our teeth to snap. In this way a dismount was sure. Sometimes, however, we would not calculate right, and tip the wrong way; but we always landed. Oh, yes!

The pedal dismount came at last; and didn't we feel jubilant? With this also came the use of the pedals in propelling the machine along, and also greater confidence in ourselves when we saw how well the horse behaved when we managed him rightly.

What little practice we had while with the agent was of no use to us whatever; so that we really were obliged to learn our A B C's by ourselves, and, still worse, on the uneven surface of a public drive.

At last we could mount, catch the pedals, and dismount in very tolerable shape. Do not think we could ride yet. The machines would run away with us nearly every other time; and then the best we could do was to run them into a potato patch, where we could alight with a little safety to our crowns. In course of time this piece of road was mastered, and we sought new fields to conquer in the shape of the public highway. I well remember, after riding a short distance, a little gravel bottom of a few yards was reached; and if the spirits of all the donkeys that ever died, or expected to die, had possessed the machines, I think no greater kicking or plunging could have been indulged in. In an instant the scene was changed. My friend was seen leading his horse out of the ditch, with a bent handle-bar that gave it a very dejected appearance, himself quite covered with the "bloom of age," which had fastened to him after his impromptu reclining upon the bosom of mother earth. Could I laugh? I think not. I tried to, but my mouth turned the wrong way at the corners; for I was seen to arise from my bed of gravel, and, putting my

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hand on my head, make a thorough investigation downward until my heels were reached, to see what part or parts might be missing. I found my bump of combativeness badly injured, and so righted my wheel, and determined to mount if it should cost me an extra bottle of —— liniment and a yard of court-plaster.

At last August drew to a close, and I must be at home and commence my work the first Sunday in September. My friend and I decided to ride home, a distance of about twenty miles, on our wheels. The day was bright and warm, and we started on our way with the best wishes of friends, and the encouraging remarks from some, that we would break our necks before we reached home. Well, before I had gone half a mile, in mounting I caught my heel between the crank and fork, and was thrown with considerable violence to the ground and at the same time bending the fork. I mounted, and rode for some distance, when, going down a sharp hill, I struck my brake and indulged in a header, which sprained my right arm badly. I could not mount, and so was obliged to trail my machine for over ten miles; and to make it much more tantalizing, the road was fine nearly all the way; but there was no use trying. I could not ride. Reaching the station at last, we deposited our machines in the baggage car, and ourselves in the passenger, and so reached home. I left my wheel at the depot, and took the 'bus to get through the streets as quickly as possible, that I might not give my lame arm away. There was a noise abroad in an hour, that the Rev. —— had been thrown from his bicycle, resulting in a sprained arm. My greeting on the street was, "How is your arm?" — "I am sorry to learn of your accident. How did you do it?" etc. Now, in my own mind I did not feel very amiable. I did not like to come home from a four weeks' vacation in that way. What was to be done? My arm was in no condition to use. I was obliged to shake left-handed, thus informing people of my mishap, and often having to give an explanation.

I bore my mortification for some two weeks before I dared mount my machine, and then I was very careful to go where no one might see me. With a grim determination to conquer, I mounted, and away I went. The roads were very good, and, as the wheel spun along, a thrill of delight ran through my body. I was completely charmed. Gradually the machine came under my control, and I began to gain confidence once more. However, about two miles out I fell and hurt my arm, so I was obliged to walk back home; but the next day I started again, resulting in greater success.

The first run I made, of any importance, was one afternoon. I thought to call on some friends about a mile out of town, and then return home to tea. I made my call, which was quite a novelty to the ladies, — that is, the manner. They were much pleased with the wheel, and also highly complimented me on my proficiency. This, coming from the source it did, had a very encouraging effect on my rather retiring nature.

Allow me to say, right here, I have married people, but no one has yet married me. Therefore, the cause for the effect. Well, I felt so well on starting that I concluded to go home by a roundabout way, over a mile farther. Had just one-half hour to do the distance in before supper time. I took an easy gait; and on reaching home great was my surprise to find I had but just finished my half hour. I ate my supper with the relish of a farmer, and with a feeling that, in some way or other, I had accomplished much in making my machine carry me where I wanted it to. Henceforth it was to be my servant in all respects.

I had very much the same feeling that I had when, in that "September's golden morn," I found I was a member of —— College, by the fact that I had just matriculated. I can only say it was a very agreeable feeling. Since then, which is only a couple of weeks, I have had a number of fine runs, from ten to twenty miles in length. This forenoon I took the first run without a fall; part of the way was over a rough road at that.

I think I had best say, right here, that persons contemplating the purchase of a bicycle ought not to read this article, for fear it may discourage them. A timid man — and who would be one? — ought never to ride a wheel. He may, *possibly*, fall, and soil or tear his clothes; and if he fall probably will have to get up again. He may scare a horse — how horrible! — *et cetera*.

My friend, where is he? Do not fear. Having told some of my own experience, I shall not let him escape. One of my most humiliating practices was to fall in town, or in a place where as many as possible could see. Not so with my friend. He

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took his tumbles in the most unfrequented places along the by-ways. I am not naturally of a savage nature; but I did wish, if I had to make a spectacle of myself, that he might fill part of the programme. However, I concluded to wait and bide the time for him to learn to pick himself up, brush the dust from his clothes, and, although he might have jammed the machine with his shins ever so much, mount the thing, and with a smile "ride on." One day his sister heard his father call out, "Will, did you hurt you when you fell?" but no answer. I smiled to myself when told of it, and thought: he is learning to take a tumble. In a few days I was entirely satisfied. We had rode to a little village some five miles distant, and after resting a few minutes mounted, or at least I did; but he — well, went clear over horse, saddle, and all, landing in a very forcible manner on his hands. I did not dare to say anything of what flashed through my mind, but found he was in a rising temper, and so passed on.

On our way home, in attempting to go from the road up a bank, to a path that followed it, he took a "beauty," much to the delight of a number of small boys, and myself. One other time is very clear to my memory. We had been out for a run of a few miles, and were riding leisurely along the road towards home, when I heard my friend's bell ring, — a sure sign of, usually, a fall; sometimes an excited state of the mind; at other times that something, or some one, was on the track and liable to meet with a sad accident. But this particular time, in looking around, what was my astonishment in seeing something on all fours, with a bicycle on its back, kicking up an unreasonable amount of dust. As I gazed in astonishment very much intensified, slowly there came forth the head of a man, then the body, lastly the legs began to uncoil, until the form of my friend arose and stood before me.

My utilitarian friends will say, "Now, you have given us so much nonsense, of what practical use is your bicycle? You have exposed your neck in learning to ride. You have given time and money, for what?" *Mon ami*, to a *purely* utilitarian man or woman I do not offer an apology for riding a wheel. So you had best stop, if you belong to that class of humanity.

It has been the ruin of many of our Americans. What? High living, sedentary habits, with little or no exercise. Especially are clergymen negligent in regard to exercise. They are partly to blame, and partly their parishioners. They care, too many of them, to recreate in "*otium cum dignitate*" only; and certainly, think they, active, mirth-provoking leisure is not consistent with "dignified leisure." In this idea many parishes and priests agree, — poor men! — slaves to public opinion. But I am "*an advanced thinker*," and like "*mens sano in corpore sano;*" and think what is a healthy moral exercise any clergyman *may* indulge in; and what is not he nor any one else should *not* indulge in.

Myself, being one of the unfortunate profession, was in a dilemma in regard to exercise. I realized the fact that I must have exercise or in a short time my health would suffer. I used Indian clubs, and in many ways tried to find a genuine recreation and exercise, — something that would rest my mind, and give the body exercise at the same time. The clubs became monotonous, walking became monotonous, *study* became monotonous, and, in fact, life became monotonous. My health was becoming undermined. I was nervous, fretful, and Mondays — oh, horrors! blue is not a word to express the feeling — entirely exhausted; it seemed to me I did not have a friend in the world; could hardly think of the preparation required for the next Sunday; my head heavy and dull; could scarcely tell whether it ached or not. Just at this critical time came my bicycle, and, as if by magic, away went the spirits that had tormented me so long, and as their cloven feet and writhing tails disappeared in the dark past I was met by the laughing, beautiful faces of the spirits of health and cheerfulness. Even in my tumbles in learning to ride there was a pleasure, for it sent the blood dancing through my body from fingers' ends to tips of toes. When I became sufficiently expert to take trips into the country, what a delight it was to push up-hill and spin down; what excitement to put the drivers and horses behind, with only sufficient effort to make it refreshing exercise! Had I a fortune I would give it rather than be placed where I was in health when my wheel found me. Then, does the outlay repay me? I will not answer so foolish a question. I make parish calls on my wheel, thus uniting pleasure and business. Thanking you, my dear WHEELMAN, for your sympathizing attention, I will sign myself your well-wisher,

Rev'd.

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A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

I ı pretty Herter's village kirk
I did a pastor's holy work,
Yet in my breast the while did lurk
Foul treason.
With knotted cords I scourged my back,
I searched my heart, my brain did rack,
Yet for my sin could find, alack!
No reason.

My prayers I said, my sermons read,
I spoke the service o'er the dead,
Or christened babes in arms, or led
The singing;
Still, still within my breast did dwell
A clang and clangor vile as hell,
Aye, louder than the chapel bell,
Kept ringing.

"The kirk is damned, the place accursed,
Come out, O Devil, an' thou durst!
Out, out, I say, and do thy worst
In Herter."
Weird rang my challenge on the night,
It filled my coward soul with fright,
I mounted wheel, I took to flight—
Deserter!

Upon Mt. Andrew's moonlit crown,
Five miles away from Herter town,
I met the Devil riding down—
I started.
"Ne'er fear, ne'er fear, ride merrily,
I'll tend thy slumbering flock," said he,
And nodding, grinning, gibing me,
We parted.

"Now as I hope for lasting grace,
Thou'lt not usurp me of my place,
Unless thou ride the greater pace!"
I shouted.
I turned my wheel, I mounted high,
I urged my steed with tautened thigh,
Resolved to in the saddle die
Ere routed.

I saw the Devil grinning there,
My feet became a twinkling pair,
My whistling spokes cut clean the air
Asunder;
We darted by the mole's abode,
We startled bat and croaking toad,
The dead leaves rattled on the road
In wonder.

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I saw the trees revolving by,
A whirlwind cut each straining eye,
On, on we flew, the De'il and I,
To Herter.
With heated breath and throbbing heart,
With quivering nostrils wide apart,
Along the level road did dart
To Herter.

Whene'er our path by shade was hid,
My lagging pace the Devil chid,
With chuckling, mocking laughter did
Defy me.
His cloven hoofs the treadles trod,
With every tread he gained a rod,
I cried in agony: "O God,
Be nigh me!"

Out rang my little chapel bell,
The middle hour of night to tell,
The Devil faltered at the knell,
I spurted;
Tolled one, and two, and three, and four—
I gained, I passed, I reached the door—
He fled—I stood forevermore
Converted.

. . . . . .

"Awake! awake!" my good wife said,
"You've kicked me till I'm almost dead,
And nearly tumbled out of bed
A body;
I wish you'd do more riding, dear;
You get dyspepsia, love, I fear,
By spending every evening here
In study."

S. Conant Foster.

THE USES OF THE BICYCLE.

THE bicycle, like many another good thing, has been creeping into public favor with so much modesty that there are some people who, when they see what a hold it has gained, turn skeptical and say it is nothing but a toy, an invention of the devil to frighten horses, and run over children and helpless old people; and they console themselves with the thought it will soon be given up, like its forerunner, the velocipede. Fearing there are more skeptics—or enemies, if we must speak plainly—than friends to the bicycle, we shall endeavor with our friendly pen to defend that much-abused, yet useful, class of vehicle.

It is not our place, in writing of the *uses* of the bicycle, to enter into an exhaustive discussion of the differences between the old velocipede, which took this country by storm some twelve years ago, and as suddenly as a storm disappeared, and the bicycle of to-day, which has come to stay. Every one knows how the velocipede failed when put to the test of road-riding, and how soon it was thrown aside after a few trials. Why were they thrown aside? Simply because, when wanted for *use*, they were found useless. The papers, notably the *Scientific American*, all through the winter and early spring

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months, were vainly teeming with the great variety of uses the velocipede could be put to, and, as a consequence, every one expected great things of his machine; but, when a practical test was made, the fallacy of the statements was only too evident.

And now we turn to the bicycle. "Well, it's a new thing, too, and will soon drop out of existence like its predecessor." Will it? Are you sure it is a *new* thing? Let us see. Here is a letter from our English cousin, who tells us they have been enjoying and using the bicycle for ten years, and, instead of "dropping out of existence," it has fairly come in with a rush. Born ten years ago, there are now over 200,000 in the place of its birth. Surely there must be a cause for such a state of affairs! Let us try and find a cause.

Man is eminently a social being, and, left to himself, this love of social intercourse and love of high mental attainments has led him from the lowest stages of barbarity to the present stage of civilization, and it has almost, if not quite, all been accomplished by invention. He is given something to do, and he finds, after a while, it becomes mere drudgery, and he seeks a way out of his unpleasant position by making some division of nature to serve his wants, not only to do his allotted task, but to do it in less time. No one will deny that the present condition of our middle classes is superior in point of advantages to that of the royal families of a few centuries back; nor will they deny the fact that it has all been brought about by a saving of time, by the use of machinery; thereby allowing the individual time for reflection, study, and social intercourse. And in this very saving of time we have a key to the cause of the long stay of the bicycle.

True, the "wheel" may have been designed, and is largely used, for pleasure; but there is an undercurrent of sterling worth. Among the first to recognize its real value was the physician. One that has much practice, especially in and around small towns, always has to keep at least one horse, and a great many keep two or more. This horse must be capable of carrying its owner to its destination, it may be, in very quick time; but at the same time he must be gentle, — two requisites very difficult to find, and when found must be paid for accordingly. If he requires two, so much the more expense to be incurred, not only in first cost, but in continually feeding them. The physician saw other people passing him on their bicycles, and it occurred to him, if they could pass him, why could not he use the same mode of conveyance? Not only have they purchased machines and turned their horses out to grass, but they have made longer journeys in their professional rounds than they could have done in the same time with a horse. One physician writes he made ninety miles in one day just on professional visits, and that his usual gait is ten miles an hour, fifteen when pushed! What common horse can equal it? Very few young physicians, starting out for themselves, can well afford the constant drain on their purses of keeping a horse, and to them the bicycle offers not only a substitute, but one which, when mastered, — which is easily done, — he can depend on with greater certainty than he can his horse.

There is another class of persons whose business calls them here and there, and more especially is it so in America. I refer to those ministers of the Gospel who are commonly known as circuit riders. One minister often has as many as four churches, in as many different places, under his charge, and he is compelled to either walk or ride, as circumstances may be. That there would be no impropriety in using a bicycle to make these trips is amply shown by some of our leading ministers, both in England and America, who make their rounds on their favorite machines. Of course, the class above referred to may not be able to buy the more expensive machines, with ball bearings and "all the latest improvements" (?), but a good, substantial, easy-running machine can be had that will answer every purpose they may wish to use it for. It is only in racing and long-extended tours that any great difference is shown between the ball and the common bearing; in fact, some first-class English firms put parallel bearings on their best machines, unless otherwise ordered. It is so much cheaper, and, with that class that can be adjusted when worn, I see no reason why it should not be used. Another class of people quick to recognize the practical utility of the bicycle is found in the traveling commercial men — drummers, so called — who are constantly going over a regular route, month in and month out, at a cost, on an average, of five dollars per day for hotel bills, railroad, steamboat, and carriage fare. It is

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a good man, indeed, who will cost his firm less than four dollars per day for expenses. Now, there are a great many of the routes that are perfectly practicable for the bicycle for at least nine months out of every year, and as the traveling expenses are made up principally of transportation fees, a bicycle would pay for itself in less than three months, even if it be of the best grade of machine. Of course there are very few firms that will furnish these men with machines, and likely those firms that did care to furnish them would fail to have men in their employ who would care to ride; but there are very few firms that would not be glad to pay their men twelve or fourteen hundred dollars more every year and let them pay their own expenses; and the agent himself, it is needless to say, could make several hundred dollars more than by the other way; *i.e.*, a certain fixed salary and expenses paid. The experiment has been tried by two of the above class that I know of, and has proved highly satisfactory.

All drummers know how provoking it is to stop over at some little town, in which all the business he wants to do can be done in an hour, and then have to wait for the next train or boat that may happen along. Why, the saving in time alone, especially among our river towns, would pay for the machine in one season, not to say anything about having to get up at all times of the night to catch a boat or to leave one. When the practicability of the modern bicycle is better known, it will have its scope of usefulness greatly enlarged by our traveling salesmen.

To that class of business men who live at a distance from their office it offers special inducements. A great many live just outside the city limits, — some because it is cheaper, others because they prefer it; and, as a usual thing, it is too far to walk. In our larger cities the street-cars run out into all the suburbs and afford a cheap mode of transit, in fact, the cheapest usual method; but in the smaller places, good-sized towns, they have no such conveniences, and the person so situated must keep a horse, or a horse and buggy. Taking the former case first, we find that the usual class of men go to their work in the morning, lunch in town, and return in the evening. The customary fare for such distance is from ten to twenty cents a trip, or from twenty to forty cents daily, say an average of thirty cents, which in a year will amount to $93.60, only counting working-days. That amount would purchase a first-class machine, by which he could save not only money but time, and, as the old maxim has it, "Time is money," he would be saving money in another sense, to say nothing of the pleasure to be derived from it, and the increased capacity for business. Our merchants spend too much of their time indoors, and are being worn out before their time. A ride of from three to five miles every morning before going to work would instil new life into a person so situated; and, after the hours of business were over, how pleasant, instead of being jolted to death in a rickety old street-car, to mount the "silent wheel" and wend his way, not wearily, but gayly, home. We should not hear so much complaint about pains between the shoulders, or in the chest, and headache would be a memory only. Arouse, ye money-makers! Throw your false dignity to the dogs; buy a bicycle, and be happy! It is all nonsense about bicycle-riding being undignified; you do not have to wear knee-pants and a brimless cap; wear the clothes you have on, with, perhaps, a rubber band around the bottoms of your pantaloons to prevent them catching, as they do on some makes of machines. I hold as dignified a position as any one, a place where I have set an example for others, and it has never even been hinted by any one that I was undignified. And now that I have mentioned my own riding, I shall give a little of my own experience. Last February my physician told me if I did not go out-doors and take more open-air exercise he would not answer for the consequences. It was too muddy, wet, and cold at the time to take my bicycle out; but in less than a week, after trying walking for that period, the weather cleared up enough for me to ride; and it was not a month before I was all right again. Just for health's sake alone, its weight in gold would not buy my machine, if I could not get another. I have tried other forms of exercise, but never found anything I would adhere to for any length of time; and I find the more I ride the more I want to. Pardon this personal digression; but I want to give my sedentary brethren an example which I can vouch for. Most business men really belong to the sedentary class, and to them I speak also.

The student going to the city to attend lectures will find it to his advantage to board outside the city; he will find a cheaper, quieter, healthier place than he can find in the city; and he owes it to him-

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self to take to the country when he can. He can study better, both because it is quieter and because he has not the ever-present temptation of the party, the theatre, or some worse place of amusement, to allure him from his books. To him I would say, get a bicycle; I know of such cases, and happier students you never did see. In some cases the circumstances are just reversed: the school is in the country and the students in the neighboring city and towns. These scholars usually come to school on horseback in the morning, keep the horse there all day, feed him at noon, and return in the evening. Thus his parents, and every one else for that matter, lose the use of the horse all during that time. A bicycle could well be used here, both to the profit of the parents and the pleasure of the rider. Since writing the above a young gentleman rode twenty-five miles on a borrowed machine to purchase my bicycle, for the above purpose. He had to have either a horse or a bicycle, and his father gave him his choice; he chose the bicycle. In this particular case he will save his father the price of the machine the first year, because a severe drought has visited this part of the country, and corn and other feed is scarce and high, so that it will take at least eighty dollars to carry a horse through the coming winter. That this is not an isolated case I am firmly convinced, because the uses to which a bicycle can be put are being more and more recognized every day. The ministers, doctors, etc., and elderly men would use bicycles more if it were not for their absurd fear of the consequences, and the best proof I know of is the increased use of the tricycle by this class of men. They recognize the practical utility of the bicycle, but they have not the necessary confidence in themselves; consequently, when they find a machine that nearly answers every purpose of the bicycle, they purchase and ride it without fear. I say it answers nearly every purpose. In making this reservation I have two other uses for the bicycle in my mind, which the tricycle could not successfully compete with: racing and riding on bad roads. Racing I shall speak of later; the bad roads I refer to are those which have so little travel upon them that there are only two, sometimes scarcely one, smooth track to be found. Now, an ordinarily good rider can take a bicycle safely along such a road; but a tricycle would have two and maybe three tracks to follow. Of course, riding would be rather discouraging under the circumstances, when, on a bicycle, it could be made a pleasure, even on single-track roads.

Every industry, every sport, everything, has certain stages of growth to pass through, and bicycling is no exception. Hence, our English brethren, who are older in the cause than we are, have reached a higher state of development. The particular instance I now have in mind relates to touring. No man, no matter what his occupation, but wants a vacation, — a relief from the almost ceaseless round of business; even the man of leisure desires a change. A great many follow the custom of traveling by the same old means, the dirty train or the slow steamboat; in any case they are all after the same end: a change of scene, a relief from the cares of a busy life, for even a few days. Our English cousins were quick to appreciate the advantages offered by the bicycle, for touring purposes, and now they have a regular Bicycle Touring Club, with a membership of several thousand. Thousands of tours, from one hundred to fifteen hundred miles in length, are taken every year in England and on the Continent. A trip of a hundred miles is made without baggage, so simple a matter is it; and for the most extended trips very little is required. When parties do not care to take a great deal of baggage along, they usually have it forwarded to some point on their route. But an "M. I. P." will hold all that is necessary for a tour, and you have the advantage of having it along with you. One reason touring has taken such a hold in England is the condition of the roads. The whole island is crossed by a net-work of the finest roads in the world, and a large percentage of them are almost without any hills worth speaking of. Of course, under such conditions, it is no wonder that the wheel came into such universal use. But the good roads do not have a monopoly of the tourist by bicycle; the good roads are usually bordered by scenery with too much of a sameness to be interesting to the rider for any great length of time, especially when he is out to see; consequently the mountain roads, of good surface, are largely patronized. Germany, France, Italy, and even mountainous little Switzerland, has its annual share of tourists on the "wheel." Speed is no object on a trip of this kind; so the hilly nature of the roads makes very little difference; the better surface, of course, the more enjoyable the ride, but there are very few roads on which a man

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cannot find enough good surface for his bicycle. What if you do have to walk occasionally? A change of motion will relieve the monotony, if there can possibly be any in bicycle riding; I have never found it yet, if there is.

A person who has not ridden a month could make thirty-five or forty miles a day, and keep it up for a week or two at a time without being inconvenienced in the least; but it is very few riders, indeed, that do not average fifty miles a day on even long trips, and have time to see and be seen. Trips have been made in which an average of over *ninety* miles a day has been kept up for fifteen hundred miles. This merely shows what can be done. In America touring has not reached the proportions it has assumed in England, but it is increasing every season, nay, every day, nearly. One of the best evidences of the usefulness of the bicycle is the fact that their sale is constantly increasing in spite of the high price; the average price of all the bicycles sold in this country is, very likely, one hundred dollars, and there are very few people willing to spend that much money for a thing that is of no use. The bicycle is not confined to the wealthy classes entirely; the workingman, in England, uses it to go to and from his work. Competition there has produced a class of bicycles to suit the purse of people in very moderate circumstances; in fact, day-laborers. They do not need all the modern refinements in regard to bearings, etc., because they have plenty of strength, short distances to go, and speed is no object. A good plain machine can be had for forty dollars, and even cheaper; and hence a great number of people can afford them, if only to save car-fare. Tourists make their bicycles serve another purpose besides simply carrying them, *i.e.*, as a distance register. By attaching a good cyclometer, or revolution counter, to the axle of the front wheel, the distance between any two points can easily and correctly be ascertained by simply riding over the road. I venture to assert that more information has been given the public in regard to roads since bicycle touring began than in the same time at any other period. One not only measures the distance traveled, for his own information, but he takes a note of the surface, and of the surrounding country, and usually publishes it in one of the journals devoted to bicycling, so that his brother wheelmen may know what, they have to expect if they take certain roads. Any one knows, from personal experience, that he cannot depend on the natives of a section of country for reliable information in regard to the condition of the roads and the distance from place to place. And those of you that have the good fortune to live on first-class roads, with milestones to give reliable data, must not think it strange of those less fortunately situated who consider the bicycle a first-class directory in regard to roads he may have ridden over. It teaches a man to observe where he is, and if he has already cultivated that habit, it improves it wonderfully. Persons may ride over a road in a buggy or on horseback for a year, and not be able to give as reliable information in regard to it as a bicycler who has ridden over it but a month, or even a week.

In bringing this article to a close I cannot treat, perhaps, of a more popular branch, if I except touring, than racing. No one will deny that one of the uses of a horse is his racing; so with a bicycle. True, racing is not such a practical every-day use to which it may be put as some other things mentioned, yet it serves a very useful purpose. First, then, it does the individual good. If he races he must train, and the training is just what a large number of our young men need. They are too prone to irregular habits and *over-eating;* more men are sent to an early grave by intemperance in their diet than by intemperance in their drinks. No man need expect to win a race worth winning without previous training; and if it is kept up long enough, by several races in a season, he may form habits in regard to his general welfare that shall ever afterward be a source of pleasure to him. But physical benefit is not the only good developed by racing. Few indeed are the men who ever entered a race without finding they had found a friend or two who was interested in his success; it generally brings him before his companions in a new light, and from this an intimacy may spring up that will develop new social traits in him, before unseen, or unnoticed. In fact, the social influence of the bicycle is no small item; it brings men together from different sections, harmonizing their differences, and increasing their pleasures.

In conclusion, let me say, if you are a minister of the Gospel, buy a bicycle; it will do you good, and do your congregation good, for you will be able to preach better sermons.

If you are a lawyer, buy a bicycle; your briefs will be clearer, and your

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breath will last longer in a long argument.

If you are a merchant, buy a bicycle; you need the fresh air, and you want the stoop out of your shoulders.

If you are a man of leisure, buy a bicycle; it will invigorate your system and give you a new idea of what life is.

If you are a student, buy a bicycle; it is the best exercise you can take.

If you are a teacher, buy a bicycle, for you can the better do your work.

In a word, there is scarcely any class of men but can use a bicycle with both pleasure and profit.

Major.

LOVE ON WHEELS.

HAL MOREHOUSE read law with Judge Bent the first year after he graduated at the University, and, as he was a good deal worn out with hard study, he bought a bicycle, and united business with pleasure, as he collected bills for the Judge, and explored the suburbs of Ridgeville. The old lawyer was a little slack in collecting his dues, and people sometimes imposed on his kindness. Hal proved exceedingly successful in this business, and had many quaint views of human nature.

One day he went over to the "Butternuts," five miles away, to see Timothy Crane, an eccentric old fellow, well-to-do,



UNCLE TIMOTHY.

but shiftless in spots, and never paying his debts until compelled to. He lived in a one-story house, well spread out on the ground, with two immense butternut trees in front shading the whole building. The yard was filled with old truck, and a brindle dog, with a hoarse voice, was particularly exasperated with the wheel. He dived at it, expecting, evidently, to annihilate it at once. As it struck him sharply in the side, he retreated, his back ruffled up, and blood in his eye. "What infernal thing is that?" asked Uncle Timothy. "Oh, that is a bicycle," replied Hal. "A *what?*" — "A bicycle." — "Land o' Jacob! I should think it was a cart-wheel with the jim-jams." Uncle Timothy had had the snakes in his boots when a younger man, and knew something about it. "Have you ever been to a circus?" asked Crane, solemnly. "Oh, yes; when I was a boy I ran away from school to see Barnum. But the dominie had an interview with me afterward," added Hal, smiling. "Strapped ye, did he?" insinuated Timothy. "But I mean, did ye ever perform in the ring?" — "Oh, no." — "How, in all natur', then, can you perch on that whizzing thing and not crack your top-knot?" — "Easy enough, Timothy; as easy as for you to pay your debts." And then the bill was presented and paid. Hal felt quite elated over this, for it usually required a good many calls for Uncle Timothy to honor a dun. It got to be a remark about, that when the dominie's son was seen prancing along on that critter, Judge Bent's debtors might as well face the music, for that university chap would get the best of them some way.

But it was wonderful how Hal's health improved that year. He grew stout, and had quite an English look. The dull headaches disappeared, and he said it had done him more good than the tour abroad which he had contemplated could have done, and at little expense. He slept sounder, had a healthy appetite, and was able to do a good amount of study.

Judge Bent had a niece who lived in Albany, and she often visited the family. Hal had become well acquainted with her.

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It doesn't take long in these days for young people to know each other. We old fellows are a little startled at the ease with which the preliminaries are settled. Katie Knox was an American girl in every fibre of her being, — a downright, straightforward, common-sense girl. There was no nonsense about her. She looked you in the eye when you spoke to her, and her replies were pat and sprightly. And, strange enough, she was a beauty, — an exquisitely finished woman, such as the old masters sometimes put on their canvas: a trifle stout and above the medium height; a clear complexion; a perfect blond, and hair which was phenomenal in its beauty, — spun gold; sunlight woven into tresses; russet hues shot with amber; why attempt to describe it? — it was a crown of glory. How bewitching she looked in her purple drapery, as she came into Mrs. Judge Bent's elegant dining-room that night, and greeted Hal! She had come for the month of August, and brought her tricycle with her.

Hal had a great deal of business about the country, considering how hot it was, and the month of August. Katie usually went with him, for they were fast friends, not lovers, but comrades, with no silliness about it. Why cannot young men and women be friends without some one making eyes at them? What delightful tours they had about the old town, and the neighboring villages! Mrs. Bent said Hal seemed very much devoted to his business, with a sly twinkle in her eye; and he certainly did collect a good many bad debts, that the Judge considered not worth the paper they were written on. But what talks they had on philosophy, art, and life! The world was reconstructed, and ideal men and women lived in it. Katie was quite a wit, and she loved to touch the ludicrous side of a subject. Her sarcasm was occasionally a trifle sharp. Hal, man-like, would lose his temper for the moment; and then they would both laugh at the absurdity of the situation.

Huldah told Hal that summer she thought he was taking a broad view of his profession: "Studying the law of love, and love as a law; it might be fun for him and Katie Knox, but it was death to Judge Bent's debtors." However we were all interested in the progress of this summer idyl, and were not a little anxious that it should turn out happily. But what rides they had before breakfast along those smooth New England roads, shaded by noble trees, the dew on the fields, the birds singing in the shrubbery along the road-s. and sailing across the meadows in reckless ecstasy! How the river laughed at them, dimpling into ripples, while the great elms threw graceful shadows on the green sward beneath! And then in the late afternoons they found exhilarating pleasure in spinning along the valley road, steadily ascending until they reached Ward Hill, and saw the village beneath them, the houses clustering together like sheep a-field; the turnpike, a line of white, threading its way between; the church-spires cutting the air with their graceful lines, and catching the golden dust of the sunlight as the dusk came on. Often the darkness would gather before they returned, and the night, sifting its shadows about them, spread above them a canopy of stars; sometimes a stray creature by the road-side who had escaped the barnyard, and was feeding, would start suddenly at the strange apparition, and bound wildly away, and the smaller dogs felt it their duty to bark, when they were not able to see what the moving objects were.

They passed country places as the shadows gathered about them, so that they took on a weird, uncanny look. The men were just bringing in the milk, and the lights twinkled here and there. How beautiful the landscape appeared those August nights, the darkness below, and above, the white light of stars!

And then to sit down to Mrs. Judge Bent's elegant tea, with its berries and cream; the frosted silver relieved by the exquisite napery. How the gray-bearded



THOSE EVENINGS OF SONG.

Judge beamed on the young people; and Katie sparkled with her fine humor; and

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after that the evenings of song! Katie Knox had an exceptional voice, and Hal was a fine tenor. Their voices blended as one, with a pathetic undertone that caused the people on the street to pause and listen.

One afternoon they started out to visit the "Hermit," ten miles away, who lived near "Ervingside," on a wooded bluff. There was a natural cave there, and he was a curious old fellow, with patriarchal beard and flowing hair. One usually found him knitting. It was a place where a great many people visited. The road led along the river, and it was a delightful region. Katie was unusually brilliant; the day was cool, and the sky bent over them in illimitable blue. What an electric influence there was in the air! They seemed to have wings as they sped over the ground, like Mercury of old. How gracious are the dews of youth! What benedictions lie at the threshold of life!

They had hardly proceeded five miles through that far-famed valley, made memorable by Indian wars and massacres; the smiling farm-houses hiding behind the great trees; the broad fields rejoicing in abundant harvests; the streets of the old town, wide, and bordered by stately elms,—when a low rumble was heard in the west, and they saw, unnoticed by them before, a shower was gathering. Hal had a friend living a mile or two beyond, and they hoped to reach his house. They increased their speed. How the artillery of the heavens thundered about them! The squadrons of clouds first changed to slate, fringed with black, and then grew darker still, as they rolled and tumbled, while the line of storm extended, and pressed on like mad horses in flight. The eastern horizon was still blue; but the west seemed to be the fiery crater of subterranean fires, and the black smoke filled the heavens. How the spaces seemed to tremble with the diapason of the storm, rolling through the hills as if the gods were engaged in close battle for mastery, and were dislodging the very pillars of the skies!



THE FLIGHT FROM THE STORM.

The storm was upon them; the first drops pattered down, only the outriders of a tempest, and they sought shelter at a farm-

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house near at hand. It was one of those houses of which this valley has many, — a real home; it had been standing a hundred and fifty years; a gambrel roof, the rear extending to within six or seven feet of the ground, having about it that antique air as if it had grown up with the country. They were ushered into the great kitchen, with its polished floor; here was a fireplace, with coals smouldering between the andirons, that looked as if they were at least a century old. An aged man sat in his arm-chair, as quaint a picture as anything about the house; he was the grandfather, past ninety, in his second childhood, but fresh and hearty for his age. The people were all away except the maid, and Hal and Katie had the kitchen to themselves. The old man dozed away undisturbed by the storm without, or their low voices. No doubt he had his romance; more than sixty years ago he had brought his blushing bride to this home; but she and many of the children were dust under this summer storm. Could it be that he was ever young, and bent in courtly grace over some fair girl? There was an old secretary of mahogany standing in one corner of the great kitchen, bound in brass. How substantial and antique it looked! No doubt it had a history, like the old man before them. How the tempest raged outside! The wind howled about the house like spirits in chains, rattled the blinds, and hurled the rain against the small panes.

Hal rejoiced in the storm. They two were together. Why not always? Katie seemed strangely silent; did he dare trust his fate to those laughing lips, that could cut so keenly with sarcasm? Hal said afterwards he felt that moment as he did when he made his first appearance at rhetoricals at college. He had an inclination to bolt out of the room into the teeth of the storm. The old man stirred a little, and smiled in his sleep. "Katie, I wish this would last forever." — "What, the storm? We would need an ark. Could you be Noah?" she asked mischievously. "Yes, if you would be Mrs. Noah." And then they laughed so loudly that the old man woke up; but he soon dropped off again into dreams of the past; *their* dreams were in the fulfilment. "Katie, shall I get on my knees, like a knight of the Round Table?" A heavy crash of thunder fell at the moment. "Do you feel like that wicked man in Illinois who never prayed? Caught in a storm where thunder and darkness predominated, he fell on his knees with the cry, 'O Lord! if it's all the same to ye, give us a little less thunder and a little more lightning, and give it quick.'"

It was very dark, and they could hardly see each other. Hal came nearer. "Katie, I've lost all my fine sentiments; do you love me?" — "'A berry little,' as my baby brother says," she replied, laughing; and then the darkness deepened, for it was a severe storm, and the old man certainly was too blind, if not too sleepy, to distinguish which was which. The blond hair was very near the brown; henceforth the tenor and the air would blend together.

. . . . .

The tempest was past and the sun came out; all the world shone in its doublet of pearls; it was so late they must give up the hermit to-day, and so they turned their faces homeward. How the birds sang along the hedges, flying high in air and perching on the walls, eying them with curiosity, and then sailing away as if they had some good news to report! Their hearts were singing a roundelay as they rode through the sweet air, washed clean of poison; the enchanted dream of youth weaved its sunny lines about a *home*, and, like Adam and Eve of old, they moved through a garden of delight.

At tea Mrs. Bent inquired if they enjoyed their ride. Katie was going home in another week. "Yes," they both said, and then laughed at their unexplained earnestness. Judge Bent looked at them over his glasses a moment. "My dear," turning to Katie, "you have begun a longer journey; my blessing on you both;" and the Judge's voice trembled a little as he looked over to his good wife, who had been his companion for forty years.

Huldah declared at the wedding, a year afterward, that she still had hopes. She was on the anxious seat. The bicycle had married Hal, and perhaps a tricycle would do as much for her.

"*A Country Parson.*"

Author of "The Dominie's Colleague," "A Race for Life," and "Memories of the Manse."

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TOMMY TINKER.

It was at an evening party, and the bicycle happened to become the subject of discussion. Many of the ladies expressed their delight at the handsome costumes and graceful riding of our wheelmen, and one, in her enthusiasm, compared them to the knights of old.

"Knights!" sneered Miss Clara Leffinger; "they are about as near my ideal of a knight as the man in the moon. A knight was one who protected the weak, and performed deeds of valor in their defence, and not a lazy lout, riding about for his own amusement, frightening horses, and getting in everybody's way."

"You are right in your description of a knight, Miss Leffinger," I ventured to interpose; "but permit me to suggest that you hardly do justice to bicyclists as a class. All true knights were gentlemen, and all true gentlemen possess the old chivalric spirit towards the weak and unprotected; and I am quite sure you might look far before you would find a class of men who are more gentlemanly, and, therefore, more knightly, than the riders of the bicycle."

"Of course you are welcome to your opinion," replied Miss Leffinger, who stood somewhat in awe of me; "but mine is quite the reverse."

No hope for Tommy Tinker, I sighed, as I rode leisurely home through the pleasant moonlight. Tommy was a dear friend of mine; true he was much younger, — I being a married man with a family, and he a youth not yet through his studies, — but our bicycling propensities had thrown us much together, and thus our previous acquaintance had ripened into a strong attachment; but Tommy had been smitten, and even the all-potent wheel had no power to charm away his melancholy. Miss Clara for some reason did not respond to this affection, and seemed to take especial delight in snubbing the subject of her conquest. I had my own theory as to the stand-point from which she looked at the affair: she was inclined to be romantic; and romance was just what was wanting in Tommy. He was a plain, plodding youth, and had no suggestion of a knight about him either in appearance or manner. The spirit of a knight I felt sure was there; perhaps Miss Clara might be pardoned for doubting it.

If I recollect rightly, it was only about a week after this that Tommy and I were returning from a long ride. Coming over the Burnt-bridge cross-road, we had to dismount and walk up a sharp ascent, at the top of which we came out on to the Gopher turnpike. I was some little distance ahead of my friend, and was about to wait for him, when a horse and buggy tore down the turnpike at headlong speed. I did not see who was in the buggy, but I knew it was a runaway, and, hastily pushing on to the top of the hill, I mounted and rode after them as fast as I could. I believed I was gaining slightly, when the thought occurred to me, what good could I do if I overtook them? I had half a mind to give up the race; but at that instant a woman's face appeared over the buggy-top, which was partly down, and looked back along the road. I shouted encouragingly, and pressed on at my utmost speed, the question of the moment before being utterly forgotten in my intense anxiety to render assistance.

I suppose I must have been within twenty rods or less of the buggy when a shadow flitted past me; I know of no more appropriate phrase to describe the way that Tommy's wheel whirled by. I sang out, "Go it, Tommy! It's a woman." And go it he certainly did; he was within a rod or two of the buggy, and I followed after as fast as possible, when, O horrors! we found ourselves upon the brow of the hill. It is the hill *par excellence* of this part of the country, descending two hundred feet in half a mile, and rough and stony to boot. It requires extreme caution to get safely to the bottom; to rush down at the speed we were going would be fraught with peril to the buggy; but the buggy would stand ten chances of getting down whole to the bicycle's one. Instinctively I began to hold up; it were utter madness to chase the runaway down such a grade. Will Tommy, too, give it over? Good gracious! Is it possible? He is flying down legs over the handles, and right behind the buggy! He is almost on to the thing! Why don't he take the side? Is the fellow mad? The next moment the collision which I dreaded occurred, and the machine went down, a battered, broken mass, in the highway; but not the rider.

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Oh, bless you, no! Seizing the buggy-top as his wheel struck, a light spring landed him on the seat, where he at once addressed himself to the mastery of the fractious horse. When I reached the bottom of the hill (which, by the way, in my excitement I descended, as I hope never to do again) I found Tommy holding the head of the conquered brute, and Miss Clara Leffinger standing beside him, trembling somewhat from the effects of her scare, but not looking quite so displeased as she consistently ought, at the fact that her horse took fright at a unicycle (popularly known as a wheelbarrow), and that it was a bicycle which came to her rescue.

The busybodies of our neighborhood have even circulated the story that she has consented to marry Tommy Tinker; but this I believe to be a mere fabrication, for when I attempted to rally Tommy on his double conquest, he coolly informed me that he did not know who was in the buggy until he alighted inside of it; from which I infer that had he known he would not have budged an inch to her rescue. Besides, it is altogether too absurd to suppose that Miss Clara would forego her mediæval knight, and take up with plain, unromantic, and unheroic Tommy Tinker.

"*Retrop.*"

THE MINISTER — MENTAL AND MUSCULAR.[1]

A PLEA FOR PEACE — THE BICYCLE — HOW TO RIDE — MINISTERIAL DIGNITY — PLEASURABLE EXERCISE — A NERVINE — HO FOR A RIDE!

"Body and soul, like peevish man and wife.
United jar and yet are loth to part."

To keep this kind of family jars or divorce out of the ranks of the brotherhood as much as lieth in me, I ask the attention of my ministerial brethren, and especially of those who, like myself, are fighting the battles of God and humanity in the cities of our land. To be brawny and broad-shouldered mentally, one should seek to be the same physically. One does not imply the other, from whichever end you argue; but the man who is fully developed muscularly will be the better started for a long struggle, and vigorous blows mentally and spiritually. Health of body is a duty, and has much to do with morals and religion. Feeling the necessity of some kind of exercise, we have tried dumb-bells, rowing, croquet, carriage and horseback riding, gardening, wood-sawing, and the many devices opened by the gymnasium, and for the last few months the bicycle. The last is now conceded to be the best of all, and henceforth wears the crown of excellence. For an overtaxed brain and overworked body there is nothing more desirable than out-door exercise, and this is nowhere so well supplied as on the back of this wiry steed.

The riding-whip of the pioneer Bishop of America, Rev. Francis Asbury, lies in honored state, as an object of special interest, in the rooms of the Historical Society in Boston. He and his co-laborers threaded the roads and paths of New England and the Middle States mounted on orderly steeds, which were essential to every Methodist minister's outfit in the earlier days of our large circuit system. The saddle-bags, the horse, and the riding-whip, have long since been remanded to the shades of things outgrown, and no substitute came to give the same healthy exercise to earnest toilers in pulpit and study, the sick-room and narrow alleys, or for men confined to sedentary life by professional or business engagements, until the bicycle rolled forth from some inventive brain, to bless this class of workers. Then a horse and carriage all in one, ready harnessed at its owner's call, stood ready at any moment to whirl itself away any distance at almost any speed.

There is nothing which gives the same amount of exercise to the body and change to the mind as this new invention. To manage it well the rider must be continually on the alert for surprises, and ever ready with quick judgment and prompt action to meet the new demand. Every muscle of the body is brought into play. Some of my friends have said, "I can readily understand how it may develop the muscles of the lower limbs, but can-

[1] This article, originally published in *The Christian at Work*, won for its writer the first of the prizes offered by the Pope Manufacturing Company for the best paper upon the bicycle for the use of ministers.

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not see how it furnishes any exercise for the upper part of the body." Now, there is nothing with which I am familiar, horseback riding not excepted (and I am an old Army of the Potomac cavalryman), in which there is so nearly an even distribution of effort to the entire body as is supplied by a ride on the bicycle.

In riding safely and gracefully one must retain an upright posture, and, in the effort to keep his balance, the chest is expanded, and all the muscles of the body are drawn upon. Once mounted you grasp firmly the reins or handles of the steed, and while pushing vigorously with the feet, you find yourself drawing hard upon the handles, thus bringing into requisition the muscles of the fingers, hands, wrists, arms, chest, and legs. My experience confirms the statement I have often heard made by bicyclists, that fatigue was first felt in the arms and wrists. The eye keenly scans the road-bed over which you are flying, on sharp lookout for any loose rocks, deep sand, mud, or ruts which must be avoided. Bracing winds fan you as you go spinning along the levels or coasting down the hills; quick action; swift motion; thoughts free from books, and all fretting cares left behind, for you cannot think of anything else now but your ride, which demands all your attention, and is the absorbing business of the hour, with invigorating air and ever-changing scenery, you are thrilled by the constant exhilaration of body and mind. Returning home after an eight or ten mile run, the whole body aglow, blood bounding through every vein, hungry as a hound returning from the chase, and with a sense of having experienced the delight of flying as nearly as that may be realized by men without wings, you feel re-created indeed, and ready to "run through a troop" of difficulties, and leap over any obstructing walls.

The bicycle is not a toy or a boy's plaything. A large proportion of its riders are grown men, and many of them heads of families engaged in business and professional life. There is nothing "common or unclean" about it. Its cost, delicacy, grace, and beauty must prevent it from ever becoming vulgar. It is a gentleman's fancy, and, when once mastered, can be used with as much grace and ease as the ordinary saddle-horse; and ministerial dignity stands in no greater peril of compromise than it does by horseback riding. It has become such a common vehicle on the roads about Boston as to no longer excite any more remark than would greet the appearance of any other handsome turnout. Besides affording the most exciting and pleasurable exercise, it is being used by many of my ministerial friends in this locality in much of their pastoral work. From its back the pastor can enter the sick room of the most sensitive patient, without the smell of the stable upon his garments, and free from any of the anxieties which are apt to distract the mind, when a restive horse stands for an hour, in fly-time, jerking at his reins and impatient at the delay of his lingering master. If an exchange is to be made with a brother at a distance, and a Sunday ride becomes a necessity, there is no violence to be done the conscience by taking a public conveyance, but quietly gliding into the saddle of a noiseless steed, you go spinning away in graceful style to the distant church; and when there no heated horse is to be groomed or blanketed, but pushing your slim steed into a woodshed or unused room, all care is dismissed from the mind, for he needs neither grain nor water, and will await silently the movements and pleasure of his owner.

I know a gentleman who, as professor in one of our best universities, was rapidly breaking down through overwork and nervous prostration. He has not been able to sleep more than two hours consecutively in the twenty-four for the last three years. He has been using the bicycle about four months, and is now able to sleep soundly all the night through, and eat as heartily as at any time in his life.

I have another friend who is the working editor of one of our largest church papers, who was almost broken down when he took to the bicycle, a few years ago, who now does most heroic work all the year round, sleeps sound, eats heartily, and has renewed his youth, as his active, lithe step and vigorous articles testify. He wheeled himself up the hill again to perfect health. We have a large number of clergymen in this vicinity who are realizing the great benefit of this modern Centaur invigorator, and the number is rapidly increasing.

S. L. Gracey.

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TRICYCLING.

A NEW and higher tide than wheelmen have known before is setting strongly in, and all will be interested in reviewing the points claimed for the three-wheeler.

First, note that the tricycle is a *new* thing. Many confuse it with the invalid chairs and children's velocipedes with three wheels, not recognizing the perfection attained in the last few months. All the vast experience and many experiments of fifteen years with the bicycle have been utilized for the new tricycle. The perfection of materials, patterns of wheels, etc., have made it possible, in a few months, to perfect a tricycle, which, without the bicycling experience, would have required, at least, as many years. In fact, we find that this season two hundred different styles of tricycles are being made in England alone, and quite a portion of the factories are behind in orders. A prominent English bicycle-maker said that they were outdone by the new tricycle industry, and that its great popularity was only in its infancy. Ladies, elderly gentlemen, and the great class of those who, from physical disqualification, timidity, or other causes, are shut out from the bicycle, are rapidly becoming riders of the new three-wheeler. The prophecy was made that the future would give the tricycle the same relative position to the bicycle that light pleasure carriages have to the saddle. Certainly no one at all familiar with the marvelous English record for the year can doubt that a wonderfully rapid introduction of the tricycle is commenced in America. For all this, there must be some good reasons, of interest to all wheelmen.

Premising that it is the perfected machine of which we speak, and that many of its advantages will not be found in machines still made and advertised as desirable, we note the points over the popular two-wheeler, which, from its lightness, and from the fact that it can pick its way where the two or three track tricycle could not, and even on account of the danger, so fascinating to many, will always hold a place among classes to which it is adapted.

The tricycle stands alone. It needs no strings, supports, or stands to lean against. In use, the firm seat, with the centre of gravity so low, is priceless. One may cross his legs, read his paper, or carry his umbrella, lunch, and a book, and enjoy all in his seat. Going to many places, his machine at rest is the much-needed seat, with foot-rests. It is hard to overestimate this advantage, which holds good on a slope, by simply turning the steering wheel.

The tricycle is ridden in ordinary dress. It is very often inconvenient to be dressed in the costume made necessary by the bicycle. Knee-breeches and long stockings are not needed in the tricycle.

It is perfectly adapted to the use of ladies, who are more and more taking it up as the equal in every way of horseback riding, without its expenses, danger, and inconvenience.

The shape and strength allows any needed baggage to be carried readily. Extra clothes, books, samples for commercial travelers, etc., etc., up to one hundred pounds, are practicable, and many tricycles are fitted with an extra seat, on which a child, or even an adult, is carried.

People with one arm, or disqualified in various ways for the bicycle, may use the tricycle with pleasure and safety. Indeed, I have in mind a case where an old bicycle rider broke his arm from a fall, and while carrying it in a sling used a tricycle. The result was his conversion to the newer machine, and abandonment of the bicycle.

The tricycle admits of any seat, with or without back, that the rider prefers, and many have two or more seats, which are attached in a minute's time, to suit the trip or rider.

The jar, which in the bicycle is nearly all borne by the large wheel, so that the rider is raised on each stone or rut taken, is, in the tricycle, distributed evenly over the three wheels, saving both machine and rider. Besides this great difference, the tricycle allows of larger and easier springs. Riding closely behind bicycle and tricycle riders, the difference in the jar borne by the body is very marked.

The tricycle brake may be used, and will stop the machine on the steepest hills, while the feet on the rests makes it as safe as to stop in a carriage. All bicycle riders know that the brake cannot be applied while coasting down hill without great danger. But the tricycle rider can coast wherever there is a slope, and I find that in many excursions I run with feet in rests

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nearly a third of the whole distance, and so am fresh to drive up grades and on the levels. The tricycle can run on less and greater grades than the bicycle, which must have a certain amount of speed to maintain its perpendicular easily. This advantage grows in importance as one rides, more with bicyclists. If a tricycle runs into sand, it is simply slowed up; but the bicycle takes a jump, or, mayhap, gives its rider a header. My favorite coast is a half-mile hill, with a railway crossing at the foot. I can stop in ten to twenty feet, when under high speed; but my bicycle friends do not try it, for fear that an express train may catch them. Only an experienced rider can appreciate this great advantage.

Another point in favor of the tricycle is that the disagreeable, ridiculous, and often dangerous experiences of learning the bicycle are all escaped; not that a tricycle requires no learning, for after a month one is apt to ride with less than half the effort at first required, but this all comes from actual experience. A new rider may, however, with perfect safety, go at once on the road. The bicycle rider who learned on his own machine is apt to want a new one soon after.

As a result of these points, and really the chief consideration, — is the *safety*. Many bicycle riders express a wish for a tricycle for night-riding and bad roads. In fact, I have known a tricycle rider of only two weeks' standing to pilot through a dark ride, up and down hill, one of the oldest bicyclists, who at once recognized the safety of the tricycle in any emergency. The steering allows of running at full speed, with an inch or two margin, and the brake (if a proper one) allows the most sudden stops. It has the same elements of danger as an ordinary light carriage, without those connected with the horse, which causes nine-tenths of all our carriage accidents. The carriage or the tricycle alike may be run into or may break down; but, usually, the trouble is that the horse falls, runs, rears, backs, kicks, and breaks the carriage. This never happens to the tricycle rider. I speak advisedly in saying that the best kind of tricycle, as now made, is vastly safer for any sensible man or woman than a horse and carriage.

Well, how about the other side? The devoted bicyclist says the tricycle is heavier, wider, has an extra wheel, and so more friction, costs more, and is not so graceful nor so fast. True and inevitable, except that we should not admit the greater grace, which excels only as tight-rope walking excels dancing. An element of danger lends a certain charm, but there is ample room for grace in the tricycle. As to friction, remembering that there is less weight to each wheel, and that the best ball-bearings nearly annihilate friction, we can grant a slight advantage. The extra width is often an inconvenience in storage in small quarters, so that many folding or telescope machines are made, which will go through the narrowest door-way. Still, most good judges prefer to find stable-room rather than adopt these devices.

Regarding speed, the bicycle is, of course, a little faster. The best evidence I can find shows that the tricycle makes about ten miles an hour under circumstances that would allow twelve miles on the bicycle. But in runs, picnics, etc., the comfort and safety of the tricycle, and the entire freedom from the trouble of balancing, which is the constant care of the bicycle rider, fully compensates for the slight extra weight, width, and friction. As to the cost, we think the advantages ten to one greater.

Old riders of both bicycle and tricycle tell me that the effort required is equal, but that the bicycle gets over more ground. It is common for a bicycle rider of several years' experience, whose machine has become almost a part of himself, to get on a tricycle and ride from five minutes to five hours, and after that to pass judgment "from experience." Of course, such an estimate must be taken with a great deal of salt. *E.g.*, an old bicycle rider had a tricycle at his house, which he rode several times. He explained to me the merits with great enthusiasm, but warned me not to hope to mount certain hills which had been climbed on a bicycle, and demonstrated to his entire satisfaction the impossibility of so doing.

A month later he told me that he had found on later trials, after getting more familiar with the tricycle, that he had climbed hills which he never could have mastered with his bicycle. I do not propose to mention names of machines, and so may I more freely say that I have tried no small number of tricycles which do not have all the advantages above stated. From the two hundred styles made, every want can be fairly met; but the chance is small of a buyer getting the one best adapted to his particular use, unless he can have the aid of some one familiar with the whole subject. Luckily, most enthusi-

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asts are willing to help those who ask them to assist in making a selection. To invest one hundred and fifty dollars and find that your tricycle is poor, the wrong one for your roads, weight, and peculiar wants, is annoying. The writer has been through some of these experiences, and will gladly advise with any, thinking of buying a mount, who will send a stamp and directed envelope, with the questions, to the care of this magazine.

Viator.

EAST LONG ISLAND.

A TWO-DAYS' TRIP OVER FINE ROADS.

LONG ISLAND is not a desert waste, though a stranger might think it such, if he judges it from a trip over the main line of railroad. Gotham's cyclers have a run of a hundred miles to Patchogue and return, of which "Kol Kron" has already written. Southampton and Bridge Hampton have twenty miles of handsome pike.

But the ride of the Island is from River Head to Orient Point. Thirty miles of pike and path, good enough to satisfy even a Hubite, accustomed as he is to his sand-papered macadam.

Our party consisted of Professor M., his two students, and the writer. The route, from Northville, seventeen miles to Greenport, thence *via* New London boat to Sag Harbor, and over the ridable roads of Bridge Hampton and Southampton, returning over same roads the following day. Monday, 4th of September, the appointed day, dawned cloudy and threatening; then fell the gentle drops, but ceased when just enough had fallen to lay the dust. At 6.30 we were off,—the reading of the writer's cyclometer first being noted. Five miles of pike without a dismount brought us to Mottiluck, where, halting to read the cyclometer, the professor and the student in blue selected the same spot for a dismount and came down,—professor and student, "Standard" and "Expert" four tiers high,—to the no little amusement of the "small boy" and the guests on the hotel piazza. Here the professor's handle-bar was observed to be drooping, which called out the confession that he had taken the first "header" of the day.

From here we took the sidewalk, which continues for two miles a smooth and pleasant run, then the highway another mile, and we roll through the village of Cutchogue; but not till the party had relieved a cherry-tree of its weight of fruit, which the eagle eye of the professor had discovered by the way. Again the sidewalk is taken, and continues good four miles, through Peconic, and almost to Southold. Nearing this village, the students become restive at our moderate pace, and push out for the town. Now the tall boy, and now the blue boy, seems to lead; but finally victory declares for the blue, and two hot faces, red as beets, await us at the bank. Now over four miles of well-kept pike, and we roll into Greenport. Seventeen miles in two and a half hours, and an hour to wait for the boat.

A pleasant sail of an hour by the famous summer hotel, "Manhousett," the one hundred cottages at "Prospect," the home of Dr. Scudder, the villa of Judge Daly, and we are landed at Long wharf, Sag Harbor. A spin around the village, taking in the churches, the watch-case factory, and pottery works, and we guide our steeds up the Bridge Hampton pike, the only road on our way kept up by toll fees, and the only one over which our steeds needed to be led. Here the professor's courage failed, and he sought diligently for lodgings, but found none.

A gentle shower arising, we hurried on, and all took shelter in Patrick's barn. Here the professor was observed to be peeping into mangers and sly corners, and the student in blue reported seeing fresh egg-shells secreted under the floor. Forth from that barn came the professor a new man, a veritable Rip Van Winkle,—no road was too hard, no pace too fast, no distance too long for him. Wheelmen, consider; when your wind gives out, stop at Patrick's barn. From Sag Harbor to

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Bridge Hampton the distance is four miles, all but one mile of which is ridable. Six miles to Southampton is over first-class roads. Two miles from the depot to the ocean, east of Silver Lake, and the return on the west side of the same offers roads of like order. From the village to Shinnecook hills, two miles, gave us the finest sidewalk run of the day. Thence returning to Bridge Hampton, at 7 P.M. our cyclometer gave us a reading of forty miles for the day. With steeds rubbed down, and appetite appeased, we gave ourselves up to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

The morning dawned bright and warm, and found us little worse for our forty miles ride of the previous day. At 8 A.M. we were in the saddle, taking in every suburb of the town. Hay Ground, North District, Ocean, Sagg, Popabogue, and Bull's Head, were all visited in turn; and 12 o'clock found us again in Sag Harbor, with nineteen miles to our credit for the second day. A good dinner at the American House, and we are off by the "Manhousett" for Greenport. Toward Southold we halted for a cooling bath in the limpid waters of Peconic bay. Then, taking domestic ice-cream and sugar-cake at Southold, we wended our way homeward, arriving at 6.30 with a record of eighty miles for the two days, — all declaring it a glorious tour through a pleasant country, and vowing to go again.

CLERGYMEN AND THE BICYCLE.

THE bicycle is not a toy, nor is it merely an instrument of amusement for sporting circles.

It is no seven days' wonder, neither the return of the comet of '69.

Class it with the flying-machine if you will; but only by way of contrast; that was a failure, this, a success.

Yet our favorite steed is indeed a modern Pegasus.

In the saddle of your favorite mount, you float through the balmy air of morning; care is crushed, with other earthly dust, beneath his silent feet; poised between earth and heaven, you sweep through the air in freedom, speed, and joyous song, a rival of the bird.

And, as my farmer parishioners say of the potato-bugs, "It has come to stay." When 300,000 conservative sons of England, among them many members of Parliament and of all the professions, give themselves to a cause, be assured it is not to offer decent burial to a huge mushroom.

Some teachers would lead one to think that all enjoyable things in this world are for every class but clergymen.

I confess myself one of a class who accept no such doctrine.

If the bicycle offers delightful recreation to the man of leisure, brings appetite and bloom to the dyspeptic, fills a niche in the every-day duties of the physician, and offers quick and pleasant transit to the man of business, what in the name of reason forbids it filling the place of the parson's pony?

We believe, then, that clergymen should have the privileges of the bicycle, because there is nothing inconsistent with his sacred calling in such a course. If, in the process of pupilage, he allows himself to furnish laughing-stock for the multitude, rides for recreation on Sunday, or persists in making pastoral calls in knee-breeches and long stockings, the reflection is not upon the steed, but the discretion of the individual. A sack coat is more becoming than a dress coat, and if the journey be long, it is well to fold over the pants and secure them by safety-pins or handy-hooks.

"People will stare." Of course they will; so they will at a locomotive. I know a business man who rides continually through the country, seeing many trains a day, and yet he says he often takes a longer road or lingers five minutes to view an extra train. It isn't the curious spectacle of a minister perched upon a bicycle that causes the staring, but the triumph of mechanism upon which he gracefully glides along, its harmony of curves and very poetry of motion.

"But they are expensive, and a clergyman should be an example of the believers in the use of worldly goods." Soon after procuring my wheel, in a company of ladies, one ventured the remark, "Why, it must have cost twenty dollars." The first cost of a bicycle is, indeed, a serious matter, and after November, 1883, this objection will, doubtless, be greatly modified; still, the present figure is less than is asked for an ordinary horse, and the bicycle is less

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liable to accident, and will last longer and do more service than the horse. But the chief advantage is in the cost of keeping. A clergyman who has kept horses for years states that a single horse and carriage cannot be kept up in order for a series of years, and in the country too, for a less sum than $150 per year, and my experience confirms the truth of the statement. While to keep the bicycle in proper running condition, with ordinary care, need not cost $25 for the ten years, against $1,500 for the horse and carriage.

Again, bicycling is well adapted to a clergyman, because of its healthfulness. Open air is more invigorating than the close atmosphere of the study, and activity in the open air increases the consumption of oxygen one-third. This, and more, is furnished in bicycle riding. I enjoy hunting, fishing, and boating, but find no method of exercise so attractive and conducive to health as this. A brother clergyman informed me that he had received great benefit from riding, and being in delicate health myself, in the spring of 1881, I determined to try the experiment. Since that date I have taken regular exercise on the wheel, in runs of a half mile up to forty miles a day.

Brethren, let me relate my experience. I have received great benefit from the practice. I never felt better than after a spin of two or three miles on the wheel. Muscles that were flabby have become hard and firm. What was then a physical task has become a recreation. I find it is not, as some have thought, a strain upon a few muscles to the neglect of others. Nearly every muscle in the body is brought into active use, and, contrary to all expectation, the feet and legs are not first to tire, but the hands and wrists. An artist friend, who, three months since, doubted his ability to stride the steel, from lack of physical force, after his summer's riding tells by his face, as he does also in word, of his great improvement in health, and declares he knows not what else has wrought the change save his regular use of the bicycle.

"Yet bicycle riders, as a rule, are not fit company for a clergyman."

Yes, indeed; "a man is known by the company he keeps." Still, in this, as in other matters, a man has liberty to choose his associates. The best men and the worst drive and own horses; and, doubtless, the same is true of bicycle owners and riders. Great harm is evidently done in racing, and its prevalent evils of betting, etc.; and we are opposed to and sorry for the popular habit of bicycle club excursions on Sunday; but we are not defending the use of the bicycle for sporting purposes, but only as a means of usefulness and recreation.

Still, judged by these low standards of measurement, I believe the bicycling fraternity are superior in moral worth to the sporting men of other pastimes. The young man who has sufficient ambition to mount and ride in club runs and excursions is not likely to find hale companions in the low groggery; besides, the saddle of a "sixty-incher" would be too unstable a situation for a half-intoxicated youth.

In this vicinity the company of riders is all that could be desired: one is principal of a seminary, two are farmers, one a bank cashier, one an artist, and one a merchant; and all, with possibly no exception, members of Protestant churches.

The bicycle is a new-comer, but is fast making itself at home; doubtless, in the not distant future, the question of propriety of ownership will no more be called in question than that of a horse.

In the meantime "let every man fully be persuaded in his own mind," and, if you think of investing in a machine, by all means select a good one. In this, as perhaps in no other commodity, "the best is the cheapest."

A. O. Downs.

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OVER THE ALPS BY BICYCLE.

WHAT would that Colossus of Roads, the Great Napoleon, have thought had he read these words? The fact that a couple of English bicyclists should set out from London with the intention of riding to Venice on the "silent horse" would move many of us to feel surprise, were it not that journeys of equal length have already been undertaken, and successfully accomplished, by members of English bicycle clubs. The trip, for instance, from John-o'-Groat's House to Land's End, or from London to Marseilles, is not much shorter than that from London to Venice; yet the difference between the two former and the latter may readily be imagined by those who have ever travelled from Switzerland into Italy by the Simplon, the St. Gothard, or the Splugen Passes. The bicycle has occasionally been suggested as a vehicle which might be advantageously utilized for warlike purposes; but the difficulty of going up hill, or of traversing broken ground upon a smooth-gliding machine seems to militate against the notion of attempting to put our English Uhlans upon wheels. Mr. A. Brown, of Beckenham, tells us that he crossed the Alps twice on a bicycle in 1878; and Mr. Charles L. Maddox, of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club, writing from the village of Simplon, announces that he and his companion, Mr. Fletcher, of the Kent Bicycle Club, had got thus far on their road to Venice, although upon arriving at Berisal — which is a little hamlet, not far from Brieg, in the valley of the Rhône — they found that a heavy fall of snow, which still lay between them and the Hospice de St. Bernard at the top of the pass, made further progress upon their bicycles impossible, so that they were compelled to betake themselves, like ordinary travelers, to sledges. But, in proceeding as far as Berisal, which is more than three thousand feet above the valley of the Rhône, the two young English 'cyclists have accomplished no ordinary task. In order to get down to the level of the Lake of Geneva, into which the Rhône debouches, it must have been necessary for them to cross the Jura mountains, and it is impossible to abstain from reflecting that they were probably the first who ever contemplated from the top of a bicycle that matchless view of Geneva and its lake, and of the Central Alps, with Mont Blanc for their monarch, which has set so many pens going, since Montaigne passed in 1582, on horseback along the road leading through the gorge of La Cluse from France into Switzerland, and attempted to describe the georgeous panorama which burst upon his sight. It was at Pontarlier, the frontier town of France, that Mr. Charles Greville came to the conclusion that the Jura range was preferable to the Alps, because the road "seemed to run through a hilly, woody park," and not along the edge of precipitous defiles. This remark may, perhaps, remind readers of the late Lord Normanby's fascinating novel of "Matilda,"— that the high-born heroine, who in a moment of pique has married a rich and vulgar cotton lord from Manchester, awakens to a consciousness of what manner of man she has accepted for a husband when they are crossing the Jura together in their calèche, and he checks the natural enthusiasm inspired in her by the scene by intruding observations in which frivolity and triviality contend for the mastery.

It was certainly not for bicycles or tricycles that the wonderful road was built by which Napoleon brought the Lakes of Geneva and of Maggiore into connection with each other. "*Le canon, quand pourra-t-il passer au Simplon?*"—"When will the Simplon be ready for cannon to cross it?" was the question ceaselessly propounded by the victor of Marengo to the engineers who had the great work in hand. At the commencement of this century the "cols" and passes of the Alps, between France and Italy, were practicable only for foot-passengers and for beasts of burden with sure feet, such as mules and Galloway ponies. During his first Italian campaign, in 1796, and again in that which was triumphantly concluded by Dessaix and Kellerman, at Marengo, in 1800, Napoleon had found by experience that the impenetrable barrier of the Alps, interposed between North Italy and his base in France, made his combinations difficult, and frustrated his vast designs. Having got Italy under his heel, he compelled her, in the month of February, 1801, to furnish funds for the construction of the Simplon road, and it was regarded as a prodigious manifestation of energy and determination

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that within six years of the commencement of the work the road was fit for the passage of vehicles. Previous to the conclusion of the new route the Simplon pass had witnessed many a brush between the French and Austrian troops. In 1799 the French, under Massena, drove the Austrians headlong out of Simplon, and pursued them to Domo d'Ossola, where they rallied, and, having received reinforcements, drove their pursuers back to the top of the mountain. Next year, while the French army, under the command of the First Consul, was passing the Great St. Bernard, General Béthencourt was charged to take a thousand French soldiers with him, and to seize the passes of Isella, and of Domo d'Ossola. It was the month of May; but, as he advanced, the French General found that a bridge had been carried away by an avalanche a few hours before, and that a yawning abyss, more than thirty yards wide, was interposed between his little army and the opposite edge of the precipice. Conscious that Napoleon, who was then but thirty years old, had, to use Mirabeau's famous words, "blotted the word 'impossible' from his dictionary," General Béthencourt appealed to his men to help him. An intrepid French soldier, carrying the end of a rope in his teeth, volunteered, at the risk of his life, to descend into the abyss, clinging on to the face of the rock with his feet and hands, and to climb up on the other side. The difficult task was safely achieved; the rope having been stretched across, a basket was suspended upon it. General Béthencourt was the first to trust himself to the frail cradle, and thus, one by one, his thousand soldiers were drawn across after him. Determined that he would no longer be controlled by the forces of nature, Napoleon, having disposed of the Austrians at Marengo, set about the construction of that famous road which, together with the Mont Cenis route, served for fifty or sixty years from 1807 as the chief approach to Italy of which the West of Europe availed itself. It was to the credit of Napoleon's vigilant suppression of jobbery that the Simplon route cost no more than eighteen millions of francs, or seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds. As is often the case with light-houses, of which the foundations cannot be laid except at certain moments when the tide and weather permit, the Simplon could only be constructed in summer, and even then the workmen were in constant dread of the falling avalanche. The galleries cut in the solid gneiss, the bridges thrown across chasms which afforded channels for the roaring cataract, and the refuges where the custodians of the road find shelter in summer and winter, still speak for the ability and thoroughness with which the work was completed, and, with more regard to truth and sincerity than usually distinguished him, Napoleon caused the words, "Ære Italo, Nap. Imp. 1805," — "The Emperor Napoleon built this with Italian money in 1805," — to be cut in the granite above the Gallery of Gondo, at the top of the pass.

The Alps have doubtless looked down upon many strange wayfarers who have penetrated their awful gorges since the days when Hannibal and his elephants passed from Spain into Italy; but we doubt whether any stranger or less congenial vehicle ever crossed the bridge of Ponte Alto, or glided through the ancient street of Domo d'Ossola, than the 56-in. "Ariel" which Mr. Maddox and his friend may possibly have bestridden. Yet the time is probably not far distant when 'cyclists of all kinds will penetrate to countries where the feet of white men have rarely been planted, and no adventurous pioneer has ever yet traversed upon horseback. No means of locomotion has yet been devised which enables those who employ it to be so independent as the bicycle or tricycle, with which we are becoming familiar in the streets of London. The prejudice against the machines is gradually fading away among owners of horses, and the correspondent of an evening contemporary has just told us that tricycles are still in their infancy. "I have no hesitation," he adds, "in predicting that when London becomes paved throughout with wood, as it certainly will be, the use of tricycles in our thoroughfares will be enormous. On wood pavement a well-made tricycle constitutes one of the most agreeable, quickest, and cheapest modes of locomotion it is possible to conceive; and in the 'good time coming' thousands will take to them instead of riding in a cab or omnibus, if only for the exhilarating exercise, and the sense of independence and power of rapid motion." The tricycle has the advantage over its two-wheeled brother that the rider is less likely to have a dangerous fall, which, if he is a heavy man, he will not soon forget. Still, each of the two machines, and especially the bicycle, has the recommendation that it acts as a kind of premium upon temperance and sobriety. A man who

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having had a drop too much, takes his seat with reeling brain in that saddle no bigger than a cheese-plate, which he cannot retain without nerves of steel and a steady eye, has himself to thank if he has an accident which cuts his face open and, perhaps, breaks his collar-bone. For these reasons we are glad to observe that in the *Bicycling News* the use of tea in preference to spirits is recommended to 'cyclists of all kinds. The many associations of riders who mount the steel horse whenever they can get a few hours of holiday are, in fact, temperance clubs, which minister to the health and well-being of those who belong to them. But, while gladly perceiving that the toleration extended to 'cyclists by their more opulent brethren is obviously on the increase, we must in conclusion warn the riders who glide among the throng of vehicles in Piccadilly or Oxford street, that it becomes them never to outrage the susceptibilities of drivers who have skittish horses to manage. There is room enough for vehicles of all kinds in our streets; but the rider of the silent horse must learn to respect the convenience of travelers on foot, and never forget the reasonable prejudice against him long entertained by coachmen and horsemen.

The Wheel World.

TRICYCLING AND HEALTH.

THERE is an idea by those who do not ride the tricycle that the work of it is exceedingly fatiguing, and those who are seen riding receive often from the lookers-on anything but complimentary observations, with proffers of assistance as singular as they are uninviting. In point of fact, however, nothing is so easy as the work when the art of working is mastered. It is easier than walking, it is easier than riding on horseback on the easiest horse that can be ridden.

The peculiarity of the process of riding on the tricycle is, indeed, when once the art is obtained, that so much can be done, not only without fatigue, but with a sense of lightness and of relief from weariness, bodily and mental, which is positively refreshing. I can ride forty miles on the tricycle, experiencing, I can safely say, less fatigue than from walking ten, or from riding on horseback twenty, although I am a practised hand in both the last-named exercises all my life through, while I am comparatively a novice on the tricycle. The reason of this is not difficult to explain.

In walking, the legs carry directly all the weight of the body, and as each foot comes down on the ground there is certain vibration or shock quite through the body, which, though not acutely perceptible, is, nevertheless, fatiguing. The breathing, also, is carried on at a disadvantage, for the diaphragm, or great respiratory muscle, is not able to act, in walking, with that steadiness, and, as it may be said, purchase, as it is when the pelvis is fixed, the spinal column firm, and the upper limbs steady. The circulation, too, is considerably quickened, and the heart is toiling at a rapid speed, lifting very quickly the whole of its blood over that hill called the ascending aorta, the first part of the great blood-vessel which springs from the heart in the form of a beautiful arch to supply with blood the upper and lower parts of the body.

In riding on horseback the body is seated, but the sitting is not firm. The body rises in the saddle with one forward movement of the animal, and falls with the next movement, so that there is, with the best riders, a persistent concussion; there is, moreover, some weight borne from the stirrups. All these movements are adverse to saving of labor, and are very fatiguing. The lower limbs become weary from the support they have to give to the body of the rider, and from the grip they have to maintain on the body of the horse. The upper limbs become fatigued from the exercise that is demanded in guiding the horse, while the movement incident to the motion of the body and of breathing is carried out at a great disadvantage, a disadvantage quite as great as that from walking. The effect on the circulation is still worse. With each concussion the column of blood rising from the heart is brought back upon the protecting aortic valves, and the tension of the great artery is tried severely. In the old days of posting, when men were regularly employed to ride post, this effect of constant strain upon the great aorta gave rise to disease, an aneurism or dilation of the vessel

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to which the insignificant name of "post-boy's disease," or "post-boy's aneurism," was applied.

In tricycling these difficulties are very greatly lessened, if not removed. The body is highly seated, and the direct weight of the body upon the lower limbs is taken off, the limbs themselves being left free to do the work required. The concussion of the body through the limbs is also much relieved. The body is firmly placed and the breathing is well and easily and firmly sustained. Best of all, the heart is not subject to over-strain or concussion by the exercise when the exercise is carried out with even common regard to steadiness and freedom from violence of effort.

These are the reasons why the motion got by the bodily work in tricycling is so much easier than that got by walking or by riding on horseback, easier, in short, than any other mode except by the bicycle.

LEARNING TO RIDE.

It must not, at the same time, be supposed that tricycling can be successfully practised off-hand, and that it is only to mount and be off. There really is a good deal to learn in order to tricycle — quickly, merrily, safely, healthily. The art must be learned; and a few of the most important points to be learned, in order to make the exercise good and healthful, may appropriately come in here.

Beginners often are led to make hard work of the exercise from not getting hold of the art of moving the pedals. I was myself a long time very clumsy, and made myself more weary in a mile than I would now in twenty miles. This art can only be acquired by practice, and it does not consist at all in throwing all the force of the rider into every movement, but in skill in making each movement sharp, clean, and complete in itself, reserving always the full force that may be judiciously thrown in for special occasions when the necessity arises. The art is perfect when the rider, while progressing, has learned to forget that he has any legs at all, and when he works them automatically, changing the pressure without any serious thought as to the reason of change, and leaving the higher nervous centres free for steering and foreseeing all the obstacles that lie in the way.

To arrive at this very simple perfection a few details have to be attended to by the learner. The first of these is that he makes up his mind to the certainty that there is no practical difficulty in the way of attaining to the perfection required. The next is to gain confidence in the power to sit and propel with the feet. The third is to adjust the seat or saddle, and the handles, in such manner as to suit the precise requirements of the particular rider. The last is to hold all force that is not required for immediate service in reserve for emergencies.

In propelling, then, the learner, if on a rotary machine — and this is so distinctly the best, I shall refer to no other — must be careful to plant his feet firmly on the pedals in such manner that the ball of the foot rests on them. Many commence by putting either the arch of the foot or the toes on the pedals, which is an entire mistake, because as a fundamental rule it must be remembered that the best motion is got by treading as in walking, and the nearer the movement of walking is obtained the better. The pressure down being made from the ball of the foot, the heel should be brought into good play; the heel should descend as the foot goes down, by which movement the pedal is not only brought on to its lowest, but without extra labor is pushed forward. This prevents partial dead stops or locks, makes the machine move on evenly and gives momentum. The motion started in this manner should be sustained steadily; it should never be in starts or spurts, and, except when the object in view is actual racing, it should not be at racing speed. Six miles an hour, taking one road with another, for six hours a day, is the steady motion to be attained to. A great deal more may of course be accomplished by practice, but the rider who can master this pace, and keep it up day by day, has nothing to be ashamed of, while he may be assured that if he be in fair condition he is pursuing a course which is as healthful as it is enjoyable.

If it be kept in mind that walking is the mode of propulsion to be initiated, the ankle motion will then be gained as a matter of course, and the knee motion will not be strained. It will be soon discovered that the knees must not be too much bent, and that three parts standing is the best position in the seat or saddle. If the seat is set low, and the knees are bent, the power that is lost is dead against good and effective work. In the bent position there is no weight put into the work, which is a loss, while there is an impediment introduced from another cause. When the knee is bent the great

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muscle which runs down the fore part of the thigh, and which, including the knee-pan, ends in a tendon or sinew attached to the large leg bone, the tibia, is working at each contraction with very great friction, its tendon being held tight upon the knee-pan. It therefore soon becomes exhausted, wearied, stiff, and painful. But if the limb be kept nearly straight while at work, the weight of the body comes into constant action, and the rectur, left easy in its work, undergoes no more fatigue than the other muscles of the thigh and leg.

The lessons to be drawn from these facts are these: (1) Do not sit too heavy on the seat, but only so as to rest the body firmly. (2) Keep the seat so high that the feet reach the pedals when at their lowest, comfortably and no more. (3) Have the seat sufficiently forward to enable you to be well over the pedals, or, as the usual saying is, "well over the work."

Too much attention cannot be paid to these details. Many riders fail for a long time, from no other cause than from neglect in attending to them.

The character of the seat is of moment. The seat should be so shaped that it does not in the least interfere with the backward movement of the limbs. For this reason I recommend gentlemen to ride on a rather long and narrow saddle. For ladies I recommend a small seat well hollowed out on the front edge, so as to give as much freedom of movement as can possibly be obtained.

It is a matter of moment for every one to keep to his own saddle or seat. It is good for every rider to keep to his own machine, and to have it altered for others as little as possible; but it is almost essential for the saddle to be exclusively his own; it soon becomes modelled to the necessary fit, and, like a shoe, is that which no two persons can comfortably adapt and adopt.

In learning to ride the tricycle, the management of the breathing should have a first consideration. To get into a good and healthy habit of breathing, and to get that habit confirmed, is worth a great deal to riders of all ages. Let, then, the following brief rules be kept in mind.

There are two handles on the tricycle, one of which, that on the right hand, is used for steering the machine; the other, that on the left hand, for holding by. Both afford support. By seizing these handles firmly, and pulling up by them, great power may be got for propelling the machine, because by this means the hands and arms come in to assist the legs, and an extra force is put on. Young riders are apt to begin by laying on this reserve power, and never giving it up. To use this assistance, however, the chest has to be firmly fixed. The easy, natural movements of the chest, those movements by which we unconsciously fill the chest in the ordinary way when we are quietly moving about or sitting, are not carried out, but deep breathing is established, the lungs are filled with air to distension, and great pressure is thrown upon the heart. These are bad effects to keep up; they soon cause extreme fatigue, and they prevent the rider from being ready to meet difficulties in climbing, in going over rough roads, and in meeting other obstacles which are sure to spring up whenever he undertakes a few hours' journey. The point of practice, consequently, is to use the handles as rests for the hands on all common occasions, to let them hold the handles lightly, with no more force than is just necessary for steadiness and mastery, and only to bring them into full use when the necessity arises, that is to say, when extra power is suddenly called for, as on approaching the upper part of a hill, or in moving over rough or soft ground.

Another rule about breathing is, to learn from the first to breathe by the nostrils, not by the mouth. I do not know why it is, but certain it is, that most riders get into the way of mouth breathing, as if they had no nose at all, the moment they get into the saddle. The result is always bad. The passage of air over the surface of the tongue and throat renders those surfaces very dry, so that in a short ride the desire for some liquid to moisten the mouth and throat becomes urgent, and leads to swallowing a large quantity of drink, which is injurious, and the throat is not only made dry, but sore from the dryness. In addition to this mischief the large surface of the mouth and throat is exposed to catch all impurities of dust and dirt floating in the air, while much power is lost, owing to the rapidity of the breathing that is induced, the irritation and cough that are often brought on, and the reduction of purchase in respiring, owing to the constantly open state of both the breathing inlets and outlets, the nostrils and mouth. Learn, then, to breathe through the nostrils in the ordinary and natural way from the beginning of the practice.

The earliest exercises on the tricycle should be taken on a level road, and they should not be so prolonged as to produce fatigue or embarrassment of the breathing

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or circulation. Gradually the time of riding should be increased and the common difficulties of the road met. It is good practice to commence by riding a mile the first day, and not to exceed two miles a day for the first three or four days; after that the exercise may extend to five miles a day, and in a week or two to the full of the rider's capacity.

On this point of the rider's capacity for work there are certain rules bearing on health which are vital.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED SPECIALLY.

1. The riding should never be carried out at any one time to the extent of causing excessive weariness, stiffness of the muscles and membranes, and want of power in the limbs.

2. In climbing a hill it is never advisable to strain every muscle, from the foolish determination to mount the hill at all costs. It is best, and quickest, and easiest, and safest to dismount and to push the machine up to the brow of the hill. The act of walking for a short distance relieves the rider. It brings a new set of muscles into play, and it "stretches" the body, to use a common expression.

3. Practice in climbing will enable a rider to get over difficulties which a young rider considers all but impossible. I have found that out beyond anything I expected when I began to ride, and I can now, without fatigue, climb hills which I would never have dared to face at first. This art is got by the process of treading the machine, that is, of throwing the whole weight of the body into the pedals, by which process a heavy rider, quite as easily as a light one, can acquire the power of getting up a hill. Yet it is bad to attempt to carry this effort too far, as all good riders will maintain. The question is when to get off the machine, before or during climbing. Some reckon by the ascent, and tell you that when the eye roughly measures an ascent of one in seven or eight, it is the wise thing to dismount and push up the machine. A better practice is to be guided by the power of the rider to move on without bringing in his reserve force. If the hill be long, and he finds it necessary to pull hard at the handles in order to make progression, the time has come for him to dismount and to walk the ascent.

4. In descending a hill, every advantage should be taken to save the motion of propulsion, and to let gravitation do the work of the rider. It is in this way that so much labor is saved in riding, and so much advantage is gained over walking, not only in speed, but in actual work, for, as we all know, walking down hill is very shaking and laborious work. Sometimes, on the tricycle, however, too much advantage is taken of the running down hill, and a speed is got up which is not merely accompanied with a certain amount of unnecessary risks from falls, but with other risks, which, less perceptible to the rider, are hardly less dangerous. These are excitement, fulness, thereby, of the brain with blood, and concussion from the rattle of the run, — all of them injurious results. I have known extreme giddiness, and what we physicians call vertigo, produced by too rapid running down a long descent. *Facilis decensus* is a good motto to keep in mind on these occasions, together with the moral that clings to it. In running down hill it is wise to keep the machine well in hand by the brake, to confine the pace to seven or eight miles an hour, and not to attempt to get up momentum until the lower part of descent is reached. There, after considerable practice, a little more freedom may be permitted, so as to assist in meeting a rising ground, just as for all time past our drivers of carriage, coach, and cart have been accustomed to close a downhill and breast an up.

5. The capacity for work when the art of good riding has been acquired should never be measured by what can be done on one day or on one particular occasion. The body is sometimes capable of performing without sense of fatigue a much larger amount of work than it is at others. Very trifling circumstances also assist or oppose a rider; direction and character of the wind, good or bad turning of his machine, good or bad temper of his own, change the labor vastly. One ride cannot, therefore, as a matter of course, be taken to represent another, and it is very bad to set up as a hard and fast rule in touring that so much, *nolens volens*, shall be done in a day. The safest plan is to keep in the mind a fair but not too high average, and never to exceed that unless under favorable circumstances. The average I have already given — six miles an hour for six hours a day — is as sound a one as I can suggest in the present state of tricycular evolution. What may come as the machine is improved, when it is made to wind itself up as it runs down hill, with the brake turned into a reserve of force, I will not venture to say.

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6. The rule, not to overstrain the body in riding by attempting too much, is applicable to persons of all ages; but it requires to be enforced on the young, who are the most liable of all to suffer from the overstrain. Growing youths are not fitted to make prolonged and wearisome journeys, extending over several days or weeks, at high speed, taxing all the physical qualities of the ride. This is a word in season, if it be acted upon, which this magazine never carried for a healthier purpose. The idea of our young is speed! speed! speed! They wish to go, like the letters of a past time, labelled, "Haste! haste! oh, haste!" The end is folly. It is turning a good thing to a bad use; an enjoyment into slavery; a healthy into a breakdown exercise. I know that it would be vain to try to stop competitive riding. I know that by competition the makers of tricycles are enabled to test their machines, and are stimulated to carry out improvements. Yet there must be a limit, or the art will be endangered from the injury it will inflict, and when it becomes a strain on the vital powers then the injury it inflicts on the life is inevitable. I feel this so much that I lately gave a prize for a fifty-mile competition with a sense of compunction which is unpleasant, notwithstanding the most judicious arrangements to prevent any approach to consequences that may be regretable.

In order to effect a long ride without severe fatigue it is good, and, indeed, right, to divide the journey into easy stages. From two to three hours is long enough to work at one stretch, and fifteen to twenty miles is long enough for one ride. It is always wise, in touring, to take the morning for the longest rides, and few enjoyments equal a gentle spin along a pleasant road by moonlight. I do not think it is a sound plan to break suddenly through fixed physical habits bearing on bodily rest and bodily exercise, and I would not, therefore, recommend those who have arrived at mature life to alter their times for rest and work very much, out of regard to the practice of this new exercise. If they are by habit early risers, I should say by all means take full advantage of the first hours and get the prime of the morning for the first ride, get eighteen miles out of the thirty-six in a day's tour. Then six or eight miles may be made in the course of the day, and the remaining ten or twelve when the sun is going down, or, if there be a full moon, when the moon has risen. By this division, time is afforded as well for rest as for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the history and character of the localities through which the journey is made.

I intended, when I sat down to this paper, to add a rule or two for the selection of a tricycle, and to give some account of the relative merits of the machines I have myself used. I find, however, that I have no space left, and although I am well aware that many persons are anxious for me to give a direction on this matter, I must ask them to be kind enough to wait for it in an earlier number of "Good Words."

Dr. B. W. Ward, in "Good Words."

BELLS *vs.* WHISTLES.

I CHOSE the bell because (1) it was handier. It could be put on where a finger could ring it without moving the hand from the rest, while a whistle must be taken from the pocket or towed in by its chain and put to the lips. Often the cause for alarm would be past before the hand would find and place the whistle, even if carried chained to the waist. (2.) I thought it would be less dignified to blow a whistle than to strike a bell or gong.

So I tried the bell. My points I found all well taken, but I found *more* points. The bell gave me some trouble in finding a place where it would fit; but I succeeded and secured it on under the purchase handle, but it would work loose and rattle. That was remedied by tightening up. Then, in this position, it was against my left coat pocket, which muffled the sound of the bell, and that, in turn, made a hole in my pocket. This settled the difficulty, but leaving me a loser both ways. But I learned to lean away from the bell, and still now and then it would refuse to ring. I had clasped it too tight. Again, in tightening the bell I had revolved it into a new position, and the hammer rested on the side. So I had to find again that part of the circumference which was the right

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distance from the hammer. Finally, when all these details were mastered, the bell, which was large size, best make, and, when all was quiet, loud enough apparently, could hardly be heard ten paces among the rattle of carriages, etc., just where I wanted it most. So I tried the double-noted whistle. My first objections I find to hold good. Tied to a button it dangles in easy reach, but I must let go one hand to blow it, and it takes longer; but it is a luxury, in running about dark nights, as I do constantly, to be able to signal teams or members of our party who are ahead, or on side roads, etc., and I find the bell disused, for it cannot be heard one-tenth the distance. To be able to signal towards a half-mile, "Come back," "Going home," "Take the right-hand road," etc., is a great convenience, and, bell or no bell, I shall, till something better is devised, always carry my whistle. I am sure then that the dull, stupid, or careless driver bearing down on me in the dark hears. Our city has an ordinance, passed years ago, that wheelmen shall carry a bell by day and a lamp by night, but probably the officers will make no arrests of wheels supplied with whistles. It would be a great improvement for signaling purposes if the two notes of the whistle could be used separately as well as together. A high, low, and combined note would give a full code of signals, without too many notes.

EDITORIAL.

What Constitutes a Professional?

THE elements of a sport that render it acceptable to a great number of people will necessarily offer inducements to some that will secure their entire attention. There are thus two classes formed: those who sport to live, and those who live to sport. The former are amateurs, the latter professionals. But while there are thus two distinct classes the gradations from one who is undoubtedly an amateur to one who is undoubtedly a professional are so imperceptible, and the distinctions so subtle at the dividing line, that it is almost impossible to frame a definition that will cover the points exactly and justly.

In order to arrive at some general principles on which to base a definition, we will consider the actual reasons for making a distinction between amateurs and professionals. Recreative, physical pursuits subserve their true ends only when used as means to maintain and improve the health. When, therefore, a person makes athletic exercises the aim of his life he enters upon entirely new relations to the sport. His purposes may be noble, his associations pure, and the results of his labors most beneficent, still he is no longer employing athletics in their immediately proper relations. He makes his living by his skill or prowess. A profession is that which one professes to know, and by which he makes his subsistence. But, aside from this distinction, in fact there are two other elements, which being more patent have really more influence in this matter. A person who devotes his time to a sport becomes more expert, and in trials of skill and strength has an advantage, other things being equal, over one who exercises occasionally. Thus one who was not employing athletics in their proper sphere would secure all the glory and prizes; again, professional athletics inevitably and always bring in certain disagreeable features, such as betting, and, of course, betting-men and their disagreeable associations.

So, for these reasons, it becomes the imperative, though delicate and difficult, task for the lovers of a sport to draw a distinction; while it is conceded by all that there is a distinction, it is found well-nigh impossible to draw this line without injury and offence.

In England any one who makes any money in the art of bicycle-riding is a professional. By the latest construction of the L.A.W. rules, exception is made in favor of those who may earn their living partly by teaching. In France a professional is one who earns his livelihood by bicycle-racing.

The amateurship question in America has been fought on two different grounds: 1st. On the principle that those who made money out of bicycling were thereby professionals. Manufacturers and dealers, it was contended, were professionals. The injustice of this position defeated the adoption of such a measure.

The last bone of contention was in relation to the status of teachers of bicycling. There were two elements involved in this matter: First, the teacher made money, and, secondly, he became more skilful.

In answer to the first it is urged that making money in teaching is not making money by riding, and is no more professional than making and selling medicines. In regard to the second point, actual experience and the general principles of athletics, it is alleged, by no means prove that a teacher in a rink becomes more skilful in riding. Moreover it is usually the case that the agent teaches, and is, in fact, obliged to teach, in order to sell machines. Now, as a fact, it is said that these agents are not

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only the pioneers of bicycling, but that they are more skilful than their neighbors. It is further urged that a day's work in a bicycle rink is as tiresome as any other physical labor, and really unfits a man to that extent from being active on a machine, and that as a general principle the very art of teaching first principles in any art tends to disqualify a person from attaining very great skill in that art.

The rule, as it now stands, makes such teachers as devote their entire time to bicycling, professionals; that is, a man who earns his livelihood by working and teaching in a bicycling rink is a professional. We believe that even this restriction is unjust, and founded on a vicious principle. The man who teaches the art of riding does not make money by riding. The matter of amateurship deals only with actual *riding* of the machine. A man is amateur or professional only in relation to riding the machine. To make the question include manufacturing or selling machines, or teaching the art of riding, is, we think, to create a distinction where none exists. A professional is one who earns his living by riding the bicycle.

Bī-cȳ-cle or Bī-cy̆-cle?

To the Editor of The Wheelman: —

A question in Orthoepy: Bī-cȳ-cle or Bī-cy̆-cle? Which is the standard pronunciation? In favor of the long sound of *y* there is the analogy of "cycle"; in favor of the short sound (as in "mystic") there is the fact that the syllable is unaccented; and the analogy of "vehicle" may be held to govern; for *y*, as a vowel, is certainly a mere substitute for *i*. "Hemicȳcle" counts on the other side; but the *cy* has a secondary accent. Webster is non-committal as to the quantity of the *y*. Who shall decide? Why, THE WHEELMAN, of course.

Anxiously yours,

GRAPHITE.

As this matter was discussed and settled by Mr. Charles E. Pratt, in the *Bicycling World* for April 8, 1881, it may seem presumptuous for us to do otherwise than refer to his article, in which he decides that the word is bī-cȳ-cle, with the accent on the first syllable. As there exist, however, some reasons for disputing this pronunciation, it is deemed advisable to state these reasons. As Mr. Pratt's article may be considered as the strongest statement for the pronunciation there advocated, we will quote the points: —

1. *Cycle* is derived from Latin *cyclus*, in which the *y* is long. It is alike in Latin and in English.

2. Compounded Latin words retain the quantity of their elements.

3. Derivatives from a foreign tongue retain the quantities of their originals, with the exception that accent often changes to follow the usage of the adopting tongue.

4. The *i* in *bi* is long.

5. When *bi* is prefixed to *cycle* to make the word in question, it is bi-*cycle*, the *y* remaining long and retaining the sound of *i* in *dice*, and keeps to some extent its accent too.

6. Succumbing to the strong English rule, the antepenultimate takes the primary accent, so we have *cy*cle and also BI-*cy*-cle.

The opponents of this pronunciation advance the following reasons for pronouncing the word bī-cy̆-cle: —

1. It is admitted that the *y* in *cycle* is long.

2. Granting that compounded Latin words retain the quantity of their elements — which is not the case — it does not affect the matter in the least. Bicycle is not a compounded Latin word. It is as truly English as if derived from two Anglo-Saxon roots.

3. Derivatives from a foreign language do *not* retain the quantities of their originals necessarily. Cyclic and encyclical are derived from the same root as cyclus, and the *y* is short. Moreover, *cyclus* is derived from Greek, κύκλος, in which upsilon is naturally short; and if the rule held good, *y* in cyclos and cycle would be short.

4. When *bi* is prefixed to *cycle* to make the word in question it is *bi-cycle*, — an English word, and as such is subject to English rules. For these rules we are indebted to the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged. They are:

(*a.*) The accent is thrown on the antepenult. When Greek and Latin words are transferred bodily into English, the rule is to retain their original accent. But a word formed from elements derived from any language is accented according to English rules of accent.

(*b.*) When an unaccented syllable ends in a vowel, *y* has usually its short sound, as hy̆-pocrisy; vanity. The exceptions are verbs ending in *fy*, and three other verbs. Following these rules, "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," latest edition, "The Imperial Dictionary" of England, just now being published, give the word as *bī-cy-cle*. As the *y* is not marked, it follows the rule given above. To say that the lexicographer leaves the matter undecided would be to cast uncertainty over the word *vanity*, the *y* of which is not marked, and, in fact, over a large number of words.

In case that there was doubt about the word, it must have been because there were two pronunciations of nearly equal authority. In that case the lexicographers would have given both pronunciations.

From the arguments adduced above, each one can form his own conclusion. The data at hand are insufficient to form the basis of an authoritative opinion. We are, however, inclined towards the latter pronunciation advocated. It will probably appear that *bī-cy̆-cle* is correct.

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Sunday Riding.

THAT bicycling is just as harmless a pastime as walking or driving is self-evident to all. Hence, in regard to Sunday riding, the customs that obtain among well-behaved people in out-door recreations will prove a sufficient guide. Whether bicycle riding on Sunday be sinful, or not, depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is taken and the associations of the ride. A man may truly serve God in taking an invigorating spin, if his heart is attuned to what is right. To illustrate these principles: We believe it decidedly wrong for thirty or forty riders from Boston and suburbs to congregate at Chestnut-Hill reservoir, indulge in light, foolish conversation, discuss the chances and prowess of this or that racer, engage in impromptu races and exhibitions of fancy riding, thus spending the greater part of the beautiful Sabbath day in a manner morally debilitating and degrading. After a Sunday thus spent, a person of ordinary moral sensitiveness has, to say the least, a most uncomfortable feeling, while one who does not feel self-accusation is in a very deplorable condition. In reading over reports of bicycling, one finds it recorded that in connection with the League meet of 1881, a consuls' run was made to Waltham, a temporary organization effected, certain measures recommended, and business in general transacted, that one would imagine could have been performed on a week-day as well as a Sunday. We receive reports of long runs in England, in which the rider continues his trip without regard to Sunday.

In certain parts of the country, where the German population prevails, Sunday is systematically devoted to picnics, dances, carousals, etc. It is claimed by them that during the week they are compelled to labor incessantly, and hence *must* devote Sunday to play. The effects of their thus debauching the Sabbath are most deplorable. After spending the day, and frequently the night, too, in dancing, beer-guzzling, etc., they return to their various occupations Monday morning more weary than when they left them Saturday night. We have been led more immediately to this train of thought by a letter we recently received, in which it is asked how a man "who may pick his holidays from six out of seven (and dodge the rainy days), possibly can dictate how a business man shall spend the *only one* remaining to *his* choice." As this remark contains not only the gist of the communication, but expresses a feeling prevalent in some quarters, we will examine it. The man referred to is a clergyman. The question is, how can a clergyman dictate how a business man shall spend his Sundays? In the first place, the question is not one of opinion, or one which depends upon the dictation of clergymen or others. It is one of fact — a question of morals. Sunday club-runs, in the very fact that they are deliberately called and planned for a number to have sport, and in the circumstances necessarily attendant upon them, are, as a rule, to be discouraged. It is assumed by the advocates of Sunday club-runs that there must be club runs, and that they must come on Sunday. This is an example of doubly begging the question.

If it is proved that club-runs or other meets of bicyclers are wrong on the Sabbath, the first assumption falls to the ground with the second. It is not necessary that bicycling should be indulged in at the expense of right. And the fact is, that bicycling is possible on Sunday without doing wrong. We believe it right to take a walk on Sunday, or, if necessary, a ride in a carriage, or boat; but we do not thereby assume it right for a number of young men to organize a picnic, drive out in a body in their carriages, indulge in horse-races, making small bets, discussing the chances of the various favorites of the turf. In short, this matter does not involve abstruse moral principles. It is one to be solved by the ordinary rules of true morality.

Overwork.

AT the recent dinner given Mr. Herbert Spencer, the English philosopher made some practical, seasonable remarks upon this subject — a kindly criticism upon the American vice of overwork. He said that we are too far removed from the savage state, too civilized in some respects; that we only look for future good, ignoring the present; that we live at too high pressure; that Americans wear out too early in life. We must admit the general truth of these statements. The strain of the high-pressure life among Americans is evident; it is in the air. Nevertheless, as *The Nation* says, in an editorial comment upon Mr. Spencer's speech, "there has unquestionably been a great change in this regard in the habits of our young men within twenty years, and the result will very likely be seen in the middle-aged and old of the coming generation." The writer continues: "There will be more of them seen seeking Europe in the saddle, or the bicycle, or the sail-boat."

The spread of the use of the wheel is a hopeful sign that this tendency to physical degeneracy will be remedied. We are not, like the English, a naturally athletic people, and have not, as a nation, their passion for out-door sports or in-door exercises.

Americans, when released from regular business, must be amused. The routine of the gymnasium is too dull and monotonous; walking and horseback riding are wearisome, without affording the needed exercise. We do not claim that the wheel is the panacea for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but would repeat again what has so often been said before, that it is what is needed for overworked business and professional men. The bicycle furnishes pleasant recreation and wholesome physical exercise. Nothing can put a physically and mentally weary man in better humor with himself and the world at large than a ride upon the wheel.

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The strain upon a certain set of nerves and muscles which are constantly in use during his regular daily duties is relieved, and the exhilaration drives away thoughts of care and business. One of the points made by Mr. Spencer is that Americans never show "that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment, and this abandonment is prevented by the ever-present sense of multitudinous responsibilities." Here again the use of the bicycle affords a solution to the problem. No other form of exercise offers such a complete, simple system of gymnastics combined with pleasant recreation. The young men of our country are finding out this fact, and no doubt, as *The Nation* suggests, the bicycle will play a prominent part in counteracting the American tendency to physical degeneracy.

THE TOURIST, of Washington Square, in writing to us in regard to the signature of his articles, makes the following statement, which needs no comment: —

"An explanation seems needed concerning the Germanic twist hereby given to my signature. The truth is, that before starting on my September tour, I hung up the first half of my name in what I thought was a perfectly safe place; but, by one of the queerest freaks in the world, the lightning of the equinoctial storm struck it and knocked it into smithereens. Sorrowfully picking up the pieces, I managed to get the 'K' and the 'I.' into presentable shape again, but the connecting 'O' was smashed beyond hope of repair. The best I could do was to construct 'AR' out of the fragments. Henceforth, therefore, you must know me as KARL KRON."

WHEEL NEWS.

Philadelphia.

A FINER day for Philadelphia's "Great Bicentennial Meet and Races" could not have been had. Just cool enough to render light exertion pleasant, and clear as a bell, the wheelman who did not enjoy the run to the full must have had something ill-fitting in his apparel. The meet was called for 10 A.M., at the Columbia entrance to Fairmount Park, — lines forming along the base of the great reservoir; but at least an hour before that time people and wheelmen (unattached, in ones and twos) began to collect, and later little squads of 'cyclers were to be seen flashing along through all parts of the park toward the rendezvous. Shortly after ten the larger clubs began to appear and take up space in the lines — bugles merrily calling here and there. Without doubt, one of the finest sights of the day was the arrival of the Capital and Germantown clubs, the "Caps." leading the way and swinging their regular ranks up over the brow of the long hill, with Germantown in good form at their proper distance just back of their guests.

After some delay, awaiting the *non*-arrival of Boston men, a start was effected, and the clubs filed out into the main drive, Commander H. R. Lewis, of the Philadelphia Bi. C., with his aids and marshals, forming a neat little advance guard. Then came the Capital Club, Washington, D.C., 26 men, Capt. Fowler; the Germantown Club, 43 men, Capt. Wilson; the Maryland Club, 20 men, Capt. Trego; the Philadelphia Club, Lieut. Fox, 22 men; in the order named, forming the first division. Then the Pennsylvania, Essex, Mt. Vernon, Marietta, Albany, Binghampton, Manhattan, Kings Co. Wheelmen, and representatives of clubs from all over the United States, from Boston to New Orleans, followed, forming the second division. Numberless unattached made up the third division and swelled the number of riders to almost 500. Noticeable principally were the Marietta Club with a turnout of 14 men (and membership 16), the Kings Co. Wheelmen, in their neat brown uniform, and a remarkable object among the unattached, which wore *red* — a little.

Around past the Dairy, once the home of Arnold of Revolutionary fame (?), countermarching at the Columbia entrance, the procession quietly proceeded up the river-drive to the Schuylkill Falls, across the Red Bridge and down the west bank to the old Ford road, dismounting at the foot of the hill. Said hill is well masked with trees, and one enterprising "Cap." queried in surprise, "Philadelphians don't dismount for *this* grade, do they?" He took it back long before the top of the half-mile of soft, stony climb was reached. A short run over to, and countermarch on the top of, George's Hill, found the wheelmen ready for their dinner, set for one o'clock, at Belmont; and promptly served at 1.30. Here the two leading clubs secured "the bulge" on the others by tramping with steady locked step past the astonished doorkeepers and getting the best seats at table. The dinner not being ready, the doors closed out some of the tail-end of Germantown and all the others.

When they *did* get in, however, a noisier, jollier, better-natured crowd can hardly be imagined, and when, in the midst of dinner, the Bostons were announced and "Papa" Weston entered, the scene and noise beggar all attempts at description, — and poor "Papa" was *so* warm, having just ridden the long Belmont Hill.

The races, called for 3 P.M., were, of course, a half-hour late in starting, and had to be rushed

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through. The first heat of the mile race started B. G. Sanford and W. R. Pitman, of Ixion Bicycle Club, New York, Pitman making an easy win in 3.23. The second heat of the same contained E. A. Thomson, of Lenox and Germantown Clubs; C. H. Gallien, Jr., of Albany Bicycle Club; and W. H. Austin, Kings Co. Wheelmen, Thomson having from his later time, apparently, a walk-over in 3.32. The novices' race was condensed, owing to shortness of time, into a single mile dash, and, out of the seven starters, Mr. C. H. Chickering, mounted on a 60-lb. American Star, crossed the line, a winner in 3.20; C. A. Roberts, Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, second, in 3.24; S. H. Crawford, Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, third. The two-mile handicap followed with V. C. Place, scratch, Greenville, Pa.; Thomson, 100 yds.; Austin, 185 yds. Frye, of Boston, Pitman and Sanford were entered, but did not start. Place reeled off the first mile in 3.01¾, catching "Tommy" on the first quarter of the second mile, and the two came in easily in 6.50 and 7.02, respectively. The final heat of the mile race developed the best racing of the day — Thomson and Pitman having it all their own way. Thomson started out with the lead and kept it to the finish, despite Pitman's desperate spurt on the last twenty yards, and, as they came down the home-stretch, piling it on for all they were worth, the excitement was intense. The "Lone Star" just *didn't* catch Lenox by a foot. In the five-mile handicap, Place had something of an excursion, winning easily in 16.58¼ by quarter of a mile from Thomson, 250 yds., the others entirely out of the race — as, for that matter, was Thomson; J. G. Burch, Jr., of Albany, third. Place, J. Dyson, of Frankford, and W. W. Cole, of Albany, started in the half-mile L.A.W. race, and Place, of course, finished first in 1.30; Cole second, 1.35¾. The fancy riding contest between Messrs. Pressey (Star), Rex Smith (Capital Bicycle Club), and Cope, of Swarthmore, was decided in favor of the latter, although the contest was so close as to make it a mere matter of opinion. Some wonderful feats were certainly given, notably Mr. Smith's spinning like a top with the rear wheel of his machine in the air. A consolation race for beaten men, one mile, was won by Sanford in 3.31; prize, a gold L.A.W. badge given by "The Wheel." This concluded the races, and all started homeward, except the Germantown Club and the "Caps.," who took a run out the Lancaster pike to Bryn Mawr, where supper was served, after which came the scattering run home in the "light of the moon." *T. Oddy.*

Cleveland Races.

THE Cleveland Bicycle Club held its fall race meeting at Perkins' track, West Cleveland, October 24th, in the presence of a number of guests and persons interested in wheeling. The track was rather heavy, and the strong wind blowing made fast time difficult. Yet such time was made. All the races were excellently contested, and the afternoon's sport was a success in every particular.

The judges were Messrs. William Edwards, J. H. Wade, Jr., and W. H. Backus. There were six races on the programme.

The first was the five-mile race for the championship medal of the Cleveland Club, a handsome gold badge, got up by President J. H. Wade, Jr. It brought out a keen contest. Messrs. George Collister, W. H. Wetmore, Andrew Janes, Paul North, J. D. Pugh, Jr., H. Avery, and G. H. Potter, were the starters, and all went away well together at the word. W. H. Wetmore cut out the work, took the lead, and held it for four miles, riding fast and steady, considering the condition of the track and the heavy wind in the faces of the wheelmen. George Collister hung to him closely, and on the fifth mile came up with Wetmore, and in a fine exhibition of fast-riding passed him and won by several yards. Wetmore was second, Janes third, and Potter fourth, the others not finishing. The time for the miles was 3.32½; 7.23½; 11.18½; 15.06½; 18.49½.

The next race was mile heats, best two in three, for two prizes. First, a McDonald cyclometer; second, a year's subscription to THE WHEELMAN. The starters were Messrs. Wetmore, Root, Hathaway, and North. North dashed away with the lead at the word, and he and Root had a great race for nearly the two rounds. On the turn of the second, Root came up with, and, after a hot brush, passed North, who slacked and let Wetmore also pass him. In that order the two finished, Root 100 yards ahead of Wetmore, Hathaway riding easily last. Time, 3.30½.

In the second heat only Root and Wetmore started. Wetmore led from the start and kept the lead to the finish. Time, 3.34¾.

The third heat was almost a repetition of the second, Root again trying hard to head the Cuyahoga Falls man, but never quite reaching him. Time, 3.36.

The third race was half-mile heats, best two in three. Prizes — First, long-distance saddle; second, a year's subscription to the "Wheel." The starters were Messrs. Pugh, Janes, Biddle, Douglass, Hathaway, Potter, and Avery.

Pugh took the lead in both heats and held it from first to last. Janes second and Biddle third in both rounds. Time, 1.39½, 1.40.

Fourth race was a half-mile without using hands. Prize — Acme Stand. Won by W. H. Wetmore. Time: 1.50½.

The half-mile tricycle race followed. Much interest centred in this race, as it was the first of its kind ever ridden in the West. There were three entries: J. H. Collister, C. W. Norman, and F. T. Campbell. The race was a close one between Norman and Collister, the latter gentleman finally winning, Norman being second, and Campbell, back quite a distance, last. Time, 2.31.

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The last race was a mile consolation one, in which all members of the club, not winning a race in this or previous meetings, were compelled to enter. The prize was a unique leather medal, handsomely framed and mounted in gold. It brought out twelve starters, and was won by T. S. Beckwith in 3.26½, the best mile time ever made in Cleveland. A. E. Sprackling was second, and H. Avery third.

Following the races Mr. W. H. Wetmore gave a grand exhibition of fancy riding, after which the members returned to town on their machines.

—*Cleveland Daily.*

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 1, 1882.

BICYCLING interests have always been pretty active in our little town; when I say active, I mean lively and bustling. Mr. Owen Thomas is our pioneer wheelman. He introduced the steely steed in our midst about four years ago. He was soon followed by others, prominent among whom were our "60," Mr. Thomas Moran and Mr. Horace Beddo. Also worthy of mention are Mr. Bird Sale, and Stanley B. Huber, who now rides a Star. Early in 1880 the Falls City and Louisville clubs were organized, and were both pretty evenly matched. They were, however, on antagonistic terms, and finally, according to Kentucky's motto, "United, we stand; divided, we fall," in the autumn of 1881 they were merged into the Kentucky Bicycle Club. In the spring of 1881 the H. A. K. U. Club, of four members, was organized, and, like the roses in the fall, it scattered all its leaves, and withered away. The survivors joined the Kentucky Bicycle Club, whicl., having been continuously swelled since then, now numbers thirty-five members. Immediately after the organization of the Kentucky Bicycle Club, six men deserted from the mother club and formed a nucleus, which was called, in honor of its defunct predecessor, the Falls City Bicycle Club. It now numbers twelve men, and in its membership has six good racing men. Its officers are H. J. Haupt, Secretary and Treasurer; W. Franke, Captain; A. S. Dietzman, President; and George Franke, Lieutenant. They have no bugler. The Kentucky Bicycle Club is now an incorporated body, the members all being stockholders. It owns the finest out-door quarter-mile bicycle track in the United States, has full control of the Exposition in-door eighth-mile track in the winter, and has some of the crack riders of the West in its ranks, among whom may be mentioned Charles H. Jenkins, Newton Crawford, Owen Thomas, and Henry Schimpeler, now in Chicago. The officers of the club are Aaron Cornwall, President; Charles H. Jenkins, Captain; N. G. Crawford, First Lieutenant; W. Bird Sale, Second Lieutenant; A. L. Pope, Secretary and Treasurer; Clarence H. Jenkins, Bugler; and Adams and Cage, Guides. The Kentucky Bicycle Club holds itself as an independent organization, and the Falls City Club belongs to the L.A.W. While the Kentucky Club is a non-league body, all its members belong to the L.A.W. There are about twelve or fifteen unattached riders, who will eventually belong to one club or the other. The Falls City Club emblem is a six-pointed Star; the Kentucky club's emblem is yet to be decided on.

So much for the clubs, now for the country and touring. We have four pikes and several dirt roads leading out of our town. The Shelbyville pike, leading up through Simpsonville, Shelbyville, Frankfort, and Versailles to Lexington, opens to us all the beauties of Central Kentucky and its famous Blue Grass region. The Bardstown pike leads through Mount Washington, Bloomfield, and Bardstown to Lebanon, and all Southern Kentucky, towards the Mammoth Cave. The Salt River Road runs through West Point and along the Ohio River towards Elizabethtown and Paducah, and the western portion of the State. The Brownsboro' pike has a length of about fifteen miles, and is not important. Our streets are miserable and only excelled in execrableness (?) by Cincinnati, which we consider the most miserable of the miserable.

Across the river, in Indiana, and opposite us, are the two towns, Jeffersonville and New Albany. There are two pikes leading out of Jeffersonville, one direct to Charlestown, and the other, by way of Utica, to the same point.

There are two excellent pikes leading out of New Albany, one by the way of Edwardsville, Lanesville, and Corydon, to the celebrated Wyandotte Cave. This is called the Corydon pike, and is famous for its immense and steep hill, two miles in length, and which but comparatively few of our riders have ridden without a dismount. Mr. Drew, of Boston, visited us this spring, and as a tester of Yankee endurance and hard-riding we took him over this route. He said he was satisfied; he considered Boston boys tough hill-climbers, but the Louisville boys eclipsed anything he ever saw. The Paoli pike, leading through New Albany, Mooresville, Galena, Greenville, Palmira, and Paolia, leads the way to Salem and Bedford and the northern and central part of Indiana. This road also contains a little "apple-pie" hill, one and a half miles long, which two of our riders rode inside of ten minutes. The grade on this hill was very steep, sometimes averaging a rise of one foot to every ten or twelve yards.

Our medalled men are numerous. Charles H. Jenkins has about a dozen, including Baltimore fifty-mile championship; Clarence H. Jenkins has two medals, one for the quarter-mile L.A.W. Chicago race; William Franke, three or four medals; Orville Anderson, two; W. B. Sale, one; Owen Thomas, half a dozen; Sam Holloway, two; Crawford, several; and John Adams won the amateur *scrub* race this fall, for riders who had never won a race.

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AT a recent meeting of the Nashville (Tenn.) Club all of the old officers were reëlected, — A. E. Howell, President; J. W. Maddin, Jr., Vice-president; and L. N. Jesunofsky, Secretary. The club was organized September 14, 1880. Its membership is as follows: Active, — V. L. Cunnyngham, M. B. Howell, Jr., F. Fite, T. Fite, E. Gannaway, and F. P. Elliott. Honorary, — J. P. Doak, T. J. Mason, D. C. McMillin, Hon. M. B. Howell, and D. R. Dorris.

The wheelmen of Nashville, Tenn., are somewhat indignant over the treatment C. H. Jenkins, of Louisville, Ky., and J. B. Burdett, of Nashville, Tenn., received at the annual fair of the Humphreys Co. Stock and Fair Company, at Waverly, Tenn., recently. There were three races, for prizes valued at $100. At the end of the third day's race, the wheelmen were informed by the directors that the receipts of the concern having fallen far short of their expectation, they would be compelled to *reduce* the amount for prizes to $50 instead of $100, and, further, to charge them twenty per cent. of the amount as entrance fees. The wheelmen refused, conforming strictly with the rules of the L.A.W., and stated that if the expenses incurred by themselves in making the journey would be paid by the directors they would trouble them no farther. This they refused to do. Through the kindness of Mr. R. C. Carnell, one of the committee on arrangements, who was instrumental in securing the wheelmen, however, matters were partly settled. It is learned that had not the directors come to a hasty conclusion, Mr. Carnell would have borne the entire expense himself, rather than to have seen the wheelmen depart without any acknowledgment for the very excellent exhibitions given by them. The races were the most interesting part of the affair.

THE League of Chicago Wheelmen now numbers sixty members.

Members of the Chicago Bicycle Club went out to the new suburb, Pullman, Saturday morning, October 17, to inspect the grounds of the Pullman Athletic Association, and to make some arrangement in regard to the fall races to be held there. These races came off on the 21st of the month.

The first meet of the Ariel Bicycle Club took place Saturday, October 14th, with the Milwaukee Bicycle Club and the Milwaukee Tourists as guests. Members of the Chicago Bicycle Club, the Owl Wheeling Club, and the Hermes Bicycle Club, were present. There were also a number of unattached wheelmen. President Aldrich, of the Ariels, was the marshal.

The wheelmen ran to South Park, and returned to Lake Park, their favorite place of meeting.

Probably three thousand people looked on at the athletic contests and bicycle race out at Pullman, October 21. Mr. J. M. Fairfield was special judge of bicycle races.

In the two-mile handicap Mr. Solomon Sturges won the first prize, Mr. G. W. Hancock, the second.

In the five-mile race Mr. C. C. Philbrick came in first, and Mr. Crawford second.

A banquet and ball at a popular hotel followed.

IT was a very pleasant party of bicyclers who, with Capt. C. A. Hazlett, of the Rockingham Bi. Club, celebrated his ten thousandth mile on his wheel, on Wednesday, October 18th. The club had a delightful run to the Dover Point House in the afternoon, where they met invited guests from Dover, and all partook of an excellent supper, which the Captain, with his usual forethought, had provided for. The evening was passed sociably, with music and with "dancing," and the ride home by moonlight was superb. Mr. Hazlett celebrated his five thousandth mile at The Wentworth about a year ago, and he now promises a big time when he completes miles enough to encircle the globe.

In company with the President of the club, Frank J. Philbrick, he made a run, on October 29th, west from Newburyport, of one hundred and twenty-six miles — seventy-five of which were accomplished before twelve o'clock at noon, when head winds and rain prevented a longer ride in the afternoon.

—*Portsmouth Journal.*

IN the recent contest for prizes offered by the Pope Manufacturing Company for articles relating to "The Bicycle for Ministers," the award was made as follows: The first prize, an Expert Columbia and $100, to Rev. S. L. Gracey; second prize, Standard Columbia and $50, to Rev. M. D. Buell; third prize, a Columbia Bicycle and $25, to Rev. H. F. Titus; fourth prize, a Mustang Bicycle and $10, to Rev. N. P. Gilman.

WHEELMEN will not fail to notice the announcement of a day devoted to them in connection with the Garfield Monument Bazaar, at Washington, from November 25th to December 3d. All meets heretofore held in this country have been in the interest of the wheelmen themselves. The board of managers of this bazaar, recognizing the growing popularity of bicycling, the interest it arouses wherever exhibitions are held, and the high character of the men devoted to it, and relying on their public spirit and patriotism, have determined to give a general invitation to all wheelmen of America to meet at Washington on the 29th of November, and, by their presence, contribute to the success of this undertaking, — which is to raise funds for a national monument at the National Capital to the departed President.

It would be a waste of words to speak of the attractions Washington presents to the wheelman. Her endless miles of wide asphalt avenues, her charming parks, the unrestricted freedom permitted to the wheels, a thoroughly prepared track in the heart of the city, under the eaves of the White House and the

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State and Treasury departments; the presence of the highest officers of the government, and the diplomatic corps, — these are temptations enough. But when to these is added that each man, by his presence, may contribute to do honor to the memory of Garfield, the appeal is stronger than one of mere personal delight in prospect. It is an appeal to patriotic hearts, to all who love the memory of a noble life, and a heroic death, and desire that these memories shall be fitly perpetuated.

ON the last day of October the second hare and hound chase of the Harvard Club took place. Norton, '85, and Claflin, '86, were the hares, and left the college grounds at 3.19 P.M. They were pursued by about ten hounds. An exciting chase followed. The distance was about twenty miles, through Brighton and the Newtons. Moffat, the captain, was the first hound at the finish, — his time being 1 hour 28 minutes. The hares were about two minutes ahead of him.

THE Æolus Wheel Club of Worcester have once more broken the long-distance record. On the 3d of November, at 5 P.M., Messrs. Midgley and Arnold left South Framingham for a twenty-four hours' ride. At Malden Mr. Arnold had a fall, and was compelled to withdraw and go home by rail. Mr. Midgley, however, kept on till 4.56 P.M., Nov. 4th, making 179 miles in 23 hours and 54 minutes; riding time, 19 hours and 12 minutes.

THE bicyclers of Canada have formed an organization called the "Canadian Wheelman's Association." *The Bicycle*, the new monthly paper issued at Hamilton, has been appointed the official organ.

THE challenge of Prince, offering to give Lewis T. Frye twenty seconds start in a ten-mile race has been accepted by the latter, on condition that the Racing Board of the L.A.W. give their sanction to the race.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Review of the Past Season.

THE season which is just over has been a progressive one in many ways; records have been lowered to an alarming extent, both on the path and the road; lightness has been the typical feature in machines; the three-wheeler has greatly increased in popularity; the Bicycle Union, with the help of its local centres, has put itself on a most firm footing, both with regard to its legislative powers and its jurisdiction on the path, and its kindred association, the Bicycle Touring Club, has showed its capability to "go on and prosper."

In February the Stanley Show "opened the ball," and was quickly followed by the Canonbury Assault-at-Arms, and the Bingley Hall Show, at Birmingham, which was promoted by the Speedwell B.C. At the commencement of the year, several important local centres of the B.U. were formed, and followed later on by that at Birmingham. But in March the Union lost the services of two of its most earnest supporters in the persons of Messrs. R. Cork and W. Blackwell, the latter retiring through pressure of business, the former again joining the "happy estate." About the same time Messrs. H. M. Oliver and W. Platt were appointed official handicappers for the Midland and Northern Districts, respectively. In April the "Cork'us" recommended a five-guinea limit for prizes, and a local centre was formed for Sussex, on the occasion of the Brighton Meet on Easter Monday. At the Surrey B.C. meeting at the "Oval" the race for the 10-mile Challenge Cup resulted in a dead-heat between C. A. Palmer and J. F. Griffeth. The Tricycle Meet was held on May 13th, and on the following Saturday some 2,300 cyclists "assisted" at the fixture at Hampton Court, the General Meeting of the B.T.C. having taken place the previous evening.

The Alexandra Palace track was reopened during this month, and the London B.C. road trial from Bath fell to H. R. Reynolds. On the 7th June, Cortis cut the record for a mile at Surbiton, by completing the distance in 2.41⅘. He had previously lowered it at the West Kent races, at which meeting C. A. Palmer beat J. F. Griffeth in the running off of their dead-head for the Surrey 10-mile Challenge Cup. The first whisper of a Cyclists' Volunteer Force was heard about this time. In July championships were the order of the day, and the 1 and 25 miles, which were held on the same day (July 8th), at Birmingham, both fell to F. Moore, the 5-miles, which was held on the 22d, at the Crystal Palace, being won by J. S. Whatton. The 50-miles, which took place the following Saturday, was won by Keith-Falconer, the record being cut from 26 miles upwards, the full distance being completed in 2.43.58⅘. At the Crichton B.C. meeting on 27th (Crystal Palace), W. K. Adam won the 3-mile Invitation Scratch Race in 8.41⅕, thus securing the record, and Cortis, starting in the same race, kept on and "did" another by riding 20 miles in 59.31⅘. The "Lengthy Wanderer," however, eclipsed this performance on August 2d, at the race-meeting of his own club, when he secured a "best" for 4 miles, and from 6 to 20 inclusive, completing the latter distance in 59.20⅘. During this month the Harrogate

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Meet was held; Vesey won the Crystal Palace Cup, and last, but not least, A. Nixon, the plucky hon. sec. of the London T.C., rode on a tricycle from John-o'-Groat's, to Land's End, in 13 days 23 hours. The Wanderer's B.C. gave a dinner in honor of the "Demon," who had previously become a "Benedict," and who has since sailed with his bride for the Antipodes. On the 9th of September the Surrey "pot" was won by that sterling good man H. W. Gaskell, of the Ranelagh Harriers, who, "on this occasion and every other," rode a Coventry Machinists' Club Racer. The 50-miles Tricycle Road Race, which was held on the same day, fell to M. J. Lowndes (Congleton B.C.), who rode the distance on a "Coventry Rotary," in 3.47.40, T. R. Marriott being second.

The following Saturday Gaskell was again victorious, winning the Kildare 5-miles Challenge Cup, Liles being the runner-up. The same afternoon the second North Metropolitan Meet was held at Barnet, about 600 'cyclists taking part. Moore, who had been "starring" in America, came back early in October, and about the same time French riders, with the exception of a few clubs, "chucked" amateurism; and things are now in the same glorious muddle as they were before. An attempt has been made to substitute a "ten-guinea rule for the B.A. five-guinea recommendation," but unsuccessfully, and the racing season virtually closed on Saturday, October 14th, with the 5-miles Tricycling Championship, which was won by C. E. Liles, who, in the final heat, beat his old opponent, Gaskell. The fastest time for the full distance was made by the winner in one of his previous rounds, viz., 17.31⅘.—*Midland Athlete.*

The Tricycle Amateur Championship.

THIS race, which is the first of its kind held under the auspices of the Bicycle Union, was run at the Crystal Palace track, on Saturday, 14th October, and resulted in a victory for Liles,—the well-known London bicyclist beating Lowndes (the hero of the 50-mile road race) and Gaskell, who rode in the final. The attendance was small, owing to the threatening state of the weather; but the gathering was a thoroughly enthusiastic one, being composed of most of the well-known 'cyclists of the South. The race was a five-miler, the track (a very fine one, but somewhat narrow for tricycling) 3½ laps to the mile. In the heat between Lowndes and Gaskell, the former rode wide in one of the laps, shutting out his opponent. Whether intentional or not, it created some feeling with the judges, and a protest was made by Gaskell, who, however, on learning that he was to run in the final as the fastest loser, withdrew it. Mr. G. L. Hillier was the business man for the day.

The heat between Liles and Lowndes gave the best on record for the three, four, and five miles, and secured to Lowndes the silver medal for the fastest pace made by any other than the winner. The times were: —

LOWNDES.

One mile . . .	3.22	Three miles . .	10.27⅘
Two miles . . .	6.55⅘	Four " . .	13.59

LILES.		LOWNDES.	
Five miles . . .	17.31⅘	Five miles . .	17.56⅘

FIRST ROUND.

Heat 1.—M. J. Lowndes, Congleton B.C., 1; F. G. Dray, Brixton Ramblers' B.C., 2. Time, 18.49⅗.

Heat 2.—H. W. Gaskell, Ranelagh Harriers, walked over.

Heat 3.—P. T. Letchford, Finchley T.C., 1; G. Schulz, Brighton 'Cycling Club, 2. Time, 19.53.

Heat 4.—C. E. Liles, L.A.C., 1; C. W. Coe, Brixton Ramblers, B.C., 2. Time, 18.55.

Heat 5.—T. R. Marriott, Nottingham B.C., 1; A. Woodhouse, London T.C., 2. Time, 19.45.

Heat 6.—A. Nixon, London T.C., walked over.

SECOND ROUND.

Heat 1.—Lowndes, first; Gaskell, second.

Heat 2.—Liles, first; Letchford, second; won easily by 120 yards. Time, 18.33.

Heat 3.—Marriott, first; Nixon, second; a good race; won by 10 yards. Time, 19.11⅗.

THIRD ROUND.

Heat 1.—Liles, first; Lowndes, second; the latter made the pace, but could not leave his rival. A lap from home Liles spurted and left Lowndes, who rode off the track without finishing. Time, 17.31⅘.

Heat 2.—Gaskell, first; Marriott, second. The winner of this heat to run as the fastest loser in the second round. Marriott kept the lead until the last circuit, when Gaskell passed and won by five yards. Time, 18.19⅘.

FINAL HEAT.

Liles, first; Gaskell, second. The second man made the running until three laps from home, when Liles made an effort and won a splendid race by twelve yards, amidst great enthusiasm. Time for the five miles in the final: —

One mile	3.58
Two miles	7.55⅕
Three miles	12.3
Four "	16.20⅕
Five "	19.39⅖

—*The Cycling Mercury.*

Australian Championships.

THE 10-mile Amateur Championship of Australia, and the 1-mile Amateur Championship of N. S. Wales, were run for at Sydney, on 20th August. This was the inaugural race meeting of the Sydney B.C., and was held in the Association ground before an enthusiastic and fashionable gathering of 10,000 people.

At the conclusion of the races, of which there were several besides the championships, the whole club

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performed some very intricate and elegant evolutions, which drew forth the admiration of the spectators.

Ten-mile Scratch Race: Amateur Championship of Australia. Prizes: Gold and silver medals, presented by the Surrey Bicycle Club, England.

1st . . G. W. Goodwin. 2d . . E. W. Barker.

There were five competitors in this event. Shute went away at the start, and at the seventh lap had a lead of about 100 yards, Barker being second, Goodwin third, and Copeland fourth; the three latter in close company and going well. Thurlow, after the tenth round, retired. In the fourteenth lap the remaining competitors were still close together, but the next time round, Goodwin and Copeland, amid considerable excitement, passed Shute, who, however, immediately afterward took second place. While passing the grand stand Shute came to grief, and Copeland, who was close behind, ran over him and was very heavily thrown. The contest now rested between Barker and Goodwin, and, soon after the accident, the former assumed the lead, and held it until the beginning of the ninth mile, when Goodwin, amid considerable excitement, shot past his opponent and fairly ran away from him, winning easily at the finish. The time for each mile was as follows: First, Shute, 3.38; second, 7.35; third, 11.35; fourth, Goodwin, 14.45; fifth, 18.45½; sixth, Barker, 22.47; seventh, 27.52½; eighth, 32.2; ninth, Goodwin, 36; tenth, Goodwin, 39.49; and Barker, 39.52.

One-mile Scratch Race for the Amateur Championship of New South Wales. Special bicycle club trophy, presented by Mr. Herbert S. Bale, and gold and silver medals, presented by Mr. G. E. Crane.

1st . . . . A. Lee. 3d . . . A. W. Crane.
2d . . . . H. Moyse.

Seven started for this event, which was well contested by the three competitors who were placed, all the rest being out of it almost from the start. Moyse went away with the lead, closely followed by Lee and Crane, and the same order was maintained until the third lap, when Crane found the pace too hot, and dropped behind. In the last round Moyse still maintained a lead of a length, but evidently only on sufferance, as Lee, 200 yards from home, passed his opponent easily and won by 60 yards. Time, 3.13.—*Ex.*

BOOK NOTICES.

John Randolph.[1]

THE latest volume in the American Statesmen series is the "Life of John Randolph." Like the preceding one, the "Life of Andrew Jackson," it is more a review of the political history of the time than a biography of Randolph. Only the first chapter, twenty pages, is given to his earlier years; and after that his private life is mentioned but rarely. His domestic life could not have been very pleasant, afflicted with such a temper as he had, and, consequently, would possess but little that would be desirable to know. His unfortunate temper often drove him to extremes, and, towards the end of his life, undermined his reason. His end was pitiable, and not pleasant to contemplate.

It is easy to see that Mr. Adams is not of Randolph's political faith, and that this has, in some degree, affected his estimate of him. Randolph was conceited and affected in his manner; but he was a great man, and a leader of great men; and political differences and objection to his eccentricities, which were marked, should not operate against a fair estimate of his greatness.

Mr. Adams is scarcely consistent with himself at all times. In one place he says: "Meanwhile he (Randolph) showed an astonishing genius for destroying his own influence and strengthening his opponents;" and begins the next paragraph by saying, "Yet, in his most violent passions, he kept his coolness of head, and knew how to subordinate an enmity to an interest." Again, he says, "There can be little doubt of Randolph's actual aberration of mind at this time. He talked quite wildly, and his acts had no relation with his language;" and follows this, in the next sentence, with a severe criticism of some of his actions, as if they were those of a sane man.

Although Mr. Adams is evidently no ardent admirer of Randolph, yet, because he shows so vast a knowledge of the political history of the time, and so evidently strives to be impartial, his work will be of the greatest value to those interested in our early political history. We would advise those malcontents who howl so loudly about the degeneracy of modern politics, to read it, and see that the politicians of to-day are marvellously like those who flourished in the first years of the republic.

[1] John Randolph. American Statesmen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1882.

The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.[1]

AT various times during the past fifteen years volumes of poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich have been published under various titles. In this present volume are to be found the most of these, a few from the edition of 1865, such as "Garnaut Hall" and "The Set of Turquoise," and some lyrics, being omitted;

[1] The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1882.

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others have been revised. These dainty, charming poems could not have a more fitting setting. They are printed upon heavy, elegant paper, and bound either in limp dark green or red cloth, or in flexible illuminated paper covers. The illustrations are furnished by the Paint and Clay Club of Boston. Those members of the Club who are represented in the book are: T. H. Bartlett, sculptor; S. E. Carlsen, W. B. Closson, who engraved two of his own drawings; E. H. Garrett, W. F. Halsall, W. L. Taylor, and Marcus Waterman. The engravers are George T. Andrew, W. B. Closson, W. J. Dana, J. P. Davis, Frank French, Arthur Hayman, and S. G. Putnam. Most of the twenty-eight illustrations are good. Mr. Taylor's drawing, to accompany the poem "Twilight," is quite an artistic illustration. The quatrain, "Moonrise at Sea," is the occasion of one of the best pictures in the volume, and is by W. F. Halsall. The dark, heavy swell of the waters is well brought out by the engraver. A couple of the most unsatisfactory illustrations are those of "Baby Bell." The child's face at the beginning of the poem is hardly a good conception. The figures by W. L. Metcalf, illustrating "Sea-Drift," and "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," are finely drawn. We would also notice Mr. Sandham's splendid illustration of the sonnet entitled "Egypt."

Of the poems themselves we have little to say. Those who have read any of the poetry of Mr. Aldrich have noted the beauty of his conceptions, the delicacy of his fancy, and the melody of his verse. His poetry does not strike a deep note, but is always exquisite, always charming. In the "Cloth of Gold" he enters into the spirit of the Orient as no other American poet, save Bayard Taylor, has done. In versifying old legends, as in "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," and "The Legend of Ara-Coeli," he is unsurpassed, while in the "Preludes" are poems in lyrical quality equal to the best of Heinck's. Mr. Aldrich never touches a subject with which he is not in perfect sympathy, and the reader never questions the genuineness of his thoughts or emotions.

This is one of the most beautiful gift-books of the season. The poems, illustrations, binding, and typography all harmonize. Mr. Aldrich's poems have ever been popular. This first complete edition, issued in such appropriate dress, will be gladly welcomed by the reading public.

Thoreau.[1]

IN writing a biography of Thoreau, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn has performed his work faithfully and ably. It would be almost impossible to show more of the real character and genius of a man in such a small book. When the book is finished the reader feels that he has obtained a thorough acquaintanceship with this strange yet wonderful man. This biography is entirely free from prejudice. Thoreau is not lauded beyond measure, nor are his faults brought out into unjust prominence. Though both are spoken of, it is in a calm manner that is admirable and praiseworthy.

This book contains much valuable reading aside from that directly incidental narrative of Thoreau's life, though some of this extraneous matter seems entirely out of place. The genealogies are drawn out to a tiresome length in the first part of the book; indeed Mr. Sanborn has a penchant for looking up genealogical questions. Indeed, many pages are marred by this very weakness. Mayhap the ancestors of some person only incidentally mentioned are brought out and paraded.

The question as to what might have been if Daniel Webster had fallen more deeply and lastingly in love with Miss Louisa Dunbar, an aunt of Henry Thoreau, occupies the writer for several pages, and he handles the subject in a delicately sentimental manner.

The chapter upon "Concord and its famous people" is full of interesting facts and pleasant bits of anecdote relating to the famous people of whom Concord has possessed more than its share. Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, Samuel Hoar, Dr. Ezra Ripley, Dr. Channing, and many other familiar names, figure in this delightful little sketch. "The Transcendental Period," Chapter V. of the book, is a good outline of the history of Transcendentalism in New England. Particularly valuable are the extracts from letters of the divines of the Colonial times, which show that even the "pious egotism and laughable vagaries of transcendentalism had their prototype in the private meditations of the New England Calvinists." It is not till we reach the sixth chapter, half through the book, that Thoreau begins to take the prominent place in the narrative. His early writings are quoted to some extent, and to good purpose. It is very interesting to note "how smooth the flow of description, how well placed the words, how sure and keen the eye of the young observer." The quotations from these essays of the young Thoreau show the same self-confidence, the same firmness of touch, and same sure independence of judgment, which characterize his later writings.

Mr. Sanborn makes no attempt at an elaborate study of Thoreau's genius. He gives us glimpses of him from different points of observation, quoting frequently from Thoreau's letters and works, to make clear his statements. We see him with his friends about him, not as the lone, solitary "hermit of Walden." Thoreau, though a natural woodman, possessing a mind peculiarly in accord with nature, and intuitively sympathizing with the birds and animals which inhabit the forest, was not an unsociable man, as many suppose. A reading of Mr. Sanborn's book will prove to any one the contrary. The

[1] **Henry D. Thoreau.** By F. B. Sanborn. American Men of Letters. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1882.

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comments upon Thoreau's writings are everywhere characterized by a spirit of just criticism, and, though neither many nor extended, are apt and free from bias. An interesting subject treated of in this volume is the poetry of Thoreau. He is not widely known as a poet. Though he wrote many verses, few have been published, and these few not widely read. Mr. Sanborn says, "No complete collection of Thoreau's poems has ever been made. Amid much that is harsh and crude, such a book would contain many verses sure to survive for centuries."

This little extract is from his poem in "Smoke," which Emerson says, "suggests Simonides, but is better than any poem of Simonides."

> "Light-winged smoke, Icarian bird!
> Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;
> Lark without song and messenger of dawn."

This is one of the stanzas of "The Departure": —

> "All day the low-hung clouds
> Dropped tears into the sea,
> And the wind amid the shrouds
> Sighed plaintively."

The last few chapters of this book are fine examples of the taste and critical judgment of Mr. Sanborn. The key-note of Thoreau's beliefs is given in his own words. The biographer merely strings the pearls of the philosopher. Thoreau's last days are simply but pathetically described.

Art and Nature in Italy.[1]

ASIDE from long residence in Italy, Mr. Benson writes with the tenderness and appreciation of a true lover of art. The author takes the reader into his confidence, and in an easy, enchanting way discourses of the beauties of nature and charms of art. The first chapter, "In Giorgione's Country," describes the birthplace of this artist, weaves in a criticism of his works, his environments, and to some extent his history. After reading the sketch, one seems to know the artist and his home. With skilful touches the personality of Giorgione is brought out, sharply defined, and intelligible. The next chapter, "In Titian's Country," gives accounts of some pleasant rambles in a secluded region, where the writer finds some almost forgotten works of the great painter. The descriptions of the scenery and of the simple-minded peasantry are really fine. "Raphael's Birthplace" follows. We cannot speak in too high terms of the style and manner of the author. In easy, fascinating descriptions the finer and subtler effects of travel in Italy, under the most favorable auspices of leisure, culture, and comfort, are expressed and made real to the reader. One rises from the book feeling that he has made a decided advance in actual usable knowledge about art in Italy. The author writes in a vivid, rich, poetical manner that expresses so well the moods in which such scenes invest the traveler. The book contains sixteen articles, including chapters on "Tintoretto and his conception of Satan," "Perugia," "Assisi," "Majolica in Italy," "San Gimignano." To those who cannot wade through large volumes, much less take a trip to Italy, this book will be found to be of rare interest.

[1] Art and Nature in Italy. By Eugene Benson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1882.

Constitutional History, and Political Development of the United States.[1]

IN a small book, less than three hundred pages, Mr. Sterne has aimed to write a "Sketch of the Constitution of the United States as it stands in text, as it has been interpreted by the Supreme Court, and a history of the political controversies which resulted in the formation of and changes in that instrument." Beginning with the early history of the Colonies he briefly describes the tendencies and growth of the ideas which led to that first colonial assembly which was held, in 1774, at Philadelphia, to raise opposition to the Stamp Act. After describing the origin of the Articles of Confederation, and explaining wherein they were inadequate for the government of the Colonies after they became free, he makes a close study of the Constitution, as it was adopted in 1789, and also of its fifteen amendments. The first half of the book, which is devoted mostly to a quite elaborate explanation of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers conferred by the Constitution, will be of considerable value both to the student of political history and to the general reader; for, besides being a constitutional study, it answers many questions which are frequently asked. But when we come to the past constitutional history, Mr. Sterne's work is much less satisfactory. In less than eighty pages he has attempted to give a history of the political development since the first inauguration of Washington. The result is that many of the most interesting and not unimportant incidents in our political history and development are passed over hastily, or are left entirely unnoticed.

In the discussion of "Current Questions" Mr. Sterne shows how many of the wise plans of the framers of the Constitution have been put to misuse by the later political vultures and "bosses." His theories for the remedy of some of these are admirable, and we hope that he will spare no pains to bring them before the public in other forms. An appendix contains the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution as it now stands; but there is a noticeable lack of tables, giving lists of presidents and the votes by which they were elected, admission of the States, of members of the different cabinets, etc., all of which should accompany a book of this character.

[1] Constitutional History, and Political Development of the United States. By Simon Sterne. Cassel, Petter, Galpin, & Co.: New York, London, and Paris.

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Practical Hints on Camping.[1]

THE fact that this neat volume of one hundred and forty-two pages bears the imprint of the large publishing house of Jansen, McClurg, & Co., prepossesses one in its favor. At first glance one is shocked by the bruskness and directness with which the author expresses his ideas. He is evidently a "practical" man, and after reading the book a person feels certain that he is not "bookish" in his ways. We can best convey this feature of the author's style by an example or two: "If it storms so that you positively cannot cook (we never met with such an occurrence), why, then eat crackers and make fish lines, *and don't growl.*" "If you want to thoroughly realize how very little room you really *need*, go to an undertaker and in five minutes he will show you in what a small space you can lie comfortably."

The book is full of slipshod expressions, still it is none the less instructive and valuable. In fact, we believe it to be a book that will prove of essential service to the constantly increasing army of campers. It devotes a chapter to each of the important subjects involved in making camp life profitable and pleasant, from "Preparation," "Outfit," "Shelter," "Knots and Ties," "Camp-cooking," clear to "Accidents and Ailments," and "Camp Photography."

The first chapters are very valuable to the tourist. The directions and lists must save hours of vexatious planning and render the work of preparation very satisfactory.

One chapter is devoted to receipts for dishes suitable to the camp. The chapter on "Camp Photography" is of especial interest to bicycle tourists. In fact, the entire book, the typography of which is almost faultless, is replete with all sorts of information, by a practical camper, to those who would secure the highest enjoyment and benefit from camp-life.

Towhead.[2]

MISS PRATT, whose "Cape Cod Folks" brought the author into some prominence, both on account of its merits as a piece of fiction and the peculiar circumstances attending its publication, is the writer of "Towhead." This story, though not equal to her former effort, possesses that quality which seems to be the charm of so many novels of to-day, brightness. There are too many writers of fiction that appear to have no other object than to produce a lively, fresh, racy story. The present volume would seem to indicate that Miss Pratt belongs to this ever-increasing class. It is a clever story, showing ingenuity and good powers of descriptive and dialogue writing. The conversations in "Deking" Pinchon's kitchen between Vixanna Daw, the negro cook, and Excelluna, Towhead's nurse, of the same race, are excellent, and bring in very naturally their peculiar phraseology and strange ideas and fancies. Two little incidents to the story would be charming merely as sketches of short stories, but have no bearing upon the plot whatever. One is the death of Job Trench, the other the little romance of Augustus Brown and Mollie Evelyn. As they stand in the book they are alone, neither adding nor detracting from the main outline of the novel. Mount Grimwood Female Seminary, with its cast-iron rules and hypocritical sanctity, is too extreme to be an artistic picture.

The characters, however, are well drawn; and Dick Bodurtha, the wild, romping school-girl; Mr. Higgins, the complacent, conceited guardian; Miss Dacotah West, the Western girl, are all vivid portraitures.

Miss Pratt is a clever story-writer. Though "Towhead" is not a brilliant novel, and is modestly called by the writer "The Story of a Girl," it is interesting and entertaining, and is a bright piece of fiction.

The Young Moose-Hunters.[1]

MR. C. A. STEPHENS has been before the public for years as a writer of juvenile fiction. He was among the first to oppose the old "Oliver Optic" style of composition by writing in a different and more healthful manner. His stories are always wholesome, always full of practical hints to boys and young men, and always written in a pleasing, entertaining, style. "The Camping Out Stories" breathed the fresh, invigorating atmosphere of the out-door life. Besides writing to please the young, he always seems to have the motive of teaching them, making them more manly, more self-dependent. "The Young Moose-Hunters" is an exponent of this idea. A party of young men, who are struggling through an academy with a view to going to college, go up through the woods of Maine, hunting, fishing, and gathering spruce-gum, in order to obtain the money necessary to pursuing further their studies. This book purports to be a narrative of their doings and adventures. They are plucky young men, not sentimental boys. They do nothing for the mere sake of adventure, everything is turned to practical account. Mr. Stephens has the faculty of throwing an air of reality about his stories. The narrative is so simple, so free from adornment, that it seems to be the rehearsal of facts. This book can be commended to young readers for the practical ideas it inculcates and the wholesome flavor which pervades it.

Louise and I.[2]

THOUGH but recently received from the publishers, "Louise and I" was published more than a year ago. This "Sea-side Story," as it is called by the author, is from the pen of Charles Richards

[1] Practical Hints on Camping. By Howard Henderson. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1882.

[2] Towhead. The Story of a Girl. By Sally McLean Pratt, author of Cape Cod Folks. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882.

[1] The Young Moose-Hunters. A Backwoods Boy's Story. By C. A. Stephens, author of Knockabout Club in the Woods, Camping Out Stories, etc. Fully illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1882.

[2] Louise and I. A Sea-side Story. By Charles Richards Dodge. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

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Dodge, a member of the Capital Bicycle Club and an enthusiastic wheelman. Mr. Dodge was lately editor of the *Field and Forest*, and is the writer of several stories. "Louise and I" is a summer idyl, a sea-side book. The writer pictures in a most vivid and entertaining style life at a quiet summer resort. The friendships that are formed, true and lasting, mayhap blossoming into deeper affection; the desperate flirtations of the young ladies of "several seasons"; the schemes of the match-making elderly ladies; the picnics, dances, and entertainments, —all these are woven into the novelette with charming ease and grace. The characters must have been taken from life, there is such an air of reality about them. The plot is not complex, just the romance that may be seen acted out in real life any summer at the sea-shore.

The chapter on "French Verses" shows the writer to be quite a poet. He handles the rondeau, triolet, and vilanelle in an easy and graceful manner. "Louise and I" is not a pretentious "novel," it is simply "A Sea-side Story," and as such is worthy of praise for the charm with which life at the sea-side is invested. The descriptions are excellent, and altogether the book is very bright and readable.

Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote.[1]

THE Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote fills a neat little duodecimo volume of 300 pages, or thereabouts, and certainly there never were 300 pages of more genuine wit, delicate humor, and choicer bits of wisdom. In the introduction it is said the power of Cervantes' invention and the purity of his imagination can never be rivalled. They certainly can never be excelled. The selections have been made with great care; nothing but what is excellent has been admitted, and nothing of excellence has been omitted.

But selections are always more or less unsatisfactory. It is provoking to be reading something very interesting, and to have it break off abruptly, without even a "to be continued in our next."

To those who are familiar with the wanderings and mishaps of poor Don — and they are few in comparison with those who are not — these selections will be extremely interesting and valuable. And with those who do not know his life, they will have the effect of sending them at once to the original volume; and certainly nothing can be found more entertaining than Don Quixote, although it is rather long.

There are several illustrations: A bust of Cervantes; a representation of his monument, which stands in the Plaza de las Cortes, Madrid; a picture of Don Quixote mounted on his famous Rozinante, and one of fat Sancho Panza, on his faithful ass.

[1] Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote, with a biographical sketch of Cervantes, by Emma Thompson. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1882.

The Knights of the Horseshoe.[1]

THIS is "A Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion," as the sub-title runs. The time of the story is the early part of the eighteenth century, when Gov. Spotswood was the head of the Old Dominion. The plot hinges upon circumstances connected with the Tramontane Expedition. "The Knights of the Horseshoe" were the young gentry who particularly distinguished themselves in that expedition. On their return they were decorated with gold horseshoes adorned with jewels. The many exciting and interesting incidents connected with the historical events of that time are well told. Dr. Caruthers has succeeded in writing up these incidents and traditions in a taking style and weaving them into a romance.

The Poet and the Children.[2]

AMONG all the fine holiday books for children that are making their appearance, the finest of all is the subject of this notice. From beginning to end there is but little in it to criticise and much to praise. All, or nearly all, of the most popular and famous poets are represented by some of their most exquisite productions, and the array of poets not so well known to fame would be appalling were it not that their poems are all of the highest order and extremely interesting. But among all the names we look in vain for the one we most expected to find there. Tennyson is there, and Whittier, and Holmes, Mrs. Browning, H. H., Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Paul Hayne, Adelaide Proctor, Celia Thaxter, Rose Terry Cooke, and many others; but Longfellow is not there. However, there is an excellent engraving of him as a frontispiece. On page 8, "Our Happy Secret," by Margaret Sidney, is a perfect little gem. There is nothing better in the whole volume than this little poem and the engraving that accompanies it. In fact, all the illustrations, of which there are about two hundred, are of the very best. The work cannot be praised too highly. The best in literature and art is here given to children in such a way that they can understand it. At no other time are the sensibilities so easily affected as in childhood. Impressions received then take strong and enduring hold upon the mind. And children who are accustomed to read such books as this will not, as they grow older, resort to the cheap, sensational trash read by so many young people at the present time.

[1] The Knights of the Horseshoe. A Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion. By Dr. William A. Caruthers, author of the "Cavaliers of Virginia," etc. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] The Poet and the Children. Carefully Selected Poems from the Works of the Best and Most Popular Writers for Children. Edited by Matthew Henry Lothrop. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1882.

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THE WHEELMAN.

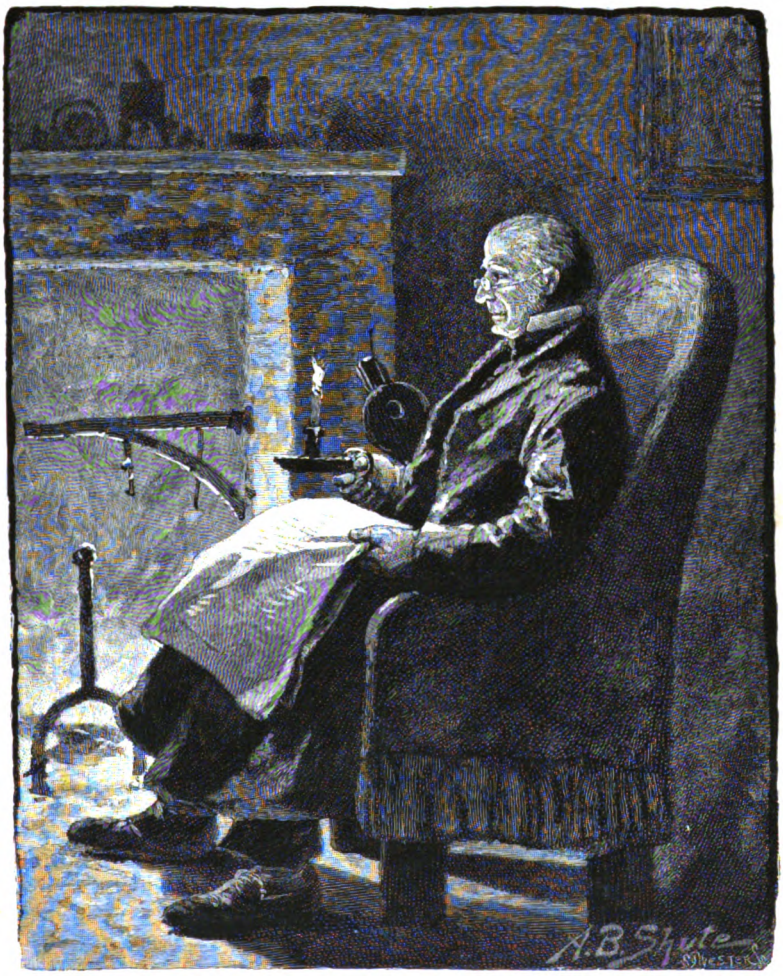
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DEACON NOAH'S VISION.

SPOKE THE I.

DEACON NOAH HIGGINS was a deacon—you might have known that if I hadn't given him the title; he had it written on his severe countenance, beaming from his solemn eye; the lines about that mouth had the theologic curves, and the iron-gray hair bristled with aggressiveness.

The deacon was *sound;* he gloried in it; no mercy for sceptics with him. He would fire the Thirty-nine Articles and the Ten Commandments at any man who dared question anything. He was like the old lady who was willing to be convinced, but would like to see the man that could do it. He was one of the "pillars" of Ridgeville church, — a good, serviceable man, if you kept on the south side of him. He would sacrifice a good deal for his church, and, excepting his prejudices, was a companionable man. The deacon lived on a farm in the suburbs. He had worked hard all his life, and he was beginning to break down. Now that his sons were grown up he began to find out he was far from sound in health, if he was



HE THOUGHT OF THE VISION AND THE WINGED WHEEL.

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in theology. What should he do? He did not believe in doctors much; he had never taken a dose of medicine in his life; said it was all humbug "tryin' to make natur' think she was mistaken by dosing her." He was no hydropath: he "thanked the Lord not a drop of water had touched *his* back for forty years," when the doctor had suggested bathing in salt-water.

But the deacon did yield in one regard: he purchased some sort of a liver-pad, advertised to cure everything from softening of the brain to loss of hair. He declared, when he had got it on, "that he had labelled himself a pesky fool." Then he went to see a married daughter in New Hampshire, and stayed one winter. But it was of no use, Deacon Noah Higgins was "running down," and people began to shake their heads at his sallow complexion and nerveless grasp. "Why, how badly you look, deacon! Feeling poorly, eh?" He was getting tired of the question; something must be done, and, as there were no heretics to hunt, he looked about for excitement.

Dominie Morehouse had got a bicycle, and Hal, his son, the young limb of the law, had used one in collecting the bad debts of Judge Bent. They did say he had taken in more than two thousand dollars, which the judge supposed had gone to the dogs. The deacon had been scandalized about the dominie's bicycle. At first he thought it wasn't scriptural; the apostles never rode on such critters; but, after all, they were economical; and people called Deacon Noah "middling close"; perhaps they did well enough. At all events, the dominie looked and appeared twenty years younger since he had a "colleague."

Now, Brother Higgins was a tall man; his arms were unusually long, and his lower extremities were not behind in this characteristic. When he ran it reminded one of a windmill on a lark; his figure was spare, gaunt as a spectre, and his clothes seemed to hang on him as a shirt on a bean-pole. When he got on his gold-bowed spectacles and began to expound the law and the testimony, one, for the moment, might have imagined him Darwin's "missing link," until he opened his mouth; then they forgot his unique figure, for he knew what he was about. He may have been narrow-minded and opinionated; but he could clearly and succinctly state his views, and commanded the respect of the people. In the New England town-meeting he had large influence — one of the best speakers. He had a practical acquaintance with parliamentary law, and after the debaters had haggled, and made confusion worse confounded, the deacon would often get up, and go straight to the core of the subject.

But this illness was serious business. Something must be done, as Peko remarked, when Boss drove him on the wall and faced him, with tail excitedly wagging. He had tried a change of air; that miserable liver-pad; but it was of no avail. He lost his appetite, began to be wakeful, and had the "blues" day in and day out. One evening he had been reading his church paper, without which he would not have known how to live; he had began to grow sleepy, for a wonder, when his eye rested on an advertisement just as he was about putting up the paper. It presented the merits of the bicycle; one of them headed the n[illegible]. The deacon had studied Ezekiel a good deal. He thought of the vision and the winged wheel. Why should he not try a bicycle? It might be providential; and, then, the editor of his religious paper said he owned one, in a business notice, at so much a line. The deacon began to warm towards this new-fangled machine. Perhaps Ezekiel had one in mind when he told about a wheel in the middle of a wheel, the dragons and the creatures, with the noise of their terrible wings. Only the dominie's bicycle went so still one would hardly know it was on the road.

SPOKE THE II.

A BUSY street, blackened with the traffic of labor and toil; great warehouses, massive and substantial; the sidewalks lined with people; the sun was shining; something unusual seemed about to take place; people began to look expectant; the deacon was interested too, but he did not recognize the people or the street; the small boys mounted the hitching-posts along the way. Very soon there began to be a stir, and then a murmur. *Something* was coming down the street — was it a satyr? The deacon drew nearer, and — oh, horrors! — it looked like himself. He could not understand it, but the resemblance was only momentary; it seemed to take new forms every moment. It had four faces, and its going was like a flash of lightning. Sometimes it was his own face, and then it was his religious paper flying down the street, like an aged spinster in the wind; then it was Dom-

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inie Morehouse, and after that a centaur. What troubled the deacon was to see himself ridiculously clinging to that living wheel and standing looking on at the same time. Was there two of him, or was he twins? The deacon was strong on temperance; but he had to acknowledge that he must be drunk. Another remarkable thing about it, the old cat seemed to be along with him; but her eyes were the color of beryl, and, instead of legs, were wheels; and, moreover, many of the Ridgeville church people appeared in the crowd with frightened faces; and there was Sam Hines, the sexton, running after the creature, and it lifted its great wings when he was just upon it, and Sam was reaching wildly for nothing; once he was tumbled into the street, and retired crestfallen. The deacon saw the creature stop, which seemed his other self, and expound the book of Ezekiel; and when the people laughed the living wheel cast them in the dust. What scandalized him the most, he seemed to be running a race with the dominie, and when he appeared to be losing, he saw the creature lift up its wings and fly, while the people applauded. The good man thought he would lose his senses entirely with looking at this unique scene; but in a flash the people were gone, and he seemed to be in a world of spirits. It was Dante's "Inferno," and he was flying round the circles of hell. First it was fire; heated walls of rock; angels, with faces of flame and wings of gold, fluttered their pinions about him. Then ice and snow sent their deathly chill to his vitals as he sped on. Faster and faster he rode, the dark, unfathomable abyss sending up its dark mist.

But just as his mind seemed giving away, the scene changed again, and the good deacon was running a race with the devil.

"The dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light."

The fiend was on foot, but gaining on him. The deacon glanced back and saw the terrible shape and shuddered. He thought he took off his liver-pad and flung it at him; but the shadow only scowled the more fiercely, and pressed upon him, uttering such fearful cries of wrath and agony. The deacon began to conclude he was in a mad-house. There was something strange



"WHAT TROUBLED THE DEACON WAS TO SEE HIMSELF RIDICULOUSLY CLINGING TO THAT LIVING WHEEL."

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about it. He had been to the Friday night prayer-meeting, and came home and sat down in his easy-chair; and now the Old Nick was certainly after him. He could not get that horrid shape out of his eye. He seemed to fly over the plain. The great mountains were about them, their summits crested with snow. The valleys were the home of gurgling brooks, and flowers nodded in the breeze. Cascades festooned the hill-sides with spumy ribbons of spray, and green masses of foliage burned under the blue sky. But all the time that horrid shape kept following him; and then the deacon, or the creature, — which was it? — made a mighty effort, and creature and wings were lifted from the earth, and, like the gods of old, glided over the spaces. What a vision lay beneath him! A world in bird's-eye view, — and Dominie Morehouse seemed to stand on the steps of Ridgeville church, waving his hat and shouting, "Won!" So elated did the creature, or the deacon, become at this that he raised his hand in triumph. There was a fall, a crash, and the deacon awoke. He had tipped over a chair, the chair had reached the light-stand, and there was a general destruction. It was the vision of Noah, not of Ezekiel. The advertisement, the blazing fire, the deacon's poor health, — all had combined to give him a fearful nightmare; his brain had been wool-gathering, — cutting up strange antics; he hardly knew yet how it was. He gazed stupidly at the cat, and then looked about for the winged creature; but he gave it up as a bad job. He almost thought he saw the devil peering in at the window; and, more asleep than awake, the deacon went off to bed. He was in a bad way, that was very evident. The nervous system is reduced when it plays such antics as that with a grave and serious deacon in good and regular standing.

SPOKE THE III.

When the deacon woke up the next morning his dream was vividly recalled; he lived it all over again; it had not faded out like many fancies of the night, but he seemed to be in a brown study all the morning. He said nothing at breakfast, only once he asked his good wife "if she had seen the creature go." She thought his mind was becoming affected, he appeared so strange, and at prayers he read the first chapter of Ezekiel, and in his prayer he got strangely mixed with wheels and winged creatures. Now, Deacon Noah was gifted in petition. Although he had not had a liberal education he seemed to breathe another atmosphere when on his knees. Sam Hines remarked he cakilated the cherubim waited when Deacon Higgins spoke. When the synod met at Ridgeville, a few years ago, the deacon was called upon to offer the closing prayer; and how the dominies *opened* their eyes, instead of closing them, when this tall, lank man, with his sharp visage, began; his sonorous voice chained and held them. The work and interest of the great meeting was put into a few pregnant sentences. How pathetically this homely man plead for the interests of the kingdom! But Abigail Higgins was astounded this morning. She must consult Dominie Morehouse; it never would do to allow the deacon to go on so. And so she went down to Bleakmere Manse, early in the day. The dominie was in, and she had a long confidential talk with him. The Rev. John Morehouse smiled a good deal during the recital, and seemed to be in deep thought. He had great respect for the deacon. He knew him to be a sterling man. With all his eccentricities his heart was all right; his life had been fragrant in good deeds for many years. The orphan, the widow, the unfortunate, had cause to bless this man, who had a sweet heart within the gnarly bark. The dominie took men as he found them, and loved them for the good in them. They were not perfect, any of them, he had occasion to know in his forty years' pastorate; but he saw the deacon was really ill. It was nervous dyspepsia that was the matter; that would send the blue devils after any one. Something must be devised to give him gentle exercise, and act as a counter-irritant. He glanced at his bicycle, in the corner of the study. A bright thought struck him. Why not? Here was a man going into a steady decline who would not consult a physician, who said he was not ill, and was partially right; his nervous system was the most seriously diseased. But, then, the deacon had regarded the bicycle as a device of the Evil One. He had said a good deal when the dominie began to ride his. They would be obliged to use stratagem if they prevailed on him to ride a bicycle. But what a figure he would cut on the machine! — and the dominie laughed outright at the thought. They would be obliged to have one made to order, for those lower limbs were exceptional. But the plan was confided to the

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anxious woman. He would do the correspondence, if she was in favor of the scheme.

She went home a little relieved. Abigail Higgins was one of the salt of the earth. The deacon had acquired some property, but her calculation had made it possible. Farmers' wives have the hardest of the toil,—a fact not always remembered. They had a large dairy. It was the sale of butter that had brought in a handsome income for many years. Abigail Higgins made the finest butter in the region. Her dairy was famous; but for many years they had none of the modern conveniences, and the work was very exhausting to skim pan after pan of milk, and then often to carry it up the cellar-stairs to the pig-house. This the deacon's wife had done for many years. Her husband was willing enough, but he had been brought up to allow women to drudge. If he had done his wife's work the modern fixtures would have come sooner; but now they had every convenience: a milk-house, with running-water troughs to convey the refuse milk to the piggery, and no lifting to be done: their butter was shipped to the city at a fancy price. All this had come about through the "faculty" of Abigail Higgins. She not only knew how to make gilt-edge butter, but she knew how to sell it at an extra price. These farmers' wives are the salt of the earth in more senses than one. They furnish the brains and much of the labor in the year's round of toil.

There must be some way to get the deacon out of his trouble. If the dominie's way was the best, it must be accomplished. Abigail Higgins never faltered when she had a duty to perform. She drove on down the street. Old Bill took the gait he had followed for the last twenty years, his old white head bobbing up and down contentedly.

It was in the late summer-time, and the road-sides were warm with color. As she rattled across the bridge a new thought came to her: "I must see the dominie again;" and as she came in sight of the house the work and care of the day drove everything else out of mind.



THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET THE DEACON OUT OF HIS TROUBLE.

The fruit lay piled in the orchard; the barn floor was filled with yellow corn still in the husk; great loads of potatoes were being carried into the cellar by the men; the golden sunshine fell upon the place in glory. It was a morning when one ought to be thankful with such evidences of a liberal Providence. The deacon sat on a barrel, dejected, moody, seemingly buried deep in some unpleasant meditation. His vision was troubling him. He could not forget that living creature,—with its horrid gyrations and its burning eyes, and the circles of hell.

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SPOKE THE IV.

ONCE more Abigail Higgins sought the study of the Manse, and made known her plan to win the deacon to the bicycle cure. The dominie favored it at once, struck with the skill and discernment of the good woman. She had brought down some of her butter-money that she had been saving for a long time to get a new set of parlor furniture. "But what is the use of furniture without the deacon?" she said, and almost broke down, for she was sorely tried. A letter was sent to the city. A special machine was ordered to be sent at the earliest possible moment to the address of the Rev. John Morehouse. Mental disease is one of the most difficult afflictions to alleviate, so little is really known about the mental machinery and its relation to the body. But this class of diseases is greatly increasing. Overwork and excitement, dissipation and high living, are causing many people to die at the top. The use of stimulants and narcotics is bringing this about. Opium and chloral, brandy and tobacco, are weakening the nervous fibre of the race. But the deacon had worked hard all his life, living out of doors and constantly employed. When he ceased this and sought rest, instead of dying, as many have under similar conditions, nervous prostration followed, and what many people would call a perverse imagination was really serious disease.

Two weeks passed and the bicycle came.

In consideration of the fact that the dominie was D. B., and had saved the train, the bicycle was of extra quality, the firm said, the very best they could manufacture. They trusted the deacon would be permanently relieved.

That night, after dark, the dominie rode it up to the deacon's. It was a perfect machine. That winged creature on the bar might assist the deacon in associating it with his vision, for he was still under its power. How swiftly it defied the roadway, and conquered it!—its shining spokes, like the "wings of the cherubim shining in the sunset!" How noiselessly it trod the white sand, like the dainty foot of maidenhood cutting the air as with a scimitar in its rapid revolutions! It ought to stir the old deacon's blood to mount such a living creature. It was secreted in the parlor, the good woman eying it with some perturbation, and stepping gingerly about it, as if she expected it would kick.

The deacon got to sleep again in his chair that night. These turns left a horrible remembrance behind them. They were a sort of mental delirium tremens. He seemed to be flying through the air; this time on a delirious horse,—a centaur of the clouds,—a sort of "Tam O'Shanter" ride.

> "The doubling storm roars through the woods,
> The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
> Near and more near the thunders roll."

It seemed to be his wife that was following him, and her face was white and awe-struck. The air was full of fiends flying in darkness, and the face of the moon seemed to be clotted with blood. "Oh, this is terrible!" groaned the poor deacon; "this will finish me." And, indeed, the mental state of the man was fast approaching hopelessness. But as he rode at this breakneck speed he heard a noise behind him, and Dominie Morehouse was speeding after him on a bicycle, and his wife was waving her hands in encouragement. Sparks seemed to fly from the wheel, and its track was a flash of lightning. The dominie was coming at a tremendous rate. His fiery horse was weakening, and just as they plunged into a great cloud, black as night, the bicycle had caught him, and somehow the horse was gone, and he sat on a bicycle, going back with the dominie.

The deacon awoke. *Was* he awake? What was that by the table? A bicycle! And it had hardly been used. What did it mean? Was his dream coming true? And here was a note from the Rev. John Morehouse, with the single line, "There is health in the wheel. Your affectionate pastor, in behalf of your wife."

The deacon began to look it over. What an elegant piece of mechanism it was! The workmanship would be appreciated by him. He measured the wheel; counted the spokes; counted the parts; looked at the winged creature of electro-plate, and was profoundly astonished. Was this his wife's doings? He had noticed her regarding him with anxious looks. Was she trying to save him from the evil spirit that was following him? What was the harm, after all, for him to ride the thing? To be sure, he had said sharp things about it. When the dominie first received his he had better have purchased one, for this nervous trouble had begun then, or he would not have been so bitter. He felt a little cheap as he thought it over; but he would make it all up; he would ride this machine; perhaps he could chase the blue devils into the swamp. And the dea-

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con retired to the first good night's rest he had for a year. There was a pleasant excitement about the matter. The deacon was eager to have the morning come as any boy with a new wagon; but he dropped off to sleep, and had no dreams. Perhaps he had seen the last of them; for this he devoutly prayed.

SPOKE THE V.

WHAT a glorious morning dawned on the world! There had been a slight frost, and there was exhilaration in the air. The hills blazed with the fires of a universe; the sky bent low to kiss the earth, and the crows, flying through the blue sky, chanted a matin hymn in discordant unison; the low-lying walls were clad in scarlet woodbine; the sumac flaunted its gay drapery in the eyes of passers-by, and the maples along the roadsides were resplendent in their doublets of old gold. It was an eventful day for Deacon Noah Higgins. His "vision" was to be verified in a measure, and the people of Ridgeville were to be treated to a spectacle that would be long remembered. The deacon would not steal away to some unfrequented spot. He had openly condemned the bicycle. He would be brave about it, and in the face and eyes of the multitude on the main street he would testify of his conversion. Perhaps he was not wise in this, but he was chivalrous and brave. One singular thing that developed as the deacon tried his machine: he had spasms when he could ride at great speed, at too great a speed, as it proved in the event; and then, again, he would flounder and sprawl all over the way. Like the tipsy citizen of the Green Isle, it was the width of the road, not the length, that troubled him.

But he started after breakfast for the town; in fact, he made several "starts." The hired men got behind the barn-door and smiled out loud. Abigail Higgins went into the house and shook until her false teeth rattled with the ague. It was a sight! The only wonder was this pillar of the Ridgeville church did not have his neck broken. He took the fence at a flying leap; he sought the heap of pumpkins with too great celerity, and as he happened to strike one that was fair to look upon, but, like the cranium of some people, was soft inside, his physique was not altogether lovely as it emerged. He got as far as the road, and the ditch claimed his close attention; but soft mud was no better than decayed pumpkin, — the deacon's coat was of many colors when he arose from his humble posture; but, instead of being discouraged by his repeated falls, the deacon was getting his blood warmed as it had not been for a year. He grew more determined every minute, and he clutched the machine as he used to hang to a fiery colt he was breaking when a younger man. The dominie had come up in the meantime, and began to think the deacon never could conquer the wheel; but he little knew the grit of a New England deacon when once aroused.

He gave him a few instructions, and together, in the course of the afternoon, they got down town. What a sensation it caused! Deacon Noah Higgins on a bicycle! There was occasion for a sensation, I assure you. The deacon knocked Sister Perkins over into a mud-puddle, damaging her best bonnet. She said people did say Deacon Higgins was crazy, and she believed it now. He ran amuck all along the sidewalk until people fled as from a wild beast. At last he went plump into the plate-glass front of Wing & Boyd, — men's furnishing goods. The dominie burst his collar laughing. The deacon looked for all the world like a mammoth grandpa-long-legs on a bender. His "stove-pipe" hat now had serrated sides, and there was plenty of ventilation for the troubled brain; his left eye was bandaged from contact with the broken glass. One hand was bruised; but the deacon was happy. Discouraged? Not a bit, and the people never had such a religious entertainment before.

The deacon was going home on that bicycle! The dominie, and a knot of people about him, saw the bicycle coming, and they took to their heels as if a mad bull were on the street; but, strange enough, he went by without a falter, waving his hand and showing a smiling face.

The deacon had no more visions; the brain-pressure was relieved; the stomach assumed its normal action; he became a new man, redeemed from threatened insanity. Sam Hines told him: "He'd got a good thing to hunt heretics; none of them would get away; they'd die of fright;" but the deacon did not say so much about heretics now. He grew mellower; he beamed on every one; and, more remarkable than all, he began to grow stout, and became quite an imposing man in his old age. A new railroad ran across his farm, and it made him a rich man. The poor and the afflicted knew Deacon Higgins now as they never had before. He never quite forgot

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his "vision"; the circles of hell were too vivid that awful night, and many a man and woman wrecked and betrayed were redeemed by this holy man.

"There was health in the wheel," and good influence followed its use, as light rayed out from its shining spokes on the road. It had made a new man of the dominie by becoming his "colleague." It saved the train. It found a wife, and now the deacon was relieved from nervous decay.

"*A Country Parson.*"

FOUR HUNDRED MILES.

It can hardly be called the part of wisdom to start on an open-air pleasure-trip just in advance of the time when the equinoctial storm is expected; but inasmuch as in 1880 I rode pretty continuously from the 6th to the 25th of September without being much interfered with by rain, I made bold, in 1882, to begin a long tour on the 19th of that month by taking a "day-line" steamer up the Hudson from New York to Albany. The wind was from the south, but the sun shone brilliantly, so that the heat was extreme, spite of the motion of the boat. As Albany was approached, about nightfall, clouds obscured the sky, and there arose a tremendous whirlwind of dust, accompanied by a few drops of rain. Five hours later I started for Utica on a train that soon encountered a rain-storm, which still continued when I reached that city, at half-past one in the morning, and hurried across to the shelter of Bagg's Hotel. It had long been my ambition to enroll myself among the guests of that ancient and honorable caravansary; but fate had hitherto frustrated my hopes. Now, at last, I was on the point of being gratified, and of slumbering soundly in "the very best room in the hotel," as a reward for my previous week of hard work and little sleep. But no! This dream of bliss was rudely dispelled, and my family pride suffered a tremendous shock when the night-clerk told me that the house was jammed full, and that "a cot in the parlor was the best he could do for me." As I couldn't well look elsewhere for lodgings, in a rain-storm, at that hour of the morning, I had no option but to humbly accept the "cot" in the designated "parlor," though I found it already tenanted by four other occupants of "cots," who had closed all the windows, and were snoring, in placid disregard of the stifling atmosphere. Amid these exasperating surroundings I helplessly gnashed my teeth for four mortal hours, then cooled my rage by a plunge in the bath-tub, and went down to the breakfast-table to meet there with G. C. S., who had come to Utica by appointment, in order that we might ride together thence to Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence river, one hundred and thirty miles away. The breakfast was not much better than the cot, but both had to be paid for at a good, stiff price.

S. reported that the severe storm of the previous day and night had badly affected the roads leading in that direction, and, perhaps, made them unridable; and the clouds, and an occasional drizzle of rain, gave threats of further trouble; but, at a little before eleven o'clock, we decided to take the chances, and so started off, under the pilotage of a local wheelman, along the stone, brick, and wooden sidewalks, to the end of the dirt-walk in Whitestown, — five and a half miles in three-quarters of an hour. (Our pilot was one of the pair who recently rode their wheels from Utica to Detroit. If I rightly understood him, their cyclometers registered the distance at 600 miles, and they covered it in eleven days, on one of which they did no riding. This average of sixty miles a day seemed to me a remarkable exploit, and I'm sorry a minute report of the tour has not yet been prepared for publication.) The track thus far was identical with that travelled by me in 1880, on the way westward to Oriskany and Rome; but soon after our guide left us, at the end of the path in Whitestown, we turned to the right, and went by a somewhat winding road, through Macy, to the hotel in Holland Patent, nine miles in three hours. After an hour's halt for lunch, we jogged on six and a half miles further to Moore's Hotel, at Trenton Falls, and there, at half-past five o'clock, halted for the night; whole distance twenty-one miles. The mud did not give the expected trouble, and no more rain fell; but the track was generally damp enough to be rather heavy, especially on the up grades, of which there were a

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good many, and the sand and stones were more abundant than comfort demanded. Still, at its best, the road would not be called a bad one.

TRENTON FALLS TO AVON SPRINGS.

We planned to start at six the following morning, for a long ride to Watertown; but the rain was falling heavily at that hour, and so we abandoned all further hope of touring together. My companion took train at noon for his home in the town just named, and I spent the day in exploring the falls and enjoying their surpassing beauties. I never, anywhere, chanced upon a more pleasantly solitary spot, and I hope I may be permitted to revisit it many times hereafter. The hotel — which was a good one, as may be judged by its charge of $3.50 a day — was just upon the point of closing its "season"; and I believe its annual opening time is about the first of June. Near its gates, however, was a less pretentious but neat-looking establishment, which I think receives visitors all the year round. On Friday, the 22d, I mounted at 6.10 A.M., and in an hour and a half had retraced my course of two days before to the hotel in Holland Patent, riding almost all the way, though I had walked a good deal on the previous occasion. My cyclometer fell short three-sixteenths of a mile from its previous record of the same distance. After an hour's stop for breakfast, I journeyed towards Rome, seven miles, without a dismount, the time being fifty-five minutes. This is equivalent to high praise of the track, for I rarely ride faster than six miles an hour on a good road, and five miles an hour on an average one. Two and a half miles more, mostly of sidewalk riding, brought me to the canal bridge at Rome, where I spent a half-hour in conversation with the local wheelmen, who urged me to stay over for the afternoon and participate in the parade which they had agreed to make in connection with the county fair. Resisting their blandishments, I jogged on, at a slower pace than before, — though the road was almost continuously ridable, which was not the case when I first tried it, two years ago, — until, in two hours, I had covered eight miles and a half. Then the rain overtook me again, almost in the identical spot where it overtook me in 1880. On that occasion I wisely rushed on, over a smooth road, to the railroad station in Oneida; but now I took shelter on a piazza, and waited more than an hour "for the shower to pass by." But it did not pass by worth a cent, but rather changed into a hopelessly steady rain; and so, when the clay of the street had got good and slippery, I mounted again and rode three miles through rain and the mud and the puddles, until, at 2.40 P.M., I reached the Eagle Hotel in that city, thirty-one and a quarter miles from Trenton Falls.

The rain continued all the afternoon and for a good share of the night, so that, on Saturday morning, I feared the highway to Syracuse would be hopelessly muddy, and hence took the train thither at nine, after circling a little over the wooden sidewalks of Oneida. The path between the double tracks of the railroad was quite free from mud, however, and looked so smooth and hard that I think I might easily have driven my wheel along it the whole twenty-five miles in the course of the forenoon. In Syracuse I called on a college classmate, to express my regret that the rain of 1880 had upset our plan of riding in from Oneida together, and he proposed, as a compensation, that I join in with his present scheme, of devoting three days of the following week to a hundred-mile circuit of the region around Syracuse, in company with two other wheelmen. Leaving my machine in his care, therefore, I went by train to Canandaigua to pass the three intervening days with a friend. At the last moment, however, I was obliged to telegraph my inability to participate in the hundred-mile run, — which I understand proved a most pleasant one to the trio who did participate, — and it was not until 1.15 P.M., of Thursday, 28th September, that I really mounted my wheel at the canal bridge in Syracuse, and rode along the north sidewalk of Genesee street, a mile and a half, to the suburb called Gettis. Camillur was, perhaps, six or seven miles beyond, and the descent into it was so steep that I preferred to walk much of it, and the ascent beyond was so steep and stony and sandy that I was obliged to walk all of it. With this exception I think the road was ridable all the afternoon, though it led through a rolling country, and was never level for more than a short distance. Elbridge, fifteen miles from the start, was reached at 4.20; Senate, five miles further, at 5.25; and Auburn, five miles and a quarter, at 6.25. The clerk of the Osborn House, which is the only good hotel in town, has my thanks for supplying me with a comfortable room, though the place was so overcrowded, by reason of a fireman's parade,

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that when I extracted my bicycle from the public reading-room, at 6 o'clock the next morning, I found a dozen men snoring there on cots.

I kept the sidewalk for two miles, and then rode seven miles more to the hotel beside Cayuga Lake, where I stopped an hour and a quarter for breakfast. Mounting again at nine, I was accompanied two miles up the towpath by a local rider. There, at the bridge, I turned off on the branch canal, and reached Sevara Falls, four miles on, at ten. Beyond this point the path gradually grew rougher, so that I left it in about two miles, and tried two miles of rather rough and rutty highway riding, which brought me past the village of Waterloo at 10.50. It was just noon when I reached the bridge spanning the outlet of Seneca lake, three and a half miles on, and came in sight of Geneva, two and a half miles beyond. The road for most of that distance lay close beside the beautifully blue water of the lake, and a half-mile of deep sand supplied the only really unridable section encountered during the entire day. Leaving Geneva at half-past two, after a two hours' rest, I made my first halt on a hill-top at 3 o'clock, about four miles out. Two miles beyond this, at 3.40, I encountered the sign "Ten miles to Canandaigua," and at 5.20 I reached the railroad station in that town, just ten miles by the cyclometer. I wheeled around on the sidewalks for about a mile more before going to my friend's house for the night, making my entire record for the day forty-one and a half miles.

The next forenoon, which was the final one in September, I rode from Canandaigua to East Bloomfield in an hour and twenty minutes, the distance being nine miles by actual survey, though my cyclometer called it a mile and half less. Resuming my ride at 3.40, I reached West Bloomfield, six miles, at 4.30; Lima, two and a half miles, at 5.10; West Avon, five and a half miles, at 6.05; and Avon Springs, a mile further, through the deep dust and in the gathering dusk, at 6.18. The cyclometer called the distance from East Bloomfield sixteen miles; but the general opinion seemed to certify it at eighteen. Including some preliminary sidewalk business in Canandaigua, the cyclometer's total record for that day was twenty-four and three-quarter miles. The road seemed generally to increase in goodness as I advanced westward, the best of the riding being beyond Lima; and there were some wonderfully smooth stretches between East and West Avon. Congress Hall, the more fashionable of the hotels at the Springs, had already closed for the season; but the Knickerbocker, which keeps open all the year round, supplied entirely satisfactory accommodations, even allowing me a room upon the ground floor, where I could have the companionship of my wheel during the night.

Red clay is the prevailing material of the one hundred and fifty miles of road thus described as traversed by me between Utica and Avon Springs, and I do not suppose that the stretch of twenty-five miles which I took by rail forms any exception to it. Long-continued rain would make most of the road unfit for bicycling, because the clay is very sticky when wet, and very rough when dry, until a good deal of wagon traffic has hammered it into smoothness. When thus made smooth, it is apt to be a little dusty; hence the day or two following a gentle rain of five or six hours, which has washed away the dust, is, doubtless, the period when this road is at its best. Nearly all of it is up or down grade, but not many of the grades are too steep for riding. The stones are never absent, but there are not many places where they are very troublesome, and there are not many stretches of sand. The stoniest and sandiest and most difficult section of all is that between Whitestown and Holland Patent.

THE GENESEE VALLEY.

The first day of October supplied ideal conditions for bicycling, and I was encouraged thereby to turn my forty-six wheel until the cyclometer registered upwards of forty-six miles. Starting from Avon Springs at 6.30, I reached Genesee, eight miles, at 8; and as breakfast was not ready at the hotels there, I kept on for another hour, five miles, to the Scoville House, in Mount Morris. To reach this town one crosses to the west side of the valley, at a point about four miles below Genesee, instead of keeping straight down the east side on the direct road to Dansville. When I emerged from the hotel, at 10.30, I observed a bicycler coming in my direction, and so persuaded him to accompany me to Portage, instead of turning about and attending church, a half-hour later, as he had piously planned to do. The road down the west side of the valley was excellent; but the various people whom we accosted had various conflicting opinions as to its being

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the proper road to Portage; and, at 12.30, having ridden eight miles, and turned on our tracks several times, we decided to seek Portage no longer, but to strike for Dansville. We reached the Highland House there, nearly eight miles further, in an hour and a quarter; and while I tarried a similar period to indulge in an elaborate dinner, my companion (A. B. F.), without stopping for any food at all, speeded away on his return trip, saying that he must needs ride thirty-five miles more to reach his home in Fowlerville. I hope he got there duly; but I myself put in only sixteen additional miles that afternoon, ending at half-past six o'clock at Brushville. This is the popular title of the hamlet which is called Tuscarora on the maps, and I made quite a sensation among the loungers in front of the "Tuscarora House," when my ghostly garments suddenly emerged from the twilight into their line of vision. From Dansville I rode up the east side of the valley, nearly eight miles and a half, in an hour and a half; then came across the meadow bottom, three miles, over a black clay road so rough as to be just barely ridable; then up the main road of the forenoon, a quarter-mile, to the ravine where the old canal path branches off; and thence, by a rather sandy and hilly road of four miles, to Brushville. Between Mount Morris and Dansville a bicycler may make a circuit of about thirty miles, up one side the valley and down the other, over roads of almost continuous smoothness and with very few difficult grades, — his eyes all the while sweeping over a wide stretch of attractive and varying scenery.

The Genesee river is represented in the region just named only by one of its branches; and the longer Genesee valley, through which that river runs, I entered first at Portage, about thirteen and a half miles from Brushville, at eleven o'clock the following forenoon. I started at half-past six and stopped an hour in Nunda, for breakfast, which cost me a half dollar, though it was certainly no better than my supper of the night before, whose cost combined with that of my "best parlor bedroom" was only sixty cents. A vote of "no license" in Nunda had resulted in shutting up the two chief hotels, and the proprietor of this wretched little "Eagle" tavern was, perhaps, encouraged thereby to charge double rates, in compensation for his temperance principles. At the Garrison House, in Canadia, where I spent the next night, I was also given the best bed-room, and the charge for supper and lodging combined was only half a dollar. I remained at Portage about three hours, admiring its wonderful waterfalls and gorges and being duly impressed by the big iron bridge. The descent from the station to the village was down a winding hill a mile long, and in some parts very steep, but I managed to ride it without a stop. Fillmore, ten miles on, was reached in two hours, and Canadia, seven miles more, in an hour and twenty minutes, ending at 6 o'clock. This made thirty-one miles for the day.

Next morning the start was made at 6.40, and Belfast, four miles, was reached in just an hour, — Oramel being the name of an intermediate village. At 8.20 I turned aside from the river, instead of following it up to Wellsville, the end of the valley, as originally planned, and began climbing the hills eastward towards the county seat, Angelica. Reaching this at 9.10, six miles from Belfast, I tarried two hours and a half for breakfast; and, after a mile of *détours* on the sidewalks, proceeded to East Almond Centre, which is the first village, seven miles away. Another seven miles brought me to Almond, at the foot of a long hill, at 4 o'clock. Here I first met the Erie Railway, and the road continued very nearly alongside it, and generally level, to Hornellsville, five miles, which I reached in an hour. Another hour carried me another five miles, to Canisteo, at 6 o'clock, and I stopped for the night at the Canisteo House. From the Genesee river to Almond the road was mostly of hard, yellow clay, with very little dust on top, and was nearly all ridable, though continuously hilly. On one hill there was deep sand for about a mile, though it was possible to ride through some of it on the down grade. The views were extensive and the coloring of the autumn foliage very brilliant. The material of the road which follows up the Genesee river from Portage to Wellsville, and which has no difficult grades, is a sort of soft brown clay or loam, which is ground up into a fine powder by continuous dry weather, though the rain is said to pack it down closely and make good riding. The stones concealed under the dust made the road a very slow one in my own case; and the conditions attaching to the ten miles between Almond and Canisteo were not dissimilar. In that division of the valley included between Avon Springs and Dansville, the material of the roads was generally a sort of fine

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gravel, which packed together tightly and made less dust, though even these roads would be at their best after a short rain, and they would get dry enough to be ridable very quickly after a long one.

ALONG THE ERIE RAILWAY.

I reached the Dickinson House, in Corning, at 5.40 P.M., on the following day, Oct. 4, just eleven hours after starting from Canisteo, the distance being a trifle less than thirty-seven miles. My only two stops were at Cameron, twelve and a half miles from the start, for breakfast, from 10 till 11, and at Addison, 16 miles further, for dinner, from 2 till 3. The longest and best mount of the entire day was supplied by two miles of good gravel road-bed some time after leaving Addison. Wooden sidewalks were met with before reaching Painted Post, and were stuck to by me pretty steadily until I reached Corning, though dismounting frequently, commanded by broken boards. The road, as a whole, was the poorest encountered on any day of my tour, and I suppose I walked a third or a fourth of the distance traversed. Even after a rain had packed down the dust, which so greatly troubled me, the road would be a poor one, for it was stony and hilly. In general, it kept quite near the Erie Railway, and as this was continuously down grade I was tempted occasionally to make trial of it. Once I rode between the tracks for nearly a mile without stop, and indulged in a race with a hand-car; but, for the most part, the path was barely ridable, so that I was usually ready to change to the highway at the first opportunity; and then, after another sad experience with the dust of the highway, change back to the track again when the next chance offered. A man at Cameron harnessed up a frisky colt in order that I might help "break" him into toleration of the bicycle; and he asserted that the beast had been scared, some weeks before, by another rider, who propelled his wheel from there to Elmira, forty miles, between 4 and 8 P.M. Why is it, I wonder, that the wheelmen whom I hear of as the heroes of such remarkable exploits always refrain so modestly from making public the details of their extraordinary riding?

I breakfasted at Elmira at 9.30 the next morning, after a ride of exactly three hours from Corning, eighteen miles away. Under favorable conditions the distance could probably be made without a dismount, as the road is, for the most part, level, and the few hills which it crosses are neither steep nor high. To Wellsberg, also, the track continues about equally good, for I covered the six miles in an hour; but the next six miles, to Chemung, required a few minutes more than that. Here a tavern-keeper astonished me by designating five cents as an appropriate price for two big goblets of milk. During the next three and a half miles, ending at Waverly, the dust was in places almost "hub deep," and I occupied nearly an hour in ploughing my way through it. As it was nearly two o'clock when I reached the town, I feared that more deep dust might prevent my pushing the wheel twenty miles further, to Towanda, before night; and, as I had promised a friend to join him there then, I went down by train. I was exactly a week on the way from Syracuse to Waverly, and the cyclometer's record was two hundred and eighty miles. This daily average of forty miles ought, perhaps, to be reduced a little, however, out of regard to the fact that as the week began and ended in the afternoon, it really included a part of eight calendar days. The ride from Corning to Waverly may be recommended as a fine one to engage in a day or two after a rain has beaten down the powdered clay. There are no severe grades to contend against, and the views of mountain and river are in many places very fine.

THE SUSQUEHANNA AND WYOMING VALLEYS.

Towanda, the county seat of Bradford county, Pennsylvania, lies on a hillside overlooking a branch of the river Susquehanna, along which runs the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Bidding adieu to my friend at half-past six on Monday morning, Oct. 1, I jogged across the bridge and out to the hotel at Wysocking, a little less than three miles, in half an hour. Beyond this is a big hill, or "mountain," many of whose grades may be ridden up, and from the top of which a pleasing prospect may be had. Six or eight miles further on comes Rummerfield mountain, whose grades must be walked up for a mile or more, after which there is down-grade riding, amid beautiful scenery, for three or four miles, to Wyalusing, at whose hotel I stopped soon after noon, about seventeen miles from the start. Before Laceyville

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was reached, six and a half miles on, a third mountain had to be walked up by short and steep grades, and ridden down by long and easy ones. The view from the summit of this was, perhaps, the finest of the day, and the pleasure of riding along the ridge, with the valley and river far below, and many mountain-tops outlined against the distant horizon, was very great. The hotel in Meshoppen, about thirty-three miles from the start, was reached at 6.30 P.M., the last mile or two having been walked in the dark.

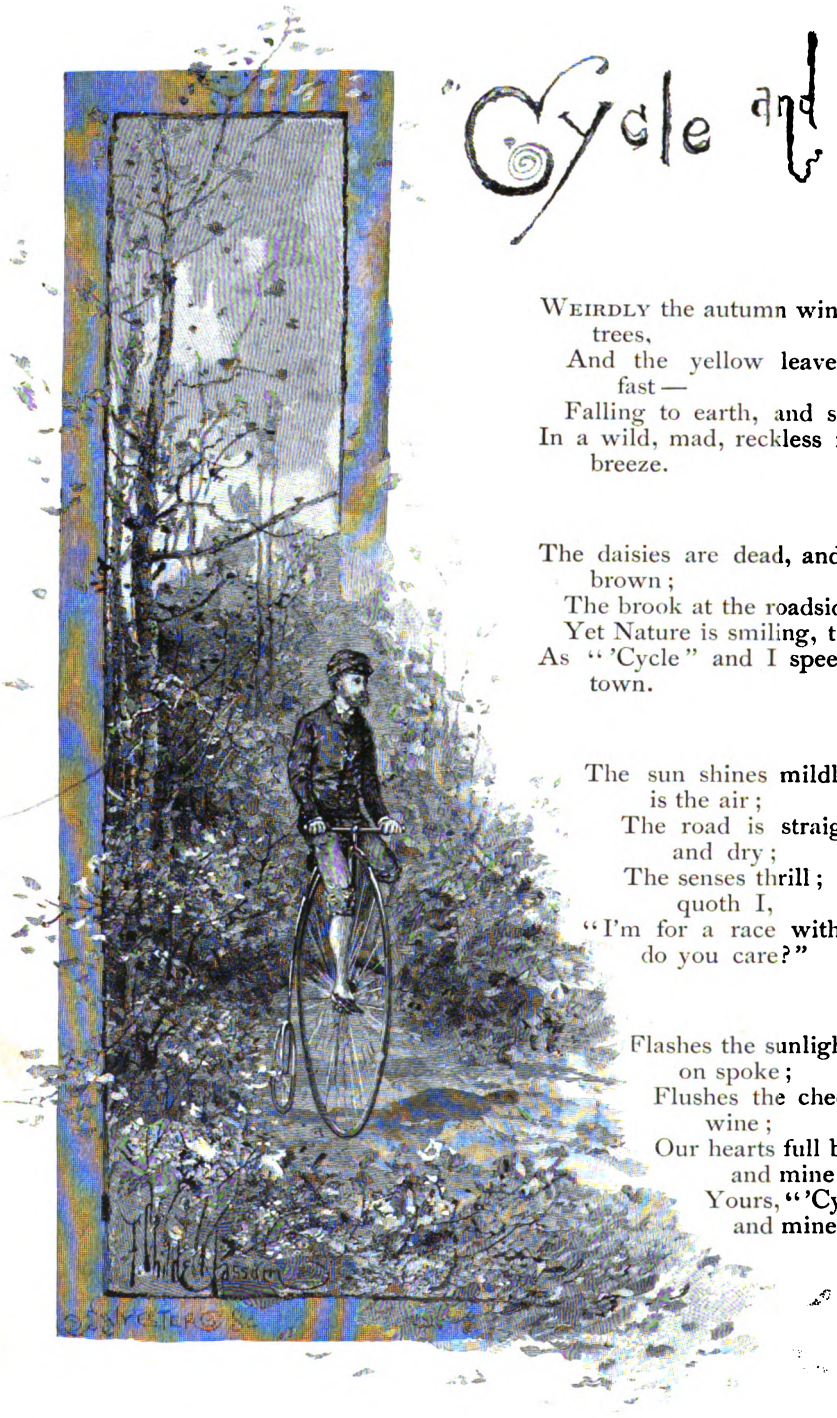
A ride of nearly two hours on the train, next morning, brought me to Pittston soon after 8 o'clock, and there I circled two miles and more on the sidewalks, while searching for a good place to take breakfast, and waiting for the same to be prepared. A newspaper reporter here beset me for an account of myself, and assured me, after I had supplied him with the desired "facts," that he would expand and improve upon them, by the exercise of his vivid imagination, in a way which would make the readers of his sheet believe that I was a veritable phenomenon of a bicycler. The ride of about nine miles down the Wyoming Valley to Wilkesbarre may be pleasantly made on either side of the river. The direct road on the east side passes close by numerous coal-breakers, and in much of it a real "cinder path," with gentle up and down grades, which I was told were all easily ridable. I preferred, however, to cross the river and go down on the west side, which is almost entirely flat. It is a very pretty country to ride through, and I kept on the sidewalk all the way to Kingston, one mile from Wilkesbarre, stopping, of course, to inspect the monument commemorative of the massacre of 1778. Much of that last mile had to be done afoot, on account of the deep dust, though probably it and all the rest of the west-side road would afford good wheeling in an ordinary season. As I emerged from the covered bridge into Wilkesbarre, a local rider came out and greeted me off-hand as the probable "old original" patron of "white-flannel and nickel-plate," and supplied some acceptable information concerning the roads. Profiting by this, I took a turn of three miles back towards Pittston, passing among the coal-breakers, and getting a distant view of the west side of the valley down which I had been riding. The Wyoming Valley Hotel supplied an excellent dinner for a dollar, and it was notable as the only public repast of my entire tour which was served in a really creditable manner. The cyclometer called the total record of it 401½ miles, which, I presume, was about twenty-five miles less than the truth.

The sun shone brilliantly every day between the 22d September, when the rain stopped me at Oneida, and 11th October, when it again stopped me at Allentown; and on none of the intermediate nights was the dust ever dampened down by a gentle shower, persistently as I prayed for that blessing. This seems to indicate that the fortnight immediately following the equinoctial storm is a period when the touring bicycler may reasonable hope for fair weather. The wind almost invariably favored me when any breeze blew at all. The rates at all the hotels which I encountered (and I always chose the "best" or highest-priced) were invariably two dollars a day, or half a dollar for lodging, and half a dollar for any meal, except in the five cases which I have specially indicated. Those unvarying rates represented very varying accommodations, however, and confirmed me anew in the belief I have more than once publicly urged, that the aim of consuls in securing League hotels should not be "a reduction of rates," but rather "an increase of comforts." The Osborn, Knickerbocker, Hyland, Canisteo, and Dickinson, were the best of the two-dollar hotels mentioned in this present report.

As regards the exaction of a transportation tax, the baggage-master of the steamboat for Albany demanded a half-dollar, though no demand was made when I went up on the same boat the previous year. On appealing to the captain, I was courteously assured that this was not a private "strike," but represented the definite orders from the office, which he had no option except to enforce. For the hundred miles of railway carriage to Utica, I gave the luggage man a quarter-dollar in advance, though he rather grumblingly asserted that I ought to double that sum. Of the five gallant commanders of baggage-cars whom I came in contact with on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the first took ten cents, instead of the offered quarter-dollar, for a twenty-mile ride; the second asked for "a tax," and was quite satisfied with a quarter-dollar; the next two both good-naturedly refused my offer to "pay something for their trouble," saying "this sort of baggage gave them less trouble than a heavy trunk"; and the last man I exchanged no words with whatever.

Karl Kron.

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'Cycle and I

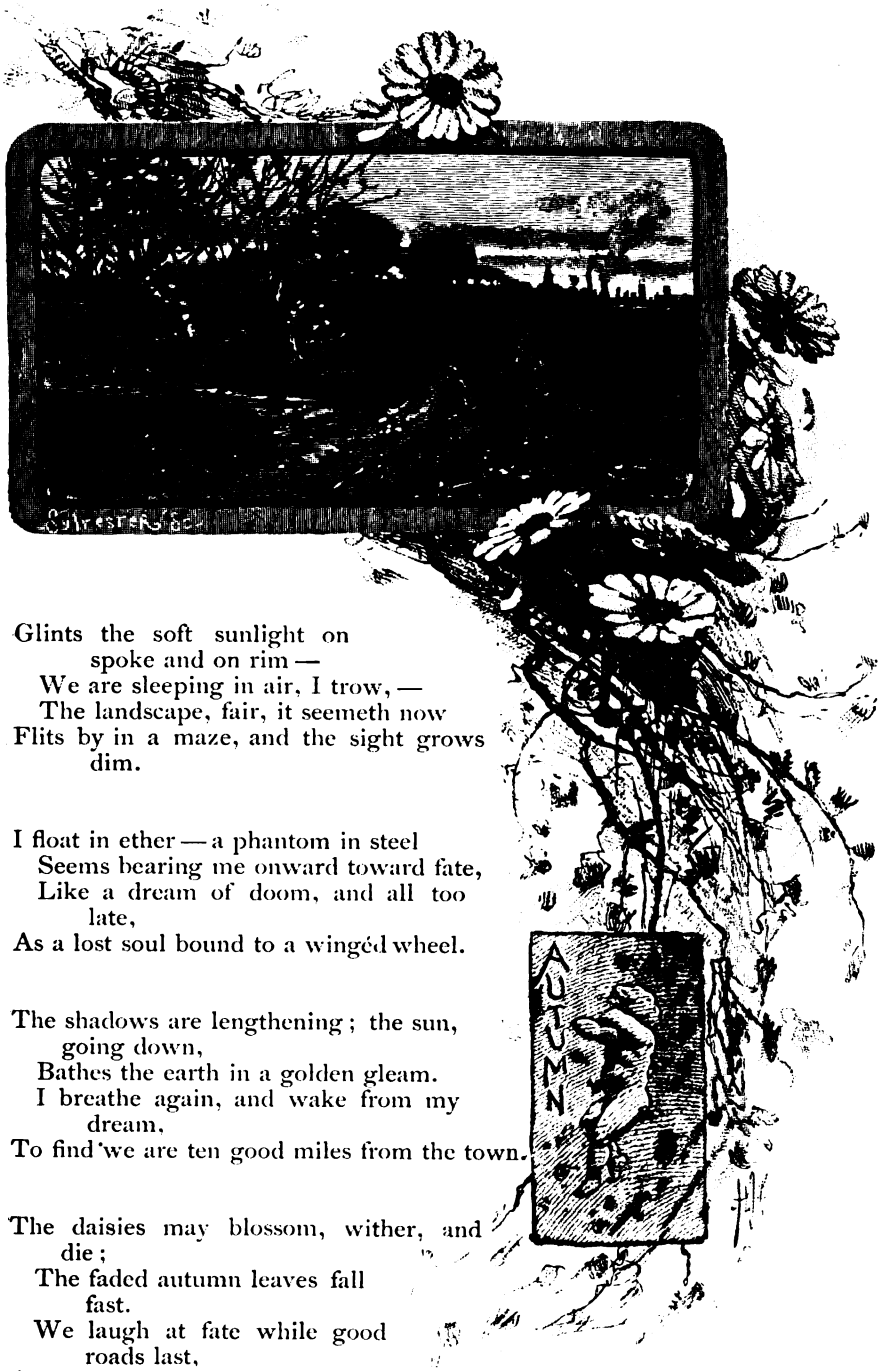
WEIRDLY the autumn winds sigh in the trees,
And the yellow leaves are falling fast —
Falling to earth, and scurrying past
In a wild, mad, reckless race with the breeze.

The daisies are dead, and the herbage brown;
The brook at the roadside runs low;
Yet Nature is smiling, this I know,
As "'Cycle" and I speed out of the town.

The sun shines mildly, and sweet is the air;
The road is straight and hard and dry;
The senses thrill; "My wheel," quoth I,
"I'm for a race with the leaves; do you care?"

Flashes the sunlight on rim and on spoke;
Flushes the cheek like ruddy wine;
Our hearts full beating, yours and mine —
Yours, "'Cycle," of steel, and mine stout as oak.

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Glints the soft sunlight on
spoke and on rim —
We are sleeping in air, I trow, —
The landscape, fair, it seemeth now
Flits by in a maze, and the sight grows
dim.

I float in ether — a phantom in steel
Seems bearing me onward toward fate,
Like a dream of doom, and all too
late,
As a lost soul bound to a wingéd wheel.

The shadows are lengthening; the sun,
going down,
Bathes the earth in a golden gleam.
I breathe again, and wake from my
dream,
To find we are ten good miles from the town.

The daisies may blossom, wither, and
die;
The faded autumn leaves fall
fast.
We laugh at fate while good
roads last,
As speed from the town my
"'Cycle" and I.

Charles Richards Dodge.

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THE CLUB CHRISTENING.

WHEN the Bumps boy was born, the president of the club was, of course, one of the first persons informed of that extraordinary and wholly unprecedented event. Nevertheless, the news spread with such mysterious celerity that, when the president attended the club meeting the next day evening, entering the club-room with dignified solemnity, prepared to astonish the club with the important announcement, he found every member already present, except Hyperion Bumps; and, before he could recover from his surprise, he was greeted with the general chorus, —

"Have you seen Bumps' baby?"

Recovering, after an instant, his usual calm mental equipoise, the president gravely assured the club that he had not seen Bumps' baby yet; it was quite too soon for gentlemen to be admitted to an interview with that august and mysterious phenomenon; but the president had no doubt that he should be invited officially to inspect Bumps' baby — the first baby born to any member of the club — at the earliest moment consistent with polite usages. Meanwhile the president took pleasure in assuring the club — and the president consciously swelled a little, supposing himself alone the possessor of so much reflected glory — that Mrs. President Bates had seen the Bumps baby.

Here up spoke Tommy Littleweed (who had only been married a month; therefore the president had no idea that his bride had been admitted to share a privilege to which the wife of the president was entitled by virtue of her age, experience, and social position) and triumphantly exclaimed, —

"So has my wife."

There was an air of odious importance about Tommy Littleweed as he said this. His manner seemed to suggest to the club: "Observe to what distinction being married promotes a fellow!" He seemed to assume a lofty superiority over such distinguished members as High, Lowe, Condor, and others of our foremost wheelmen; and even to consider himself on a level with the president. Clearly, he must be reduced somewhat.

"Mrs. President Bates," observed the President, with great impressiveness, "was there yesterday."

"So was my wife!" instantly echoed Mr. Littleweed, defiantly.

"Mrs. President Bates," continued the president, with his utmost official dignity, "was there early yesterday morning; in fact, she was present at the event."

Mr. Littleweed visibly shrunk. Replying feebly that his wife "was there in the evening, and the nurse let her see it," he sat down, and relinquished his attempt to claim equal distinction with the venerated president of the club.

"How does the little fellow look?" inquired Mr. High, after an awful pause of several seconds had followed the defeat of Mr. Littleweed's premature ambition.

"Mrs. President Bates reported that he is the very image of his father," answered the president.

"My wife says he looks exactly like his mother!" cried Mr. Littleweed, starting up again.

The president gazed severely upon brother Littleweed, until, after sustaining that gaze for some moments with extraordinary effrontery, Tommy gradually drooped his wavering glances to the floor, and subsided, sullenly muttering, "That's what my wife says, anyhow."

Not much business was transacted at this meeting of the club. The members appeared to be so deeply impressed with this "mysterious dispensation of Providence," as the Rev. Dr. Ample afterward called it, that the proceedings were characterized by an unusual tameness. Even a motion by Brother Twinkle, the new member, to change the club button from silver to gilt, failed to arouse either the eloquence of Mr. Lowe, the sarcasm of Mr. High, or the irony of Mr. Condor; and the motion was put and lost without debate.

During the ensuing month, preceding the next meeting of the club, the Bumps baby was the general topic of conversation among the club members. The various ladies of the club, the mothers, sisters, aunts, and best girls of the members, were particularly active in discussing this extraordinary occurrence, while the club men gradually appeared to imbibe the notion that, in some mysterious degree, the club itself shared in the glory of the achievement, and had a sort of vicarious interest in the baby. The president, however,

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was pained to observe that, owing to the activity of Mrs. Littleweed in disseminating her opinions, about half of the club ladies adhered to her prejudice that the Bumps baby resembled its mother; while only a moiety paid Mrs. President Bates the just fealty of supporting her belief that it was the very image of its father. Of course these differences among the ladies infected the members of the club, threatening to produce dissension.

Burdened by these disagreeable reflections, the president attended the next monthly meeting of the club with thoughtful seriousness resting upon his usually placid and benign features. While the session was proceeding, a district despatch messenger boy, breathless from having ascended the stairway in less than fifteen minutes, after having traveled a full mile within an hour, handed in at the door a note for the president. Upon reading this note the president's brow cleared. Rapping sharply upon the table with the club boot-jack (the gavel having been split at a former meeting in rapping Mr. Cubb to order), the president rose and addressed the members with his usual cheerful animation, —

"Gentlemen, the president takes great pleasure in presenting to you a note of invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Hyperion Bumps, desiring this club to attend the christening of their son, Tonish Bumps. [Here the president was interrupted by tumultuous applause, which, having finally subsided, he continued:] Gentlemen, I think I hardly need say that the club will accept this invitation with the most heartfelt delight. That our proceedings may be conducted with that order and propriety due to ourselves and to the honored and happy brother, — and I may add, from the bottom of all our hearts, sister [great applause], — who have sent us this invitation, the secretary will read the note, which will be acted upon formally."

The club immediately arranged and composed itself in the most decorous and attentive disposition, while the secretary, having first taken a sip of water, to clear his throat, and run a finger down his neck to loosen his collar, and then cast a glance of official dignity around the expectant circle, read as follows: —

AT HOME, December 15, 1882.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, — Sincerely grateful for the many tokens of esteem which have been bestowed upon us by yourself and the club, to whom we owe so much of our happiness, we venture to ask of you an additional favor — that the club will kindly consent to attend the christening of our son, Tonish, on the 27th instant, at 9 A.M., in Dr. Ample's church; and, afterwards, the christening-supper at our house, at 9 P.M. As the club attended our wedding, we hope you will also celebrate with us the great happiness which has now blessed our union.

Affectionately, your faithful friends,

MARY TONISH BUMPS,
HYPERION BUMPS.

When the applause which followed the reading of this note had sufficiently died away, Mr. High moved that the secretary be directed to cast the unanimous vote of the club in favor of accepting the invitation. [Applause.]

Mr. Lowe, rising to speak to this motion, eloquently remarked that "prodigious as had been the h'eclaw which made the nuptials of our honored friends illustrious throughout the magnificent dimensions of this imperial republic, and all adjacent foreign dominions, the uniqueness and unprecedentedness of the approaching celebration would surpass all previousness, as the radiant glory of the resplendent king of day eclipses the rolling orbs of night!" [Great applause, during which Mr. Condor frantically waved the boot-jack high in the air, with Mr. Cubb's spotted yellow silk handkerchief tied to one horn, and a club-stocking to the other.]

The motion was carried with much enthusiasm, after which the usual preparations for the parade were ordered, and the secretary was directed to handsomely engross and forward to the Bumps family the acceptance of the invitation, which the president should prepare. When all the arrangements were completed, the meeting adjourned.

As already related, the differences of opinion as to whether the Bumps baby most resembled its father or its mother greatly embarrassed the president. This difference became so earnest among the ladies as to threaten to degenerate into social dissension. Mrs. Tommy Littleweed, with the audacity and activity which had distinguished her when she was Miss Grace Flash, propagated her prejudice with an evident intent to usurp that leadership of social opinion which had so long been the prerogative of Mrs. President Bates. The president, with his usual judicial caution, carefully refrained from directly committing himself in favor of either faction. In his several calls at the Bumps house, he was careful to say nothing definite upon this disputed point. He remembered the political maxim, to

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remain non-committal in a doubtful case until you can judge accurately which side is going to win; or till you can unite both sides by an adroit and timely compromise. In this case the president perceived that the factions were so evenly balanced, and so obstinate, that a compromise would be the proper thing. But what could be suggested as a compromise with any probability of success was the problem which bothered him.

When the club, neatly attired in full uniform, each member with a button-hole bouquet on his left breast, and his wheel in the most radiant condition of shine, drew up and dismounted in unison in front of the Bumps house, punctually at the minute ordered in the morning, we were received with due impressiveness, and ushered into the parlor by Grandfather Tonish himself. There we found the family relatives duly assembled, ready to proceed to the church. Before the house was a line of waiting carriages. Presently Mrs. and Mr. Bumps entered the room, followed by the nurse, bearing the baby in long clothes. After greeting us all with her usual friendly warmth, Mrs. Bumps took the baby from the arms of the nurse and presented him to the president, who kissed the remarkable little phenomenon, and permitted him to be viewed with critical approval by the club. After this the baby was returned to the nurse, and the party started for the church.

First in the procession were the carriages containing the parents, the nurse, the baby, and the grandparents, flanked on either side by a line of wheelmen; then followed other carriages with other relatives. Notwithstanding the icy condition of the streets, the procession was a grand success. It elicited great admiration along the route to and from the church. The Rev. Dr. Ample was pleased to say, after the solemn ceremony, that this was really the most elegant and striking, and he would venture to add, the most pleasing, christening procession and ceremony he had ever witnessed; and everybody else said so too.

After escorting the party back to the house the club returned to its headquarters, and dispersed for the day.

Punctually at 9 o'clock in the evening the club again dismounted in front of the Bumps house. Our wheels were stacked in the back-yard, and left in charge of a servant. We were received with the greatest cordiality. All the club ladies — the mothers, cousins, and aunts of the club members, also their best girls — were there. The club immediately began several very audacious, and several other very sly flirtations. The club evidently was bent upon enjoying the occasion to the utmost.

After awhile, the baby having awakened, Mrs. Bumps went out and brought it in in her arms. Mrs. Bumps, as society usually concedes, is a charming and lovely woman; but Mrs. Bumps was never so charming and lovely as she appeared with her baby in her arms. The crowd gathered about her, of course, while she exhibited the extraordinary infant. The crowd was earnest and hearty in its commendations. Presently Mrs. Tommy Littleweed asked the president, with an arch but evidently defiant manner, "Doesn't he look just like his mother?"

This was the question the president had been dreading, and he had no reply ready. Taking the baby from its mother's arms, the president kissed it, while the crowd listened intently for his reply. At this critical moment an inspiration flashed upon the president's mind. Doubt and perplexity disappeared from his speaking countenance. Holding the wonderful child up in full view of the observant circle, he spoke in the clear, sonorous tones of absolute conviction and authoritative certainty:

"Ladies and gentlemen, — This lovely child is the first-born of his parents, and the first-born within the circle of the bicycle club, every member of which feels the warmest interest in his welfare, and wishes him a long, honorable, and happy life. May his career be as easy, as gracious, and as full of joyous life as the flight of a wheelman over a smooth cinder path! In behalf of the bicycle club I herewith present to Tonish Bumps, partly as a token of our affectionate regard for his happy parents, partly as a pledge of our friendly interest in himself, this keepsake." [Here I received from Mrs. President B. a gold chain, having suspended thereon a silver whistle, a rattle with bells, and a plate for cutting teeth on. Upon the plate was engraved the words, "Tonish Bumps, from the D. Bi. C." I hung the chain about the baby's neck amid applause, and continued:] "I have been asked who this beautiful boy looks most like. Ladies and gentlemen, in my opinion he looks like — the club!" [Great and enthusiastic applause.]

This inspiration of genius was the long-sought compromise. Everybody was delighted. They were all secretly tired of

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their differences, and really anxious to be reconciled. Mrs. Littleweed stepped forward and shook hands with Mrs. President Bates very gracefully, saying, —

"Isn't the president just delicious!"

Mrs. President Bates candidly acknowledged that he was.

Then Rose Darling (who, I suspect, is about to foreclose a chattel mortgage upon Mr. High's heart and hand), prettily remarked, calling attention once more to the baby, —

"He certainly has the club eyes — he looks so admiringly at his mother!"

Mrs. Bumps blushed faintly and smiled sweetly, and Bumps looked prodigiously pleased and proud.

The widow Sparkle said, —

"And he's got the club nose, — it's a roaming one."

Everybody laughed. Mr. Lowe was evidently about to say something eloquent, when Mr. Condor hastily interfered, and, looking fixedly at Mr. Lowe, observed, —

"But he hasn't got the club chin."

Mr. Lowe subsided amid more laughter.

Then Mr. High, who had taken the baby, said, —

"He's got the club legs. He kicks like ten miles an hour."

This created a great deal more merriment, which became almost uproarious when Mrs. President Bates, affectionately patting the president on his bald head, added, —

"And he's got the club hair."

When the laughter had subsided, Mrs. Bumps, in her most charming manner, said, —

"We shall be proud and happy indeed if he has the good club heart."

At this there was the most earnest and universal applause.

Most of the members of the club, being single gentlemen, admired the baby without venturing to take him in their hands. They seemed to regard him as an unaccountable but admirable mystery, too frail and uncertain to be handled by inexperienced hands, — a lovely miracle of nature, to be admired with a sort of reverential awe. But the ladies, young and old, coddled and kissed him to that degree which would have reduced the most athletic and courageous wheelman to a state of abject and pitiable limpness, were he subjected to such an impossible ordeal.

At the supper table the club generally enjoyed itself; but Mr. Cubb hardly knew whether he was happy or miserable. He was paired with shy little Margery Flutter, and seated opposite Mrs. Rev. Dr. Ample; and what with his own awkwardness, and Miss Flutter's bashful shyness, and Mrs. Dr. Ample's bothering him with malapropos questions, he had a dreadful time. For instance, after he had mustered up courage to ask Miss Flutter the agitating question whether she preferred oysters fried or stewed, he was so alarmed at his own boldness that he dropped his napkin. This disconcerted Miss Flutter so much that she dropped hers. Both stooped at once to recover the napkins, and touched their heads together; whereat Miss Flutter blushed vividly, and Cubb sat bolt upright, looking painfully confused. At this inopportune moment Mrs. Rev. Dr. Ample launched at poor Cubb, in her sonorous voice, calling the attention of the whole company, the query, —

"You attend church regularly, of course, Mr. Cubb?"

Mr. Cubb lost what little wit he had left, and stammered, —

"Yes'm — that is, no'm — I mean I hardly ever go." Then, suddenly remembering that this was a clergyman's wife, he added, by way of apology, "But I don't see any harm in attending, for those who can stand it."

Mrs. Rev. Dr. Ample smiled a very sickly society smile. The president and the president's wife looked mildly grieved; but Mr. High looked across the table at Mr. Condor, and Mr. Condor looked at Mr. High with that perfect expression of polite vacuity which betokens the most polished breeding. Presently, however, the president observed Mr. High's left eye slowly and solemnly gathering itself into the most particular and expressive wink imaginable; to which the right corner of Mr. Condor's mouth responded by an intensely sarcastic curl. Mr. Littleweed was the only one who so far violated the proprieties as to start to laugh; but his very first snicker was nipped in the bud, so to speak, by a sharp pinch of his leg under the table by his wife, which changed his opening exclamation to a smothered "Ouch!" and caused his face to assume such an unnatural, solemn expression that the rest of the club had to wrestle terribly with their rising emotions.

At this embarrassing moment the hall-bell rang, and presently Dr. Portly entered with a paper-box in his hands. After being duly greeted, the doctor put the box on

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the table, and addressed Mr. and Mrs. Bumps, —

"When the beautiful child, whose birth we celebrate, was born, by an unaccountable accident" — [Here the doctor stopped to take out his penknife and cut the tape which was tied around the box. During this pause, Mr. Bumps leaned over and whispered earnestly in the president's ear, "He wasn't born by an unaccountable accident — not by a darned sight!" and Mr. Bumps nodded his head very emphatically.] "As I was saying," continued the doctor, "by an unaccountable accident, Mrs. Portly was thrown from the step of a street-car, and fractured her left ankle. That is why she is not here to-night; but she commissioned me to present her regrets and deliver this token of her regard to Mrs. Bumps." [Here the doctor took from the box a lovely floral coronet, — a green wreath of smilax, interwoven with tuberoses and other rich and fragrant blooms, — and presented it to Mrs. Bumps, who gracefully placed it upon her head amid great applause. It was lovely, and Mrs. Bumps was astonishingly lovely wearing it.] "Though the crown is of frail flowers," continued the doctor, gallantly, "it is in some degree a fair emblem of the crown of happy womanhood, maternity, in its purity and grace. — Yes, I'll take some oysters. Sorry, but couldn't possibly get here any earlier — only time to stay ten minutes." And the doctor sat down and attended strictly to the business of dining before the applause had begun to subside.

After supper the club resumed its flirtations at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. While Mr. Condor was explaining to Miss Lizzie Baggem the perils and pleasures of fishing through the ice on Saginaw Bay, where he had been for a week, — a topic in which Miss Baggem felt or feigned a lively interest, even wishing that she had been with Mr. Condor, to try it herself, — Mrs. Rev. Dr. Ample, who had been urging the claims of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals upon Mr. Twiddle and Miss Carrie Tattway, overhearing one of Condor's remarks about spearing fish, turned to him and hoped that he speared them gently. Condor, thus interrupted at a moment when Miss Baggem was sitting as close to him as possible, and looking up in his face with rapt and beguiling attention, replied with a slightly sarcastic gravity, —

"No, ma'am; can't say I do — generally jab the spear clear through 'em, and let 'em flop!"

With this Condor turned to Miss Baggem, and audaciously leered with the eye next to her and farthest from Mrs. Rev. Dr. Ample, who groaned a spiritual groan at the depraved cruelty of the young men of the present generation. Then she turned away, and was presently talking about the Sabbath-school lessons with Grandfather Tonish. Mr. Tonish did not accurately remember the history of Benjamin's trip to Egypt, and Mrs. Ample appealed to Mr. High, who was explaining to Rose Darling the results of the fall elections and their causes, more particularly the reason why he failed to receive the nomination for a certain city office, and why he expected to get it next time. This was a topic in which Miss Rose expected to be personally very much interested by that time, and she hung upon Mr. High's arm, and upon the words which fell from his lips, in the sweetest possible manner. Mrs. Rev. Dr. Ample said, —

"Surely you remember, Mr. High, about Benjamin, and his five changes of raiment?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Ample," promptly replied Mr. High, with a suspicious excess of courtesy. "To be sure, Benjamin has changed his coat five times; but, in my opinion, he'll make a first-rate governor of Massachusetts. He will be sure to do his best, because the reputation he will acquire as governor will give him a big boost for the Democratic nomination for President in 1884; and, if he gets that nomination, he'll run like a scared dog, and don't you forget it!"

And then Mr. High smiled a smile of subtle meaning at Miss Rose, while Mrs. Rev. Dr. Ample looked more shocked than ever, and abandoned the club members as religiously incorrigible.

How the club continued to flirt until the hour for the party to break up need not be particularly related; nor how the pretty widow Sparkle said to the president, as they talked in a cosey corner, that the Bumps would now soon discover the meaning of the Scripture, "And a little child shall lead them"; and the president said this occasion would be more apt to remind the young people of the command, "Go, thou, and do likewise"; and the widow said there was every indication that several of them had about concluded to obey that command; nor how the different wheelmen each escorted a pretty girl

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home; nor how, on their return, we mounted our wheels and rode through the sparkling winter night, the jolliest good fellows abroad in that crisp, bracing air. I need only add that, when Mr. High and the president shook hands at parting, on a street corner, Mr. High remarked, with feeling, —

"Bumps is the happiest man in the club!"

To which the president replied, with meaning, —

"His is an example to be imitated."

Mr. High looked at the president a moment, as if struck with the idea; then he sighed and said, —

"You are right."

He sighed again, and seemed about to add something more; but finally tendered the president a fresh cigar, mounted his wheel, and rode away in a deeply thoughtful manner. Then the president rode home, reflecting complacently that, for the virtuous mind of middle age to point young men the way they should go, is one of the purest joys which sage experience bestows upon the truly good.

President Bates.

A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE,

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Daughter," etc.

I.

"Show his eyes and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart."

Our curtain rises this bright May morning upon a scene in Rome, disclosing the Hotel d'Angleterre, Bocca di Leone, with groups of tourists of various nationalities lounging about the porticos and corridors. A prominent figure in the immediate foreground is a pleasant-faced American, with an air of complete languor and *ennui* — hands thrust into his pockets — as he leans against a pillar, while puffing vigorously at a cigar. A compatriot approaches; he removes his cigar and turns to address him, —

"Hello, Hoyt! Good-morning! I hear you are to leave us soon; is it true?"

"Yes, Wilson, very soon," the gentleman replied, extending his hand in a cordial manner. "We are but birds of passage, and the warm spring days beckon us northward. How much longer do you remain?"

Wilson changed his position.

"I wish I knew," he answered, dreamily. "Had I the energy of a mouse I should have packed up and taken flight a week ago. As the case stands now several fresh arrivals are daily expected from New York, and it may be worth my while to remain a couple of weeks later. Sorry you are going, Hoyt; however, the world is not so wide but that we may meet again sometime. What is your objective point?"

"Oh, Paris, I suppose; that is, for a lengthy stay; we take our time *en route*, and may possibly spend the remainder of the month in making the journey."

"Whom do you include in *we?*"

"Manning accompanies me."

"Oh! the Englishman?"

"Certainly; we came together."

"So you did; I had forgotten him." Wilson blew the ashes from his cigar quite deliberately, and added: "It's really too bad you are going so soon, for when the New Yorkers arrive we shall have a merry party and no end of fresh adventure. Manning, yes! The Englishman has always avoided me. I can't say I altogether admire his style, though I've nothing against him."

Then he puffed vigorously, for his cigar was losing its fire.

"Manning is a good fellow, Wilson," Hoyt replied, warmly. "He's far removed from your blustering type of a fault-finding Britisher, I assure you; a generous fellow, as modest and refined as a woman, and well educated; but one must know him to appreciate his fine qualities."

"I hardly know him," Wilson remarked with a shrug, "and, what is more, am not over-anxious about it. Going to-day or to-morrow? Give me a light, please."

"To-morrow," Hoyt replied, passing over his match-case.

"Thank you." Wilson lighted his cigar, returned the lucifers, and glanced at

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his watch. "I have an engagement at eleven, Hoyt; I'll try to see you in the evening." Then he bowed and passed into the street.

Edwin Hoyt was himself good-looking, of symmetrical proportions, a man of twenty-eight or thereabouts, and gentlemanly in manners and appearance. His features were regular, — those that showed, for he wore mustache and beard, the latter brushed back and parted on the chin, — his complexion rather dark, and hair black, while his eyes were blue, a combination thought by some readers of character by the face to indicate deceitfulness. He was selfish, he admitted it; but, like many selfish people who find pleasure in the society of others, this very quality operated to gain him friends, for he had early learned the advantage of making friends by affable manners, that he might afterwards use them, or derive some personal benefit through the acquaintance.

As he stood with his hands behind him after Wilson's departure he formed a striking picture, not alone from his general appearance as a man, but from his peculiar gray suit, consisting of knee-breeches and stockings, with tightly fitting, short sack-coat, buttoned to the chin. To a stranger he might have been taken for a disciple of the æsthetic Bunthorne, — doubtless was often taken for a fool, — but a single glance at a little silver badge upon his left breast, bearing the legend "Bicycle Touring Club," would dispel from minds of average intelligence all such nonsense in an instant.

Touring in Italy, at Florence he had fallen in with Wellford Manning, a wheelman and brother member of the touring club, and that mystic feeling of fraternity, which all wheelmen experience toward each other, had brought them together at once, and the friendship was consummated almost in a day.

How like we are to drift-wood, borne hither and thither upon the sea of life by breezes fair, or tides adverse! — now high upon the crest of some sunlit wave of fortune, now sunk beneath the billow — drifting, drifting, drifting, silent and alone, as the waters ebb and flow, and sunlight dies in darkness or flashes once more into bright morning. Then the lone piece of drift finds a companion by its side; there are two pieces now with but a single course, and they journey on with joy while the way grows shorter, and the span 'twixt dawn and sunset briefer. Again their pathways seem to diverge, as a darker wave comes rudely between them, and for a time the old loneliness returns; but soon a brighter wave brings them once more into sweet companionship, and, kissing and clinging, they vow lasting friendship, and hasten on toward the pearl-strewn shore where rest shall come at last. For days the skies are fair, soft breezes play around them, and then the clouds gather, the storm comes crashing down upon them in its fury,— they strike, they kiss and cling, they part forever,— and the bright morning's dawn finds each, again, a lonely bit of drift-wood on a lonely sea.

Man is a social animal, and two such solitary chunks of drift as this fair one from England, and this darker one from across the blue Atlantic, could not long journey on alone when their paths lay in so nearly the same direction, and the two young men soon became inseparable companions. Had they been less differently constituted, in tastes, in thought, and disposition, the bond of friendship might not have grown so suddenly strong, for we are all as apt to tire of our counterparts as we are of ourselves, and nature seems to have wisely planned that we give our strongest friendships and confidences to our very opposites.

Hoyt stood in meditation for a few moments after Wilson departed, and was about to take a stroll alone when a familiar voice saluted him, —

"Ho, Ned! where are you going?"

It was Manning.

"You are a fine one to give a fellow the slip so completely," Hoyt exclaimed, as he turned to greet his friend. "My morning has been stupid enough, I assure you. Have you forgotten we were to take an early spin across the Campagna?"

"Gads, Ned! it slipped my mind entirely. Let us go now; there's time."

"Yes, I think so, at eleven o'clock," the American replied, sarcastically. "Where have you been all the morning?"

"Do you wish an alphabetical list of the points touched at, or only a general answer to the question?" Wellford inquired, in the same strain. "I have been shopping most of the time."

"Spending money, as usual."

"Well, of what use is money but to spend, if one doesn't throw it away? I have been purchasing some souvenirs of Rome for my mother and sister."

"Oh! that's a different matter," his friend replied, with a change of tone.

Wellford stood with his hands behind him, looking out upon the street, his face

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beaming with pleasure, as though there was something on his mind.

"I feel very much richer than when I went out," he said, carelessly.

"What is it, Wellford?" Hoyt questioned, noting the expression, — "a draft from home? Has the governor been liberal?"

"I should have received that at the hotel this morning before going out."

"Perhaps in your shopping expedition you found a cheap copy from some old master, smoked and dusted to order, and purchased it at a ridiculous figure as an original?"

"You must think I'm a fool, Hoyt, — or an American," Wellford retorted, contemptuously.

"I give it up then," the other continued, glancing at the hour. "Do you know we leave Rome to-morrow?"

"I believe we *were* intending to do so," Wellford replied, coolly.

"Were?" echoed his companion. "I don't understand you."

"I said 'we — were — intending — to do so,'" — repeating the words very deliberately, — "that's pure English."

The American glanced at his companion and answered very decidedly, —

"Yes, the English is all right; it's the implied meaning I object to, for I have planned to leave Rome to-morrow morning."

"Then you may feel obliged to go alone, Ned Hoyt," the Englishman insisted, "for if it subserves my interests to remain several days longer, I shall do so; however, I will know more about it this afternoon."

There was a brief pause in the conversation, after which Hoyt returned again to the subject of the shopping.

"What makes you feel so rich this morning, Wellford?"

"I am almost afraid to tell you," the Englishman began; "for you have no more poetry or sentiment about you than the hind wheel of a bicycle, and if you were to treat the matter lightly I should simply be very much offended; but let us go to the room."

As they entered their apartment Manning took from the inside of his coat a flat paper package, something near the size of a letter sheet, tied with a bit of cord.

"Here it is," he said, placing before his friend an exquisitely finished and elegantly mounted photograph.

"And is this all?" the American demanded, as he surveyed the picture a moment, and tossed it back contemptuously.

"All?" repeated Manning, with a stare.

"Yes, all. I did think you had something more to show me than the picture of a pretty girl. I'm astonished, Wellford, — you are the last man I ever supposed would be guilty of such ridiculous nonsense. Did she give it to you?"

"No, I purchased it at Suscipi's gallery, — he is famous for medallion portraits."

"And is this one? Let me look at it again." He gazed at the features several moments before speaking. "It *is* rather an interesting face, Wellford. Who is she, anyway?"

"I don't know," Manning replied, laconically.

"And you purchased it?"

"Yes, I *purchased* it, — at a high price too, — simply because it pleased me to do so; but I wouldn't say very much, Ned Hoyt: buying photographs of actresses by the dozen is not one of my failings."

Hoyt still held the picture, studying it attentively, and when he had finished looking at it, he said, —

"Yes, Wellford, it's a rare face, which grows upon one; you should have learned something more definite about it."

A finely executed picture; it certainly was a lovely face, — a *rare* face, as Hoyt had said, — remarkable for its quiet beauty and great strength of character. It was in profile, the features clear cut as cameo, and the low brow, from which swept backward a mass of dark wavy hair, shaded a pair of deep-set eyes, supposably black, giving the face a thoughtful expression, which was most fascinating. The rather prominent nose was Grecian, the mouth delicately cut, yet firm, while the chin and throat were a series of beautiful curves. The light and shade in the picture had been exquisitely arranged. The hair and darker shading blended almost imperceptibly into the background, giving a peculiar softness, while the light fell directly upon the features, the radiance reminding one of a pictured saint.

At first the photographic artist had refused to sell it at any price; but the young man had been so persistent, after much deliberation, and for a consideration of the sum of forty francs, he consented to part with it. Wellford asked the artist a dozen questions as to whom the beautiful face belonged, but was unable to draw from him even the suggestion of a clew to her iden-

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tity. In his own mind he felt it must be a portrait; yet the wily dealer had shown him other pictures, as exquisitely finished, which were claimed to be but copies from the painter's canvas; so he knew not what to think.

"A rare face indeed," echoed Manning, in reply to the last remark of his companion. "A sweet and noble face!" Then he spoke more tenderly as he said, "I have dreamed of such a woman, Ned, for years. In imagination I have pictured such features, such an expression, since I have known the meaning of sentiment, and my boyish fancy has played me such mad romps; the only romance I have ever known has been the romance of an ideal love. You are laughing, Ned?"

A hurt expression stole over the Englishman's features, for a provoking smile flitted about the corners of Edwin Hoyt's mouth; but his companion answered quite demurely, —

"Go on, my dear boy! I'll play hind wheel and follow as well as I can."

"I have met as sweet girls in England as ever quickened the beating of lover's hearts, and I have held their pretty faces up to this ideal, pictured only in my imagination, and passed them by. I have never hoped I might gaze upon such a living face, yet it has seemed to me that somewhere in this wide world such a one must have existence."

"And you think you have found it?"

"Only something akin to it," Wellford answered, thoughtfully. He looked at the picture long and earnestly, then slowly shook his head. "I *could* not hope for a perfect realization, for an ideal creation rises so far above the fairest living counterpart it can *never* stand the test of comparison. But this is a remarkable face, Hoyt."

"Yes, a fine face, truly," the American exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "It has already roused my curiosity to such a pitch I think I shall go around and pump the old fellow myself."

"He will tell you nothing more than he has told me. It may be taken from a painting, as the artist wishes me to think, or some pleasure-seeker visiting Rome, recently, may have left her fair shadow behind her. I incline to the latter belief."

"Now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it?" Hoyt asked, with a side glance at the diminutive traveling-bag lying upon the table near.

"Rest assured it will not be in your way," Manning answered, carefully replacing the wrapper. "I may keep it until I run across the *original*."

II.

"—— Full well I know
That *what* I worship is not wholly thee,
But a fair dream."

As it turned out, the tourists did not quit Rome on the morrow. Personal matters prevailed to detain the Englishman, though he wisely kept his own counsel, only telling his friend it was important for him to remain.

For a half hour after the incident related in the opening chapter the two friends consulted together over maps and guide-books, arranging plans for the journey, and disposing of the minor details of travel. Then Wellford again sauntered out alone.

Hoyt remained but a few moments, and started to go out upon the street, but, turning into the main corridor, he observed a number of gentlemen lounging in an anteroom, and paused at the threshold. One in particular, evidently a new-comer, attracted his attention, and, standing apart from the others, he was a fair mark for observation.

It would have been a difficult matter to state his age definitely from his appearance. He was quite tall, and slenderly built, yet graceful; his shoulders high and square, his well-proportioned head poised delicately upon them. His features were strong and manly, — the expression severe, but kindly, — and what would particularly strike the observer was a long, drooping mustache, as black as his brilliant black eyes, though his hair was a splendid iron-gray.

"There's a man to attract attention in a crowd," Hoyt mused to himself as he surveyed the tall, fine-looking visitor. "Is he an Italian count, or a French marquis, or a — "

The stranger moved from his position, asked a question of a gentleman near in the most polite *English*, and then quietly withdrew.

"Something of a man, that," remarked a lounger, throwing aside the newspaper which had wholly concealed him, and giving Hoyt his attention. It was Wilson.

"Fine-looking indeed!" Hoyt advanced to a chair near the speaker. "Is he a late arrival?"

"Oh, no!" Wilson replied, throwing a leg over the arm of his chair and prepar-

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ing to make himself comfortable; "he has been here several weeks. I first saw him at the theatre, with some ladies as good-looking as himself, about two weeks ago. I thought he must be an American, so I followed him home. He lives at a family hotel over in — dash it! I can't remember all these *vias* — well, no matter about the street; but he's an American, and he hails from Boston."

"Evidently a man of intelligence," Hoyt remarked, casually. "Do you know his name?"

"No, I do not; but he's a regular Bostonian, exclusive among strangers as the — as exclusive as they ever make 'em, and as distant and uncommunicative as the Sphinx of Egypt. I tried to engage him in conversation a few evenings after, but it was a stupendous failure; polite? — dismally so, and — well, 'good-evening.' So you are off to-morrow, Hoyt?"

"Well, no; my friend has just found something to detain him a couple of days, so we shall be with you a little while longer."

Wellford Manning was of wealthy parentage, his family residing near Leeds. His father, a practical man and a large manufacturer, had given him a liberal education, sending him through college, and now that he was about to commence the battle of life — appreciating the sentiment that travel enlarges a man's ideas and broadens his views — had determined the boy should see something of the world before settling down to business pursuits. The young man had been given his choice of a tour in America or upon the Continent, and, on account of his bicycle, had chosen the latter, as he had better means of knowing something of the roads over which he would be obliged to travel. He was fond of adventure, with a cool head and an ability to take care of himself under all circumstances, and he gave himself up to sight-seeing and travel in a manner truly American.

He was a broad-chested, large-limbed fellow, not over twenty-two years of age, above the medium in size, his clear, florid complexion and light-brown hair, with lighter side-whiskers, indicating a temperament the opposite to that of his American traveling-companion.

During the remainder of their short stay in Rome Hoyt saw little of his friend, and, being of a companionable nature, he was thrown more than ever into the company of Charles Wilson. Not that he cared a snap of his finger for the man, — Wilson had never been over-communicative in regard to himself, — but he felt that any company was better than no company in driving away *ennui*.

On the evening previous to departure Wellford was engaged in writing letters when a card was brought to the door. As he glanced at the name a pleased look came into his face, and then he turned to the attendant.

"Say to Doctor Mayne I shall be pleased to see him here."

This was surely an unexpected pleasure, and the young man felt honored in receiving a call from the courtly doctor. They had met during one of Wellford's solitary rambles, and the gentleman taking a fancy to the frank, honest face of the Englishman had not only saluted him kindly but had entered into conversation with him.

The doctor seemed to be a walking encyclopædia of Roman antiquities, for Manning's frequent conjectures as to certain points concerning this or that object or place had been met in every instance by concise statements, interesting narrative, or descriptions, which, at the close of the recital, left the young man in possession of the whole subject. The gentleman was scholarly, and he imparted his information in so easy and modest a manner, and seemed so thoroughly informed, Wellford set him down at once as some distinguished archæologist.

They met upon several subsequent occasions, and from antiquities came down to more common-place subjects, even touching lightly upon matters of personal history, as relating to identity, residence, pursuits, etc. Then Wellford learned that his pleasant acquaintance — like his touring companion — was an American, and a scientific man of considerable attainments. The young Englishman had called upon the gentleman once at his hotel, and now that the call was to be returned he felt he had indeed made a friend.

The attendant soon appeared with the doctor, and Manning welcomed his visitor cordially. Conversation was entered upon without reserve, and a full hour slipped away in delightful intercourse before the gentleman arose to take his leave.

"I trust I shall meet you in Paris," he said at parting. "I cannot tell you now when I shall be there, or where I shall stay; but, at all events, we must be on the lookout for each other. I can give you no address other than at the American Legation. If you can make it convenient to call

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there during your stay, and I am in the city, you will know it."

"I must thank you, doctor, for your many kindnesses to me upon the pleasant occasions of our meetings," Wellford returned gracefully. "As it is possible we may miss each other in Paris, remember, should you ever come to England, you will always be welcome at my home. I think I gave you my address."

"Yes, I have it," the doctor replied, drawing on his gloves. "If we do not meet again in our wanderings through Europe, I trust you will take my advice in regard to visiting America in the fall, when it will give me great pleasure to renew the acquaintance. I wish you a pleasant journey, and trust that no mishaps may mar the enjoyment of it by yourself or friend. Good-night!"

When the doctor had disappeared, and the Englishman again returned to his room, it seemed as though something more than the person of one man had gone out of it. He tried to recall some of the delightful things the doctor had said to him, but could think of nothing at all remarkable, though the impression remained that the whole had been very entertaining. He remembered the conversation concerning America, and the doctor's kindly invitation to visit him, and in his mind he half intended to avail himself of it. So he was living over again the pleasant interview when Hoyt returned and put an end to the reverie.

The invitation extended to Wellford by the doctor had not been given as a mere passing compliment, for Dr. Mayne was a man who thoroughly abominated shams of every description; nor could he tolerate the flattery and insincere adulation so often current in society under the name of politeness.

His was one of those large, unselfish natures which make the world better for their having passed through it. He had met Wellford, and found him worth cultivating. He knew he was but little more than a grown boy, — with all the impulsiveness of youth and the inexperience of opening manhood, — but, seeing the good which was in him, he had felt it a duty to mankind and a pleasure to himself to give the boy the benefit of his influence and ripe experience.

The doctor was but little over forty, but in his two score and odd years he had seen as much of life as many older men, and had profited by its lessons. Then he was a man of liberal views — broad natures cannot stoop to prejudice — and, above all, he still retained a recollection of his own youth, its pleasures and follies, which enabled him to come at once into perfect sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of his new friend.

What delightful fellows these young-old boys are, and what an influence they sway over their youthful acquaintances!

Upon the morrow the tourists turned their backs upon Rome, though it seemed to Hoyt that the fair-haired Englishman had left a part of his heart behind him; at least a remarkable change came over the spirit of his dreams.

Wellford's picture was now a constant companion. At first he had looked upon it only as the photograph of a sweet and lovely girl; he found pleasure in studying its features, and, from constantly regarding it, he grew to miss it when a whole day passed without an opportunity to look upon it.

Then a new freak suddenly revealed itself, and he began seeking to trace its features in the faces of the women he met in the great world around him. This habit of observation soon became an all-absorbing passion, and many a fair woman he unwittingly put to the blush by his rude but thoughtless stare. When upbraided for it by his companion, he assumed a most supreme air of injured innocence, and declared that his actions were always those of the gentleman, and upbraided in turn his friend's persecutions. Worse than all this: upon more than one occasion he had been known to follow some fair passing stranger to get a better view of her features, and often the whole plan of a morning's sightseeing was changed to accomplish his object.

At first Edwin Hoyt was disposed to laugh at his folly. He called him a silly boy, and told him it didn't become a college graduate and a man of his dignity to go mad over a photograph, and that, too, of an impossible woman, who doubtless lived only in the brain of some lovesick artist, or, worse, that might be a French ballet-dancer with a long Italian name, — name, hair, and beauty assumed with her costume. But Wellford knew better than that, and would not be ridiculed out of his romance by such nonsense. Then his friend used entreaty, but to no purpose, and at length gave way to downright anger; but through it all Manning preserved a most perfect state of stolid indifference, and kept right on in his folly as though it was a matter of course.

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"Where, in the name of evil, is this going to end?" Hoyt demanded, angrily, one evening, after the plans for a whole day had been spoiled by a fruitless adventure. They were in Milan.

"What did you remark?" Manning replied, with provoking indifference.

"I asked you how much longer this infernal farce is to continue."

"What farce?" the young man asked, raising his eyes innocently to those of his companion.

"Don't make me swear, Wellford Manning; I'm almost provoked enough to do something atrocious."

Hoyt was pacing the floor excitedly.

"Well, I wouldn't, Ned; sit down, old fellow, and let us talk of something pleasanter."

"Do you know," said the American, pausing before his companion, "that we were to have done the cathedral to-day, and instead — well, I suppose you are aware that we have but forty-eight hours left to us in Milan?"

"That's a fact! Gads, Ned! we must visit the cathedral to-morrow."

But Wellford had ceased to take any interest in sight-seeing farther than it afforded him opportunity to indulge his new-born passion. In visiting the cathedral he beheld in one of the galleries a face which instantly recalled his shadow-love. Away he sped down the splendid nave, through this aisle and up that staircase; through transept and corridor, until, at a sudden turn, he stood breathless before the lady, only to beg her pardon and tell her he was seeking a friend.

Oh, the mad races he led his companion! and, oh, the white lies he told unblushingly, as he excused himself of audacity simply colossal! Then Edwin Hoyt began to shake his head ominously, and hint at lunacy in the Manning family, while the adventures became more frequent; and, at last, when the two men had been arrested by a *sergent-de-ville* in a petty French town, and were dragged before a police magistrate, as a sequel to one of these adventures, Hoyt used some very strong language, which would not look well if committed to paper.

The last of May found the tourists within fifty miles of Paris, with a good road before them, bright skies above them, and nothing to mar the pleasures of a delightful journey.

Breakfast had been finished a full hour, and Hoyt stood leaning upon his wheel, waiting to begin the tour; but there was no Manning. What had become of the fellow? Fifteen minutes before he had rolled his wheel into the open space in front of the inn, leaned it against a post, and vanished into the house, saying he would be ready for the start in just two minutes. Time was fleeting, the sun growing warmer and warmer as the hour grew later, and it was no small matter of wonderment that the American began to lose his temper, for they had planned to sup and sleep that night in Paris.

Then he began to think it was time to do something, and, leading his 'cycle to the post occupied by that of his comrade, he stacked the two machines, and, with an ugly frown upon his features, stamped into the house. But Wellford was not there, nor was he able to find any one who could remember when the youth had last been seen. One of two things only was to be done: wait for the laggard as patiently as the aggravating circumstances would admit, or go on to Paris alone; the latter alternative was entirely out of the question, for, in the present state of Wellford's mind, if ever he needed a guardian it was now.

When the Englishman left his wheel at the door it was with the intention of delaying only long enough to secure some matches; but noticing several pieces of luggage at one side of the dingy room which served as office, he paused a moment to survey them, when a card upon a steamer trunk attracted his attention. It bore but a simple name and address, as follows: —

GRACE THORNE,
Artist.
New York City.

"Grace Thorne!" he repeated to himself, "what a pretty name! An artist, too!"

Had she ever been in Rome? How his heart bounded at the thought! Rome was the home of artists; and surely only an artist could have posed so well before the camera of a photogr— No, no; he was beside himself to think of such a thing; to hope even that he might be so near the dream of passing days was almost madness.

"Grace Thorne!"

How fitting seemed the name! how musical, simple, and complete! a perfect complement of the grace and dignity which seemed to hang about the features of his shadow-love.

The innkeeper entered.

"Is Grace Thorne here?" the young

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man timidly inquired, blushing like a girl.

"A friend of monsieur?" the landlord questioned, doubtingly.

"Yes — no — I — perhaps so — can I see her?"

"At noon, monsieur."

"At noon?" Wellford echoed in surprise. "Then she is not in at present?"

"I think she has gone to make some pictures," the man replied.

"How long ago? — where is she sketching? — can you direct me thither?"

The innkeeper only shrugged his shoulders and extended his open palms, with a significant side-glance at the young gentleman, as much as to say it was no concern of his where she had gone. Then he glanced at the clock and remarked, —

"They went away an hour ago."

"Then she is not alone?" Wellford pursued.

"No, the tall gentleman accompanied her. Monsieur must know him, of course?"

"The tall gentleman?—her—husband?"

"Oh, then she is married!" exclaimed the Frenchman, raising his eyebrows very high. "I did not know that — so young and so pretty — I thought she was mam'selle; so she has left her husband behind; — perhaps in America; at least he did not come, for they have two rooms. So she left him behind! American ladies are so different from the ladies of France."

Again Wellford glanced at the card, pondering the matter in his mind, and as he surveyed the luggage another name attracted him, though the wear and tear of travel had almost obliterated the painted letters. At length, however, he made it out to be George Thorne, and the identity of the surname seemed to remove from his heart a weight of ice. Father, brother, cousin, — surely not husband. Oh, for one glimpse of her face! yet they would not return for hours, and Hoyt was already waiting to begin the journey.

"She will not return before noon," Wellford sighed, sadly, "and I shall be halfway to Paris."

The innkeeper gazed a moment in silence at the erect figure before him; the peculiar earnestness in the tones of the voice touched him, and telling the young man to remain until his return he disappeared into a private room. When he again emerged he was followed by a shock-headed boy, in peasant dress, to whom he gave some directions in the mother-tongue, and then he turned toward Wellford.

"They have gone to the old mill; François will conduct you thither."

The boy led the way through the rear of the inn, across fields and vineyards, and they were half a mile from the house before Wellford thought of his comrade, whom he had left standing beside his wheel in front of the hostelry. It was too late to turn back now, and, besides, the present business would only delay them half an hour at the latest; the roads were good, the day before them, and the loss of so little time could possibly make no difference in their arrival.

At length they approached the stream supplying the mill with power; they walked along its green, shaded banks, frightening the dragon flies from the tall reeds, or startling the bull-frogs basking in the broken patches of sunlight. They crossed the stone foot-bridge at the point where the stream widened into a sluggish basin; the moss-grown mill appeared in sight among the young green foliage, and, as they neared the spot, the heart of Wellford Manning fluttered in his bosom.

"*Voyez, les voici! Monsieur*," exclaimed François, pointing at a white umbrella, beneath which a lady sat sketching, while a gentleman was gathering flowers at no great distance. His mission ended, the boy started back across the fields, without another word, leaving Wellford alone with the strangers.

How should he introduce himself, and what earthly pretext could be offered for the intrusion? He knew nothing of art, and could not meet them on this common ground. He was not an American, and, therefore, could not urge the claim of being a countryman. He had never heard the name before this morning, so the meeting could not be twisted into a case of mistaken identity. However, his touring suit helped him out of the dilemma, for, almost before he was aware of the intention, the gentleman approached and addressed him.

"Good-morning, sir! A wheelman, if I am not mistaken."

"Good-morning; yes, sir, are you a 'cyclist?"

"Yes, I ride at home, that is, I used to ride before the park commissioners made their stupid regulations concerning the wheel; but I fear we carry too much baggage for such pastime here. My sister is an artist."

"So I perceive," Wellford replied, assuming an air of gracious dignity. "*I* could almost forswear 'cycling for such pastime;

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but I know nothing of art — only as I know the pleasure of looking at pictures. Would your sister care if I — glanced at her sketch? Only a moment, you know!"

"Oh, she won't care," the American assured his visitor; "she's used to being stared at — that is, by these country bumpkins. You are from England, are you not? My name is George Thorne; I think you said yours was —"

"Wellford Manning."

Then Mr. Thorne turned to his sister.

"Grace, I want to introduce you to an English gentleman, who wishes to see your sketch."

Wellford's cheeks were on fire, and his heart bumped against his ribs like a trip-hammer as he advanced toward the umbrella. The brief moment elapsing before the girl turned her face seemed an age; yet he almost shrank from the meeting, knowing how bitter a disappointment might be in store for him.

"Mr. Manning, my sister."

It was over. The dream was but a faded delusion, and as the girl gazed into the earnest face before her she thought she had never seen so lustrous, or so sad, blue eyes.

"Miss Thorne," he said, recovering his composure, "I trust you will pardon this intrusion." Then he looked at the sketch a moment while the girl studied *him*. "I wish I knew enough of art to compliment your sketch intelligently; but as I do not, let me say that, to my mind, you have outdone nature, in that you have taken from nature only that which is beautiful. It is very pleasing truly."

"Thank you," the girl replied, with an arch look into the Englishman's face; "that is a good criticism and a compliment, for it is often a difficult matter to decide just *what* to *leave out* of a landscape. Sometimes I think my canvas would have proved more attractive if the entire landscape had been omitted, for nature is so beautiful, and paint — well, paint is only *paint*, after all."

"But may not paint be applied so deftly as to sometimes counterfeit nature?"

"I fear I do not understand you," the girl suggested, meeting the earnest gaze of the blue eyes bent upon her.

"Would it be possible to tell a photographic impression from nature from the same impression from *painted* nature," the young man inquired, with a deeper meaning in the question than the fair listener knew.

"Unmistakably," she answered; "there are subtile lines in nature which the brush can never produce. In the human face, for example, it would show plainly."

Wellford hesitated, as if thinking, and then he asked one more question, —

"As you have mentioned portraits, Miss Thorne, may I show you a picture purchased in Rome? — a mere fancy head, an artist's ideal, I have been told."

Wellford removed from his shoulder the strap supporting a thin canvas traveling-bag which he employed in carrying guide-book, maps, etc., and produced his darling picture.

The girl gazed at it intently for a moment, and then passed it to her brother.

"There certainly can be no doubt about this face; it was taken from a sitting. No artist's brush would ever be employed in producing lace as it appears here, for, paradoxical as it may sound, it would be inartistic. A true artist aims to *suggest* nature, not to reproduce it with photographic accuracy."

"Then there *was* a living original?" Wellford queried, gazing upon the face with a new-found joy.

"Undoubtedly," Miss Thorne replied. She then addressed herself to her brother: "The face seems quite familiar, George, and — well, perhaps I am mistaken."

Wellford replaced his picture, but still hesitated, feeling it was time to withdraw, yet desiring to pursue the conversation further.

"I wish I might see more of your sketches," he ventured, at length; "but we leave for Paris this morning."

"For Paris!" Mr. Thorne repeated. "Are you traveling with a party?"

"My companion is an American," Wellford answered, preparing now to take his leave. "His name is Edwin Hoyt."

"We are from America," the girl remarked, again meeting the Englishman's glance; then she turned toward her sketch.

"Yes, I knew you were, from your luggage, before I — that is, I saw the name and address upon some luggage at the inn before I sauntered out. Again pardon my intrusion; my friend is, doubtless, waiting for me. Good-morning!"

[To be continued.]

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LOVE ON WHEELS.

Love on his wheel, — his shining team, —
As golden Fortune bowls along;
Love lends the summer many a gleam, —
I lend to Love my song.

In shapely grace of thew and limb,
Apollo Belvedere is he;
There's not a bird that flies can trim
Himself so daintily.

A polo black, of velvet, his,
On tossing curls that mock the night,
When nor in heav'n pale Luna is,
Nor star of twinkling light.

His suit is sable as the Dane's, —
He wears a rose on his lapel;
But as he rolls along the lanes,
With ease I may not tell,

The roses blooming on his cheek
Put quite to shame the Jacqueminot;
Yet of his bloom I will not speak,
Enow it is to know,

That when on merry wings he flies
In park, or country ways afar,
The maidens see in his dark eyes
The flash of falling star.

His smile is lavish as the June —
An errant knight in courtesy.
With him all nature is a-tune,
And Fortune loves him, she!

Who would not smile on young and old,
With youth and beauty for his own;
And maiden's smile, and hope and gold,
And Pegasus a throne!

Well, well! Go, Love, thy happy round
And pluck the summers ere they die;
On fairy pinions without sound
Flit, joy — a butterfly.

Be wary! Only this I say:
I would not 'larm you, youth, and yet
Dan Cupid hides beside the way
With arrows and a net.

So, Love, farewell! with shining team —
As Fortune turn and bowl along;
You lend the summer many a gleam —
I lend to you my song.

Joseph W. Chapman.

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SOME CURSORY VIEWS OF BICYCLING.

"In gliding state she wins her easy way,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."
— *Byron.*

THOUGH not so useful in the commonest sense of the word as the printing-press or the sewing-machine, for instance, the bicycle seems destined to extend as far as they have, and to remain as permanently. It has, perhaps, a more vital mission for the individual man than any other mechanical thing ever had; and it seems certain that our vast territory is to be its great field in the future. After about five years' trial over the most civilized portions, there is now no doubt as to its enduring success. Its use has rapidly spread wherever it has been seen, and it is soon seen in nearly all localities where its story penetrates, — to a lesser degree in the South, for obvious reasons, though the general habituation to the saddle-horse there qualifies the young men for readily mounting its wiry superior, especially as they are in these days less averse than formerly to anything that looks at all like work. The utility of the machine must be very real to have secured the reception it has had with so practical a people as ours. The majority of sensible men welcome it as an instrument of much wider capabilities than merely to afford a lively pastime for young and athletic persons; yet the number who are of that opinion and act upon it is still a very small minority of those who might avail themselves of its various business, traveling, and sanitary uses, wherever and whenever the roads are in good condition. Its peculiar attributes and its attractions for the young did not commend it at first to the elder men, whose personal weal and practical ends it is quite as ready to serve; but it has steadily come into use for such purposes, and at the same time is enrolling the graver men themselves, much to their delight, among the young and athletic persons. As a novel means of recreation and emulative sport only it is a valuable acquisition, and the young in general need no other persuasions than the seductive lessons of example. Indeed, some with the bicycle whirl in their heads are only too apt to be "carried away" by it, — an extravagance, indeed, in the primary sense of the word, but comparatively a harmless and not costly one. While fully sympathizing with them, those who are familiar with the utilities of the thing, and recipient of its vital benefits, would recommend it especially to the middle-aged and the many languid, ailing, and brain-weary men, who have only to make a little effort to attain the gladsome vigor and surprising facilities that it gives. Most men allow themselves to begin to grow old by far too soon. The example of those of mature years and pursuits, and steady habits, who are prolonging or renewing their youth in this new way, at once jovial, decorous, and of daily use, should be most extensively followed. An increasingly large proportion of wheelmen are of this class. Professional men, journalists, and teachers, are notably numerous among habitual riders. Many lawyers, physicians, and clergymen, take a leading part in the clubs; and widely to be found are business men and brain-workers of all kinds and high positions, who adopt the wheel as a matter of economy in time and money, and as adding to their capacity for work, and means of health and happiness.

The bicycle is well adapted to the despatch of light business almost anywhere outside of the thronged and stony centres of cities, and often to supply the place of horse and vehicle at a great saving of expense. It is a convenient, economical, and facile conveyance on a diversity of errands, for mechanics, artists, students, agents, messengers, collectors, naturalists, carriers, etc., etc., nearly all who daily or occasionally require a means of easy transit. In England it has been thus employed for years, and this, with the tricycle, is getting to be as familiar as any vehicles in most parts of the land. As this paper is of a general and summary nature, and meant for the non-riding portion of the readers of the magazine rather than to interest or inform the initiated, I may freely quote some pregnant instances from the bicycling press of the last few years. An Illinois man writes: "Notwithstanding all the obstacles to the unrestricted use of the wheel hereabouts, my beautiful, ever-ready steed is a source of immense satisfaction to me. I am heartily glad to know that the merits of the bicycle are becoming rapidly recognized in the larger cities, and its rights conceded. Be-

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yond all question, it is a practical method of locomotion wherever the roads are passable." Its special value to the country physician on a sudden call is obvious, from the fact that he can often reach a patient in less time than would be taken to get a horse ready. A case in point in New Jersey is related. The account says: "It takes the doctor's man seven minutes to harness; in five minutes the doctor was at the lady's home, a distance of nearly a mile," and saved her life. "Let me tell what the bicycle has done in my case," says an Eastern man. "I have ridden it constantly to my place of business and return, from South Salem to Salem proper, over twelve hundred trips, within fifteen months, and made a saving of one hundred and eighty hours' time, to say nothing of the pleasure of riding the bicycle four times a day. My health also was never better than now; and, although over forty-two years of age, as the time approaches to leave my work and mount my steed, I feel more like a school-boy than a man of mature years. . . . My bill for shoes before riding the bicycle averaged some eighteen dollars a year; now my expenses for shoes the last fifteen months have been but four dollars and fifty cents." One also says that in the space of eighteen months he has saved, by the same means, seventy dollars in car-fares. Another says he is forty-six years old, and "my wheel has carried me at least eight miles and return, to and from business, each day for a long time. I am persuaded that it is as useful, within limits, as a horse. I propose to stick to it, if only for health's sake." A notable example of its use, on a distant business tour, is that of a Worcester man, who made a five months' trip through portions of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, and thence returned down the Connecticut valley and *via* Hartford and Springfield. "He is agent of a 'supplies' firm, and carried all necessary samples with him, visiting all mills and manufacturing concerns on his route. Average distance per day was at least thirty miles. He was enabled to penetrate districts which would have been overlooked by other means of travel." It is added that he gained twenty pounds in weight.

Few of the general public here have any idea of the progress of the bicycle on the transatlantic side, and particularly the amount of traveling and extensive touring performed with it in those parts. The bicycling journals have for years abounded in narratives of these rides, embracing nearly all the great capitals and famous places, measuring the highways between them for hundreds of miles at a time, not only over the best carriage routes and about the popular resorts, but on unfrequented by-ways and in mountainous districts. Switzerland is notably often thus visited, and wherever there any wheels go these do. From city to city of France, especially in the south, thence to Italy, Austria, and Russia, — Vienna to Moscow, in one instance, — and to Madrid and Lisbon, they pass with a liberty and cheapness well worth its particular difficulties and lack of style according to old standards. These travelers are, or have been, chiefly insular in origin, but not of the odious type we read about. The wheel seems to be everywhere evolving, or selecting, a better kind of man.

On the continent the bicycle is less used as yet by the natives, though in France there are many riders, with clubs and makers of the machine. The heavy Teutons seemed at first but little inclined to favor so light a thing; but a club having been formed by foreigners at Berlin, the example has been followed in other large cities of Germany. In England, first and best known as now perfected, its prevalence is there, of course, the greatest; every road is vexed by the rubbered rims, and their numbers, hardihood, and zeal who step and steer on their roving wheels by day and by night, in fair weather and foul, is something wonderful; and the wheel abides, as well as travels, in the other countries of the (more or less) United Kingdom. Riders there are now reckoned by hundreds of thousands, and belong to every class, from the nominal nobility up and downward to all manner of men, and including all ages. Of Coventry, the centre of the interest there, a visitor two years ago said: "I encountered bicycles at nearly every turn in the streets, gentlemen out riding, workmen spinning to their work, youths practising, old men gliding along comfortably and amused with the exercise; in fact, bicycling seemed to have the ascendency over all." The English clubs number about four hundred, and at each of the last two annual Hampton Court meets as many as 2,300 men paraded. Two large and influential associations, the Bicycle Touring Club and the Bicycle Union, maintain the rights and in various ways forward the interests of the fraternity, the

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former, commonly known as the B.T.C., having officers and members on the continent and in this country. Some half-a-dozen flourishing periodicals are devoted to the machine and its congeners, and ably discuss and chronicle the many constructive, competitive, social, and other questions and events that abound. The racing on these "fervid wheels" shows astonishing speed and endurance. More than 1,400 miles in six days of limited hours; 100 miles in about six and a half hours; 20 miles in forty seconds less than an hour; 10 miles in about 29 minutes; 1 mile in 2 minutes 41 seconds, are some of the principal feats. Many road-riders make from 4,000 to 6,000 miles a year in the way of exercise and travel. From of old an explorer, the instincts of the Briton reassert themselves on the wheel in a smaller sphere, and, unrestricted by Bradshaw or Cook, he seeks adventure and novelty across the narrow waters, and over his own island from Dover to Holyhead, and from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End. To ride more than a hundred miles in one day has become too common to be specially noticed. The tours and journey in our country also have been numerous; from New York to Chicago, from Illinois, Ohio, and Maryland, to Boston, are a few of them; from Boston they have extended for long distances away in every inland direction, or by wide circuit in neighboring counties. Accounts of some of these latter excursions, as well as of Yankee touring in England, have been published in permanent form, with pictorial illustration. Such tours are quite feasible in this latitude from May to November, and later. Planned in connection with short intervals of railroad travel, as necessity or convenience may suggest, their possibilities are unique. The ease with which the tourist can catch up his bicycle, and take or leave a train when he pleases, enables him to compass and traverse a wider extent of territory in a given time, with more various results, than by any other mode of travel, simple or combined. Or, more leisurely, with machine alone he can "march indefatigably on" over distances that would now kill any horse. Every season sees many such, singly or in parties, in the States north of Kentucky and west of Virginia, particularly at the seashore resorts; and the mountainous ones are not avoided. Rye and Hampton beaches, and the vicinity of the Rangeley lakes and Champlain and Sunapee, are visited by them in the summer and autumn; while about home many are for the first time becoming familiar with the suburbs of their cities or towns, and with the adjoining country, which they hardly knew anything of before, excepting on paper.

There are about one hundred and fifty bicycle clubs on this side the water, existing in nearly every State and in Canada, with some three thousand members; thus forming a new and peculiar bond of fellowship between men widely separated in distance, and of all occupations, taste, and ages. Besides the pleasures of companionship on the road which the clubs promote, and the mutual countenance and defence that may be afforded, there is the representative feeling and an approach to order and discipline which tend to make all observe the laws and proprieties of public travel. Their social and democratic spirit in New England is very marked, and appears to be the characteristic elsewhere; and the best standard of the gentleman is quite generally the rule. There is a sort of free-masonry of feeling among wheelmen stronger than with others having common aims and tastes of this kind, and the clubs probably include a wider range of pursuits, age, ability, position, and means than any other clubs. They are centres and links of an influence that is likely to be enduring and to extend largely into other concerns of life.

The concerted action of wheelmen has already induced corporations to admit their vehicle to equal privileges with others, and in many cases is modifying or reversing the policy of those who regulate the use of streets and parks. That they are a power also toward a reform of the highway laws appears by articles in previous issues of this magazine, by Mr. Bates, of Detroit. Much that he says in regard to his own State has a continental application. No doubt the extension of the use of the bicycle will tend greatly to improve the condition of the highways throughout the land,— an obvious need, and one that practically interests all classes. In New England what is called road-mending in the rural parts is often a senseless proceeding. They plough up the road-bed, or haul sand, soil, and other unfit material, leaving it all loose, to be compacted as chance may direct by the vehicles that are obliged to pass that way. The result is obstruction and annoyance, with serious harm and expense to the traveler. Also, nearer the cities, the so-called macadamizing, with stones of twice the proper size, and the job but half done at that, is a

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common nuisance. As bicyclists are sometimes balked where others can pull through, they are urgent opponents of such a state of things. It is probably more or less so in most other sections, modified, indeed, by the nature of the soil and the varieties of climate. Moreover, our wheel bears a particular enmity to the cobble-stone and the mud-making watering-cart, and will help to banish both. A road that is not fairly good for the bicycle is a very bad one, and should not long be tolerated by any community. To meet all requirements of what a city pavement should be seems an almost insoluble problem; but how to make the best roads is very well known, and the materials are common. Vehicles, and the ways they go upon, mutually improve each other. The bicycle, which makes less impress upon the roads than other wheels, will be influentially operative to better them, and may prove a most effective "roller" for that purpose. Few things tend more to promote the prosperity of a place than excellent roads, and no expense is more amply repaid than a liberal outlay to that end; while bad ones are a constant tax on all concerned, and miserably wasteful in many ways.

In parts of Great Britain — though the same have a reputation with bicyclists for difficult roads — late writers testify to some conditions uncommonly good; that in Scotland *ruts are quite unknown*, and that in Ireland there is an efficient system of regular inspection to keep the highways in order. We already, in our country, hear of wheelmen choosing their residence as citizens, or their college as students, near a bicycling centre, on account of superior roads there. It is said that there has been an unusual improvement during the last decade. If it be not much more so as the present one elapses, there are visible to the mind's eye about fifty thousand high-stepping men coming who will be particularly urgent to know the reason why. The new wheel finds upon this continent both the *raison d'etrê* and the *locum in quo* on a larger scale, with more variety of environment, than in any other quarter of the world. Even now it is probable that hardy wheelmen can pass over the greater part, where there are any roads at all, and their universal range is certain as these multiply and improve. The increased use, also, of the roads, by means of the bicycle, may aid to restore, in a modern form, that pleasant resort, the rural tavern, which has nearly disappeared in the older settlements by the centralizing influence of the railroads. In England are to be found many home-like hostelries in the interior, where the "publics" thrive by reason of the better average of roads in that country and a greater amount of light travel, including the constantly augmenting number of bicycles and tricycles. Recent tourists, with these across the channel, commend the simple Swiss inn as superior to most of their own, for comfort and lower rates, less providing of mere drink, and an improved quality and variety of food. From all accounts, our inns are much inferior to English ones.

Probably the chief obstacle to the widest acceptance of the bicycle is the apparent danger in its use as viewed by the unwonted eye. All that can be shown in favor of the vehicle is of no account with those who are "detained on earth" by the fear of it. Quite true (and almost a rhyme) is the following by a small poet: —

> "Sometimes even riders first-rate
> Are projected headlong prostrate."

There is, doubtless, some danger in bicycling, but rather less, all things considered, than on the horse with an equal experience, and not more than the pedestrian's hourly liabilities in the streets of our large cities; yet the most timid do not remain in-doors for that cause. Some special risk is to be taken in every active pastime and employment. It is mostly the careless who are hurt. The seat of the bicyclist averages about six inches lower than that of the equestrian. Excepting at high speed, he cannot be thrown with much violence. There are only the rider's own limbs and faculties to be governed, no heavy body to fall upon his, no danger of being dragged or kicked or thrown backward. Lateral falls, which seem, at first sight, likely to be many in this unstably, equilibrated way of going, are very infrequent, and the man alights readily upon his feet in such cases. Precipitation forward is the worst hazard to which he is exposed, and this is neither so imminent or likely to be so severe as commonly supposed. It rarely happens unless by lack of ordinary care or skill, and the force of the fall is subject to reduction by the counter effect of the weight in the rear. Even rash riders are seldom seriously hurt. I should estimate the percentage of casualty, and its usual damage, to be less than

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in any other way of animal locomotion but walking; and do not except even that with those who must often encounter the reckless driving in crowded streets. The spirit of both jocose and malicious exaggeration has caused the liability to headers, and the mishaps of novices, to be unduly dwelt upon and magnified. The comic terrors have been made much of by humorists of the pen and pencil. Not a few able citizens are frightened from the bicycle by some Banquo-ish spectre in their fancy, with twenty muddy headers on his crown, as there are other willing but formal ones who fear contumely in the frown or smile of Mrs. Grundy. It were better if the external starch of some people were concentred in their spinal parts. There is a compromise open to the hesitators, in the fact that two good forms of "safety" bicycles are much used, which, with some increase of weight and a diminished height of seat, perhaps some loss of speed, but a clear gain in power, are free from the most common objections, and may be used with confidence from the start by the elderly and more timorous. While the hardiest men of almost any age prefer to earn their own security on the simpler and handsomer machine, which is under complete control with a careful rider of ordinary ability and experience, there is a larger class for whom the safety machines are specially suited, and by whom they are to be used very much in future.

A Senior.

HULDAH'S ROMANCE.

I.

HULDAH MOREHOUSE had a tricycle. It seemed to run in the family; the "Dominie" had a wheel, and Hal had lately rode off with his bride into that new world which is the old. Huldah and Hal were great friends, and when he left the Manse for good, to set up house-keeping for himself, he presented Huldah with a tricycle. "You may be lonely," he said; "this will give you amusement and recreation."

Huldah declared she never would ride the thing, — an old maid on a tricycle, as if she were a miserable cripple; but then Huldah was not an old maid, although it was a way she had of calling herself so.

I suppose she had made so many sarcastic remarks about the machine she felt ashamed to become a convert to the use of the new vehicle. But the best of people change their minds, and Huldah surreptitiously took it off one day, and came back in broad daylight, dismounting at the front door. How we children quizzed her! It wasn't often we got a chance at Huldah, and we improved it, I assure you. She met a perfect storm of raillery; but she turned it off by saying it was her last chance of getting a husband, and ladies of uncertain age were not to be tolerated. And so every pleasant day she was out on the road, and very often papa went with her. The people liked to see Huldah, especially the poor people and the invalids. She had such a bright, witty way with her, and she said such ludicrous things, almost sacrilegious, father would look at her reprovingly, and she would return the gaze with such an innocent look that he could not retain his gravity.

Huldah enjoyed going up to Aunt Mehetabel's; it was a chamber of peace; and when she felt down-hearted, — for she had her sad days, — she would visit this good woman, of whom the world was not worthy. She said there were very few saints in the world, but Aunt Mehetabel was one of them.

One day she was out on the lake road, and met Sam Hines. He said he never thought she would ride one of those crazy things. As for him, he would rather ride a camel in a circus.

"There would be circus enough if you should have a bicycle," replied Huldah. "You would discover more stars than the lastest astronomy mentions."

"Well, I must say," added Sam, "it has done your pa a power of good. And that brother of yours has married a rich wife — rode right into it, eh?"

The road round the lake was lovely in autumn, — a ten-mile drive. The turnpike was in good condition. The lake, like a burnished mirror, reflected the sky and the tinted foliage that skirted the shore; in fact, there were two lakes connected by a narrow stream, deep enough for boats, and this gave name to the sheet of water as Spectacle Lake. In the season it was covered with white lilies, which, in the early morn-

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ing, lifted their chalices of perfume to be kissed by the sun. Forests of pine fell back from the shore, their gothic aisles the promenade of grouse and squirrel. Up from the soft carpet of needles the partridge vine crept, with its red eyes. The trailing arbutus perfumed the air, and the wild pink blushed in the shadow. Across the soft expanse above, the solemn crow called to his fellow, and the fish-hawk floated, rising higher and higher, until he was but a dim point upon the breast of the day. In the solitudes the sunlight flickered, playing hide-and-seek with the shadows. Huldah had an artist's eye, and she caught every hint of nature. Not an effect of color or curve of landscape that she lost. She found that her tricycle tours brought her nearer to Nature's heart, and that much of beauty and sublimity was discovered only by leisurely study. She began to re-read Ruskin's "Modern Painters," taking a volume with her often. And that great artist in nature, using only ink for pigment, revealed new beauties to her awakened senses. She found that Nature has a score of moods, and is sensitive to one's condition, joyful or sad, adapting herself to the hour.

One might ask why so bright a girl was not married long ago. It was certainly not for want of chances, for the Dominie's daughter was in great demand. She had been engaged quite young, to the first mate of an ocean steamer, a jovial fellow, quite the reverse of Huldah in character. How well I remember the night that papa received the telegram from Uncle James that the steamer was lost with all on board. Huldah was sick for weeks. She left her girlhood behind her when she took up life again. Henceforth she had a woman's life to meet. We children overheard mother say she thought Huldah would never have a home of her own now; but she regained her spirits, and was the life of the family. What larks she had with papa, until mother would look up in astonisment and alarm! Both were keen at repartee, and well read, and they had lively times about the board.

Huldah would take off Deacon Higgins until the tears run down papa's face, and mother would say, with her soft voice, "Huldah, Deacon Higgins is a most excellent man."

"Yes, mother; but he is such an old fogy. He looks as melancholy as a cherub on a monument;" and yet it was Huldah that went and helped take care of the deacon when he had that terrible sickness, and every one was afraid to go near the house. I don't know what we should have done without her. She was the life of the house and a most excellent house-keeper. She said if I would stew my brains in writing printers' copy all the time, she must be more domestic.

II.

HULDAH was out later than usual one afternoon, and it was quite dusk when she came in. She looked white and terrified, as if she had seen a ghost. She was a brave girl, and it took something considerable to startle her. She had come through the Tolman woods just as the sun dropped behind the hills, and in the darkest stretch a man sprang out upon her. It was so unexpected and sudden she was almost powerless, but she managed to give the machine an impetus forward. The road was level, and she just escaped his hand. He stumbled and fell, and fear lent her wings. She said she actually flew through the dark, timber-shaded road, and when she came out into the open way her heart was beating like an engine at high pressure. There was something so strange about it. Ridgeville had not been troubled with tramps for a long while. It was a law-abiding community, quite free from an objectionable class. Every one knew the dominie's daughter, and respected her. What did it mean? No explanation came, and the family forgot all about it. But Huldah turned the matter over in her mind again and again. There was a strange fascination about it. There must be a sequel to it sometime, and yet what possibility could there be of having it explained?

Life went on as usual at the Manse. There were a number of small children, and Huldah had much of the care of them. She had little time for dreaming, while she was out on the road a good deal, and was very domestic. She regularly carried on a course of reading under the direction of her father. Her time was fully occupied. Hal sent enthusiastic letters of his new home and work. Business was good, and it was love in a cottage. They still took their constitutional on the road, and it was "Love on Wheels," as ever.

Huldah became quite a devoted student of Nature. She familiarized herself with Ruskin, read Mrs. Jameson, and, while not seeking critical knowledge of different schools of art, she acquired a practical knowledge of that which every true artist must possess. The rooms of the old Manse

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began to brighten under her touch. She rearranged the furniture, rehung the pictures, and changed the whole atmosphere of the house. It was not so much in any one thing, but that exquisite harmony, which obtained from threshold to rear hall. Home decoration became a careful study with Huldah. She obtained quite a local reputation in this regard, and when Judge Bent's people built their elegant Queen Anne house, she was employed to assist in its furnishing, with plenty of money at her command. She took great delight in this. Every room was a study in color and drapery. The furniture was made to order, after Huldah's designs; there wasn't a carpet in the house; inlaid floors, with imported rugs; exquisite tiling about the broad fireplaces, constructed of pressed birch, — the tops oval in form, the birch laid edgewise, — the tone of the rooms struck one pleasantly as they stepped across the threshold. Everything was in harmony; from window drapery to gas fixtures it all was like a poem set to music, which was only the words uttering themselves aloud. There was one room, or suite, the Judge's wife said, should be hers. She might exercise her fullest desire, and so she made a perfect maiden's bower. The dressing-room was in one of the towers, and the jutting windows hung out over the bower; a balcony connected with the main room, and from it an antique stairway led to a higher room in the tower, where one could see the morning break in the east, or the day die along the horizon's edge. The dining-room she made perfect for its use. On one side was a large fireplace, in brick and marble, with exquisite tiling, a mirror above reaching to the ceiling; the floor was inlaid, and the side opposite the fire looked out upon the lawn. It was all windows, projecting a little from the main building, so that you had light on three sides, — the plate-glass revealing the flower-gardens, and commanding the road beyond and the town. The great reception-rooms were like a fine painting. Judge Bent said they cost more than one of the old master's rarest works; but he told Huldah his check-book was at her disposal. The Judge had money invested in a ranch in Mexico, and the investment had trebled within the year. He could afford to be artistic, and he thought about as much of Huldah as he would of an own child, — they had no children. The residence was at last completed, and Huldah had heard nothing of her "tramp," as she had called him, half humorously. She had always had a singular feeling about it. She could not explain it at all. The winter had passed, and the summer was beginning to burn on the hills. The Judge had got into his new house, and Huldah was there a good deal. It was a picture, from the carved gateway at the approach to the fat cherubs upon the tower.

III.

HAL was coming home with his wife. The hot days had come, and people were seeking the country. Huldah received them at Judge Bent's. The hot August day was nearly spent; the dusk, illuminated with the fires of the dying day, spread itself over the beautiful home. The fountains were playing; the lawns were like velvet; the flowers swayed in the breeze. The rooms, from the cosey library, where the Judge enjoyed his cigar, to the sewing-room, with its bird, its head tucked under wing, were perfect in beauty and convenience. The wide hall, with its tessellated floor and grand staircase, welcomed one to come in and rest upon the crimson divans facing each other just across the threshold.

"Well, Judge, you have a poem in wood," said Hal; "a nineteenth-century castle."

"You may thank Huldah for its beauty. She made suggestions in regard to the plan, and has had entire charge of the furnishing. Some of the artisans have rebelled, but she carried the day."

"The old German was too much for me, Judge." It seems she had some difference with one of the frescoers regarding decoration. He said nothing, — she supposing he had understood and would acquiesce. But while she was absent for a day he perfected his own idea. "Look at that heathen goddess," she said, "meeting one as they enter this house! One would suppose it was a Chinese temple. I desired a figure representing Hospitality."

Hal seemed to regard Huldah with strange interest. All the evening she caught his eye upon her continually. He seemed on the point of saying something, and then checked himself. Once he asked if she had ever learned anything about her "tramp," and seemed about to say something more, when the Judge broke in upon him with a question about some case in the courts which was attracting considerable attention.

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Charles Lawrence, her lover, lost at sea five years before, had escaped out of a ship-load of three hundred people. He had clung to a portion of the wreck nearly two days, and had drifted out of the line of ocean steamers. When he was picked up he was more dead than alive, and was delirious for days. When the fever left him he found himself on a brigantine bound for Australia. Arriving there, he wrote immediately to Huldah, but received no reply. Letter after letter was sent, but no tidings came. He became interested in a mine, and made a considerable fortune in the four years he was there. But he longed for home and friends. He could not understand the meaning of Huldah's silence, and so he came back to his native land. He was so much changed that his old friends would hardly have recognized him. He was quite youthful in appearance when he went away; now he was a bronzed, full-bearded man. Some one told him, coming up to Ridgeville, that Huldah was married. They were strangers to the family, and had confounded Hal with his sister. Lawrence did not stop to question the truth of the statement. He was very much overcome. "Better have gone down in mid-ocean," he thought; for the last thing he remembered on that fragment of the wreck, until he awoke from the delirium of fever, was the thought of Huldah in the old Manse, leagues and leagues away. He thought he would wander about the woods where he and Huldah had walked together years before until the next train, and return to the city, and thus escape the chance of meeting any one. He came right upon her there, as he was about to enter the road. So unexpected was the meeting, as she passed upon the tricycle, that he stepped back suddenly and stumbled. His foot becoming entangled in the underbrush, he threw up a hand, and tried to speak; but the words died on his lips, and she had sped on. He thought she must have recognized him, forgetting, in his excitement, how changed he was and how dark it had become, and wished to avoid him. Sadly he went back, thinking, as he hurried toward the sea on the night express, he would return to Australia in another month. But he met Hal the following week, and learned the truth, and about her "tramp," for she had written to Hal all about it. But Lawrence grew timid when he found no obstacle in the way. He became distrustful of his reception, and for months he wandered about the city, resolving he would take the next train, and then fearing to go. He appeared almost demented to his friends, but it was his excessive sensibility. At last, as the summer came on, Hal had a plain talk with him; told him he was going to Ridgeville, and he must promise him he would follow in a week. "And to insure your fulfilment of the contract I shall break the news to Huldah, although, for the life of me, I don't know how I shall do it. She is none of your hystericky kind. I know you will not fail to appear after that."

And so Hal the next day turned the conversation to Huldah's "tramp," and the explanation of it. So skilfully he did it that Huldah was not overcome. "I knew I should know more about my 'tramp,'" she said, "and I never gave up Charles in my heart."

The meeting, of course, was an affecting one, — the giving back of the dead. The Judge's beautiful home might well be the trysting spot of such happiness. Huldah declared "it was all the tricycle again." The wheel was the goddess of good fortune to their family. Judge Bent did not live long to enjoy his elegant home, — dying suddenly of heart disease. When his will was opened, it was found he had left the residence and its appointments to Huldah, after his wife should be through with it. He had a large property, and she was amply provided for. Another year, at the request of Mrs. Judge Bent, found Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence in the home she had put a year's study into making a thing of beauty, not dreaming she would live to preside over it, dispensing a gracious hospitality. In its library the chronicles of the Morehouse family were written.

"*A Country Parson.*"

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CHAPTER V. — DISMOUNT.

MISS LARKIN and Rose went to the table next morning for the first time on the voyage. They found themselves opposite Mr. Ehrlebach.

"Isn't this nice?" said Rose, smiling at him happily before she unfolded her napkin.

"Good-morning, sir," said Miss Larkin, stiffly.

"Good-morning. I have had my place changed on the list that I may be near to you, ladies, and you will let me serve you all that I may, I hope?"

"Thank you so much," said Rose, sweetly. "You may give me a mug of beef-tea and some crackers, and I shouldn't object to a small piece of ham, if you please." They smiled at each other again.

"What will you have, Miss Larkin?"

"Thank you, the steward will wait upon me," said Kate.

"Oh, dear, how Miss Larkin does treat him!" sighed Rose to herself, adding, aloud, "Voyages are such stupid things," in a conversational way.

"You don't seem to find them so," said a sociable voice, a little way down the long ship-table. The three looked toward the speaker. Rose and Ehrlebach said "Good-morning," and Kate bowed imperceptibly to Madame Morena.

"I only spoke in a sort of glittering generality," said Rose. "*I* think voyages are lovely, especially when one meets such nice people."

"But you have not met many people," said Ehrlebach.

"Oh, you, you know;" and Rose smiled at him again, while Miss Larkin groaned in spirit, and wished that Mother Madder were at hand.

Madame Morena heard Rose's speech, and looked into her coffee-cup with deep significance. Kate saw her, understood something of her thought, and was irritated out of her silence.

"Miss Madder has studied painting a little and thinks herself fortunate in meeting a master," she said, abstractedly, not looking at Madame Morena.

Ehrlebach laughed genially. It seemed to Kate that the man was always laughing.

"Why, then, should we be explaining? he said. "I have taken a liking to the little girl, and she likes me. We are friends."

"At first sight," said Madame Morena. She sighed.

Ehrlebach felt the absurdity of the little woman's mental attitude and smiled, but more soberly than before. Miss Larkin looked across the table at him, and noted the whiteness of his teeth and the tenderness of the lips smiling under the big yellow mustache.

Ehrlebach asked her, "Have you heard how many miles the ship made yesterday?" and the conversation drifted into those nautical channels so fashionable among the ten-day prisoners of trans-atlantic lines.

It was the same after breakfast, and at lunch-time, and in the evening, and during all the remaining days of the voyage, Ehrlebach was faithful in his attentions to both of the Chicago passengers. He laughed at Rose, and laughed with her, taught her a trick or two in perspective, and received all her innocent adulation of his genius with amused complacency. Miss Larkin trod on gray ground, to speak in neutral tints, so far as one may depend upon Madame Morena's somewhat close observation of the situation. Madame Morena assured herself that Miss Larkin did nothing openly to encourage Ehrlebach's liking for the lassie, yet she was inwardly certain that Miss Larkin did not approve of it.

In the perplexity of her mind, and to relieve it to some extent of its burden of romantic wonder, Madame Morena wrote a letter to Miss Fidella Fitzenduvil, and sent it ashore when the "Scythia" stopped off Queenstown.

MY DEAR MISS FIDELLA: —

As everybody is writing letters I thought I would too, to tell you that him who you call Hohenzolen is on this ship, and is very much devoted to a pretty young girl from Chicago, named Rose Madder, who says that she means to be a great artist; and, I suppose, that is one reason Hohen takes to her so, though I must confess that she is nice-looking, and not so much unlike his poor and lamented wife, who died lately, though I didn't think it necessary to tell that to Miss Larkin, not knowing till afterward, when I asked Mr. Ehrlebach himself. Miss Larkin is an old maid of twenty-eight or thirty, who is the chaperone of Rose, and a good one she is too, and both from Chicago; and, I believe, Miss Larkin is a teacher, though it is hard work finding out anything from her, for a closer piece I never happened to see, many times

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as I have gone to Paris to get my fall styles. If you should want any extra commissions except those you gave me, please write me at the Hotel de L'isle de France, as I told you I always stop there; not that it's a stylish place, but it is very near the Boulevards, being just off the avenue of the opera, and handy for me in my shopping. But I was going to say that, for all her close ways, this Miss Larkin seems a perfect lady, though always very cool toward the Hohen, who is polite to her, because of Rose, whom he follows about as if he were Mary, and she the little lamb, only I mean it the opposite way; and I am very sorry to tell you all this, because of the hopeless blight which you have confided to me rests upon your heart in regard to him. But this may be only a passing fancy, and there really seems nothing serious between them, for I asked Miss Larkin outright the other day if she thought Ehrlebach would propose to Rose. She looked black enough at me, and said, "The gentleman you speak of has been very polite to myself and Miss Madder during this voyage." She said it in such an even way that I wasn't mad about it till afterwards, though I must say I like her as well or better than Rose, who seems to be a nice child, however, and real young acting for nineteen, as she said she was, when I asked her. Did you tell me you wanted all Swedish gloves? I didn't get that in my memorandums. So no more this time from yours, very respectfully,

MME. FRANCESCO MORENA.

While the madame was watching the loading of the return American mail-bags on the Queenstown tug, she exclaimed, with more than her usual vehemence, —

"Goodness!"

Two lady passengers were going ashore on that tug. Each wore a gray ulster, buttoned closely up to the neck. One wore a black turban, and one a blue Tam O'Shanter cap. The latter's eyes gave evidence of weeping.

Madame Morena ran along the deck, and leaned far over the railing. "Good-by!" she called; "I didn't know you were going to visit Ireland." The ladies smiled and waved their handkerchiefs to her, and to three or four others of their fellow-passengers standing on the deck of the "Scythia." Ehrlebach was not among them.

They steamed off toward the shore in the cool August morning, and neither the tall lady with the black hat nor the short one with the blue cap looked back, even once, toward the ship which had brought them over the water.

Madame Morena shivered in the chill air, and drew her havelock closely about her.

"Dear me," thought she, "I wish I could add a postscript to my letter, and tell Fidella Fitzenduvil that they have gone ashore here. I wonder if Ehrlebach knew they were going."

CHAPTER VI. — "SLOW UP."

MR. MAX EHRLEBACH pouted for eighteen hours. The steward took occasion to tell him that Miss Larkin and Miss Madder had gone ashore at Queenstown, when he brought in hot water. If the steward, who was an observing lad, desired curiously to know whether or not this piece of news would interest Mr. Ehrlebach, his curiosity was gratified. Promptly on hearing the boy's remark, Mr. Ehrlebach roared, "*Wie?*" adding, "What's dat you say?" forgetting his acquired th's in his excitement.

"Those Chicago ladies have got off, sir."

Then Mr. Ehrlebach said a great many words very rapidly in German, and threw his shoes across the state-room, demanding angrily, —

"Do you have some intention to blacken those for me to-day, or will you stand there forever like an idiot?"

At which amiable outburst the boy set down his hot-water can in a hurry, and made off with the shoes to relate the incident to his fellows in some unknown recess of the ship, freely translating the foreign observations which he had not understood.

Ehrlebach pouted till he got to Liverpool. That is a very undignified word to use in speaking of a man not unknown to fame. But these creatures, like lesser ones, sometimes do undisciplined and undignified things.

Ehrlebach certainly pouted. Not that he went about with the condition of his mind written upon his face, as a younger man might have done. His pouting was entirely mental, and Madame Morena could not find out, even by questioning him, whether or not he had had good-bys with the Chicago ladies.

When our hero found himself comfortable in a room at the Adelphi next day, with a big pipe in his mouth and a little red fez on his head, he stopped pouting and commenced looking at the situation. He sat very still for over an hour. His fire burned out and he forgot to replenish it, though the chilliness of a Liverpool summer day made his teeth chatter. His pipe burned out too, and he did not observe it. A maid rapped twice at his door with letters for him, but he did not hear her. She came in at last, put the letters on the table, and departed; he did not look up.

Our hero was in a study. He may safely be called a hero at this point in his life.

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A man is always a hero when he looks unflinchingly at a new condition of his spirit. He is still more heroic when, understanding himself, he takes up the consequent new future before him, with truth of heart, with sincerity to himself, and to the new possibilities he sees in himself.

Ehrlebach felt something of this, in a vague way, as he turned over in his mind the events of these last days. I err in saying the *events; happenings* even is almost too strong a word for the little daily conversations he had enjoyed with the Chicago passengers. He thought it all over. An ocean steamer is delightfully dangerous in its intimacies. Romantic and susceptible though Ehrlebach knew himself to be at heart, he confessed himself in a strange sort of a dream for a man of his kind. He had crossed the ocean a quarter score of times; he had met many women of many nations in the formalities of society, and in these same sudden Bohemian intimacies of travel. A man like yourself, he said to himself, ought to be past the fancies of youth, — the imaginings that love is a reality, and that there is any possible constancy in women. He sighed heavily, and plunged more deeply into his reverie, thinking of his youth, when blue eyes like Rose's had bewildered him; when yellow hair like hers had caught his heart in its meshes, and a smile like hers had been the sunshine of his mornings. The days of his heartache, and of his anger and grief for the girl who betrayed him, came into Ehrlebach's reverie.

He leaned his face in his hands. The bitterness of the review came into his new dream, and he sobbed two or three times in a dry, choking way. He put his pipe into his mouth again, and went and stood by the window, looking down into the nasty grayness of the Liverpool street. A fine, persistent rain was falling. The pedestrians plodded sturdily through the mud, not minding it particularly.

> "So much a long communion tends
> To make us what we are,"

said Ehrlebach aloud. The sound of his own voice brought him back to himself, and he looked with interest and his everyday artistic instinct at the figure of an oddly-dressed old woman laboring across the street with a big basket in her hands. He commenced mixing his paints in imagination for the gray of her gown, choosing his colors, and smiling to himself. A quick, deep tenderness lingered upon his lips when he had thought out that gray, for it was like an ulster he knew. So much communion tends to shape our lives and our loves that Ehrlebach never afterward would see that particular gray without thinking of Kate Larkin, and the ulster she wore on board the steamer "Scythia." He fell back into a reverie more undefined than before, and fuller of warm hopes and chilling fears. It was the reverie of a man of mature age and mature sensibility, to be sure, but it was a lover's reverie. Kate's constant indifference to him, her evident guard over Rose, had first puzzled, then piqued, then won him. He had tried at times to make her talk, to draw her out. She had evidently read much and well, and thought about everything with a tremendous seriousness that was most womanly and winning in Ehrlebach's estimation.

"Ach," said he, talking to himself in a most convenient manner, "I have the memory of the one time that she talked with me when the little girl was not with us. She was kind to me then, I think, and did not look at me as if quite forgetting my existence."

It came suddenly back to the lover's consciousness that Kate did not look at him at all that evening, and that he was the only one who talked, while she kept silence, looking downward, and a decided look of weariness in her black eyes.

He added the recollection that she had seen fit to go on shore the next morning without troubling herself to tell him of her intention, or to leave any good-by message for him.

Mr. Max Ehrlebach called himself a fool in German several times.

"She doesn't like me; she can't endure me," he said. "She let me talk to her on the ship because she could not help it, and she ran away from me and the love she saw in my eyes for her at the very first chance. I don't blame her, though she is an uncommonly cold sort of a woman, more so than most of the Americans."

"I don't care," said Ehrlebach, savagely, ten minutes later. To prove it he immediately attired himself in a light rubber suit, cap and all, ordered his bicycle unpacked, and set off on a lonely run in the English lanes.

He went down to Chester, and spent the night there at a little inn set down in the guide-books and on its own sign-board as the flowery and poetic Blossom.

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Ehrlebach railed at the place and the table, and his own stupidity in leaving his comfortable quarters at Liverpool, making up his mind to be as miserably unhappy as he had found himself during that last eighteen hours on the ship. But as much in love as he was, a vigorous and boyish appetite seized him when he cut the juicy chop the landlady served for him, and someway or other the evening passed away very comfortably, though he was alone in the little green coffee parlor, with nothing to read but a copy of Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and a week-old provincial newspaper.

CHAPTER VII. — A DASH.

MR. EHRLEBACH woke next morning in an impulse. He acted upon it as soon as he had taken his coffee. He sent a telegram up to the Adelphi, giving up his room there, and asking to have his luggage stored until further orders; then he bade good-by to Chester without taking the run along the old walls, which he had promised himself coming down from Liverpool.

When the last rays of the setting sun gilded the English landscape a solitary rider might have been seen, with his face toward the sunset, and a decidedly fourteenth-century air of romance and fine frenzy about him. It was Ehrlebach on his bicycle, making for Holyhead, in the hope of intercepting at that seaport two Western travelers who would be likely to come thither from Ireland during the week.

CHAPTER VIII. — A HALT.

KATE LARKIN went down to her stateroom after her evening *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Ehrlebach, that last night on the steamer, and packed her own and Rose's traveling things. She told the purser and stewardess that she was going to Ireland, and made ready, even to feeing the proper people, before she went to bed. Rose did not know anything of all this till next morning. She came and wakened Kate, her cheeks glowing after an early exploration on deck.

"Oh, we're in sight of land," she said, "and it's lovely! The fog has lifted and the sun is shining, and the grass is greener than anything you ever saw. Wake up! wake up!"

She kissed Kate in a glad little ecstasy of affection. Kate rose at once, in no ecstasy whatever, and dressed rapidly.

"Take off that shawl and hood, Rose, dear," she said, "and put on your cloak and cap. Find your toilet things, too, and pack your dressing-case."

"And fee the stewardess, and hunt Mr. Ehrlebach up and bid him a tearful farewell, and get generally ready to go on shore," added Rose, laughing. "We won't be in the Mersey till to-morrow afternoon; so I might as well take my time for it."

"We are going on shore at Queenstown," said Kate.

Rose laughed.

"To the banks of Killarney we'll go, we'll go," she sang, merrily. "I wish you would let me do up your hair, Miss Larkin. It's black as the night, acushla."

Kate repeated,—

"We are going on shore."

Something strange in her tone arrested Rose's attention and surprised her out of her light scepticism.

"I believe you really mean it," she said, soberly.

"I certainly do. I made up my mind to it last night, but thought not best to tell you."

Rose threw herself upon the little sofa in a passion of tears.

"I won't," she sobbed; "I won't go one inch, and I don't see what put such a thing into your head, Miss Larkin. What will Mr. Ehrlebach say? He said he would take me to a museum in Liverpool, and, though he didn't say so exactly, I know he meant to be in London when we are."

"Why? How?"

"I don't know. Only he said he wants to see how I will like Turner at first sight; and you heard him tell me he was curious to see you among pictures. I knew you heard him at the time, because you were more frigid than ever to him afterward. I don't see how you can treat him so, anyway, when he is so kind and so handsome, and — and so clev— clever."

Rose was sobbing violently now.

Kate petted, scolded, and soothed her in a curious repressed way, and ended by getting Rose's things ready herself, that perverse young lady refusing utterly to do anything toward going. Her spirits rose, however, when she began mentally to imagine the Irish scenery; but so ashamed was she of her red eyes that she would not find Madame Morena to say good-by, and she was rather glad, on the whole, that Ehrlebach did not appear before they set off for the shore.

When they were sitting together in their

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hotel that evening Rose returned to her grievance.

"How could you be so cool all the time to Mr. Ehrlebach?" she asked.

"I was always polite to him," said Kate.

"Yes, I know, but so freezingly so. I know it isn't your way to like people awfully, and tell them so, the way I do, but it made me feel badly to see how you acted toward my artist."

Rose's pensive tone of appropriation annoyed Kate into saying, for the child's good, she told herself, "You mustn't say 'my artist' that way. You might be misunderstood."

"Misunderstood? Oh, dear me! what am I to do? He was good to me. He is a great man, and you know he likes me. He said he did. And it is to my advantage to know artists, and I like him so, and I hope we shall see him again. If I knew where to direct, I would write to him."

"Rose!"

"Yes, dear."

"Please talk two minutes about somebody else. I have heard nothing but 'Mr. Ehrlebach' for a week, and I am tired of it."

"Well, I'm not," said Rose, cheerily; "I like to talk about him. He told me that he is thinking of staying over this winter and painting a picture for next spring's *salon* in Paris."

"But you said he said he was going bicycling in Scotland, and then home again in the autumn."

"Well, he didn't know but he might do that; he says he likes to follow his fancies. If all great artists are like him, I think they must be lovely."

"So you used to say of three or four of your friends in Chicago."

"Oh, dear, how you always do put me down, you darling! I guess I can admire extra perfection when I see it, can't I? I was very much struck with Mr. Ehrlebach when I first saw him, before I knew who he was, you know. I got over it for a few days; but I don't mind telling you that I'm more so than ever now."

"Then it was leaving him that made you cry this morning?"

Kate's tone surprised Rose for the second time that day.

"What *is* coming over you, Miss Larkin? You look so odd, and speak as if you didn't like me, because I cried. It was silly, and I am ashamed that I bothered you so; but now, when I am only talking nonsense, I don't like to have that brought up to me. I can be sober if you want me to, though. I cried because I thought Mr. Ehrlebach would think us so rude, and I didn't want to leave him, too."

This speech struck Kate as suspiciously incoherent, but she sharpened her knife of inquiry.

"Did Mr. Ehrlebach ever say anything to you that you didn't tell me?"

"Of course not. I'm struck with him," Rose began laughing again in light inconsequence. "I'm perfectly rapt in admiration of every one of his adorable ways and qualities; but it's all on my side, he doesn't reciprocate, and, as far as I see, I'm likely to go down to posterity as a great and blighted genius, only I don't feel blighted; but, then, perhaps in the 'sweet by-and-by' we two shall meet again."

"Rose, you are talking in a very silly way, and I can't let you. It isn't right, and your mother wouldn't like it," said Kate, seriously.

"Dear mammy," said Rose, in a tender little tone, "then I must write to her this very minute."

"So must I, and to Hugh, too," added Miss Larkin. These were the letters: —

QUEENSTOWN, August 13th.

MY BLESSEDEST OF MOTHERS, — We are on *terra firma*, as all traveling people say when they get on land, though, with sidewalks and a cab and the hotel floors, I haven't seen any land. Oh, yes, I did too, this morning before we landed, and it looked too lovely for anything, — so green, — green Erin's Isle, and all that, you know. Miss Larkin thought it would be nice to come on shore here, and I did, too, after the first. Mr. Ehrlebach, the great figure painter, you know, came over on this steamer, and he was very nice and polite to us. I was quite taken with him; but Miss Larkin said you would not like me to say silly things, so I won't. I do want to be as good as you are, and to learn lots, and make Miss Larkin glad she brought me.

I am very particular about keeping all my things in order, and I do lots of little things for Miss Larkin, just as you told me to, whenever I think of it.

I wish I could see you and all the children and papa to-night. Give my love to all my friends, and tell them I am sorry I am such a bad letter-writer; but I will tell everybody everything I have seen, when I get home.

I will write you again from London, and I want you to write me often, like a dear, darling mamma as you are. I send a whole bushel of kisses to be distributed in the family, with specially hearty ones for papa and your own dear self.

Your loving daughter,

ROSE.

P.S. We were both awfully sea-sick the first few days of the voyage.

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DEAR BROTHER: — You must excuse a postal-card. I just write a word to say that we have arrived safely, after a comparatively pleasant voyage, and are both very well. We changed our plans slightly, and will spend a few days in Ireland before going to London. I will write you again there. Let me know all about you.

Yours,

K. L.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — I thought I would write you a letter; but will add these few words on Rose's sheet, just to say I am glad to be off the ship. Rose looks well and happy and does everything she ought to as a traveling young lady. My regards to all.

Yours,

K. L.

Minimum.

A BICYCLE TOUR OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, FROM LARAMIE CITY, WYOMING, TO LOVELAND, COLORADO.

IN beginning, it might be well to describe briefly the location of the two villages above-named, in order that your Eastern readers may "see how the land lies."

The towns being very small, it is not at all likely that persons residing outside of Colorado or Wyoming will know much about them.

Laramie City, Wyoming, is situate on the eastern border of the Laramie Plains, at the foot of the west slope of one branch of the system of mountains known as the "Rockies."

It is a village of perhaps four or five thousand inhabitants, one of the largest towns on the Union Pacific Railway, and is 7,236 feet above sea level.

Loveland, Colorado, has about two thousand souls, and is at the foot of the southeast slope of the Rocky Mountains.

At the time our trip was taken, bicycling, as far as Wyoming, at least, was concerned, was in its infancy, no trips of any extent having been taken; and I assure you it was with many apprehensions and misgivings that we set out for Loveland, ninety miles distant, and separated from us by that apparently impassable barrier whose name is familiar to all — the Rocky Mountains. We had been riding the bicycle but three months, and lacked a great deal of being master of the "beast," but we had succeeded so well on our short trips of twenty and thirty miles that we decided to *attempt* it at least, come what would. There were but two of our club that were sufficiently enthusiastic to undertake the trip at that time, but on hearing our story after we returned, they all regretted their stay at home. My companion on this "glorious occasion" was C. S. Greenbaum, vice-president of our club, and, at four o'clock on the morning of July 10, 1882, we mounted our wheels and set out for the other side of the mountains. A brisk wind was blowing from the west, but as our road lay due south for twenty miles we experienced little or no inconvenience from this source. It was rather warm, the sun having risen some time before we started; but our enthusiasm was so great that we soon forgot that trouble, and wheeled along at a rapid rate.

It is a steady up grade from Laramie to the summit of the mountains,— a distance of twenty miles, perhaps sixty or seventy feet per mile rise,— and it required good, strong pedaling all this distance. At 5.15 we passed Red Buttes, a station on the Union Pacific Railway, distant 9.5 miles, which was made without a dismount; but two miles farther on we encountered sand, and were compelled to "hoof" it for a mile; after which, resuming our saddles, we wheeled 4.5 miles more, and arrived at that classic spot known as "Dirty Woman's Ranch." We were now eighteen miles from Laramie, and had been on the road two hours and twenty-five minutes, which, considering the sand and grade, we thought very good. At "Dirty Woman" we met a number of cowboys who had encamped here for breakfast, and receiving a pressing invitation to partake of their repast, we accepted, and did ample justice to the meal. At 6.50 we resumed our journey; but rapid wheeling for the time was out of the question, for we were still two miles from the summit, and the grade was now very much steeper than at first, being compelled, as we were, to walk the last mile before reaching the top, at which point we arrived at 7.30. Here was presented to our wondering eyes a scene which for picturesque beauty and grandeur could not be surpassed. We stood motionless for a time, and gazed in silent admiration at this gorgeous handiwork of Nature, which lay before us.

Nine thousand feet above the sea, with the Laramie Plains two thousand feet below us, reaching a hundred miles to the north, and seemingly as level as a floor in all its broad expanse. Threading their sinuous

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way across this verdant plain, and resembling in the distance long, wavy bands of silver, could be seen the majestic Laramie and its tributaries on their journey to the sea, and making a magnificent contrast with the beautiful green surface of the valley, whose grand extent our vision could not encompass.

To the south, perhaps forty miles away, rearing his lofty head five thousand feet above us, far into the clouds, rose Long's Peak. On his head we could see the cap of snow so often spoken of, and which Sol himself cannot dissolve nor winds waste.

This peak was formerly thought to be the highest in the Rockies, but later investigation proves this to be wrong. Harvard Peak now wears that feather. Immediately around us rose peaks of somewhat less note, but so imposing and majestic that the mind was bewildered in contemplating them.

Altogether was presented a scene whose equal in beauty, we both agreed, it had never been our lot to behold. After a rest of five minutes we mounted again, and, throwing "legs over handles," started on our "mad career," down the mountains. For the first ten miles the grade is very steep, and at no point could the road be seen for a distance of one hundred feet ahead. One would suppose that, having never been over the road before, we would have used a small amount of judgment; but, strange to say, that article was wholly wanting in our calculations, for we shot down the slope like the torrent beside us, trusting to fortune, and, in this case, being favored. The road is about twenty feet wide, hard and smooth as a pavement, and it is to that road we owe our thanks, for had we encountered the least obstruction at the rate we were going, we should have been launched into eternity; since to take a "header" on this road meant to go over a wall of perhaps three or four hundred feet in height. For six miles we did not touch a pedal, and used our brakes continuously, the brakes in several instances becoming so hot from friction as to scorch the tires.

At ten minutes past eight we reached Virginia Dale, thirty miles out, and four hours and ten minutes after leaving. It is a beautiful and romantic spot, once the head-quarters of the notorious Jim Slade, the superintendent of the old stage line which formerly plied between Denver and Salt Lake City, and of whom Mark Twain writes in his "Roughing It."

There are men living in our town to-day who knew this celebrated character well, and many are the wonderful tales they tell of the murders he has committed and the hairbreadth escapes he has had.

He was considered the best pistol shot in this vicinity, and Mr. Sawin, who worked with him, tells me of one feat, in particular, which will give some idea of his ability as a marksman. He would throw an ordinary-sized tin can thirty feet upward and before it reached the ground put six bullets through it. The same gentleman says he has seen him snuff a candle with a shot from his pistol at fifty feet; and these statements may be relied upon, for Mr. Sawin is one of our most trustworthy and reliable citizens. Jim Slade, no doubt, earned a great deal of notoriety; but he has the blood of many men on his hands, and I don't think he deserves the credit for manhood that some people give him, for, from what I can learn, he was cruel and unprincipled.

As I said before, we reached Virginia Dale at 8.10, having been just forty minutes in coming from the summit of the mountain, a distance of ten miles, and three-fourths of this was run without pedals.

There remained sixty miles yet to do, and at 8.25 we resumed our journey, still descending and still favored with splendid granite road.

One mile from Virginia Dale we entered Dale Creek Cañon, through which flows the creek of the same name.

This cañon is three miles long, and when we entered it there were doubts in our minds as to getting through. There is just room enough, and no more, for a wagon to pass through, and if the greatest care is not exercised one may very easily lose his balance and go rolling down the abyss into the creek below, a distance of forty or fifty feet. I say into the creek; but it would hardly be possible to reach the water, for Dale Creek is perfectly obscured in a labyrinth of willows, birch, and cherry trees, and were it not for the gurgling of the water one might never know that a brook coursed its way there.

We wheeled along cautiously, for the grade was still very steep, and should our machines ever escape our control we realized fully the consequences. The cañon is perhaps eighty feet wide between the walls which rise perpendicular for six hundred or eight hundred feet. Looking upward nothing is seen save a strip of the sky, which looks very much like a piece of blue ribbon thrown across the top from wall to wall. The grandeur of Nature's work

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in this cañon is indescribable, and can be appreciated only by being seen.

It requires thirty minutes to make the trip through this causeway, and on leaving it we increased our speed, seeing nothing more worthy of note till we arrived at Fork's Hotel, a distance of forty-eight miles from home. Time, 11.25.

To say we were hungry is putting it mildly. For forty minutes we gorged ourselves with bread, eggs, meat, milk, and ranch produce of various kinds, regardless of the consequences. The people at this place had never had the pleasure of gazing on a bicycle before, and many were the questions asked and answered in relation to its construction and utility. They would not believe that we had ridden forty-eight miles since four o'clock, for, as Mr. Fork said, "It takes me fifteen hours to make it with my team," he not realizing the fact that on fair roads bicycling excels driving as much as the latter excels walking.

We were now about six miles from the foot of the mountain, and at 12.25, having had an hour's rest, we set out once more for our destination with bright visions of success looming up before us.

For ten miles the road was good, but, at the Cache la Poudre river, we were obliged, owing to sand, to dismount and push our steeds for about three miles, which brought us to the oldest town in Colorado, — La Porte. This was formerly a trading post of the early French settlers, with whom, on the banks of the Cache la Poudre, the Indians had a bloody and severe battle, the French finally coming off victorious.

From an incident which occurred during this contest the river received its name, signifying, as you are aware, "Hide the Powder."

Here we were besieged by a multitude of people, staring in bewilderment at our wheels, which were something new to them, for they were the first bicycles that ever visited La Porte. One big, burly fellow said 'twas some infernal machine, or Yankee contrivance; and the latter part of his speech was true, for the machines are the product of a "Yankee" manufactory.

From La Porte the road is level and smooth, allowing us to make up the time which we had lost in walking through the sand. At 4.40 we arrived at Fort Collins, a beautiful little village of two thousand inhabitants, and a town of which Colorado may well be proud. We were now seventy-four miles from home, and here we stopped twenty minutes to rest.

Looking to the north-west we beheld in all its beauty and magnificence the range of mountains which we had crossed, apparently not ten, but in reality twenty, miles away. It was difficult to realize that we had wheeled over this great wall of Nature, and we felt justly proud of having accomplished such results on the "iron horse" in our first endeavor.

At Collins the people showed us every courtesy and treated us with the utmost hospitality. We wheeled away at 5 o'clock over a magnificent road; and, as we dashed along, shouts of triumph and admiration for the bicycle burst forth from its riders, and we congratulated ourselves time and again on our now almost sure success.

On either side of our road stretched extensive fields of wheat, waving and tossing in the wind, enlivened now and then by beautiful little cottages of all styles of architecture. The only item of importance on the trip from Collins to Loveland was an engagement which we had with a large irrigating ditch, of which, in that country, there are hundreds flowing hither and thither, carrying life to the crops and dollars to the companies' pockets. This particular ditch was not bridged, and in attempting to ford it, carrying our wheels across one at a time, the nickel-plated one escaped our grasp and went to the bottom. You may get an idea of the struggle we had when I tell you the water was four feet deep; success attended our efforts, however, and, after losing ten minutes in recovering the wheel, we mounted again, and at 6.50 rolled into Loveland, — our destination.

We had consumed two hours and twenty minutes in stops, which gives twelve and one-half hours actual riding time, — an average of seven and two-tenths miles per hour. One ten miles — from the summit of the mountains to Virginia Dale — was made in forty minutes, and the last sixteen miles in an hour and forty minutes; and, considering all things, we felt greatly encouraged by our success. Certainly, ninety miles to an *old* wheelman, on a good level road, in this time, would be no great task; but to us, who were novices, it seemed quite different, and we were perfectly satisfied with the result.

At Loveland we remained all night, and took the train for Denver on the following day, and thence to Laramie, — our home. Thus ended what I am very sure is the first trip across the Rockies on a bicycle, and it

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is agreed that, should we live to be a hundred years old, we could never take a trip with more enjoyment than accompanied this one.

The hospitality of the Colorado people is remarkable, and too much cannot be said in praise of their civility and generosity, for we were treated on all hands with "distinguished consideration." The lack of time alone prevented our completing the journey by wheel; for although we started out with the intention of going no farther than Loveland, nothing could have pleased us more than to finish the trip as we had started; but business would not allow it, and we contented ourselves with boarding the train and consuming our time by talking over the incidents of the trip we had made.

In conclusion, I would say that we have good *natural* roads in this country for bicycling; but, of course, they will not compare with your *made* roads in the East, nor can we expect to make the records that our brother wheelmen, who are blessed with asphalt and macadamized roads, do; but we are thankful for what we have, and for the glorious privilege of riding a bicycle.

It might be well to state before closing that Mr. Greenbaum and myself are both members of the Laramie Bicycle Club, and of the L.A.W., and that the machines used on the trip were both "Special" Columbias. They did their duty, and came through without a blemish or break. The weather during the whole day was all that could be desired, and the roads in magnificent condition. We have crossed the mountains twice since this trip was taken, and have found that plain roads will not compare with mountain roads for wheeling, the latter being, in every instance, both harder and smoother.

Is this the case in the East?

W. O. Owen,
Laramie Bi. Club.

"FROM SUMMER FRIENDS AND PARISHIONERS."

An unmeaning title to you, my reader, but happy words to me. They are on a little silver plate on the axle of my new "Salvo" tricycle, and thereon hangs this tale:—

There is a quiet village, nestled down among the hills of Washington county in New York State, that is worth one's while to see. It has a New England look, with its rows of stately elms and ancient churches, its well-kept yards and quiet homes; its streets are still and orderly, save when the merry boys and girls dash home from school, or, later, when the tired workman leaves the busy shops and seeks rest from toil. A hundred years and more ago the ancestors of the village fathers sought rest in this spot from religious excitement and division. They came over from old Scotland with intense longing for "peace," and the name of Salem has remained an index of what they sought and, we trust, found. "The hills stand about JeruSalem, even so stands the Lord round about His people from this time forth forever more." These sturdy old enthusiasts must have quoted this verse of David's psalm as they named their new home "Salem," for round about the narrow valley in which Salem nestles are the hills which close her in "on every side"; they add to the quiet; they hug the town so close that we can well imagine the long breath the old men drew as they felt these hills separate them forever from trouble far away. The green hills about, and the quiet, healthful town below, are the monuments of the generations passed away; they loved the one, they built the other; and we, their children, give them thanks for both. It is a very picturesque region all about, for these outlaying hills are spurs from the Green Mountains of Vermont, some fifteen miles away. Numbers of these ribs run off into New York State, until the boldest one of all thrusts itself out and stops short of the line in Grand Antoine by Rupert, Vermont, some ten miles above Salem, 2,500 feet high. The charm of the country is that roads, as level as a table and as hard as macadam, penetrate right into the embraces of these widespread arms, always following a trout-stream of the clearest water, and disclosing, after a wilderness of ferns and berry briers, great forests of maple, and ash, and pine. The country itself lies nine hundred feet above the sea, and in the spring, when the streams are full, the trout are plenty, the leaves just out, the merry birds just home, give me a rod and a line, and with it a ticket to the Adirondacks, or to White Creek tumbling along down Salem valley, and we will chose the latter any day,

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and catch more trout and see as much beauty.

Within five years past many good people have found the facts to be true as stated above, and, much to our delight, each year there has been a return of our summer friends, welcomed with joy, as we welcome the bluebirds and robins, harbingers, as they are, of happy days to come. With them come back many new faces, and the farm-houses fill up with merry boys and girls, and the town-houses with seekers after health and pleasure. Salem keeps them all provided for with a thousand pleasures night and day.

The reader may well say that if there ever was a place to delight a country parson, it has now been described. Work enough in village and shops, inspiration in Nature's every page, an idle day now and then by a happy stream, or in the woody depths with partridge and squirrel, there is a place here to make a good man, an earnest man, and a man of buoyant health. Well, the man that takes such a cure must have a horse. No parson has all his parishioners about his door, nor by it do the choicest bits of scenery lie, nor yet the closest to the town the best pools for trout. He knows where they all are; but how to reach them is the query. "A horse" settles the question. But the country parson is not King Richard, with a kingdom in his purse; nor yet, supposing the "one-horse shay" to be at hand, has he a barn or provender to house and feed his motor. Some clergymen, too, have no liking for a horse; some parishioners, especially delicate and sick ones, dislike the odor that must follow when one both cares for and drives his trusty steed; others, again, if they have a horse, want a good one, and a good, fast steed sometimes brings unenviable notoriety. It was just over the Salem hills, we remember, that a particularly controversial clergyman lived, who had a weakness for horse-flesh, and was obliged to keep a carriage to drive between his Sunday stations. Much to his delight, his lot was to purchase quite a noted horse, which, on week days, made the trees and fields fly by at a three-minute pace, but which on Sunday trotted mildly from church to church.

One Saturday he had indulged in an acrimonious religious tilt with his butcher, who was a hard-shell Baptist. The zeal with which he had hurled the weapons of controversy went with him to his Sunday service, and, full of unction, he seized the reins to drive to his second charge, when behind him drove up, unbeknown, the Baptist butcher. His naturally nervous frame of mind made him start off with a near approach to a week-day pace, which the butcher took for a challenge of speed. Quickening hoofs came fast behind, and one glance was enough. It was the hard-shell Baptist! Away flies the cleric, and soon the friendly spire with waiting people comes in view. The butcher's horse has his head in the wagon-box behind. "Beaten by such a nag — never!" Down comes the whip, and a shout of excitement like a warwhoop rends the air. Like the wind, and twenty lengths ahead, he passes the wondering and astonished congregation. They blush for shame as the panting horse and driver haul up before the door. His warden advances to expostulate. "Can't help it, can't help it, Mr. Warden and good people. I beat him, and I am glad I beat him. Do you suppose I would let a hard-shell Baptist get ahead of me?"

There are a great many reasons, therefore, why, in some cases, a parson cannot, and in other cases should not, have a horse. All these reasons had been pondered a hundred times, as, sometimes catching a ride, sometimes begging a loan for a day, sometimes footing wearily, year after year, the writer made his way from house to house, spending half a day to find a parishioner in the near country, or hour after hour looking up new faces that sought Salem for a summer recreation and profit. Time is money to every man who has so much to do in a given space, and these long night writings, after days of simple road waste, "are hard cash to pay for so little profit and pleasure."

Thus meditated the country parson, one August morning, when a shout of men and boys brought him to his feet. A glance out the window showed that busy hands were tearing off the framework that protected an English tricycle. What could it mean? They acted like wild men. By the time the field of excitement was reached, there stood the answer to the parson's meditations. A road machine, ready for use, right out of an English Coventry shop, bearing on the main axle a simple plate, "From summer friends and parishioners." Well, there are no words big enough for such occasions. "Kind eyes have followed him, then, as he plodded along with dusty boots and impatient step, and this is their speech of commendation." Some one hands the

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dazed cleric a paper, and there are the names of some of the hard-working fellows in the shops. "Wanted me to have a machine, to get around faster."—"Well, that is considerate, and I'll touch the shops the oftener for your kindness, my good men."

Here is the problem solved by ready minds and generous pocket-books. A handsome, graceful "Salvo," with an easy seat and dainty back-rest, a horseback of bounding steel. Four-footed, too, is the steel horse, two great fifty-inch wheels each side, a steering wheel in front, and a small "fall catcher" behind. Yes, firm as a rock every way. No tipping sideways, backwards, or plunging down hill. The feet drop naturally on the rubber pedals, an exertion on the level not greater than walking, and the trusty horse bounds forward. Not a particle of noise, completely under control! Why, he turns the circles and avoids the stones and puddles like a living thing!

A short run into the village, attended by an admiring crowd of boys and citizens, displays the wonder to the public. Half the fun of your profession is to hear and see the admiration of the by-standers: shopmen rush to the street, farmers stop their teams, those on the street insist on your stopping and telling the good points of the new steed. Well, the legs are not adverse to stopping on the first mile. While the movement is very much like walking, one is apt at first to exert ten times the force necessary to drive the machine, and is soon exhausted. We ran six miles yesterday as easily as we took the first day's journey of a quarter of a mile. On the level road, unless more than six miles an hour is covered, the same force exerted in walking will drive the machine; but the rider will not believe this until he ceases to push down on the rising pedal, and learns to walk along in the air. That first day, can we ever forget it? Men patted it on the back, took hold of the wheels, and shook the steel, pulled the brake, rang the bell, and laughed heartily as this and that one mounted the pedals. Every one of them gives a lunge heavy enough to drive a mower, and, in nine cases out of ten, lifts the steering-wheel and tips back with a scare. They are caught by the little rear wheel; but such a laugh! "Why, she kicks like a colt," is the farmers' talk. "Don't you want a halter to hold her?"—"I must raise more oats now if these horses are coming about." Many a friendly machinist looks on, and it takes no perception to see his judgment. "That's a good job, if the Britishers did build it;" "the wonder is that our country should be behindhand in such a well-made gig." We wonder at that ourselves. A friendly bicycle runs up beside us. "No comparison," says a critical parishioner. "Good enough, that, for a man who hasn't to face a congregation every Sunday. I don't want to see the parson after taking a header; but no header on his machine. He sits in it as steady and safe as a judge on the bench."

It pleases one to see how quickly the idea of the tricycle, as a substitute for the horse, takes possession of the people. It is perceived at first glance, and as the speed is more easily brought out, and appearance of fatigue less evident, it becomes a settled fact. Some people have scruples against a clergyman mounting a bicycle, but not one word have we heard as to anything undignified or incongruous in the three-wheeler. On the contrary, as quickly as a luggage-bag filled with books and tracts is strapped on the framework below the centre of gravity, or a fishing-rod fastened to the tin guard over the wheel, and an umbrella lifted easily over all, one hears nothing but commendation.

Personally, the equipage is a comfort to a cleric, in view of the etiquette expected from him. His long coat-tails wave in vacancy unsoiled by either wheel; his boots have been out of the mud every inch of the way; one hand on the steering-handle, the other is free to lift the hat or hold an umbrella from rain or heat; the luggage-bag carries all he needs for his work or play. Within three or four weeks the tricycle becomes a part of his body. Every bearing has been worn down, every stiff part limbered; it runs ten times easier than on first using; the muscles strengthen up to the work, lame legs and puffing lungs are packed away, and bent shoulders become a thing of the past.

Of the physical benefit derived from tricycling there can be no question. It is the nearest approach to horseback riding possible. The seat is a saddle, and the movement above the waist engages the same muscles as when balanced on the fiery steed. The development below the waist is in the muscles of the legs and abdomen, necessary for a good walk when the wheels are laid aside. A short experience enables us, however, to caution against too violent exercise at first, for the waist muscles are

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very slow to come to the strain, and violence means a rupture. Let ambition bite the dust for some weeks in mounting hills. It is a hundred times better to take off your hat to the hill and overcome it by pushing up than to strain and pull at the handles until "something gives." The fun comes on the return, when the hill bends its back towards home, and, with feet on the rest, the trusty "Salvo" flies down at a 2.40 pace.

It is worth all the pushing up, that summer sleigh-riding; the farmer in the field hurrahs, the small boys toss their hats, and you go by them like a bird. There is no fear of a "header," remember, with a tricycle. One is as safe as in a rail-car. No annoyance from mud or dust, the body is out of its reach; clean coat and shining boots for a load, they are delivered in same condition at destination. We have to thank our friends, not only for better health, but for the unending enjoyment of every ride. The rider's mind starts off in peace; he has deliberately taken half the time in his study that was required for the same walking journey. That is clear gain. He looks on his red and black courser as a time-saver. Next, every ride will bring out some new phase in human nature for enjoyment and profit on the road. The expressions of surprise at the novel thing are almost a new language; the series of adjectives and exclamations would make a second edition of Webster. Men speak to you that never noticed you before, and many a kind thrust the parson finds a place to give over his tricycle wheel. This man doesn't mind an offer of a tract at all, he has been wrought into such a friendly feeling at the sight of the "new-fangled critter," that one gives us a chance to pat his child while he "senses" the thing, and we are firm friends with the little one for life. One lot of men always want to try "her," so we let them invariably. "Will she stand a racket?"—"Push as hard as you please." He does push hard, and away goes the front wheel ten inches in the air, down comes the little one behind to save him from breaking his neck; his hat is behind him, and he is on the run, feet off the pedal, and, but for our care, would bang into the fence. He tries to look pleasant; but we notice he retires quickly and doesn't ask a second ride.

A second lot of men are born inventros. "They have always meant to build something like that themselves." We listen with great interest to their suggestions. Any manufacturer might profit by them, perhaps. That one would put in cogs and take out the chain; this one has a bright idea about a shifting wheel for the chain, as on shafting, for hills and descents; but as we do not offer to let them experiment on the "Salvo," their genius lies dormant still. About twenty times a day we laugh at, "She doesn't cost much to keep, does she, parson? Stays where you put her." She stays where you put her; but the horse that the man drives doesn't stay where he is put, always; though we have been surprised at the few times that horses have shown fear at the tricycle. A bicycle was in town for a day, and caused two runaways; but we have had serious fears at no time save once. Then, an ancient of twenty-eight years, blind in one eye and not over smart with the other, bethought himself that the wagon he drew had somehow got in front of him as he came suddenly on the tricycle. When his wisdom had "sensed" it, with the feigned fear of a colt, he passed on with the air of a philosopher never too old to learn.

Thus the days pass. We ride, lading our machine always with thanks to kind donors, and feel every month proud of their wisdom and happy in their choice. I say we ride; but, in fact, we seem to stand still, and about us move, in lights never before beheld, the grand hills of Salem; the brooks rush by, their wavelets singing a merrier song; human nature circles about us dressed every day in a newer and always happier garb; health and strength take us by the hand, and every new face and scene seem basking in the radiance of the silver plate, on which is written, "From summer friends and parishioners."

J. H. Houghton.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR MINISTERS.

THERE has never been a time in the history of preaching when so many and so varied demands were made upon the minister as at present. No one who calmly looks over the wide field in which he is expected to toil will fail to be impressed with the magnitude of his work. Nor is it work alone; he is also expected to be familiar with a wider range of literature than almost any other man. The lawyer may become an expert in his profession, and at the same time be profoundly ignorant of theology. The physician may be a leader in his profession, and know nothing of ecclesiastical literature. The banker, the merchant, the mechanic, may be versed in the principles and practices which lead to success in their several departments, and yet know as little of Church History or Homiletics as the shivering Siberian. But for the minister to be unfamiliar, with at least the general principles of law, physics, medicine, business, etc., is, in this age of the world, inexcusable.

"Why, '*our* minister' must be an educated man. He has been to college. He studied theology at Princeton, or Drew, or Yale. He received his degree at Leipsic or Berlin. He traveled over Europe, and made an extended tour of investigation in Palestine." And it was all right that he should do so. No clergyman can know too much of law, science, philosophy, history, or any other branch of learning. His work demands the utmost knowledge of every kind, and it is impossible for him to bring to it too much culture. He will find in any parish he may be called upon to serve, many persons who are as well informed as he is,—and, in the line of their specialties, far better versed; so that, as he draws illustration and incident from the various departments, he will need to speak with great accuracy, or some one will be ready to take him to task and rectify his mistakes. This, of course, would be very humiliating. The demand laid upon him, therefore, is to be conversant with the principles of every branch of learning, as well as profoundly versed in the Divine Word which he is to preach.

How, then, can a man be equal to this great work? To catch even a faint glimpse of these wide fields of knowledge demands years of patient, plodding study. He who undertakes this task must remember its magnitude. It is greater than the lawyer's task; it demands a wider range of study. It is greater than the physician's work; it demands a broader culture. It is greater than the merchant's, mechanic's, farmer's, artist's toil; it demands a knowledge of all these. No man who enters upon it with a narrower conception of its greatness than this is worthy of the position of a toiler in this domain. How, then, can a man be equal to this great work?

It is not my purpose in the present paper to speak of the moral or spiritual side of this question; nor yet of the intellectual. It is sufficient if we have already gained an adequate conception of the magnitude of a minister's work. I shall be satisfied if I can point out a way by means of which my ministerial brethren can secure the physical culture requisite for so great toils, and at the same time invigorate the body, purify the blood, annihilate the common ailments, conserve the health.

If a man would "do the work of the ministry" he ought to be a *healthy man*. The time when the typical minister was pale and sickly and thin, an heir to indigestion and headache, has fortunately passed by. To-day there is no more reason for the clergyman to be sickly than for the farmer or mechanic,—provided he take equal care of himself. To suppose that a man can prepare a better sermon because he is sick is the height of folly. And it is about as reasonable to suppose that the pastor who is full of aches and pains will be most cordially received in the homes of the parish. A few hypochondrical brethren, or a bevy of afflicted sisters, may welcome him to their homes, and be delighted with the sympathetic twang of his voice, and his painful look and solemn word; but the great mass of the parish will pity the "poor, sickly fellow." And when the "new minister" comes, with broad chest and flashing eye and bounding step and cheerful face,—the picture of health,—and goes about like a ray of sunshine, the boys in the street will point to him with pride, and say, "That's *my* minister;" and the grown-up boys and girls, whose heads are growing gray, will say, "That is *our* minister; he's a noble fellow."

And most ministers can just as well be

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strong and healthy as not. There are some, to be sure, who have met with accidents, or have constitutional complaints, which have forever debarred them from robust health and erect form. I am not speaking of this class, but of those who, having naturally well-constructed bodies, break down early in life from want of proper care; who become emaciated, dyspeptic, stoop-shouldered, thin-chested, flabby-muscled men, who live

> "With one foot in the grave — ah,
> And the other all but — ah."

To these I would say, "You 'must be born again' physically, if you would be equal to the task before you, or if you desire to live long in the service of your Master."

"But how can I be healthy?" By cultivating the little physical strength you have. It is suicide not to care for one's health; and suicide is just as punishable in the minister as it is in the abandoned wretch whose life is a burden to him. The minister has no right to neglect his health, any more than his studies or his preaching. If he neglect to study he soon finds his level, and does not have to wait until he is fifty years old before he crosses the "dead line." He can cross it at thirty-five or thirty just as well as twenty years later. It is sin for him to neglect his books. In like manner it is sin for him to neglect to cultivate his physical strength, — for failure in this means *failure in all.* He, therefore, of all men ought to be the most anxious to know how to maintain his strength to the latest possible hour. Not so much how to become a stout, strong man, as how to become and remain a sound, healthy man, capable of doing the utmost possible work. In short, what is the most healthful exercise a minister can take? What is the best method of physical culture?

One thing is recommended by all — *fresh air.* Indeed, without it no kind of exercise can conduce to health. Under the open sky is the only natural place to cultivate the physical part of man.

Various methods of exercise have been commended as meeting the wants of the minister. The horse and carriage is the most common. But it is not always possible for him to own these. In many places, perhaps the majority, these are not a necessity, and when purchased become an expensive luxury. It is pleasant to drive a fine horse, but not every man desires the care of grooming his steed. And in many situations it is well-nigh impossible to keep one. Nor does riding, either in carriage or on horseback, always bring the refreshment desired. The latter more frequently does than the former; but many there are who have not the skill necessary to handle a spirited steed; and to ride one without spirit is to be far from pleasure or profit. It has been demonstrated many times that horse and chaise are not the panacea desired.

One suggests that the minister cut his own kindling-wood and dig in his own garden. Well, that is very good as far as it goes; but it does not go at all when he has no wood to cut, — only a few hods of coal to heave, — nor any garden to hoe. In a philanthropic spirit he might in such a case assist his neighbors, but that might cause trouble in the vicinity. Plainly, wood and dirt cannot afford him the required physical culture.

Some one says — a distinguished bishop has asserted it — that the minister will have all the exercise he needs in walking over his parish doing the work of a pastor. That, of course, will depend entirely upon the location and extent of his parish. And yet, however much this work may compel him to walk about, it is an acknowledged fact that walking does not meet the necessities of the case. It is invigorating and delightful at times, but it does not bring all the muscles into activity. Besides, nearly one-half the clergy are not lovers of walking. Their application to books has, somehow, taken the walking propensity out of them; and to walk perfunctory, and feel all the time one is "doing this *for exercise,*" is very irksome, and requires a tremendous exertion of will-power. It is a plain fact, that walking does not fill the bill.

Some pleasing recreations are often mentioned in this connection. One thinks that the terrible monotony of knocking a ball around the croquet-grounds is the desired thing. But how a man can see or find anything manly in that kind of billiards is as yet an unsolved mystery. It does very well for an hour's entertainment with the gentler sex; but it cannot be called an invigorating exercise for a man, and certainly has not many elements of physical culture in it.

Of the same kind, though more vigorous, is the newer game of lawn-tennis. But these do not in any way meet the wants of the weary clergyman. He needs something that will make his blood tingle,

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even to his fingers' ends; something that will make the perspiration start from every pore; something that will tone up his whole frame, and make him feel like a new man, — a recreation that will be refreshing and not wearisome.

To obtain this, one may enter the field and play at base-ball or foot-ball. But even these cannot be said to meet the great want. Base-ball cannot be played without companions, and, when it is engaged in, it has so many moments of idleness that it often seems like a waste of time. Foot-ball is too exhausting to be practised much save by professional athletes. And it has so many dangers that the clergyman can hardly be persuaded to venture into it.

Boating has advantages over any of the preceding. It brings into play all the muscles of the body, is invigorating, strength-imparting, and enjoyable. But, alas! for the poor minister; his parish is not always by the charming lake or majestic river, but more frequently among the rugged hills, where flow the babbling brooks.

We see, then, that boating, with all the others, must be abandoned. And yet the minister needs — he *must have* — exercise, wherever he lives, if he would preserve his health and cultivate his physical powers.

Where and how, then, is he to find that much-desired exercise?

It has been left for our time to produce the engine which meets the wants of the clergyman, and may become his physical regenerator. The modern bicycle is the *desideratum*. It is a combination of *utility*, *beauty*, *economy*, and *vitality*. Its use surpasses any form of exercise yet conceived by man. Its noiseless tread, its glittering wheel, its graceful movements, inspire the rider and entrance the spectator.

It is the realization of poetic, if not prophetic, dreams. Its riders "rage in the streets, they jostle one against another in the broad ways; they seem like torches, they run like the lightnings." (*Nahum*, ii. 4.)

After an half-hour's run the wheelman dismounts with flushed face, sparkling eye, expanded chest, dilating nostrils, while the blood goes coursing through his body, a purified torrent. When he mounted his head was aching, his brain was dull, his body weary. He is now a new man. He has forgotten his aches, — they all passed off into the bracing air that struck his hot temples. And now his heart throbs with a new vigor; he has a new lease on life.

The bicycle is not simply an engine for exercise. The pastor can make it useful in his work. In my own parish I always use my wheel when business or pastoral duties call me more than a half mile from home. Nor do the people object, and think it undignified to behold their preacher "straddle a wheel." No one makes a remark of a slighting character when they look upon a graceful rider. There is in the strange spectacle something that fascinates the people, and calls forth remarks of admiration and applause.

The expense of a good wheel is a matter that most ministers can manage. It costs less, by far, than a good horse, and the after expense is virtually nothing when compared with the unending bills which horse and wagon bring.

The life-giving power of the wheel cannot be over-estimated. Its use teaches the rider to hold his form erect. It conduces to dignity and manliness in form and bearing. It strengthens and vitalizes every muscle; not those of the legs alone, nor of back, nor yet of arms, nor of chest, — but legs and arms, back and chest, head and neck; every muscle in every part of the body is called into play by the rider of the bicycle.

Nor is it a wearisome exercise. Save in the ascent of a hard hill the rider need, unless he chooses, put forth but little muscular power. The wheel will almost glide of itself in ordinary slow riding. But as the tread is quickened and power applied it bounds forward almost like a living thing, and instinctively the rider will speak in applause of his faithful steed.

With an engine like this within his reach the minister need not break down from lack of physical culture. He can now throw aside his dumb-bells and Indian-clubs. He can discard his involuted and convoluted calisthenics. He can shut the doors of the gymnasium, and write over them,

"Departed to a better realm."

He can place his back-breaking lifting-machine on the superannuated list. He can give croquet, base-ball, etc., a supernumerary relation; and, out on the highway, mounted on his graceful steed, he can course through valley and over hill, measuring leagues with noiseless tread, and return to his arduous toils a renewed man. The best physical culture for the minister is to be found in the use of the modern bicycle.

B. B.

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ALL
DAY
RUNS.
Sept., Oct.,
and Nov., 1882.
Boston Club, 102½.
Buckeye Club, 103½.
Champion City, 110.
Massachusetts, 118.
Boston Ramblers, 120.
Rockingham Club, 126.
Æolus Wheel Club, 136.
Tremont Wheel Club, 154.
The Lawrence Bicycle Club, 169½.
Æolus Wheel Club, Second Run, 179.

Not a very high pyramid, but a fairly solid and symmetrical one, considering only two months' work has been done upon it. The lateness of the season when the first run was called prevented many competitors from entering and helping to broaden and strengthen the structure. Several times since this article was commenced a new foundation has been inserted, and were the roads in good order a two-hundred mile base would undoubtedly support the '82 pyramid, and it is possible that some of the more Southern clubs may take away the honors that at the present writing belong to the Æolus of Worcester. Whether a record, made on the smooth asphalt streets of Washington, or on the paths of public parks, should be inserted among these road-riding feats, is a question that would require consideration. The inscription on the pyramid of the name of at least one of the clubs may be questioned, it not having been a regularly called run by the officers of the club. There are, however, different methods of calling a club-run. In some clubs, where the members reside within a short distance of each other, no regularly issued notices of proposed runs are sent out, the officers giving personal notice to the members. In cases where a member has claimed the ride to be a club-run it has been admitted, the compiler not deeming it necessary to "go behind the returns." There have also been reported several individual day-runs of over one hundred miles; but they are not inserted, as they were not claimed to be club-runs, being mainly by unattached riders. The following accounts have each been written by a participant in the run, or by a member of the club, and principally in response to requests sent to them by the writer; and to their prompt and full answers he is indebted for the information which has been in a very limited time collected and compiled.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB.

The First American Hundred-Mile Club-Run Successfully Carried Out.

There having been considerable talk this summer about long-distance riding among Eastern wheelmen, the fixture committee of the Boston Bicycle Club arranged for a hundred-mile club-run in connection with the Worcester run. The affair had but a few weeks' ventilation before being attempted, so no one had time to train especially for it, and the number of participants was much smaller than it might otherwise have been. However, six club members, four of whom had made the run from Boston to Worcester and back to Northboro' on the two preceding days, were on hand at the appointed time, September 6, at the Northboro' Hotel, and, accompanied by F. J. Philbrick, of Portsmouth, N.H.; C. J. Holland, of Medford; E. A. Hemmenway, of Dorchester; and W. E. Parmenter, of Arlington, as invited guests, got away at 4.38 A.M. The club was represented by Second-Lieut. W. B. Everett, as captain for the run; Freelon Morris, T. H. Wakefield, W. H. Edmands, R. M. Diaz, and J. Q. Hatch. The first half-hour, in the dark and over strange roads, was rather risky business; but when day broke, showing a beautiful September morning, the roads seemed to improve; and, the back-log of raw eggs and milk beginning to take effect, the pace was improved, and South Framingham, fourteen and one-eighth miles, was reached at 6.22. Here the party was joined by Mr. C. H. Wilkins, of Manchester, N.H., who was unable to leave Worcester the night before, and took an early train thus far.

After a brief stop the saddle was again taken, and South Natick, five and five-eighths miles, was reached at 7.08, and a stop made for breakfast at Bailey's Hotel, a popular place with Massachusetts bicyclers. At Natick, Mr. Hatch was obliged to leave

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the party, he having injured himself in the races the day before. The remaining ten devoured a hearty breakfast, and at 8.15 again took to the road. Wellesley, with its sand-papered streets, was passed through at a brisk pace, and the fine road over Needham Plains to Dedham, ten miles, was covered with but one short stop, to leave Mr. Diaz, who only joined for part of the ride. Dedham was reached at 9.27, and fifteen minutes taken for lubricating man and wheel. From here the road lay through Readville and Canton Corner to Stoughton, eleven and three-fourths miles; only two dismounts for hills were made, the party arriving at 11.10. Fifteen minutes for rest, and Brockton, five and a half miles, was made in forty-five minutes, over sandy and rough roads. One hour and twenty minutes was consumed at the Palmer House for dinner, and leaving Mr. Parmenter to return by train, wheels were again mounted at 1.30 P.M. From Brockton to Randolph bad roads were encountered, but no stops made. Dinner having put new life in the muscles, the ride was continued without stop through South Braintree and Braintree to Quincy, fourteen miles, the last four being over fine sidewalks, with nothing but overhanging boughs to interfere. Quincy was reached at 3.17, and the eight remaining riders tackled the town-pump for thirteen minutes. The road from here lay over Milton Hill, the top of which was made without a single dismount, even the Blue Bell Inn not proving strong enough attraction to induce a stop. Five minutes were used up in taking in the fine harbor view from the top of the hill, and then came the long coast down the other side. Through Milton Lower Mills the party went to Mattapan, and again resorted to the town-pump for repairs on the inner man. After an eight-minute stop, Norfolk and Madison streets were ridden to Forest Hills, and South street to West Roxbury village, where for ten minutes ginger-snaps were stowed away to prepare for supper. La Grange and Hammond streets, with their hard surfaces and fine hills, were covered at a round pace, and Chestnut-Hill Reservoir reached at 6 P.M., twenty miles from Quincy, and twenty more to be done. After fifteen minutes' rest two turns were taken round the reservoir, spurting with horses and coasting the hills to warm up the limbs for the rest of the journey; then to Waltham, through the Newtons, for supper at the Central House, and a stop of forty minutes, when saddles were resumed for the eleven-mile run to the club-house. This was made without dismount, and the one hundred and two and one-half miles were completed at 9.30 P.M.

The little party were received with open arms by a large gathering at the rooms, and the longest club-run ever called in this country was a thing of the past.

Time consumed, 16 hours, 52 minutes; distance covered by seven men, 102½ miles, Mr. Wilkins having ridden 90 miles; actual running time, 12 hours 6 minutes.

THE BUCKEYE BICYCLE CLUB OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Messrs. C. J. Krag, J. W. Wray, F. W. Flowers, and T. T. Tress, members of the Buckeye Bicycle Club, mounted their wheels on the morning of Oct. 8, at five o'clock, and sped away for Chillicothe, the intention being, if possible, to cover a distance of one hundred and eighteen miles during the day, to equal or surpass the best record made in America, at the date the run was made. The nine miles to Shadeville were made in sixty minutes, the run being made by lamplight. Reaching Circleville at 8.45, the quartette rested forty minutes for breakfast. They arrived at Chillicothe at 12.20, with wonderfully sharp appetites for dinner.

At two o'clock the start was made for the return. Circleville was passed at 4.20, where Messrs. Krag and Tress stopped, and Shadeville was passed at 7.25, forty minutes being consumed in obtaining supper. The two plucky wheelmen rolled into Columbus at 9.10, somewhat tired, but having stood the one-hundred-mile ride remarkably well. It was on the programme to go on to Westerville and back; but the two travellers were not met and encouraged by any members of the club who remained at home, and Messrs. Wray and Flowers did not feel like going on alone. Had they known, as they do now, that it was allowable to make up the distance inside the city, they could have made one hundred and twenty miles. Mr. Krag would have come on to Columbus, but for the loss of part of his lamp. He and his companion came in on the midnight train.

The weather was clear and warm. The trip down was retarded by a stiff wind after leaving Circleville. Total distance, one hundred and three and one-half miles.

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The best time made was five miles in twenty-five minutes. The trip consumed sixteen hours, ten hours and forty-two minutes of which were passed in the saddle.

CHAMPION CITY BICYCLE CLUB, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

By previous arrangement, on Thursday morning, Oct. 5, four members of the Champion City Bicycle Club, Springfield, Ohio, left the Lagonda House, Springfield, for a hundred-mile run. The party was composed of President Crothers, Capt. Kirkpatrick, R. A. Worthington, and Ed. Barnett. The following is an outline schedule of the run: Left Lagonda House, Springfield, at 6.03 A.M.; reached Mechanicsburg (nineteen miles distant) at 8 A.M.; stopped five minutes and proceeded, reaching Marysville (nineteen miles) at 10.15; stopped here ten minutes, and proceeded toward Delaware; found a mile and a half fresh gravel, over which they were absolutely compelled to walk; reached Delaware at exactly twelve o'clock. Had dinner and were ready to start back at 1 P.M., when Barnett discovered that his seat-spring was cracked. An hour was consumed in repairing it. On the return trip the same time was made as on the up trip, stopping at Mechanicsburg for supper, and reaching Springfield again at 8.15 P.M., having covered the one hundred and ten miles in fourteen hours and twelve minutes, including all stops. The actual running time was eleven hours and twenty-two minutes.

The only unpleasant features of the run were the sudden sickness of President Crothers, which compelled him to turn back when but fairly started, and the fact that the captain dropped off after having made seventy-six miles. However, they do not consider this a reflection upon his ability, as he had been under medical treatment for his lungs for some weeks, and an overstrain might have produced bad results.

At the time they thought a day was twelve hours, or from daylight to dark at most. Had they known they could have ridden twenty-four hours, they would have certainly made a better record. As for physical after-effects of the run, there were none. Several of the club have made long runs. Mr. Barnett recently rode ninety-seven miles in fourteen hours, including stops; and Messrs. Cook and Worthington, one hundred and twelve miles in fifteen hours, including all stops. But these were individual runs, and not regularly called club-runs. The club does not know of any other Western club (except the Buckeyes) having attempted day-runs of one hundred miles or more.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB, OF BOSTON, MASS.,

on September 28th, rode one hundred and eighteen miles and came in in good condition. The party consisted of First Lieut. Henry W. Williams, Second Lieut. W. R. Griffiths, A. J. Philbrick, of Salem, and W. D. Wilmot, representing the club. No one of these gentlemen had trained in the slightest for the ride, and, in fact, it was not decided upon until two days before. All, however, are road riders of experience, and are, therefore, always in fair condition. Two others of the club expected to go, but were prevented at the last moment.

The start was made at 4.52 A.M., and the party proceeded, *via* Allston and North Cambridge, to Medford, where a four-minute stop was made at 5.49, to leave lanterns, to be taken up on the return. On remounting, the party proceeded, *via* Malden, East Saugus, and Wyoma village, to Peabody, which was reached at 7.17 A.M.; distance, 23 7-8 miles. After a thirteen-minute stop the party proceeded, *via* Danvers and Putnamville, to Wenham, distance, 32 1-8 miles from Boston, arriving at 8.30 A.M. Fifty minutes were spent at breakfast at Hobbs', and at 9.20 wheels were mounted for Ipswich, where a fifteen minutes' stop was made. At 10.20 wheels were "crossed" for Newburyport, twelve miles distant, which was reached at 11.53, 50 3-4 miles from Boston.

From Boston to Newburyport the bicyclers had ridden constantly directly in the teeth of a stiff north-east wind, amounting at times to almost a gale. Forty-five minutes were lost at Newburyport in repairing a broken pedal; but at 12.28 the wheelmen started on their return trip, stopping at Newbury to be photographed by an itinerant artist, reaching Ipswich for dinner at about 2 o'clock. At 2.52 they remounted and rode back to Peabody without a halt, reaching there at 4.22. At 5.06 they started for Medford, arriving at 6.28, having accomplished the distance between Peabody and Medford at the rate of over eleven miles per hour.

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The score now mounted up to 92 7-16 miles. After supping at the Medford House, the quartette started at 7.12 in a shower of rain, and, having lighted their lanterns, proceeded, *via* North Cambridge, Allston, Brighton, the Reservoir (around which two circuits were made at speed), Newton Centre, "Great Sign Boards," West Newton, and, by a slightly indirect route, to the Mill Dam, where quite a delegation from the club was in waiting to escort them to the club-rooms, which were reached at 10.30 P.M., and where a collation was in readiness.

Among the pleasant incidents of the trip were a hot early breakfast, served at 4.30 A.M., by some of the lady friends of the club, one or two free offers of soda, etc., by friendly apothecaries, and a most enthusiastic reception by a large number of the members of the club, who were in waiting at the club head-quarters. Not quite so pleasant an incident was a collision with a dog by one of the riders, resulting in more injury to the rider than the dog, — not, however, preventing his continuing the journey.

The last twenty miles were made without light from moon, stars, or lanterns, the last having promptly gone out. No one was either lame, saddle-sore, or chafed, and all felt capable of a much longer pull, especially in better weather. Ten miles of the evening riding was in a rain-storm. The club has presented the participants with handsome solid gold medals.

	h.	m.
Entire time . . .	17	38
Rests	4	57
Actual running time .	12	41

THE BOSTON RAMBLERS

accomplished on Saturday, October 7, one hundred and twenty miles, the riders finishing in first-class condition. At 4.50 A.M. the following members started from head-quarters: A. H. Forbush, H. B. Smith, W. P. Haskell, and E. R. Benson. They reached Waltham at 5.40, then, turning, rode through Auburndale, Newton Lower Falls, and Wellesley, to South Natick, which was reached at 6.35. Stopping here for three-quarters of an hour for breakfast, they again mounted and rode back to Waltham, then on through Lexington, Arlington, Medford, Malden, Lynn, and Peabody, to Salem, which was reached at 11.35, the cyclometer registering fifty-seven miles. Stopping here one and three-quarters hours for dinner, they then proceeded to Gloucester, which was reached at 3.45. Making a short stop, they rode back to Salem, where, after supper, they were joined by several of the Hawthorne Club, and at eight o'clock started for Boston by way of Swampscott, Lynn, Malden, Medford, and Cambridge. At Medford they were joined by the other members of the club, and reached the Hotel Vendome at 11.50 P.M., their cyclometers registering just one hundred and twenty miles. The total time consumed was nineteen hours; the stops amounted to seven hours eight minutes; the actual running time was eleven hours fifty-two minutes. The roads were very good except in and near Gloucester, where they had been recently mended, causing the bicyclers to dismount and walk. The ride from Salem to Boston was done in darkness, as none carried lamps. The Boston Ramblers are all young men, and the club was formed only the present season. The participants in the run are all clerks, unaccustomed to very heavy work, and took the run without previous training, and ending in good condition.

ROCKINGHAM BICYCLE CLUB, PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

On the 29th of October, President F. J. Philbrick and Captain C. A. Hazlett left Newburyport with the intention of placing their names and that of their club on the "three-figure" list.

The plan was to run at least one hundred miles over ordinary roads and as many more miles as they could accomplish with entire comfort, there having been no previous training. A few minutes after twelve, midnight, the mount was made in front of the Merrimac House. It was a beautiful moonlight night, though so cold that heavy gloves were necessary, and the extra clothing with which they were burdened did not prevent a lively chattering of their teeth during the first mile. The president was mounted on a 56-inch Standard Columbia with hollow forks, and the captain on a Special Columbia. Both machines were improved by the substitution of ball pedals, drop handles, cradle springs, and long-distance saddles, and additions in the shape of Lamson's carriers, Ritchie's cyclometers, King-of-the-Road lamps, and other minor attachments, which, though they made extra weight, added considerably to the comfort and interest of the trip. A seven-

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miles-an-hour pace was started with, and between two and three miles from the city the stretch of shell road to the river was run at a rate of twelve miles an hour. The heart of President Bates would beat with joy could he but take a run on this perfect road-bed. How easily a day's run of two hundred miles could be made on such material! Crossing the river the little house — probably the oldest in this part of the State — at the junction of the roads was passed with regret, for on former trips to Boston a look at its quaint interior, its huge fireplace, and the old six-foot Revolutionary musket standing in the entry, and a taste of recently made ginger-beer, were never omitted, and ought not to be by bicycling tourists. At Rowley the clock struck one while they were examining their cyclometers, which marked seven miles. The clouds now began to gather about the moon, and so obscured its light that the speed was slowed down to five miles per hour. The darkness prevented running on the smooth sidewalks through Wenham and Beverly, forcing them to ride over the poor roads at a slow pace — the twenty-four miles to Salem consuming over four hours, which was just double the time the writer made over the same route in 1879, showing the marked difference between running smooth foot-paths in the daylight and the rough road by lamplight. Future all-day riders should avoid the slow passage through the business streets of Salem and Lynn by branching to the right at Wenham and running through Peabody; also the start from Newburyport should be made so as to run over the poor roads at the eastern end in the daytime.

The frequent dismounts to read the sign-boards by the light of the upturned hub-lamps were not only tiresome, but consumed so much time that the captain declared he would not dismount at every cross-road, especially as the route to Lynn, as he remembered it, was plain enough. Awhile afterwards, large stores and churches coming in view, he consulted his watch, and congratulated the president on the rapid run they had made, being far ahead of the schedule time fixed for their arrival in the shoe city. A dismount was made near a large church, which the captain examined as closely as the dim light allowed. He was sorely puzzled, and an extended examination of old-fashioned houses, and a walk into adjacent steep and narrow streets, only increased his bewilderment. Not a light was to be seen; gloom and quietness prevailed everywhere. The machines were wheeled from street to street, until at last a moving lantern was seen down a long lane. A loud shout brought it to a standstill, and a frightened boy awaited their approach.

"We've lost our way, my boy. Can you tell us where Essex street is?"

"Don't know," he tremblingly whispered.

"You don't know!" said the captain. "Do you live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always lived here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always born here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you can't think where Essex street is?" enticingly asked the President.

"I know where Essex street is up to Salem, and up to Lynn."

"Up to Lynn!" screamed the president and captain in chorus. "Why, what place is this?"

"Marblehead!" said the boy, taking to his heels and running off for dear life.

"Why didn't we hold him," said the president, "until we learned the way out of this crooked place, and not stand here speechless? We won't make a hundred miles a week at this rate, and then we must be miles out of our course. Do you know the way out?"

"All I know," said the captain, "is, that when I pedaled around the harbor this spring, on a marine bicycle, it seemed that Marblehead was out on a point; so we cannot go a great ways without tumbling into the sea, and must finally strike the one road out of this pocket."

No moon, no stars, no compass, to guide them, they wandered about, bringing up now at a house across the end of a street, then out on a wharf. At last they struck a road leading out into the country, where awhile afterwards they found a sign-board pointing to Swampscott and Lynn. The road was now excellent, and they rolled along rapidly by the seaside houses and the stretches of sandy beach. A break in the clouds in the south-east revealed the comet with a larger but less brilliant tail than it had sported the previous month. Lynn beach was reached just as the sun came up out of the water. At Red Rock the breakfast was taken from the carrier and rapidly disposed of, the substantial part of it being jerked beef, which long-distance riders will find a good, nourishing article of food, which is also easily carried.

The wind, which came up with the sun,

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steadily increased in power, and retarded the pace which the splendid road-bed warranted. The fastest time, during the day, was made in Malden, where the carefully consulted cyclometers indicated thirteen miles per hour. When near the Malden bridge, leading to Charlestown, it was decided to turn back, and so avoid the paving-stones in the latter city, and reach Cambridge *via* Medford. Stopping a teamster they asked if there was another route to Cambridge.

"Yes," he says; "but you'll have to go back a mile or so, and turn to the left, but it's several miles farther that way."

"Thank you, I guess we'll go that way."

"What! You say you've been riding since midnight, and now go several miles farther to reach the same place?"

"Yes, we don't want to walk or ride over those cobble-stones."

"Well," said the teamster, "I always thought you bicyclers were a little cracked; but you are the biggest cranks I ever met."

Thanking him for his valuable opinion, they, nevertheless, found the extra miles over the smooth road-bed more easily made than even the short distance over paving-stones. The head-wind increased, and the rain commenced to fall, necessitating a stop in Medford, where the attempt to make even one hundred miles was abandoned, the elements being all against them.

After a short rest it was, however, decided to continue in spite of the rain and wind until twelve o'clock, and endeavor to make a forenoon record of seventy-five miles. The short time left would require rapid running even on a calm day, and allow of no dismounts. Other difficulties appeared: first, the way was lost, and inquiry being made of a small boy, he obligingly told them an elaborate way to reach their destination through good, level streets, where he said bicyclers always went. They obeyed him, and climbing the hardest hill they had met in all their trip, they found themselves on the highest elevation in the city. The boy differed from the father of his country; the young rascal *could* tell a lie, and did. No more directions were asked, and at the end of an hour they discovered they were several miles off the course; but familiar roads being found they reached Chestnut-Hill reservoir, where the cyclometer marked seventy-five and one-eighth miles, when the clock struck twelve.

The wind was now so powerful that the best of down grades could not be coasted, and a proposed trip to South Framingham was wisely abandoned. A substantial dinner was leisurely taken at the Cattle Fair Hotel in Brighton, and, after waiting in vain for the rain to cease, it was decided to pedal slowly to some station on the Eastern Railroad. At Malden the rain ceased, and the wind, which was now favorable, subsided.

The run through Lynn and Swampscott was rapidly made, and Salem was reached at dark, the cyclometers registering one hundred and two and a half miles. The object of the run was accomplished.

After supper at the Essex House, neither party feeling any unusual tiredness, it was proposed to continue the run. The only drawback was the intensely dark night—the blackest of the season.

Night-riders well know that lamps are almost useless when a rapid speed is desirable. They do not throw a light far enough ahead to enable a rapid rider to avoid bad places in the road in season to dismount.

As far as safety is concerned, ten miles an hour can be run as well as six. On rough roads, at a slow pace only, are they useful. The lamps do not illuminate sufficiently to enable a rider to distinguish a hill from level ground, and the former is only known by the increased power required to propel the wheel. At the first hill the riders, after a long struggle, concluded to dismount, and were so disgusted to find themselves at the very top of the hill that they made no more dismounts. The worst part of the road was again to be run in the darkness. On account of the sand and holes walking was indulged in through a part of Beverly and near the ice-houses in Wenham.

At the Ipswich Hotel the thirsty travelers indulged in several glasses of milk, and future tourists are notified that the landlord's price was only ten cents per glass, or about forty cents per quart!

The rising moon drove away a part of the intense darkness, and the last portion of the ride into Newburyport was rapidly made. The captain succeeded in his desire to ride the whole trip without a fall or a hasty dismount. It was 11.30 when they reached the street where they stood at the previous midnight, having ridden one hundred and twenty-six miles over unfamiliar roads, and, during a greater part of the distance, against head-winds and in the rain and intense darkness, which accounts for the slow average distance run per hour. Both agree that had the weather

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been favorable forty miles more could have been as easily accomplished. Both did their usual work the following day. They admit they were tired, but were in no way exhausted, and no ill effects whatever were felt from the ride, and each gained several pounds in weight the following week.

ÆOLUS WHEEL CLUB, OF WORCESTER, MASS.

On Thursday, 5th October, six members of the Æolus Wheel Club, of Worcester, appeared at the Union Station and took the cars for South Framingham at 5 A.M. The party consisted of Holland, Midgley, Harwood, Higgins, Greene, and Blacker. The start was made from South Framingham at 6.02, passing through Natick, Wellesley, Newton, and Watertown, arriving at the Cattle Fair Hotel, Brighton, at 7.40. Fifty-seven minutes' halt was made here for breakfast, and at 8.37 wheels were again mounted, and they passed through Cambridge, Medford, Malden, and Saugus to Lynnfield, which was reached at 10.55; thence through Peabody, Danvers, and Beverly to Ipswich, which was reached at 1.23. Four minutes' rest was taken at Malden, four minutes, at Saugus, fifteen minutes, at Lynnfield, and ten minutes, at Danvers. Total time on road, 7h. 21m.; halts, 1h. 30m.; riding time, 5h. 51m. Dinner was taken here. Higgins and Greene took the cars at Salem for home. Harwood and Blacker left Ipswich on their wheels at 2.50, passing through Salem at 4.20, arriving at Lynn at 5.23, where cars were taken for home. At Ipswich, Holland says to Midgley, "Let's ride home" — "All right," was the answer, and at 2.10 they mounted their wheels for Worcester, passing through Salem at 3.25, Lynn, 4.15; Malden, 5.08; Brighton, 6.07, where supper was taken; South Framingham, 9.40; Southboro', 11.35; Northboro', 12.55; Shrewsbury, 2.05; and Worcester at 3.05; 1h. 57m. being consumed in halts between Ipswich and Worcester. The total time for the one hundred and thirty-six miles, 21h. 3m.; halts, 4h. 14m.; riding time, 16h. 49m. Holland and Midgley felt no bad effects from the ride, though neither of them had ridden over sixty-three miles on any previous run, and they both worked all day after getting home in the morning.

TREMONT BICYCLE CLUB, OF BOSTON.

Messrs. C. J. Holland and Lieut. W. L. Jackson, of Medford, members of the Tremont Bicycle Club, of Boston, made a run of one hundred and fifty-four miles October 22. The start was made from Medford Centre at 12.18 A.M., and the finish at 11.49 P.M. The route was to South Framingham, *via* Cambridge, Chestnut Hill, Newton Lower Falls, Wellesley, and Natick, returning by same road; then to Gloucester, *via* Malden, Saugus, Lynn, Salem, and Beverly, returning to Medford by same road, and again to South Framingham, and return to Medford as before, making a total distance of one hundred and fifty-four miles. The distances are careful road measurements, and are rather under than over the actual distance traveled. Running time, 20h. 30m.; time used for meals and rest, 3h. 1m. They were accompanied by two members of the club, one of whom rode with them for eighty-two miles. The run was planned by Lieut. Jackson, and it was 8 o'clock the evening previous to the run that Mr. Holland was notified, and neither got any sleep. There was no training for the run. The idea at the start was to see if they could make one hundred and fifty miles without straining themselves in the least, and they kept that idea in mind all through the ride. There was no exhaustion whatever at the finish. Both worked as usual on the day following, and have not yet felt the slightest ill effect, and have been gaining in weight since.

LAWRENCE BICYCLE CLUB.

Captain Webb, of the Lawrence (Mass.) Bicycle Club, called a long-distance run for Friday, 27th October. Only three club men responded to the call, although half a dozen more wanted to go, but were unable to at this time. The three members of the Lawrence Club, Captain T. S. Webb, Messrs. D. B. Smith and Natt. M. Cogswell, put up at Young's Hotel, in Boston, Thursday night, expecting to get a few hours' rest and an early start Friday morning. But, alas! the noise of the city was too much for the *country* boys, and not a wink of sleep was obtained to prepare them for their long journey on the morrow. The party started from Young's Hotel at 12.27 A.M., and wheeled, *via* Brighton, the Newtons, Lower Falls, Wellesley, and Natick, to South Framingham, twenty-one and a quarter miles; South Framingham to Public Garden, Boston, over the same road, twenty-one miles; Public Garden to South Framingham; again over same road, and return to Cottage Farms, forty miles; Cottage Farms

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to Gloucester *via* Cambridge, North Cambridge, Somerville, Medford, Malden, Saugus, East Saugus, Lynn, Swampscott, Salem, Beverly Farms, thirty-nine miles; Gloucester to Lynn *via* Beverly Farms, Salem, and Swampscott, twenty-two miles; Lynn Common to Everett Station and return, eleven miles; Lynn Common to Malden *via* East Saugus, Saugus, and Melrose, ten miles; Union Square, Malden to Young's Hotel, Boston, *via* Everett, Somerville, and Charlestown, five miles; arriving at the hotel at 11.45 P.M. Breakfast was obtained at South Framingham; on the second visit, dinner at the Essex House, Salem, on the way to Gloucester, and supper at the same place on the return. Total distance, one hundred and sixty-nine miles; running time, 17h. 15m.; rests, 6h. 3m.; actual time, 23h. 18m. This run was made without any training or previous preparation whatever. They returned in excellent condition, and attended to their usual vocations both on the day before and after it was made.

ÆOLUS WHEEL CLUB, OF WORCESTER, MASS. — SECOND RUN.

The captain of the Æolus Wheel Club, of Worcester, having called a long-distance run for Friday, November 3, at 5 P.M., two members of the club, Messrs. Midgley and Arnold, put in an appearance at the Union Station, at 4 P.M., and proceeded by cars to South Framingham. At 5.02 wheels were mounted, and the run was made to Saxonville and back to South Framingham; thence *via* Natick and the Newtons to Brighton, which was reached at 7.38, where supper was taken at the Cattle Fair Hotel. Leaving Brighton at 8.14, they passed through Cambridge, Arlington, Medford, Malden, East Malden, to Franklin Park, in Saugus, and returned to Brighton *via* Malden, Medford, Somerville, and Cambridge, arriving at the Cattle Fair Hotel at 12.10. Leaving Brighton at 12.25, they rode back to Natick, 2.22; thence back through Brighton to Cambridgeport, and back to Brighton, arriving at 5.22. At this point Mr. Arnold was obliged to take the cars for home, he having got a severe fall in Malden the evening previous, on the way back to Brighton. He showed remarkable pluck in riding the night out after the accident, and would have finished the run but for his lame knee. At six o'clock Midgley left Brighton alone, and rode to Saxonville *via* South Framingham, and back to South Framingham again, arriving there at 8.13, where he was met by three of the club. At 9, wheels were again mounted, and the run was made through Newton Lower Falls and Beacon street to Walnut street; thence to West Newton, Waltham, Watertown, Brighton, Chestnut Hill, once around the reservoir, and back to the Cattle Fair Hotel, arriving at 12.09. Dinner was taken here, and at 1.05, accompanied by a fresh Æolus man, they proceeded *via* Chestnut Hill, Beacon street, Hammond street, Newton and Pond streets, and Jamaica Plain, to Lower Mills, 2.10, and back over the same route to Beacon street, and then direct to South Framingham, then to Framingham Centre, and back to South Framingham, arriving at 4.56. Total time on road, 23h. 54m. Halts, 4h. 42m. Riding time, 19h. 12m. Distance by cyclometer and well-known distances one hundred and seventy-nine miles.

Mr. Midgley is about twenty-two years of age, weighs 145 lbs., and is remarkably well developed physically. He would have made two hundred miles on this run had not Mr. Arnold's accident and lameness held him back. He finished the long ride in prime condition.

The Cincinnati Bicycle Club called a run, on the evening of August 12, to Zinnia and return to Cincinnati, where they arrived on the morning of the 14th, the total distance being one hundred and twenty-four miles, which was run at the rate of eight and one-half miles per hour; but as the total time out was thirty-six hours the run is not included in the report of the twenty-four hour runs.

SYNOPSIS OF ALL-DAY RUNS.

Average size of wheels, fifty-three and a half inches. Of the twenty-six different men just one-half were clerks, and two were bicycle teachers; and the different trades and professions were represented by an engraver on wood, a lawyer, an art publisher, a draftsman, an apothecary, a college student, a patent solicitor, a wholesale millinery dealer, a bicycle manufacturer, an engine fireman, and a bank-teller.

A limited comparison with the English records may be interesting. It should, however, be kept in mind that the bicycle was in use and favor there for many years before it was introduced into this country;

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also, that the roads are superior to ours, and that long-distance riding is in its very infancy here.

Previous to 1881 a road-run of two hundred and twelve miles had been made in twenty-two hours and twenty-five minutes. I find in the *Cyclist Supplement* of May 24, 1882, a carefully compiled list of names of two hundred and forty-six bicyclers who made day-runs of one hundred miles and upwards during the previous year. The longest recorded distance ridden in the day during 1881 was one hundred and sixty-three miles, by V. Basin, of West London, whose average during seventeen hours in the saddle was 9.58 miles, followed by A. H. Darlington with one hundred and sixty-two miles in the same number of hours.

SYNOPSIS OF ALL-DAY RUNS IN AUTUMN OF 1882.

Date.	Club and Members.	Size and Make of Wheel.	Distance.	Full time.	Rests.	Riding time.	Average miles per hour.
				h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	
Sept. 6	BOSTON BI. CLUB.....	.....	102½	16.52	4.46	12. 6	8.47
	Lt. W. B. Everett	56-inch Harvard.					
	Frelon Morris	52 " Yale.					
	T. H. Wakefield	52 " Expert Columbia.					
	W. H. Edmands	56 " Br. Challenge.					
	F. J. Philbrick	56 " St. Columbia.					
	C. T. Holland	56 " Br. Challenge.					
	E. A. Hemmenway	50 " Du. Excelsior.					
Oct. 8	BUCKEYE BICYCLE CLUB....	.....	103½	16.00	5.18	10.42	9.67
	J. W. Wray.....	54-inch D. H. Premier.					
	F. W. Flowers	50 " Sp. Columbia.					
Oct. 5	CHAMPION CITY BI. CLUB .	.....	110	14.12	2.50	11.22	9.68
	R. A. Worthington.....	52-inch Sp. Columbia.					
	Ed. Barnett	54 " Club.					
Sept. 28	MASSACHUSETTS BI. CLUB ...	.....	118	17.38	4.57	12.41	9.33
	Lt. H. W. Williams	52-inch Expert Columbia.					
	Lt. W. R. Griffiths.....	60 " St. Columbia.					
	A. T. Philbrick.....	50 " Sp. Columbia.					
	W. D. Wilmot	54 " St. Columbia.					
Oct. 7	BOSTON RAMBLERS.....	.....	120	19.00	7.08	11.52	10.11
	A. H. Forbush	52-inch Harvard.					
	H. B. Smith	52 " St. Columbia.					
	W. P. Haskell	54 " Expert Columbia.					
	E. R. Benson	52 " St. Columbia.					
Oct. 29	ROCKINGHAM BI. CLUB	.....	126	23.30	7.50	15.40	8.04
	Prest. F. T. Philbrick.....	56-inch St. Columbia.					
	Capt. C. A. Hazlett	52 " Sp. Columbia.					
Oct. 5	ÆOLUS WHEEL CLUB.....	.....	136	21.03	4.14	16.49	8.09
	L. Holland	54-inch Expert Columbia.					
	T. Midgley	54 " Matchless.					
Oct. 22	TREMONT BI. CLUB.....	.....	154	20.30	3.01	17.29	8.81
	Lt. W. L. Jackson	55-inch Br. Challenge.					
	C. J. Holland	56 " Br. Challenge.					
Oct. 27	LAWRENCE BI. CLUB.....	.....	169¼	23.18	6.03	17.15	9.81
	Capt. T. S. Webb	52-inch Expert Columbia.					
	D. B. Smith.....	54 " Expert Columbia.					
	N. M. Cogswell	52 " St. Columbia.					
Nov. 3	ÆOLUS WHEEL CLUB.....	.....	179	23.54	4.42	19.12	9.32
	Thomas Midgley	54-inch Matchless.					

A synopsis of the list shows that

3	made between	146	and	160	miles.
10	"	131	"	143	"
6	"	126	"	150	"
5	"	124	"	125	"
32	"	112½	"	120	"
72	"	106	"	112	"
116	"	100	"	105	"

The sizes of one hundred and forty-seven wheels were noted in the list, the average of which I find was fifty-three inches.

The rides during 1882 have not yet been published, and I find only a few mentioned in the English papers. The most notable was the Facile road race of twenty-four hours, on September 30, with twenty-six starters, in which the winner made two

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hundred and fourteen and one-half miles; four men exceeded one hundred and fifty miles, and twelve run one hundred and fifty miles each.

The question will be asked, Are not all-day rides hurtful? My careful inquiries on this point have all been answered by the participants in the negative. Some recommend a strictly day ride, *i.e.*, the interval during which the sun is above the horizon, or even during daylight, as preferable to a twenty-four-hour contest; but the fixing of a definite number of hours at the various seasons of the year would be difficult, and so the civil day of twenty-four hours seems to have been adopted by the majority of clubs. My own experience is, that a mature, healthy man, with sound lungs and heart, accustomed to daily use of the bicycle, can run his wheel twenty hours of the twenty-four over good roads without undue exhaustion or any future ill effects. Cortis, the amateur champion and athletic surgeon, recommends that no one should attempt training for races until he has completed his nineteenth year; also, that such severe races as the twenty-five or fifty mile championships should never be competed for until after the completion of the twenty-first year, when the frame will be approaching its full development. Before this age the strain upon the constitution would be too great. It would be folly for any one with diseased heart or lungs, or a weak constitution, to attempt runs of twenty-four hours' duration.

Nearly all the clubs corresponded, and signified their intention of excelling their present records. From a road acquaintance with several I believe they can place their records above two hundred miles. To do this several requirements are necessary, some of which are worthy of treatment in special articles. There should be perfect familiarity with the roads to be traveled, and at the hotels well-cooked food should be previously arranged for, and be ready on arrival. The time of the year chosen should promise cool weather, moonlight nights, and good condition of road-bed, the best portion of which should be selected for night-riding. The break should be used to check the speed, as back-pedaling is exhaustive. Proper training should be entered into, and the rider should be in perfect health and spirits at the start. Temperance in food and drink before and during the ride. The pipe and cigarettes should be banished, and no stimulants taken. Proper woollen clothing should be worn, and enough of it carried to be comfortable during the night-riding. The bicycle should be in perfect running order and free from rattle. Such sundries should be attached to the bicycle as will be necessary for comfort without adding undue weight. A companion or companions should be selected of equal strength and similar habits.

The interest excited by the few attempts in the late autumn this year will no doubt increase when the riding season of '83 opens, and runs of over two hundred miles will be attempted by several clubs. Club-runs of one hundred miles will be so numerous that the pyramid may be too lofty; hence clubs desirous of having their names inscribed will have to put forward their best men, as one hundred and fifty miles may be at the vertex of the 1883 pyramid.

C. A. Hazlett.

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

THE question of eating and drinking during the practice of tricycling, and especially during a tour on the machine, is of great importance, and a rule in respect to this subject, when it is not made too arbitrary, is certainly desirable. In the first place, it is always bad to commence on a very hearty meal; that is to say, before the digestion of the food has been fairly accomplished. To use a plain simile, the tide of digestion ought to turn towards the blood before the exercise begins. Then all is on the right side.

If the exercise is made to commence while the vital forces required for the digestive process ought still to concentrate on the stomach and other digestive organs, the digestive process is not completed. A portion of food remains in the stomach undigested; there is some uneasiness, attended with flatulency, and the pleasure of the ride is confounded with depression of spirits, with failure of activity and vigor in work. Some riders, finding out this fact, choose to take no regular meals at all during their journey, preferring to carry with

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them some plain and simple food and drink, like a meat-biscuit and a bottle of cold tea or milk, and to partake of a little very frequently as they go along, not even caring to dismount for partaking of the refreshments. I understand this plan answers very well indeed when a long distance has to be made and there is little or no time for rest. It is better, nevertheless, to dismount, take a light meal of mixed food, rest for a good long time to let digestion have full swing, and then on again, gently at first, briskly afterwards. Such a plan gives good digestion of the food, quick and excellent distribution of it over the body for nutritive purposes, and a healthy, sharp appetite for the meal that is next to come. The diet itself can scarcely be too simple. Animal food should be fresh, not salted, and well cooked. Light animal foods, like fish and fowl and mutton, are very good to work on. Eggs and milk are very good. A couple of eggs, beaten well up in a cup, mixed with hot water, sweetened moderately with sugar, and treated with a small quantity of milk, so as to make up from half a pint to three-quarters of a pint, is, with a little biscuit, an excellent, sustaining meal for those to whom eggs are easily digestible. To those who can digest it, oatmeal porridge is very good to breakfast on, and to all who can digest milk, milk, lightly thickened with wheat meal, is most sustaining. Bread should be taken in moderate quantity, and fresh vegetables and fruits are always in character when not taken in excess. Some fruits which, for a moment, seem extremely refreshing, while on the travel become a cause of thirst if the day is very warm. I notice this particularly in regard to oranges, the most tempting, perhaps, and the most easily obtainable of all fruits. Of drinking during tricycle exercise, I must speak with some care. It is not very difficult to learn to tricycle without a desire for too much drink of any kind. But if the beginner does not learn to breathe through the nose, if he acquire the habit of breathing through the mouth, he is sure to acquire also the desire to take liquids far too freely. He will become so dry in the mouth he will feel he cannot get on unless he has something to quench thirst, and that is an evil habit, even though the drink be as innocent as the purest water itself. The first point, therefore, is to drink as little as possible; to drink as much as will fill up the loss that is made by evaporation of water from the body, and not any more. What the character of the drink shall be is not very difficult to answer, and what it should not be is answered with less difficulty, for certainly, of all things, it should not be an alcoholic stimulant. On this last-named point we, who are advocates for total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages, have secured, beyond any mistake, a fine score from tricycling experiences. Those who are, to some degree, in opposition to us on the general question — those, I mean, who still hold that alcoholic drinks are in their right place as luxuries and should not be denied as luxuries — are with us if they are practical tricyclists, in expressing that alcoholic stimulation is fatal to good, sure, and sustained work. This year, Mr. Marriott, of Beeston, Nottingham, one of the partners in the firm of Humber, Cooper, & Marriott, manufacturers of the famous bicycles and tricycles bearing their name, performed, with a friend who rode a bicycle, the extraordinary feat of riding on a tricycle from Derby to Holyhead, over one hundred and eighty miles, within twenty-four hours; and they could have gone on twenty miles farther if they had not been "checked by the sea." They did this, touching no drop of alcoholic drink by the way; and it is certain, Mr. Marriott says, in his description of the journey, that they could not possibly have done it if they had dared to indulge in any alcoholic beverage. Their experience only tallies with that of others, and with the experience of men who perform other physical feats of skill and endurance,—such men as Hanlon, the oarsman; Weston, the pedestrian; and Carver, the marksman. It tallies with the experimental experiences of the late Dr. Parkes, and with the practical experience of many military men, who have had occasion to march their soldiery in large bodies over long distances, under and during great privations and difficulties. It tallies with the experiences of those who have watched the heavy labors of laboring men engaged in such works as brick-making, iron-forging, wood-cutting, and the like.

But it becomes of unusual value when it is witnessed from the fraternity of tricyclists, because so many of them are working for the pleasure of the exercise, and healthiness of it, and would be the last men to forego, voluntarily, anything that would facilitate the art, increase its delight, and

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add to its health-giving advantages. When alcoholic drinks are taken by those who are engaged in tricycling, the effects are most characteristic. If a very light drink, one which carries an almost inappreciable dose of the chemical, be taken, a little weak claret, for instance, or thin beer, or thin cider, the effect may be *nil*, or, at most, embarrassing only for a few minutes. If so much, however seemingly little, be taken to produce what is felt to be an effect, then the mischief is done, and the bad results last for a longer or shorter time, according to the dose of the chemical, the alcohol which has been swallowed and carried over the body. The skin is more or less flushed with blood, there is a brief interval of hectic fever, there is a relaxation of vessels, a sense of fulness in the head, a feeling of irritability and quickness of circulation, and a succeeding sudden deficiency of bodily power, depression, languor, and inability to sustain or maintain effort, ending in chilliness and desire for repetition of the deceptive friend, the stimulant, or the desire for rest from the labor. The drink which, on the whole, serves the tricyclist most efficiently is cold weak tea, made a little sweet with sugar, if that is liked, but never over-sweetened, for if it be over-sweetened it causes thirst. To some the tea is rendered more palatable by being treated with a little lemon-juice, made, in fact, into what is called *tschai*, or Russian tea; but I am not sure that the lemon does not increase thirst, and I know that in some persons it causes acidity and heart-burn; on the whole, *tschai* is not so refreshing as tea simple. Another very nice and most sustaining drink may be made by pouring boiling milk, instead of boiling water, upon tea. Milk tea, thus slightly sweetened, can be carried in a bottle or flask during the journey, and diluted with water or soda-water, at the wayside inn, is at once refreshing and sustaining. Coffee is not so good, generally, as tea for the tricycle rider; at all events it is not so often called into requisition. It may be that it is not so easily prepared as tea, and does not, in consequence, find so much favor.

It is good as a variety, and it may be carried in the form of fluid extract; in such form it may possibly come into greater use. The various effervescing drinks sold under so many names and offered under such number of inviting representations, as tonics, exhilarants, nerve-sustainers, and what not, are all objectionable to the health of the tricyclist. They create thirst, they create dyspepsia, and they have no real sustaining power. I do not recommend lemonade, unless it be unexceptionably good, nor seltzer water, if it be possible to obtain pure well or spring water.

It is unfortunate that, in passing through our prettiest villages and towns, it is more difficult to get perfectly pure and safe water than any other commodity of food or drink, and one is often obliged to purchase the waters supplied by respectable firms for the sale of aerated drinks, for no other reason than that there is none that can be trusted. The water supplies of English towns and villages are a disgrace, in fact, to our civilization, and I hope that bicyclists and tricyclists, by preaching against the unclean fluid which is so often brought as water, may call the attention of local authorities to a reform so urgently needed as the pure supply of the natural drink for man and beast. Until that is done our innkeepers would do well to boil a large quantity of water every day and pour it through a charcoal filter, from which it can be drawn for drink and sold at a moderate price, say penny a half-pint or pint.

Some riders select as a drink the equal parts of milk and soda-water. Once in a day this may be taken to the extent of half-pint of soda-water to a quarter-pint of milk, if good milk can be obtained; but it is not an easily digestible beverage; it is apt to create derangement of the stomach, and it often causes thirst. It is nothing like so good as milk and tea, or milk and water lightly thickened with a little oatmeal, or combination, which to those who like oatmeal is very sustaining.

DRESS.

In practising on the tricycle and in making journeys upon it, attention should be paid to the dress. The dress should fit neatly to the body without being in any point cumbrous; loose flaps of dress, and tails of coats, are very troublesome and even dangerous; the jacket should fit nicely to the body, and the trousers, sufficiently free and loose, should not be pussy about the legs and feet; trousers answer very well, but knickerbockers and well-fitting stockings are an improvement on them. Shoes are better than boots, unless the boots fit uncommonly well and lace far down towards the toe.

Spring side boots are bad; they prevent the easy movement of the ankle, which is so very essential for free pedal play. The

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shoes should have good firm soles, but they need not be unusually heavy. The soles should be free of nails and of steel plates, and it is worth the trouble to have them sharply roughened, so as to grasp the pedals firmly. The neck should be left as free as possible. A loose light silk handkerchief is far better than a collar and stiff tie. Every convenience should be given for easy and rapid motion of the head in looking round, and the circulation through the vessels of the neck should be quite unimpeded. The head-dress should be light and yet firmly fitting to the head.

A straw hat, in my opinion, answers, on the whole, the best. The dress of the tricyclist should, on no account, be heavy; thick-flannel underclothing is an entire mistake, it prevents free transpiration from the skin, and causes the body to become wetted through from perspiration, which, during the process of tricycling, is always thrown off very freely.

The substance of the clothing should be porous as well as light, and the color gray. It is well to carry an extra suit of clothing in a water-proof case, attached to the tricycle; and it is always imperative to change the dress after every journey, if the garments are made damp, either from rain or from perspiration.

I do not strongly recommend water-proof coats for wear during tricycling. These coats keep out rain truly; but then they keep in the water that is transpiring from the skin, — an evil quite as serious as that which occurs from the rain. It is very well to have a loose water-proof cape to wear during a shower, with the body at rest, but it is not wise to work hard under the water-tight covering. It is better to push on unincumbered by anything of the sort, and having arrived at the place of shelter to change the clothes instantly and get into a dry suit.

PRECAUTION AFTER RIDING.

On returning from a ride, even in fine weather, it is wise to make a rule to change the dress, at the same time to carry out a good ablution of the body. I know of no more delightful sensation than that which is experienced when, after a fine ride, the bath has been indulged n, and a light, dry change of clothing has been put on; the whole body seems to be renovated. The dull and inactive secreting organs have been discharged of overloaded secretions, the mind is light and clear, and the muscles are ready for work, relieved from fatigue rather than sleepy and tired.

The water used in the bath for the ablution should not, at first, be cold, it should be just agreeably warm; but it may after, with advantage, be reduced to a lower temperature for a final douche; the skin should be dried with brisk friction.

LADY TRICYCLISTS.

Hitherto I have written as if the advantage of tricycle-riding was confined to the male sex. I would not like this to be the impression gleaned from my papers; on the contrary, I am of the opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that is to them so really useful. Young and middle-aged ladies can learn to ride the tricycle with the greatest facility, and they become excellently skilful; one young lady, who is very dear to me, can beat me both in pace and in distance, and in a tour we have made to-day of several miles on a beautiful country road, we have enjoyed ourselves as much as when we ride out together on horseback, while we have had better exercise. I shall rejoice to see the time when this exercise shall be as popular amongst girls and women as tennis and the dance, for the more fully the physical life of our womenkind is developed the better for men as well as women. In my first paper on the tricycle, published in *Good Words* several months ago, I referred to certain invalids who were benefited by the tricycle exercise. I have every reason to be extremely satisfied with the results of that expression of opinion. The tricycle is, in fact, now, with me a not uncommon prescription, and is far more useful than many a dry formal medicinal one which I had to write on paper. This matter is so important and so interesting I shall have to discuss it in some purely professional work, in order to bring out the facts I have observed and collected. I only add, in this place, that my own personal experience of the exercise is in the highest degree favorable. I have become quite a practised rider; and, difficult as it is for me to get out of London, I lose no occasion that offers to take one or two hours' run, and am always more benefited by the exercise than by any other of the many I have tried for health's sake. I often find it also very healthful and delightful to make a short tour when I have a few days at command.

Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., in "Good Words."

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CYCLING IN FRANCE.

THE WHEELMAN has made its appearance in France, and has struck us, unaware Frenchmen, with a kind of velocipedic awe — painful even to our feeling of patriotism — blinding us with the light of your far-advanced state of excellence and progress in the line of cycling journalism. A thunderbolt would not have awakened us more forcibly to the fact of the sluggish state of things in which we live, "wheely" speaking, compared to the wonderful advance, truly American, in which you, citizens of the United States, have wheeled the developments of our sport, in all its branches ever since, not long ago, it landed on the shores of free America.

We had seen and read *The Bicycling World* and *The Wheel;* but, though we were used to your superiority in the way of printing, we must say frankly that THE WHEELMAN has beaten all previous records in that line over all other countries.

Being deeply impressed with that state of things, and knowing likewise, by the leading announcement of your first number, that you intended inserting news from foreign parts of the world, among which France, as well as a few others, was pointed out, the question arises: Who shall venture to send such news to THE WHEELMAN? Who shall be bold enough to stand by the side of that choice staff of writers you have picked out of the very best writers? What foreigner will dare add his name to the long list of literary men who have volunteered to enhance the *éclat* of your magazine by giving to it the intellectual contributions which come out of their knowledge? Certainly not your humble servant, did he not think that, being a Frenchman, he would be forgiven by the majority of your readers for all shortcomings in the English language.

And now, with the permission of the editor of THE WHEELMAN, let us enter at once, without further delay, upon our subject. However, writing in a new periodical for cyclists very little acquainted with the past of French velocipedism, I am afraid, perhaps reviewing briefly those times of infancy for our sport would help them to comprehend better the bicycling event of the present day.

La vélocipédie moderne, for France, really dates from the year of our second universal exhibition of 1867. Before that epoch many unsuccessful trials to wheel one's self along had been made, you may say, all over the civilized world; but I shall not attempt to describe any history of these numerous essays. Mr. Charles E. Pratt, in his splendid and complete work so verily entitled "The American Bicycler," has done so in such a way as to leave followers positively nothing new to add on the subject. Nor will I endeavor to search in the dark *passé* of inventors who lived in the last century whether the first man who thought of using his muscular powers to propel himself along easier and quicker than with walking is really French, English, or German. What does it matter, after all? I will content myself with the fact that we have the thing, enjoy it, and contrive, as of yore, to improve it; and be satisfied to know that the velocipede was really taken up again — never more to be cast into oblivion, let us hope — by a M. Lallement, who exhibited himself on it in the Champs Elysées of Paris, to the amazement of all lookers-on, sometime before the exposition referred to above.

M. Michaux may be said to have been the first French manufacturer; and the Campagnie Parisienne is even reported to have delivered in the year 1869 over 100,000 machines (!) to the then great number of enthusiastic young men springing up from all parts of France, eager to ride astride a wooden velocipede.

A few races run the previous year, 1868, had been the means, to a great extent, of creating a general rage for wheels. Véloce-clubs were established almost in every town, and gave a great many races in 1869, which *le monde officiel* of the time did not disdain to patronize. The town of Carpentras, in the south, set the example of *courses internationales*, soon followed by Angers, Lyons, Lille, Avignon, Paris, Marseille, etc. Messrs. Moret, Laumaillé, Michaux (the son), Cribout, J. Moore, Castera, and Bon, all of Paris, were the racers of the day; M. Castera succeeding in defeating them all, and deserving the title of champion of France for 1869. A few English amateurs, in the same year, had also taken to the bicycle,

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and MM. Moret and Michaux are the first two Frenchmen who went over to England to compete with them.

So early as 1869 a grand exhibition of velocipedes was organized in the Pré Catelan, a Parisian resort, then, of the fashionable people, in which India-rubber tires made their appearance for the first time, and, soon after, steel wheels. However, very little trust was put in the use of India-rubber instead of iron, when a memorable race from Paris to Reuen, in which some thirty men entered, and J. Moore and Castera, provided with the new tires, were first and second respectively, proved the excellence of India-rubber over anything else.

In 1870 all wooden machines were discarded in France forever. M. Meyer is certainly the maker of that country which helped then to improve the bicycles most, both with regard to the weight, which was brought down from thirty-five kilogrammes to twenty and twenty-two, and height, which went up from eighty centimetres to one metre ten centimetres.

However, when these improvements came it was too late, one may say. A lot of cheap rubbish had been manufactured and disposed of, snatched eagerly away by a mob of workmen, — amateurs who, while on one hand, getting on the velocipede seat in disgust, on the other hand, a legion of gentlemen,— amateurs from the velocipede, afraid to be mixed up with the former class, and already tired of a machine which did not realize their expectations.

The general *élan* created at first was thus checked in the richer part of the population,— the one which can afford to buy good machines; and when the great war of 1870 broke out there was little for the destructible power of guns to do, — to shoot, one by one, all the spokes of our wheels. These went down to the ground in France, and our sport gave place to the roaring of artillery and the slaughtering of human beings.

[To be continued.]

P. De Villers.

THE WHEEL IN CANADA.

THE impression prevails to a great extent in the United States that Canada is a land of snow and ice, of bears and Indians — not a bad fishing-place in summer, and a good enough country in winter to spend a few weeks in, and gain a superficial knowledge of skating, tobogganing, etc.; a land from whose inhabitants not much must be expected, considering how limited their advantages are, and how niggardly nature has been with them in doling out her gifts. There is not much use in us Canadians trying to disabuse the American mind of these impressions, they are too deeply rooted. Is it not enough to cause one to refrain from attempting the task to be asked, as was a friend of mine in Cincinnati some time ago, in what State Canada is situated? However, by our works ye shall know us. It may be said, I think, without egotism, that whatever we undertake to do we do with all our might. In sports which call forth endurance, skill, and daring for their successful performance, the youth of Canada have ever taken a warm interest. Boating, la crosse, and base ball have for many years been the favorite pastimes; but their day is waning before the light of a near "Herald of Health." The wheel has taken Canada, horse, foot, and artillery, — or, perhaps I should say, old men and maidens, young men and children, — all are its prisoners. But two short years ago the bicycle was a myth; now the western peninsula of Canada alone can boast of four to five hundred wheels. Toronto has two clubs, with a joint membership of about one hundred. Hamilton and London claim their fifty wheelmen each, while St. Thomas, Aylmer, and Brantford can each count about thirty. The Montreal club is the premier one of Canada, and was an important factor in the formation of the L.A.W.

Comparatively speaking, but few Canadian bicyclers have joined the L.A.W. Its promised benefits seemed too far away, too intangible, and while every kindly sentiment was held towards it, there was a feeling throughout the ranks of Canadian wheelmen, that an independent association, working directly in the interests of Dominion riders, and indirectly in connection with the L.A.W., for the benefit of the wheelmen of the continent, would be the best means for promoting the interests of the sport in this country. This idea was

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carried into effect at a meeting held in Toronto a few weeks ago, at which delegates from the principal clubs of Ontario and Quebec were present, when the formation was decided upon of an organization to be entitled, "The Canadian Wheelmen's Association." A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, which have since been distributed amongst Canadian bicyclers, and will probably, with some slight amendments, be adopted by associations. At a meeting held in St. Thomas, on Sept. 22, a provisional board of officers was appointed, to hold office until the first of July, 1883. The C.W.A., while not deeming it advisable to place itself under the jurisdiction of the L.A.W., will be glad to coöperate with the American association in all cases where joint action will prove of advantage to bicyclers, and any member of the L.A.W. visiting Canada may depend upon finding just as warm a hand of welcome extended to him as though his badge bore the same device as ours. To an outsider it would seem that a crisis is approaching in the history of the League. State associations are being rapidly formed, and, undoubtedly, they will perform much of the work which has previously fallen to the lot of the League. As its duties decrease so will its prestige, and the League which to-day is charitably but vainly endeavoring to cover a whole continent with its mantle will to-morrow be resolved into the executive of the State organizations, to be by them appointed as a central authority for the disposal of such matters as are beyond State jurisdiction; exacting no dues from individual wheelmen, but supported by a small *per capita* tax imposed by the State associations on their members. There is no question but that the closer the body governed is to the governing body the more effective will be the results; and, in these State organizations, where the members will, at least, once a year see each other face to face, will be found the true means whereby bicycling may attain that standing in the land which it deserves. As competition is the soul of trade, so is friendly rivalry the soul of sport, and herein lies one of the strong points of State association, — a healthy rivalry will be engendered, and on tours and racing paths Greek will strive with Greek for mastery. In holding aloof from the L.A.W., Canadian bicyclers may have acted wisely, or they may have not. Time will determine; and should the destiny of the League prove in any respect, as I imagine, then the Canadian association will be in a position to ride hand in hand with its American cousins, without feeling it is jeopardizing its own existence by asking its members to belong to two organizations.

Crank.

DR. HENRY BELCHER ON TRICYCLE RIDING.

HAVING read with deep interest and much benefit some very able articles by Dr. Richardson, in *Good Words*, it has occurred to me that I might be rendering a good service to the cause as to the general public, especially those who are in delicate health, by advising them and all who desire to enjoy good health, not only to read these valuable papers, but most carefully to digest every word set forth by this highly talented, able, and distinguished physician, and I will promise them that they will have good reason to be highly satisfied with the results; and it also occurs to me that probably it may be interesting to some to learn that I have been the great promoter of the cause (tricycle riding) in this town of Brighton, more especially amongst the fair sex, from whom I am constantly receiving thanks for having, in the first instance, induced them to mount the tricycle; and, in consequence of my having so frequently been asked various questions on this subject, I sent you a paper setting forth my views, which appeared in your valuable journal of the 12th of October's date; and being also desirous to bring the subject under the notice of the medical profession, I also sent a paper to the *Lancet*, which appeared in that journal of the 28th of October's date. I am at the present time dotting down my own personal experience and observations with regard to the various machines which are now offered to the public, having myself ridden and tested every kind that appeared at all likely to be successful, and at the time noted down the results of my observations. This naturally will open out an extensive field for discussion, and no doubt I shall derive

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some valuable information on this most interesting subject, which has, under my observation, proved to be such a blessing. Probably the heads of these observations may not at the present time be out of place, more especially now that the long looked-for period is approaching for the great Tricycle Show; and I am informed that manufacturers from all parts intend to exhibit and bring forward an immense variety of new designs, with every conceivable improvement; and for the benefit of the cause I can only hope others will follow my example, though roughly it may be, and so hand down or bring forward the results of their own experiences somewhat after the manner I purpose doing, viz., commencing in the order in which I have ridden and tried tricycles, which has involved much time and expense; and, in consequence of my having by nature been endowed with great mechanical taste, has rendered it a labor of love, which my readers will understand when I say I have watched their progress from the very commencement; and even the dear old "Dandy Horse," as it used to be called, long before bicycles or tricycles were thought of.

First, then, I will take the "Meteor," which is a back-wheel steerer, of which I have had some considerable practical experience. This machine is a thoroughly strong, useful, honest, safe, all-round tricycle, and being regularly ridden by a large number of my friends and patients, who generally express themselves highly satisfied with it; but unfortunately it possesses only one driving-wheel, and notwithstanding all the very able theories which have been brought to bear on this question, — such, for example, that it matters but little whether one or two wheels drive, inasmuch as the rider can only throw a certain amount of force into the pedals, so long as the machine does not turn sideways, — I very much prefer a double-driver. The next is called the "Special Fleet," manufactured as an experiment. This possesses the advantage of two driving-wheels, and also a back-steering wheel, which I met with purely by accident, and at once fell deeply in love with it, seeing at a glance the many advantages this possessed over all other kinds I had ever before seen; and I need scarcely say I at once purchased it, and continued to ride it with much enjoyment for some months, until on one occasion, when I was induced to let a lady — indeed, one of my daughters — ride it, and from that time I have not been able to consider it my own, to say nothing of riding it; and this lady has continued to use it ever since, and could not be induced to part with it on any terms. In this she is exceedingly wise, for a better machine, as regards principle, materials, and workmanship, has never before been procured. Indeed, it is always refreshing to me to look on it, and with a view of showing how necessary it is for one to use one's own judgment in these matters, I may mention I was constantly being cautioned by the most expert riders not to ride it, as they considered it a most unsafe machine, from its tending to kick up behind, and a vast number of other faults, which I am fully aware was done with the kindest intention and good feeling towards me. However, we have never had the slightest approach to anything like an accident of any description whatever with it, and occasionally it has been my extreme pleasure to get some of these experts to ride it, and the result has always been highly satisfactory; and I only wish the manufacturers could have been induced to make some more.

The next machine is called the "Salvo," and, I believe, has a world-wide fame and good reputation, from the fact of its being the first successful machine produced, and there is no doubt about its being a thoroughly good, safe, and useful tricycle. But having such a strong prejudice against the front-steerer and the rattling of the chain and gear I soon gave this up, although I am most creditably informed that the front-steerer is to be the machine of the next season. And this again shows the necessity of trying for ourselves the various machines, as I have on a former occasion so strongly advocated, and compare the nice open-fronted machine with the front-steerer, which savors so strongly of the Bath chair; and the preference which is to be shown next season, in my opinion, is not due to any comfort or convenience experienced by the general rider who desires to use the machine as a constitutional, but in consequence of its having proved safer in racing, especially when the rider has to turn corners sharply.

My next machine is called "The Fleet"; but this also possesses the front-steering wheel, and I am bound to say is certainly a very nicely made machine, possessing the great advantage over the other of being much more silent, which is due to a peculiar arrangement of knobs and sockets in place of the cogs, which, no doubt, is a more ingenious arrangement; and there are

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other machines of this type, which I have not cared to try, notwithstanding many advantages have been pointed out to me from a scientific point of view, such as the direct down thrust being in a direct line with the weight of the rider, which very considerably increases the power; but I found it most uncomfortable, cramping my legs, and producing a most uncomfortable feeling, as though I was slipping off the seat, which is not the case with the former named two kinds; indeed, the forward thrust of "The Fleet" rendered it exceedingly comfortable and firm, and enabled me to ride it with far less trouble and much more comfort.

My next machine is called the "Humber," and is a most splendidly finished machine. Indeed, from its excellency of workmanship and material, it affords me great pleasure to look on it; but unfortunately the one which I rode did not allow me sufficient leg-room, consequently I did not enjoy it as much as I should otherwise have done. Still I think very highly of this machine, and there is no question of doubt, when once the rider has sufficiently mastered it, he will not look for anything better; but it too often happens, with this machine in particular, that riders have not the patience to fairly test its power and advantages (and, alas! this rule also applies to others as well). But when once the rider feels master of it, it is marvelous what he may do on it. My next mount is the "Coventry Rotary," and there is no question of doubt about this being a most excellent one, possessing this advantage over the others, of having only two tracks instead of three, and the two lesser wheels combining in the steering gives it an increased amount of solidity, and certainly lessens the labor. But the one-sided appearance renders it intolerable to my mechanical eye; therefore, despite the many advantages set forth, such as the value of its being capable of getting along roads when the three track could not; also, its being able to go in a much narrower space, etc., etc.; I have given it up. My next is the "Cheylesmore," which has a back-steering wheel, and is a double driver, and in every way a first-class machine, both as regards material and workmanship, and most enjoyable to ride, in consequence of its being so exceedingly firm. But it was a long time before I could be induced to even try it, in consequence of not being able to back-pedal. With the feet one is entirely at the mercy of the brake to stop it or slacken its speed going downhill. This arises from its having a peculiar kind of clutch or gearing; but I have now quite overcome this objection, and like the machine exceedingly.

Here again is the advantage of practice, which taught me that it is quite impossible when riding any other machine with one's feet on the rests, to put them down on the pedals while the machine is going quickly; consequently one is quite as much dependent on the brake as on this. Again this tricycle claims, and justly too, the advantage of affording the rider frequent opportunities of resting his legs, by simply keeping his feet perfectly quiet on the pedals, which certainly does prove most comfortable on a long journey; and another great advantage it possesses, which seems to depend on the arrangement of its frame and seat, viz., that the rider sits up more erect, and throws his chest more forward and shoulders back, which is most important, and should ever be kept in mind.

In conclusion, I will briefly allude to another important objection which has been raised to the fair sex riding the tricycle, and that is, that too much of the leg is exposed; and there is a great deal of truth in this, but it is easily remedied by simply, as I have done, having the throw of the crank shortened from one to two and a half inches, which, at first, I feared would make the machine much harder to work, because there was not so much leverage; but I do not find this to be the case. On the contrary, it seems to lessen the labor, if the machine is good, and most certainly imparts a most graceful appearance to the rider; and here I will repeat, what I have so often before advocated, viz., that any one desiring to ride the tricyle should, in the first instance, have a few lessons in riding, and make themselves fully acquainted with all the various details of the machine; and I hope to see, ere long, in this large and important town of Brighton, a nicely arranged, well-conducted, and secluded place, where riders, especially the fair sex, may have the opportunity of learning to ride, and also become acquainted with how to manage the tricycle under various circumstances.

Henry Belcher, in "The Cyclist."

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EDITORIAL.

An "American Edition."

MR. HENRY STURMEY is known to most American wheelmen as author and editor of quite a number of excellent bicycling and tricycling publications in England. He is known to many who have visited him in England, or had the pleasure and advantage of correspondence with him, as a genial gentleman, a master of a school, and of scholarly tastes, and a ready, apt, business man too. His relations to bicycling have been largely in a business way, of profit to himself and to others; and it is, no doubt, as much on account of his business shrewdness as of his literary readiness, that he has been able to gain and hold the lead as an editor and publisher of wheel literature. When, in 1878, he issued his first book, "The 'Indispensable' Bicyclist's Handbook," he did an excellent thing for both English riders and English makers; for the latter, because he established a medium through which all their machines, with details of construction, and prices, and specialties, could be brought clearly and collectively before the public; and for the former, because he gave them in a single book all that they could gain from the catalogues, circulars, and price-lists of nearly all the English makers, describing over two hundred makes of machines; and for both, because in his analysis and description of the parts of machines he threw in many good suggestions, and aided choice and improvement by comparison. Each year, since then, with still greater aid from the English makers, he has increased his book in size and value, until, for ascertainment of what the English manufacturers have done and are doing, it is a necessity, a truly "indispensable handbook." It has become also the best advertising medium for English makers, not only in England, but elsewhere; and, being essentially a trade publication, it was very natural that, "as one good turn deserves another," he should, to quote the author's words, "direct special attention to those firms who have favored me with their patronage in the advertisement columns."

It was also natural, from the same point of view, that it should be continued year after year as a strictly English book, descriptive of English machines, and directing "special attention" to English makers only. Accordingly nothing has been found in it relating to machines and makers of France, America, or elsewhere. Intelligent wheelmen know, of course, that there are many good machines, specialties, and novelties, and considerable manufacturers, not mentioned in the book; and they know how and where to obtain supplementary information. They know that Mr. Sturmey's book is incomplete, insular, and exclusive, and they make due allowances. They would think it better if the author had dropped the sub-title of "a complete cyclopædia on the subject," as a trifle misleading; and they (or the large part of them who are only riders) may regret that it is not "a complete cyclopædia," and that it is so completely a trade publication. But then, they see that as to things English it apparently keeps pretty fair and even-handed, and that if it were not for the observance of that "one-good-turn-deserves-another" principle in it, they either would not have it, or would have to pay for it more than a shilling.

It would, no doubt, be very desirable for American wheelmen that some one should compile a book on the same plan, relating to American machines, specialties, makers, and inventors; or that some one should make a book on a similar plan that should be "a complete cyclopædia," and include French, American, Belgian, Swiss, German, Australian, and other products and producers, as well as the English. If Mr. Sturmey had done this latter, or even had added American machines, and makers, and specialties, etc., to his book with the same fulness and with accuracy and impartiality, he would have done an equally good thing for us, and put American wheelmen as much in his debt as our English brethren are.

It might have been necessary for him to visit America himself, and to have made as careful study of things American as he did of things English; and it is possible that he would have had to throw off some native and acquired English prejudices. But the attempt would have been an interesting and valuable one.

Now, an "American Edition" of that work is at last before us, which its author trusts may "please and even instruct my American wheel brethren." Let us see what there is in this "American Edition" to "please and instruct," that there is not in the English edition, pure and simple. First, there is the prefatory note, which

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reinforces the idea of the "trade" character of the book, by the explanation that "the gradual shaping of the trade in the States has led to the issuing of this edition," in which the author endeavors to add "as accurate a view of the trade and wheel in that country" as he can. In doing this he adds fifteen pages of American matter to the two hundred and eighty-two of English matter, making a book of nearly three hundred pages, of which *five per cent.* is ostensibly devoted to a view of the trade and wheel in America. Of these fifteen pages, six pages are descriptive of machines of English makers; six pages are disparagingly descriptive of American makers' machines; two pages are given to "accessories and attachments," beyond which, our author observes, "our cousins over the water have but little to call their own"; and the remaining page is an indiscriminate discourse on "monopoly," and a general attack upon one American concern in particular, and, by something more than implication, upon all the rest of us.

Part of this may be explained readily by the "shaping of the trade" idea; but to ascertain how much the "one-good-turn-deserves-another" principle is involved, too, we turn to "the advertising columns," and find that he has two American advertisers; one of these has recently commenced to introduce here ten makes of English machines, three of which had not been known by name here before, and seven of which had been previously handled by others; the other handles the publications of our author, in this country, and advertises a tricycle never on the market here or in England, but which, at the time the book was edited, was expected to be put out largely by one of our author's large English patrons. In the introductory note for the English edition our author has it that there is "still but one firm in the States who actually make"; but he corrects this, on page 278, so far as to say, "there are, at present, but three" who make and "as many" who import, and to each of these six he devotes a little space; but he apparently did not know that there were, at least, eight bicycle makers and six bicycle importers "in the States"; for had he known he would, in so "accurate a view of the trade," have described the work of more than six concerns out of the fourteen. Or was it the "shaping of the trade" which "led" him to say "there are two firms" in Boston (the ones he mentions are corporations, by the way), when there are four? Or that "but two firms have their depots in" New York, when there are four of them, and at the time he wrote there were five? Or why else did he refer to Chicago as having only "a maker of small machines for children," when there were, besides, an importing firm, and two large manufacturing concerns, dealing in thousands of bicycles a year in America, and already exporting considerably?

These things may "please" some of Mr. Sturmey's "wheel brethren"; but they scarcely "instruct." The same might be remarked of his information, that a certain American make of machine is "almost *fac-simile* in every respect of a Duplex Excelsior of three or four years since"; and of the profound observation, that certain ball-bearings, patented in America, as compared with the Æolus, being "of American manufacture, have, of course, some little differences in contour, though none to such an extent as I would designate a specialty on an English make." He may "please" some, too, by the assertion that "English-made machines are spoken of by all the leading riders in America as their favorite mounts"; but it will scarcely "instruct" his "American wheel brethren," who know that there are three American-made machines ridden here to one English, and that "*all* the leading riders" would include very many who prefer American machines, whether they be "leading riders" on paper or on the road.

Our distant brother writes, as he naturally would, in an English book, from an English point of view, on the subject of "monopoly"; but his application of his theory to the facts as they exist here is about as far away from the facts as he is, — say, three thousand miles. However, as he says, on page 278, about American productions, he speaks "mainly from hearsay," and something can be pardoned for that. When he speaks of the course of trade here and the holding of patents as having checked "the inventive spirit," he is equally astray. In 1881 the number of patented inventions relating to velocipedes was four times as great as in 1877 or 1878; and during this year the number has probably increased, as we are informed; but the real increase has been in the mechanical value of the inventions patented — not so large a proportion of follies finding their way into the *Official Gazette* now as in some former years. By the way, why does our author say that American owners of patents "*exact* a royalty," call it a "monopoly," and refer to our American licensees as "either lucky or wily"? In his introduction to the English part of the book he speaks more respectfully of certain improvements being adopted "as far as the existing [English] patents

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will allow"; and, turning through the pages of his book, we find frequent description of parts made under and protected "by Royal Letters Patent," against the existence of which, and the royalties under them, he has nothing to say. It is truly "English," however, to denounce American patents, and our genial author couldn't help it, probably, — even if his American informants had not made it appear that this would "please." Free trade and free inventions would alike widen the market for English makers, perhaps, and so the "shaping of the trade" requires that American inventors and patentees should not only claim less than English royalties, but should present their parchments to the public with a graceful bow to the English manufacturers.

In this "American Edition," we turn to the index, on page 293, and find no reference to any of the new or "American" matter at all; and on page 297 we are informed that the one American machine which receives commendation and extended description on a previous page (287) is "out of date," and has "become obsolete during 1880–81." We notice, also, that while the price of the book is one shilling in England, it is here "Price, 50 cents net," and it isn't controlled by "the monopoly" sometimes referred to, either. This one hundred per cent. of additional cost on an English production we commend to the attention of that portion of our weekly press which omitted to present it to the Tariff Commission. The book is, however, well worth the price, and we have great pleasure in commending this, as all other of Mr. Sturmey's publications, to the perusal of our readers. If in this, too, as its author has phrased it, "our cousins over the water have but little to call their own," they still have a great deal that is English, and on things English Mr. Sturmey can always "please, and even instruct."

MR. EDWIN OLIVER, of the Citizens' Club, New York, was recently in Boston, on business for *The Wheel*. Mr. Oliver has purchased an interest in this ably edited journal, and will devote a part of his time to it. The energy and ability of two such men as Messrs. Jenkins & Oliver cannot fail to make the paper eminently successful.

WHEEL NEWS.

The Massachusetts Division of the L.A.W.

THE first officers' meeting of the Massachusetts Division was held in Boston on the evening of November 27, at the parlors of the New Marlboro', Boston's League hotel. The Massachusetts consuls were invited to join with the Executive Board in consulting upon certain preliminary steps towards the winter campaign. The thirteen gentlemen present very well represented the active wheeling element of the State, and their earnest, decided fashion of conducting the business of the evening left little doubt of the ability of the Massachusetts Division to fulfil its mission.

The meeting assembled at 8 o'clock, Chief Consul Pratt presiding. The secretary's report of the general meeting of the Division, held a few weeks before, contained the annals of the October run, which will always be pleasantly associated with the forming of the organization. The president then made known the special objects of the meeting, and offered some suggestions in behalf of a vigorous movement in the direction of League extension. Discussion followed, resulting in a vote to submit a series of circular letters to the wheelmen of the State, over the signatures of the Executive Board. The claims and purposes of the League are to be set forth in these letters; also, an appeal will be addressed to the public spirit of the many citizens of Massachusetts devoted to 'cycling, to aid in recruiting the ranks of the State organization. The officers have reason to believe that wheelmen can be counted by hundreds in this State, who are all ready to affiliate themselves with an organized body of workers as soon as they are convinced that its leaders mean business, and are backed by the best energy and influence the State affords. It is to these gentlemen that the Massachusetts Division now offers a test question. The enthusiasm of Massachusetts in the cause of bicycling can be accurately measured by the response of her wheelmen to this call.

The question of providing means to defray the expenses of consular work in the several States was fully canvassed at the fall meeting of League officers, and afterward at the State Division meeting next day. The subject had then received little consideration beforehand, and no definite action was reached. The Massachusetts

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Division, however, at that time referred the matter to the attention of its Executive Board, and now, in proceeding to act, the officers present showed a marked agreement of opinion. It was the general feeling that, for the mutual interests of League and Division, only one assessment ought to be levied upon members, and that each State was justly entitled to a share of the funds in the general treasury. There are many necessary expenses connected with the proper carrying on of the State departments, and much of the work done contributes directly to the League treasury. The Massachusetts Division, having a duly appointed treasurer, considers that the finance committee of the L.A.W. should authorize the payment of that officer's draft for a certain percentage of the sum paid in by the League members of the State. Accordingly, a vote was passed by the meeting, instructing the chief consul to apply to the League for an appropriation to meet the expenses of the Massachusetts Division, leaving the amount discretionary with the officers of the League.

The Committee on Guide-boards reported in favor of the design recently proposed by Representative Hill, and commonly known as the "fish-tail" sign. In shape it closely resembles the feather-end of an arrow. It will be lettered in black upon a white ground. The report was accepted, and the guide-board adopted for the use of the Division. In accordance with the vote of the general meeting of the Division, the same form is to be advocated for the official League sign.

This committee also submitted a combination of three stencil figures, employing the League stencil-plate, and which are designed to be used on existing sign-boards, thus dispensing with an additional sign where it seems to be superfluous. These symbols, indicating, respectively, Safety, Caution, and Danger, were likewise adopted by the Executive Board. Massachusetts consuls will be instructed to use them at advantageous points, under sanction of the proper local authorities.

The subject of by-laws for the Massachusetts Division was referred to a committee for consideration and report. The opinion seemed to prevail that the constitution governing the L.A.W. was sufficiently comprehensive to cover the general needs of each State department; but that a simple code was desirable, to specify duties of officers, appoint stated meetings, runs, and races; and to declare more definitely the relations of the Division to the National League.

The meeting adjourned at 10 o'clock P.M.

A Letter Addressed to Massachusetts Wheelmen who are not League Members.

GENTLEMEN: — The touring season for 1882 is ended, and the undersigned take this occasion to review briefly the recent history and present outlook of L.A.W. matters, especially such as concern more directly the wheelmen of Massachusetts. In now advocating the claims of the only organized 'cycling fraternity of America, we are enabled to commend its merits to your attention with more confidence than ever before. The aims and objects of the League have always been praised, and since, under the present system, there is every assurance of a hopeful future for the enterprise, it is entitled to your unreserved sanction and support. Much has been said, and with more or less justice, in criticism of the League's management; but each year is bound to add a valuable experience and consequent proficiency in conducting a somewhat difficult work. This year a new *régime* is in active operation, and, by enabling each State to control its own affairs, the business of the League is more easily handled, and its benefits are becoming correspondingly apparent. The chief objection that has hitherto been urged against the policy of the League is now fully met by bringing its duties and privileges within the reach of individual members, besides supplying advantageous methods for concerted action.

The Massachusetts Division was organized 21st October, under the most promising auspices, and invites your coöperation in the work that is laid out for the coming year. Its officers are sparing no effort to advance the interests of Massachusetts wheelmen by improving touring facilities throughout the State, and arranging numerous meets, runs, and races, to enliven the riding season. The fifty consuls already selected are men of known ability and enthusiasm, and, with additional appointments, another year will find an active League representative in nearly every Massachusetts town where wheelmen reside. The preparation of road maps and posting of guide-boards are to be important features in next season's work. The Massachusetts Division is emphatically a non-partisan body, designed to unite the League members of the State in securing the highest results of intelligent and harmonious action. No party dissensions which may vex the fraternity at large need invade this camp; for our immediate local interests will suffice to engross our attention.

The League of American Wheelmen demands your support as the recognized bicycling institu-

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tion of this nation. The Massachusetts Division summons you to join in its undertakings, since you will naturally enjoy a share of its benefits. Your countenance and your dollars are essential to the complete success of the State department, which is destined to become a useful ally in the common cause. Do not wait for a new League year to begin (June 1, 1883), but apply immediately to Corresponding Secretary Fred T. Sholes, Box 93, Cleveland, Ohio.

Every League member in the State is likewise a member of the Massachusetts Division, and entitled to all its privileges. The same entrance fee ($1.00) covers membership in both National and State bodies. Correspondence in relation to the business of the L.A.W., or Massachusetts Division, may be addressed to the Division secretary, who will also furnish blank applications for membership when desired. Special inquiries will receive prompt attention from members of the Executive Board or local consuls.

Fraternally,

FRED. S. PRATT, Worcester, Chief Consul.
CHAS. P. SHILLABER, Boston, Treasurer.
FRED. B. CARPENTER, Boston.
HENRY W. WILLIAMS, Boston.
CHARLES L. CLARK, Newton.
F. HAYWARD JOHNSON, Brockton.
FRANK S. WINSHIP, Lynn.
MAHLON D. CURRIER, Lawrence.
EDWARD K. HILL, Worcester.
A. J. PHILBRICK, Salem.

L. A. W. Representatives and Massachusetts Executive Board.

F. P. KENDALL,
Secretary Massachusetts Division.

Box 889, Worcester, Mass., December, 1882.

The Washington Meet.

IN the circular sent out by the Capital Bicycle Club, inviting the wheelmen of the country to attend a meet to be held in Washington, November 29, in connection with the Garfield Memorial Fair, the following alluring sentence occurred: "In the latitude of Washington late November is a delightful season for the bicycle rider, being almost uniformly warm and clear. Cold days are seldom known at this time, and wheelmen are assured that they will probably enjoy weather similar to that of October in northern latitudes." Such is the usual fact in regard to Washington weather during the latter part of November. But both the Capital Club and the visiting bicyclers were doomed to disappointment in this respect. Late in the afternoon Tuesday, November 28, it began to snow, and continued all the evening, until all hopes of holding the parade and races the next day had to be given up. Tuesday evening a pleasant company of wheelmen were gathered in rooms of the Capital Club, and, in spite of the weather, passed the time enjoyably in chatting together. Among the visitors were Mr. Geo. H. Day, of the Connecticut Club, Hartford; Col. Pope, of the Massachusetts Club, Boston; Will Pitman and B. G. Sanford, of the lively Ixion Club, New York; J. S. Phillips, of the Boston Ramblers; S. Conant Foster, the "poet wheelman," of New York; Mr. Griffith, of the Massachusetts, and many others. It was concluded, that evening, to call a meeting of all the wheelmen, resident and visiting, for the next day, Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, in order to discuss the situation and, if possible, arrange some definite plan, which would be satisfactory to all. Wednesday morning was spent in visiting the many places of interest about the city. The members of the Capital Club did all in their power to make it pleasant for the visitors, who carried away the highest opinion of their courtesy and hospitality. The wheelmen were conducted through a number of the government buildings; the National Museum, with its treasures of science and art; the Smithsonian Institute; the Department of Agriculture; the Patent Office; the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where they watched the interesting process of engraving and printing bank-notes and revenue stamps.

At 2 o'clock the Capital Club room was filled with wheelmen. The Executive Committee, through their chairman, Mr. C. E. Hawley, made report to the assembly. It was announced that the indications were in favor of fair weather on the following day; that in this case the streets would be dry enough for a parade, but the track would not be in a fit condition for racing until Saturday, if it was then; that it seemed best to the committee to call the parade for 11 o'clock, Thanksgiving Day, and leave the matter of races to the wheelmen assembled. After some discussion, it was decided to postpone the races until May, 1883, the prizes being kept over by permission of the Board of Directors of the fair. The Capital Club are also desirous of having the League Meet at that time, and holding these races in connection with the League races. If this plan is adopted it will make the affair one of the most interesting in the annals of American bicycling.

Wednesday afternoon was spent in the Capitol, looking through the various exhibits of the Garfield Memorial Fair, climbing the dome, testing its acoustic eccentricities from the upper gallery,

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etc., etc. At 7.30 P.M., about one hundred and twenty-five wheelmen marched to the Riggs House, where, as guests of the Capital Club, they enjoyed a banquet. At the close of the dinner, Capt. Lewis, of Philadelphia, presented to Capt. Fowler, for the Capital Club, the banner won at Philadelphia. Mr. C. E. Hawley was called upon, and made some very pleasant remarks, welcoming the visitors, and enlightening them in regard to the early history of the "Klub Kat." Col. Pope made a neat and appropriate "after-dinner" speech. Interesting remarks were made by L. W. Seeley, of Washington; Fred Jenkins, of New York; Captain Trego, of Baltimore; Dr. A. G. Coleman, of Canandaigua, and others. Thus the evening passed pleasantly, and about 10.30 the company broke up.

The following morning was clear and bright, but chilly. By 11 o'clock several of the streets and avenues were dry. A short time after the appointed hour the parade began, and the line proceeded through a number of the avenues, under Capt. Fowler, of the Capital Club. The marshals were Fred Jenkins, of New York; Dr. Coleman, Canandaigua, N.Y.; Mr. Griffiths, of Boston; Samuel T. Clark, Baltimore; A. M. Hall, Smithville, N.J.; Jo. Pennell, Germantown, Pa. Fully one hundred and fifty men rode in line, and, if the weather had not prevented, there would in all probably have been two or three times as many.

At 3 o'clock the contest in fancy riding took place in front of the Capitol. Harry Tufts of Attleboro', Mass.; Bert Pressy, of Smithville, N.J.; and Rex Smith, of Washington, were entered. In spite of the cold the exhibition was much enjoyed by the wheelmen, who showed their appreciation by frequent applause. Mr. Tufts rode gracefully and easily; Mr. Pressy, upon a "Star," gave a novel exhibition; Mr. Rex Smith undoubtedly is the best fancy rider in the country. He is a trained gymnast, and handles himself and machine in the most graceful and skilful manner. He ended by doing his "one wheel act." The backbone and little wheel were replaced by a short stump, just long enough to support the saddle. Then, with some assistance, he mounted this monocycle and rode across the open space. This really wonderful feat was loudly cheered. Of course the prize was awarded to Mr. Smith. Thursday evening many of the visitors departed, and Friday the remainder. Though this meet was not such an affair as was anticipated, owing to unavoidable circumstances, it was enjoyed by all present; and the hospitable manner in which the visiting wheelmen were entertained ensures a pleasant time next spring to all who shall attend the races in May.

The Frye-Prince Race.

ABOUT fifteen hundred people attended the bicycle races at the Institute Fair building, a large number of them being ladies. A band of music, stationed in the centre of the hall, added much to the success of the entertainment. The first event was a two-mile amateur race, in heats, best two in three. First prize, a silver pitcher, and second prize, a silver cup. The entries were, J. W. Wattles, of Boston; E. Burnham, of Newton; R. F. Stahl, of Boston; G. E. Frye, of Marlboro'; G. M. Hendee, of Springfield; W. E. Trufant, of Abington, and W. N. Saunders, of Boston. The last two named did not appear, and the others came to the post in the order named. Burnham took the lead at once, followed by Wattles, Stahl, Frye, and Hendee last. Wattles passed Burnham, and at the end of the first lap the order was Wattles, Burnham, Stahl, Frye, and Hendee. The last named, however, pushed his way to the front and took the lead in the first lap of the second mile, followed by Burnham, Frye, Wattles, and Stahl. The only change in the next lap was to send Stahl again to the rear. Frye passed Burnham, in the third lap, and tried to pass Hendee, but could not, as the latter was riding well within himself. Hendee, Frye, and Burnham were well ahead of Wattles and Stahl, and finished in these positions. Burnham's time for the first mile was 3m. 22¾s. Time of Hendee, for two miles, was 6m. 50s.; Burnham, 6m. 50½s. Wattles and Stahl withdrew in the second heat. Burnham took the lead, followed by Frye and Hendee, and the men were thus bunched for four laps. In the fifth lap Hendee took second position, but lost it in the next lap. In the second lap of the last mile he regained it with ease, and passed the leader, Burnham, without effort, in the next lap, winning by a dozen yards. Hendee's time for one mile was 3m., 49s.; 2 miles, 7m., 10½s.; Burnham, 7m., 13⅝s.

The next event was fancy riding for a silver cup, entries to close at the post. G. M. Hendee, of Springfield, was the only entry. He gave a very pretty exhibition, displaying several difficult pedal mounts and vaults into the saddle, riding on one wheel without hands or bar, running side saddle, and standing on saddle, and other difficult feats.

The great event of the evening was now called, viz., the match between John S. Prince, professional, and Lewis T. Frye, the amateur one-mile champion of last year, and who defeated

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Vesey, the well-known English amateur, in the ten-mile contest last winter. As has already been stated, Prince had challenged any amateur to race him ten miles, and allowing twenty seconds start, and Frye accepted without obtaining the sanction of the League of American Wheelmen, thereby forfeiting his amateurship. Both men seemed in good condition, and expressed confidence in the result; and as they responded to the bell of the starter and took their positions, they made a fine appearance, from an athletic point of view.

Frye rode a 58½-inch "Yale" racer, weighing 33 pounds, and Prince bestrode a new 53½-inch Expert "Columbia," weighing 33½ pounds. Frye got an excellent start, his 20 seconds giving him a half a lap ahead of Prince. The latter got a bad send-off, giving Frye still more ground. Frye at once set a rattling pace, and at the end of the first mile had gained 75 yards more than his allowance. Prince reduced this somewhat in the second mile, but in the next Frye had gained 100 yards. The enthusiasm was great, and as each man passed the post he was greeted with cheers and cries of "Prince" and "Frye." At four miles the men were exactly as when they started. At five miles Prince began to gain, amid tremendous cheers. At six miles Prince had closed almost half the gap, and at seven, the men were almost together. It now seemed as if it were only a question of how much Prince cared to beat Frye, and he kept a slight lead until the second lap of the last mile, when Frye dashed by him. As the bell rang for the final lap, Prince spurted, and both now kept side by side. On the home-stretch, however, Frye was seen to be a little over a yard ahead, and he maintained this advantage, and passed the post amid tumultuous applause. As Frye dismounted, he was lifted up by his confrères of the Boston Bicycle Club and his friends, and carried to his dressing-room. Many, however, were not slow in doubting the genuineness of Frye's victory; and, indeed, it is strange that Prince should have been able to be alongside of Frye at seven miles of the distance, and not be able to pass him. The time for the race was as follows: —

	FRYE.		PRINCE.	
Miles.	Min.	Sec.	Min.	Sec.
1	3	9½	—	—
2	6	28	—	—
3	9	47¾	9	53½
4	13	11¼	13	18½
5	16	34	16	32½
6	20	2	19	34
7	23	35	23	20½
8	—	—	27	4
9	—	—	30	5¾
10	33	40½	33	20⅝

The timing was scarcely satisfactory, inasmuch as, in a race of this importance, it should have been so arranged that the time of each man for each mile of the race could be taken. The officers of the race, who performed their duties to the general satisfaction, were: Referee, Robert Luce, of the *Boston Globe*; judges, Abbott Basset and F. B. Carpenter; timers, R. P. Ahl, J. S. Dean, and James B. Underwood; starter, F. W. Weston; scorers, Messrs. W. J. Gleason, Keyes, and Corey; clerks of the course, H. M. Keyes and J. E. Mellen. — *Boston Globe*.

Fancy Amateur Riding.

THE FALL OPENING OF THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE SCHOOL.

THE fall opening of the Columbia Bicycle School, Nos. 214 and 216 East 34th street, was well attended. Besides a number of ladies and gentlemen, there were also present representatives of the Manhattan, New York, Citizens', Lenox, Ixion, Mercury, Kings County, and Hoboken Clubs. The feats performed by the various riders gave many among the audience an idea that they had not previously entertained of the adaptability of the bicycle to athletic exercises and the opportunity it affords for the display of grace and skill.

The first event was fancy riding by Mr. G. A. Wells, of New York, who did remarkably well considering the short time he has been riding. He successfully performed the feats of lying on his back on the saddle, springing from the ground and alighting upon the saddle on one foot, mounting and dismounting at a stand-still, and similar acts.

Trick riding in a tricycle, by Mr. Arthur Atkins, the champion of New England, was second on the programme. The third was double fancy riding by Messrs. G. A. Wells and Crawford Mason. Wells again performed his feat of lying on his back while Mason held him by the foot and towed him around the ring. Both then rode one machine, Wells standing on the saddle behind Mason, and sitting on his shoulders. A still more difficult performance was riding in front of the wheel, which was accomplished by Wells while Mason stood behind it on the step. While riding alone, Mason went over his machine, but dexterously caught on his feet.

No. 4 was an amusing representation by Mason of a tyro learning to ride.

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The next was a slow race, in three heats, between G. A. Wells, D. J. Canary, amateur champion of Connecticut, Arthur Atkins, and Crawford Mason. It was won by Atkins.

Decidedly the best feature of the entertainment was the fancy riding by Mr. D. J. Canary, who performed numerous graceful evolutions, that would require a technical description to be understood. Among other things, he rode sideways with arms folded; jumped from the ground, landing with both feet on the saddle; sprang into the saddle without moving; sat still with his arms folded, and alighted and picked up a pocket-handkerchief from the floor while his bicycle went on, caught it in a few paces and remounted. He performed with apparent ease the feat of raising the small wheel from the floor by throwing his weight slightly forward and riding for short distances on a single wheel, and repeated this with his arms folded. His last, and, perhaps, hardest "trick" was to mount on a single wheel.

The next event was fancy and trick riding by Mr. Atkins. He performed many of the feats before described, and displayed a great knack of balancing himself in various positions on a smaller-sized bicycle.

The programme was concluded with a club drill, participated in by the four contestants in the slow race, and led by Mr. Atkins. The judges were Dr. N. M. Beckwith and Mr. T. C. Smith, of the Citizens' Club.

The entertainment ended with dancing, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. — *N. Y. Truth.*

ON the evening of Monday, December 4th, the Kings County Wheelmen held their second annual reception and ball in Knickerbocker Hall, Brooklyn. This pleasant affair was well attended by the wheelmen of Brooklyn and New York, about seventy-five being present. The dancing began about 9.30. After several dances had taken place, Messrs. Ford, Mason, and Canary gave a short exhibition of fancy riding, double and single. This was very interesting. "Learning to ride" was illustrated in a most laughable manner by Prof. F. S. Rollinson. After this entertaining recess, the dancing again began, and was continued till an early hour. The occasion was a pleasant one, and enjoyed by all who were present.

THE Troy and Albany clubs united in a run to Kinderhook on election day. They had a very pleasant run, and enjoyed a good substantial dinner at the Herrick House,—at a cost of fifty cents, —returning home without an accident, excepting to the *American Star* man, who had to return on the cars. *X.*

ON Nov. 23, 1882, a new bicycle club was organized in Brooklyn, called the "Long Island Wheelmen."

The following-named gentlemen were elected officers of the club: President, F. J. Drake; Captain, H. H. Stults; Sub-Captain, S. E. Buchanan; Secretary, S. W. Baldwin; Address, P.O. Box 2125, New York City.

THE Portsmouth (Ohio) Bicycle Club was formed November 8, with a membership of twelve. W. F. Sodwick is President; Frank M. Smith was chosen Secretary and Treasurer.

MR. FRED JENKINS, the editor of *The Wheel*, of New York, has been appointed, by W. H. Miller, President L.A.W., a member of the Racing Committee, in the place of J. S. Dean, resigned.

MR. FRED T. SHOLES, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been appointed Corresponding Secretary of the L.A.W. His P.O. Box is 93.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us that there are about twelve machines in Indianapolis; but no club. An organization was formed there in the spring of 1880, but lived but a few months. The riders are allowed to ride anywhere in the city with the exception of one cemetery.

BOOK NOTICES.

Under the Sun.[1]

MR. PHIL ROBINSON, the new English humorist, as he has been called, has just collected his Indian papers into a volume under the above title, published by Roberts Brothers. We cannot do better to give our readers an idea of the contents of this book than to quote from the preface by Edwin Arnold. "The author writes of beetles, birds, frogs, squirrels, and the 'small deer' of India, but always, as it seems to me, with so just a sense of the vivid vitality of Indian scenes and creatures, and so much sympathy for the Asiatic side of our empire, down to the simplest every-day objects, that I should not know where to

[1] Under the Sun. By Phil Robinson, author of "In my Indian Garden," "Under the Punkah," etc., etc. With a preface by Edwin Arnold, author of "Light of Asia." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1882.

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send an uninformed English reader for better hints of the out-of-door look and spirit of things in our Indian gardens.

"They are only sketches, no doubt, which fill this little portfolio, but their outlines are often drawn with so true a hand that nothing can be more suggestive to the memory of any one who has led the same life. India may be hot, dusty, distant, and whatever else the weary exile alleges when his liver goes wrong; but she is never for one moment, or in any spot, as regards her people, her scenery, her cities, towns, villages, or country places, vulgar. There is nothing that is not worth study and regard; for the stamp of a vast past is over all the land, and the very pariah dogs are classic to those who know Indian fables and how to be entertained by them. Our author is one of the happy in whom familiarity with Indian sights and objects has not bred indifference, but rather suggested the beginnings of an Anglo-Indian literature. If I am not wrong, the charm of looking at these utterly commonplace animals and people of India in this gay, pleased spirit, is that we get that freshness of feeling which youth alone enjoys when all the world is new to it, interpreted by the adult matured mind suddenly entering a practically new world, — for such India is to the English official on his first arrival. Here is one at last who writes down his observations, and opens, I think, thereby, a rich and charming field of Indian literature, which ought hereafter to yield many other papers as agreeable as those which it gives me true satisfaction thus to commend to the public."

Nantucket Scraps.[1]

MISS AUSTIN has given us an exceedingly interesting description of Nantucket, its people, and their peculiarities. Nantucket is a queer old place, and must furnish endless diversion to the "coofs" who migrate thitherward when the "heated spell" comes on, and emigrate shoreward at the end of the season. But Mysie, who does not seek diversion so much as truth, tells us that, when the summer-boarder abounds, the real Nantucketer, like the sensitive plant, shrinks within himself, and does not unfold his heart and lay bare his real self until the Goths and Vandals have departed. You can visit the graveyards and read the quaint inscriptions on the old tombstones; you can see Dionis and its facetious conductor; visit Mrs. McCleeve's museum, and purchase a shark's tooth set in gold; climb Uriah Gardner's hill; and you can mount the old church tower and read the inscription on the Lisbon bell, and hear the story of its voyage from Spain, from the lips of the old town-crier. But the real Nantucketer is as impenetrable as an oyster. Mysie collected what scraps she could of history, natural curiosities, and legendary lore in season, and went home. And when the season was past, and the summer-boarder had departed, Mysie went back to study the autochthon, in which she seems to take especial delight. She is sparkling and vivacious throughout, and often quaintly humorous.

Mysie is evidently not a book-keeper, or she would not have said "*toting* up the ledger" for "*footing* up the ledger." It was hardly judicious to give the entire log of the "Dauphin." A few stanzas (if stanzas they may be called), such, for example, as this: —

> "But ere the sun was fairly down,
> Some more whales hove in sight;
> We lowered, and soon got fast to one,
> And had him dead by night,"

would have shown equally well the character of the journal. And no one, with any appreciation of true poetry, could summon up the strength to wade through *thirty pages* like the above-quoted lines.

The Knockabout Club Alongshore.[1]

IN this book are chronicled the further adventures of the "Knockabout Club," whose bicycle trip, and life in the woods of Maine and Canada, was written of in "The Knockabout Club in the Woods." In this book Mr. Stephens advances the theory, put forth many years ago in the *Young America series* by Oliver Optic, of a Steamship College. There is much valuable information in the book, in one form and another. The club follows the coast from Boston up to Labrador, and then cross to Greenland. All the notable places and happenings are described. They hunt seals, visit the Esquimaux, chase bears, and climb icebergs. They learn by travel and observation, and young readers can gain the same knowledge in this book. The stories of the Northmen and their discovery of America are woven into the narrative in a graceful and pleasing manner. The outlines of the religion and mythology of the Northmen are vividly related, and will be enjoyed by readers young and old. The illustrations of the book are excellent and numerous.

A Strange Journey.[2]

IN this book the writer has given, in the form of a story, some "Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan." The easy style which characterizes the descriptions seems to indicate, not that the author was a mere traveller through these countries, but more intimately acquainted with the scenes, the people, and their customs. The off-hand tone of the references shows great familiarity with the subject. The story itself is cleverly written, containing well-drawn characters and striking situations.

[1] Nantucket Scraps. Being the experience of an off-islander, in season and out of season, among a passing people. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

[1] The Knockabout Club Alongshore. The adventures of a party of young men on a trip from Boston to the Land of the Midnight Sun. By C. A. Stephens, author of the "Knockabout Club in the Woods," "Camping Out," etc. Fully Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

[2] A Strange Journey; or, Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan. By the author of "Commonplace," "Poems," etc., etc. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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THE WHEELMAN.

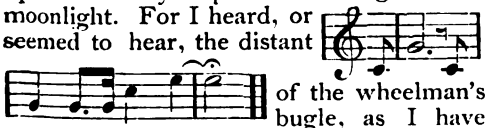
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ECHOES AND SHADOWS.

I STARTED up just now at a familiar sound. Or was it an echo? It may have been a dream. But dreams are one-half echoes and shadows; and the other half is the pursuit of them toward conclusions, not always logical or consistent (though sometimes so), but pursuit, downgrade, without brake; sometimes to end in a delightful slowing-up on a winding road and sometimes toward a bewildering header in a sudden stretch of sand. Professor Bowne might bring the bicycle into his metaphysics.



I started, Reader, sitting here before my open grate, glowing with its ruddy coals, and musing, half lost in memories of several seasons' wheeling, while the chill wind blows without, and the frost settles on the pane, and the white roofs hold up their snowy slopes to the bright moonlight. For I heard, or seemed to hear, the distant



of the wheelman's bugle, as I have heard it in the "evening" call to recreation or to repose. It was less like an echo, and more like the far drift of sweet notes as they float down the hillsides on a summer day, or wane on the motionless evening air. Who, in moods of thankfulness for the blessing of the bicycle, does not also have a grateful thought of the bugle, as played by a Reed or an Oliver, or even by less trained lips?

It were easy to be ironical or sarcastic, speaking of the blare of the coiled brass

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when out of place. But there are times and places when loud or even harsh sounds are pleasing. The silent movement and muffled, cushioned tread of the wheel are charming by contrast with the carts and cars on iron ways and stone streets, with which we city people get so much wearied. There are the everlasting thuds and jars of tramping feet and hurrying wagons and jargon of voices that make the hum and bustle of busy city life grow unbearably tiresome. Then, for the wheelman, there is the relief of quick retreat to the still roads and quiet lanes of the country, the whisperings of woodlands and the rustle of wild pastures and growing fields.



But stillness brings numbness, as when one sits long in one position. So, perhaps, the ears and the nerves rest better for gentle or occasional agitation. It is grateful to them, in this rural lull and quiet, when the bugle sounds, or even the shrill whistle, or the rattling alarm, stirs the calm air or rides rhythmic on the breezes. The noisy accessories of the bicycle have their useful place, when it is rightly found. This appropriateness or inappropriateness of place and conditions runs by parallel through many things. The church bells, so musical on Sunday, add only to the city jargon on Monday. The merry sleigh-bells make anything but music on a baker's cart. The clanging cowbell, which grates the ear in the village street or with the driven herd, is tinkling melody in the solitude of pastures.

In those early days when we were objects of wondering gaze on suburban highways, how often the boys called out to us, respectfully enough, "Please ring your bell, mister!" We were more apt to think the call sprang from their curiosity to see how we rang it, or to know what it was like. Yet it was, doubtless, as often the untutored instinct for a sound to go with motion and speed. The noiselessness of our rubber-hoofed steed is disappointing. The absence of sound, or other appearance of effort, led often to the inquiry, "Say! why don't you go faster?" or the less polite, "Hoop 'er up, now!" We were stealing our marches then as we do now. Lookers-on do not appreciate our speed, — we hardly do ourselves; but let the overworshipped quadruped clatter its hoofs alongside at a four-minute pace on the road, and it would be "fast driving."

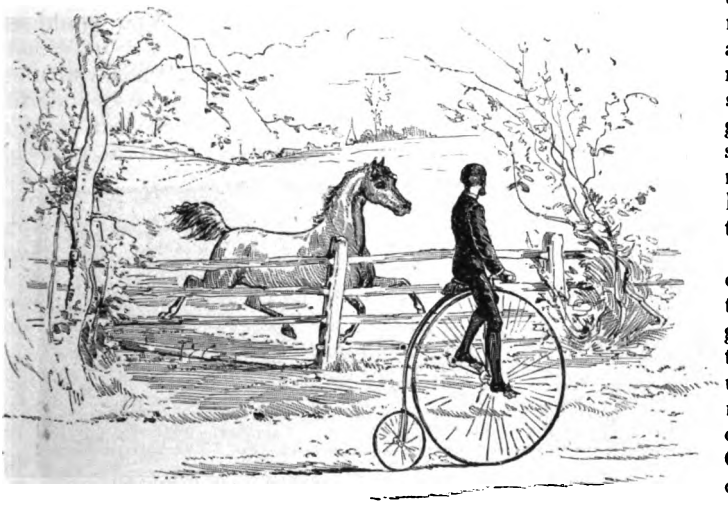
One gets the beautiful in scenery by snatches. There are some landscapes, to be sure, which one may stand or sit and look upon hour after hour with increasing delight. But they are few and far apart. Amongst them one may recall certain views of Monadnock, rising grand and solemn out of a commonplace country around; or Winnipiseogee, as it lies placid and clear, embracing its hundred islands in the lap of as many hills; or the Penobscot, winding restlessly between its luxurious intervales towards the sea. To a thousand such views the bicycle takes us; but so would other conveyances, not quite so well, but with the same general result.

But a million other views are accessible all around us everywhere. There, I saw, from a winding roadway over a ridge, a shining pond at sunset, woodlands on one hand and green slopes of field and pasture on the other, a dozen cattle standing in its edge to their knees and drinking the shadows, while the last rays of sunlight gilded the high, castle-like country-house overlooking it all. Again, the approach was to a fine old homestead farm, with its quaint wood-and-weather coloring of fences and buildings, its garden, and orchard, and meadow, and "second-growth" wood; and cows, some grazing, some chewing — recumbent — the

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lazy cud of contentment, under lithe elms and rotund maples standing guard here and there. And there are hundreds more.

But on wheel all things seem animate, moving, unfolding, and passing by in panorama. You lift up your eyes unto the hills and they seem to skip by you like lambs, frolicsome, now facing you, and now coyly turning aside. Fences and walls seem to stride, and the trees dance over the meadows, or huddle together in the multitudes of groves. By some stream the bridge comes half way to meet you, and the current runs its sinuous way like a sociable companion. The grazing horse sees you approach, and it is "heads up" with him, as he takes a friendly race to the limits of his enclosure.



When you turn your wheel, half automatically pedalling, see how you turn also the whole country about, as it were a huge kaleidoscope, unfolding and dissolving views, new combinations, shifting scenes, glimpses, revelations, endless variety, countless surprises. So the delight of a summer saunter or autumn stroll on bicycle baffles description, as it would baffle a thousand artists to reproduce on canvas the pictures that have been disclosed, and have vanished beyond recall, save in more or less distinct memories, or by visiting the same gallery with the same wand — the bicycle.

No, nor yet even then will they come back; for the air and the sky, the seasons, and the course of animal life and human handiwork, make it impossible to repeat in all its exactness any bicycle excursion or afternoon spin. Remembering so many of these little voyages of discovery now, when the snow crackles under outside footsteps, I count up the weeks that stretch between December and April. For, though riding may not be entirely interrupted, there can be little of discovery till "ethereal mildness come." How much of this will be done then by the genuine wheelmen? Discovery of haunts of Nature's loveliness and of her erratic oddities; of good roads, — the public highway is the thermometer of civilization. Macadam is our Fahrenheit. Show me a country's roads, and I will tell you to what degree of enlightenment its people have progressed. Take a run through Newton with Edward Pope, or with Johnson about Orange, or spin with Pennell out to Bryn Mawr, and note how the people rise in your respect. Good roads are good, however made; but of all road surfaces ever invented, give the bicycler a smooth, well-drained, natural "dirt" road, of loam, beaten smooth by travel.

But, speaking of discovery, there is more to learn yet: direction, grade, topography. Ten to one you, Reader, unless you be a wheelman, do not know your own county. We had Cabots exploring about our Boston coasts in 1878, as well as four centuries before. Chandler was our Columbus. Ask Slocum if we did not seek out a north-eastern passage. Hodges and I discovered many things to the north-west in 1878, including Marlboro', on our new craft, — he on a 54 Premier, with that odd bowsprit in front, and the teter spring; I on a 46 Tension, and a brake that would reverse positions of the wheels in any unguarded moment. That was before the days of Frye and light machines, fitted to the half-inch; before the era of the long rangers, 179 miles in a day, and ambitions to outstrip even that. We rode our fifty miles on a late Sunday afternoon and evening, and slept in reasonable season. We made good time and enjoyed ourselves.

The mending of the roads in April and May is one New England feature not to be classed with the beauties of nature or of art; but there are discoveries enough be-

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sides, — old houses, quaint mills, and quaint homespun characters in children and men and women. In spring there are the inimitable shades of green, and in autumn the delicate traceries and colorings of ivies and sumachs and maples. One doesn't need to travel to Berkshire or the Adirondacks to find the beauty of the hills. Distance lends enchantment, 'tis true; but real enchantments are not all distant. See the truth in Goethe's lines: —

"Willst du immer weiter schweifen?
Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah.
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen,
Denn das Glück ist immer da."

Let our first poet depict in some simple, melodious stanza the essential fascination of twilight riding. Not Dalton, with his new patches on old garments, though he elevate patchwork to a fine art; but some American Arnold, — nay, we have not to go to England for our poets; we can even send them there, as we have Lowell, — or some Winter or O'Reilly, who can impart in jewelled verse the true fascination of an early morning ride under the waning stars, and a bath in the freshening air, to a breakfast appetized by the tonic of rolled steel through five or ten miles of freshness, and warmed by the rising sun. Pleasant it was on that spin through Saugus between sunset and dark, when the mossy rocks were nestling in shadows and the scent of new-mown hay was on the dying breeze. There, again, were the lapping of waves at Marblehead and the whisper of pines at Dedham. The music of these earlier and later twilights, the morning crescendo and the evening diminuendo, is awakening and lulling by turns. It has delighted Parkhurst, and so many more of us, that we would bless him for a symphony, or even a march or a waltz, that should stir the genuine echoes for us.

The bicycle makes us all boys again. I learned that years ago, trailing Parsons on his dilapidate Newton Challenge; the most dignified of *patres familias* at home, he is most frolicsome of youth on wheel. Who does not remember those twin steers, Stedman and Mann, chasing mirth over all the hills and valleys, — the former with his 56-socket-head monster (as it seemed then) chameleon, that changed color with the seasons? It showed black against the December snow of 1877; it was red on the March thaws at Mattapan (didn't I see it take a somersault over him on Blue Hill turnpike?), and then turned yellow before the sere leaves of October. Shades of Michaux and Starley and Saloman, what diversity of mechanisms we bestrode! The exodus of tramps from New Hampshire (not those gallantly led by Hazlett) could not rival our motley apparel or misfit mounts. You would see a tall Tolman on a 50, and a short Woodward on a 52. Think of Diaz turning his toes to the sky on those wonderful foot-rests, or Weston serenely astride of a bow-spring 56-pounder, with a rake of three inches — himself with a little more backward rake than the machine!



I wonder if he recalls those first road rides to Roxbury, to Dorchester, to Atlantic? They remind me of that quotation on the title-page of Goold Brown's grammar, which I learned so young: "The rudiments of every art must be given as a task, not as an amusement." I know of few pleasures that do not involve some positive effort as a prerequisite to their enjoyment, if not as a constant accompaniment. Beginnings are difficult. I cannot forget now how the knees and the lungs protested against grades that afterwards seemed easy enough, and how a breeze that would hardly fill the bosom of a jib seemed to press hard enough against a flannel shirt and a Glengarry cap to resist the most persistent pedal-pushing I could urge. There is still a little good art in engineering a run so as to take advantage of wind and grade. *Facilis est*

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descensus; and (it may be added) easy it is to ride with the wind. But it is in overcoming difficulties that the resolute man finds his keenest delight.

Speaking of first rides is precarious. There is always some older inhabitant, some outranking veteran. Pitman seemed once an antediluvian. We gathered, with a peculiar interest, at East Milton to shake the hand of Wright, and see him do the "pedal mount" learned in Paris. I take a certain pride in being one of the "forty-niners" in bicycling; but I learn humility from Shillaber, who pedalled his way to Newburyport and back some ten years before I did, though he did it on an inferior mount. We turn up the derisive nose sometimes at the velocipeders of 1869. So boys smile at their fathers. The son rides on elliptic springs behind a 2.40 horse, where his dad sat above thoroughbraces and whipped up a 3-minute pace on occasion. One had a wagon, the other has a "buggy," *i.e.*, a better wagon.

Perhaps I have written in haste. If Chandler is our Columbus, Lallement is our Leif the Norseman. Some day the grateful wheelmen of his adopted country will erect a statue to him in Central Park. I would give all the income I derive from writing for THE WHEELMAN to have been his companion on that run of his from Ansonia to Birmingham, over astonished Connecticut roads, in 1865. I wish I could have seen that first "header" in America, when he struck the culvert at the foot of the long hill on his return.

Voila! There goes down the word I would wish to suppress. Both the name and the thing are importations of the baser sort; the thing from France, and the name from England. It is still to be rejoiced in that we are spared the alternative English of "come a cropper." But why would I suppress the word? Because from narrative and illustration any but wheelmen might be led to think that the principal part of bicycling, and all its humor, lay in "taking headers." Let's all frown it down; never write about it, or laugh at the poor cuts of it.

Doubtless there are some precarious situations and some rougher features of bicycling. Danger attends every action, only here it is at a proportionate minimum. There is perspiration. There is dust on the garments. See what horny palms some inveterate riders have. Once in a great while there is a fall, a bruise, or a fracture. But they are comparatively few; and there is no unalloyed comfort in this life whatever there may be "in the sweet by and by." Tell it not in Newport, Putnam. Or, if it must be told, let it be with the charming humor of Bates.

I like the man who treats incidental hardships as that little boy did four or five years ago. He had exchanged his little three-wheeler for one with two tiny circles, and tried it down the driveway. "Did it hurt you?" asked mamma, as he gathered up his hat, and brushed the gravel from his knees and hands. "Oh, no!" said he; "I'm only practising as my papa does." You see he had been vaccinated that way, as most of us have. That "papa" had received the virus from an English visitor, and was afterwards President Pope of the club whose badge bears the "strange device" — a moccasined, pelt-clad savage, with his arrow hand resting on a bicycle three sizes too small for him, at a timely dismount. For he couldn't have ridden



over the motto (though it be one of the best of parodies) — *Rota rapit volucrem sub æthere felicitatem*, which lies enscrolled before him.

This *volucris felicitas* is not alone for city dwellers who would escape the pavements. The wheel brings its rider to the crowd as often as it speeds him away. If it took Kron beyond all reminder of hurry-

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ing Broadway, or temptation of forbidden Central Park, it brought him also to the Newport Meet. Country riders reverse the theme. It takes them where there *is* somebody, — to the fairs and the races, as well as to the village post-office; to the city throngs and large club meets; to church, as well as to sweethearts; to summer resorts; to the cities where there are no late trains. Taylor could tell how it was at college. And Agassiz might narrate the incidents of races at Chestnut-Hill reservoir, and that first road race, in which he was victor over Time and himself,—like that wondrous obsolete wheelman in the title of the *American Bicycling Journal*. Twenty miles in 1.46.45, on the country road; what interest was taken in it then! And who would not like to see those contests of Sharp and Codman and Swan reproduced, with all their primitive glory? How Jenkins would delight to write them up!

If those early races were wonderful, so was the fancy riding. It drew like a circus. I suppose there is a period with every community in which the wheel is making its acquaintance, when riding without hands, the stand still, the vaulting mount, the monkey-ride — with one foot in saddle, and other prehensile feats on "the machine," are very interesting both to performers and spectators. In most cases, however, it does not abide, but shades off into finer dalliance with the coquettish steed, and then disappears. The period is like courtship, in that it seldom occurs twice to the individual, though there is always some of it in the community.

What will he do with it? That is what the public asks of the man at the wheel until it gets accustomed to its appearance. What curiosity those few bicycles roused at our centennial exhibition! And there was no man to demonstrate their use until Garvey dropped that casual remark to the English exhibitor that he had ridden French bicycles when abroad. If he was not our first fancy rider, he was at least the first to lead out the steel and rubber miracle, and ride it prancing in the aisles for the eager lookers-on. If not bicycler to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, he had no less than His Excellency President Grant for a patron on that occasion.

I wonder if Dean remembers the heroic efforts made by one or two at tricycling out over the Milldam in 1878? After all improvements and accomplishments, finding that two wheels run easier and faster than three, and tenacious of the fascinating sway and freedom of our birotate chariots, we still look askance at the three-wheeler, and watch its spread with a kindly but distant feeling of non-interference. It is even interesting to the experimental philosopher to note the reluctance of the genuine wheelman to accord personal encouragement to any divergence from the pure and simple bicycle and the unalloyed gold of its sceptre.

To him, away with halls, and parades, and races! Out for the open sunshine and the freedom of the roads. Even club restraints grow irksome. The days of flannel shirts and bright stockings are numbered. Even the uniform cap and braid, and the official order, and the programme course, lose the firmness of their attraction. It may be well, he is apt to think, that, in the earlier years, there should be clubs, and that at a period in the bicycling experience of any man there should be a club era. There is in it acquaintance, example, tuition. It is discipline *vs.* freebooting, so to speak. But afterwards it becomes club *vs.* real companionship, *vs.* original research, *vs.* freedom and development.

In the open sunshine? Yes, and even in the rain, and in the snow, if that be not too plenty or unkind. Mud or deep snow or sand are belligerent; but good bicycling is good at any time or season. A nice bicycle ride is very nice. "Annie," appealed the little girl to her elder sister, "don't you think a nice kiss is awful nice?" Kempton used to say there was nothing nicer than bicycling after dark, in the gloaming of the gas-lights. On a summer night how restful and cooling it used to be, and the soda lemonades! Hundreds of miles about our Boston, the dim street lamps deepen the shadows between them on the macadam ways, viable with safety whether the red and green and reflected yellow be carried at head and hub, or not.

Old Prob is partner with the Man in the Moon. He who plans an excursion wisely consults not only the map, but the almanac, and looks for moonshine as well as sunshine. Hansman cannot bring back photographs from his night riding; but he can gain the romantic even in that "hopper"-infested city by the Potomac. Some of us found out a year or two ago that the tricycle had, by the usual process of evolution in such matters, become a thing of beauty and a joy sometimes. It is a fine instrument, in some of its forms, for cycling by night. But, with all due compliment to it and to the various "safety" departures,

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most of us cling to the bi., even for moonlight excursions.

Sweet is the memory of those summer evenings, when, by half-hesitant experiment, we found out the pleasure and the safety of the full-nickled moon as a light by night. The wind withdrawn and the dust all laid, fewer horses claiming the right of way, and less ladies to stop before us on the crossings, or policemen with official eye to the sidewalk, we glided through the cool air and amongst the shadows hardly less substantial than we. Beach has dodged the shadowy highwayman on the red roads of Hartford, and Lamson amongst the pines of Maine.

He too, like the ever-returning Day, has sought the evening calm and coolness on easier runs in another State. Sometimes the railway is accorded its rightful patronbat or the retina of an owl, can be discovered; but whose mind is not full of negatives developed from precious evening impressions? We see the new moon over the right shoulder and the waning moon over the left; but its rays enveil deformity with loveliness and make even the barren picturesque; they smile back to us from the limpid waters and hide the bashful landscapes in frowns.

How cavernous seem the echoes of the bugle on the moonlight spin! The nighthawk is whistle enough. The chirp of insects and the *kerrogg krogg krogg* of the frogs are more grateful sounds than your bicycle bells afford. The grades seem easy, and you do not notice the jars. The gleam of your spider spokes is less noticeable than the fireflies. One likes then the silentness of the wheel and the good choice



age in aid of pleasure; but we no longer *ride* in the cars; we enter and are whisked and shot through space, for time and distance, not joy or beauty, are served by the graceless, soulless, merciless machine-work of the rail; but we ride on wheel. On this we travel, we make excursions, we see the country, and enlarge acquaintance.

What Walter Scott sang of "fair Melrose" is true of many a familiar subject around us. We "must view it by the pale moonlight," which, like moss, makes decay beautiful, and, like love, makes the commonplace romantic, the baldest pictures artistic. Drew cannot catch them in this guise with his camera until some later wonder than instantaneous dry-plates, or some more magic lens than the euryscope, some apparatus as sensitive as the eye of a

of a companion. He reflects, and dreams, and rests. An evening run is as good as a Sunday. And then, at last, as Tennyson sings, —

> "Dear are the memories of our wedded lives,
> And dear the sweet embraces of our wives,"

when we dismount for the welcome home.

I heed not the slander that ours is a selfish diversion, since we cannot take another beside us on the narrow seat. We can do better. We can keep health and freshness for the social hour at home, and bring more than we take away; and we can, and will all the more readily, find ways to keep the distribution of outings and recreations fair. Not always, perhaps, like Barnard, leading up a tricycle for the better half, or a saddle-

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horse like Waring; but providing other compensations. Of course the wheel might be selfishly used, though I do not remember that it is. It promotes generosity to separate people, sometimes, and shake them into new groups. And then there's enough of turning the grindstone in most lives to make them mellower by turning of less monotonous cranks.



"Papa's going on his lossipeed!" I hear it now like an echo of a merry voice. I see the dimpled face at the window; the fair, wavy hair, and the dancing blue eyes. I hear the patter of little hands on the pane, and of twinkling feet on the stairs; the gleeful baby words and rippling laughter that greeted with equal sweetness my going out or my coming in. Oh, fast and far as my wheel may go, it will never bring me to that greeting again, nor ever take me beyond the silence and the echo of a little life that is hushed. When with some of us memories like these intertwine with our gladdening recollections, if there be any twinge for the play-hour robbed, or the walk untaken, or the story untold, there are eyes and hearts yet left to brighten, — little lives, and older ones too, whose claims we may remember, and for whose sakes we may prove our unselfish wheelmanship.

But my fire and my eyes are dim, and the winter night waxes chillier on. I must stable my hobby, *Lector benevole*, and leave other echoes of early wheeling to be told by those whose ears are better, and whose pencils are readier, than mine.

Charles E. Pratt.

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EDWARD HARDING was the son of a wealthy Manchester merchant, and, having plenty of money, and more leisure, it was quite natural that he should indulge in every pastime which promised relief from the *ennui* of idle existence. Thus, having exhausted the resources of cricket, yachting, shooting, and the whole list of standard sports, he took to the bicycle, and became a modern knight-errant. In the course of his roving he arrived one summer at Windermere, and, finding the company remarkably agreeable, he determined to forego for the present the tour he had intended to make through Scotland, and devote himself instead to discovering the beauties of the English lakes. It was not long, however, before it began to be suspected by the guests of the hotel that it was not so much the charms of the scenery as another species of charms that detained Sir Edward. For there was among the visitors at Windermere that season an American girl, who possessed not only a fair share of beauty, but also that unconventional freedom and grace of bearing and speech, which, if fascinating to those accustomed to it, is even more dangerous to the peace of mind of English youth, to whom it is a unique and strangely enchanting experience. It, therefore, took no very far-sighted seer to prophesy what was likely to come to pass, when it was noticed that the steel steed was almost entirely neglected, and the appearance of Miss Maud Mason for a stroll, a drive, or a picnic, was the signal for that of Mr. Harding likewise.

The days had lengthened into weeks, and the climax was evidently close at hand, when the sudden disappearance of our hero created quite a breeze of excitement among the observers of this little romance. Some said that the *finale* had been reached, and he had departed a disappointed man; others held to the opinion that he was a heartless flirt, and, having carried the game as far as he thought it safe, had gone to seek a new victim elsewhere. What the young lady knew or thought of the matter no one ventured to inquire; but, if the reader is curious to know, she was as much in the dark as the rest, and even less able to form any reasonable supposition concerning it. But a few days later, as the family were on the point of leaving for Scotland, a letter was placed in her hands which satisfied her curiosity, even though it failed to satisfy her heart:—

MANCHESTER, Aug. 15, 18—.

MY DEAR MISS MASON, — Feeling that I owe you an explanation for my sudden departure, I take the liberty of addressing you this letter, begging your forgiveness if I thereby transgress the rules of society. A dispatch from my father summoned me home, and on arriving I find that his business affairs are badly involved. To be brief, I am no longer a young man of independent fortune, but utterly penniless; and, what is worse, owing to the folly of my early years, without the skill or knowledge which would enable me to retrieve my fortune.

Under these circumstances I have no right to ask you a question which I had hoped might bring joy to us both. I can only assure you that my heart will never forget the happy days at Windermere.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD HARDING.

It may be that Miss Mason's heart would have prompted her to reply to this letter; but the fear of shocking English conventionalities, and of making a bad matter worse, restrained her. And so it was that, after a few months longer of travel, she returned to the States with her parents, feeling that this first chapter of life's tragedy was closed forever.

Edward Harding, finding matters hopeless at home, and being able neither to help his father, nor to obtain a lucrative position for himself, decided to try his fortune on the other side of the Atlantic. The knowledge that Miss Mason lived in the neighborhood of Boston may have influenced him in taking passage for that port, though he certainly had no intention of seeking her out, and very little hope of meeting her by accident. Arrived in Boston, he found it as difficult to get employment as it had been in Manchester and Liverpool; and necessity finally compelled him to offer his services as a day-laborer. In this capacity he was hired by a railroad company, and, having proved himself faithful and competent, he was assigned to the position of section foreman.

It was his duty to patrol, twice a day, the section of which he had charge, and make sure that there were no broken rails, or rotten ties, or obstructions of any sort, but that everything was safe for the passage of trains. His beat commenced at the little station of Dover and extended about half way to Rockport, a town of considerable

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importance. Just beyond his section towards Rockport, the track swept around the side of a rocky hill, the crags towering almost perpendicularly on the inside of the curve, while on the other side a precipitous slope stretched far down into the valley. Ned, as he was called by the railroad hands, used to come to this spot occasionally, attracted by the wildness of the scenery; and the thought had more than once occurred to him what an awful catastrophe it would be for a train to leave the track here and plunge down the embankment. The trackman who had charge of this section, which extended as far as Rockport, was a morose-looking Irishman, by the name of Donohue, to whom Ned had rarely spoken, as he did not like the fellow.

One afternoon, having reached the end of his section a little earlier than usual, he thought he would stroll on as far as the embankment. The curve was so sharp that it was not possible to see more than a few rods along the track; and thus it happened that he came quite suddenly upon a group of men standing close under the rocks, and earnestly discussing some subject of seemingly great importance. At first he thought they were workmen about to make some repairs, for he saw Donohue among them; but a look at their faces, which were exceedingly sinister, sent a thrill of suspicion through him. At this instant he was perceived by some of the group, who seemed disconcerted by his sudden appearance, for the glances they gave him were anything but friendly.

Not caring to seem suspicious, he advanced near to where they stood, spoke a pleasant word to Donohue, and turned to go back. He was hardly out of sight, however, around the curve, before he heard that individual coming after him. On overtaking him Donohue roughly informed him that if he opened his head about what he had seen, said head would be worth very little to him; but promised to make a rich man of him if he would keep close. He said they had discovered gold in the bank, and were going to dig for it, but would have to keep the thing dark or they would be interfered with. Ned knew perfectly well that the gold they expected to strike was in the express-train which came along from the direction of Rockport just after dark; but he was powerless to do anything against this gang of roughs, so he acquiesced, saying, pleasantly: —

"All right, old boy; dig all the gold you like; only look out that you don't pile it on the track."

Donohue went back, and Ned hastened along, as fast as he dared, towards Dover; but he knew, though he did not look behind him, that he was watched, and would be watched all that evening. To throw off suspicion, therefore, as much as possible, he kept to a brisk walk, and even stopped now and then to examine a rail or tie. But when he reached the station at Dover he was pale with suppressed excitement. Going to the office, he said: —

"Ben, telegraph to Rockport to hold the express till they examine the embankment at Colton's Hill."

"All right," answered Ben; "it's an hour yet before she'll be there. I'll send the dispatch as soon as I finish this."

"There's not a second to spare," said Ned, impatiently; "there's mischief brewing up there."

Ben went to his instrument and called Rockport! No answer. He called again and again; but no reply came.

"I vum! the wire is down," said he, looking blankly at the instrument.

"I thought so; we are too late," responded Ned. "They didn't propose to let me come back here and spoil their fun by a dispatch; and they don't propose either to let us get past them before that train comes. They are watching this house now; and the man that starts for Rockport will have a mighty warm time of it."

"There isn't a horse in Dover that would take you there before the express comes down," said Ben; "it's due in 55 minutes, and it's a good 12 miles by the road."

"I'd start, nevertheless, if I had one; but it's useless trying to get there afoot," replied Ned, as he walked to the door at the back side of the station.

"Hello! what's this?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of something standing against the building.

"Oh!" said Ben, as he looked out of the door, "I thought a bicycle would be a fine thing to deliver messages with; so, like a fool, I went and bought one."

"You just get into that saddle, and make tracks for Rockport as fast as ever you can," said Ned, excitedly.

"For Rockport!" exclaimed Ben. "Confound the thing! I can't get on to it. Suppose you make tracks for Rockport yourself, seeing you think it's such a mighty easy thing."

"Give me a lantern, and I'll fix 'em yet."

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Ben brought the lantern, and swinging it on his arm, Ned vaulted on to the wheel and flew down the road at lightning pace, leaving his companion staring after him in blank amazement. Others besides Ben were astonished at his sudden departure. These were two men who had followed at some distance behind Ned, as he returned to Dover. He had caught a glimpse of them as he came out of the depot, and chuckled to himself now as he rode along to think how he had circumvented them. But danger was not over yet by any means. He surmised that he would have a gauntlet to run near the summit of Colton's Hill, opposite the spot where the wreckers were stationed on the railroad track; for they would undoubtedly guard the road to prevent any suspicious messenger from reaching Rockport. But it would already be dusk by the time he reached there, and he hoped to steal a march on them. He rode along at a brisk rate till he came to the ascent of Colton's Hill. Here he found the road somewhat sandy, and was obliged to walk for quite a distance. He trembled with fear lest he should be stopped before reaching the top of the hill, and his heart jumped at sight of every bush and stone; for it was now growing dark, and things by the roadside were indistinct. Besides, time was fast slipping by, and he began to despair of reaching Rockport before the express passed.

But he kept bravely on, and gained the summit without meeting any one. With renewed courage he again mounted, for the road descended now for some distance; and, after giving the machine a flying start, he took his feet from the pedals and let it run. There was just light enough to enable him to avoid obstacles; and, as he rolled along at the rate of 20 miles an hour, he began to think that his friends down on the track must have relied on the spies they sent after him to Dover, and neglected to watch the highway. Suddenly, however, two figures sprang towards him, yelling "Halt!" They might as well have halted the wind. The handle of the machine grazed one of them as he flew past; and the crack of a revolver in the distance, heard, but not felt, informed him that he was safe.

Now it was only a question of catching the train. He had reached the foot of the hill, and was pressing forward with all his might, when the distant whistle of the locomotive, as it entered Rockport, caught his ear.

"It must be a mile and a half yet," he thought to himself with sinking heart. Then the sound of escaping steam was wafted to him on the still night air. The bell rang, and he knew the train was again in motion, moving on to sure destruction unless he could stop it. He had, in the meantime, gotten within half a mile or less of the depot, and the road here ran parallel with the railroad. The light from the engine was already streaming down the track. Throwing himself from the machine, he vaulted the fence and attempted to light the lantern; but his trembling hand extinguished the match. He tried to call to the engineer as the locomotive rolled past him. It was no use; breathless from his severe exertion, his voice was drowned by the roar of the train. There was but one chance more. Fortunately the train had started on an upgrade, and, being very heavy, had not yet gained full speed. Waiting till the last car reached him, he sprang with all his remaining strength and fairly threw himself aboard the rear platform. A vigorous pull of the bell-rope brought the whistle for "down brakes," and he entered the car to seek the conductor, and explain the situation to him. But the excitement and exertion had been too much for him, and he had scarcely gotten inside the door when he fell in a swoon. A few moments later, on coming to, a familiar form bent over him, and a gentle hand bathed his forehead, and, as he opened his eyes, they met a look which sent a thrill through him.

"Maud!" he was about to exclaim, but checked himself, — "Miss Mason!"

Before he could say more he was interrupted by the entrance of the conductor, who had passed through the train to discover the cause of the delay. Harding told him of the wreckers at the embankment; whereupon it was decided to return to Rockport and make a descent upon them with a *posse* of policemen and armed citizens.

In the meantime, as the train backed down to the station, the passengers were clamorous to know something of the discovery of the plot; and Ned was obliged to tell about his adventure of the afternoon and his ride from Dover. As soon as the train stopped, however, he slipped away, and, having recovered the bicycle and lantern from the roadside, where he had left them, sought lodging for the night with one of the railroad hands whom he knew. His disappearance caused much chagrin among the passengers, who wished to present him

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with a token of their appreciation of his heroism; but their disappointment was nothing compared to the trouble of one heart, which sank with despair as the train finally moved on and he did not return. She would not believe until they were actually under way that he would allow her to go with only a bare recognition; and it was some time before she was calm enough to perceive that it might result, not from any lack of feeling on his part, but only from delicacy and the fear of causing her renewed pain.

It happened that she was at this time returning from a visit in the country, and was escorted by Mr. Lossing, an old gentleman, who had long been a friend of her father. He was a genial, kind-hearted person, one of those who remain youthful in feeling, and, therefore, are always favorites with young people. To him Maud confided the fact that she had met Mr. Harding in England, when he was in better circumstances, and expressed the belief that he was far too smart and too well educated to be at work on a railroad. Mr. Lossing seemed much interested, but said little, excepting that, perhaps, it was fortunate for them that evening that he had not been able to get any employment of a different sort.

A few days later two dispatches were received at Dover for Edward Harding. One was a summons to the office of the division superintendent at Boston, the other read thus: —

Please call on me at my office, No. 416 B—— Street, Boston, at your earliest convenience.—F. A. LOSSING.

The next day, therefore, he went to the city. At the superintendent's office he was informed that another man had been assigned to his section, and that he might report for duty the following morning at the train-dispatcher's office, on a salary of one hundred dollars per month. He then made his way to B—— street, and, to his surprise, found himself before a large commission house. On inquiring for Mr. Lossing he was taken to the counting-room, where the old gentleman received him cordially, and told him briefly that he had been on the train that eventful evening, and had learned accidentally that Mr. Harding was a man of education, and presumably had some acquaintance with business life; and, as he knew him to be a young man of energy, it occurred to him he might prove to be the one he wanted.

The next morning found Edward installed, not in the railroad office, but in the counting-room of Mr. Lossing, who found him so trustworthy and competent that he soon turned over to him a large share of the management of the business. Mr. Lossing never spoke to Edward about Miss Mason; but one evening, a couple of months later, he repaired to that young lady's residence, and during his call casually mentioned the fact that he had, in his office, a young man of good family and fine business talent by the name of Edward Harding, whom it would give him great pleasure to have invited into society; perhaps Miss Maud could help him to bring this about. The consequence was an invitation to more than one evening entertainment at the Masons' and elsewhere that winter; and a further consequence was, that about a year after this a wedding occurred, upon the cards of which appeared the names of Miss Maud Mason and Mr. Edward Harding.

Retrop.

COME EAST.

OF all the pleasures connected with bicycling, touring affords more enjoyment than all else combined. A week's run through a new country, with pleasant companions, is something to be remembered as long as the wheel of life goes round. I like the name adopted by the Bicycle Touring Club of England, not that the L.A.W. is not fully as appropriate, but because the word *touring* conveys to my mind the best use to which we can put the wheel.

It is a well-known fact that the large majority of bicyclers in this country confine their riding within a radius of a few miles, the city or town in which they live being the centre. The principal reason for this is the great number of poor country roads to be met with at any considerable distance from large cities. In England, where the roads are smooth as a floor, one is pretty safe in starting for any desired point, whether he has been over the road or not; but in this country it is quite different.

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Our bad roads outnumber the good ones by so large a majority that it is of the highest importance to be well informed on this subject before starting out. I met a bicycler in Portland, the past summer, who was thoroughly disgusted with our Maine roads. In his opinion no more wretched highways existed in the civilized world, and how any one living in Maine could want to ride a bicycle was more than he could make out.

Now, this was not because there are no good roads in the Pine Tree State, but because he had unwittingly chosen a route that took him over about all the sandy roads there are in this part of the country, and gave him much more walking than riding.

And right here is where I think the L.A.W. can accomplish a great work for the good of bicyclers, and answer the question raised by so many wheelmen: "What benefit does the L.A.W. do us?" I would have the League publish annually (the necessary information to be furnished by its representatives and members, scattered all over the country) a list of desirable routes, containing information regarding hotels, hotel prices, distances, what kind of roads, etc.

A bicycler, equipped with such knowledge as this list would afford him, could start on a week's vacation, reasonably sure of accomplishing the distance laid out to be travelled, and would not return home, as is now often the case, disappointed, and fagged out from struggling over rocks and sand.

As representative of the State of Maine I would lay before the readers of THE WHEELMAN a sketch of a route in the extreme eastern part of this State, embracing excellent roads, grand scenery, good hotels, and a climate that, during the summer months, cannot be surpassed for its delightful coolness. What more can be desired? Let us start!

Stowing our wheels aboard one of the fine steamers of the P., B. & M. Line, we sail out of Portland harbor just as the sun is sinking over the beautiful Forest City. Soon we pass the hundreds of tree-covered islands nestled in the arms of Casco Bay, and are fairly on our way. Early morning finds us at the wharf at Machiasport, where our bicycling begins. We must reach Lubec, 25 miles, before noon. The road is hard and smooth, and the 25 miles can be easily covered in less than 4 hours.

After riding 4 miles we reach Gardiner's Lake, — a beautiful sheet of water. The road here leads through a forest of noble pines, through which we catch glimpses of the water of the lake; now we pass through the little village of Whiting, and ere long the church-spire of Lubec appears in view.

Lubec is a picturesque little village, situated on a high bluff, opposite the island of Campobello, now fast becoming a famous watering-place. Its principal industry is sardines and herring, and a look through the factories would be of interest. But we cannot tarry long, for we must cross to Campobello, take dinner at the famous "Owen," and spend the afternoon exploring the island, which is 7 miles long and 3 miles wide. Here, too, we find good roads, and many places of interest, as Glen Severn, Friar's Head, etc. That night we spend in Eastport, about a mile by ferry-boat from Campobello, and start bright and early the next morning for the city of Calais, the great lumber port of this part of the country.

Calais is situated at the head of navigation on the St. Croix river, the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine. It is an excellent road from Eastport up through a green and fertile country; the distance is about 30 miles, and is easily accomplished in half a day, leaving the afternoon for a visit to the quaint old town of St. Stephen, on the other side of the river, opposite Calais. When over the river we must be careful and turn to the *left*, as is the custom in the British Provinces.

Calais has many fine residences and excellent hotels; here may be seen the great lumber mills in full operation, busily engaged in sawing up the product of the forest; while the river is full of vessels, waiting to carry it to all parts of the world.

Our next objective point is Dennysville, a veritable gem of a country village; noble elm trees form archways over the smooth streets, while large, square houses, set somewhat back from the road, tell of peace and plenty. Here are the homes of many retired ship-masters, who choose to spend their later years in some such quiet spot as this, after buffeting for many seasons with the winds and waves in foreign lands. The streams in the neighborhood abound in salmon, and the hotel table is seldom without this king of all the trout tribe.

After dinner our road points straight for Machiasport, whence we started, and which we reach ere nightfall, having completed

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our circuit in 3 days, and covered about 100 miles.

The above is but a brief sketch of a route over which no bicycle has as yet wheeled its whirling way, but which cannot fail to afford enjoyment to any wheelman who goes over it during his summer vacation. The distances, as will be seen, are child's play to an experienced bicyclist, who, if he chooses, can lengthen it out by riding to Bangor, some 60 miles up the Penobscot river; or, starting from Bangor in the first place, ride to Mt. Desert, and from there take boat to Machiasport.

The scenery along the whole route is such as cannot fail to be of interest to the lover of nature. The coast-views are said by travellers to be among the finest in the world; and one day could be profitably spent in visiting the rocky island of Grand Menan, which, as seen from the mainland, presents an unbroken wall of rock, 300 feet high and 10 miles long. A hard, smooth road, I am informed, extends the entire length of the island; and a first-class hotel provides excellent entertainment for summer tourists.

I should be glad to correspond with any wheelman who would like to be one of a party to open up this as yet unexplored region, — unexplored, so far as bicycles are concerned. Cannot we organize this winter, set the date for the trip, choose a captain, bugler, stencil-carrier, etc., and next summer go "Down East," on a right good time?

Starting from Boston the trip could be easily made in a week, taking in Grand Menan and Mt. Desert. The cost would be about $20. I am confident that all who go will return feeling well-paid for time and money expended, and with a better opinion of Maine roads than is now entertained among bicyclists.

If other readers of THE WHEELMAN know of equally as good routes, will they not write them up this winter, so that among the many we can choose that which suits us best?

Frank A. Elwell.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

A MIDWINTER REVERIE.

BEHOLD the earth enrobed as Winter's bride,
Her snowy mantle creaks beneath the heel,
While passing sleighs with merry music hide
The paths whereon we late did ply the wheel.

The frozen brook no longer gurgles by;
No more the fragrant, blooming flower is seen;
The leafless tree stands naked on the sky,
And only treasured memory is green.

No need for Milton's silent hills to speak,
Or written log to happy hours recall;
With kindling eye and pleasure-burning cheek
Full well, full well, we recollect them all.

Those trips a-wheel before the break of day,
The pause to hear the morning songsters sing,
The break of fast on berries by the way,
The thirst assuaged by kneeling to the spring;

The drill, the race, that memorable run,
Quixotic like, in search of conquests fair, —
Each 'joyed event returns like Summer sun,
To warm the chillness of the Winter air.

Roll on, ye frosts, and spend your rime and hoar!
O despot Winter, sway your substance through!
Full soon the hour when Summer reigns once more,
And we enjoy her ecstasies anew.

S. Conant Foster.

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A WHEEL FROM THE "GEM OF THE ROCKIES" TO "THE MAGIC CITY."

ON the 16th of October last, at 6.10 in the morning, three members of the Laramie Bicycle Club — C. S. Greenbaum, Kirby Sinclair, and the writer — set out per wheel for a visit to our capital, popularly styled "The Magic City," but geographically known as Cheyenne.

Laramie has been described in a former article, and your readers shall not be wearied with a repetition of her location, population, etc.; but before proceeding with the trip it might be well to describe briefly the location of Cheyenne as bearing on the subject, and that your subscribers may more clearly follow the course which we adopted.

Cheyenne is distant from Laramie 48 miles in an E.S.E. direction. It is situated on the east side of that spur of the Rocky Mountains known as the Black Hills, and about 20 miles from the foot of the range. The Union Pacific Railway passes through both towns, crossing the summit of the mountains at Sherman, — a railway station whose altitude above sea-level is 8,100 feet. While arranging for the trip Charlie suggested that we follow the railroad, giving, as his reason, that, while the distance would be greater, the grade would be more gradual, and less walking, in consequence, "would have to be indulged in" than by the other road. This motion, however, the other two of us overruled, and we finally agreed to take the Cheyenne Pass road, as being the better route, since it would be 12 miles shorter, and more distant from the "haunts of man," thus rendering the trip much more romantic and "pioneer-like." This Cheyenne Pass road is the identical one over which, in the early days, so many emigrants wended their way westward; some going to the gold fields of California, others to Oregon and Washington, and still others to Utah, — the home of the Mormons. Our arrangements having been made the previous night, no time was lost in the morning; and, after regaling ourselves, each, with a glass of milk and egg, we set out, as has been stated, at 6.10, a freight train leaving Laramie at exactly the same time, bound East.

The ascent begins on leaving town, and, owing to the sandy and rocky nature of the soil, we were compelled to walk the first 11 miles, wholly and completely!

A slight wind was blowing when we started, and before 3 miles had been covered it had increased to a gale; but, fortunately for us, it blew from the west, and, as our course lay nearly east, instead of being a hindrance, as might be surmised, it proved to be a *magnum bonum*. (I am in doubt as to the meaning of the latter term, but feel satisfied it is a good one to use in this connection.) At 8.15 we entered Evans Cañon, and five minutes later were introduced to a full significance of the term "blizzard."

The snow began to fall in large flakes; the wind increased in violence; daylight turned to darkness; it seemed as if Nature had rallied all her forces for one grand attack on us three poor, miserable "bikers," insignificant as we were.

At times our eyelids would freeze together, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we followed the road, which in many places was covered with snow.

To stop and wait for the storm to subside was out of the question, for to remain inactive at that time signified something more than we cared to realize. We had the consolation, however, of knowing that the storm could not last very long; and with this thought uppermost in our minds we pushed forward as rapidly as circumstances would permit.

At 8.35, the storm having somewhat subsided, it was decided to make a halt of a few minutes and endeavor to eat breakfast, for walking had made us hungry. Several attempts to kindle a fire were made; but no success attended our efforts, and the programme, as far as the fire was concerned, was abandoned.

To sit still without a fire in such a storm was not even to be considered, and nothing remained to do but to seize a sandwich, and despatch it while running and jumping around like so many Indians performing their war-dance around a scalp-lock. Our ceremony, however, differed from theirs in one particular: Indians usually accompany their "zoo-zoo" with a camp-fire of grand proportions; whereas, in our case, it was wholly wanting. As far as hunger was concerned two sandwiches would have

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been necessary to satisfy us; but, as far as weather was concerned, one was amply sufficient for all purposes, time in this case being a very important factor.

This delightful resort Charlie christened "Cold Comfort," and it occurs to me, just now, that no great stretch of imagination is required to see the application.

While at this camp the conversation very naturally turned on bright, glowing hearths, roaring fires, hot beefsteaks, and buckwheat cakes and honey, which our folks at home were enjoying, and of which delicious diet we had voluntarily deprived ourselves. At 8.55 the journey was resumed, and notwithstanding the storm, which had somewhat abated, we reached that long-looked for summit at 9.20. Our cyclometers (which by the way, are McDonnel's) showed 11 miles, and it is worthy of remark that in every instance the two instruments agreed exactly as to distance. To travel this 11 miles required 3 hs. and 10 min., being altogether too much time for the distance; but this was fully compensated by the run we made from the summit to our destination. Greatly to our surprise we found that very little snow had fallen on the east slope of the mountains, and by 10 o'clock it had entirely disappeared.

Everything once more looked favorable for our trip; for the snow had ceased falling, the clouds were beginning to break, and immediately in front of us lay a magnificent granite road, with a fall of 100 feet per mile. Aside from all this a strong west wind was blowing, which, in connection with the grade, rendered pedalling an exertion entirely unnecessary.

Immediately previous to our leaving the summit Old Sol chose to be of our party; for, without a moment's warning, he burst forth from behind the clouds in all his resplendent glory and genial warmth, causing us to forget for the time the adversities we had met in the cañon below, and reminding us very forcibly that

> "The hues of bliss more brightly glow
> Chastised by sabler tints of woe."

All around us beautiful evergreens tossed in the wind, each one gorgeously attired in Nature's own drapery; frost sparkling brilliantly in the sun's rays and dazing the eye with its silvery scintillation.

In this section of country winter sets in very early, and it is nothing unusual to have, in the month of September a snowfall of 12 to 18 inches. This year, as no doubt has already been inferred, is no exception to the general rule. Here, for the first time, we mounted our wheels, proceeding cautiously for a time, but gradually increasing our speed, till we flew along at the rate of perhaps fifteen miles per hour. No pedalling was necessary, for on such a road, with a brisk wind in our backs, it was discovered that no additional motive power was required, and, this being the case, "coasting" was indulged in for a number of miles.

And what delightful coasting it was! Speeding along with the wind at a rate calculated to cause the most daring to quail at times, dodging to avoid the limb of a tree which hung across the road, or steering suddenly to right or left to miss an occasional boulder which now and then appeared to our startled gaze, and in which, should we strike them, could be seen "headers" most dangerous. But a small quantity of uncertainty rather enhances the pleasure of bicycling than otherwise, and the writer's experience convinces him that wheeling wholly destitute of possible danger does not possess the charm nor allurement of the trip in which every faculty of mind and body is called into play, and in which the rider expects "every minute to be his next," as Bill Nye puts it. Our undivided attention was required at the brake, for, notwithstanding we were riding "legs over handles," it was only by a steady application of this "governor" that we held the machines under control. Things progressed smoothly for a time, and the party were excessively jubilant over the success we had attained in "coasting," having as yet taken no falls nor met with any accidents whatever; but this state of affairs was not to last forever, as was clearly proven a few minutes later, when running around a sharp curve in the road, Charlie, who was riding ahead, began to slip, slip, slip, — for 20 or 30 feet, and then — righted his wheel and rushed forward again around the curve, out of sight and, as we thought, out of danger also; but this supposition was erroneous, as subsequent developments showed. This little exhibition of — it can hardly be called skill (for I am sure Charlie had come to the conclusion to take a "header," but name it *good fortune* for want of a better term), should have served to warn us off the rocks; but the scenes that were enacted a few moments after by Kirby and myself did not go to show that such was the case. Kirby, who was following Charlie, had been very intently watching the manœuvres which our friend ahead had just completed, and in his great excitement removed his hand from the

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brake. The wheel, taking advantage of the situation, shot down the steep incline with a velocity which baffles description, throwing poor Kirby heels over head and head over heels, rolling and tumbling him about most unmercifully, and finally depriving him of the major portion of one of his trouser legs.

For a short time after the fall Kirby lay unconscious, having received a severe blow near the right temple; but the cold wind soon revived him, and, although his hands and face were somewhat lacerated, his injuries did not prove so serious as one might anticipate from such a fall. Before leaving this part of the discourse it might be well to state that your humble servant did not escape the general "slaughter," for, within twenty feet of where our young friend fell, the writer was treated to a header, the recollection alone of which fairly makes him tremble.

Having done what we could toward repairing Kirby's pantaloons, we mounted our wheels and set out to overtake Charlie, who, by this time, we supposed, would be far ahead of us. A hundred yards had not been wheeled, when what should meet our gaze, but the "lost one," sitting on a rock by the wayside with a sort of a "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" expression on his countenance, and sorrowfully stanching his nose with a large red bandanna!

It required but a few moments to ascertain the cause of his discomfiture; he also had taken a header, and, to use his own words, "It was a magnificent and stunning fall."

He also stated that while an incident of this kind would make a fine subject for a sketch, it could just as well be dispensed with, and, for his part, begged to be excused from a repetition of the same, claiming that a too frequent recurrence of such accidents "makes a trip monotonous"; and monotony, he said, should on all occasions be avoided if possible, excepting, perhaps, at "funerals"; further stating that "while things certainly had assumed a somewhat mournful aspect, this could hardly be termed a funeral yet." There was, it is true, no subject for a burial at the time; but it was no fault of ours, for without doubt we had done our best to furnish one. These were the only falls on the whole trip; but there was no complaining on that score, for all seemed contented as to quantity. A short run from the summit brought us to old Tie City, formerly a camp of perhaps one hundred cabins inhabited by tie-choppers and their families to the number of about three hundred.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been."

It was here that, in the early days, most of the cross-ties for the Union Pacific Railway were made, and in the year 1867 a more active and bustling camp could not be found in Wyoming. These hardy pioneers left their Eastern homes to brave the dangers of the West, and try their fortunes in the "land of gold"; but the search for this precious metal was soon abandoned and the more profitable occupation of tie-chopping adopted. The most important fact connected with the history of this little village is the Indian massacre which occurred there years ago.

Out of three hundred settlers, one hundred and twelve were killed outright, thirty afterwards died from wounds received in the engagement, and the remainder escaped to neighboring villages, to relate their pitiful and heart-rending story to the startled inhabitants.

A party was organized at once and sent in pursuit of the red-skins; but too much time had been lost, and the pursuers, after six days' chase, gave up the "hunt."

The massacre of Tie City remains unavenged to this day. As we wheeled away from this historic spot, on either side of the road could be seen the mounds beneath which the victims of this terrible slaughter had been laid years before.

At the head of one of these mounds we noticed a slab of red sandstone, and, dismounting to examine it, found this inscription thereon: "Clarence Hughey, killed by Indians, 1867. Rest in peace."

No other headstones could be seen; but this one sufficed to tell the fearful tale, and bring to our minds afresh the hellish deed that had been committed by these blood-thirsty wretches. Having but little time to spare we mounted once more and glided down the mountain side at our former gait, passing through beautiful little parks, studded with groves of aspen trees, the golden tint of whose dying leaves suggested to our minds those fitting lines of Bryant's:—

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

But the prettiest sight of all, perhaps, was a band of deer which ran across the road, not seventy yards in advance of us.

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There were probably fifty in the band, and of the species familiarly known as Black-tails.

Our friend Charlie was seized with a severe attack of "buck ague," as it is termed, they being the first deer he had ever seen, and he firmly resolved to wheel over to this same spot again at no distant day, and come prepared for them. But from present indications it is highly probable the trip will be delayed, for there must be by this time at least eighteen inches of snow in the mountains, and all "bikers" know what that means.

However, if he does undertake it, you shall be informed of the fact, for an exploit of this description will certainly furnish material for a very interesting article. At 10 we reached Cheyenne Pass, — the cut through the mountains from which the road is named. It is one of the most surprising passes in the whole range, and looks, at first sight, like the work of a most skilful engineer. Its sides are perfectly smooth and vertical, and the width is such as to allow but one wagon to pass through at a time, giving one the idea that the engineer either exercised the strictest economy in prosecuting his work, or was limited as to time. Closer observation, however, reveals the work of the "Master-hand," and discovers to the wondering tourist the lavishness and skill of the Designer.

The walls are about two hundred feet high, and the distance through them probably six hundred yards.

The pass is twenty miles from Laramie, and we had been three hours and fifty minutes on the road.

Two miles farther on we arrived at a ranch where resides an old man, who has lived there continuously since 1866. We stopped to see the old gentleman and make a few inquiries as to roads, distances, etc. His hospitality was unbounded, and having provided us with chairs he proceeded to "set the table" and make preparations for breakfast.

Although the repast was somewhat inferior to a dinner at Delmonico's, it filled a "long-felt want," and we all agreed that the coffee and bear steaks were simply delicious.

There being many legends afloat in regard to a "headless horseman," who the settlers in this vicinity claim formerly haunted the pass, Kirby suggested the subject to the old man, and he informed us positively that in the year 1874 the spectre had been seen by his very own eyes.

He had been to Cheyenne to get the mail, and, being delayed in town till rather late in the evening, it became dark before he reached his home. It was not difficult to see that the old man was very superstitious, and that he verily believed in the existence of ghosts, for his eyes lighted up somewhat when he told us that "by good luck the moon came up that night," or he never would have reached the ranch, for "the sperit would hev ketched him, sure!"

He said that what surprised him most was "to find the critter so fur frum home," having been repeatedly told that the horseman never left the pass. When he first saw the apparition it was, as near as he could judge, about half a mile behind him, and "comin' for him like all possessed."

Here Kirby, who didn't fully understand how the old gentleman's vision could be so good as to distinguish a headless horseman from any other kind on a moonlight night, and half a mile distant, interrupted the narrator of this wonderful tale, and began to ask him in relation to the matter; but we gave him the wink, and the old gentleman proceeded with his story.

He was riding old "Lop," as he called his horse, and, having occasion to look behind him, beheld the wild courier in full pursuit, bearing down on him at a frightful rate and rapidly lessening the distance which separated him from his ghostly pursuer. He put spurs to old Lop and started for his home with "a vengeance."

The decapitated gentleman seemed to be gaining on him, and our friend told us in a very sincere manner that it occurred to him, "right then and there, that his goose was cooked." Strange to say, when he looked back again his pursuer had vanished — no man knows where. We listened with rapt attention to this wonderful narrative, and, of course, believed it. (?)

This is but one of a great number of such tales, and it is given merely to show how completely some people are saturated with superstition. The old gentleman was sincere in all he said, and told us that the spectre had been seen a number of times since; but that he would never again be caught out after dark — "not if the court knew herself." Such nonsense is unworthy the consideration of intelligent people, but it is simply given as an incident of the trip, and as such, I am sure, your readers will take it. It goes to show,

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however, that Washington Irving's "Headless Horseman" is not the only one that has lived (?) to make life a burden to the natives by his midnight pursuits and wanderings, and that Sleepy Hollow is not the only resort for ghosts and ghouls on this continent.

Thanking the gentleman for his kindness and hospitality, we started once more for Cheyenne, and made the remainder of the trip without a dismount.

The wind was still blowing quite briskly from the west, and the road was the best. We fairly flew along, regardless of consequence, and at 10.30 left the mountains to wheel the remaining portion of our journey over a delightful plain.

Nothing worth relating occurred till we reached Fort Russell, a government military post, three miles west of Cheyenne. At this place, as we rode up, three cavalrymen were just starting for the city; they were mounted on beautiful gray horses, and, challenging us for a race, we accepted. Although we had been over five hours on the road, we were still tolerably fresh, and, with the wind and road to assist us, we put forth our best efforts and reached Cheyenne two hundred yards in advance of them.

They gracefully acknowledged their defeat, and, as is customary in this Western country, asked us to "come and take something"; this offer we very modestly declined, informing them that "biking" and drinking are inconsistent.

We reached the Inter-Ocean Hotel at 12 M. precisely, and were met by the Cheyenne Bicycle Club, who escorted us to our rooms, which they had kindly engaged for us previous to our arrival, having been informed by telephone of our departure from Laramie.

We were waited on "hand and foot," and on leaving the hotel the following day were informed by the clerk that orders had been left there to allow us to pay for nothing. Too much cannot be said in praise of the Cheyenne Bicycle Club, for they are an excellent lot of men; and we look back upon that visit as among the happiest moments of our lives, all due to their untiring efforts to "make things homelike," as they expressed it.

In the afternoon, although it was still windy, the club took us around their beautiful city, pointing out everything of interest, and striving to excel each other in their attention to the three Laramie wheelmen. The town has a population of 6,000, and is the terminus of a number of railways, which fact, no doubt, is the cause of her seemingly miraculous growth. It is probably the wealthiest town of its size in the West, many men residing there whose wealth runs into the millions, chiefly derived from stock-growing, which is the leading occupation of the people.

Just before returning to our hotel we noticed the freight train that had left Laramie when we did; it was pulling up to the depot, and had arrived one hour behind our time.

Before concluding it might be appropriate to give in a condensed form, the time and speed made on the trip.

The whole time consumed was five hours and fifty minutes, of which three hours and ten minutes were required to reach the summit — eleven miles from home — this distance being walked wholly and entirely.

From the summit to Cheyenne — thirty-seven miles — required two hours and forty minutes; deducting twenty minutes for the stop near Cheyenne Pass, leaves two hours and twenty minutes actual running time for thirty-seven miles, giving an average of 15.87 miles per hour, or three minutes and forty-seven seconds to the mile.

The general average for the whole trip is greatly reduced by the time consumed in walking to the summit, but even as it is — 9.3 miles per hour — we are satisfied and will be glad to hear from the bicycler who beats it.

It is true we were greatly favored by wind and grade and excellent road, but these circumstances should not, the writer thinks, detract from our glory, for Nature had done a great deal toward defeating us in the start; and, having beaten her then, I think we should have all the credit we claim.

The wheels used were three full-nickelled Columbias — one 46-in. Special and one 46-in. and a 48-in. Expert. We are thoroughly convinced of their excellence as touring machines, for, with all the rough usage to which they have been subjected, they are still intact and have sustained not the slightest injury.

"*Bicyclus veritate fortunæ rota est.*"

W. O. Owen.

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A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE,

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Daughter," etc.

III.

"*Brutus.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered.
"*Cassius.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand."

EDWIN HOYT lounged around the dingy office of the inn for nearly half an hour in the utmost impatience. A dozen times he had looked at his watch, and almost as many times stepped to the door in a vain hope that he might find the truant Manning ready to mount for the journey.

He had noticed the names upon the luggage, mused over the possibilities of artist life amid such scenes, and dismissed the subject. Then he returned to his machine, wiped its polished nickel surfaces carefully, examined all the oil-holes, nuts, and bolts, felt of the straps which secured his luggage, and walked into the house again to wash his hands.

At this point his impatience broke into angry mutterings; he paced the floor excitedly, and again the landlord entered the room.

"Can I do anything for monsieur?"

He stood rubbing his hands together, while he looked earnestly into the face of the American.

"Do anything?" Hoyt repeated impatiently. "Yes, you can help me find that crack-brained, never-on-time English travelling companion of mine. He stepped into this room for a minute, and he has been gone almost an hour. Do you know where he is? Does anybody know where he is? Is he in this house, or in this village, or" —

"Sacr-r-r-re! Monsieur must not talk so fast!"

He turned to leave the apartment, motioning to Hoyt to remain.

"Now he's cleared out," said Hoyt, as the innkeeper again vanished into the private room.

However, the man returned almost immediately with François.

"The English gentleman has gone to see his friends, — the American lady who makes pictures, and the tall gentleman who came with her," he said, bowing politely.

"His friends! — an American lady who makes pictures!" Hoyt repeated, in astonishment. "An artist, do you mean? Why, I was not aware he had any American friends, or any other friends, in this part of the world. When did he find them, and where are they at the present moment?"

"I cannot tell monsieur *when* he found them, but he reads the name there, and he tells me he must see her — and he knows her husband; but the gentleman is not her husband."

Hoyt gave but a single glance at the card upon the luggage toward which the landlord pointed, and light broke in upon his confused understanding like sunshine through clouds.

"He has gone to the old mill," the innkeeper continued; "François will show you the way. Is monsieur a friend of the American lady too?"

"No, I never heard of her; but if François can conduct me to her perhaps I shall find the Englishman some time before noon. Come on, François! Lead the way, and be in a hurry about it, before I lose my patience entirely."

Following the course Manning had taken, François some steps in advance, they crossed the stile and entered the fields, when the truant was seen approaching.

"Hold on, boy; there he comes now!" Hoyt paused a moment, and then walked on very leisurely to meet his comrade. But François had no idea of "holding on," if, indeed, he understood the words, and it was not until he had himself seen Wellford that he turned around, with an exclamation: —

"*Oh! le monsieur anglais revient!*"

When the friends met, Wellford was the first to speak.

"Never mind the introductory remarks, Ned; we'll take all that for granted. It's the old story, and again I've met with my usual disappointment."

Hoyt kept his feelings well under control as he answered,

"I am beginning to agree with you, Wellford, that neither the introductory remarks, the subject-matter, nor the closing

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argument, will ever make the least impression upon you, and I might as well give you over at once as a hopeless case."

"A cool, clear-headed decision, old fellow, and I trust you will abide by it. Are you ready for Paris?"

They were now returning to the inn, the boy a little in advance of the tourists.

"I have been thinking this matter over calmly, Manning, during the hour you so kindly left me to my reflections, and I see no other way to prevent my plans being spoiled in the future, as they have been continually in the past, but to dissolve the partnership. In Paris I am quite sure I shall find sufficient to occupy my time fully without playing second fiddle to your whims. You, at the same time, will feel no further restraint from me, and will be free to follow this shadow nonsense to the devil just as fast as time and opportunity will admit, — and in Paris your opportunities will be increased tenfold. Of course I will leave you my address, for Heaven only knows how soon you will need a friend to pull you out of some diabolical scrape into which circumstances will be *sure* to plunge you; and should some exasperated Frenchman happen to send a bullet through your skull, if I can hear of the disaster, I further promise to see that your remains are sent home decently for burial; and I will try to be as charitable as possible toward your memory."

"Are you through?" Wellford asked, when his friend had ceased speaking.

"Yes, I am through."

"All done?"

"Yes, I think I have covered the whole ground; now what have you to say?"

"Only this: that with your command of the English language you've a brilliant future before you. Was it wholly extempore, Ned, or were you obliged to commit it to memory, and how long did it take you?"

"Do you know how far removed you are from an ass?" Hoyt demanded, with an angry glance at the Englishman.

"From the preamble and resolutions we have just listened to, I should say about three feet," Wellford replied coolly; "perhaps two and a half, to be precise."

"Would it not be a good idea to widen the distance?" Hoyt returned.

"I don't see as that would help the matter in the least," Wellford retorted; "especially as the force of my example might then be wholly lost upon you."

"You are exceedingly witty, Manning."

For a hundred yards or more the men walked in silence, while François, far in advance, strode on towards the inn, whistling as merry as a lark.

"There 's no necessity for being angry," Wellford insisted, as he again resumed the conversation. "We are supposed to be travelling for pleasure, Hoyt, and there's no sense in stirring up a row over a little delay of sixty minutes; there's not the least necessity, either, for breaking our necks to reach Paris at a given hour to-day, or to-morrow; and you know it as well as I."

"Oh, of course not," his companion interjected, with a touch of irony; "there's no *necessity* of going to Paris at all, for that matter."

"You are a genuine American," Wellford continued, "and I wonder you ever thought of trying to do Europe on a bicycle, when Cook's tours and cast-iron itinerary would have suited you so much better. I'm a good-natured sort of a fellow, disposed to take things as they come without grumbling, — though a trait of character frequently charged upon my countrymen. You are a fair sort of travelling companion, and we have got along very nicely and really enjoyed each other's company until recently. Now, if you are in earnest about this dissolution of partnership, as you call it, and feel that you are hampered in your opportunities for enjoyment by my presence, I am perfectly willing to say good-by, and on this very spot!"

"You must admit, Mr. Manning, that it is anything but pleasant to be kept waiting indefinitely several hours every other day for a mere whim."

They were nearing the hotel now, and Hoyt was walking by his friend's side.

"It's your own fault; you make the plans," Wellford argued. "You made the plans this morning, as you have done *every* morning, without consulting my wishes in the least, and expect me to abide by them. As we have about reached the hotel, let me say as a last word that the shadow you insinuate I am pursuing turns out to be a substantial reality; and right here I affirm, once and for all, I'm going to find the original of that picture, if the search consumes my year of travel, loses me friends and money, and even my bicycle."

"I certainly think riding one hobby at a time quite commendable," Hoyt interposed dryly.

"I'm ready to start for Paris, if you are," Wellford continued; "but if you prefer

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going alone, I have found good friends here at this inn with whom I can spend a day or two most agreeably; and they are Americans too. But I don't wish to quarrel with you — moreover I shan't quarrel with you! There's my hand, Ned! Shall we go on to Paris together?"

They had now reached the door-way. Wellford paused upon the threshold, and with a pleasant smile extended his hand toward his friend; their eyes met, and without a word the American grasped the outstretched palm and shook it warmly.

"Manning, you *are* a good fellow," he said, as they entered the inn; "almost good enough to be a countryman. But I see we are in for it; and as you are determined to find the girl, married or single, I suppose I must help you, even if it doubles the number of fools already engaged in this business of shadow-chasing."

"Do you mean that, Hoyt, — you *will* help me?" the young man exclaimed, with beaming eyes.

"Yes; for, with all your impulsiveness and folly, on the whole, I rather like you, and I think it will be the shortest way out of the difficulty."

"Why, you dear old fellow, I always thought you had a generous streak in your nature; but let us mount, and away at once."

As the clock struck nine, their wheels rolled swiftly out of the sleepy village. The sunlight flashed and glinted brightly on each polished metal surface; and, like to Saturn and his rings, a glittering halo coursed around each swift revolving hub, as, Mercury-like, their flying steeds sped on.

The birds twittered joyfully as they passed; a million leaflets rustled in the sweet spring air, and a million happy voices of God's creation sang to them anthems of praise. 'Twas joy to breathe, to live, to move, and as they pressed the yielding pedals harder still, and the soft breezes kissed their cheeks, how the senses thrilled and drove the rich blood coursing and tingling to their very finger-tips! And still they speed on, and on, and on, past fields and meadows, waving with young grain and grass; past vineyards bursting into yellow bloom, where droning bees toil merrily from sunrise to the day's decline; past peasant cots, — the humble homes of sturdy yeomanry, where flocks of goats or geese, or romping boys and girls, stand still and gaze at them in wonder; past quiet streams, or purling brooks, — and onward, onward, until at length the sun looks down from the meridian.

And now their tireless, but well-tired, steeds are left before some hospitable inn, and while the saddles cool, and the black films of oil settle in each bearing, which has done its work so well, they sit and sip their wine, then on again toward Paris.

IV.

"—— Meanwhile I learned
The lady's history from other lips
Than hers."

GRACE THORNE was an *artist*. By this simple statement a great deal more is implied than the fact of proprietorship in an easel and palette, brushes and color-box; neither does it simply imply recreation and amusement, for a number of hours each day, in covering good canvas with expensive paint, to the eminent satisfaction of the color-dealer and a group of admiring friends. She painted, not because art was fashionable, but because it was her *life*, and for the reason that she was happiest in the silent companionship of pictures, or in the study of that beautiful nature she loved so well to reproduce. Under the best of instruction, ambitious and persevering, she had worked faithfully, through difficulties and disappointments, for five or six years, attaining a fair measure of success. She was not physically strong, and such constant and unremitting application finally impairing her constitution, rest became an absolute necessity, and her friends advised a tour through the continent of Europe.

At the time of her introduction to the reader she had been abroad only six months; but even in that short period health was so far regained she forgot at times why she left her pleasant home across the Atlantic, and thoughts of returning were as distant from her mind.

In temperament she was of the high-strung, intense order; when at work throwing her whole soul into her employment, painting with dash and spirit, yet with fine feeling, often surprising herself and friends by some brilliant achievement when least expected. She entered into society with the same abandon, — when she permitted herself to enter into society, — and, as a matter of course, was a great favorite.

She knew her power with gentlemen admirers better than they knew it themselves, though in her own heart she could truly say she cared nothing for the best of them. She could boast of admirers by the

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score, had she wished to *boast* of such trivialities, — and more than one had shown himself a genuine lover, —

> "Sighing like furnace, with woful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

She had listened to them respectfully, in such chance hours of relaxation as she gave herself; she had given them good advice, and the result had been a number of broken, or, for the time being, badly lacerated, hearts on the one hand, and an undiminished number of sketches and pictures on the other. In height she was above the medium, for a woman, though her figure was finely proportioned. Her face was a long oval; features rather pronounced, without an approach to masculinity; and last, but not least, she was what the world considers a very good-looking young lady.

George, her brother, was a genial, kindly fellow, with no great vices on the one hand, or great virtues on the other, save that he loved his sister dearly. One fault, not a vice, was a disposition to look up *to*, rather than down upon, strangers, and, as he was a better friend to every one else than to himself, he often failed to assert himself as a man of his talents should have done. He knew the value of friendship, and when he gave his friendship he gave it disinterestedly and to the end. He enjoyed travel, and, having the bump of locality strongly developed, made an admirable chaperon and companion upon the present tour, and being justly proud of his sister and her accomplishments never tired of showing her attention, or of aiding her upon sketching tours, or in other ways.

It is a question how many of our healthy, well-developed, masculine artists realize the difficulties with which their weaker sisters at the brush and palette are obliged to contend, and especially in out-door sketching. How easy it is for a man to throw together in a bundle his stool, easel, umbrella, and staff, with two or three canvases, and taking them in one hand, while the other is occupied with his box of colors, trudge off two or three miles in search of a subject. The exercise tones him up for work, and when he has found the spot, and spent fifteen or twenty minutes in arranging things, he is all right for a successful beginning. Not so with the woman; though herself frailer than the man, her easel must be just as strong, the umbrella and staff as stout as his, and the box of colors as heavy. By the time she has tugged this load of artist paraphernalia two or three miles, — when it is safe for her to go so far alone, — and set up her "mushroom" and easel, she is ready to lay stool and color-box aside, throw herself upon the bosom of mother earth, and let the sketching go to Guinea, — at least until another day. Still we have some quite talented women landscape artists, and, *per contra*, *some* of the "male persuasion," who might take a suggestion from Artemus Ward, and, perhaps, make a fair living by "throwing soul" into back fences, through the medium of good, strong whitewash.

On their return from the old mill, at noon, Miss Thorne and her brother were met by the landlord, who detailed, at length, the incident of the morning, explaining Wellford's discovery of the card upon the luggage, and his eagerness to see "madame."

"But I am *not* 'Madame,'" Grace answered, laughing at the ruse of the young man to satisfy probable curiosity.

"Not madame?" the old innkeeper questioned, in surprise. "The English gentleman tells me so. He tells me there is a husband, though not here, — perhaps his friend."

"But I *have* no husband!" Grace insisted, — she was laughing more heartily now at the old man's perplexity. "The young gentleman is not a friend; and, in fact, I have never seen him before to my knowledge, nor does my brother know him."

"*Un méchant diable!*" the landlord exclaimed, holding up his hands in bewilderment. "I will never trust a traveller again when he comes to my door upon one of those devil's coach-wheels. So ghost-like, they move, as a robber, on tip-toe! Bah, they mean mischief! I will never allow one to stay about my house again. So there is no husband, and you are mam'selle, after all! — so young and so pretty; but the husband will come some time, though mam'selle must not listen to the English gentleman; he will tell her lies. She must marry an American, like herself."

"What if I should remain in France, and marry one of your French gentlemen, Pierre?" Grace inquired, with an arch look into the old Frenchman's face.

"No, no! Mam'selle must not do so; she would be unhappy. American ladies have what you call *rights*, and go where they wish. French ladies are not so, though their husbands take rights to do as they please. But let me tell mam'selle's

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fortune," the old innkeeper ventured, motioning to take the pretty hand which rested at the girl's side.

She gave him her hand without hesitation.

"Why, Pierre, I never had my fortune told in all my life!"

The old man gazed into the soft, white palm intently, and then said, —

"He *is* an American, and he will love mam'selle very dearly."

"Then why don't he say so to my face?" she answered, with a merry laugh.

"He is tall, and fine-looking," Pierre continued, "and his hair is a beautiful gray."

The girl gave a quick, startled look into her brother's face.

"Heavens, George! Can he mean the mysterious gentleman we have so often seen haunting the galleries of Florence?" Then she drew her hand away, saying, as she did so, "Pierre, I am afraid you are not a good fortune-teller;" and immediately left the room.

Wellford's episode of the morning had been highly amusing to the girl. His sudden appearance among them, as from the clouds; his agitation and the manner in which he said the wrong things with such perfect honesty seemed decidedly humorous. It had evidently been a well-planned meeting, she thought, but most wretchedly carried out. Yet it annoyed her not a little to think that this stranger tourist should go so far out of his way to catch a glimpse of her face; for she knew, even before he had been introduced by her brother, that it was no chance meeting.

Could this man be connected in any way with the tall, finely appearing stranger, whose face was now almost as familiar as the face of a friend? — whose black eyes haunted her almost continually, from so often meeting their gaze? He had never spoken to her; he had never seemed to notice her; yet they had been thrown together so often, in places visited by tourists, at times she almost felt these meetings could not be the result of chance. She felt she could paint him from memory almost as readily as she might sketch his face from an actual sitting, for the high shoulders, the delicately poised head, the severe yet classical mouth, the black mustache and blacker eyes, and, above all, the gray hair, had all impressed themselves as vividly upon her imagination as the features upon a photographic negative.

She had first been made aware of his presence one evening at the theatre in Florence. She was struck with the face at the time, and had remarked upon it to her brother quietly, as she had done regarding a score of other faces which attracted her as fine models. Upon two or three subsequent occasions she observed him about the galleries, or other places of interest where one meets stranger tourists, and only regarded it as a coincidence. Then the meetings grew more frequent, and the brother began to think there might be a purpose in it; but the sister urged deliberation, for the one fact remained that he had never offered her the least annoyance by word or deed, and she could not say that he had even once rudely stared at her, after the manner of many men who call themselves gentlemen.

In Venice they missed him, and were learning to speak of the oft-recurring incident as a recollection of their stay in Florence, when the gentleman one day suddenly appeared to view across one of the galleries they were visiting, and then they were treated to glimpses of him from time to time during their visit, precisely as they had met him in Florence.

Something had called up the face to-day, and those coal-black eyes had been haunting the girl ever since Wellford's sudden appearance at the old mill. Were the two men in any way connected? She was beginning to think so to-night, and, had the gentleman appeared before them at the supper table, she would have taken it as a matter of course.

The chance meeting at the mill proved a fortunate occurrence for the Thornes, in spite of the sister's vague apprehensions. Reaching Paris a week later, expecting to join American friends, they were surprised to learn that the party had been delayed, and would not arrive before the last week in June. It was a disappointment, but there was no help for it; then, too, it had left them alone, in an expensive hotel, neither comfortable nor suited to their requirements, and in a crowded part of the city. They remained quietly a couple of days, however, and were about considering a change when an incident occurred which forges another link in the chain of our story.

To digress, while returning to the subject of a former chapter, the bicycle tourists reached Paris safely, fully two hours in advance of the expected time — thanks to superb roads and the exhilarating effect of the beautiful weather and the scenery, — and found their hotel without difficulty.

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Wilson was as good as a guide-book; better than Baedeker, in most cases, for he seemed to know where the greatest comfort could be secured for the least money, or at "reasonable rates." The wheelmen had availed themselves of his advice as to accommodations in the present instance, going to an English hotel in Rue de l'Échelle, near the Tuileries.

One morning, about a week after their arrival, they strolled into the garden of the Tuileries, and were standing before the noble statue of Phidias, when Manning was greeted by a kindly "How do you do?" Turning quickly he beheld a face which seemed quite familiar, though for the moment he could not remember where he had seen it. As soon as the speaker advanced, however, and extended his hand, Wellford recalled at once his episode at the old mill, and the face of George Thorne.

"I'm really glad to see you," he said, in his hearty English way. "Mr. Thorne, this is my friend Hoyt."

The gentlemen greeted each other cordially.

"I did not think I should meet you again so soon," Wellford continued. "When did you arrive?"

George Thorne had this morning experienced most decidedly the feeling that he was a stranger in a strange land; and when, looking across the garden, he espied the face of Wellford Manning, he was instantly drawn towards him as to a friend. At the same time it gave him pleasure to meet this travelling companion of the young Englishman, for a single glance at Hoyt convinced him that Grace's suspicions were utterly without foundation. So, laying aside all reserve, he became friendly at once, and not only friendly, but communicative; in the course of the conversation mentioning his hotel dilemma, and the immediate necessity for a change to more agreeable quarters.

"I wish you would come to our hotel," urged the Englishman; "I know you would find it comfortable, and it is so near to the Louvre and other places of interest to an art lover, such as your sister, I am sure she would find it pleasant. I trust she is with you?"

"Oh, she is in Paris, of course," Mr. Thorne replied; "for I have come here solely that she may have an opportunity to study."

He made all necessary inquiries as to the location of the hotel, prices, etc., and promised to call in the evening after consulting with his sister. At the appointed hour he came; pleasant apartments were shown him, and, as a result of the chance meeting in the gardens, the next day found the Thornes located very much more to their minds.

The meeting proved fortunate in other respects, for when Grace had outgrown her reserve, after the first few days, and condescended to exchange a few words with her brother's new friends, she not only found them agreeable gentlemen, but the chance acquaintance promised to become a source of pleasure. Her impression of Wellford had been favorable upon the occasion of their first meeting, though she hardly understood the motive which had brought it about, and, in a subsequent conversation with her brother, had made some such remark as this, —

"I think, George, if I had met him under other circumstances I should have liked him, for he seems frank and whole-souled, and little like the conventional people of the world. I was particularly struck by the sad, earnest expression of his eyes, — an expression I have only seen in the eyes of men — who" —

Then George had finished the sentence for her, by supplying what would have seemed, from his sister's lips, a confession: "Of men who were in love."

She was not altogether favorably impressed towards Mr. Hoyt, though she considered him gentlemanly, and companionable as a passing acquaintance; however, she felt that the social status of these two young men was a matter of but slight moment to her, particularly as she had come to Paris for work, and not play.

One morning, as Wellford was passing up the Avenue de l'Opera, on his way to the Grand Hotel, a gentleman approached him, and spoke, —

"Mr. Manning, I believe?" he said, offering his hand.

"Your face is familiar, sir," Wellford replied, advancing, and accepting the proffered hand. "I regret I cannot recall your name."

"Don't you remember Wilson? I knew your friend Hoyt quite well, when we were all in Rome, a couple of months ago. Are you still together? Where are you staying?"

Wellford produced a card, and, pencilling an address upon one corner, presented it.

"We are near the Tuileries," he said; "you must come and see us. Mr. Hoyt will be glad to meet you again, I know."

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Wilson glanced at the card, and smiled pleasantly.

"So Hoyt took my advice, after all! Well, you won't regret it. I am stopping with friends at the Maurice this time; but I'll surely come and see you soon. I'm in a hurry now. Good-by!"

As Manning passed up the street alone, after parting from Wilson, his mind was busy with thoughts of that sweet face, which seemed to him now more distant than ever. Wilson had spoken of Rome, and the young man's heart yearned fondly for other scenes, where, 'neath the bright Italian skies, this tender dream had come to him, — a dream too fond for realization.

He had spoken truly when he told Edwin Hoyt that the only romance of his life had been the romance of an ideal love. His nature was one which loves to idealize everything that is beautiful, and in his boyhood he had found sweeter joy in communing with dear old mother Nature, and conning her pages, than in all the printed pages of the world of books. However, he was possessed of a good mind; his masters had been severe with him at school, and upon arriving at man's estate he found himself the better for a fair education, in spite of his peculiar temperament.

The character may seem a frivolous one to some readers, who have no sympathy with warm-hearted, impulsive, dreamy natures; and it may be argued that the wide-awake money-getters of the present day, in boyhood passed through no such age of sentiment. Is there nothing in the world but money-getting, and is this to be the gauge of "a useful member of society"? Some quite inferior orders of intellect are good money-getters, and many a man of refined sensibilities has remained poor, even though the world has been made happier, perhaps, by his having lived in it. It is from the ranks of the imaginative natures that all the great poets, painters, authors, and musical composers, have been recruited. And even the dreamy, boyish lover of woodland, field, and sky, may grow into a delightful naturalist, if it is not early crowded out of him by a worldly-wise and too practical father.

From all we know of Shakespeare's boyhood he was as impulsive as Wellford Manning, and as much of a dreamer; for the works of the man after he had turned his back upon the lovely Avon, and the quiet hills and dales of Warwickshire, are filled with exquisite thoughts, which only could have been suggested through an intimate acquaintance with the beauties of nature in his youth.

He *was* a lover of nature: —

"And through the vales of Avon,
And 'round the Welcombe hills,
In woodland and in meadow fair,
Along the rippling rills,
The boy in wonder wandered,
In fancy or in glee,
Till old dame Nature found him,
And taught him how to see;
And gave each day a lesson:
A butterfly or flower,
The blue sky or the lazy clouds,
He learned from hour to hour,
And grew to love dame Nature,
And loved himself to tell,
In after years, her wondrous tales,
In tales *we* love so well."

Wellford Manning's father, a practical man, who only valued things in proportion as they might be turned to account in money-making, had no patience with his son's peculiarities. He was a shrewd business man; his father before him had been successful in business, and, as a matter of course, he expected Wellford to follow in the same pathway; and as to the question of fitness, he urged it was only a matter of "application and persistence." Yes, and a treadmill comes into the same category. He had sent Wellford abroad to meet the people of the world, that he might prepare himself in a measure for the new life, — a life he was expected to enter joyfully, and continue in until the day of his death.

The young man had one sister, — a rosy, romping girl of seventeen, the pet of a large circle of associates of her own sex, — so that Wellford had had no lack of opportunities to fall in love a dozen times, if the little love-god had found in him a shining mark. They were none of them perfect, however, in his eyes, their little faults sticking out more obtrusively than their large virtues. In fact, he often told his pretty sister, when she hinted to him of the goodness of such a one, the sweetness of disposition of so-and-so, and the beauty, or grace, or accomplishments of this one or the other, that, give him his choice of virtues from the entire galaxy, he could construct a girl with whom he would promise to fall in love at the shortest notice.

As if love were a bicycle, with solid steel guiding strings in the shape of half-inch thick handle bars; a pair of cranks, of almost horse-power leverage, to force it along, and a saddle for the *victim* to sit upon with charming grace, and ride to elysium! As if well-disposed sisters, and

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meddlesome spinster aunts, and "stern parents," — *pères et mères*, — were able to hold the ribbons, and *drive* a love-match to a successful and happy termination! The one is as preposterous as the other.

So Wellford Manning had defied love in half a score of beautiful shapes, only to lose his heart at last upon a mere shadow, which, to his dreamy imagination, stood for all that could be lovely or lovable in woman; and this morning he was actually regretting he had not remained in Rome.

He had twice called at the American Legation to inquire for Doctor Mayne; but finding no address, or other word, he had taken it for granted that his friend had not arrived. Amid present sights and scenes the genial doctor's company would have brought him some consolation, for thus far his sojourn in Paris had seemed to him dreary and unsatisfying.

On the contrary, Edwin Hoyt's spirits were beginning to rise, for he now had Wellford to himself, day after day, without the interposition of a single adventure to mar his well-laid plans for sight-seeing. There surely was calm, and yet the American somehow felt it was but the calm which precedes the storm.

V.

"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing;
More than any man in all Venice."

WILSON was true to his word, and a few evenings after the meeting with Wellford he called at the hotel, fortunately finding both gentlemen at home.

He had held the position of a government clerk, in Washington, for many years; had dabbled in politics to the extent of keeping himself "solid" with the majority at all times; through his "influence" he had held good positions, and through his positions and his "party work" had finally secured the necessary influence to obtain him a consulship abroad. This he held for a number of years, to the satisfaction of all who were supposed to have any interest in the matter, — to his own satisfaction particularly, — to within a period of six months.

Then came one of those mysterious documents, with allusions to "valuable services," "high official integrity," "public welfare," "political necessity," etc., which, reading between the lines, briefly amounted to: "You're out, and the other fellow is on his way to take your place," — and he was *resigned* to his fate.

Totally unlike many of his kind — and they do say Washington is an expensive place — he had accumulated sufficient means to feel somewhat independent; and when he suddenly found himself a gentleman of leisure, in a foreign land, he determined to remain abroad for a year, at least, and spend the time in travel.

Endowed with a good presence, talking well, and having a remarkable memory for names and faces, like Ben Jonson, he managed to make at least one new friend a day, — on the whole he was to be pitied, — and managed to keep them too. His political training had made him a shrewd student of human nature, and what he most admired in men were those traits of character which make them self-reliant, pushing and energetic, even if accompanied by a fair allowance of "cheek."

It is to be admitted that this is not the usual type of a government clerk; but it may be set down fairly that the *pushing*, self-reliant natures, and not the cringing, fawning, favors-for-nothing kind, are the ones which secure all the best places, and keep them too. It was Hoyt's matter-of-fact way of selfishly looking out for number one in spite of anybody, which had made his acquaintance desirable to his countryman; and it was Wellford's ideality, notwithstanding the fact that he was a manly fellow, which had so aroused Wilson's prejudice against him. But, after all, the manner in which we are reared is responsible in a measure for the differences in our dispositions. Hoyt's father had been a poor man in early life, and the boy's youth a struggle; while Wellford had hardly known a want.

With this view of Charles Wilson's character it will not seem strange that he was acquainted with so many Americans travelling in Europe; he knew many more — that is, he knew *of* them, in the same manner that he knew Frederick Mayne — by making inquiries of others.

"Hoyt, my dear fellow! I'm glad to see you," he began, after their first greeting. "I knew we should meet again. Yes, sir! Europe is a mighty little place, when you come to think of it. Why, do you know you could drop the whole kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland into New Mexico, and not scrape the boundaries? You could lose France in the State of Texas, and throw in four such countries as Switzerland, mountains and all, to fill up the chinks. California would almost absorb Spain, and Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and Greece, altogether, wouldn't more than

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cover the two States of New York and Pennsylvania. Sorry you left Rome so soon, Hoyt; you missed it truly. Mr. Manning, you don't smoke, I believe. Have a cigar, Hoyt? Here's one for you, Manning, if you wish. When did you arrive in Paris?"

Hoyt was about to light a cigar, but he paused to answer the question, and to give his friend time to take breath.

"About the first of June; that was our intention, you know, when we left Rome."

"Good hotel accommodations here," Wilson continued. He glanced around the room hastily, felt of the bed, and resumed his chair. "Made a bargain by the week, of course, to include service, and all the extras? That's the proper way. Lord, how they do try to stick you in Italy! You've another American here, that I'm acquainted with, — George Thorne; he has a nice sister too."

"Oh, do you know the Thornes?" Hoyt asked, with surprise.

"*Know them!* Well, I should s— say so! Oh, yes, I've known them for several months; I met them in Naples. George is a nice fellow, not very pushing, but he's *good* — and how kind he is to the pretty sister! I don't blame him, for, if I was a marrying man, Grace Thorne would be my style of a girl every time. Independent? Whew! I do believe, gentlemen, if she took the notion into her head, she'd go to Jerusalem and back again without an escort. How long have you known them, Hoyt?"

"Only since coming to Paris. Wellford met them, however, in the provinces. You have seen them, of course," Hoyt remarked.

"Oh yes, I've seen them — on the street. Grace spends all her time in the galleries, you know. But I shall give them an evening very soon, and renew Grace's acquaintance." He looked around the room in an absent manner, and then continued: "Yes, sir, Grace is a nice girl; but the man who marries her will need something more than influence to back him, or he won't get the posit— Lord, what am I talking about? Manning, I've an old friend here in Paris that you would take to like a rich uncle. He's odd, odd as three sticks; but he's a perfect library of entertaining knowledge, and as modest as a member of Congress at the beginning of his first term."

"Is he an American?" Manning inquired.

He had been sitting somewhat in the back ground, but he now advanced to a seat nearer the two countrymen.

"No, he's an old French Professor of Natural Science; but he has travelled all over Europe, and North and South America, if not all over the world. I first knew him in Washington, years ago, when he was making collections in America. He is quite a scientific man, — but in his case it hasn't hurt him any, — and is the author of I know not how many works on birds and insects. Do you take any interest in science, Mr. Manning?"

Hoyt laughed derisively, but said nothing.

"I should be happy to meet your friend," Wellford replied, without seeming to notice Hoyt's attempt at ridicule. "I have had the pleasure of the acquaintance of but one scientific man in my life; but if all scientists are as delightful companions, or are as intelligent and well-informed, I should esteem myself fortunate in knowing as many of them as possible. What is your friend's name?"

"He is known as Professor Gantier, though rarely using the title of *Professor* himself; if you wish we will call some evening very soon, and I am sure you will not regret it. Sick of the bicycle, gentlemen? I see you have put yourselves into long-clothes since leaving Rome."

"Not by any means," Hoyt answered, with enthusiasm. "There is no necessity of making ourselves conspicuous in the streets of Paris, however, especially as we shall remain several weeks."

"I should think you would get out of practice."

"Oh, no, for we make little runs out of the city every day or two. It is by far the pleasantest way to see the environs, I assure you."

"Well, thank you, gentlemen, I won't indulge! My life is altogether too valuable to myself, and the insurance-money would do me no *earthly* good in the next world, for American exchange is clear off. But what the dickens do you do when these stupid cart-men turn out suddenly on the wrong side?"

"Turn to the other side, of course, and avoid them," Wellford answered; "there's nothing easier. We have a man in Leeds who turns clear round in the length of the machine."

"Length of the machine!" Hoyt repeated. "Why, we have a man in our club who can turn in a dinner-plate."

Wilson looked incredulous, and gave a long whistle.

"He must be a prince of wheelmen."

"Prince?" Hoyt echoed, with enthusi-

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asm; "he's every inch a *king*. *Cyclorum Rex!*"

Wilson looked at his watch, knocked the ashes from his cigar upon the top of the dressing-case, and arose to his feet.

"Sorry I can't stay longer, gentlemen. I have an engagement to go to the opera to-night with General Masters, and shall be obliged to hasten. You know the general, don't you, Hoyt? He's a rising man, I tell you; and he'll be in the Senate of the United States before two years. I don't mind telling you in confidence; but he has been laying pipe for some time past, and just as soon as the thing is sprung, I'm going home to work for him. I'm *out* now, because I'm not at home, and because my influence is out; but that's nothing! Why, gentlemen, when you know the wires it is just as easy to keep in from one administration to another as it is for you to ride the bicycle; it's only a question of keeping perfect *balance*. Don't forget our engagement at the Professor's, Mr. Manning, and come round and see me, both of you, at any time."

He tossed the stump of his cigar out of the window, lit a fresh one, and with profuse leave-taking rushed away to fulfil his engagement with the "General."

[To be continued.]

BALLADE OF THE WHEELMAN.

ALONG the crowded city street
He wheels his watchful, winding way;
And country roads, with dust replete,
His early morning runs betray;
He loves the race-track's friendly fray,
Its flashing steel and eager faces—
This wheelman, in a suit of gray,
Who enters all the open races.

His M.I.P. is stocked complete;
He owns the L.A.W.'s sway;
He's seen at each B.T.C. meet,
Upon his D.H.F. — they say;
Not even Cortis could display
A finer form in cycling graces—
This wheelman, in a suit of gray,
Who enters all the open races.

He's practised every break-neck feat
Until they seem like childish play;
He's patented a fancy seat,
And really hopes to make it pay;
His mind is filled with visions gay
Of beaten time and challenge vases—
This wheelman, in a suit of gray,
Who enters all the open races.

L'ENVOI.

Riders, beware, for every day
My hero mends his flying paces—
This wheelman, in a suit of gray,
Who enters all the open races.

Dudley C. Hasbrouck.

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THE BICYCLE CLUB ATTEND A SEWING-CIRCLE.

"My love," remarked the president, in his most amiable and deprecatory manner, to his superior officer, while he was putting on his overcoat after breakfast preparatory for a sudden strategetic change of base to his office down street, in case of an unpleasant repulse. The president had no doubt that the information he was about to impart would prove agreeable upon due reflection. But his long experience and careful observation have taught him that women require time for due reflection. They have their own ideas, and the sudden interjection of a new idea naturally disarranges their collection, which is sometimes momentarily irritating. Hence, during the time required for reflection and rearrangement, they are sometimes best adored at a safe distance, like the sacred crocodile of the Ganges. The sacred crocodile aforesaid is, according to common report, in its receptive moods, dangerous to its adorers at the mouth end.

"Yes, dear," replied the president's president.

"The fact is, my love," continued the president, trying in vain to break the intelligence quietly, "the club are going to visit — that is, the bicycle club are coming to surprise us to-morrow evening."

"Yes, dear," with ominous calmness.

"We want to be all ready for them by half-past 8 o'clock."

"Yes."

"We are to know nothing about it."

"Of course not — they never do!" This with feminine sarcasm and disregard of grammar.

"Get whatever we need" (handing her a roll of money); "you know how to manage it just right. They will bring musicians for dancing music, and they will send refreshments. But, of course, there is always something lacking; you will know what better than I."

Here, observing strong symptoms of disquiet, the president opened the front door and was bolting for his office, when his superior officer imperatively ordered — that is to say, sweetly requested him to —

"Stop, sir!"

The president stopped. He stopped in the most prompt and unpretentious manner.

"I've something to tell *you*."

"Yes, my love."

"The sewing-society circle are coming here to surprise us to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Formost gave me warning last evening after church."

Mrs. Formost is our pastor's wife. She is the foremost woman in our church. And when she is foremost all the other women are behind her; consequently there is no use in trying to resist, evade, or alter any of her decrees. If she had announced that we were to be surprised we would be surprised, and there was no help for it.

But what was to be done? Inasmuch as we were, by polite usage, not supposed to know anything about the intentions of either party of intending surprisers, it would be exceedingly awkward to request either to change its date. Such a request would surprise them. On the other hand, to have them meet, with such different views of things, would also surprise them more than they would surprise us. After thus reflecting for a minute, during which Mrs. President was evidently enjoying the president's perplexity, I remarked, with a sigh, —

"Well, I don't see how we can help it. Let 'em both come; it will be a real surprise."

Mrs. President grinned; that is, I should say, she smiled that lovely smile which is the feminine counterpart of a male grin, and said, with slight symptoms of acerbity, that she thought it would; she would see to it that it did. This may not be grammatical, and you may not clearly understand it; but that was what she said, and the president understood it thoroughly. Then the president went to his office, pondering by the way what delightful opportunities were about to be presented for a philosophic mind to observe human nature under such unusual conditions as this mixture of incongruous elements would create.

The next evening when I went home from business Mrs. President showed me her preparations for the double surprise. The piano was drawn out a little way from the wall, and on it were scattered chorals, anthems, and other music for the choir, who were coming with the sewing-circle, and would sing for them. Behind the piano were raised seats for the dancing musicians, — this was for the club. On the

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large centre-table was the big family Bible,—this was for our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Formost. On other tables were cards, chess, etc. — for the club. In the dining-room was a display of china for tea — for the sewing-circle. Opposite were preparations for coffee and cigars — for the club. In one room were cutting and work tables — for the sewing-circle. Over the carpets were drawn canvas — for the club to dance on. The children were dressed in ball costume — for the club. The president and his wife wore their Sunday church uniforms — for the society. The sewing-machine was all ready — for the society. Late copies of THE WHEELMAN and other bicycling literature were on exhibition — for the club. Thus prepared, after tea, we sat down and waited to be taken by surprise, according to custom, trying to look as though we were not expecting anybody.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the sewing-circle arrived, and were welcomed with the regulation expressions of astonishment. They had just got comfortably settled when the bicycle club arrived, and were also received with the proper simulation of surprise by us, and with genuine surprise by the sewing-circle ladies. To the sewing-circle ladies the surprise did not appear to be at all a disagreeable one. The bicycle-club ladies at once took hold of the sewing-circle work, rendering valuable assistance; and the sewing-circle ladies were evidently unused to the encouraging presence of such a fine body of young gentlemen as the wheelmen.

The club did itself credit, as usual. Within the first quarter of an hour after their arrival I discovered Mr. High busily engaged in holding firmly upon the cutting-table six thicknesses of cloth, which the pretty and vivacious Mrs. Cherry, a young widow, was cutting into apron-patterns. Mr. Lowe was clearly very happy assisting the lively daughter of Deacon True run the sewing-machine, Mr. Lowe's part being to hold the cover down with his elbow, and occasionally reaching the fair worker a fresh bundle from the cutting-table. Mr. Twiddle was holding a skein of thread on his hands for Mrs. Smiler, one of our best-pew members, to wind. Mr. Littleweed was running about carrying thread and other things where they would do the most good. Mr. Condor was industriously employing his inventive and anatomical knowledge in suggesting to charming Miss Genevieve Wealthy, whose father is one of the pillars of the church, an improved form for some large rag dolls the ladies were manufacturing for the approaching church fair; and the other club members were variously engaged in making the occasion interesting. There had probably never been such an enjoyable, lively, and delightful sewing-circle meeting since the institution was founded.

By and by the pastor and various gentlemen of the church arrived, bringing with them the choir. They were very much surprised at the frolic which was going on. But the club ladies immediately took them in hand, and presently Deacon True, under the guidance of Mrs. Littleweed, Deacon Wealthy, who was appropriated by Miss Gerty Condor and the other church pillars, were having such a good time as they had not enjoyed since they were young gentlemen.

Then the choir was taken to the piano, and sang some grand chorals and anthems. The captain of the club sang "Robin Adair," and the club quartette sang our club songs, to the great delight of the church ladies, and the choir also sang some solos and part-songs.

During the intervals between the singing Mr. Condor, by request, told us about his experience in fishing through the ice on Saginaw Bay. This great bay is over twenty miles wide by fifty miles long. Saginaw River pours into its head annually a vast deposit of sediment, forming a great delta at its mouth, and causing the waters of the bay to be shallow — from fifteen to fifty feet deep, for miles out from the shore. Every winter this broad sheet of water freezes over. As soon as the ice is strong enough to bear teams, hundreds, and presently thousands, of men go out upon it from three to fifteen miles, and erect fishing shanties. These fishing shanties are ten to fourteen feet square, made of rough boards, without windows, tall enough so that a fourteen-foot fish-spear can be wielded on the inside. They are furnished with bunks for sleeping and a small stove for cooking. Many of them are put together on the shore and hauled out on the ice by teams. All are so made that they can be hauled from place to place in search of the best places for fish, their bottom beams being shaped at the ends somewhat like sled-runners. In the centre of each shanty a hole is cut through the ice. Now, the inside of the shanty being dark, the daylight on the outside, shining down through the ice, enables the fisherman inside to see down into the water many fathoms. The great lake white-fish,

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black and silver trout, and various other fish, collect below these holes in crowds, at various depths. The fisherman cautiously thrusts his spear through the hole in the ice, selects the finest fish in sight, and then darts the spear with a sinewy arm, sometimes to a depth of thirty or forty feet, striking the barbed tines through his victim, and hauling it up by a cord twenty-five to forty feet long, attached to the end of the long ash pole of the spear.

Every winter the fish village on Saginaw Bay attracts visitors from far and near. It is one of the most singular and striking spectacles in the civilized world. Within two days from the time the ice is strong enough a fishing village has moved out upon the ice of the bay. Within a week it has become a city, scattered over the ice from three to fifteen miles out, with a population of from four to eight thousand persons. Tons on tons of fish are taken. By day the ice is lively with teams carrying out visitors and bringing back great loads of fish. At night, the wide, white surface of the bay twinkles with lights for miles.

But the sport is dangerous. Within an hour, any day, a gale may come roaring in from the open body of Lake Huron — which is a vast inland sea, the third largest fresh-water lake in the world, and over 100 miles wide, opposite Saginaw Bay, by 268 miles long — and break up the great ice-field into rocking, grinding fragments. Or a gale, partly off shore, may break off great floes filled with fishers' huts, and drift them out toward the certain death of the open lake. Or a pitiless cold night may send the mercury of the thermometer down below zero, with a piercing wind which chills the very marrow of the bones out on the level of the unprotected bay ice. When a gale blows dangerously the ice is a scene of frantic excitement. The fishing huts are moved hurriedly to the shore; or, if the danger is sudden, are abandoned, and teams and men on foot, and men dragging sleds and boats, hurry in all directions for the nearest land. Every year has its record of lamentable catastrophes, — of men and boats blown off into the open lake, to perish miserably, or else to be rescued, nearly frozen, by heroic exertions from the shore, after suffering the most terrible misery from exposure and mental and bodily torture.

Mr. Candor, after describing the ice fishery, modestly mentioned that he had speared a black trout, weighing over nineteen pounds, at a depth of thirty feet of water. This set the deacons and parson to telling fish stories; each succeeding story being more wonderful than its predecessors. Deacon True told one of the early times, when he was a pioneer in the State. Not being a short-hand reporter I may not repeat the deacon's exact language; but I relate the facts accurately, and the deacon can correct me if I make any trivial errors concerning the accessories.

It was a beautiful morning in September, many years ago. The schooner, of about fifty tons, was running before a fair breeze, with the Apostles Islands, in Lake Superior, just visible over her starboard bow. Kate True, now Mrs. Wealthy and the mother of five children, the oldest a lovely daughter of eighteen, was then a little girl. While the deacon and his wife were at the stern of the vessel little Kate was playing with her doll among the spring roses in the front yard. The passengers and crew were wolfishly hungry. They had eaten nothing for the next two days and one night since supper-time. They must have a fish, or starve. The deacon gave his trolling line a wide swing around his head, and heaved the bright spoon-hook a hundred feet astern, into the dimpled wake of the schooner. All gathered about him, except the man at the wheel. In the painfully anxious silence which prevailed they could hear the bees humming among the squash-vines out in the garden. After several minutes of intense expectation there was a sudden bite. It was the wheelman, taking a fresh chew of tobacco. He was sternly rebuked by the second mate. Suddenly there was a tremendous jerk on the line. It doubled the deacon up over the rudder-post, and then squirmed him all along the stern rail. His wife screamed: she thought he was going to be sea-sick. With great presence of mind he threw a coil of the line about the rudder-post. Two of the crew ran to his assistance. The schooner was dead before the wind, wing-and-wing, under her main and foresail, both gaff-top sails and jibs. Yet such was the fierce strength of the fish that it drew her backward about two fathoms and a half. Then the great fish leaped high out of the water, and fell back writhing, so that the vessel rocked till the man down in her hold could see the top of her keelson and every one of her ribs. But finally strength, skill, and numbers prevailed, and the great fish was drawn close to the vessel, when, with a savage spring and a great jerk on the line, it came

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on board and struck the captain in the breast, knocking him down, so that he sat down on a handspike, and shocked the deacon terribly by swearing. Then the fish flopped after the cook, chasing him up the port shrouds as high as the first reef of the mainsail. This terrible struggle distracted the attention of the wheelman so that he allowed the schooner to yaw, and her great mainboom came swinging aboard, and knocked the first mate into the lee-scuppers, where he swore more horribly than the captain. As the main-sheet had been given a broad slack when the sail filled as it swung over, it made the mast crack like the report of a pistol, and nearly jerked them all off their feet. But the fish was finally despatched with the ship's bread-knife. It was so large that it furnished three full meals for all hands, besides several platefuls of bones and refuse, which were fed to the cat out in the alley behind the wood-shed.

[As I before remarked, these are the exact facts; but if I have made any mistakes in nautical terms, or marine scenery, the deacon can correct me.]

Other fish stories followed; and finally the president was called upon to relate his experiences. It would not do to allow the bicycle club to be eclipsed by these old fellows. Therefore the president braced himself up morally and mentally, and responded. The president could not boast of being a mighty fisher; but in his earlier years he had been something of a hunter. Once, when the president was a young pioneer upon his father's farm, — Michigan being then mostly a wilderness, — the family got out of meat. An examination showed that we were also out of powder for the rifle. But the president, who was then skilled in all woodcraft, shouldered a sharp axe, and started out after game. After a long tramp through the woods he came upon a grassy glade, through which purled a sparkling brook. Here he observed a herd of deer feeding. The president immediately dropped upon his breast, and began cautiously crawling towards the herd. Occasionally one of the deer would raise its head and sniff, as though it detected a taint in the air. At such moments the president lay as motionless as a rooted rock, or as a rock without roots. Then silently, slowly, stealthily, never so much as stirring a dried leaf in his path, he crept, like a crouching panther, towards his unconscious prey. A solitary woodpecker, perched in the top of a tall tree, looked down with a curious eye upon the proceedings of the president, thus crawling prone upon his belly, and observed, with pensive surprise, that he wore a large brown buckskin patch upon the gray background of his nether garment, — but never mind; I merely mention this as an illustration of the prevailing poverty of the early pioneers. At length he reached a favorable position behind a tall maple-tree, about one foot in diameter, within forty feet of the grazing deer. Rising by almost imperceptible degrees, he softly spit upon his hands, grasped his keen axe firmly, gave it a preliminary flourish to test its "hang" on the helve, selected the largest deer, the leader of the herd, as his victim, and — proceeded to chop that maple-tree down, so skilfully directing its fall that its top branches broke the deer's back. That buck weighed one hundred and thirty-seven pounds and five ounces, and supplied the family with venison for about a month.

The Rev. Mr. Formost remarked, after a melancholy pause for solemn reflection, that he considered this statement incredible. The president observed signs of unbelief in the countenances of the deacons. Whereupon the president went to the dining-room, and took down from the wall a buck's head, with branching antlers, and showed to the company the date — 1850 — near the base of one of the horns, with the president's initials carved in the bone. Then he went to the wood-shed and returned with the remains of a venerable axe, which our cook keeps to pound things with. Mrs. President testified that this axe has been in the family ever since our marriage, and was owned by the president before our marriage. In the presence of these indisputable proofs the voice of cavil was hushed, and even the whisper of suspicion was silenced. Then the president called upon Mr. Condor to produce proofs of his spearing a fish in thirty feet of water on Saginaw Bay; and Mr. Condor promptly exhibited a shark's tooth, which he wears upon his watch-chain for a charm. Then the club derisively requested the deacons and the pastor to produce proofs for their fish stories. They couldn't. Triumph of the club; cordial congratulations from all the ladies.

Permit me to remark that any organization which proposes to override the bicycle club in a matter of veracity needs to have its proofs always on hand, and not forget any of them. That is the kind of witnesses we are.

Then some of the club called for a song

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from Bumps. Bumps cannot sing any more than a bucksaw. He said he couldn't. But the club insisted that he must sing, or get some one to sing for him. He appealed to Mrs. Bumps. Mrs. Bumps said that she was out of practice, her time being all occupied in attending to the baby. Thereupon the club quartette volunteered to sing for them. It was a put-up job. The president had written some verses, which the club quartette sang to a fine old air — solo and chorus — especially for the Bumpses. Professor Spiel played a wonderfully beautiful accompaniment for the solo on his violin, and one of the ladies brought in the piano, with grand chords, on the chorus. The song ran as follows: —

I.

The world has many rulers — there are emperors and kings;
There are cabinets and councils; there are parties, cliques, and rings;
And statesmen with far-reaching plans, and heroes with their swords;
There is Parliament and Congress; there are ministers and lords;
And autocrat and democrat, and President and priest;
But of all earth's mighty rulers the mightiest is the least —
For power may come, or power may go, and nations rise or fall;
Still baby in his cradle is the monarch of us all.

II.

The emperor sleeps with armed guards to watch about his bed;
To dare disturb his royal dreams would cost the intruder's head;
When through his deepest slumbers wails a cry so shrill and wild,
He rises like a lackey up to wait upon his child.
And though for some slight insult he may pull an empire down,
When baby tweaks his sacred nose he dare not even frown —
For power may come, and power may go, and nations rise or fall;
Still baby in his cradle is the monarch of us all.

III.

Worn out with toil, weighed down with care, haggard for lack of rest,
The tumult of a nation's woes wild raging in his breast,
Perplexed with unsuccessful war, dark treason everywhere,
Behind a fearful sea of blood, on either side despair,
The president must sleep to-night to keep from going mad;
But in his shirt he rises up to walk with little Tad —
For power may come, and power may go, and nations rise or fall;
Still baby in his cradle is the monarch of us all.

IV.

The angel choir the shepherds heard, the glorious star that shone,
Were only for the new-born babe, and presently were gone.
Thus heaven and earth the cradle hail; and, since the world began,
Have magi knelt before the child, who crucify the man;
For, throned on baby's pillow, with all royal dignities,
In strange prophetic majesty, the mighty future lies.
For power may come, and power may go, and nations rise or fall;
Still baby in his cradle is the monarch of us all.

Each verse of this song was followed by applause. After the first stanza the whole company joined in the chorus, the church choir, the minister, and the deacons, singing it with special unction, and all the ladies rendering it with a motherly fervor. Bumps grinned with a pleased expression, but Mrs. Bumps listened with tears gathering in her large, soft eyes; and, when the song was concluded, she took the president's hand and pressed it with both of hers for a moment, without saying a word. She was not thus touched by any merit in these doggerel verses, and but slightly stirred by the fine quality of the music; but the kindly interest expressed by all the friendly faces which regarded her, and the resistless impulses of mighty nature, which made everything dear to her maternal heart that celebrated her baby, however rudely, moved her to that tender emotion whose pleasure has almost the sharpness of pain.

After this song we moved into the dining-room, where refreshments were served. Mr. Condor was very attentive to pretty Miss Genevieve Wealthy, leaving his sister Gerty to the care of a young church member. Miss Wealthy appeared pleased with Mr. Condor's attentions.

After the refreshments some of the sewing-circle went home; but most of them remained to the dance of the club, and nearly all of these were persuaded to dance, and enjoyed it greatly. Those who did not dance, and others at intervals, enjoyed themselves in various ways.

By and by Mr. Condor and Miss Genevieve, tired for the time of dancing, seated themselves on a lounge in one of the rooms, evidently much pleased with each other. It was plain that Mr. Condor was rapidly forgetting Miss Lizzie Baggem, whose manifest attempts to captivate him had several times attracted the attention of the president and the club. The president's little son observed them, and immediately made his way to Mr. Condor, who had won his boyish admiration by displays of an ability to imitate cats, the buzzing of bees, the fizz of a soda font, and other little ventriloquial accomplishments. The president's little son informed Miss Wealthy, who petted him, of Mr. Condor's remarka-

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ble vocal feats, and asked Mr. Condor to show Miss Wealthy how nicely he could imitate a cat. Miss Genevieve seconded the little boy's request. So did several of the ladies who had heard the conversation. Mr. Condor gallantly consented, and imitated an angry kitten very skilfully.

Now, the president owns a large Thomas cat, who is possessed of such a belligerent disposition that he is the terror of all the ordinary-sized cats in the neighborhood. Thomas, hearing Mr. Condor's performances, slipped past the kitchen-maid when the wood-shed door was opened, and the president saw him steal in and disappear under the lounge. Thereupon the president called his wife's attention to the situation, and they simultaneously looked at each other, and simultaneously said nothing.

Mr. Condor had just finished one of his best cat imitations, and Miss Genevieve was smiling her appreciation in his face, when, from beneath the lounge, sounded a genuine cat-yowl, which filled the whole house with its awful sound. Beginning in a guttural double-bass, like a sick demon groaning forty feet underground, it gradually ascended and swelled in volume till its weird shriek knocked the highest high C in the scale right up through the ceiling with a fiendishness of expression that made every loose fibre of the lounge-cover stand on end with horror. Miss Wealthy screamed and clutched Mr. Condor, half fainting. Mr. Condor sat bolt upright, with his mouth wide open, and his face the very picture of appalled astonishment. Fat Mrs. Deacon Pillar slid off her chair, and sat down on the back roof of her heels with a violence that made their rafters crack. Nearly all the company sprang up in wild alarm. The ladies cried, "Oh!" "What's that?" "Mercy!" and other ejaculations of surprise and terror.

As soon as the commotion had subsided a little, Mr. High fastened upon Mr. Condor a look of lofty indignation, and remarked to Mr. Lowe, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by all, that Condor ought to be ashamed of himself.

Mr. Lowe, admirably simulating gentlemanly disgust, replied, "This is a most unfortunate catastrophe to the club."

Mr. Littleweed, with dignified severity, observed to the ladies about him that they really must not judge of the club by this felineous specimen.

Then the three gazed at each other with intense solemnity, while the ladies, naturally taking this cue, glowered at Mr. Condor as though he were a moral monster.

Mr. Condor, reading universal condemnation in the faces of the whole party, earnestly declared that it wasn't him.

To this defence Mrs. Formost merely replied, "Ah-h!" in a tone which embodied the unanimous censure of her entire church, and all other religious bodies with whom it corresponds.

Mrs. Wealthy very coldly bade her daughter come and sit beside her mother, thus leaving Mr. Condor deserted.

Widow Cherry, noticing that Miss Genevieve was trembling nervously, observed to Mrs. Wealthy that it was a very cruel experiment.

Mr. Condor, with very emphatic earnestness, again declared that it wasn't him; but his statement did not produce the impression it deserved.

At this juncture the kitchen-maid came in with a broom in her hand. Her face, neck, and ears were red, and she shook all over, with the efforts to keep from bursting out laughing. With her broom she soon routed Thomas out from under the lounge, and he trotted before her to the wood-shed, emitting little grumbling growls, and waving his tail viciously, as much as to say: "If there are any imitation cats about these premises, who think they know how to sing, I'm the boy to take the conceit out of them."

Mr. Condor heaved a sigh of prodigious relief, and Mrs. Wealthy smiled a forgiving smile upon him, while the other ladies exclaimed in chorus: "Why! it really was the cat!"

How the club danced after this: how the president led the Virginia Reel with Mrs. Wealthy, and cut a beautiful pigeon-wing; how Condor and Miss Genevieve fairly sparkled as they followed the president — swing with the right hand, swing with the left hand, swing with both hands; how the sewing-circle ladies made up for their long abstinence from dancing by the vigor with which they romped through this one; how everybody said to everybody that it was the most delightful evening they had spent in years; how the club promised to attend the sewing-circles often, and the sewing-circle said they would be sure to attend the club socials; and how Mr. Condor attended Miss Genevieve home, in order to more fully explain on the way that it wasn't him; and how long processions of handsome and manly bicyclers glided silently

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through the dreams of Miss Genevieve, always with Mr. Condor at their head, may be imagined much more vividly than the president can describe them. Altogether, it was the most surprising surprise in the history of the club.

President Bates.

THE BICYCLE COEFFICIENT OF SAFETY.

To all lovers of the wheel this article is addressed, as it carries with it more or less weight in important facts, which I propose to discuss, both from a scientific and a practical stand-point, by means of data culled from the perch whereon we stride this fleet-winged bird of steel, and, all unconscious of the living force produced by our swift tread, we speed on with the velocity of the wind.

Under these very conditions as enumerated, doubtless many a rider has been astonished to find himself suddenly embracing mother earth, and fully realizing that life is not an empty dream, but composed of some *very solid* facts.

The velocity with which he arrives at this conclusion, or stationary point of involuntary rest, is more or less impressed upon his outward person by a physical sense of feeling, be it pleasure or pain; and this the philosophical mind at once concludes does not fully accord with that law of mechanics, relative to elastic bodies impinging one upon the other, wherein action and reaction would be equal. The action set forth is, in every sense of the word, the result of a living force produced by accelerated motion, and of a lesser or greater degree of momentum, according to the weight of the wheel and rider, multiplied by his velocity; the reaction will certainly depend upon his ability to overcome impact and dissolution.

Now, what are the conditions under which we take our chances, as stated, and wherein does the greatest security exist, by means of which we reduce the liabilities to "headers," and at the same time do not materially sacrifice the energy put forth without a proportionate return in speed?

As a rule we indulge in this manly and fascinating sport, because of the very finest sensibilities of pleasure which it produces, while backed by a requisite amount of strength and muscular development, which gives us speed to rival, in long distances, any other form of animate locomotion that moves upon the face of the earth.

Because of the varied and numerous styles of riding adopted by different 'cyclists, it becomes necessary in this analysis to assume certain conditions, as position, especially with regard to the distance between the vertical line passing through the body and saddle, and the vertical line passing through the centre of the wheel; also the position of the body of the rider over the saddle, as the centre of gravity of the former materially affects the degree of safety.

In the first hypothesis the point of poise will be taken at a distance of six inches in the rear of the vertical (which in the case of a wheel having no rake would be) the axis of the steering-head = Hs = 6 inches = a constant quantity; see Figure 1.

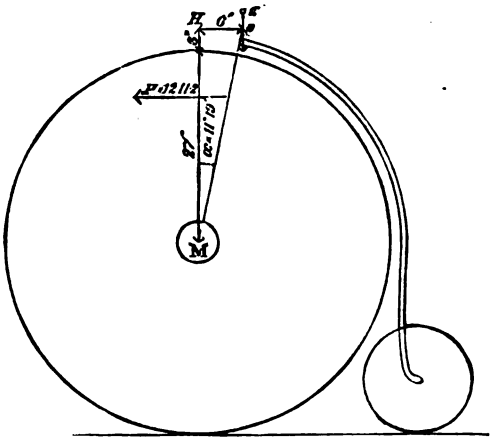


FIG. 1.

a = constant coefficient of safety angle.

Tangent of $a = \frac{6''}{30''}$. Log tan. $a = \frac{\log 6''}{\log 30''} =$

$= \frac{0.77815}{1.47712} = 9.30103 = 11° 19'$

Velocity Formula. $Ps = \frac{v^2}{2g} \times G.$

Example.

P = mechanical force.
S = space passed over = 1 foot
v = velocity, feet per second = 20
g = acceleration of gravity = 32.2 ft.
G = weight of wheel and rider = 195 lbs.

$\text{Log } (P.s) = \frac{2 \times \log v + \log G}{\log 2 + \log. g.} = \frac{\log 400 + \log 195}{\log 64.4} =$

$= \frac{2.60206 + 2.29003}{1.80889} = \frac{4.89209}{1.80889} =$

$= 3.08320 = 1211.2$ lbs.

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In the second hypothesis the centre of gravity, g, of the rider to be in the vertical of s, the centre of poise in the saddle.

Accepting the first and second hypothesis, I will now discuss the relative coefficients of safety of different wheels, as referred to horizontal and inclined planes respectively, together with the results which are obtained in practice under the necessary conditions which attend bicycling.

The Living Force, or *Vis-Viva*, which is the result of accelerated motion wherein the rider propels his weight and that of the wheel, may be determined at any point in the line of his projected path, by assuming his velocity at that point to be for that instant of time equal to a constant quantity.

Then, according to the law of mechanics of a material point (which the rider is), we have

$$Ps = \frac{v^2}{2g} \times G$$

(see Fig. 1, example), in which Ps represents the actual amount of mechanical energy which a given amount of weight develops with a given velocity, and is known to be the amount of mechanical work which will be performed, if a resistance be opposed to it, and wheel and rider be gradually brought to a state of rest. v = velocity attained, g, the acceleration of gravity = 32.2 feet, and G = weight of wheel and rider.

The following Table, "A," is computed from this formula, and will give riders a very good idea of the amount of force which they develop at any point of their projected path, with given velocities "v," and different weights of riders, taking the weight of wheel as a constant = 45 lbs.

TABLE A.—Showing the Mechanical Force, or *Vis-Viva*, for different velocities.

Weight of rider.	v = 10 feet per second.	v = 20 feet per second.	v = 30 feet per second.
Pounds.	*Pounds.*	*Pounds.*	*Pounds.*
For 130	P=271.7	P=1087.	P=2445.6
" 140	P=287.3	P=1149.	P=2585.4
" 150	P=302.8	P=1211.2	P=2725.
" 160	P=318.3	P=1273.2	P=2864.7
" 170	P=333.9	P=1335.4	P=3004.3
" 180	P=349.4	P=1397.4	P=3144.1
" 190	P=366.	P=1459.6	P=3283.9
" 200	P=381.5	P=1521.6	P=3423.5

From a comparison of columns two and three, it will be seen that the mechanical force increases as the square of the velocity. Also, what the effect of a blow from wheel and rider, concentrated in one material point, will be equal to, expressed in pounds.

The first column gives the weight of riders tabulated between one hundred and thirty and two hundred pounds. Opposite the different weights of riders in their respective columns of velocities will be found the power P, expressed in pounds; and since its ratio of increase is directly as 1 to 4 for a velocity doubled, inversely it will be observed that the coefficient of safety is increased *fourfold* if, when passing from a smooth to a rough or uncertain road-way, the speed is decreased *one-half*.

A velocity of 10 feet per second is equal to a rate of speed of 1 mile in 8 min. 48 sec., or $6\frac{8}{10}$+ miles per hour. A velocity of 20 feet per second is equal to 1 mile in 4 min. 24 sec., or 13.64 miles per hour. A velocity of 30 feet per second is equal to a rate of speed of 1 mile in 2 min. 56 sec., or 20.45 miles per hour, which is a maximum of speed.

Fortunately, owing to the great elasticity of the human frame, those riders who indulge in "headers," at high velocities, may thank their Creator that their necks and bodies still remain intact; and yet, at the same time, they wonder why handle-bars should bend, or the wheels buckle, or the backbone be broken, or twisted out of its symmetrical curve line of beauty.

A moment's reflection, and a glance at the preceding table of mechanical forces, will set aside *all doubt*, and satisfy the reasonable rider that these damages to his wheel are not due to defective material or faulty construction; but are the results of a too highly developed mechanical force, meeting a *sudden resistance*, the shock of which no well-proportioned wheel *can withstand*, as such a force is out of all proportion to strength of material in the shape in which used. Then, too, the wheel, as well as rider, comes to an almost instant state of rest, and the latter not unfrequently for several minutes, before he even attempts to shake off the dust of mother earth, which clings so tenderly about him, and once more enjoy the beauties of nature and a sense of relief to know that he still lives.

Rake.—To what extent does rake add to the coefficient of safety in bicycling without a disproportionate loss of energy in propelling the wheel?

When the forks have no rake, the centre of effort exerted to propel the wheel, as applied from the saddle through the limbs, falls in a line of force having an angle of

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11° 19′ from the vertical for the 54-inch wheel. (See Figure 2.)

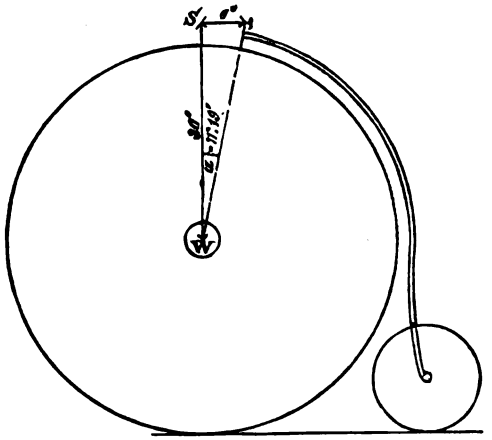


FIG. 2.

Formula.

$$\text{Tangent a} = \frac{Ss}{WS} = \frac{6''}{30''}, \text{ solving;}$$

$$\text{Log. tan. a} = \frac{\log 6}{\log 30''} = \frac{0.77815}{1.47712} = 9.30103$$

$$9.30103 = 11° 18' 31'' \text{ or } 11° 19'.$$

WS represents the forks in the vertical; Ss = 6 inches, distance of centre of effort, s, from centre of steering-head, S; then by solving the right angle triangle WSs, for the value of the angle at W, we find the angle of inclination of the line of force Ws, to the vertical, or forks WS. For all other wheels this angle varies directly as their diameters. (See Table "B.")

The closest built wheel is the Expert Columbia. This wheel gives the length of the vertical for WS, to be thirty inches for the 54-inch wheel, *i.e*, from the centre of axle W, to the right angle at S, where the "spring" joins the steering-head, and six inches for Ss.

Many riders, without stopping to think, have an idea that they can place the saddle so close to the steering-head that the actual line of force, or power applied to the pedals, will fall in the vertical of the forks.

They will find, however, by actual measurement that such is not the case. On the other hand the most experienced riders average over six inches for the centre of effort from the vertical.

The very nature of man's build, together with handle-bars and steering-head, absolutely forbid such an argument, leaving science out of the question.

If the centre of effort and line of force, as applied to the pedals, were in the vertical of the axle, then its angle of inclination would be zero, and likewise the coefficient of safety.

Under these circumstances the slightest motion of the body forward would bring its centre of gravity in front of the vertical, and, consequently, precipitate the rider to the ground.

The following table gives a very close approximation for the *constant angle* of the coefficient of safety for all wheels between forty and sixty inches in diameter, having *no rake*, and a comparison with the Expert of the same diameters of wheel, with its present system of proportionate rake:—

TABLE B.—Comparison of the coefficients of safety for *rake* and no *rake*.

Diameter of wheel.	Coefficient of safety angles.			Increase of rake.
	Angles of no rake.	Prop. rake in inches.	Angles of prop. rake.	
40 Inches	14° 37′	1.53	18° 08′	3° 31′
42 "	14° 02′	1.60	17° 34′	3° 32′
44 "	13° 30′	1.67	17° 04′	3° 34′
46 "	13° 00′	1.74	16° 35′	3° 35′
48 "	12° 32′	1.81	16° 08′	3° 36′
50 "	12° 06′	1.87	15° 42′	3° 36′
52 "	11° 41′	1.94	15° 18′	3° 37′
54 "	11° 19′	2.00	14° 56′	3° 37′
56 "	10° 57′	2.06	14° 35′	3° 38′
58 "	10° 37′	2.13	14° 15′	3° 38′
60 "	10° 18′	2.20	13° 57′	3° 39′

As the coefficient of safety is governed directly by the cotangent of its angle of inclination to the vertical, hence Table "B" shows that the coefficient of safety increases with the lesser diameter, and reaches a minimum value with the 60-inch wheel, at 10° 18′; this is increased to 14° 37′ for the 40-inch wheel, showing a difference of 4° 19′ in favor of the smaller wheel. Hence the smaller the wheel the less liability to "headers," which accounts for the safety attending the youthful, reckless rider.

If the rider was seated in the vertical of the axle he would exert a force equal to two-thirds of his weight; but, as shown by Table "B," he approximates a constant angle to the vertical, dependent upon the size of wheel.

This angle is also a measure of the loss of direct force; for each degree he is out of this vertical he decreases his *weight-force* applied to the pedals, by a quantity represented by the angle of inclination multiplied

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by two-thirds of his weight. See Fig. 2, in which $s = \frac{2}{3}$ of the weight of the rider, and sW the line in which the weight force is applied to the pedals at W.

The angle, SWs, = a, represents the distance from the vertical, SW, at which the weight-force is applied, and is measured by its component parts Ss and SW.

$$\text{Tangent } a = \frac{Ss}{WS}$$

is the formula used for computing Table "B." Then from the proportion which the coefficient of safety bears to 90° = unity, and a mean weight of riders taken at 150 lbs., we have, a : 1, or 90° = $\frac{2}{3}$ or 100 lbs. : to loss of weight-force, from which the following Table "C" is computed, showing the loss of weight-force in lbs. for no rake, and a proportionate rake, for all sizes, based upon the 54-inch Expert, which has a rake of 2 inches : —

TABLE C. — Loss of weight-force in pounds for rake and no rake.

Diameter of wheel.	Loss of weight-force in pounds.			Difference in loss.
	For no rake.	Proportionate rake of the Expert.		
Inches.	*Pounds.*	*Inches.*	*Pounds.*	*Pounds.*
40	16.2	1.53	20.2	4.
42	15.8	1.60	19.7	3.9
44	15.3	1.67	19.2	3.9
46	14.8	1.74	18.8	4.0
48	14.3	1.81	18.3	4.0
50	13 9	1.87	17.8	3.9
52	13.4	1.94	17.4	4.0
54	12.9	2.00	16.9	4.0
56	12.4	2.06	16.5	4.1
58	11.9	2.13	16.0	4.1
60	11.5	2.20	15.5	4.0

In order to find the loss of weight-force for riders of a greater or lesser weight than 150 lbs. use the following rule: *For each 10 lbs. weight of rider above or below 150 lbs. add or subtract respectively 1 lb. from the tabulated amounts given opposite the size of wheel ridden, and the result will be the loss of weight-force required.*

The column of proportionate rake is tabulated for the Expert, as this wheel has a greater average rake than any of the other leading wheels of the present day, and yet the average loss of weight-force does not exceed four lbs., as will be seen in column five.

At the same time the gain in the angle of the coefficient of safety is increased from 3° 31′ for the 40-inch wheel, to 3° 39′ for the 60-inch wheel, or an average increase for each wheel of 3° 35′. (See Table "B.")

By consulting Table "B" the percentage of gain in the coefficient of safety for the Expert is found to be increased *four per cent.* by the proportionate rake, while the corresponding loss of mechanical energy to propel the wheel, as found in Table "C," is *two and seven-tenths* per cent. nearly, *showing an advantage of one and three-tenths per cent. in favor of rake*, as at present adopted.

Carrying the analysis still further, in order to settle the question of limit of rake, the point at which the latter becomes a minimum, as compared with the increased percentage of loss in *weight-force*, is fully realized and reached when the loss of weight force is *five per cent.*; then the angle of the coefficient of safety will be 18° 22′, showing a rake of 3.96 inches for the 54-inch wheel, and a corresponding proportion for all remaining sizes.

The reason why I give five per cent. as the limit arises from the fact that in mechanical engineering and construction seven per cent. is the usual limit for friction.

Practically there is more or less friction in the bearings of the wheel, and allowing this amount to be reduced to a *minimum*, when between *one* and *two* per cent., limits the loss of weight-force to *five per cent.*, and, consequently, the rake to 3.96 inches, as determined.

The percentage of safety, therefore, *in favor of rake* without exceeding the practical limit of percentage in *lost energy*, is a maximum at *twenty per cent.*, and a farther deviation from this limit becomes seriously detrimental to the wheelman, by exhausting his muscular power to overcome the inertia of the mass acted upon by the acceleration of gravity.

Coefficient of Safety in "Coasting." — To all bicyclists, coasting is the acme of delightful sensations; flying through the air, perched upon his silent messenger of steel, whose velocity in flight upon the inclined plane has no limit when uncontrolled, the bicyclist experiences that freedom which belongs to the art of flying, and, like the birds of the air, he cares not for time or space.

Coasting is more safely accomplished with the Expert than any of the other leading wheels, *owing to the rake*, it has in construction.

Consequently, a steeper grade can be de-

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scended with like conditions of wheelman; and my experience, as well as that of some expert riders with whom I have associated, shows that the present *limit of rake* does not practically lessen the utility of the wheel for hill climbing.

Let us see to what degree the Expert rake detracts from the usefulness of the wheel for ascending grades, as compared with other wheels. So far its rake is proven theoretically, as well as practically, to be beneficial.

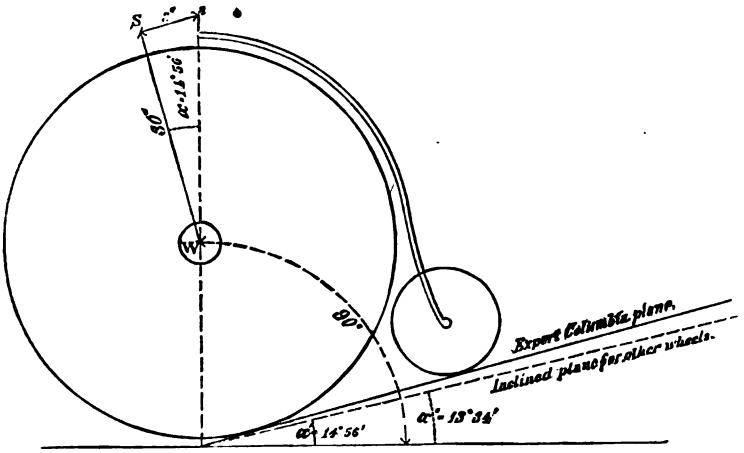


FIG. 3.

First, we will observe the following table, which shows the average rake of other leading wheels, the measurement of which has been determined with instruments under the most favorable circumstances: —

Name of Wheel.	Average rake in inches.	Coefficient of safety angle.	Percentage of rake.
American Club.....	1.20	13° 31′	2.4
Special Club.....	1.26	13° 36′	2.5
The Club.....	1.25	13° 33′	2.5
Harvard	1.00	13° 08′	2.0
Matchless	1.63	14° 15′	3.3
Timber Lake	.89	12° 36′	1.4
Humber	.75	12° 30′	1.3
Yale.....	.75	12° 30′	1.3

Take for example the American Club, and compare it by analysis with the Expert Columbia.

The *coefficient of safety* in favor of the Expert amounts to (1.6) one and six-tenths per cent., while its loss of weight-force exceeds that of the American Club by only *one* per cent.; showing that coasting may be safely done on a grade of 1 foot in 3.88 of a foot by the former, against 1 foot in 4.28 for the latter, or an increase of grade of 1 *foot in* 38, in favor of the Expert. See diagram (3).

Therefore, in climbing a hill, it is readily seen that the rider of the Expert only has to exert an increased muscular force of one per cent., or he may nearly counteract this loss by shifting his centre of gravity, and, consequently, centre of effort, as near as possible into the vertical line of the axis W; that is, as far as handle-bars will admit. A difference of one per cent., even with a rider of 200 lbs. weight, amounts to less than 2 lbs., as the increment of lost energy viewed from a theoretical stand-point, which in practice does not appear to affect material results.

We may, therefore, conclude that rake is a great safeguard to bicycling, and not detrimental to proportionate speed, until it reaches the maximum of 3.96 inches, for the 54-inch wheel. Other sizes taken in proportion.

This rule will be found to stand the test for the roadster, while saving many headers, and at the same time enable one to compete in long distances with any wheel of less rake, and less actual tension upon the nerve system.

In the preparation of this paper I have made (with the assistance of Mr. R. V. R. Schuyler and Mr. Elliott Mason, to whom I am much indebted) many careful and repeated measurements of different wheels, in order that my data should be authentic, and carry the practical weight necessary for the analysis which I have made.

F. I. Drake,
Lieut. U.S. Navy; President L.I.W. Club.

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A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

[Frank Wentworth to Fred Billings.]

HANOVER, N.H.

MY DEAR FRED: —

Only a word from me to-day. I am very busy, and can spare but a moment on this my regular letter day. Will write you to-morrow night, when, I expect, my oration will be finished and learned. Had an accident yesterday. "Snap" and I went off on our wheels across the river. You remember the road on the Vermont side near the bridge is along the embankment. How it happened I can't exactly tell, but I managed to take a header into the Connecticut just at this point, as we were returning. To make a horrible experiment short, I could not swim at all. I seemed paralyzed. Went down twice. Then "Snap" came nobly to the rescue. The current is very swift now, and I all but drowned him as well as myself. He saved me though, and here I am again, like the bad penny. I was unconscious for a long time, and, altogether, I don't care to repeat the experience. Much excitement over the occurrence, and the class is going to give "Snap" a token of its admiration for his *gallant*, *noble*, *heroic* act! I will not speak of my own gratitude. You know me, and will, I am sure, appreciate all my feelings towards him.

Hoping you are still improving, I am, dear Fred, your classmate and friend,

FRANK.

[Mrs. Brown to Frank Wentworth.]

WORCESTER, MASS., June 28, 18—.

MY DEAR BROTHER: —

We are with you in thought every moment of these your last days. Indeed, it must be hard for a boy to break off all his old school associations, as you are now doing, not having the consolation we girls enjoy (?) so much, of a good cry. You may laugh at us; but, indeed, Frank, to "let the tear down fa' " is, as Sally would say, one of our "good failings." Was there ever such a ridiculous creature? But you are too busy for a long letter to-day, I know, and I will, therefore, come to the point of this my last note to you at your "dear old Dartmouth." I am sincerely glad that there is a prospect of having your dear, noble classmate in our home! Ah, my darling brother, what should Kate and I have done, if you had— O Frank! Frank! We shall never cease being thankful to Mr. Ogilby, and I hope he will come and pay us a long visit. You know Kate and I will do everything we can — and you will say so to him for us — to show our gratitude and make his stay pleasant. We shall see you on Saturday M., shall we not?

Your loving sister,

LUCY.

[Kate Wentworth to Frank Wentworth.]

THURSDAY.

DEAR FRANK: —

I suppose Lucy has sent you in her letter all the gossip and doings of our circle, and I will not run danger of repeating anything to-day, for I'm deeply interested in the life of Lilly, the astrologer, and am longing to get back to it. I'm going to work him into my drama. Won't he make a splendid character? I'm sure if I fail in outshining Shakespeare it will be due to my own stupidity, for who could have a better subject than I, in Lovelace? Think of the accessories! I'm getting on famously collecting materials. Dear me! I wish I had somebody to sympathize with me! Lucy can't, and you won't. I should like to know why a woman shouldn't write! — but you have heard that before.

"Blue, blue-stocking I was born!
Blue-stocking I shall die!"

So Mr. Ogilby is coming to town, *à la* Yankee Doodle? And at length I am to see a hero after your mind and Lucy's heart! Stage direction: *Enter Lion and Moonshine.* Well, I suppose he is to be courted, and all that. You won't expect anything of the sort from me, I trust. Let Lucy stick musk-roses in his sleek, smooth head. You shall hunt him a humble-bee on the top of a red-tipped thistle, — or however it goes — good Monsieur Fall-in-the-River, but I would be loath to see myself overflown with a honey-bag. Ha, ha! I know he's a stupid; but we'll endure him, *mon petit garçon*, for the sake of his pulling a worthless Wentworth out of a puddle. Well, well, bring him home with you, and if he has lovely tow hair I'll write him sonnets and fall in love with him, and all that. Disgusted with me, are

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you, Frank? I don't wonder; but I can't be sweet longer, for I'm two years by the proverbial age, you know, and I can't "be a lady," like Lucy, till I am as old as she. So don't expect it, but let me be my only self, with love,

KATE.

[Walter Ogilby to his parents.]

HANOVER, N.H., July 1, 18—.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER: —

Commencement exercises passed off very smoothly, but we had a disagreeable day for our last together. A steady rain settled down upon us before light, and lasted all day and night. The seniors' ball was a great success, everybody says. Amy looked bewitching, in a blue dress of some silk stuff. I have something to tell you about her when we meet, which you will be glad to know. The class, as a class, took its departure yesterday. Some of the boys cried, after the farewell song was sung at the station. Only four of us are left in town to-day. I sent my bicycle and piano this morning, and shall start for you and New York to-morrow. Will you be glad to have me home again? I have given up my proposed visit of a week to Chum's, at Worcester. You will be surprised, after what I said in my last about going there. So am I as well, Wentworth! But I have taken a woman's privilege of changing my mind, and so I shall be with you on, perhaps, Friday next, *via* Boston. I shall stop in that city at least a day. I am glad you have chosen the seaside this summer, instead of the mountains, for I am still devoted to my "Bi." Farewell! to-morrow you will have no boy at Hanover to worry over! Card and Ogilby, importers, will have a new partner, and I will have — "my wheel!"

Your affectionate son,
WALTER.

[Walter Ogilby to Fred Billings.]

NEW YORK CITY.

SALVE! DEAR OLD BOY: —

Commencement is over, spent, gone! Flowers and smiles and Philippics! But we had a beastly wet day of it, and night as well. "The fad" did the oration finely! By dad! I could have listened to him all day. Even Prex clapped as if he had drunken "new wine." Charley's poem was so-so; sounded very well, and went off with a round of applause at the end, — modelled after Pope's *Essay*. I'll send you, by this mail, a class-day book, which will allow you to judge of it for yourself. Chum did better than I had expected. You would have hardly noticed the catch in his voice, if you had not listened for it. By-the-by, you know I was to have gone home with Chum, and I did not, as you will see by the heading of this — and thereby hangs a tale. I meant to have, but had not, given my word. I brought two letters to him Commencement afternoon. It was after the fun was over, and we were at our room, No. 2, Read. It was just at twilight, and he read one of them, which I afterwards found out was from Miss Kate, that saucy-looking sister which you may remember to have seen at our room, in a purple-velvet frame. He tossed it on to the table with an exclamation of contempt, and opened and read the other. He was scarce through, when Powers, 2d, came in and wanted him to go off to his room to give him (P.) some practice in the waltz for the evening; so chum went. He tossed the second letter from his sister Lucy on the table with the other, saying, as he did so, and turned to leave the room, "Read this letter from my sister, Walt." After he had gone out I got up, lighted the "student," and took up the, as I supposed, right letter, and read it Fred, that Kate Wentworth must be a *hummer!* It was all about me, and how, as I had pulled her dear Frank out of "a puddle," she would tolerate me, endure me for a week; writing of me as *she* might have spoken of a kitten; being a blue-stocking, she would write sonnets about my "tow head"; fancied I was an ass, and quoted Shakespeare, about sticking roses in my sleek, smooth ears! Well, I could not help laughing; but I was as mad as "thunder." But after a minute or two I spied the other letter. Seizing the two, I rushed off to Powers', and asked chum which of the two letters I was to read. "That one!" said he, giving me the one I had not read, and thrusting the other into his pocket with a flushed face. Well, I went back and read the right one this time. His sister Lucy had written a nice note; delighted to think I was coming, etc. That night, after the ball was done — "O Muse, sing *the* Ball!" Tell our old classmate, way off in Colorado, how his nimble-toed fellows footed it featly through the waltz — "that maze, not without a plan!" Sing, sing! Culver Hall bedecked with flowers, and gay with Japanese lanterns, and lovely with maids. Sing, and forget not, I prithee, to tell how his friend

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danced every dance and waltzed every waltz; especially forget not to mention how he glided through the beautiful "Blue Danube" with "a silken wonder at his side" in blue, and with a face as lovely as that which haunted the poet when he painted the gentle Desdemona; forget not anything — the eyes that gleamed, the jewels that shone, the flowers that breathed, the supper with the blue silk again, and the rose *she* gave him from her bouquet. And Memory's daughter bade him envy that friend taking the early morning walk to the hotel, under the rain-washed maples, ere the sun was up, when the violins were still, again, again, with *the* dainty maiden at his side. But, goddess, whisper not, I charge thee, the soft nothings he said to her, and for his blushes, speak not of the suspicious manner of their lips, by the great elm at the foot of the campus. So shall he whose absence was the one blot on our fair enjoyment of the week dance with us in thought, and be gay with us at heart. And tell him, gentle Memory, "how often, oh, how often!" Wentworth and his chum, at No. 2, Read, spoke of their sick comrade and friend, and "wished he was here." After the ball, as I was saying, when we were turning in for a nap, I said — never mind what I did say. It was in import that I should have to postpone my visit, as my father wanted me at once to perfect the partnership arrangement, of which I spoke in my last letter. I told him that mother had written me, in the letter I received the day before, that we were to summer at Swampscott, near Marblehead, where his folks usually summer; and thus it ended. I shall manage to steer clear of that girl; you may safely put down your reds on it, Fred. Our wheeling together this summer will, of necessity, be strategic on my part. I don't want to meet Miss Kate, and I don't mean to! My paper is used. Good-by, Fred. Keep up your pluck, old boy. Tend your sheep; live the pastoral life the poets sung; make love to some Amaryllis in the shade, and get your lungs ever so strong, is the charge from

Your friend,
"SNAP."

[Kate Wentworth to May Turner.]

DEVEREAUX MANSION,
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

DEAR MAY: —

I am once more at the sea-side. We have been here a fortnight — no, *I* have been here that length of time. Lucy came with me, stopped two days, and then returned to Worcester. Bicycles will be the extinction of the Wentworth family, I fear. My brother Frank, who escorted us down, and returned by the next train to attend a bicycling race somewhere, had the misfortune to break his ankle; so patient Lucy went back to Worcester to nurse him, devoutly thankful that it wasn't his precious neck. I know it was in some way connected with his bicycle, though he does write me that he "hadn't seen his wheel for two hours" — *two whole hours!* think of it, May — previous to the accident. What a satisfaction he finds in that *Expert*, as he calls it, of his! I can't understand it, can you? You know — but listen to this, Mary E. Turner! I wrote Frank a jocose letter the last week he was at Hanover, in reference to a proposed visit of that friend — a room-mate, I believe — who pulled him out of the river. Of course it was all fun; but Frank took me to task for it, and thinks that this letter, in some way, had to do with Mr. ——'s — I have forgotten his name — with his not coming, for he didn't come. Are you following me closely? Frank said in connection that he wished I would write lady-like letters to a fellow, — meaning himself, of course. I was old enough, etc. "So you can show them to all your male friends, Frank Wentworth!" I say with dignity. "If you wrote as nice letters as May Turner does, I should be glad to show them, which I'm ashamed to do now." — "May Turner? May Turner?" I ask. "Has she been writing to you?" Whereat he turned and rushed from the room, and a moment after, as I saw him go wheeling by the sitting-room window, on his bicycle, his face was the color of those damask roses you used to wear at Mme.'s last year. Now, May Turner, tell me all about it. What does this mean? I am jealous! Of you, I mean. Oh, *do* tell *me*, May! do! doo! d-doo! — There, I'll not write another word till you tell me. I'll cry myself blind. I'll be a Niobe, modern weeping philosopher, a — a crocodile, if you do not hie just a word to

Your own
K. W.

P.S. — *Do tell* me, dear May; I am not curious, not a bit; I'm only interested! Do tell *me!*

K.

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[Walter Ogilby to Fred Billings.]

SWAMPSCOTT, MASS., July 10, 18—.

DEAR FRED: —

You will understand how glad I was to hear that you were improving so rapidly. Keep at it, old fellow, and don't disappoint us in our expectations to find you a Daniel Lambert in size, and a Stentor in lungs, before the year is out. Have been enjoying myself very much since we came to the Ocean House. Swampscott, itself, has "a very ancient and fish-like smell," — to quote Trinculo, — which I don't fancy; but quaint old Marblehead! What shall not be said in praise of it? Replete with historic associations, its crooked streets, its legends of pirates, wizards, and devils, have been sung by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and minor bards without number; and here, along the beaches, was the haunt of Hawthorne, as it is now, they say, of that Jones Very, whom Prof. Potter admires so much. But I will not stop to-day to say more of my trips in general to this old seaport. I want to tell you what happened on one in particular. I wanted to go out to see Frank, for he is fretting over his lay-up; but thinking of that sister has deterred me. I shall go to-morrow, for Miss Kate Wentworth is *not* at Worcester with Frank, but at Devereaux, and — *mirabile dictu* — I have seen her! spoken to her!! It came about yesterday on my trip to Marblehead Neck, as I was riding down the shady lane which runs by the farm-house they call the Devereaux mansion. This is the place where the Wentworths summer. Not a soul was in sight — in *my* sight, I mean! My wheel was in perfect trim, and I was, if I must confess it, miles away in my thoughts. Perhaps I was tending sheep with you, Fred; perhaps I wasn't; however

"My body was in Segoria,
My soul was in Madrid."

I had just begun a slight descent when from a bank considerably above me there came clattering down under my wheel "bike" a piece of canvas stretched on a frame for painting. It fell directly under my wheel, and the going over it pitched me off. I managed to get tangled some way in the spokes, and we lay there, my "bi" and I, until the cause of the mishap came down from her perch and helped me up. By dad! I knew her in an instant. It was the face that Frank had had in our room for over four years. It was the blue-stocking; the "little mischief," as Frank once called her to me. Of course apologies were spoken on both sides. It seems that she was sitting on a stone fence, painting, and had not known of my coming until I was all-but by her. A sudden glance caught of the apparition of my silent steed had caused her to drop her canvas, which she was holding some way, and so it all happened. "I am afraid I have spoiled your painting!" I said, lifting up the canvas, which, of course, was ruined. She laughed good-naturedly, and said it was a "nocturne" in black and gold, that she had been attempting. "I was sketching in those willows," pointing to a clump. "I shall call it now my *afternoon* in paint and dirt. Ruined? Oh, no, indeed!" holding it at arms' length; "my brother would spout Shakespeare, were he here, and say, mockingly, 'Oh, how the wheel becomes it!'" She's real jolly — just your style of a girl, Fred! You must meet her when you come East again. Her picture does not do her justice. I ended the affair by pulling a blank card from my pocket, scratching my name upon it, and handing it to her as I rode off, laughing all over inside at the ridiculousness of the episode. Don't know what she'll say when she realizes that I am he whom she "writ down an ass." No more at present. When you get round to it, tell more about the youngster that you are interested in. I believe I am that way inclined myself. Perhaps I can aid you in helping him, if you think him so worthy.

With much sincerity, yours,

WALT.

P.S. — They say a woman crowns her letters with interesting postscripts. I must follow suit, or leave you in ignorance until next time, that a boy has just brought me a *billet-doux* from K. W., asking me to call round to the D. M. this afternoon. *She hopes I can afford her an opportunity, and thus soon, of telling me something which I shall be interested to hear! Whew!!*

W. O.

[Kate Wentworth to May Turner.]

Aug. 15, 18—.

DEAR MAY: —

You are a good-for-nothing girl; I don't see why you won't come and spend a few days with us here. If all you say in your letter is true, and the whole truth, I am the more at loss to understand you. But Walter Ogilby is certainly very nice, despite all I may have said to make you think otherwise. What is he like? You should come and see for yourself. He is a perfect

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Saxon in hair; and his eyes are a deep violet, — lovely eyes, and such lashes! Little above the medium height, inclined to be slender in form, and has a bit of golden wisp for a mustache. He's very proud of it, I judge by the way he strokes it. I want to tell him it won't grow any faster for pulling it so much; but I dare not. He is sensitive, almost as much as your cousin Fred; but withal he is the better for that, inasmuch as one does not have to pound a pun into his head. He catches a bit of humor instinctively. Well read, and can talk books better than Fred, even. Of course this is the secret of my finding him pleasant company. Fine looking, but not handsome. Has a firm mouth and chin, which I admire in any one. There, do you see this paragon? Well, add a swinging gait to a pair of long limbs; put a pair of effeminately small and white hands on the body; dress it in dark gray, and you have him, *in toto*. In answer to what I am doing on my drama, I have the plot marked out in the rough. Mr. O. has given me some very good hints as to the fifth act. Besides, I have one whole scene done, — that where Lovelace is arrested by the Roundheads. Mr. O. thinks it is capitally conceived and worked up — or, at least, he says so. You bade me send you something to set to music. Will this trifle answer, from Heine?

"*Es liegt der hersze Sommer.*

"My little love, the summer
Is hot upo' thy cheek,
And in thy heart the winter
Is white and chill and bleak.

"Ah, that will change, my lassie,
When in my arms thou art;
My cheek be pale as winter
And summer burn thy heart."

I did it while at Mme's a year ago. Poor Heine! every one thinks he can translate him into verse. I ask the dear ghost's pardon; I'll never try to distil him again, never! Theodore Martin is the only one of them all who does well, and this is, to borrow the words of the grave-maker in Hamlet, by doing ill. Lyrics cannot be translated. Fiat!! If you won't mention it to any one I'll copy for you some triolets which Mr. O. did yesterday. You must know he is a devotee to the bicycle, and, to do him justice, he's a fine rider. Here are his "experiments in Gallic measur" as he calls them: —

"*Chantez.*

"Sing, heart, as we go,
And out-mock the cage linnet,
Oh, tender and low,
Sing, heart, as we go,
My joy's overflow,
And thy wheel, — come, begin it!
Sing, heart, as we go,
And out-mock the cage linnet."

"*La Chanson.*

"The song in the heart, —
It is thus we shall win it:
Afar from the mart,
The song in the heart,
As springs, will upstart
If our cycles begin it;
The song in the heart, —
It is thus we shall win it."

"*De la Roue.*

"The joy of the wheel —
The delight we find in it!
To tell you we feel
The joy of the wheel,
I break a song's seal,
And sing for a minute
The joy of the wheel,
The delight we find in it."

There! May, I think them quite clever; but he won't hear to any praise. Why, he won't let us even mention his saving Frank's life! And, do you know, Frank tells me that after that act, when the class were going to give him a medal, or something of that nature, to commemorate his noble daring, he found it out and sent this chosen committee a letter, declining to accept any token, and asking them not to insist on it, as the only course that would please his modest majesty. Did you ever hear of such worth? Frank's ankle is getting along slowly. He was very glad to get down here. I wish you were here to read to him. He says I gabble, and he scolds Lucy for keeping up her voice at periods. Oh, perhaps you think a sick man's an angel! Won't you reconsider that cruel decision of yours?

Auf wiedersehen!

KATE WENTWORTH.

[Frank Wentworth to Fred Billings.]

"DEVEREAUX MANSION,"
Sept. 30, 18—.

DEAR FRED: —

I am getting around on crutches. But think of all the summer gone and my *Expert* lying idle! If I were not a saint, Fred, I should swear; but my sisters say I have been so cross, housed up, that I have no reputation to lose; so I'll forbear this once. Nothing new with us. Walt is here all

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the time. What a lady's man! Talking poetry and the drama by the hour with Kate, as I remember a certain young man is said to have done at Miss Turner's, last summer, with the same K. W. I suspect that I have bored Walt some the last two months with card-playing. Kate and he are off now somewhere, studying an American sky to work up into some English scene or other. Lucy fidgets about Walt's marrying Kate. Why shouldn't he? I keep teasing her. She seems to have taken a dislike to him of late. He's engaged, as of course he has told you; but this makes no difference to Lucy. I was surprised enough when he informed me of the step he had taken, and wanted my blessing on it. Walt's going to Vermont next week, to be gone "a few days." Imagine what that means when love's in the question. Here come Kate and Walt, to play cards with me; so I'll cut you short now. Lucy sends remembrances, and says, tell him Jack's address is No. 79 Rue de Bois, Paris. She could send any message for you if you wished.

Your friend,
FRANK WENTWORTH.

[Walter Ogilby to Fred Billings.]

FRED BILLINGS: —

I do not know what in Heaven's name you mean. Will you explain yourself? I have never wronged you in thought or deed that I am aware of. I didn't know you were acquainted with any of the Wentworths until the day of my last letter, when I heard Frank ask Mrs. Brown for her husband's address for you. Why *you never told me*, I can't think. I am wholly in the dark. But I can see no reason for the cold, upbraiding letter which reached me this morning from you, even *if* I had known you were on hand-and-glove terms with them, unless,— it can't be so or you would have told me, or some one surely would! — that you are interested in Kate!! That is the only lame conclusion I can make out of your incoherent sentences. If that is it, — but pshaw! it can't be! — put yourself at ease. It's Amy Bridgeford I am going to marry next month. Did I not tell you of our engagement in the letter in which I spoke of her at the seniors' ball? Surely I did! I remember. That was my engagement night. All the Wentworths knew it, and Frank has never told you the absurd story of my having any thoughts of marrying Kate. You are either playing a cruel hoax on me, or you are terribly mistaken. Write at once and explain yourself, Fred. Address me here at C——, Vt., where I am making ready for the marriage. I am desirous to be forgiven if I have unintentionally hurt or offended you in any way.

As formerly,
WALTER OGILBY.

OCT. 13th.

[Telegram sent to Walter Ogilby, Ocean House, Swampscott, and forwarded to C——, Vt.]

OCT. 12, 18—.

WALTER OGILBY: —

This is to tell thee that thy friend, Fred Billings, committed suicide last evening.

PHINEAS THOMAS.

[Friend Thomas to Walter Ogilby.]

NINTH MONTH, Twelfth Day.

WALTER OGILBY: —

Thee has my telegram, which I sent thee to-day, I suppose. I can tell thee in this little more than a confirmation of the sad calamity. Thy young friend has been despondent of late, and has kept his room much of the time. Yesterday he called me to him, and gave me the enclosed letter, asking me to send it to thy address if he should die suddenly. I supposed he was thinking of the bleeding spells he occasionally had, and tried to cheer him. This was after dinner. He then went to his piano for the first time for a week, and played and sang until near supper time. I sat on the back stoop and listened. Most of all he sang a song which kept repeating, "Lochaber no more!" When I went to call him to supper I found him lying on the bed, stabbed to the heart with the Turkish knife which he used for a paper-cutter. Nothing could be done, for he was dead. Mother and I were badly shaken by the terrible event. We will bury him here to-morrow, when the body will be subject to the wishes of his friends.

Thy friend,
PHINEAS THOMAS.

[Mrs. Brown to her Husband.]

OCT. 17, 18—.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: —

I hardly know how to tell you what I have to say. We are well so far as health goes; but, O Jack, everything is wrong. Fred Billings stabbed himself to death, a week ago, in Colorado, under the impression that Kate was engaged to Mr. Ogilby, whereas he is going to marry ex-Senator

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Bridgeford's daughter, of Vermont. Frank and Mr. Ogilby are distracted with grief. The latter came to Frank as soon as it was known. I am powerless to alleviate their sorrow. Poor Kate says not a word. I didn't know she cared for Fred at all in this way; but she goes about the house with such a mild, pained look in her eyes that I fear sometimes for her reason. Last night she sent for the Mother Superior of St. Ursula, and I don't know what Kate won't do when she comes. O Jack, if you were only here! If she would only cry! But she says, "Cry! — what should I cry for, Lucy?" in such a way. To-morrow Frank will take us back to Worcester, and Mr. Ogilby will start for Colorado. Fred wrote Mr. Ogilby a long letter, which came after the telegram. I do not know what was in in it, except that he said that some poor child in whom he was interested there in Colorado was to have his fortune. I can write no more now, but will write you again by the next steamer.

Your own loving wife,
LUCY.

[Mrs. Brown to her Husband.]

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 25, 18—.

DEAR HUSBAND: —

At length, I might say, at *last*, it is settled, and Kate, our Kate, Jack, will enter the convent of St. Ursula. Frank and I have done as you advised, said everything, done everything, that we could to change her will; but it is impossible. Judge Laskey has at length given his consent as guardian, but she will wait a month for your return before leaving me. I have cried myself sick, but all to no purpose. She is radically changed. She doesn't mope, but her books and music are all neglected. She goes about the house in a quiet way, which seems to say to me that same old quotation she used ever to be conning last year, about "I and sorrow!" Dearest, do you remember how she would say it to us, sitting on the floor of our sitting-room, her hair all unloosed; and when I would be moved by her pathetic voice, and plead for her not to do so, how she would throw her hair back from her face and laugh, till I, too, laughed out of sympathy? There will be no more of that now. We have lost her as fully as if she were dead. Indeed, I can't get that line out of my head that Mrs. Browning wrote of another Kate: —

"She has made the grass greener
even here . . . with her grave —
My Kate."

It haunts me. Dearest, I am so glad that you are coming home, and that I shall write you but one more letter before you sail! Now I want to tell you one thing, which you must never let any one even suspect you know. May Turner rejected Frank yesterday. He is hurt, but he is acting the manly part; and the fact that she has treated him like a coquette, as she ever was, will enable him to recover soon from his chagrin. Mr. Ogilby was married very quietly two days ago. They go to Europe in the spring.

Ever your own,
LUCY.

J. W. Chapman.

FOUR SEASONS ON A FORTY-SIX.

SIX thousand miles would make, if extended in a straight line, quite a respectable section of the earth's circumference; and the career of the bicycle which I have driven that distance during the past three years and a half has perhaps been quite respectable enough to deserve a formal description. The beginning of this career was made on the Belgian block pavement, at the north-east corner of Washington square, at about 10 minutes past 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, 29th May, 1879. It was a surprisingly short beginning on six thousand miles, however, for the wheel came to a standstill as soon as I had got into the saddle; and, in my ignorance of the "stand-still feat," and of the proper way of using my own feet for a quick dismount, I forthwith reached out for the nearest paving-stone with my left elbow, and secured a dislocation of the bones thereof. While waiting to have them pulled together again by a surgeon, whose office fortunately happened to be adjacent, I insisted, between my groans, that a telegram should be at once sent to the Pope Manufacturing Company, inquiring if a nickel-plated cyclometer could be seasonably prepared for me, so that my second ride might be more accurately measured. This remark, coming subsequently to the ears of the Captain of the New York Bicycle

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Club, seemed to him so creditable that he vowed the anniversary of it should be duly celebrated by a general parade of American bicyclers. Hence the memorable mustering of the clans at Newport, on the 29th of May, 1880, and the formation of the L.A.W., with officers to summon a similar gathering on each return of that day.

I am driven to make public this fragment of ancient history — not to say secret and unsuspected history—by the remark of a writer in the November WHEELMAN, who, while giving due credit for any manifestations of interest in, and friendliness towards, the League, speaks deprecatingly of my failure to become a member thereof. He will now realize that I could not with propriety act otherwise. My position is much like that of the King of France who said, *L'état c'est moi*. In a certain sense "the League is myself"; and the mere fact that I elbowed it into existence leads me to insist, like Uncle Remus, that I "must have elbow-room" outside it. I am such a very modest man, furthermore, that the pomp and pageantry of three annual meets seem already to have commemorated with sufficient impressiveness the date of so slight a display of fortitude. Hence my printed argument of last winter in favor of making the date of the meet a changeable one, so that it might be adapted to the climate of the locality chosen. I urged, for example, that Washington's birthday, 1883, would be a good time for the fourth annual meet, in case the city of Washington should be chosen as the place of it. As for the 29th of May, it is enough for me, being a modest man, that Mother Nature should always send then a gentle shower of rain,— should, as it were, bedew the earth with her tears, — in kindly remembrance of my first misfortune.

I am not unaware that a few envious and light-minded persons have given acceptance to the theory that the President of the Boston Bicycle Club devised the League, in order to honor a certain lawyer of that city, who, on the 29th of May, 1877, made the "test case" at the Boston Custom House, which forced the Secretary of the Treasury to classify the bicycle as "a carriage" (duty thirty-five per cent.), rather than "a machine" (duty forty-five per cent.). I mention this theory only that I may expose it to the scorn and derision of all true bicyclers. It is merely one more illustration of the petty jealousy which "the hub" feels for "the metropolis," — one more attempt to honor Harvard at the expense of Yale, — one more effort to exalt a '68 graduate above a graduate of '69. The natural prejudice which the first President of the League would have for Harvard and '68, by virtue of being himself a '70-man at Haverford College (which the intelligent compositor usually transforms into "Harvard"), explains his nefarious attempt to pervert the facts of history. Modest man that I am, I will not tamely consent to be robbed of the greatness which has been thrust upon me. I do not want to be oppressed with the burden of carrying any more of it. I am anxious to have the League choose some other day than the 29th of May for the annual blowing of its bugle. But I must insist that whatever degree of celebrity may attach to that particular date in the history of American bicycling is due not to a bit of legal quibbling in the Boston Custom House, but to the extremely practical "test case" made by my left elbow with that fateful bit of Belgian pavement lying at the north-east corner of Washington square.

Two months and more before making this test I had corresponded with the Pope Manufacturing Company, recommending them to open a rink in New York, in order that I might, without leaving the city, "have a chance to see if I could learn how to ride." But even the prospective honor of selling me a wheel failed to induce them to grant my modest request, and so I was forced to make a pilgrimage to their warehouse in Boston. There, on the last Friday afternoon of March, 1879, I made my first experimental mount, and found that my experiences with the bone-shaker of '69, though forgotten for a decade, stood me in good stead. Command of the new-fashioned wheel was gained by me very quickly, and, after an hour's practice, I felt quite competent to "take to the road." Of course I bought a bicycle, and was consumed with impatience when the specified "two weeks" lengthened into two months before its arrival. My order, that it be sent to meet me on the smooth pavements at Harlem bridge, was mailed just too late to prevent its shipment from Hartford to the stony region of Washington square. The saddle, moreover, for convenience in packing, had been screwed up close to the head, so that, even if my first ride had been attempted on a smooth road, I should inevitably have tumbled, and kept tumbling till I "tumbled to" the idea that the saddle must be set further back.

Six weeks from the day of my sudden demonstration that "the successor of the

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bone-shaker" might become a bone-breaker, I trundled it out for a second trial, and practised step-riding for an hour or so on the concrete walks of the square. A week later, on my third trial, I ventured to slide into the saddle again; but its advanced position and my own impaired confidence combined to make my visits there very short ones. The next day, however, I got the seat properly adjusted, and, after a few helps at mounting and dismounting, found I could once more trust myself to "go it alone," on a smooth wooden floor. My first road-ride was taken the following evening, Tuesday, July 22, on the Boulevard, where, in the course of two hours, I made six mounts, and covered four miles of space, with only one slight fall. The exercise was terribly tiresome and surprisingly sweaty while it lasted, but no weariness or stiffness resulted as a sequel to it. Before the next month closed I had taken eleven other rides and accomplished 125 miles, thereby exploring pretty thoroughly the roads of the New York region, of which I sent a minute description to the *American Bicycling Journal* for October. My longest day's record was 21 miles, made on August 5, when I went to Yonkers, where an importunate reporter tried to discover my name for publication in the local paper, and where an equally uncivil dog tried to thrust his teeth through the leather of my boot-leg. The thermometer stood well up among the nineties that day, and the hot weather which prevailed during all my rides of that month perhaps explained why I never sighted any wheelmen. I suppose there were then about a dozen of them in New York.

My log of distances, traversed up to this time, had been laboriously compiled by using the county atlas, inasmuch as my agonizing appeal to the Popes for a cyclometer that should be nickel-plated had been quite in vain. On the first day of September, however, when I began to do some riding in Massachusetts, I reconciled my conscience to the belief that one of their ordinary cyclometers, even without any nickel-plating to ensure its accuracy, was better than nothing; and so I attached to my axle the little round brass box which has registered the miles for me ever since. My first "over-night excursion" began September 9, when I started from Springfield with the idea of propelling myself to Boston, 100 miles, and there, perhaps, taking part in "A Wheel Around the Hub," for which an invitation had reached me, though the exact time of starting had been left undecided. Adopting the mistaken theory of a railroad man, that the highway supplied softer and more difficult riding than the space between the tracks, I clung to the latter all day, and only accomplished 22 miles, ending at West Brimfield, where the rain put an entire stop to my very slow progress. On the morning of the 11th I took train to Worcester, and there learned that the Boston riders had decided on the 11th and 12th as the days for their excursion. I was thus too late to be with them at the start; but, by resuming my train, I might have overtaken them — possibly at Readville, probably at Canton, or certainly at Sharon, — and thus participated in the larger part of the journey. I afterwards greatly regretted that I failed to do this, especially as in wheeling eastward from Worcester I went astray over bad and hilly roads, and occupied nine hours in covering 24 miles, a third of which I walked. The next day I rode in from South Framingham to Boston, over the well-known track; and while circling about there in the early evening, in the region of Trinity square, I observed numerous dusty bicyclers, who seemed to be homeward bound, and who, I doubt not, were some of the men whose comrade I ought to have been in the "Wheel Around the Hub." I eyed them curiously, for this was the first chance I had ever had of seeing any bicycling. I devoted a good part of Saturday to exploring the enchanting environs of the city, and then took train back to Springfield, with a record of 104 miles for the four days. On the 17th September I rode southward to Hartford, 33 miles, and five days later the same distance northward to Greenfield. These were the two longest days' rides of the year; and the longest ride on two successive days was 62 miles, beginning at New Haven and ending at a railroad station about 8 miles from Harlem bridge. This was on the 10th and 11th of November, and a fortnight later I devoted an afternoon and a forenoon to my first trip to Tarrytown and back, — 48 miles. An October trip of similar duration to Orange and back measured 40 miles. Most of the rest of my riding was on the roads which I had first explored in August, though I made several visits to Brooklyn and Prospect Park, and I finished there my wheeling of the year, on the 16th of December,

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when I took a 20-mile trip to Coney Island.

My entire riding for 1879 amounted to 742 miles, being an average of about 16½ miles for each one of the 47 days when I mounted the wheel; and upwards of 600 miles were accredited to the last four months of the year. The length of track traversed by me for the first time amounted to at least 330 miles; and if 130 miles be added to this to represent that part of it which I traversed a second time, but in an opposite direction, my "new" riding amounted to 460 miles, leaving only 282 miles to represent the repetitions in the year's record. Reports and descriptions of most of these roads were printed by me in the first volume of the *Bicycling World*, 1880, as follows: April 3, p. 163; April 17, p. 178; May 1, p. 199; May 15, p. 219; May 29, p. 234; June 12, p. 256. Later references to my road-reports in that periodical will be enclosed in brackets, with the initials *B. W.*

My wheeling in 1880 extended through a period of eight months, from April 19 to December 16, and amounted to 1,474½ miles, or an average of about 26⅓ miles for each of the fifty-eight days I rode. The shortest record was 3½ miles, the longest was 73, and there were nine other days when I rode 40 miles or more. My first 50-mile ride was on the 4th of May, when I made the round trip to Tarrytown, and added 7 miles of riding on the Boulevard by gas-light, to complete the distance. [*B. W.*, Aug. 7, p. 331.] This was also my first experience of that sort of night-riding; and I may as well say here that I have never made use of a lantern. On the first day of summer I rode from Taunton to Boston, 40 miles, as one of a party of six returning from the meet at Newport; a week later, from Hartford to Springfield, 35 miles; and two days afterwards, from Hartford to Meriden, 30 miles. [*B. W.*, Nov. 19, p. 27.] Between the 9th and 13th July I rode 131 miles on Long Island, between Greenport and Hunter's Point, and on the 3d August tried another route there of 25 miles, from Cold Spring Harbor to Astoria. [*B. W.*, Nov. 26, p. 37.] My third round trip to Tarrytown, 43 miles, was taken August 17. After this, between the 6th and 24th of September, came the longest tour of my four seasons' record, for it amounted to 495 miles, and included sections of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada. [*B. W.*, 1881, May 27, p. 27; June 3, p. 44; June 10, p. 56; June 17, p. 64.] As my riding was confined to fifteen days, the average for each was 33 miles; the shortest record being that of my incursion into Canada, September 15, in the region of Niagara Falls. Before this I had spent four days along the Erie canal, mostly on the tow-path, between Schenectady and Oneida, 110 miles, and ridden for two days, 32 miles, in the region of Canandaigua, where I was visiting a friend. From Niagara I rode 38 miles to a farmer's house, 16 miles beyond Buffalo; thence 73 miles to Erie; thence 45 miles to Ashtabula, making in all 156 miles, which distance still remains my best record for three successive days. The swiftest and pleasantest ride of the tour was had in returning on the same track from Erie to Dunkirk, 47 miles, in seven and a half hours, including two hours out of the saddle. The next afternoon and evening five hours were spent in getting over the 17 miles between Binghamton and Great Bend. Then came a continuous ride of three days, from Port Jervis to the Delaware Water Gap, and across the Jersey hills homeward to Washington square, the distance being 125 miles, of which the last day claimed 53. My estimate of new track traversed in 1880 is 700 miles, and of old track traversed in a new direction 100 miles, leaving 674 to represent the repetitions of the year.

February and July were the only two months of 1881 that claimed none of the sixty-seven days in which I wheeled 1,956 miles, — an average of 29⅕, — though January saw me mounted only once, when I indulged in the novelty of pushing myself a half-dozen miles over the beaten snow, among the sleigh-riders of the Boulevard. My next ride, and the shortest of the year, was on the 1st of March, a mile and a half, from the railroad station to my friend's house in Washington. Four days afterwards, in the same city, I took my longest ride of the year, 66½ miles, in spite of having broken off one of my handles the day before, and thereby ruined all chance of "beating my best record" (73 miles), and perhaps even making 100 miles. On the 22d of April I explored Staten Island to the extent of 23 miles, and then went 17 miles further, through Elizabethtown and Newark, to Orange. [*B. W.*, May 20, p. 17.] On the last Saturday of May I began a week's ride of 287 miles, — going first from Boston, through Malden and Salem, to Rowley, and from Portsmouth to the Kittery Navy Yard and back, 46 miles; and next day returning from Portsmouth to Salem, a

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similar distance. Monday witnessed the second annual parade of the League, and a trip to Brighton and Chestnut Hill, 20 miles; Tuesday, an excursion to the Blue Bell Tavern in Milton, 20 miles; Wednesday, a trip to Dedham, Needham, and Chestnut Hill, 36 miles; Thursday, a leisurely ride of ten hours from the Hotel Vendome, Boston, through Cambridge, Lexington, Waltham, Wellesley, and Framingham to Northboro', 54½ miles; Friday, a final push of fourteen hours, through mist and fog, with a threatening east wind at my back, to Worcester, West Brookfield, Ware, Three Rivers, Indian Orchard, Springfield, and West Springfield, 64½ miles. [*B. W.*, Aug. 26, p. 188.] The following Tuesday I went up the river to Brattleboro', 47½ miles. I repeated the trip on the 22d of August, in beginning a tour to Lake George [*B. W.*, Oct. 7, p. 259; Nov. 11, p. 5], but continued on to Putney, 52½ miles. Thence next day I rode to Bellows Falls and from Rutland to Whitehall, 39 miles. The third day, after 20 miles of hap-hazard riding among the hills, brought me to Hulett's Landing, on Lake George. The fourth day, besides sailing through the lake, I circled from Baldwin's to Ticonderoga and back, and from Caldwell to Fort Edward, 17 miles. The fifth day I continued homeward through Albany to Schodac, 57 miles, and on the sixth day ended my trip by making an early morning push of 18 miles to Hudson, and there embarking on steamer for New York. A week later, September 4, I began a four days' ride on Long Island, from Flushing to Yaphank and back, 140 miles, of which 31 and 43 were covered on my outward trip, and 14 and 52 on my return. [*B. W.*, 1882, July 28, p. 463.] Another four days' ride was begun on the 26th of September, when I circled 15 miles in the environs of Poughkeepsie; then to Rhinebeck and back, 33 miles; then down the river to Garrisons, 25 miles; then home to the city again, 44 miles. The return trip from Tarrytown, on this latter day, should properly be connected with my up-trip thither on the 17th of May; for on that occasion I took train to Poughkeepsie, and then was forced by the rain to take train homeward again without doing any riding there. On the 16th of October I rode 23 miles in the park at Philadelphia, and 15 miles the next forenoon in the park at Baltimore. Then, on the 22d, I began a six days' tour "along the Potomac" [*B. W.*, 1882, June 23, p. 403; July 14, p. 441], making 180 miles, divided thus: 32, 54, 30, 13, 51. The first day's ride was from Frederick to Hagerstown. Six miles beyond there is Williamsport, where I struck the towpath of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, and rode up it 48 miles before nightfall. The third day brought me to the end of the towpath at Cumberland, whence I took train back to Harper's Ferry, and from there followed the towpath down to its other end at Washington. On the 15th of November I made my sixth trip to Tarrytown, 42 miles; and on the 21st of December, the shortest day of the year, I took my last ride and one of my longest ones, 60½ miles. My estimate of new track traversed in 1881 is 750 miles, and of old track traversed in a new direction, 210 miles, leaving about 1,000 miles to represent the repetitions of the year.

My riding of 1882, as comprised between April 19 and November 29, amounted to 1,827½ miles, or an average of rather more than 33½ miles for each of 56 riding days. I celebrated May-Day by a ride of 45 miles, from Orange to Morristown and back, and three days later accomplished 41 miles, including a ride from Orange to Little Falls, Pompton, and Paterson, which I afterwards extended to Hackensack, Ridgefield, and Fort Lee. On the afternoon of the 10th I made the Tarrytown trip again, 42 miles; and on the forenoon of the 26th rode up there, crossed the river to Nyack, and came down the west side of the river, through Tappan and Englewood, to Jersey City, 51 miles. During the last three days of the month I rode 75 miles in the streets and parks of Chicago; and on the first morning of summer began at Covington a tour of 340 miles among the hills of Kentucky, finishing at Maysville on the 9th. The miles recorded on the successive days were as follows: 39, 61, 33, 43, 31, 0, 52, 42, 39, — the blank record signifying the day devoted to visiting the Mammoth Cave. The January WHEELMAN contained a detailed report of my autumn tour of 400 miles, beginning at Utica on the 20th of September, and extending through Trenton Falls, Syracuse, Canandaigua, Avon Springs, Portage, the Genesee Valley, Hornellsville, and Corning, to Waverly (330 miles), and then Towanda, Pittson, Wilkesbarre, and Newark, where the end was made October 12. In the interval of a quarter year and more, which elapsed between these two tours, there were only three days when I mounted my wheel: I rode from Hartford to Cheshire, 28

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miles, July 18, and next day rode 25 more, in the region of New Haven and Branford; and on the 15th of September I rode 28 miles on Staten Island. On the 27th of October I made a round trip of 31 miles, from Philadelphia to a point beyond Wayne. My next trial of a "new road" was made November 13, when I went from Newark, along Springfield avenue, to Short Hills, Madison, and Morristown and back, 44 miles.

My final tour of the year began November 21, when I rode from Harlem bridge to Bridgeport, 55½ miles. The next forenoon I rode to New Haven, 19 miles. The third day I proceeded through Cheshire to Hartford, 43 miles; and the fourth, I finished at West Springfield, 31 miles. At 6 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, November 29, exactly three and a half years from the day when I first mounted my wheel, I was warned that a new snow-storm had just begun, and that, if I intended to work off the last 23 miles needed to complete the record of 6,000, I had best make a prompt beginning. I finished my task in Springfield, at half-past 10 o'clock, and then sought breakfast with an appetite well-sharpened by a four hours' struggle through the blinding snow. The air was cold enough to freeze my mustache into a solid lump, and hence gave the snow no chance to grow damp and slippery. Thanks to the tight clutch kept by me on the handles, my wheel, though it had two or three dangerous slips, never fell.

My new track, in 1882, was 820 miles, long, and my old track, ridden in a new direction, was 180 miles, leaving 828 miles of repetitions. Combining with these the similar estimates already given for the three previous seasons, and the following result appears: Of the 6,000 miles through which I have pushed my 46-inch Columbia bicycle, "No. 234," 2,600 miles were on roads that my wheel had never before traversed, and 620 miles were on roads that it had never before traversed in the same direction. In other words, I have had 3,220 miles of practically "new" riding, as against 2,780 miles on paths previously gone over. I believe there are quite a number of Americans who have wheeled themselves 6,000 miles or more (though I have yet to be told of one who has done that distance on a single machine); but to the best of my knowledge I am the only man who has practised bicycling on 2,600 distinct miles of American roads. The period described has comprised 1,280 days, and, as I have mounted the wheel on 228 of these, my "average ride" has been a trifle less than 26¼ miles. The average has constantly increased, however, as is shown by comparing the figures of the four seasons in succession: 16¼, 26⅓, 29⅕, 33½. The "days" and "miles" may be grouped together as follows: 1879, 47 and 742; 1880, 58 and 1,474½; 1881, 67 and 1,956; 1882, 56 and 1,827½.

I have driven my wheel in the fifteen following States: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, and Illinois; and I have accompanied it on railroad trains in all but the first-named State, and also in Delaware and Indiana. The miles we have travelled together by trains are indicated by the numerals in the following chronological list of our trips: West Brimfield to Worcester, 35; Newton to Springfield, 91; Hartford to Springfield, 26; Chicopee to Northampton, 14; Greenfield to Holyoke, 28; Bartow to Harlem, 8; Newport to Taunton, 34; Brighton to Boston, 5; Boston to Springfield, 99; Springfield to Chicopee and back, 7; Springfield to Hartford, 26; Meriden to New Haven, 18; Riverhead to Yaphank, 15; Oneida to Canandaigua, 100; Canandaigua to Niagara, 105; Ashtabula to Erie, 41; Dunkirk to Binghamton, 245; Great Bend to Port Jervis, 113; New York to Washington and back, 456; Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie, 45; Poughkeepsie to New York, 73; Fall River to Boston, 49; Rowley to Portsmouth, 26; Salem to Boston, 16; Smith's Ferry to North Hatfield, 11; Bernardston to Hartford, 67; Hayden's to Springfield, 17; Smith's Ferry to North Hatfield, 11; Bellows Falls to Rutland, 53; Flushing to Hunter's Point, 7; New York to Baltimore, 186; Baltimore to Frederick, 66; Cumberland to Harper's Ferry, 97; Washington to New York, 228; Newark to New York, 7; New York to Washington and Chicago, 1,041; Chicago to Cincinnati, 310; Williamstown to Sadieville, 19; Upton to Cave City, 26; Cave City to Louisville, 85; Cheshire to New Haven, 15; Albany to Utica, 95; Oneida to Syracuse, 25; Waverly to Towanda, 18; Meshoppen to Pittston, 38; Wilkesbarre to Newark, 172; Newark to Philadelphia and back, 162.

In addition to the above indicated 4,414 miles by rail, I have accompanied my wheel 1,044 miles on steamboats, as fol-

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lows: New York to Pleasant Valley, 6; New York to New Haven, 75; Harlem to Fulton ferry (twice), 15; New York to Newport, 160; New York to New London, 120; New London to Greenport, 15; Battery to Vanderbilt's Landing, 10; New York to Fall River, 175; Hulett's Landing to Baldwin's and thence to Caldwell (Lake George), 40; Hudson to New York, 115; New York to Flushing, 15; New York to Poughkeepsie, 75; Fulton ferry to Harlem, 8; Maysville to Cincinnati, 60; New Haven to New York, 75; Battery to Tompkinsville, 10; New Brighton to Battery, 10; Harlem to Astoria and back, 6; Hoboken to Brooklyn, 3; Tarrytown to Nyack, 3; Fort Lee to Manhattanville (three times), 5; Hunter's Point to Seventh street (twice), 5; Hoboken ferry, six times; Weehawken ferry, six times; Pavonia ferry, twice; Communipaw ferry, twice; Jersey City ferry, twice; Wall street ferry, eighteen times; Fulton ferry, once; Grand-street ferry, once. These thirty-eight ferry passages probably amounted to as many miles altogether. Canal-boat rides of 4 miles on the Erie, and 10 miles on the Chesapeake and Ohio, may be added; and row-boat transportation has been given my wheel from Staten Island to Elizabethport, twice across the Mohawk at Hoffman's ferry, once across the Connecticut at Thompsonville, and once across the outlet of Lake Champlain at Chubb's Ferry, — perhaps 3 miles in all. I have escorted it on horse-cars twice down the east side of the city, from Fourteenth street to Wall, and once on the same route upwards; five times down the west side from Fifty-ninth street to the ferries at Liberty, Chambers, Desbrosses, Canal, and Christopher streets respectively; and once from One Hundred and Eighteenth to Fifty-ninth, — a distance of perhaps 40 miles altogether. On three occasions I have ridden with it in a wagon about 20 miles, and I suppose it has been similarly carried a similar distance when I have not been in attendance. Its solitary tours, when caged in a crate and packed like ordinary merchandise into freight or express car, have numbered half-a-dozen, and amounted to about 1,600 miles, as follows: Hartford to New York and back, 220; New York to Springfield and back, 272; Hartford to Schenectady, 140; Cincinnati to Hartford, 972.

Most of the distances by train have been given on the authority of the railroad guides; but I have been obliged to "estimate" a few of them, and have felt uncertain in one or two cases concerning the actual route chosen between distant points which are connected by competing lines of quite unequal lengths. Some of my steamboat distances have been guessed at from my knowledge of the distances on shore. In no instance, however, have I knowingly exaggerated, and I am sure that the sum of my estimates falls short of, rather than exceeds, the actual distance. I may also add here a word of caution against the too literal acceptance of my cyclometer reports as representing the exact distance between the chief points that are named in a day's run, as if the whole of it were included between them; for, of course, the figures in reality often cover many detours and much extra riding, which cannot be specially explained in such a general summary.

The total distance which the record says I have been carried in company with my wheel (5,535 miles) lacks only 465 of the 6,000 miles which I have personally pushed it; but the sum of the distances which I have travelled on account of my wheel, when not with it, is also quite a respectable one. My original journey to Boston to negotiate for its manufacture was 450 miles long; and other special rides may be named as follows: Syracuse to Canandaigua and back, 150; Yaphank to Greenport and back, 75; Paterson to New York and back, 32; Thompsonville to Springfield and back, 18; twenty rides between New York and Orange or Newark, 160; fourteen rides on the elevated railroad between Washington square and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, 112; fifty-four rides on the same, to or from One Hundred and Fourth street, 270; eight rides on the same, to or from Harlem, 48; fifteen rides to or from Fulton street, 30. This makes a total of 1,335 miles, which the rides I have taken in horse-car and omnibus, on my wheel's account, would readily raise to 1,400. The wheel itself is shown by the present record to have travelled 13,160 miles, and I therefore am led to assume that it has "seen a good deal more of America" than any other bicycle a-going. My manuscript log, concerning its travels and adventures, occupies 152 pages, with an average contents of 200 words each; and I hope to prepare therefrom, for the March WHEELMAN, some account of its mishaps, and of the cost of repairing them. I may also offer then some considerations tending to show that my steadfast sticking to so small a wheel,

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while it is possible for me to propel one which is half a foot higher, is not altogether due to the sentimental consideration that "I was born in '46."

One more exhibition of "mileage statistics" and this present article shall be ended. I have wheeled 40 miles in street parades: 14 at Newport, 4 at Boston, 13 at Chicago, and 9 at Philadelphia; 52 miles in club runs: 22 at Washington (three runs), 12 at Poughkeepsie, 12 at Brooklyn, and 6 at Brattleboro'; 80 miles with two or more chance associates: 40 from Taunton, 16 from Boston, 33 from Poughkeepsie, 12 from Chicago, and 12 from Louisville; and 205 miles with single companions numbering a dozen altogether: 90 between Boston and Portsmouth, 20 between Utica and Trenton Falls, 27 in and about Washington, 25 about Dedham and Needham, 15 near Dansville, 8 at Orange, 4 at Frederick, 4 at Newport, 2 at Cayuga, 5 at Philadelphia, 3 at Brooklyn, and 2 in New York. If I add 50 miles to cover the distances which friends have ridden beside me on horseback, or driven beside me in carriages, or walked or rowed beside me, the total will be 460 miles, to represent that part of my riding which has been cheered by any other "company" than that of myself. All the rest of my 6,000 miles a-wheel-back has been travelled alone!

The surprising part of this last-named circumstance, to me, is that people should be so generally surprised at it. Men cannot, in the nature of things, readily adapt their business affairs in such way as to make their holidays and vacations coincide with those of other men; and a peculiar charm of the bicycle is its capacity for economizing every shred and atom of a man's leisure, — for increasing his independence in respect to relaxation. Only in exceptional cases can extensive touring be successfully indulged in otherwise than as a solitary amusement. What reasonable chance is there that, in a ride of say 400 miles, two men can get along comfortably together, unless they are very intimate friends and of very equal wheeling capacities? For my own part, I have thus far failed to induce a single one of my old-time comrades to take kindly to the wheel; and when I ask, "Where are the boys who bravely bounced the bone-shakers with me along the New Haven sidewalks, in that glad winter of '69? echo sadly answers: "Married and dead by the score!" Hence, as I seem thus fated always to "go it alone," I naturally feel an abiding enthusiasm for a pastime so perfectly adapted to my disposition and "environment." Hence, too, I trust that Mr. Calverley will pardon me if I thus parody one of his parodies in order to give rhythmic expression to my enthusiasm: —

"Others may praise the grand displays,
Where flash the wheels like tail of comet, —
The club runs made on gala days, —
Far may I be at such times from it!
Though then the public may be 'lost
In wonder' at a trifling cost;
Fanned by the breeze, to whirl at ease,
My faithful wheel is all I crave,
And if folks rave about the 'seas
'Of upturned faces,' let them rave!
Your monster meets, I like not these;
The lonely tour hath more to please."

Karl Kron.

BUT IS IT SAFE?

THERE is little doubt that fear deters more persons from the use and enjoyment of the bicycle than any other, — perhaps than all other causes. It is not always the acknowledged reason. Men do not like to admit the fact; and because it is not the professed objection, it is none the less deep-seated and potent. In fact, an unexpressed reason is the more potent, because it being unexpressed, is unanswered. True, there are bicycles constructed especially for the timid; but the very pride which prevents a full-grown man from acknowledging timidity deters him from advertising his fears by riding an "Extraordinary" or a "Devon Safety," or importing the insignificant "Facile," or the latest novelty, the "Atlantic Special," whose safety is guaranteed by a small wheel in front as well as in the rear.

To a considerable extent, wheelmen themselves are responsible for the reputation of danger which attaches to the bicycle (as ordinarily constructed) in the minds of a large portion of the non-riding public. Every fall taken by a wheelman is an argument to the lookers-on (and somehow there always are plenty of ob-

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servers on such humiliating occasions) against "that thing," and each spectator may be relied upon to retail the incident and set it on its travels among his acquaintances until the little snow-ball becomes quite mountainous in its proportions.

Now, every fall is chargeable to one of four causes, viz., the bicycle ridden, the rider, the road-surface, or some outside person — malicious or careless.

As to the road, it is not the intention of this article to discuss highways more than merely to express the opinion that a competent rider ought to be able to travel with safety over pretty much any road upon which a light buggy can be comfortably drawn, and if he attempts to propel his wheel over one which is probably unridable he knowingly runs his chances of a spill. The fourth cause above-mentioned may be dismissed as briefly, as it is doubtless a fact that the dangers of collision are not more numerous than would exist if the rider was in a buggy or on horseback, probably less, as the bicycular vehicle being comparatively narrow can get through a smaller space than could a buggy, or, usually, a horse and rider. As to the ubiquitous and iniquitous small boy, he has his antidote in the police, who may be depended on, certainly in Boston, to do their duty.[1]

This leaves the first two causes named as the principal, and, practically, the only ones worth considering, viz., the bicycle ridden, and the rider; and in discussing these the writer desires to be understood, not as exhausting the subject, — that would occupy a volume instead of a magazine article, — nor as making any oracular or authoritative claims that would be foolish; but only as making suggestions which are the result or outcome of nearly eight thousand miles of road-riding on the wheel, much of it touring over every possible variety of roads, in all weathers and seasons, and under varied circumstances.

Now, taking it for granted that the machine is honestly constructed and strongly put together, the first element of safety is *rigidity*, that is to say, the bicycle should be substantially stiff and unyielding from the rim or felloe through the fork, head, and steering-bar; in other words, from the place of contact of the large wheel with the road to the hands of the rider, to the end that every pressure upon the handles may be instantly and unflinchingly obeyed by the wheel. It is an easy matter to test the rigidity of any bicycle. Stand in front of the large wheel, and place its felloe between the knees, then grasp the handles and "see-saw" with them, *i.e.*, work them alternately back and forth horizontally. This is a severe test; but a machine that is rigid will endure it almost immovably. Solid-forked machines, and very many hollow-forked ones, are not sufficiently rigid to pass the ordeal. It is safe to reject in a bicycle: (*a*) a solid fork, (*b*) a "knife-edged" hollow fork, (*c*) a steering-bar lying in a rubber socket, (*d*) a "cow-horn" steering-bar (unless it is made extra heavy), as all are tending to injure the rigidity of the machine. There is little use in having a stiff fork if the handle-bar is encased in yielding rubber, or is so tortuous or limber as to spring.

A bicycle, to be safe in sand, ruts, stiff mud, or slippery Belgian block pavement, must instantly obey the pressure of the hands without springing or yielding to the inequalities in the road. The writer has ridden over a very rutty road in company with two companions, each his equal or superior in proficiency, and seen them both thrown by the ruts. Why? Because their wheels followed the ruts instead of obeying their riders.

Such instances are constantly occurring. In connection with the stiff fork a long handle-bar is the next element of safety, *provided* it is heavy enough not to spring. It is wonderful how a long handle-bar will hold the machine up to its work on a sandy or heavy road. The length which seems to be most efficient for "all-around" riding is about 26½ inches (over all) for a 50-inch machine, 27½ for a 52-inch, etc. "But," says some one, "if one takes a header he is more liable to catch on a long bar." Don't provide for headers. Prevent taking them. Ride a properly built bicycle in a proper manner, and you won't take headers.

The next element of safety is *good weight*. It is well to avoid very light machines. It takes stock to make a strong bicycle, be it constructed never so scientifically. This is not written for the benefit of Chestnut-Hill Reservoir riders, nor racing men; but to men who do not confine their riding to the sand-papered roads, but who use the wheel on the roads as they

[1] Having suffered much annoyance in a certain section of Boston, through which I frequently had occasion to pass, I finally lodged a complaint with the Chief of Police. The captain of that district immediately called at my place of business for particulars, and during the day every house in that vicinity was visited by his officers and the inmates warned. I have never had a particle of difficulty there since. H. W. W.

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come, and who desire to be able to tour through the country in safety. It is amusing to read some of the superficial wheel literature of the day on this point, written by individuals who have no more knowledge of mechanics than a kitten has of astronomy. Any observing club-rider has noticed how cautiously the very light machines slow at the rough street-crossings, while the ones of more moderate weight drive safely over. In England, Mr. Henry Sturmey, their greatest authority, says that "the craze for excessive light-weighted machines as roadsters seems to have fairly died out."[1] For American riders on American roads forty-eight to fifty pounds, including saddle and pedals, in a 50-inch wheel, is none too much weight.

A firmly cemented tire is quite a necessary element of safety, and is not too common by any means. There is so much hasty work done by the manufacturers that it is a good plan to remove the tire of a new machine and re-cement it on before using it. A bicycle manufacturer once told the writer that a re-cemented tire held much longer than one which had never been removed. He did not attempt to explain the reason. It certainly is a common experience.

Ball-bearings for the pedals, generally considered as an aid to fast riding merely, are really an element of safety, as proved by the fact that more than one bicycler has been thrown and injured by the binding of pedals which have become dry and heated. This is practically impossible with ball-bearing pedals.

A light spring, so light that it will occasionally strike the backbone, but provided with a rubber buffer (usually a piece of tubing), tends to safety, as many riders who have been pitched over the handles by stiff springs while descending stony hills can testify. This is especially the case in connection with stiff "cradle" springs.

In saddles, the writer takes the responsibility of recommending the disuse of the ordinary "suspension" saddle, whether made here or abroad, and the substitution of a longer saddle, whereby space is provided for the rider to move back and forth. Thus a safer seat may be had in descending a steep hill. After trying about every style of saddle ever brought to this country, the writer has selected the "Long Distance," an English saddle, — on sale in this country however, — as both the safest and the easiest saddle to be had. A trial of thirty-five hundred miles of riding has served to emphasize this opinion.

It would be well if the head were provided with ball-bearings, so that it would not tighten up, a "tight head" being liable to throw the rider. A ball-bearing head has been constructed by one maker in England, but not in this country as yet.

Perhaps an indirect element of safety, especially in riding toward dusk, is a jingle bell, the "Challis" being, all things considered, the most efficient in warning others without *alarming* them, the only objections being its unmusical sound, and the brittle nickelled spring. (A Yankee would have known that a nickelled spring would break easily.)

The other, and last, cause to which a fall may be chargeable is the rider himself, to whom the following remarks are humbly addressed:—

1st. It is safer, as well as more elegant, to sit erect. This hardly needs to be stated, yet numbers of our strong and steady riders bend forward as if they were making a back for leap-frog. This is so common that some parents refuse to let their sons ride the wheel, for fear that they may become round-shouldered.

2d. When riding over a rough crossing, car track, or other similar obstructions, it is safer to *ride on the pedals*. In doing this the body is lifted from the saddle, and does not receive the shock. Now, if the rider was seated with his full weight on the saddle, the small wheel would lift him with the saddle, and he be in more danger of a toss than if he were riding with his weight on the pedals, when the jump of the little wheel would be harmless, the result being only a slight blow on the raised person of the rider by the saddle. This is safer than setting the saddle back. The saddle may be safely set near the head, if the rider takes the obstruction in the road by riding on the pedals. There is this exception, however, to the rule of setting the saddle up near to the head. Experience has proved that very sandy roads are more easily and safely taken with the saddle well back, say two and a half inches for a "Suspension," one and a half inches for a "Long Distance." But the rider who acquires the art of riding on his pedals can keep his saddle well up to the head with perfect safety, excepting on very sandy roads, and even then with care.

3d. Don't coast. This is the most important advice that can be given to a wheelman who desires to ride with absolute safety, and the writer is well aware that

[1] Sturmey's Indispensable for 1882, p. 2.

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such advice is diametrically opposed to the desire and practice of nine-tenths of the bicyclers in this country; but it is an undeniable fact — and every observing and experienced wheelman knows it — that by far the great majority of the accidents which result in injuries, more or less serious, occur while coasting. The columns of THE WHEELMAN could be filled with accounts of them. The bicycle repair-shops in Boston might all close up, if there were no coasting. And yet bicyclers, whose wish is father to the thought, will solemnly argue by the hour that the safest way to ride down hill is to coast "legs over." All the theories which can be brought forward are nothing, absolutely nothing, as against the hard, stubborn facts. The writer can hardly recall a serious accident on the wheel which was not due either to the machines breaking or to coasting.

Every new rider thinks he must coast, while numbers of the original riders in this country never allow themselves to. There is no advantage gained in point of time or speed in coasting the hills, for a skilled rider can keep his feet on and reach the bottom at the same time, while the habitual coaster never learns the knack of such quick pedalling. Every good thing in this world has some seduction to be resisted, and bicycling is no exception to the rule. Coasting is exhilarating and dangerous, — it has broken more limbs, caused more men to give up riding, prevented more from learning, and hence created more prejudice against wheeling, than all other things combined. The writer pictures to himself the disgust with which some very "fresh" wheelman throws down the book at this point. Well, suppose this advice were altered to read, "Don't coast excepting on a smooth hill, with the foot thereof in view." No! This article is written for the purpose of proving that bicycling is absolutely safe, and coasting is never safe; for no machine can be stopped in an emergency quickly and safely unless the rider's feet are on the pedals. It is significant that the majority of good riders coast more the first year than the second or third.

A few words on dismounting. The style of dismounting taught and popular at the present time consists in bringing the machine to a stand with the pedal at its lowest point, and then stepping down. This is very well for a smooth road, but a tourist is obliged to dismount under many circumstances: in deep sand, on the way up a steep hill, hastily, to avoid colliding with a team, or, perhaps, a fall. The old style of dismount, consisting of a light spring from a *descending* pedal, has many advantages over the one now in vogue among new riders. First, it is more graceful; second, it is more nearly instantaneous; third, it is safer. Suppose the rider has propelled his wheel to the last possible inch in deep sand, or up a sandy or rough hill, to bring his machine to a stand and step off is liable to result in a "cropper," or, at least, in an awkward scramble off, while the quick spring is finished before the wheel has time to "kick," and what pressure there is being exerted on a *descending* pedal tends to slightly propel, and hence sustain the integrity of the wheel, even in deep sand. This dismount is so quick that it can be often made when the rear wheel has perceptibly risen, before the hair on one's head has had time to rise correspondingly. Again, with a little practice, it can be made when the machine is going at a pretty good speed, say six or eight miles an hour; the advantage of this in an emergency is obvious.

To what does all the above, however, crudely and imperfectly expressed, tend? To the acquisition of *confidence*, and confidence in bicycling means success.

With a good bicycle, well ridden, any man, old or young, may enjoy the finest and most exhilarating exercise the world has yet seen and be as safe as the occupant of a carriage, and safer than the horseman.

First, conquer the steed, then follow Josh Billings' advice, and "let the animile went."

At this dreary wintry season all the glorious experiences of the past year throng the memory and set the blood afire: The cool morning run to breakfast. The moonlight spins around Chestnut Hill. The spurts with speedy teams on the mile-ground. The five-mile road race to Malden. The club excursions and the good dinners at country inns, followed by the thrilling and veracious (?) yarns. The pull through New Hampshire sand, and the hospitality of New Hampshire wheelmen. The four days' tour along the North shore. The "hundred-mile" all-day run, and the welcome by the "boys" when we "beat the record." The jolly times with visiting clubs. The club parade. The rain-storm two miles from a house. The dash over the shell road before a north-east gale.

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Soon will the riding season be here, and we shall again press the welcome saddle of that steed with heart of steel, as swift as a bird, as graceful as a woman, as noiseless as the approach of time, and ever have that best of all companions, health.

"Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

Henry W. Williams.

A FLYING DUTCHMAN.

CHAPTER IX. — "OVER THE HANDLE BARS."

Miss Larkin and Rose roamed about Ireland for a week in the usual manner of American explorers. Neither of them liked it very well. Rose indulged in a few outbursts of enthusiasm at Killarney, and Kate got up a little historical interest in the Giant's Causeway. But the charm of travel, which had deserted them when they deserted the "Scythia," did not seem willing to return to them. Everything went wrong. Kate had her pocket picked in Cork, and Rose caught a wretched cold in Dublin, which clung to her, and made her look and feel very disagreeable. It was in Belfast that Rose spoke her mind: —

"I hate Ireland, Miss Larkin, and I want to get out of it as soon as we can. It might be better if we had somebody nice to go about with us; but this poking into all sorts of places alone, with a lot of beggars tagging us, isn't the fun it might be."

"We expected to travel alone when we left home," said Kate.

"Yes, I know it; but that was before we saw Mr. Ehrlebach. He did make the voyage over so lovely."

"You can't expect to make all the pleasant incidents of life lasting realities," said Kate, aphoristically.

"Mr. Ehrlebach was a pleasant incident," Rose answered, with a suspicion of a sigh.

Kate looked at her sharply for a moment. "Let us go to Scotland," she said.

"What for?" asked Rose, yawning and clasping her hands behind her head as she leaned back in her chair.

Kate looked at the pretty face, framed in the circling blue-flannel arms, with a warm outgoing of affection for the maid.

"I thought you would like it," she said.

"Well, I should. But I thought that we were to get to the Rhine by the first of September. To-day's the twenty-first of August, and we ought to have a little time in London. We didn't intend going to Scotland, and I don't think we ought to afford it. We have spent an awful lot of money in Ireland, it seems to me."

"I don't care for the money," said Kate.

"Why, Miss Larkin, how funny to hear you say you don't care about money! You are always so saving. What put Scotland into your head, anyway? That would be such a change of plan for us."

Rose seemed to Kate to be looking her through and through. In the full light of those inquiring blue eyes, Kate felt an instinct of self-protection, a wish to cover some unseen, unknown thought. Therefore she spoke the truth that she knew and felt quite bravely: —

"I thought you might wish a chance of seeing Mr. Ehrlebach again."

Rose laughed and laughed.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she could scarcely speak for laughter. She was proud of her discernment. "I could read what was in your thoughts perfectly, and I think it's just too comical for anything. O Miss Larkin, you're just no chaperone at all! You haven't enough strength of mind when it comes to the test. You think this cold in my head is a direct result of pining for that artist, and whenever I wipe my eyes you imagine that it is for grief, and not for influenza."

Kate colored violently.

"There, dearest, don't look so disturbed. But what fun it is to read people's minds! I mean to practise it. And you blush so — there, don't blush again — at being found out! It is good enough for a story. It ought to go something like this: 'On the discovery of her soft-hearted, but very absurd, plans, Miss Katharine's cheek was mantled with a rosy flush. There might have been detected a delicate spreading of the roseate fluid upon her Aurora-like brow, like the first faint coming of the dawn.'"

"Be respectful, Rose," said Kate, in her old, dignified, teacher-like fashion.

Rose felt abashed. "I didn't mean to —," she began timidly.

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"Certainly not," said Kate, coldly, in a very class-roomy, "you-have-spelled-the-word-wrong" manner.

Rose took her hands down from their pillow-place behind her head, got up from her easy-chair, and went to look out of the window in silence.

Kate had hurt her keenly. Her raillery had been given in perfect innocence; but Kate had read meanings in it all undreamed of by poor Rose.

The child felt homesick, ill at ease, and in a strangely unfamiliar atmosphere. She got her desk and wrote a little letter to her mother, while Kate stared into the fire, sitting in Rose's vacated arm-chair, with her hands clasped tightly in her lap: —

BELFAST.

MY OWN DARLING MAMMY: — It is very nice to travel in Europe; but I would give my Chinese penny, that papa gave me when I was a baby, to see you to-night. I would sit right down in your lap, and hug you any number of times, for "you are a nice gal, and nothin' but it," as Sam Weller so touchingly observes. You are the best woman in the world. Miss Larkin is good, and you know I love her; but she acts like anything over here. You would hardly know her for the same woman. She is well, and so am I; but she gets such odd notions into her head. She thinks I want to see Mr. Ehrlebach again, and so I do; but that is no reason why she should be cross to me, is it? Of course, I wouldn't complain of her to anybody but you; but it seems too bad that she should get into such queer ways. You remember I told you Mr. Ehrlebach came over on the "Scythia" with us. He brought his bicycle with him, and is going touring in the Highlands on it. Well, Miss Larkin wants to go over to Scotland from here, because she thinks I look pale, — did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? I have a cold, caused by getting my feet wet, while walking in the Park in Dublin, and Miss Larkin really seems to think I want to see him very much. I do; but, dear me, what can she be thinking of? If I wanted to see him in any romantic way, would I be silly enough to go running after him? No, indeed. But, truly, I don't, mamma, dearest. I don't think I ever shall like anybody in the way Miss Larkin seems to think I like him. I want to paint lots of pictures, and earn a great deal of money for you, and get acquainted with nice people, and have a good time, and be as good as I can — but nothing more. I mean to tease Miss Larkin, though not very much. I like her too well for that; but she ought to worry about me a little, I think, to pay her for being cross to me, because I laughed at her for thinking I am worrying about Mr. Ehrlebach. So, whenever his name comes up in any way, I mean to look pensive.

She dislikes Mr. Ehrlebach very much, and scarcely treated him civilly. I don't see why she should think I should like him so much, when she doesn't at all. Never mind, mamma, I have eased my heart writing to you, and I will tell you all about Belfast in my next letter. I am too sleepy now. Good-night. Love to all.

ROSE.

"Do you want to write a little to mamma, Miss Larkin?"

"Yes," said Kate, rousing herself, languidly. "What did you tell her?"

"Oh, that I was well, except my cold, and that you are well, and — and some other things."

Kate took the pen and wrote on a blank half-sheet: —

DEAR MOTHER MADDER: — You will tell me I am negligent, but someway the letter-writing mood does not come to me. I think of you just the same. Rose made some very pretty sketches at Lake Killarney. We have talked of going to Scotland from here; but I have decided to go to Liverpool instead, and thence to London, according to our original plan, stopping off at some of the chief places of interest. Remember me to Dr. Madder and the children, and believe me,

Always yours,

KATE.

"You may read what I have written, if you like, Rose," said Miss Larkin.

Rose scanned the page. When she came to the new plan Miss Larkin had set down, she said, "Oh!"

But she did not return Miss Larkin's politeness. That lady could only guess at what Rose had written to her mother.

CHAPTER X. — A MOUNT.

MR. EHRLEBACH got tired of waiting at Holyhead after six or eight days, decided that the Chicagoans must have found some other route to London, and turned his wheel thitherward.

He sent to Liverpool, asking to have his luggage sent to the American Exchange in London. He wrote to the manager that he should be in town shortly. Then he mounted his faithful steed, and made it fly over the smooth roads to the southward.

His cyclometer marked prodigious progress till he came into Warwickshire. Then his love of Shakespeare turned aside, for the moment, the tide of his love for Kate.

When he found himself at Coventry he remembered its nearness to the home of the poet, and he ran down to Stratford.

As he dismounted at the door of the Red Horse Inn, with sundry thoughts of Washington Irving in his mind, the sun shone out suddenly and brilliantly. Ehrlebach took off his rubber-cap, baring his brow to a warm zephyr that came wandering up the street. He shook the drops from his coat as he mentally blessed the bit of blue sky which came out brightly above the inn.

He heard a clear voice he knew. It came through the open window of the coffee-parlor.

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Rose said, "See, the sun has come out, Miss Larkin; isn't that jolly? I began to think it was going to rain forever."

Ehrlebach tossed that rubber-cap into the air like a school-boy. The hotel porter, who had come out to meet him, stood still, with his mouth open; for the next thing Mr. Ehrlebach did was to begin singing, in his big, hearty voice, —

"The star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Rose dropped her napkin at the second note, and jumped up with her mouth full of bread and butter.

"Rose! wait!" commanded Miss Larkin; but Rose shook her head in insubordination, and rushed out to her friend.

Kate heard her joyous laugh and Ehrlebach's cheery, —

"Ach, my little Angelica Kauffman; what a good fortune this is! Are you well?"

"Yes, are you? How did you get here? Where is your bicycle? Hasn't it been horrible weather? What a funny coat!"

Kate poured some hot tea into her cup, and drank it desperately, scalding her throat, but shivering in keen excitement.

Ehrlebach hurried in with Rose, asking no questions, but talking rapidly of "sand-papered roads," and "pigskins," and "bikes," in a way that Rose found unintelligible, but delightful.

Kate stood up at the table, her napkin in her hand, when Ehrlebach came into the door-way.

Pleasure or something very akin to it shone in her eyes.

So Ehrlebach fancied, and came forward eagerly, holding out his hand.

"Here is our artist, Miss Larkin, and his bicycle brought him."

Kate heard the gladness in Rose's voice; saw that Ehrlebach was trembling.

She bowed to him across the table.

"Have you had a long ride this morning? Will you have some lunch? May I give you a cup of tea?"

The hand Ehrlebach was holding out fell to his side, and he sat down in the chair Rose gave him with a heavy heart.

Watching Kate, as she calmly poured his tea and passed him bread and butter, Mr. Max Ehrlebach felt the hopelessness of his condition more fervently than ever.

If Kate had attracted him in the severity of her ship-costume, and the frigidity of her ship-manners, there was something in her appearance now, and in the repressed cordiality of her hospitality, which fascinated him.

He drank his tea with a feeling that it was the wine and the nectar and various other essences of infatuation.

Rose chattered volubly, telling him of their Irish journeying.

"We haven't been two hours in Stratford," she added. "Isn't it charming? You know all about it, and will explain everything. I shall lock up my guide-book."

In the complexity of her emotions Miss Larkin remembered that a black-velvet basque was always said to be becoming to her. She felt a certain inward thankfulness, also, that she had put on her second-best lace set, — the one with full soft ruchings for her neck and sleeves, — and a little "cascade" for the front of her bodice.

CHAPTER XI. — A HEADER.

"We are going over to Shakespeare's house now," said Rose, as they finished their lunch; "so go and stable your bicycle, Mr. Ehrlebach, put away that rubber-coat, and invite yourself to go too."

"But I have only this cap."

Erhlebach looked ruefully at his rainy-day head-covering.

"Buy another," suggested Rose.

"May I, Miss Larkin?" said Ehrlebach, with a strange sort of shyness in his manner.

"Certainly, sir," said Kate, looking at her teaspoon.

Rose laughed.

"How humbly you ask her if you may buy a new hat!"

Ehrlebach and Kate exchanged glances of mutual understanding. The look was half-appealing at first, in Ehrlebach's eyes. It was quite spontaneous with Miss Larkin.

Ehrlebach started to find the hotel clerk in an exalted frame of mind. Kate had known he was asking her if he might go with her, if Rose had not. She had said yes. What a dear little simpleton Rose was, and how conveniently blind! So thought Ehrlebach. He stopped to pat Rose's brown head in affectionate gratitude.

"Now, Madam Le Brun, hurry for your bonnet," quoth he, "while I go to buy my new hat."

Kate went upstairs and took off her black-velvet basque and the lace ruffles, throwing them on the bed in unusual disorder. She put on that ugly momie-cloth dress, and the stiffest linen collar and cuffs to be found in her portmanteau.

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When Rose came up, after a few moments' extra chatting with Mr. Ehrlebach, she found Kate tying a thick blue veil over her hat.

"What made you take off your other dress?" asked Rose, coming into the room they shared together.

"I thought best," said Kate, smiling amiably.

"And that blue veil," Rose went on, encouraged in her artistic criticism; "it isn't becoming to you. What was the use of dressing for lunch just to put on travelling things again?"

"It isn't considered good taste in England to dress for a walk." Kate was unusually docile under Rose's remarks.

"Oh, but you didn't; you were." Rose was epigrammatically laconic.

Kate pulled on her ugliest black gloves, with darns on three of the fingers.

"Get on your hat, pussy," she said, sweetly.

"I protest against those gloves." Rose was folding up Miss Larkin's basque and smoothing out her ruffles. "What will Mr. Ehrlebach think of you?"

"I am not dressing to please Mr. Ehrlebach."

"I should say not," cried Rose. "Well, *I* shall."

She took out her blue cap, and her very best Persian scarf, with an audacious lot of red and gold in it. She put this around her shoulders. She put on her longest pair of blue-silk Irish gloves, and wound a slender silver band two or three times around her arms.

"Now, I'm picturesque, and I'll do our artist proud, if you won't. Come on, Larkie."

Rose was in her wildest spirits.

Miss Larkin came out into the passage. Rose caught her friend's hands and pulled off the disreputable gloves. By a quick movement she untied the blue veil.

She ran back, returning with nice gloves and a black Spanish lace scarf.

"Come here," she said, standing in the door-way.

Kate went back slowly. Rose drew her in and shut the door.

Kate tried to protest feebly, but Rose persisted. When Miss Larkin went downstairs and joined Mr. Ehrlebach, he looked with artistic approval at her tall figure, with the heavy lace scarf wound tight up around her neck, and a graceful lace *capote* perched high on the coils of her dark hair.

Rose went into ecstasies at the Henly-street house, from the moment they rang at the door to summon the custodian, till they came out again with pansies and rosemary from the garden in their hands.

While they stood on the pavement, waiting for the door to open, a dough-faced little lad of ten or thereabouts came down the street.

"Who lives here, bubby?" asked Rose.

The boy stopped still and stared at her ignorance.

"Shakespeare," said he, with an air that seemed to say, "I thought the whole world knew that."

"Why doesn't he come to the door?" asked Rose, grandly, trying again to be witty.

"He can't, mum," returned the lad, touching his hat; "he's dead, mum."

Rose turned, laughing, to Ehrlebach.

"See how my smartness is killed. I mean to keep silence within," she said.

She put out her hand in a confiding little gesture of self-ridicule. Ehrlebach took hold of the new silk glove.

"Tintoretta is extravagant," he said, smoothing one of the fingers.

Kate pulled the bell again with unnecessary energy.

An old woman appeared on the instant, a surprised look on her face. "Here I am," she said.

Ehrlebach took off his hat.

"We have come from America to visit you, madam," he said, smiling.

"Come in," she said, hospitably, taking their sixpences. "You find yourself at once in the room in which Shakespeare was born. Previous to the time of Washington Irving's visit to Stratford this house was sadly neglected. It was used as a butcher-shop. The cradle of the greatest genius in the world became a place of resort for village loafers."

"Where is the cradle?" asked Rose, of Ehrlebach, in an awed whisper.

"Hush!" he returned in the same tone; "don't interrupt her eloquence."

"But a new feeling came into the British heart, — a proper feeling of love and reverence for the mighty dead. This roof, which sheltered his infancy, this floor, on which he walked — Oh, don't, don't touch those pebbles, miss."

Rose was picking up a tiny, crumbled fragment from an interstice in the stone floor.

"Not a particle of this floor can be touched. I must take that away from you."

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Rose put the pebble down reverentially. "I didn't mean to," she said. The custodian laughed.

"You are so willing, miss, that I think I must reward you with a bit of the cellar door."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Rose, in rapture.

Ehrlebach took out his pocket-book while the woman was gone.

"What are you going to do?" whispered Rose.

"She will have a shilling for her generosity," giving it to the woman, who returned with a tiny scrap of wood. She explained at length the history of certain repairs in the cellar since she had come to be custodian.

"And the trustees gave me the chips and shavings of the cellar-door to give to whom I please."

"She ought to make a lot of money if she always gives them so judiciously," whispered Rose.

Kate, looking over the visitors' book, glanced reprovingly at Rose.

"Don't whisper so much," she said, when her charge came so near her that she could caution her unobserved.

Rose stared at her for an instant, then sighed perceptibly, and proceeded to "look pensive," as she had threatened to do in that Belfast letter to her mother.

Kate's manner, which had been tolerably genial since lunch-time, changed into its old coldness. Ehrlebach, finding that Kate would not talk with him, devoted himself to Rose, explaining everything to her, and enjoying all of her enthusiasms from the museum to the pansy-bed.

He gave the custodian an extra sixpence as she opened the street door for them.

Kate took out her purse, and offered three shillings to Mr. Ehrlebach.

"What is dat for?" he asked, excitedly.

"It is our share of the fees," answered Kate. "You paid out nine sixpences. Two-thirds of that is three shillings," mathematically.

Mr. Ehrlebach looked very much hurt.

Rose came to the rescue. "I'll settle up with Mr. Ehrlebach after all our excursions," she said; "put up your purse, Miss Larkin."

They walked over to the church of the Holy Trinity. They read the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb with that new feeling of nearness to the world's poet which comes to all who walk for the first time among these memorials of his life and death. Kate stood by the river-bank, later on, looking down on the gently lapsing waters of the smooth-flowing Avon. Rose was wandering among the gravestones, reading the quaint inscriptions.

Ehrlebach left her, and went to stand by Kate. He folded his arms on the moss-covered stone bank built up from the water's edge.

"It is the same river," he said, gently, "that our Shakespeare loved."

"Yes, the same. I think there is no river in the world for which I should have the same feeling, not even the Jordan. I thought of it in there in the church at the tomb. Shakespeare comes so near to us."

"So near," he repeated.

"I used to think travellers sometimes talked foolish sentiment about Stratford," she went on. "But I understand now. Only it seems to me I should not wish to try to talk of this place afterward. I have a sort of conviction that I shall always remember every detail of to-day."

"I know I shall." Ehrlebach put his head down on his folded arms.

Kate bent toward him slightly, standing with one hand on the wall, the other clasping her parasol, with which she stirred nervously a few early fallen leaves in the deep grass at her feet. Rose came running across the church-yard.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Kate and Ehrlebach took out their watches, and looked at each other as they said in a breath, —

"Half-past four."

"What a concert! How dramatic! Thank you. Can't we go to Shottery to-day? I want to see the cottage where the bard courted 'Sweet Anne Hathaway.'"

"Anne Hath a way, —
She Hath a way
To make men say
Sweet Anne Hathaway,"

quoted Ehrlebach, smiling tenderly upon the little girl.

"I don't want to go to Shottery to-day," said Kate; "I have got neuralgia leaning on this damp wall. I think I will go back to the hotel."

"Oh, don't, Miss Larkin," pleaded Rose. "I thought if we didn't go to Shottery that it would be heavenly to go for a row on the river, — think of it, Shakespeare's own river!"

"You may go."

"Without you? Oh, I don't want to."

"Come, then, Tintoretta," said Ehrlebach. "If Miss Larkin will not come I

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will show you the river; I know its beauties of old."

"Won't you come, Miss Larkin?" Rose asked again.

"No, dear."

"Come, then," said Ehrlebach, bowing slightly to Miss Larkin, as he hurried off toward the boats, followed by Rose.

Kate leaned up against the damp wall, regardless of neuralgia. As they disappeared from sight she put her face down where Ehrlebach's had been, pressing her lips passionately to the crushed moss.

She was still standing like this when their boat shot along the deep water below the embankment.

"Larkie, Larkie," called Rose.

Kate lifted her head, knowing that at that distance they could not see the tears in her eyes.

She saw Rose waving her handkerchief gayly. She saw Ehrlebach looking up with a glorified expression on his face. She lifted her parasol, moved it up and down two or three times, then retreated suddenly among the trees.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she sobbed, holding her handkerchief tightly to her lips. "O Katharine Larkin, how senseless, senseless, senseless, you are! You know nothing of him. You can see that he cares for Rose. You ought not to let that go on. Where is his wife? His wife! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Her sobs were getting beyond her control. She crept away into a lone corner of the church-yard, and wept away the first bitterness of her self-confession, while the misty August sunshine drifted down upon her through the boughs above, and the silvery Avon sang its ceaseless song.

CHAPTER XII. — A RUN.

When Rose came in at six o'clock she found Kate lying on her bed, with a bottle of *eau de cologne* in her hand.

"Oh, is your neuralgia worse?" Rose forgot her story of the last hour's delight, and hurried to ring for hot water, while she petted her friend.

"Oh, I ought not to have gone," she said. "I am so sorry; and Mr. Ehrlebach was so anxious that we should all dine together to-night."

Ehrlebach dined alone that evening; he breakfasted alone next morning. Rose came down to the parlor, where he was reading, at ten o'clock, with a sober face.

"Miss Larkin hasn't slept all night," she said; "her neuralgia is dreadful. I never knew her to have it before."

"Oughtn't you to have a doctor? Let me go and find him, then."

"I asked her, but she won't."

"She won't be able to go to Shottery, to-day, then?"

"Oh, no, indeed; you'll have to get on without us to-day, mynherr.

"I shall go to Warwick, if I can do nothing to help you."

"Good-by," said Rose, regretfully; "I wish I could go too. No, thanks, there is nothing you can do."

Ehrlebach got out his bicycle, and started in a miserably depressed mood. He had been so happy in Kate's fragmentary confidence of the day before. He had gone off with Rose, glad that Kate was not with them. He would have been afraid to trust the eyes of a third person, even those of blind little Rose, upon the feelings that he knew must be reflected in his face.

Now she was ill, and he could do nothing to show his sympathy.

He felt glad of the companionship of his wheel, as he stood by it for a moment before mounting.

"Good, faithful friend," he muttered in German, as the rising pedal lifted him easily into the saddle, remembering other times when he had "driven dull care away" in its companionship.

He rode away through the green lanes, drinking in the fulness of the morning's beauty, feeling new health and strength of spirit coming to him. A new tenderness for the woman he loved filled his heart.

He found himself repeating those words about Anne Hathaway. His reverie grew sweeter as he spun along, with all the myriad influences of the flowers and grasses, the hedge-rows and sunshine, and soft breezes mingling with his thoughts.

A brotherly memory of Wordsworth flitted by him. "I wish I could have known him," he thought, repeating to himself,—

> "Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
> Through all the years of this our life to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, nor disturb
> Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."

Ehrlebach's day was long and peaceful. A half hope that Kate might not always be moody with him lingered in his thoughts;

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a hope that sometime he might make her feel some faint reflection of all that he had in his heart for her. He walked through Warwick Castle in an enchanted dream. He plucked a lot of ivy leaves from the old historic walls to take back to Kate, and bribed a gardener to give him a great handful of *riant* red roses for his love.

When he dismounted at the door of the Red Horse, in the early evening, the girl clerk of the hotel came out from behind her dingy desk with a faint shadow of curiosity in her business-like air. "The American ladies left their compliments, please, sir, and they went up to Lunnon on the five-o'clock train."

[To be continued.]

Minimum.

RIDING *VS.* PRAYING.

Whether bicycle riding on Sunday be sinful or not depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is done, and the associations of the ride. — (EDS. in December WHEELMAN.)

You have read of the ride of Paul Revere,
And of Gilpin's ride, so fraught with fear;
Of old Floyd Ireson's ride in a cart,
And the ride where Sheridan played a part;
Calendar's ride, on a brazen hack,
And Islam's prophet, on Al Borak;
The fateful ride to Aix from Ghent,
And a dozen others of like portent;
But you never have heard of a bicycle spin
Which was piously ended, though started in sin.

Tom was a country parson's son,
Fresh from college and full of fun;
Fond of flirting with bright-eyed girls;
Raving, in verse, over golden curls;
Sowing a wild oat here and there,
In a way that made the parson stare
And chide him sternly, when face to face,
While, in private, he laughed at the young scapegrace;
But the wildest passion the boy could feel
Was the love he bore for his shining wheel.

He rode it by night and he rode it by day,
If he went two rods or ten miles away;
And Deacon Smith was heard to remark
That he met that "pesky thing" in the dark,
And it shot right by, with a glint and a gleam,
And a wild "hoot-toot" that made him scream
In spite of the fact that he knew right well
That evil spirits were all in — Well
He wouldn't meet that thing again
For a corn-crib full of good, ripe grain.

On Sunday morning the sun was bright,
The birds' throats bursting with glad delight,
When the parson mounted his plump old bay
And jogged to the church — two miles away;
While Tom wheeled 'round, ten miles or more,
And hid his wheel by the chancel door;
And he thought, as he sat in the parson's pew,
"I wonder what makes dad look so blue,"
Till it came like a flash to his active mind
He'd left his sermon and specs behind.

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Now, the parson was old and his eyes were dim,
And he couldn't have read a line or a hymn
Without his specs, for a mint of gold,
And his head turned hot, while his toes turned cold,
And right in the midst of his mental shock
The parson deceived his trusting flock,
And gave them eternal life and a crown
From the book he was holding upside down.
Tom, the rascal, five minutes before,
Like an arrow, had gone from the chancel door.

The horses he frightened I never can tell,
Nor how the old church folks were shocked as well;
But they said they feared that the parson's lad
"Was a-gettin' wild," and would go to the bad,
For 'twas wicked enough to set folks in a craze,
Without "ridin' sech races" on Sabbath days;
And they thought the length of the parson's prayer
Had something to do with his fatherly care;
While the truth of it was — which he afterwards dropped —
He didn't know what he could do when he stopped.

Of course you know how the story will end:
The prayer was finished and duly amen-ed,
When Tom, all dust, to the pulpit flew,
And laid down the specs and the sermon too;
And the parson preached in a timid way
Of sinful pleasure on Sabbath day;
And he added a postscript, not in text,
Saying, that, when they were sore perplexed,
Each must decide as he chanced to feel;
And Tom chuckled, "Sundays, I'll ride my wheel."

James Clarence Harvey.

THE WHEEL IN NASHUA.

How the people looked! How the boys shouted, not derisively, but in perfect wonderment! Curb-stone committees congregated here and there, evidently not for consultation, but apparently in anticipation of some sudden, and, as yet, unheard-of catastrophe, in which case their relative nearness to some other being of a similar nature would, to some extent, console them. The vigorous appetite of the hardy laborer, leaving the shop or factory, even yielded to the strange infatuation that seemed to seize all. What was the cause of all this, on that beautiful September noon of 1878? Why, the first appearance of the bicycle upon our streets, used by Mr. E. M. Gilman. Reason enough! Is not the experience of others very similar? His perfect command of the strange vehicle, called on every side a velocipede; his ease and grace in riding, together with his gentlemanly courtesy to all upon the road, at once won the favor of all our good citizens, and the demand for bicycles was immediately established, many of the young men purchasing being members of our leading and most influential families. Our pioneer rider at first owned a 48-inch "Newton Challenge," in July of 1878, learning to ride the same upon the concreted avenues of Cottage City, Mass.

Until 1881 the original wheelmen of Nashua pedalled around by themselves, little dreaming of the advantages to be derived from club union, or of league membership; and, alas! several of them even condemned knickerbockers.

O tempora! O mores!

Through a medium most agreeable to both parties, our present efficient Chief Consul was brought into communication with the wheelmen of Nashua, and he

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almost immediately began to use his influence and persuasive powers, first in behalf of the L.A.W., and then of a local club, until at length our dull senses seemed to be aroused, and we actually issued a few invitations to the limited number of bicyclers in our acquaintance, both in and out of the State, in compliance with which there were collected — for we fail to conceive a better word to describe the event — about twenty good fellows, hearty, genial, and many of them quite enthusiastic; but *such a display of costumes and haberdashery!* Shades of Byron! We need simply to say it was fully in accord with the prevailing *lack* of taste of biclyclers in other parts of the country, in the early days of wheeling.

A parade was made, to the astonishment of most of us, for we hardly thought there were so many riders in America. Captain Hazlett, of the Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, N.H., held command, assisted by his excellent companion, President Philbrick, of the same club; Editor Gilman, of the *Bicycling World* and our present worthy State Representative L.A.W.

Frequent pauses were made during the parade, when Master Georgie Girard, our youngest League member, gave excellent exhibitions of fancy and trick riding. It was at this time that Master Girard first met the Nashuans together, and so favorably were we all impressed that his frequent visits since have always been occasions of special pleasure.

In the evening of this eventful day, Sept. 17, 1881, a banquet was given at the Latin House, local L.A.W. head-quarters, by the local wheelmen to the visiting friends, when a most cordial speech of welcome was made by our whole-souled mayor, Benjamin Fletcher, Jr., — a speech that will not soon be forgotten. Captain Hazlett very appropriately responded.

Following the post-prandial exercises a temporary organization was effected, and christened the "Nashua Wheel Club," with a temporary list of officers, who served until early in January next succeeding, when the annual meeting took place, Mr. C. B. Beasom being elected president. We struggled on and struggled hard; but all in vain. Our membership "was but seven," and some of these "sold out"; so that we necessarily fell to pieces, with hardly anything left to regret the wreck.

On the 12th of May, 1882, another attempt was made to revive the club, and a large measure of success crowned the effort. Mr. W. A. Tracy was placed at the head of the club as president, and under his able lead affairs actually boomed, until the club acquired a membership unequalled by that of any kindred organization in the old Granite State. Banquets and dinners were given almost beyond number. Races, parades, and receptions, too, were not forgotten; good feeling reigned supreme, and all seemed happy. Guests poured from all about us and from a distance, for we will not overlook our good Indiana friend. Oh, no, we never can, and will he be able ever to erase from his memory the events of his visits to Nashua during June, 1882? The doors of the club-house were thrown wide open, as were our hearts, and hospitality, almost unbridled, held supreme sway.

The history of wheeling in Nashua must necessarily include and be included by club life, as in an organization only can moves of any importance be effected; and we very much doubt if there is a bicycler among us who does not agree with this statement.

Our club has been represented at many of the most important events in the history of bicycling in our country, and, feeling the importance of being upon an equal footing with the leading clubs of the nation, we adopted the iron-clad rule that all members should be members of the L.A.W., etc., etc. This action was taken June 9, 1882, having been preceded by the Rockingham and Manchester clubs. Their vote influenced us, as also the fact that those of us who journeyed away much learned the truth of the sentiment so well worded in Vice-President Parsons's paper on the "League Meet at Chicago," as published in THE WHEELMAN, in which he says, "It is impossible to overestimate the favorable influence of these great meets of bicyclers upon the public. If the League did nothing but get together each year some hundreds of wheelmen in parade and consultation, it would be well worth to every wheelman in the country the slight cost of membership. *Those who never leave their own vicinity may question the usefulness of the organization, failing to see any advantages to them.*"

Between the wheelmen of Manchester and Nashua there has ever existed a very friendly feeling, many visits having been exchanged, each one of which has filled our cup of pleasure to the brim, thus compelling us, no matter how tired or overworked, to "look happy." Captain Wilkins and his jolly followers know where they have friends. Bicycle whistles evidently annoy

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the Manchester police as much as the early bicycle itself did upon the occasion of "A Wheel around the Hub."

During the past season the club has also been very active out of the city, sending delegations quite creditable to the New England Fair at Worcester, Mass. It also took an active part in the parade at Portsmouth, N.H., as well as in the formation of the "League of N.H. Wheelmen." It conducted parades and races in connection with the Manchester Club at the fairs at Plymouth, N.H., and Goffstown, N.H., and also appeared in a parade at Lowell, Mass., under the auspices of the Lowell Electric Light Co., when one of our members, Mr. F. A. McMaster, who previously exhibited much speed, came to the front as the winner of an elegant gold medal, the first prize offered for a straight one-mile heat.

One of the pleasantest calls our club has ever enjoyed was made by that enthusiastic duet of Marbleheaders, who toured about our sandy, rocky State — we refer to Messrs. Chinn and Shirley; and, as we think of them, visions of cantaloupes rise up before us; but then, young men, you were detected — oh, how bad it sounds! We will never tell of you; we never buy a dozen bananas and offer pay for one half the number; oh, no!

Never before, in the history of bicycling in Southern New Hampshire, has the future looked so promising as at present. During the month of October the club was completely and thoroughly reorganized, several additional names placed upon the list of membership, and Mr. W. H. Beasom chosen president, whose efficiency for that position is loudly praised on all sides; and it is certainly doing no injustice to any previous incumbent of that position to say that he far excels them all in administrative ability, since they all frankly admit it; in fact, the entire staff of officers is far superior to that of any previous one since the original organization. This time the name has been changed, so that hereafter the "Nashua Wheel Club" is a club of the past, the present one being called the "Halcyon Wheel Club"; H. W. Ramsdell, secretary.

The tricycle is also among us, and can be seen almost any day, when the weather permits, upon Mt. Pleasant Park, where the young ladies ride, gaining that beneficial exercise to be acquired in no better way than on the wheel. Its history is yet to be made, and when it is you shall hear from us.

The "Star" — yes — but — gone — when we first used it — well — Perhaps right here we will tell a story at the expense of a Nashua attorney; it is new, *i.e.*, so far as publication is concerned. Perhaps the readers of THE WHEELMAN have never realized the terrors of a dunning letter issued from a lawyer's office. We hope none of them have. We have not, but only speak from the experience of others, truly. Well, our attorney had a bill placed in his hands for collection on a party in Kansas. He promptly forwarded it by mail, with a request to remit, etc. In a few days the letter was returned, with seal unbroken and the indorsement of the postmaster across the back, "Dead." Our lawyer thought that was no go; but made no further attempts for some little time, possibly a year, when he carefully indited another epistle, hoping this time to find him. No answer to this letter for quite a while, until at length home it came, with the indorsement of the same postmaster on the back, "Still dead." No, we don't ride the "Star" nowadays.

The last style of bicycular locomotion introduced to us has been Captain Hazlett's Marines, and right royal fun they have furnished us too. We use them upon *fresh* water where there are no tides or surging billows for us to rush madly into. Extra accommodations are supplied for company, so that many of our club men have availed themselves of this opportunity for sport. Another year they will again be launched. You are more than welcome, dear WHEELMAN, to use them. Bring your friends along too, and all your worthy readers. We will do our best to entertain you in our quiet little city just over the border.

W. V. Gilman.

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EDITORIAL.

Activity of Clubs during the Winter.

RIDERS are accustomed to look on winter as their natural foe; and, as a rule, machines are cleaned and oiled and laid away until Old Boreas has been conquered by the soft, warm airs of spring. The clubs hibernate, so to speak, and everything bicycular is at a stand-still. And yet the winter is a splendid time for many things. A suitable hall can usually be secured at a small expense, and riding and drilling can be carried on, affording exercise and amusement for the long winter evenings. New members can be secured, and, if not already riders, can be instructed in the mysteries of the wheel. Graceful and unique club drills can be inaugurated and practised, and those who are inclined that way can indulge *ad libitum* in fancy riding. Continued activity will keep the club before the eyes of others, will familiarize their associates with the wheel, and will go a long way towards popularizing the sport. And again, when the spring opens the club will not have to be awakened from its lethargy, but will be all ready for active work. Some clubs are already acting on this idea. The Kings County wheelmen have a hall which answers the purposes of a riding-school and a dancing-hall. Clubs would find it to their interest to do something of this kind for the months intervening between the present time and spring.

JULIAN SPENCE, J. Burrus Burdett, and John L. Thompson, were elected active members of the Nashville Club, at its regular monthly meeting, Dec. 9th. Resolutions of regret over the departure of H. M. Doak, a member of the club, from Nashville for Cincinnati, were adopted. Mr. Doak assumes the managing editorship of the new Cincinnati daily, the *News*.

THE veteran L. N. Jesunofsky takes his usual runs on the Harding Pike every pleasant afternoon.

BICYCLING in and around Nashville is good the entire year. If anything, the pikes are usually in better condition in winter than during summer.

IN a letter to one of the members of the Nashville club from Chattanooga, Tenn., Mr. D. Cal. McMillin reports that the wheelmen of that place contemplate organizing a club the coming spring.

The Extension of Tricycling.

THE progress made in tricycling in England during the past year — the rapidity with which the number of tricycle riders has increased — the improvements in the machines themselves — the records made — the tours taken upon three-wheelers — all seem to indicate that the coming season will see the use of the tricycle in America take rapid strides. During the past season many a veteran American bicycler has discovered for himself the practical value of the tricycle as a road machine, and some of this class have purchased tricycles. But now the year 1882 has added its proofs and testimonials of the capabilities of the machine. American wheelmen have learned of the fast times made upon the tricycle; how M. J. Lowndes rode his mile, at Coventry, in 3.16, and 25 miles in 1h., 45m.; how C. E. Liles made 5 miles in 17.31⅘, and S. Corbett 10 miles in 42.54. They have read accounts of the road records made: Alfred Nixon, a sketch of whose exploit appeared in the pages of this magazine, riding from John-O'-Groat's to Land's End, a distance of 1,007 miles, in 13 days, 23h., 55m.; T. R. Marriott making 180 miles upon the road in 23h., 45m.; John Hawkins, Jr., accomplishing 191 miles in half a minute less than 24 hours. We also know of the tours through England and upon the continent. Tricyclists have travelled "Among the Dykes" in Holland; rode "From Paris to Geneva," as did Mr. J. B. Marsh and a companion, upon a "Sociable." These records and tours, showing as they do the practical value of the machine, not only for the use of women and old men, but also for active youths and strong men, will no doubt have much influence in spreading their use in the United States. Other circumstances strengthen the probability that this will be the case. The extensive use of tricycles, thereby affording opportunities for practical tests of advantages, has caused many improvements, manufacturers noting complaints and suggestions and experimenting with remedies and additions. The exhibitions now in progress in England, affording opportunities of comparing machines, will no doubt be productive of many improvements.

The most important fact, however, in connection with the spread of tricycling in the United States, during the coming season, is, that an American machine will be put in the market in

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March or April, equal to the best English makes. The sale of this tricycle will, no doubt, be pushed, and an impetus thus given to tricycling. Already we have several tricycle clubs on this side of the water. Ladies, also, are becoming interested in sport, and considerable space in our 'cycling journals is devoted to tricycling. Those whose experience stands as authority are proving that the tricycle possesses many of the advantageous qualities of the bicycle, together with some lacking in the latter machine: that it can run over the same kind of roads — can take rough surfaces — is brought to a stand-still when and where desired — furnishes sufficient speed for all ordinary riding — and conveniently carries luggage in touring. All these matters will, no doubt, be thoroughly tested during the coming season, and we have no doubt that it will be satisfactorily demonstrated that the tricycle is well adapted for road use in this country.

THE following letter, clipped from the *London Lancet*, will carry weight with it, having been admitted to the columns of such an authoritative medical journal: —

To the Editor of the Lancet: —

SIR, — In answer to the query of "F. R. C. S." on the above subject, I beg to say that I have had for some four or five years past a large acquaintance among bicyclists of all ages and ranks, and, as yet, without hearing of a single case of hernia caused by, or even indirectly associated with, bicycle riding. As a wheelman, who has ridden many thousand of miles, I can safely say that there is no action connected with either mounting, riding, or dismounting, that will cause the contraction of the abdominal muscles and depression of the diaphragm, which are necessary to the production of a hernia. This conclusion I have come to after a careful analysis of the muscular actions attending the propulsion of the machine, and even were I myself ruptured I should have no hesitation as to the continuance of this economical and always ready steed. At the present time I know a man in whom there is so little power of resistance in the abdominal rings that he is nearly always obliged to support himself there when coughing, and yet, he tells me, when riding, even fast or up-hill, he never has his attention called in the slightest degree to his "weak spot."

I am, sir, yours obediently,

W. G. CRESWELL,
L.R.C.P., Ed.

BIRMINGHAM, Aug. 20, 1882.

WHEEL NEWS.

The Prince-Frye Race.

ON the night of Monday, December 18th, about one thousand people assembled at the Institute Fair Building to see the great Prince-Frye race. The first heat of the two-mile amateur race, best two in three, for two prizes (a gold and a silver medal), was the first thing on the programme, with the following entries: E. Burnham, Newton; H. Carr, Brockton; W. M. Woodside, New York; J. L. Hatch, Northboro'; and H. M. Saben, Newton. Only the first three came to the scratch. A good start was effected, with Burnham leading, Carr second, and Woodside last. On the second lap Woodside spurted to the front, and Carr took second place, but was passed by Burnham on the last lap of the first mile. This order was maintained until the fourth lap of the last mile, when Burnham, with a graceful spurt, easily passed Woodside, and finished a good thirty yards ahead. Time: Burnham, 6.53⅛; Woodside, 656⅛.

The second event was a one-mile straightaway race for those who had never won a prize; the prize being a silver medal. H. M. Saben, Newton; W. P. Haskell, Boston; T. C. Coleman, East Boston; C. F. Haven, Brookline, and A. B. Jenks, Brockton, started in the order named. At the beginning of the second lap Haskell forged ahead, with Saben pushing him close, and Haven not far behind. On the fourth lap, Haskell, whom every one thought would win, for some reason dropped behind, and Saben came in first, with Haven second. Time: Saben, 3.21⅜; Haven, 3.22¼.

The next thing was the second heat of the two-mile race. Only Burnham and Woodside appeared. Burnham took the lead, and held it easily to the finish, although Woodside tried hard to pass him several times. Burnham is a very graceful rider, and spurts magnificently. Time: Burnham, 6.54½; Woodside, 6.56½.

All was now in readiness for the event of the evening, and the spectators awaited impatiently the appearance of the contestants, who took

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their places promptly. Just before starting, Prince, with a grace that won him the applause of all, offered his hand to Frye, and the two shook hands. A good start was made, with Prince leading. From the very start it was evident that both men were going to do their best to win, and, also, that each felt he had a rival worthy of his powers. Sometimes one was ahead and sometimes the other. Whenever either passed the other the cheers of his friends were deafening. The speed was tremendous. Prince lead at the finish of the ninth mile, but was passed by Frye on the first lap of the tenth. Frye's friends were uproarious, and waved their hats and yelled and shouted until they were hoarse. Four and a half laps were quickly covered in this order. The men fairly flew down the track, and all had mentally decided Frye the winner; but just as they rounded the last corner, and only a few yards from the wire, Prince put in one of his tremendous spurts, the dread of all his opponents, and won the race by barely a yard. He was lifted off his machine and carried around the course on the shoulders of his enthusiastic admirers. Prince's last mile was done in 3.06½, and his last lap in 31⅛ seconds. The records broken were for three, four, and ten miles. The following is the time by miles: —

PRINCE.			FRYE.		
1	3m.	13⅜s.	1	3m.	14s.
2	6	28	2	6	27½.
3	9	42	3	9	41½.
4	12	59⅜	4	13	00.
5	16	19⅜	5	16	19½.
6	19	36	6	19	35½.
7	22	57	7	22	57½.
8	26	17½	8	26	17½.
9	29	37½	9	29	37½.
10	32	44	10	32	44½.

Prince lead twenty-six laps, and Frye twenty-five. Prince rode his 53-inch Expert racer, weight, 33½ lbs.; and Frye his 58½-inch Yale racer, weight, 33 lbs.

Milwaukee Bicycle Tourists.

ON Monday evening, Nov. 20, the Milwaukee Bicycle Tourists inaugurated the winter season by a Club German, given at the residence of Capt. A. A. Hathaway. The participants in the German consisted of the ten active members of the club, led by Capt. Hathaway. A number of novel and entertaining figures were indulged in, many of especial interest as being distinctively bicycle figures.

The first figure was the usual general waltz, and choosing of partners, the favors consisting of natural flowers, tied by ribbons of the club colors, maroon and olive.

Next came "Wheels and Handle Bars." The ladies chosen each selected one of six ribbons tied to the handle-bar of a bicycle, to six spokes of which were also tied small bows of similar colors. Six gentlemen selected ribbons, in a like manner, at another bicycle. The two were then wheeled together, and partners were designated by the different colors coming together on the two wheels. Thus: the red and yellow coming together, the lady and gentleman holding those colors danced together. This device proved to be a veritable wheel of fortune. The favors given with this figure were athletic-looking dolls to the ladies, and diminutive toy bicycles to the gentlemen.

The Driving Figure was danced next, with the usual accompaniment of reins, whips, and bells.

Next came the Bowling Figure, in which the ladies bowl at a line of gentlemen, the rear wheel of a bicycle being used, however, in place of the conventional foot-ball.

For the next figure two sets of pictures were passed round, one to the ladies and duplicates to the gentlemen, there being two alike of each. These consisted of cuts taken from THE WHEELMAN, mounted on heavy card board. The partners were designated by a lady and gentleman choosing duplicate pictures. The cuts were greatly admired, and by a number were mistaken for etchings.

The next figure — "The Arbor and Snake" — brought out the entire company, and, in the advance, the gentlemen executed quite a complex drill, much to the astonishment and delight of their expectant partners.

The next figure, being a march to supper, was also participated in by the entire company, and proved also an enjoyable feature.

Following the refreshments came the "Chalk and Gun" figure, wherein the ladies choose from a line of gentlemen by shooting at one with a small gun and piece of chalk, the gentlemen protecting their eyes by means of Polo caps.

In the next figure four ladies, after choosing, stood with their partners in different corners of the room. A tricycle was then brought in, and one of the ladies, after riding once or twice around the room, stopped at a different corner, choosing the gentleman stationed there, whose partner then rode round and chose in a similar manner. This figure proved to be very amusing, and was much enjoyed.

Two couples began the next figure, the gentleman choosing two extra gentlemen for the choice

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of his partner. These gentlemen contested for her favor by spinning the pedals on a bicycle, the one spinning them longest winning.

For the final figure a ballot vote was taken for the purpose of selecting a "Queen of the Wheel."

After the ballot the club, forming in twos, marched round the room, the leader finally halting before the lady chosen, and presenting a wreath of flowers. After the coronation the queen was seated upon a bicycle and marched round the room, supported by maids of honor and followed by the entire company, the orchestra, in the meantime, playing "God Save the Queen." The company then circled round the throne, and, accompanied by the orchestra, sang heartily a few verses of the "B-i Bi," etc., after which came a general waltz, ending the German.

In every detail of music, favors, figures, etc., the German was a pronounced success, and proved a delightful inauguration of the series of social entertainments to be given by the club during the winter.

The Club Bugle.

The Wheel in Scranton.

SCRANTON, PA., Dec. 8, 1882.

GENTLEMEN: — As the season for active riding has drawn to a close, I suppose you look for a report of bicycular events. We have, probably, gone through as active an eight months as any club in the country. Our membership has increased, long and short rides have been taken without number, and a taste for active life — and mud — been zealously fostered among the youth of our city. Taking it all in all the career of our club has been brilliant, and our success and lively existence are fair evidence that the wheels have come to stay in Scranton; and while the riders of our neighboring cities seem to treat their wheels as instruments of passing pleasure, we look on them as necessary to a healthy and joyous existence. Soon after my election as captain, I endeavored to inaugurate weekly runs. For awhile these were attended with a fair measure of success, but toward the last the members seemed to prefer a semi-solitude. Whether this was on account of desire to practise those gymnastics peculiar to the bicycle unseen to mortal eye, or to a praiseworthy ambition to be the first to report a strict analysis of Olyphant sand, or still further to be able to beat our genial secretary on a bicycular fish story, it is difficult for me to say. At all events, a visit to the repair-shop of Tisdel occasionally showed that some of us had spent our solitudinary rambles to good effect. While deprecating this desire to worship Nature, and commune with her alone in a quiet corner, as injurious to good fellowship, I must confess that a contemplation of the fleecy clouds from the gravel bank of a river's side, or a momentary glimpse of eternity over an Olyphant stone wall, is better appreciated when no one is near to comment on the vanity of things earthly.

Early in July our president and captain took the trip over the beautiful road from Port Jervis to Bushkill. I doubt whether there is a more beautiful run in this country. Starting from Port Jervis at 7 A.M., we reached Bushkill at 12.30 P.M., stopping — for birch beer — at odd places, two hours and a half on the way. After an hour's rest and dinner, we proceeded to the Delaware Water Gap, arriving there at 6 P.M. The ride was full of pleasure and free from accidents, except on one hill our worthy president's steed took the bit between his teeth and galloped to the foot with his rider, hatless, breathless, and almost hairless. I should not have known this, being some distance in advance, had I not surprised him in the act of offering a hymn of thanksgiving for his safe deliverance. He has told me his horse made no more of rocks than of sand, and, as his feet slipped from the stirrups, he could do no more than cling to his backbone and trust to Providence. I must say that kind of trust is pretty good, except on an Olyphant hill, with a stone wall at the foot, and a prostrate wheelman between you and safety. This trip was afterwards taken by Messrs. Hand, Kolp, Pentecost, and Rockwell, with much enjoyment; though I believe Mr. Kolp had a taste of Pike county "Thanky, marms," and Messrs. Rockwell and Hand, of the specific gravity of Monroe county sand. On the anniversary of our organization we had a very pleasant run, and, afterwards, I had the pleasure of entertaining the club at my residence, our pleasure being much enhanced by the mellifluous notes of our secretary's dulcet voice in "Over the Handle Bar."

At the request of the Executive Committee of the Lackawanna Agricultural Association, some of our members during the fall meeting entered for a race, half mile, for a League Pin. The race was won, after a hard struggle, by the young giant of the club, Mr. Harry Fillmore. At the same time a race took place between Wm. Rockwell, of our club, and E. Wade, of Iron Company Ramblers, which was won by the latter after an exciting contest. Having always been of the opinion that Mr. Rockwell was handicapped by being compelled to take the out-

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side with the smaller wheel, I consider the result as decidedly unsatisfactory. But I want to here express my decided opinion against unprepared and untrained men indulging in such desperate efforts as are necessary in a race. I think that much of the repugnance existing in ignorant minds against the bicycle, on the ground that it is injurious to health, has arisen from observing the results of over-riding and over-effort. The best thing can be abused; but easy, careful, judicious riding — and plenty of it, too — is, to me, the most exhilarating, buoyant, health-giving exercise I can indulge in, and I propose to keep it up till the bones and muscles of an aged body cry "halt." In accordance with a resolution of the club, an entertainment was given in October. Much credit is due the committee for the pronounced success of the undertaking. In response to our invitation, the Binghamton Club visited us, and in the afternoon we took a run to Olyphant, stopping at Jermyn's store, where Mr. Hand, after treating us handsomely, joined the club. Barring a few accidents, the run was very successful, and the evening drill equally so, and with past experience our next entertainment ought to be still more successful.

The season for runs has, strictly speaking, now closed. In the season to come let us exert ourselves to make more riders; to infuse into all an admiration for the graceful art of which we are votaries. By having a regard for the road-rights of others; treating all politely and reasonably; giving way ourselves when necessary to good feeling, and by setting our feet on intrusiveness of any kind, we can go far toward making people feel that riders are always gentlemen.

GEO. SANDERSON, JR.,
Captain.

THANKSGIVING DAY, fortunately for those interested in out-door sports, proved to be pleasant, and the games at the grounds of the Olympic Athletic Club, in Oakland, were witnessed by a good number of spectators. The bicyclers were represented in two events: a one-mile race against time, and a one-mile scratch race. In the first event H. C. Finkler undertook to beat the Pacific Coast record, 3.15¼, made by H. C. Eggers one year ago on the mile track at the Bay District Park. This he failed to do, partly from lack of condition, but principally on account of the heavy track, which had not dried out since the previous rains. His time for the full mile was 3.24½. The scratch race brought out the starters, W. F. Fisher, G. R. Butler, and Edwin Mohrig. At pistol-fire Butler made a good start and took the lead, increasing it for the first two laps to about a dozen yards. In the next lap both Fisher and Mohrig drew up to him, and at the beginning of the fourth lap Fisher went to the front with a rush. The three kept close company during this lap, Butler making renewed efforts to again pass Fisher, lapping his wheel, but not succeeding in heading him. Coming down the home-stretch, in the last lap, Butler made a final effort and drew up to within a yard or two of Fisher, who crossed the line in 3.33. Mohrig showed symptoms of tiring in the fourth lap, and finally gave up about the middle of the fifth without finishing. It is only fair to say that, owing to the previous unfavorable weather, none of the riders had been in practice, and they were consequently not in good condition. — *Breeder and Sportsman.*

Our English Letter.

UNDOUBTEDLY the subject which most agitates the minds of most English riders at the present moment is the proposed alteration, by the Bicycle Union, of the rules which mark the distinction between professional and amateur. For no little time past much dissatisfaction has arisen from the conduct of certain amateurs in the employ of sundry firms of makers. These amateurs (?), who, of course, rode their employers' make of machine, were regarded by thinking wheelmen — and rightly so — as nothing less than paid advertising agents. This dissatisfaction culminated in the late race for the Bicycling Union Tricycling Championship, where no less than three riders rode machines in which they had a personal interest, either as the maker or as makers' *employés*. In view of this difficulty it is now proposed by the executive of the Union to disqualify every rider who "shall, in their opinion, ride for purposes of advertisement." This recommendation will, if passed by the council, — before whom it comes on the 14th inst., — become law, and then woe betide the unfortunate maker or maker's servant who shall come under the Union's displeasure.

As your readers are probably aware, the Stanley Bicycle Club's annual exhibition of bicycles, tricycles, and accessories, has become a recognized institution. Last year the show was merged in the Sportsman's Exhibition, — which embraced all sports, — and the combination was esteemed financially and generally successful. This year, however, an unfortunate quarrel between the organizers of the two exhibitions will debar us from the pleasure of a cosmopolitan display. The result of the split in the camp is

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that the Stanley Bicycle Club will locate themselves at that magnificent building, the Albert Hall, and that the Sportsman's Exhibition will contain a representative collection of bicycles, tricycles, etc., and will be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, as formerly. Whether there is room for two shows, time alone will prove, but my own opinion is that one must extinguish the other.

All riding is now over with us. For the past six weeks we have enjoyed nothing but one long succession of rain, hail, mud, and fog, varied only by fog, mud, hail, or rain. The pleasure of the wheel is, therefore, out of the question. It is at this season of the year that the clubable nature of your English rider shows itself. On every hand I note festivities of all possible kinds being carried out and supported with a spirit and *verve* that says much for the *esprit de corps* permeating our ranks. Every week the cycling papers are full of reports of balls, concerts, dinners, suppers, socials, etc., all carried out successfully by the clubs. Taken as a whole, the year that is so nearly gone may be classed as a fairly good one for riding, and there is no doubt that many excellent and extensive tours have been accomplished. Of these, accounts of two of the most important are now running through the columns of the *Bicycling News*. They are: The history of a ride in Southern France and the Valley of the Loire, by Mr. R. P. Hampton-Roberts and two friends; and "London to Venice," a glowingly descriptive and well-written story of the autumn wheeling effort of Messrs. Charles R. Maddox and S. J. B. Fletcher, the respective hon. secretaries of two of our best clubs, the Wanderers and Kent B.C.'s.

The tricyclists have lately been causing no litle stir in the 'cycling world here. A week or so back the Tricycle Conference held a supper at Anderton's Hotel, London, to commemorate the success of the Road Tricycling Championship. At this supper a meeting of delegates from tricycling clubs was called for the following week, and it eked out that it was contemplated by a small disaffected section to form an opposition institution for tricyclists to the Bicycle Union. At the first blush this may seem only natural; but it should be remembered that the B. U., since its amalgamation with the Tricycling Association, has legislated for the three-wheelers, has given them a real championship, and is only too anxious to serve their interests. Well, the meeting was called; but, greatly to the surprise of the malcontents, a sturdy and sensible opposition was present in a majority, and the result was that the conspirators, after some very tall talk, finding themselves in a minority, left the room in high dudgeon, and the meeting called to condemn the Union remained to praise it. There is still a little schism to the Union about, but if any similarly prompt measures are taken any narrow-minded agitators will be quickly "sat upon." "'Tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

During the past month considerable interest has been felt in the St. John Ambulance Association, an English institution which teaches its affiliates the principles of first aid to the wounded. As 'cycling accidents are not altogether unknown among us the advisability of forming a 'cyclists' class was suggested. This suggestion was quickly taken up by Mr. James M. Sellors, a gentleman well known as a prominent B.T.C. official. The result of his efforts has been most successful. At the present moment two classes, of upwards of thirty each, are in full swing at the Association's head-quarters in London, while in such large towns as Liverpool, Birmingham, etc., the idea has been largely taken up.

Yours fraternally,

TOM MOORE,

Editor Bicycling News.

London, Dec. 2, 1882.

THE Boston Ramblers, since their organization in August last, have taken twenty-nine club runs. The longest was 121 miles, the shortest, 10 miles. Eight of the above runs were taken by moonlight, the longest of these being 30 miles. The whole number of miles covered was 755, making an average of 26 miles for each run.

MR. W. T. LODWICK (not Sodwick as the name read in our December issue), president of Portsmouth (O.) Bicycle Club, died December 31st, after a painful illness of six weeks. The club attended his funeral in a body.

IT is said that Mr. Henry W. Williams, the writer of the article in this number entitled, "But is it safe?" has ridden his wheel the last 6,000 miles without a fall, except in the case of a careless driver, who turned to the left instead of the right, fortunately without injurious results.

THE Massachusetts Club has adopted a private whistle call and answer for road use. The answer differs from the call, so that imitation by outsiders is more readily detected. For obvious reasons a description of the call and answer is not published.

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Table of Record Times.

Compiled by Mr. G. P. Coleman, Official Timekeeper to the Bicycle Union.

M.	Time.	Name.	Club.	Place.	Date.
	h. m. s.				
¼	41	H. L. Cortis.....	Wanderers.....	Surbiton.....	June 7, 1882.
½	1 20	"	"	"	"
¾	2 1⅗	"	"	"	"
1	2 41⅘	"	"	"	"
2	5 36⅘	Hon. Keith-Falconer	Cam. University and London B.C. ..	Cambridge ...	May 21, 1879.
3	8 41⅕	W. K. Adams	Dark Blue B.C. and London B.C....	Crystal Palace.	July 27, 1882.
4	11 46⅕	H. L. Cortis.....	Wanderers.....	Surbiton.....	Aug. 2, 1882.
5	14 39⅘	"	"	Stoke-on-Trent	Aug. 4, 1880.
6	17 37	"	"	Surbiton.....	Aug. 2, 1882.
7	20 32	"	"	"	"
8	23 31⅕	"	"	"	"
9	26 31⅘	"	"	"	"
10	29 30⅘	"	"	"	"
11	32 30	"	"	"	"
12	35 30⅘	"	"	"	"
13	38 35⅘	"	"	"	"
14	41 36	"	"	"	"
15	44 37⅖	"	"	"	"
16	47 37⅕	"	"	"	"
17	50 32⅘	"	"	"	"
18	53 27⅗	"	"	"	"
19	56 22⅘	"	"	"	"
20	59 20⅕	"	"	"	"
21	1 3 45⅗	"	"	"	"
22	1 6 51⅘	"	"	"	Sept. 22, 1880.
23	1 10 9⅗	"	"	"	"
24	1 13 26⅗	"	"	"	"
25	1 16 41⅘	"	"	"	"
26	1 22 55⅖	M. H. Jephson	Oxford University and London B.C..	Crystal Palace.	July 29, 1882.
27	1 26 12⅖	W. K. Adams	" " .	" .	"
28	1 29 31⅕	C. D. Vesey	Surrey B.C.	" .	"
29	1 33 2⅘	M. H. Jephson.....	Oxford University and London B.C.	" .	"
30	1 36 21	Hon. Keith-Falconer	Cam. University and London B.C...	" .	"
31	1 39 43⅖	G. D. Day.....	Cam. University	" .	"
32	1 43 13⅕	C. D. Vesey.....	Surrey B.C.....	" .	"
33	1 46 36⅗	"	"	" .	"
34	1 49 52⅕	"	"	" .	"
35	1 53 31⅘	Hon. Keith-Falconer	Cam. University and London B.C...	" .	"
36	1 56 38⅖	C. D. Vesey.....	Surrey B.C.....	" .	"
37	2 0 3⅘	C. Crute.....	Sutton B.C.	" .	"
38	2 3 28⅖	M. H. Jephson.....	Oxford University and London B.C.	" .	"
39	2 6 49⅕	"	"	" .	"
40	2 10 5⅘	"	"	" .	"
41	2 13 31⅘	"	"	" .	"
42	2 16 51⅖	"	"	" .	"
43	2 20 18⅖	W. K. Adams.....	"	" .	"
44	2 23 42⅕	C. D. Vesey.....	Surrey B.C.....	" .	"
45	2 27 5⅖	M. H. Jephson.....	Oxford University and London B.C.	" .	"
46	2 30 33⅗	Hon. Keith-Falconer	Cam. University and London B.C...	" .	"
47	2 34 4⅖	M. H. Jephson.....	Oxford University and London B.C.	" .	"
48	2 37 43⅕	"	"	" .	"
49	2 41 8⅖	"	"	" .	"
50	2 43 58⅘	Hon. Keith-Falconer	Cam. University and London B.C...	" .	"

All the above are done with a stationary start. Fastest ¼ of a mile, with a flying start, 36⅘, by J. S. Whatton, Cambridge University and London B.C. Longest distance ridden in an hour, 20 miles 325 yards, by H. L. Cortis, Wanderers B.C., at Surbiton, 2d August, 1882. Fastest 10 miles on grass, 34–31½, H. L. Cortis, Wanderers B.C., Kennington Oval, September 6, 1879. — *Cyclist.*

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AT the annual meeting of the Lancaster Bicycle Club, on Thursday, Dec. 28, 1882, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: —

President, C. B. Longenecker.
Vice-President, Jno. E. Snyder.
Captain, W. Frank Gorrecht.
Lieutenant, Dr. E. P. Day.
Sec. and Treas., F. A. Achey.
Bugler, L. A. Mills.

ON the evening of January 2d the Ramblers Club, of Boston, gave an exhibition drill at the Olympian Club Rink. The following members constituted the drill squad: Captain, C. S. Howard; 1st Lieut., W. P. Haskell; 2d Lieut., F. H. Flocken; A. H. Forbush, F. E. Bryant, H. B. Smith, W. R. Stahl, and H. A. Edgerly. The drill consisted of about twenty movements, designed by Capt. Howard. The members went through the exhibition with grace and skill, giving a pleasant entertainment, which was heartily applauded by the large audience.

AT the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in connection with a Christmas lecture on "The Effects of Light and Sound," delivered by Mr. D. S. Holman, the actuary, some interesting experiments in representing sound waves upon a screen by the phoneidescope were conducted by Mr. Henry H. Bentley, the veteran wheel-tourist.

THE riders in Mt. Vernon (O.), who are nine in number, intend organizing a club in March.

AT Marietta, Wis., there is good wheeling upon the hard-packed snow, for miles around the town, and many riders are embracing the opportunities for winter riding.

THE Boston Club received their friends at their rooms on Union Park, New Year's Day.

BOOK NOTICES.

Parisian Art and Artists.[1]

MR. BACON makes a distinction between Parisian art and French art. By Parisian artists he means not only native-born artists, but also all those of foreign birth who, "by long association, taste, and habit, are as truly Parisian as natives, lending at the same time the natural qualities, character, and thoughts of their nationality to the sum of Parisian elegance and refinement." Several American artists are mentioned, among whom is Alfred Stevens. Sarah Bernhardt, Mlle. Abbema, and a few other women, are given a place in the honorable company.

Meisonnier and the other great masters are not mentioned, Mr. Bacon's aim being to speak merely of "the current or fashionable art of this generation, what exists to-day, what may be supplanted in a few years, and forgotten in a few more." But he has overstepped the boundary line he marked out for himself. The works of Detaille, of Vibert, and Dupain, are certainly not merely the fashionable art of to-day. Detaille is the Turner of Parisian art.

The heavy paper, together with the ample border given them, add much to the appearance of the drawings, which were furnished Mr. Bacon expressly for this work.

Upward of fifty painters, who, while young, have yet won distinction, are included in the list. A vast amount of valuable information is enclosed between the covers of this book, and has been presented in a very readable manner, accompanied by a very large number of fine illustrations. All who are interested in art will gladly welcome it.

[1] Parisian Art and Artists. By Henry Bacon. Illustrated. Boston: James Osgood & Company. 1883.

Literature Lessons.

IN these bewildering days, when "of making many books there is no end," and our flesh is wearied with "much study," we gratefully welcome any arrangement of knowledge that can lessen or simplify our mental labor. Kate Sanborn, in a series of literature lessons lately published, has given an aid to students of English literature that certainly cannot fail to be appreciated.

Each lesson is printed on two sheets of paper, enclosed in an envelope, and may be purchased separately. One sheet contains "Suggestions for study," a column of well-chosen hints and questions. On the same page is a list of references for consultation, and a number of subjects for essays, suggested by the study of the author, his times, or his contemporaries. The second sheet contains a "Round Table," where we find our author introduced in the various phases of his genius, and described by terse epithets that have, in many cases, become proverbial. He is surrounded by his contemporaries of note in his own land, described as he is, but more briefly. On the margins of the same page are named the cotemporary writers of foreign lands, the sovereigns of England and other countries, and important historical events occurring during the life of the author, under consideration. Last of all comes a number of choice, and often familiar, quotations.

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We have practically tested the general excellence and convenience for use of the lessons on Spenser and Scott. We have space for only briefest quotations. We see among quoted opinions of Spenser: —

"Spenser's verse is the most abundantly musical in English poetry." — *G. L. Craik.*

"One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the 'Faerie Queene.'" — *Macaulay.*

"No poet is so splendidly superfluous as he." — *J. R. Lowell.*

He appears on the Round Table as scholar, courtier, historian, exile, satirist, puritan, poet, Platonist, and is characterized as "the poet of the beautiful," "the poet's poet," "grave, moral Spenser," etc.

Sir Walter Scott is called the "most unself-conscious of our modern poets," "first of the romantic poets," "the wizard of Waverley," etc.

We notice among quotations from his own writings: —

"Sea of upturned faces."
— *Rob Roy.* Chap. xx.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!"
— *Marmion.* Canto vi, stanza 17.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."
— *Old Mortality.* Chap. xxxiv.

In all cases the references are copious and of the best character, and the estimates quoted are just and suggestive.

Paul and Persis.[1]

"PAUL AND PERSIS" is the title of a Revolutionary tale, the incidents of which are laid in the picturesque and historic Mohawk Valley. The conception of the plot is very good. Paul and Persis are introduced to the reader when they are mere children. Paul is a noble-hearted and robust lad of gentle birth, and Persis is a sweet little girl, who came as a waif to Paul's home. The principal characters in the Revolutionary part of the story are German Palatines, many of whom are of noble birth, and all of whom have sought the New World for the sake of religious liberty. The story opens during the exciting months preceding the Declaration of Independence. Many historical characters are introduced. The execution of the story is disappointing. The novel contains, in crude, undeveloped form, the elements of the highest kind of romance. After reading the work, it is hard to tell why it was written. It might have been written to trace the development and growth of Paul and Persis, and one can see how the author of "Paul and Virginia," or the author of the "Happy Boy," could have handled the subject. It could have been written to bring out in vivid relief the excited state of the colonists at the beginning of the War for Independence. But in this respect it is singularly weak. No less weak are the few descriptions of the magnificent scenery of this valley. The incidents which are meant to give interest to the story are dragged in merely to fill up. One cannot judge of the ability of the novelist, for the book is written for young boys and girls, and its fundamental fault consists in using, in a crude manner, materials which might well be worked up into a powerful and interesting novel. The book is marred by several typographical errors. The dialogues are of the old-fashioned, formal type.

[1] Paul and Persis; or, The Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley. By Mary E. Brush. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1883.

The Cleverdale Mystery.[1]

IF the average American citizen does not find food for both laughter and serious reflection in this "Story of American life," it will be strange indeed. The tale and its moral are one and the same throughout, — a showing-up of the working of our present "machine politics," not only among the politicians and their offices, but also in the daily life of all who are connected with them directly and indirectly. And this is done in a manner most apt and graphic.

The "American boss" is described with effective touches, and his aids and henchmen figure no less actively in the story. The mode in which the complications of love, and domestic entanglement, and business perplexity, and criminal "mystery," enter in, is through the family of the ambitious local "boss," who — already a State senator, a bank president, and a large manufacturer — has still higher aspirations. These interfere sadly with the happy love of his daughter and a manly young fellow, who, by force of circumstances, becomes the hero of the book and wins the sympathy of the reader.

Mr. Wilkins has for years been a prominent politician in his own part of New York State, and as an editor and active committee-man has much knowledge of the intricacies of "practical politics." His book is entirely unpartisan, however, and it would puzzle a politician to tell which party he aims to portray — or which he spares — in his caustic, though good-humored, thrusts. Political workers of every grade will enjoy his capital characterizations, his many witty sayings, and skilful hits at "folly as it flies"; while not only they, but the general reader, will find new cause for sober thought in this evidence of what demoralization and downright immorality is the almost inevitable outcome of the carelessness of the better citizens, who leave their high political privileges and duties to the unscrupulous manipulations of those who make it a "trade" — not alone in the sense of an occupation for livelihood (which might be honorable enough), but in the lower sense of unprincipled barter and sale.

[1] The Cleverdale Mystery; or, The Machine and its Wheels. A story of American Life. By Wm. A. Wilkins, Editor of the *Whitehall* (N.Y.) *Times*. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

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On Horseback.[1]

IN this book the author, as he tells us in the preface, has welded together two former works,—"How to Ride" and "A System of School Training for Horses." The writer, Mr. Edward L. Anderson, has given in this volume a practical, sensible treatise upon the art of horseback riding, and also upon the training of the horse for this purpose. In Part I. — "On the Road" — are hints and instructions in regard to mounting, dismounting, position, holding the reins, etc., etc. Though necessarily this book, to be a comprehensive treatise, must repeat many things which common-sense tells every one, still an experienced and intelligent horseman, like the author, can give many very valuable suggestions. The series of "Horse Gymnastics" given are very useful, and cannot fail to give the riders who practise them an ease, grace, and self-assurance, that could not be otherwise obtained. It is evident that not only the rider, but the horse, should be specially and carefully trained and taught. This latter consideration is the one most to be overlooked, many taking pride in their ability to ride a horse, no matter how poorly taught for the saddle. Part II. of this volume, entitled "In the School," contains Mr. Anderson's views upon the training of horses.

They are clearly stated, and full of sound, practical maxims and observations.

Live Oak Boys.[2]

"LIVE OAK BOYS" is a somewhat sensational story of the varied life of Richard Constable. As a boy he is true and kind-hearted, but is misunderstood on account of his mischievous and thoughtless pranks. In this portion the writer, in a somewhat bungling and clumsy manner, tries to inculcate the lessons that parents or guardians should be careful with children of such natures; that they should not mistake mischievousness for maliciousness; that severity generally results in evil. These are no doubt important truths; but it is doubtful whether they reach those whom they are intended to benefit, being placed as they are in a book for young people.

After Richard Constable grows to manhood he goes to sea, in an incredibly short time becomes captain, and is, of course, successful. The time of this portion of the story is during the troubles of the French Revolution, when every vessel was suspected of carrying contraband articles, and no merchantman was safe from annoyance, and often capture. Just here the author inserts, in a semi-interesting manner, bits of history and lengthy explanations in regard to questions connected with the troubles upon the sea at that time. These are too long and too many to interest the probable readers of the book. It is likely that children would skip these portions, as they are not woven into the narrative in an easy style. Still, there is no unhealthy atmosphere pervading the book. The story itself is told simply, and with an air of truth, so that at times it is simple and clear, as if the writer were telling of historical incidents.

Under Green Apple Boughs.[1]

THE scene of this story is laid in a town on the southern shore of Long Island. It is a queer grouping of characters, and a singular plot: The single-hearted Professor John and his self-denying, sensible maiden sister; the quaint, shrewd, big-hearted German scientist, Geikie; Aunt Mary, the old negro cook, with her shuffling husband, Elias, remnants of Middle States slavery; Sylvia — waif, protégé, student, love-caught maiden, and wronged, pure-hearted, resolute, lovely woman; Clark Van Dusen, rejected lover and general brute; Dr. Kingsley, gentlemanly devil and skilful tempter; Fred Keble, fascinating fellow, handsome, clever, cultivated, everybody's favorite, but corrupt of nature and selfish as death, fair of tongue and false of heart, — these, and a background of scenes and characters to be found in such half-English, half-Dutch, hardly American, communities as old Long Island here and there shows, go to make up a by no means ordinary basis for the novelist to work on.

It cannot be said that the writer has made the best use of these materials. The first part of the story is fresh, bright, well-written, and original, but develops into sensationalism. It is to be deprecated that the author, who is a novelist of ability, should have turned her story into this channel. The characters, however, are well drawn and shaded. They constitute the chief charm of the book. The illustrations by Howard Pyle, which accompanied the story when it originally appeared in *Our Continent*, are reproduced, and are effective and picturesque.

Weighed and Wanting.[2]

THE weighed, Reginald Vavasor, later, Lord Gartley.

The weigher, Hester Raymount.

The chronicler, George Macdonald.

Given these elements, and the general novel-reader will at once be able to construct a very clear idea of the tone of the story under consideration; deeply religious, not sensational, and written with a purpose. The heroine is in danger of marrying a man without a soul, — if such a person can be imagined, — and who is not even great enough to be a villain.

[1] On Horseback in School and on the Road. By Edward L. Anderson, author of "How to Ride," and of "A System of School Riding for Horses." New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1882.

[2] The Live Oak Boys; or, The Adventures of Richard Constable Afloat and Ashore. By Elijah Kellogg, author of "Elm Island Stories," etc., etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883.

[1] Under Green Apple Boughs. A Novel. By Helen Campbell, author of "Patty Pearson's Boy," etc. With illustrations. Cloth, decorated, $1.00. [Our Continent Library, No. 1.] New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

[2] Weighed and Wanting. By George Macdonald. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1882.

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That she does not is due to the fact that he could not see the necessity for her to frequent a place infested with small-pox, — wherein he was not so wholly in the wrong, — and who was utterly, so dully ignorant of her character as to intimate that when she became Lady Gartley her social duties to her new associates would be paramount. What became of him it is needless to say, further than to assure the reader that he did not take the small-pox.

The girl's character is drawn with an aim at a perfection almost superhuman, morally; while a rascal of a brother is thrown in at intervals in order to throw a side-light on the already too faultless heroine, and to awaken wonder, as often in real life, how two such opposite natures can be so near of kin, and how such a cub can win the love of a girl like Amy Amber, and — keep it.

The book is well-written, in its way, for six hundred and twenty-five pages. It is a safe one to put into the hands of a young daughter or sister; we could wish, however, that of the six hundred and twenty-five morals pointed throughout the story the author had not considered it necessary to drive in every one of them with a punch.

The House that Jill Built.[1]

JILL was a very sensible little woman, and so will be every one who follows her plan of building a house. We owe Mr. Gardner an everlasting debt of gratitude for this little volume. "Every page is sure to contain the subject-matter for a hearty laugh close-linked with a lesson that may well be conned by the most serious-minded. The philosophy of home-building and home-improving is expounded with a subtlety of humor and an aptness of illustration as rare as they are relishable. 'The House that Jill Built' is founded on the rock of common-sense. It does not profess to tell the prospective builder how to be his own architect and carpenter; it does not fit him out with a plan ready made and tested — by somebody else; but deftly and easily leads him to think about the essential elements of the home he desires, until, almost unconsciously, he finds himself prepared to give such directions to an honest architect as will secure for his home, convenience, safety, and that peculiar fitness which is the chief element of beauty in domestic architecture. It is not so much for what is taught as for what is suggested that the book is valuable. What the author has written is perhaps not more remarkable than the peculiar art with which he compels the reader to think for himself.

"'The House that Jill Built' may fairly be said to take the first place among the many works that are designed to make our domestic architecture what it ought to be, — the art by which the house-builder may erect a home adapted to his needs, commensurate with his means, in harmony with its surroundings, and conducive to the health and comforts of its occupants. What the author's pen has so well described his pencil has illustrated with equal happiness."

The book is intensely enjoyable from beginning to end.

[1] *Our Continent Library.* The House that Jill Built, after Jack's had proved a failure. A book on Home Architecture, with illustrations. By E. C. Gardner. Author of "Homes and How to Make Them," "Home Interiors," "Common-Sense in Church Building," etc. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert. 1882.

The Christmas Number of "The Cyclist."

THE large Christmas edition of *The Cyclist* comes to hand just in time for notice. As with the other English weeklies, this is not a regular issue, nor of the same nature. It is a large pamphlet, full of 'cycling stories and poems, and accompanied by a couple of pictorial supplement sheets. One of the latter is especially interesting, being a reproduction of an old cut published early in the present century. It is entitled "The Power of Steam," and represents steam tricycles, carriages, coaches, etc., running about in a promiscuous way, though in every case seemingly guided by a person at a sort of a rudder similar to the modern handle-bar. The other supplement is a good picture of a new rider taking a long grade, who, in his fright, has lost the pedals. The illustrations through the book are, for the most part, very poor, — some simply execrable. They are all either pen-and-ink or crayon drawings, and engraved by some "process." The cover is the redeeming feature of the paper in this respect. The stories and poems are of all grades of excellence, of course — some clever, some uninteresting. "Hetty" is most decidedly what the writer calls it, "a fragment." It artistically leaves the reader, at the close, bewildered and unenlightened as to the real *dénouement* of the plot." "The Phantom Cyclist," "Who Was to Blame," and "The Romance of a Gold Badge," are the best in the number, and are well written and readable. As a whole, the *Cyclist Christmas Number* furnishes a great deal of pleasant reading, both in prose and verse.

Velocipedisten-Jahrbuch.[1]

WE have received in time for only a mere mention, this German Year Book, published by T. H. S. Walker, editor of *Das Velociped.* This book is constructed upon the usual plan of bicycling memorandum books, with blank pages for entries of distances. There is also a brief review of the "Sport in 1882," in Germany, Austria, America, Belgium, Denmark, England, France, Italy, and Russia; the remarks concerning events of the year in each country being confined to a single paragraph. Several pages are devoted to a Club Directory of Germany and Austria. On page 88 is to be found the officers of the "Deutscher Velocipedisten-Bund," which was established last May, and on the next page those of the lately organized "Norddeutscher Velociped-

[1] Velocipedisten-Jahrbuch. By T. H. S. Walker. Berlin: T. H. S. Walker.

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isten-Bund," of which *Das Velociped* is the official organ. Road routes from Berlin to Dresden, Berlin to Hanover, and Berlin to Leipzig, are described. The book is also accompanied by a good "railroad" map of Germany, which merely shows relative position of places, and is not a road map.

Miss Leighton's Perplexities.[1]

MISS LEIGHTON'S perplexities were certainly a little more complex than usually falls to the lot of girls similarly situated. She loves Arthur Holmes, who is poor, and he loves her. She is also loved by Harry Hildreth, who is rich; and Arthur Holmes is loved by Elsie Reade, who is not rich. There is also a side love carried on between Evelyn Raymond on the one side, and Ralph Kingsbury and Clifford Gray on the other. These three young men and three young ladies enjoy themselves all summer at Estlemont, Dora Leighton's summer residence, and Tanglewood, Evelyn Raymond's home. In the winter the scene is transferred to New York. During all this time Harry Hildreth lays vigorous siege to Dora Leighton's heart, and Clifford Gray and Ralph Kingsbury besiege fair Evelyn Raymond. When the summer comes again things have become decidedly mixed, and the only way the author sees out of it is to drown Arthur Holmes, the poor young man, accidentally, of course, and to have Elsie Reade die of quick, very quick, consumption. Then young Harry Hildreth (who is well into his *forties*) marries Dora. Clifford Gray, Harry's boon companion, marries Evelyn, and poor Ralph is ignored entirely. The work is crude, and possesses but little merit. Often several pages at a time are filled with the silly, idle conversation that young people often indulge in, and which is deprived of all the interest it might possess in conversation by being put into print, and is rendered still worse by a stiff, unconversational style, which the author mistakes for a dignified one.

It may be that there is a class of young ladies in society to whom this book would be interesting, — a class who would be dumfounded if an idea should enter into their heads; but it can never prove interesting nor, to any appreciable extent, instructive to people of good taste and discernment.

The Complete Guide to Bicycling.[2]

THE second edition of this comprehensive and useful little hand-book, by Henry Sturmey, editor of *The Cyclist* and *Wheel World*, and author of various bicycling works, has been received from the Overman Wheel Co., the American publishers. In the chapters "History and Status of the Bicycle," "Learning to Ride," "Selection of Machine," will be found very little fresh matter, having all appeared before in substance in various publications. These chapters are hardly as comprehensive or as clearly written as those in *The American Bicycler*, treating of the same subjects. The laws "regulating the use of bicycles" in various parts of the United Kingdom are given. Mr. Sturmey gives an interesting sketch of the Bicycle Touring Club, and makes many suggestions useful to tourists. The "Definition of an Amateur," as drawn up by the Bicycle Union, is given in full; also many of the rules and by-laws of that association. The book closes with some valuable statistics, such as amateur championships, B.U. championships, fastest times, and notable performances in long-distance riding.

Blossoms by the Way.[1]

"BLOSSOMS by the Way" is something new in the line of holiday books. The cover is ornamented with a wild-rose vine. The poems have been well selected. A vast amount of time and pains must have been expended in selecting them. They are all such as will please and, at the same time, put thoughts into the minds of children. The border designs by Sweeney are unsurpassable for beauty and variety. We find ferns and sea-ferns, lilies, roses, blue-bells, daisies, lilies of the valley, fuchsias, and an endless variety of borders in all colors. It is profusely illustrated with fine engravings. It is a book of rare value, and on every one of its pages, not only the children, but the grown-up people also, will find something to please the eye and instruct the mind.

Kept in the Dark.[2]

HARPER & BROTHERS have published in their *Franklin Square Library* Anthony Trollope's last novel, "Kept in the Dark." There is nothing particularly striking in the style or plot of it, but all is smooth and reads easily. It is a story of domestic trouble and jealousy. A husband is kept in ignorance of his wife's former engagement to a man whom he despises till the secret is accidentally disclosed. A separation occurs, and after various turns and twists in the plot they are brought together again. The plot, it will be seen, is not strikingly original, but it is well handled by Mr. Trollope, who has a very easy style of novel-writing. Many of the situations and scenes are vividly brought out.

[1] Miss Leighton's Perplexities. A love story. By Alice Hall. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert. 1882.

[2] The Complete Guide to Bicycling; or, How to Become a Bicyclist. By Henry Sturmey, Chief Consul B. T. C. Author of "Indispensable," etc., etc. Editor of *Cyclist* and *Wheel World*. Coventry: Iliffe & Son. London: Harry Etherington. 1882. For sale by Overman Wheel Co., Hartford, Ct.

[1] Blossoms by the Way. A collection of choice poems. Edited by Carrie Adelaide Cooke. Border designs by Sweeney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 32 Franklin street.

[2] Kept in the Dark. A novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," etc. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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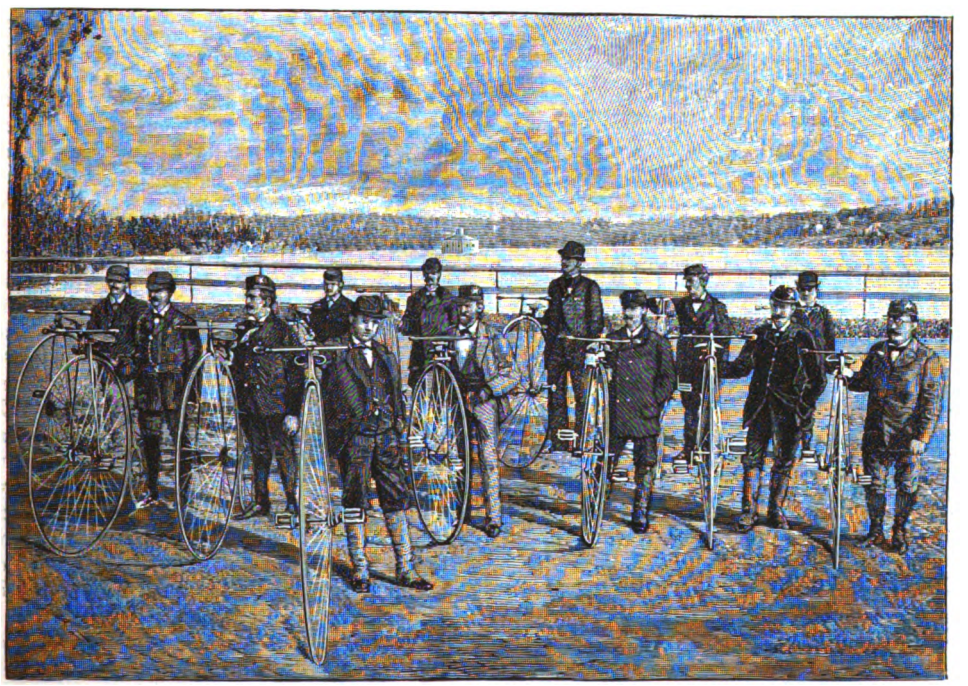
THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1883. No. 6.

OUR FIRST BICYCLE CLUB.

FIVE years, generally, seems a short time; but five years of bicycling is long. When time is crowded with incidents it may seem short in passing, but it is long in retrospect. So much like second nature has bicycling become to many, that it is to them as if they had always ridden the wheel; whereas, the little period of five years covers the revival of the art in America, and the season of its most effective and delectable pursuit. The club phase of bicycling is, if not as important as any other, at least remarkable and interesting. Its inception was early, and its development has been rapid and extensive. I propose, in this paper, to illustrate the club phase, mostly by description of our oldest and, in some respects, typical club.

The revival of velocipeding, the advent of the modern bicycle, in this country, was in the latter half of 1877. When that year closed there may have been, in all, of those who would pass muster now as "wheelmen," as many as there were of "the twelve disciples" — but they didn't all become apostles. Most of these, and others who immediately joined their ranks, signed a call for a bicycle club; and of these signers fourteen met on the 11th February, 1878, and organized the Boston Bi-



BOSTON CLUB IN 1878.

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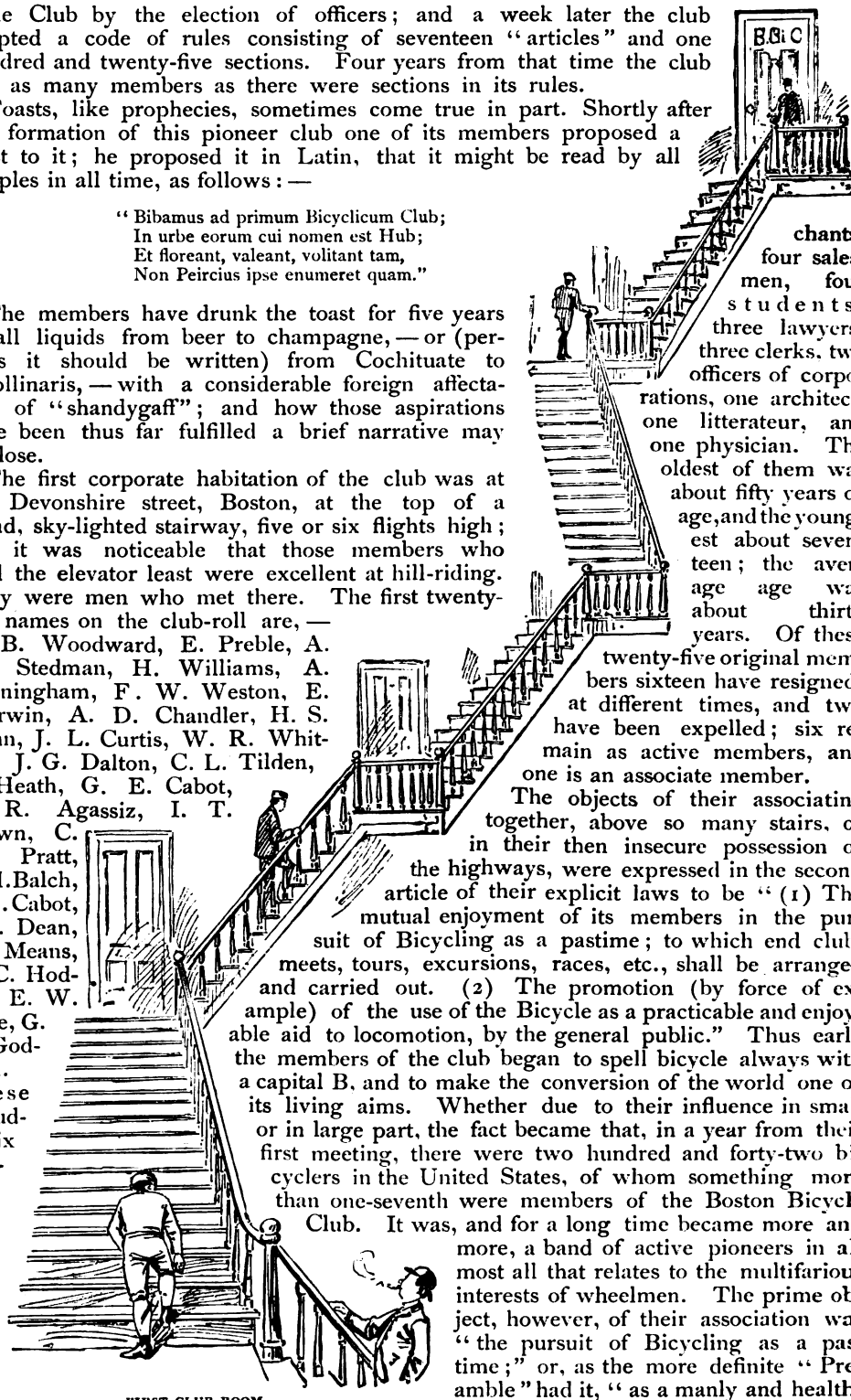
cycle Club by the election of officers; and a week later the club adopted a code of rules consisting of seventeen "articles" and one hundred and twenty-five sections. Four years from that time the club had as many members as there were sections in its rules.

Toasts, like prophecies, sometimes come true in part. Shortly after the formation of this pioneer club one of its members proposed a toast to it; he proposed it in Latin, that it might be read by all peoples in all time, as follows: —

> "Bibamus ad primum Bicyclicum Club;
> In urbe eorum cui nomen est Hub;
> Et floreant, valeant, volitant tam,
> Non Peircius ipse enumeret quam."

The members have drunk the toast for five years in all liquids from beer to champagne, — or (perhaps it should be written) from Cochituate to Apollinaris, — with a considerable foreign affectation of "shandygaff"; and how those aspirations have been thus far fulfilled a brief narrative may disclose.

The first corporate habitation of the club was at 178 Devonshire street, Boston, at the top of a broad, sky-lighted stairway, five or six flights high; and it was noticeable that those members who used the elevator least were excellent at hill-riding. They were men who met there. The first twenty-five names on the club-roll are, — G. B. Woodward, E. Preble, A. W. Stedman, H. Williams, A. Cunningham, F. W. Weston, E. Sherwin, A. D. Chandler, H. S. Mann, J. L. Curtis, W. R. Whitney, J. G. Dalton, C. L. Tilden, S. Heath, G. E. Cabot, G. R. Agassiz, I. T. Brown, C. E. Pratt, G. H. Balch, F. E. Cabot, J. S. Dean, C. J. Means, E. C. Hodges, E. W. Pope, G. A. Goddard. These included six merchants, four salesmen, four students, three lawyers, three clerks, two officers of corporations, one architect, one litterateur, and one physician. The oldest of them was about fifty years of age, and the youngest about seventeen; the average age was about thirty years. Of these twenty-five original members sixteen have resigned, at different times, and two have been expelled; six remain as active members, and one is an associate member.



FIRST CLUB ROOM.

The objects of their associating together, above so many stairs, or in their then insecure possession of the highways, were expressed in the second article of their explicit laws to be "(1) The mutual enjoyment of its members in the pursuit of Bicycling as a pastime; to which end club-meets, tours, excursions, races, etc., shall be arranged and carried out. (2) The promotion (by force of example) of the use of the Bicycle as a practicable and enjoyable aid to locomotion, by the general public." Thus early the members of the club began to spell bicycle always with a capital B, and to make the conversion of the world one of its living aims. Whether due to their influence in small or in large part, the fact became that, in a year from their first meeting, there were two hundred and forty-two bicyclers in the United States, of whom something more than one-seventh were members of the Boston Bicycle Club. It was, and for a long time became more and more, a band of active pioneers in almost all that relates to the multifarious interests of wheelmen. The prime object, however, of their association was "the pursuit of Bicycling as a pastime;" or, as the more definite "Preamble" had it, "as a manly and healthful pastime."

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Club meets and runs were amongst the first things provided for, and were the first to attract public attention. They did attract it. We cannot now easily realize the novelty and the mystery of those early manifestations of collective bicycling, of company runs. The meets were usually on the wide macadam before Trinity Church and the Art Museum, where the open triangular "square" formed between Boylston and Dartmouth streets and Huntington avenue afforded a small circuit for formation and fine road-surface for a fair start. The riders, of almost every age and stature, in motley costumes, and on mounts as various in styles and construction, wheeled up there, dismounted and oiled up, — the oiling process was then a most prominent and important part of the programme, — and answered as many questions as possible in the short waiting time. The multitudes of Philistines began to assemble before the riders, and continued to gather until the sidewalks were almost impassable, the streets were impeded, and carriages waited, — some because the occupants had driven up to see the spectacle, others because there was really no thoroughfare till the whistle sounded and two by two the performers circled away. Hundreds and, at times, thousands of people collected on these Saturday afternoons to witness our starts. The first of these club meets occurred on 9th March, 1878, and was thus reported by the acting captain, F. W. Weston (I quote from the minutes of the next club meeting): —

"The first meet and run of the first bicycle club formed in this country took place on Saturday last, March 9. The meet took place at 3 P.M., on Boylston street, opposite the new Trinity Church, where, in spite of the secrecy that had been observed as to the time and place, a large concourse of people assembled to witness the novel spectacle. At stroke of 3 the signals to "fall in" and "mount" were given, and the club proceeded slowly round the square and over the Dartmouth-street bridge to Columbus avenue, travelling the whole length of the same twice in obedience to requests of friends of members; thence through Chester-park extension to railroad bridge, where the club "halted." After a five minutes' chat, the signal to "mount" was given, shortly followed by the signal to "ride at ease," in which order the last of the run was completed. The route was as follows: Over the Mill Dam to Harvard street, and to the house of President Woodward, where the halt was once more sounded, and the president's hospitalities partaken of. Then through Harvard street to the drinking fountain at Brookline, at which point the run terminated, and the riders dispersed to their respective homes. Messrs. Sherwin, Williams, Tilden, Dalton, Farrington, Agassiz, Pratt, Cabot, Woodward, and Weston (in all ten members) were present at this run. Those friends whom the captain has been able to see since the occasion assure him that the club presented a most interesting and gratifying spectacle; and these expressions, coupled with the evident enjoyment which each member experienced, warrants him in congratulating the club on the success which attended its first meet."

At the second meet, on 16th March, 1878, about twenty riders, including the invited, were present with wheels, at the afterward usual hour of 3 P. M., on Saturday afternoon, and at the same place. The run was toward Milton, terminating at the top of Codman hill. The third was on the following Saturday, and the fourth on 30th March, 1878. On this latter date the run was to Chestnut-Hill Reservoir, and there the club was photographed. The photograph (from which the present illustration is made with faithful exactness) reveals "the state of the art," as an expert might say, at that time. We were raw recruits. Note the costumes, the attitudes, the order of positions, the pose of wheels, and then recall the well-disciplined clubs of to-day as they appear on any stated occasions. Drill had not begun. We had not then even the precision attained by the evening squads at 22 Pearl street, just before the Newport meet, when the simplest tactics for a dozen were practised on a 40 × 90 floor.



CAP, 1878.

Mr. Chandler and others had already set the elegant and *fitting* example of riding in knee-breeches and stockings; but the first club uniform was heroically, if not tastefully, resolved upon — though never completely worn — as follows: Gray jacket, of short reefer pattern, made to button close around the neck at will; shirt of gray flannel, with turn-down collar, "with two or more breast pockets, to be worn with a black necktie"; breeches of Bedford cord,

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to button around the leg just below the knee; stockings of dark-blue wool; yellow gaiters, "to be worn on cold or wet journeys"; blue Glengarry Scotch cap with small visor in front, and the club monogram in silver in the centre of the ribbon on the left-hand side. "Moderately thick boots with elastic spring sides are recommended." With all this carefulness of adoption, — on paper, — the club was costumed like tramps from a score of districts for more than a year at least. The first club very appropriately chose the national colors, and the red, white, and blue strips of ribbon have been worn on great occasions, from December, 1878, when they were first donned. But the star of the "B. Bi. C." shone on the dark Glengarry, with its grim visor, for scarcely more than a year. On 3d March, 1879, the club again wrestled hard with the uniform question, and the result was a seal-brown corduroy jacket and breeches, and helmet cap, with seal-brown stockings; and this was the first example of a uniform color throughout in a club costume. It found favor for that, but not for the helmet-like corduroy cap, for which the more miserable "polo cap" of same material was an allowed alternative. In December of the same year the helmet question came up, on the production of a fine brown, ventilated model, which was, however, overwhelmingly rejected, and the then secretary and president were only tolerated in occasional wearing of their too precious investment. It was in December, 1880, that the dark-green uniform, which has become so well known, admired, and copied, was, after much earnest struggling, made to fit the ampler proportions of the club. With the sole addition of the white whistle-cord (which this club was also first to wear) the costume has been worn to this time, and the club has really been well dressed.

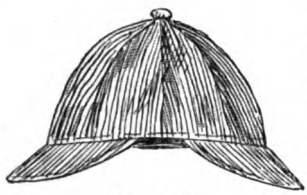


READING-ROOM, PRESENT CLUB-HOUSE.

The "amateur question" agitated this club as early as 24th May, 1878, when a motion to define a professional as "one who races, or who, since January 1, 1878, has raced, for a money prize," was tabled. The matter was settled, however, on 5th May, 1879, when "it produced a free expression of opinion from nearly all the members," and when, it is further re-

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corded, "the president expressed very concisely what appeared to be the unanimous view of those present, 'that the object of the sought-for definition was to eliminate the money-making element from amateur athletics.'" The rules then adopted, and which was in force until the L.A.W. rule was taken *literatim* instead, ran,—"(1) A professional bicycler is one who has ridden a bicycle in public for money, or who has engaged, taught, or assisted in bicycle riding, or in any other athletic exercises, for money.



HELMET, 1879.

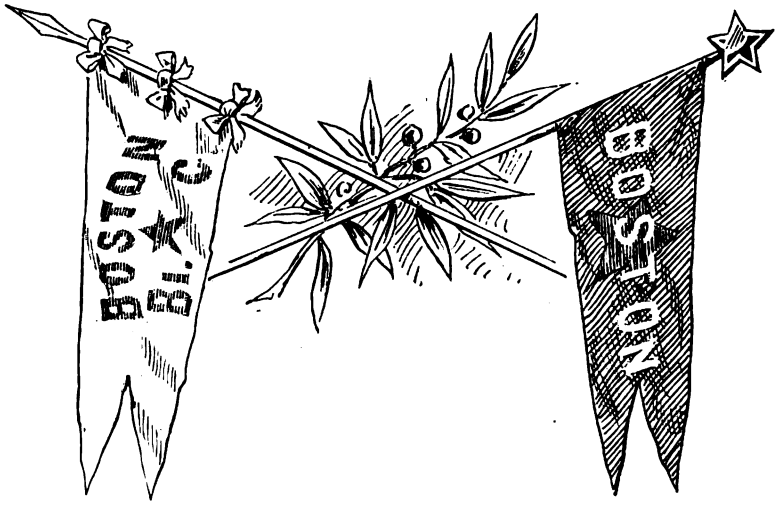
"(2.) A bicycler who shall have competed with a professional bicycler in public, or for a prize, knowingly and without protest (except at a meeting especially sanctioned by an amateur bicycle club), shall be considered a professional bicycler.

"(3.) Any person not included in the above definitions shall be considered an amateur."

The meetings continued to be held at 178 Devonshire street until October, 1878; after that they were held at "Vossler's," in Hawley street, whither the members often rode on wheel on those Monday evenings, and where the jovial cloth was spread for crackers and beer, after the soberer business had been transacted. During the remainder of that year, also, quarters for wheels, dressing-room, etc., were maintained at No. 6 Hamilton pl. The era of stairs was passed. Afterwards, from September, 1879, to November, 1880, the head-quarters of the club, for all purposes except meetings, were at the gymnasium of the Institute of Technology, on Boylston street. The importance of a club-house, but not the hope of one, had already been realized.

Meets and runs were the sufficient and only active engagements of the club until the autumn of 1878, when the first races were instituted. The very first are thus described in the records: "The Race Committee reported that, on Saturday, October 19, the club held at Chestnut Hill its first race. The course was one mile around the upper reservoir. The start was from scratch, and the prizes were a gold medal for the first, and a silver medal for the second man. There were six entries, as follows: Messrs. Agassiz, Dalton, Woodward, Pope, Farrington, and Hastings. The first heat was won by Agassiz in 3.25, and the second heat by the same in 3.21½. The second man in each case was Mr. Hastings, to whom the silver medal was awarded. The gold medal was awarded to Mr. Agassiz. No account was taken of any but the winning time, nor of the size or make of the bicycles used.

"The second club race was fixed for Saturday, November 30, the course being from Chestnut Hill to Wellesley, *via* Brighton, and return *via* Beacon street. Only one competitor (Mr. Geo. R. Agassiz) appeared, and he being started at 2.54 P.M., returned at 4.40.45 P.M., making the distance, twenty miles, in 1.46.45, and taking the gold medal. Captain Sharpe of the Suffolks accompanied Mr. Agassiz, and Mr. W. R. Pitman was time-keeper."

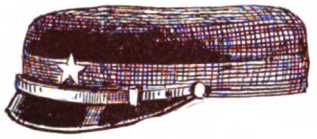


BANNERS.

In those days the entertainment of a guest was a rare and pleasant thing. On 1st December of that year the members of this club and of the "Suffolks," to the

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number of thirty or so, met at East Milton and extended a welcome to Mr. W. M. Wright. This gentleman, since so well-known to most wheelmen, was a visitor to Boston, with his bicycle of French manufacture; and he was interesting, not merely as a brother from afar, but also as a "veteran" of some years' riding, accomplished in vaulting and pedal mounts, as well as in vivid descriptions of foreign wheeling, and of contests on the path.



CAP, 1880.

The first "annual dinner," at Vossler's, closed the first year of "B. Bi. C." history. The membership had reached twenty-nine; it had included a larger number, really, as several resignations had been accepted; the organization and development of the club had been practically tested and found to have vitality; and there was something of money in the purse and enthusiasm in the heart of the club. It was "first" in many things, but it was no longer the *only* "Bi. C." in America. The Suffolk Bicycle Club had come up like a gourd in April, 1878, with the accomplished "pioneer," A. D. Chandler, Esq., as its president, and the brilliant J. C. Sharpe, Jr., as its captain. It reached within a year a membership of ninety, and in another year ceased to exist. Then there were the Montreal Bi. C., and the San Francisco Bi. C., also formed in 1878; and the Capital Bi. C., Massachusetts Bi. C., and Buffalo Bi. C., in January and February, 1879, followed soon by the Essex, Salem, Worcester, and many other clubs. Indeed, during the second year of this first club's existence the number of bicycle clubs throughout the country rose to nearly forty; and nine of the newer ones were within a radius of thirty miles from the B. Bi. C. rendezvous. The Suffolks had taken a president and secretary, and several more members, from the Bostons; and now the Massachusetts took its captain from our officers' list, and more members, and the other clubs now and then one; and all diverted the eligible candidates, which the spread of bicycling brought out, from coming to the ranks of the Bostons. The club, however, by reason of these things became more compact and homogeneous. Its members became arranged and held together by other bands than that merely of bicycle riding. There arose, too, a generous and healthful rivalry, which stimulated each neighboring club (and even each distant club, no doubt) to attain and hold excellence in some things, if not in all.

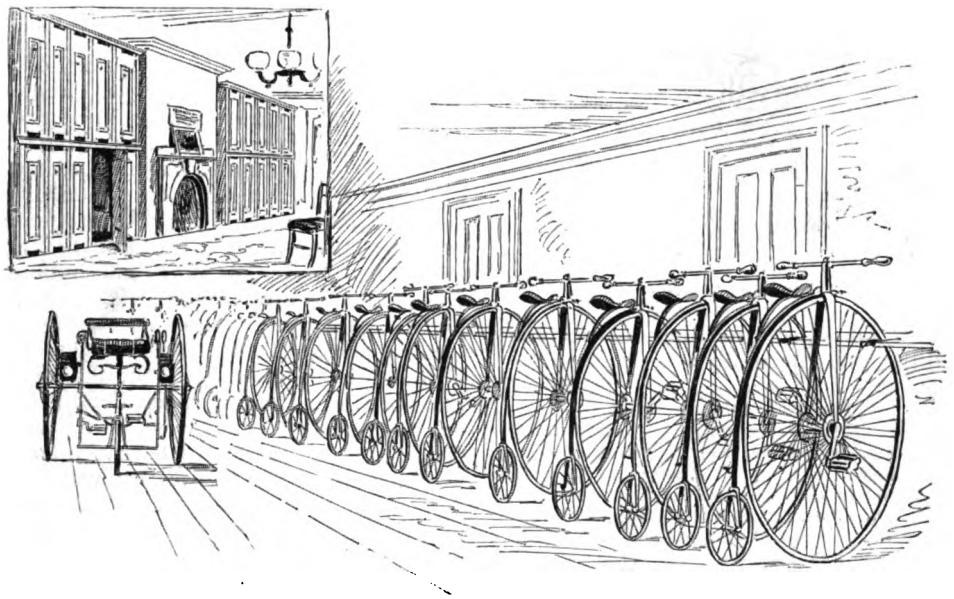


CLUB HOUSE, UNION PARK.

The year 1879 was an eventful one in some respects. The amateur rule was fixed, as has been said, and this, like most of the other rules of the Boston Club, was taken up widely by other clubs, and has substantially prevailed ever since. The "helmet" question was settled, probably forever.

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The club began to reach out to longer runs, and strive for better discipline in riding, — though it suffered this year, as before, from the absence of its captain. On the 21st May, the meet was at Marblehead, and the run through the several pleasant towns to Cambridgeport for supper, and in divers homeward directions afterwards, — about a thirty-mile run in all. President Pratt was "acting captain" that day; but, as often before and afterwards, when an "acting captain" was in command, some of the men were "acting" superior officers, and the general result is imaginable. This too-frequent "rotation in office" of captain was ended in October of that year, however, by the choice of E. C. Hodges as "acting captain" till the next election.



WHEEL ROOM AND LOCKERS.

At the same meeting the "Wheel Around the Hub" run, which had been promoted by the club president and others, was reported, and is recorded by the secretary as "what was agreed to be the most successful run which was ever taken in this country, and a vote of thanks to the president accompanied the acceptance of his report." At this meeting a letter was read from Captain E. W. Pope, of the Massachusetts Club, suggesting a two-days' joint run, and a committee was appointed to confer. This first formal joint club run (known as "the Northboro' run") of about ninety miles, occurred on the 24th and 25th October, 1879. From this time onward these two Clubs had much concert (as well as rivalry) of action. On 3d November the Boston Club appointed a committee to confer with the Massachusetts as to another two days' joint run, and, also, as to having head-quarters together, and thus obtaining a club-house.

At the December meeting, 1879, Mr. A. W. Drake, the brilliant manager of the art department of *Scribner's Magazine* (now the *Century*), was, on motion of the president, elected an honorary member of the club, on account of his generous aid to the cause of bicycling in connection with the "Wheel Around the Hub," and its unequalled embellishments. He is still the only honorary member of the club. At the second annual meeting, in February, 1880, the secretary reported a membership of forty-three, which "being largely of men of mature years and business pursuits, its ardor and zeal had, perhaps, been manifested in a less noticeable manner than that of the younger clubs; but its influence in the bicycling community had been, it was hoped, for good, and its position as the leading club in America, on the whole, well sustained." The assets of the club at the end of the year amounted to $222.20. The annual dinner was again at "Vossler's." At this dinner the following toast was drunk

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with enthusiasm, to the Pickwick Bicycle Club, of England: —

The oldest bicycle club in America sends cordial greetings to the oldest club in England, and drinks its continued prosperity, coupling with the toast this sentiment: As the old cycle of time rolls on, may the new cycle of the pleasant wheel forever continue bringing to its votaries, both new and old, the fraternal interests of universal brotherhood.

Then, "at the suggestion of the Chair, it was universally resolved that a copy of the foregoing be forwarded by the secretary to the secretary of the Pickwicks."



MOTTO AND BADGE.

At a subsequent meeting the secretary read the following reply: —

PICKWICK BICYCLE CLUB,
LONDON, ENG., March, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — Your kind letter, dated 16th February, 1880, came duly to hand. I in due course placed the same before my club, and now have the pleasure of informing you that, at a general meeting held on the 3d inst., a resolution was unanimously passed, that the communication from the Boston (Mass.) Club be entered upon the minutes of the club, and I was instructed to reply thereto. I now, on behalf of my club, tender you my warmest thanks for the kindly expressions contained in your letter, and thoroughly reciprocate your good wishes, Wishing your club continued prosperity,

I am, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
LAMARTINE C. B. YEOMAN,
Hon. Sec.

At the March meeting, 1880, "at suggestion of Mr. Dalton, the treasurer was instructed to be less lenient to those members who were in arrears for dues." The next paragraph in the secretary's report is here omitted.

In April, this year, the club was invited by the New York Bicycle Club to participate in a grand meet of Bicyclers at Newport, on the 30th of May. This invitation was heartily accepted, and the club gave its active coöperation to make that meet a success. Its president started a movement for a League of American Wheelmen, and so many came to the support of the plan that it was organized at that time, and the president of the Boston Club was made the first president of that national body. In anticipation of the meet, the members of this club were called together repeatedly for drills in evolutions, obedience to a code of whistle calls, etc.; and yet the members exhibited their characteristic disregard of mere collective discipline in such manner that the captain reported, officially, to the next meeting, that the members joined in the parade, "seven in number," and "deficient in uniform." The club was also represented in that year, at the Harrogate meet, in Yorkshire, England, by its secretary.

The first sad event in the history of the club was the death, on the 5th September, 1880, of a valued member and a promising young journalist, — Edward Hogan. He was buried in a pleasant rural cemetery in Waltham; and on a following Sunday the members of the club, in usual costume, except that they wore a little folded crape under the silver star, met and mounted wheels by Trinity Church, and rode two by two, each carrying a bouquet of flowers for his grave, to the gate of the cemetery. Dismounting there, they took their silent march to his last resting-place, left the flowers, and returned as they went. A few words from the president to the bereaved family, who happened to be present, were said, and nothing more. Some of the many who saw the simple and unique tribute of respect paid by the club remarked its appropriateness and the interesting impression made by it. The second and only other death amongst the members occurred a year later, 1st September, 1881, in the sudden decease of Ben-Israel Butler, an accomplished young lawyer, and a son of the present governor of Massachusetts. Distance and other circumstances prevented a similar memorial run in this instance, but the club found other and more usual ways of expressing its regard for a fallen comrade, and sympathy with his nearer friends.

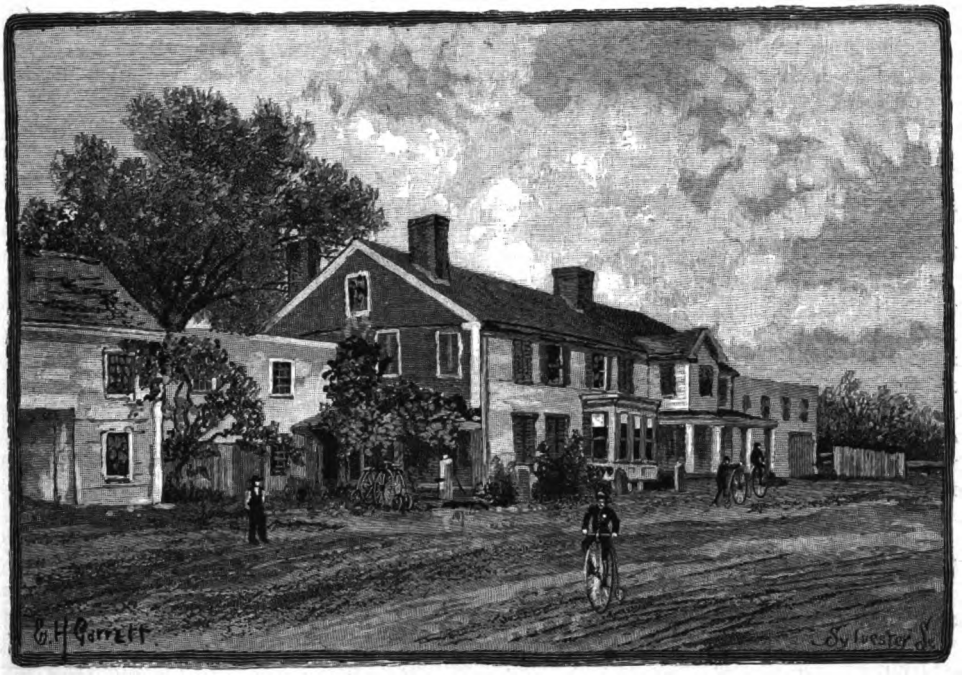
In that year, as at divers other times, the club was guest of the Worcester, Providence, and other clubs; and sometimes it has also acted the hospitable part of host to them. But the chief event of the year was the occupation, jointly, with the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, in November, 1879, of commodious head-quarters for all

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club purposes, at 40 Providence street, opposite the "Emancipation Group," near the elegant Boston & Providence R.R. Depot, and near, also, to the head-quarters of the "Bee Club," which has since ceased to buzz, but whose mysteries have never been divulged. Both these noble clubs found here their wheel-rooms, bath-room, lockers, committee-rooms, reading-room, and parlor. Here the Bostons adopted the green, and the Massachusetts the blue, for uniforms, which have been so much admired and copied. Here the Bostons adopted the white whistle-cord, and the Massachusetts discarded the gray helmet.

bers; but the list had been "weeded out" to some extent, and there was a consciousness of stronger life in the club. The annual dinner was held at "Young's," and, as usual, there were mirth and music, wit and reminiscence, by the members and their guests from other clubs.

In April, 1881, a life-membership was established, on motion of Mr. F. W. Weston, who became the first life-member. There are now five. The fee for life-membership was at first one hundred dollars, without liability to other dues; it has since been raised to one hundred and fifty dollars. A committee was appointed to invite other



COUNTRY HEAD-QUARTERS. (COBB'S TAVERN.)

Here President Pratt and President Parsons welcomed the L.A.W. officers for their meetings, and here Captain Hodges and Captain Pope marshalled their rival forces.

The Boston Club now raised its dues, revised its rules, and provided for an "associate membership," which was not immediate in coming. The furnishing of the club-rooms was done by subscriptions in each club; and the auctioning of the lockers was not only one of the lively incidents, but produced payment of the carpenter, and considerable addition to the funds in the treasury. At the third annual meeting, there were reportable but forty-seven mem-

clubs to coöperate in arranging for the L.A.W. meet in Boston for that season. The annual entertainment by ex-President Woodward at his house was highly enjoyed, as usual. The memorable "Gloucester run" occurred on 10th July, 1881. In June of this year occurred a novel "team race" between the two cohabiting clubs. Three men from each club (G. E. Alden, H. E. Parkhurst, and M. H. Hardwick, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and E. C. Hodges, J. S. Dean, and W. R. Lowell, of the Boston Bicycle Club) were selected to compete, for ten miles, at Beacon Park, the team making the best average time to be the winner for the inter-club champion-

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ship (to be decided in three races), and a pewter cup for each winning man, and a banner for the club. The Massachusetts Club won by eleven seconds, on average time. The second race took place on 15th October, at the same place, the contestants being as before, three from each club (W. W. Stall, J. S. Dean, and C. L. Clark, of the Bostons, and H. E. Parkhurst, A. D. Claflin, and M. H. Hardwick, of the Massachusetts), and the Bostons winning by over three minutes on the average time, — Stall's ten-mile time, 36.22½, breaking the then best record in this country. In 1882 the Massachusetts club challenged the Bostons to the third race; but the challenge was not accepted, and it has never been run. These races were so interesting as to convince those who saw them that inter-club contests of the kind might well become more common.

The accession of Stall and L. W. Frye, and the development of Dean and others, brought the club well to the fore as a racing club. J. S. Dean had won the twenty-mile club championship race at Beacon park, in 1880, in 1.45.21; in 1881 he reduced his record to 1.24.0, coming in second, Stall winning the championship in 1.23.5. The track was a poor and slow one both years. In 1882 this championship was taken by L. W. Frye, on the same track, in 1.15.34½, making a "fastest on record" (out of doors); but he has resigned it on leaving the club. The prize is a gold medal, of fine design and considerable value, and, though competed for every year, has not yet been won three times by any member, and is still the property of the club. During the year 1881, and since, several first prizes and good records have been captured by members of the club, as the racing reports will show more fully than space allows here. But one thing the Boston Club has not affected — fancy riding.

A very important new departure was taken in the autumn of 1881, namely, the acquisition and furnishing of a club-house. It was a rather bold enterprise. There was even a deficit then in the club treasury. Building, in a central location, was out of the question, and any adequate and eligible place obtainable for club use would command a large rental. There was also the furnishing to be provided for. The membership had been limited to sixty, including associate and active members; the entrance fee was still five dollars, and the dues (for active members only) were but two dollars a quarter. After a great deal of contriving and study of the subject, and investigation of locations, it was finally resolved to combine the advantages of a social club with the prime necessities of a bicycle club, to incur liabilities amounting to twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars a year, and to try the experiment at the corner of Union Park and Tremont street. A lease of the present house was taken, under a vote passed in November, 1881, and, at the same meeting, a guaranty fund of nearly six hundred dollars was raised before adjournment. The first meeting was held at the new club-house on the 5th December. The rules were changed to meet the new conditions. Entrance fee was fixed at ten dollars for active and associate members; dues for the latter at ten dollars a year, and for the former at three dollars a quarter; the active membership was limited to sixty, and the associate to two hundred and fifty, and the privilege of voting and holding office was restricted to the active members. This restriction has, later, been modified so that associate members are allowed to vote on the admission of associate members, and to be represented by two of their class on the club committee. Wheel-rooms, dressing-rooms, and lockers, parlor, reading-room, whist-room, chess-room, pool-room, cabinet, exercise-room, and other conveniences of a social club-house, except a restaurant, are offered; and the house is made very attractive with furnishings, ornaments, literature, and good company. A janitor, a boy, and a club dog and cat, are always in attendance, and two members of the club reside in the house. And so the Boston and the Massachusetts clubs, after a year of harmonious and prosperous living together, separated. The latter club has adhered strictly to the *bicycle* club idea, and has its own commodious and attractive head-quarters on Columbus avenue. The era of pronounced prosperity began with both clubs when they took the head-quarters at Providence street.

At the fourth annual meeting, in February, 1882, the secretary was able to report a total membership of one hundred and twenty-four, of whom fifty-two were active members, sixty-six associate, five life, and one honorary. At the dinner at "Young's" there were fifty-eight members and guests (including the mayor of the city and other distinguished visitors), and the new year was inaugurated with great enthusiasm.

The year 1882 has been one of continued success. An amusement committee has

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provided for a variety of entertainments at the club-house, and a fixture committee has laid out a series of interesting runs and excursions. A tricycle section was formed, and a "chop club" for Saturday nights. Out-of-town head-quarters were established at South Canton, and thus on either side the Milton Hills the members have a home and a pleasant resort. Members of the club chartered a special car for the Chicago meet, and the few who were there had, as usual, "the right of the line." At the previous League meet in Boston, it had twenty-six men in uniform, and was only excelled by the Massachusetts, with its thirty-eight. The membership has reached to one hundred and sixty-four, including the various classes; and the finances of the club have been so well managed, and its expenses so well met from the different sources of revenue, that the guaranty fund has never been drawn upon.

The principal officers of the club, during these five years, have been as follows: Mr. George B. Woodward was president in 1878, and Charles E. Pratt, Esq., in the other four years; Mr. Frank W. Weston was secretary and treasurer in the first three years, and Mr. J. S. Dean was secretary and treasurer in 1881, and secretary in 1882 (the offices having been separated), and Mr. George B. Woodward was treasurer in 1882; Mr. Thatcher Goddard was elected captain in 1878, but never served; Mr. Arthur W. Stedman was captain in 1879, and Mr. Edward C. Hodges in the other three years. The club committee has included, in the various years, besides those gentlemen, *ex officiis*, Dr. Harold Williams, J. L. Curtis, W. R. Whitney, Arthur Cunningham, Edward Preble, Willis Farrington, Edward W. Pope, J. G. Dalton, R. M. Diaz, A. L. Woodman, Herbert S. Kempton, Charles L. Clark, and Edward F. Lowry. The sub-captains and (afterward) lieutenants have been E. Preble, A. W. Stedman, H. S. Mann, T. N. Hastings, W. W. Allen, N. T. Kidder, E. P. Sharpe, A. L. Woodman, and William B. Everett; and the buglers have been F. S. Pecker, C. W. Fourdrinier, and W. R. Lovell.

But space here forbids a full narrative of the minor vicissitudes of this pioneer club and the exploits of its members. The latter take some pardonable delight in their "firsts." Theirs was the first club (in America, excluding, as they always do, whatever was done prior to 1877). It had the first meet, and run, and photograph, and race, and championship, and records, and costume and club-house, and out-of-town head-quarters, and annual dinner, and rules, and amateur definition, and associate membership, and life-membership, and badge, and whistle-cord, and green uniform, and "tricycle section," and "cabinet," and actual dog. It was the first to be represented at the Harrogate meet, and it contained the first B.T.C. member, and consul, and three out of the Fortunate Five who visited England in 1880, and the first B.T.C. chief-consul for America, and consul for Massachusetts; the first vendor (Mr. Dalton), and the first considerable importers of English bicycles (it would have had the first manufacturer of American ones, but for a certain process of exclusion), and the first English recognition. In fact, when it started nearly everything was English, except its membership, and part of that was; and its traditions and proclivities are still, as sometimes remarked, decidedly British. This club had the first American bicycling poet, and author, and editor, and publisher; it has had the editor and proprietor of the *American Bicycling Journal*, and the founders and successive editors and publishers of the *Bicycling World*, and contributing editors of the *Wheel* and THE WHEELMAN; it had the president of the League of American Wheelmen during its first two years, and virtually its first commander; it was the first club to join the League, with its entire membership; its members got the first defeat in the League, and it voted to renew its entire membership in the League in 1882; its members have promoted the first over-night excursions, and the first foreign excursions; the first run of League consuls, and the first English "Smoker" here; and they started the long-distance riding of 1882, and the revolt against the League "ham."

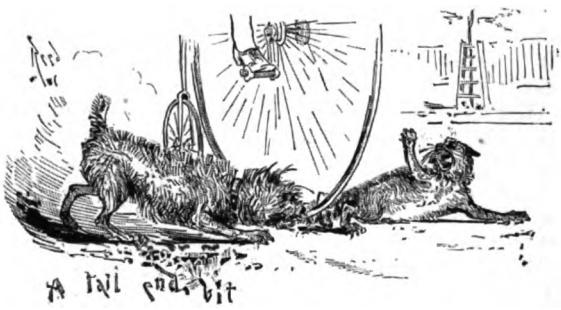
In short, and seriously, the Boston Bicycle Club has been often foremost, and its members have been often at the front, in all the various movements of defence and development which affect the complex interests of bicycling in this country.

In the revival of bicycling it was to be restored to a habitation, a name, and a realm. There were then fewer charms in solitude. Unity was strength, and concert of action was necessary to conquest. Moreover, there was then the ever-present conflict, or, at least, divergence, between the club spirit and the non-club spirit; and the mission of the Boston Bi. C. was to promote and extend the former. It has brought and kept

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resources for its members; but, like all other resources, they have their attendant cares, cost, and annoyances. It has brought power; but, like all other power, it has its concomitant burdens and responsibilities. The future of the club depends, in large part, upon the faithfulness of its members to these cares and responsibilities. Through all its vicissitudes, and in all its new departures, past or present, the "constitution must be preserved"; the dual object of the club — enjoyment in the *pursuit* of bicycling as a manly and healthful pastime and the *promotion* of bicycling by the public — has been, and must be, observed. In every club, perhaps, there are the two extremes of membership, one the ultra-serious and practical, the other the ultra-jovial and impetuous; while the life of the club swings like a pendulum, now toward one extreme, and now toward the other. The Boston Bicycle Club is no exception in this respect. It is tending toward a lively social club, with a bicycle attachment; but this tendency will need to be limited, if it will continue to fulfil its original mission and hold its own as a leading bicycle club. Club-life, in our modern society, is, apparently, a necessary element. It is sure to be found by the majority somewhere. Even if it be not all approved, *per se*, by the staid and conservative, it is better and safer when combined with bicycling as a positive good for antidote to the lounging, inane tendencies of the merely social, and the dissipating diversions of the too convivial.

Charles E. Pratt.



OUR FIRST AND LAST NEW MEMBER.

A BICYCLIC WARNING.

As the members of the Cantellalie Bicycle Club, of which I have the honor to be acting third assistant vice-president, — we are all officers, you know, — were gathered about the cannel-coal fire that blazed brightly in the polished marble fireplace of their luxuriously furnished quarters, a few nights since, the door opened. This fact, simple in itself, might have been allowed to pass unnoticed, had not the opening of the door been immediately followed by the appearance in our midst of a new member. Now, the advent of a new member in our club was an occasion for much rejoicing, for we are a very select and high-toned body you must understand, and not more than one in ten thousand candidates for admission to our ranks successfully passes the preliminary rigorous examination of our membership committee. In fact, although our club had now been in existence some fifteen years, and had been a dramatic club, a sketch club, a walking club, a polo club, and a society for the prevention of cruelty to tramps, according to the prevailing humors of the day, before it reorganized as a bicycle club, our present new member was our first and only new member, — the only candidate who had successfully encountered and passed the Scylla and Charybdis — "those terrible twins," as a Western Congressman recently termed them — of

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our membership committee's examination.

His name was Slowboy, and as he entered the room on this memorable evening his presence struck us as being at once dignified and imposing. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, was of medium height, and well developed, not to say portly. His bald head was surrounded by a halo-like fringe of iron-gray hair, and his smooth, well-rounded face bore a George Washingtonian-never-tried-to-tell-a-lie-in-my-life look that immediately impressed one with an implicit trust in his integrity. He was modestly, but neatly, dressed in rainbow-tinted, gold-mounted, club-costume cut, in the pattern of that lately adopted by the Imperial Hungarian Hussars, and displayed by them in the leading theatres of the world. Its scarlet jacket, richly embroidered with gold and gems, hung jauntily over his left shoulder, and he carried the white bearskin shako gracefully in his gauntletted hand. The silken tassels, which adorned the sides of his number twelve morocco-topped boots, twinkled merrily as he advanced, and gravely saluted us, giving the club salute in a manner that indicated assiduous practice. In this salute the thumb of the right hand is carried smartly to the tip of the nose, the digits are rigidly extended for a moment, and the hand is again dropped to the side.

Although the members of our club have never condescended to act, sketch, walk, play polo, relieve the necessities of a single tramp, or bestride a bicycle, it has ever been our aim to encourage these pursuits by limiting our club conversation strictly to topics directly connected with the particular one in which we are at the time theoretically interested. Thus, when our new member joined our circle, we were engaged in animated discussion of that most fascinating pursuit of wheelmen — the taking of "headers."

Mr. Slowboy, having been formally but cordially greeted and welcomed by the chief blower or bugler of the club, by its president, and the several vice's and their assistants, and provided with a seat near the fire, begged of us not to allow his entrance to interrupt our conversation; and, with the air of one anxious to improve his mind, prepared to listen to the discussion.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Kinlye, who had been talking when the door opened, proceeded as follows: —

"Well, gentlemen, as I was saying, he was about twenty years of age, tall and slender, and had been terribly ill, or, as the members of our esteemed contemporary association, The Tile Club, would artistically state it, had been making a gargoyle of himself during the entire first week of the voyage. I was on my return trip from Liverpool to New York, last year, Mr. Slowboy, on the Cunard steamer 'Bicyclia.'

"Two days before we reached New York he appeared at the head of the saloon stairway, looking very pale and feeble; but the fresh air seemed to revive him almost immediately, and he and I took a number of turns up and down the deck together. In course of conversation I discovered him to be an enthusiastic wheelman, and that he had a bicycle on board that he had purchased in Coventry just before leaving England. He had not yet used it, but was very anxious to do so, and before going below declared his intention of trying it on the deck of the steamer the next day.

"On the following morning it was nearly noon before he appeared on deck, and by that time we were in sight of the Highland lights, and all hands were making preparations for going ashore. He had improved so wonderfully in personal appearance since the night before that I hardly recognized him. After congratulating him upon his complete recovery, I again introduced the subject of bicycles, upon which he sent the porter to fetch his new machine. It was a beautiful 55-in. semi-racer, full nickelled, and complete in every detail. He invited me to try it; but I declined, giving, as an excuse, the dangerous roll of the ship. Laughing at my timidity he took a little run, made the most graceful mount I had ever seen, and wheeled away up the deck, meeting every roll of the ship with the utmost skill, and attracting the universal admiration of the passengers. Rounding the forward house, he came spinning, at a fearful race, down the other side, while the spectators almost held their breath at his temerity and imminent danger. Our fears were, alas! too well founded; for, in making the turn around the after-house, at a moment when the ship rolled in the same direction, he lost control of his machine, and rushed, with frightful velocity, against the rail. In another instant he had taken the most frightful header I ever witnessed, over the side of the ship and into the sea. His bicycle, turning a complete somersault, followed him, flashed for a moment like a meteor in the bright sunlight, and also disappeared beneath the wave."

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"Poor fellow!" murmured the second vice-president; "and so he lost his bicycle?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Kinlye, "with its hollow backbone, forks, rims, and handle-bar, the machine was as buoyant as a life-boat, and almost immediately reappeared on the surface of the water. Its rider, also being hollow down to his boots, by reason of his long sea-sickness, came to the top at the same moment, swam to his machine, vaulted into the saddle, and, bending low over the handle-bar, began to work the pedals. And I'm blamed, if the rubber tire, which I had noticed was unusually soft, didn't bite hold of the water, and the thing began to move towards us. In a few moments he was alongside; but instead of catching the rope that had been thrown to him, he waved his cap, called out, 'Ta-ta, I'll tell 'em you're coming,' spurted, and was soon far ahead of us, and lost sight of up the bay. We afterwards found that he had dodged the revenue boat, and got his machine safely ashore without paying a cent of duty or royalty."

"Wonderful!" murmured several of the members.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Slowboy, who had during the preceding narrative stared at Mr. Kinlye, at first with interest, and afterwards with ill-concealed astonishment and indignation, — "gentlemen, *and* Mr. Kinlye, I have the honor to bid you a very good-evening, and shall to-morrow tender, in writing, to your honorable secretary, my resignation as a member of this club."

As he passed from the room, having forgotten his bear-skin shako, and left it behind him in his agitation, those present exchanged glances expressive of deep sorrow and disappointment. Our first new member had failed to pass the final test of the membership committee, of which Mr. Kinlye is chairman, which, under the by-laws of the club, they were obliged to apply. It comes under the head of ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS, and reads as follows: —

"Before being admitted to full membership in the Cantellalie Bicycle Club, applicants must satisfy the membership committee of their ability to listen to the most improbable tales of bicycular prowess, without expressing incredulity."

Kirk Munroe.

SONG.

KNOW ye the rider that rides so free,
  That rides so light, so bold and strong;
That seems like a creature of earth and air,
  And runs and flies with whir of song?

Is it a Pegasus clipt of his wings
  That glides o'er the earth like a fabled god·
Or a Mercury shorn of his winged heels,
  For the manlier wheel with which he is shod?

'Tis the Wheelman that rides so brave and strong,
  With a rolling gait and a serpentine reel;
'Tis the Bicycle age that moveth along,
  And brings to the front the Knight of the Wheel.

Long, long, may the times, and the cycle of times,
  Roll on in their joy to the Knight of the Wheel,
And the WHEELMAN rejoice in its prose and rhymes,
  Till its Golden Age succeeds to its steel.

J. M. W.

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I.

HEIGH HO!
March has come, and still the snow
Lieth white on plain and fell, —
Lieth cold in woodland dell;

II.

While the north-wind bloweth,
While the streamlet floweth
Through the silent vale,
'Neath a coat of mail.

III.

Nature sleeps! O balmy breath of spring,
Wake her with thy tenderest kiss!
Wake her, O bright birds, and sweetly sing!
For I love her — tell her this.

IV.

Then my wheel —
Now but cold and useless steel —
Like a thing of life and light,
Like a thing of strength and might,
Will this sadness all requite.

Charles Richards Dodge.

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CHAPTER XIII. — SPOKES.

Miss Larkin and Rose spent their first night in London at one of the numerous hotels in the vicinity of Charing Cross. They arrived late, and went to bed at once. Rose got up on their iron bedstead with serious thoughts of crying herself to sleep. She resented Miss Larkin's hurrying her away from Stratford.

"Miss Larkin ought to understand me better," said Rose, mentally. "She ought to remember that I am not a baby. Mr. Ehrlebach won't speak to me after this, if I ever should see him again."

In the midst of her thinking, a bit of vanity and self-consciousness came to her. Her wise mother would have regretted these thoughts of her pretty daughter, —

"He certainly admired me, and he said he thought I was nice. I don't want to be foolish about him, but I wonder if I don't like him better than I think I do. Girls often do in stories. He is certainly very handsome, and not a bit like any one else I ever saw. And he does know such a lot. What would mamma think of him?"

With the thought of her mother came other home memories and indistinct dreamings. Before she had got up to the crying that she had been half planning, Rose fell fast asleep, with her cheek pillowed in her pink palm, and no sign of tear-drops on her lashes.

Miss Larkin slept well. The reward of self-mastery shed its peace in her heart, and gave her a day and a night of quietude. She had never been in love before. Knowing next to nothing, theoretically, of the force which had possession of her, poor Kate believed herself now in a haven of rest and strong control of self. She slept on the top of a furious wave, to carry out the simile, and next day it dashed her headlong into breakers of misery when she met Madame Francesco Morena at the American Exchange. Kate went over there alone at an early hour to ask to be directed to a less expensive boarding-place than her hotel, and to get her American letters. She found two of the latter, and went up to the ladies' parlor to read them. Walking into that room, she found Madame Morena lying on the green sofa, reading a Frank Leslie's Magazine.

The little woman sat up on seeing Miss Larkin, then jerked to her feet like a jointed doll, holding out her hand.

Kate took it, though with perceptible coldness.

Madame Morena was not to be chilled.

"Well, if I ever!" she cried, cordially. "I'm just as glad to see you as I can be! This is the greatest place to meet folks you ever saw; all the Americans come here. How is Miss Rose? Where have you been? Are you very well? Where is Mr. Ehrlebach?"

"I don't know," said Kate.

"He seemed so cut up, as these English say, at your taking Rose off at Queenstown that I felt like consoling him: but he was glum, and didn't talk much with me, and for all that I couldn't help taking more or less of an interest in him. What made you take it into your head to get off there? Though I must say I should have liked it myself, only I had to hurry on to Paris to get my fashions, and so busy as I have been since I saw you! Did more business in a week than I often do in twice the time. I came back from Paris last night; came the long way on the Channel, — it's cheaper, you know, and I just took a cab and came here for some letters, and I thought I'd just rest a minute after reading my letters, and look at the papers.

"I was reading the sweetest story! You just ought to read it! It is continued, and the last of it isn't here; but that doesn't so much matter. It does seem as though most of the stories *don't* have any end, anyway, nowadays. It is real disheartening to get all worked up over a story just to have it leave you about where you begun. But I was going to tell you about Mr. Ehrlebach."

Kate opened her letters.

"Oh, excuse me; you want to read your letters," said Madame Morena, looking hurt.

"Pray go on." Kate told herself instantly that the request was based on a desire to save Madame Morena's feelings.

"Nothing particular, only you know Rose looks so much like his poor wife. I don't know that I told you, but I suppose it was no wonder he seemed to take such a fancy to your little friend. Near as I remember Mrs. Ehrlebach, her eyes and hair

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and complexion were a good deal like Rose's. Seeing her must have brought the dead up to him."

"The dead!"

The words did not cross Kate's lips; they beat suddenly in her heart in tumultuous syllabling. She felt a hot throbbing in her temples. Looking out of the window, she saw the weather-worn hands of the old clock on the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. They were pointing to the hour of nine. Someway she made a sign toward the window, and Madame Morena went over, curiously, to find out what Miss Larkin was pointing at. Kate's letters slid from her cold hands to the floor. She saw them as she stood by the table, and put one hand tightly over a green-covered guide-book lying there.

Life and eternity seemed to join hands; a moment of bliss and an infinity of despair. The fragment of time in which she rejoiced over the freedom of the man she loved was followed by a cycle of consciousness of the double depth of her own sorrow; the new bitterness of confessed jealousy in the pain she had fancied well conquered.

All the minutiæ of the place burned themselves upon her memory. She held fast to the green book.

While she believed her love wrong Kate Larkin could fight it bravely. She believed that she had conquered it in that long night's struggle at Stratford. She saw now the vanity of her hard-fought strength of purpose. At a chance of life the power and passion of her feeling outleaped her control. Come what may, she knew this; henceforward there was no resisting it. Love whom she might, seek whom she might, she loved him, loved him, loved him!

"Have you had breakfast, Miss Larkin?" asked Madame Morena, comparing her watch with the old St. Martin's clock.

Thoughts whirled on, deafening Kate: "He is madly in love with Rose. Ah! I thought myself so strong! If he cares for her — *If?* Are you a fool, Kate Larkin? There is no 'if' in the question. And what are you going to do with yourself? He will follow her here. I defy you to avoid him again. You can't! you can't! and you will see it all."

By an unfortunate movement Kate cast the green guide-book on the floor, and Madame Morena repeated her question.

"Have you had breakfast yet, Miss Larkin?"

"No, thank you."

Kate picked up the book and her letters, sitting down on the sofa and unfolding the sheets of paper mechanically.

"I saw you looking at the clock, and not seeming much interested in what I was telling, and it struck me you looked a little pale." The little milliner laughed coseyly. "Can't we have a cup of coffee together?"

"You are very kind; but I must go back to my hotel and breakfast with Rose. But I heard you, I assure you, madame. You were speaking of that German artist we saw on the 'Scythia.'"

"Yes; and it was strange, as I was saying, about Rose looking so much like his wife. He told me she was dead, when we were coming over. I asked him. He snapped his big eyes at me and said, 'You may tell all the curious that Lena Ehrlebach is buried in Heidelberg. It is there you may read her gravestone.' It actually made me feel ghostly for a minute, he said it so solemnly, and I always am a little nervous at sea. I rather dread the return voyage. I am going back Saturday. I wish, for my sake, you and Miss Madder were going too. But I guess I'll soon make acquaintances. I generally do."

"I find that one of these letters is for Miss Madder," said Kate. "I inquired for mail for both of us, and have opened her letter by mistake. I must take it to her."

"Well, good-by, if I don't see you again."

There was such an evident loneliness in the madame's manner that Kate said, —

"Come and see me; will you?"

"Yes, thank you. Where are you staying?"

"I scarcely know; at a hotel. We only came yesterday. I wish to ask in the office for a boarding-house."

"Oh, I know of a splendid one; cheap, too. I always stay there, when I'm in London. I'm going up there pretty soon, and I'll take you up in my cab, if you want to go."

Kate hesitated.

She who hesitates!

"It's only a little ways, — up in Bloomsbury. I've often been there, and I guess you'd better make up your mind to take it on my recommendation. The landlady will take you on my reference, I've been there so often."

"Well," said Kate, consenting.

She went downstairs with Madame Morena and wrote her own name and Rose's, in a large handwriting, in the traveller's register. She added the Bloomsbury number.

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She went back to the desk, and said to the clerk in charge,—

"If any one should ask for Miss Larkin or Miss Madder, of Chicago, our addresses are in your book."

CHAPTER XIV. — "BOOTS AND SADDLES."

It took Mr. Ehrlebach several seconds to comprehend what the hotel clerk said to him. He looked at her in a sort of strange surprise. She responded with a stolid stare of curiosity.

"What have you said?" he asked at length.

She repeated her words.

"Is there, then, a letter for me?"

"No, sir. Please, sir, have you had your tea?"

The grayness which overspread his face touched her. She thought that he must be hungry as well as disappointed.

"No, you may send me some."

"Will you have it in the coffee-room, sir?"

"No; in my own room."

She turned to give his order.

"Maid!" cried Ehrlebach, sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"I will have the tea in the coffee-room, if I may there be alone."

He had lunched there with Kate once — when? Yesterday? It seemed months since he had felt the mad magic of her presence. He went into the room, and walked restlessly up and down. He opened a visitors' book lying on the sideboard. There were names of a gay party of young English wheelmen running from London to Gretna Green. They had left a lot of bad rhymes under their names. Ehrlebach read it all attentively, and remembered it months afterward. He sat down by the open window in "Washington Irving's chair," and made a sketch of his wheel.

This was a favorite subject with our artist. Now he added a few suggestive touches to his picture. A woman's figure appeared beside the wheel, — the figure of a tall, graceful woman, with lace drapery over her shoulders. The face was left unfinished, but she seemed to be looking down at a bunch of roses lying crushed under the wheel.

Ehrlebach went out and got one of those roses. He pressed it in his pocket-book with that incomplete little sketch. A man came into the room with a server.

"What time did the ladies go?" asked Ehrlebach.

"I don't know, sir."

"Confound your stupidity!" said Ehrlebach.

The man put the dishes on the table meekly.

"What time is the next London train?"

"To-morrow, sir."

Ehrlebach put on his hat, and picked up his gantlets.

"Go and get my bill, please."

"Including supper, sir?"

"I don't care. You may get my knapsack from my room. Bring along also the rain-cap from my bureau."

He went out to his bicycle again. He stood beside it in visible impatience when the man came with his bill, followed by the boots with his bag. The girl clerk came out to bid him good-by.

"Are you going far, sir?" she asked.

"You ought to be a Yankee," said our traveller, actually smiling as he mounted. He bowed a good-by to the landlady, who came to the door to see the departure, then whirled rapidly off in the gathering dusk.

"All that supper wasted!" said the servant man.

"Not at all," said the landlady, energetically; "I will eat it myself."

The clerk picked up the big red roses.

"That was a fine-looking man," she said to herself. "That American girl is a lucky one. He is going after her. Oh, dear!" She looked away down the road with a half sigh on her lips. Then she went into the house, and, after her custom, took some stout with the servant man, who was teasing the boots.

CHAPTER XV. — A CRANK.

At 9 o'clock next day Mr. Ehrlebach dismounted at the door of the American Exchange. The usual stream of London life flowed in counter-currents along the Strand. It ebbed into Adelaide street. The maelstrom of Charing Cross Station engulfed the rushing counter-current of cabs that drifted out from the harbor of Trafalgar square.

Ehrlebach stood for a moment, looking over toward the cruet-like projections of the National Gallery, with his old keen sense of artistic outrage.

In spite of the weariness of body and spirit which was upon him, perhaps because of this weariness, the incongruity of the British pepper-box oppressed and appalled him as it never had done in other visits here.

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A person, evidently an American, came rapidly down the steps of the Exchange. He was one of those people whose age is always unguessable. He might have been twenty-five or forty. He was swarthy of complexion. His long black mustache partly covered an unreliable mouth. He wore a gay suit of light-colored clothing, and carried a dapper little English stick.

He came up to Ehrlebach and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Hello, Max, my boy; delighted to see you. Was just saying to Hank, upstairs, that your name was in the 'Scythia' arrivals t'other day. Bicycling, eh? Something at that myself. Mean to get a 'trike' one of these days. Good thing to take the girls out in. 'So-sociable,' you know." The person laughed in appreciation of his own wit.

"You look tired, Maxy. Want a toddy, to cheer you up?" he went on.

"No."

"Temperance, hey? A little that way myself. Boarding with a temperance family now. Come up and stay with me."

"I say, Jenkins, you may let me be," said Ehrlebach, shaking off the hand on his arm.

"Oh, oh, Max, don't be cross. You ought to forgive me that bad turn I served you in taking Lena back to Germany. She wanted to go, you know, and you were too poor to take her then. Luck has turned with me now, though. Wish you would spare me a guinea, can't you? I'll pay it back next week. Sure to get a lot of money then. Am in with a capitalist here selling shares in a railway from Manitoba to Quebec. Should think anybody with any sense would buy a lot of shares. Give us a guinea, Max."

Ehrlebach handed him a couple of sovereigns, taking care not to touch his hand.

Jenkins laughed.

"What airs! Tell you I have reformed from my wild ways, Maxy. I am really trying to live a better life now than in the old days in New York."

Ehrlebach's truth-filled eyes looked into the other's evading glances. The deep sincerity of his own nature cast a sort of reflection on the words of Jenkins.

"Well, if it be so, then," he said, slowly, "I am glad of it, but I can't shake hands with you. Let me know if I can help you in any way."

"You are a good fellow, Max," said Jenkins; "always said so. I wasn't good enough to be an artist, — that's why I quit. May take it up again some day, when I've made my pile at something else. Lena used to say" —

"Hush!" said Ehrlebach, sternly.

"Well, I don't know that it is quite polite to talk about the girl to the fellow who was her husband. Good of you to make it up with me. Whew! Remember how you used to curse me all over Europe first time you came over here? Thought you were easing up on me a little the last time I saw you. Now"—

"A man never forgives such a wrong if he is a man," said Ehrlebach; "but I am glad to hear you say you are trying for better living. I would not wish to push you back. I will help you, but it is not in my heart to forgive you. Only God can do that."

"Good fellow, good fellow," murmured Jenkins. His erratic and excitable nature responded in the farthest ripples of its shallowness to the strong, magnetic sunshine of the look of pity and desire to aid that Ehrlebach bent upon him.

Ehrlebach took off his hat and wiped his brow.

"I have been riding far and feel fatigued. I must have sleep. I will tell you good-by."

"Oh, don't, now." Jenkins linked his arm in Ehrlebach's. "Don't go back on a fellow. Come and stay with me."

"I can't stay with you, Jenkins," decisively.

"Well, you'll come to see me?"

"No."

"May change your mind. Better take my card." Jenkins gave him a card with a Bloomsbury address on it. Ehrlebach glanced at it and put it in his pocket.

"I shall stay at Morely's, I think. I am going in to order my luggage sent there. I suppose it is here."

"Let me hold your horse while you go in," said Jenkins, good-naturedly, taking a place by the wheel.

Mr. Ehrlebach was standing at the bank counter of the Exchange presently, when he saw two ladies come down from the parlor above and go into the post-office. He heard one of them speak to the clerk at the other window. If she had looked within she must have seen Ehrlebach. He saw Madame Morena come out and go downstairs, followed presently by Kate. He had heard her request: "If any one should ask for Miss Larkin or Miss Madder"—

Ehrlebach was not a vain man, but his heart beat at those words with a delicious hopefulness.

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"If any one should ask." He repeated "any one" to himself several times. He was not a vain man; but he did not choose to show himself at that moment, travel-stained and pale with the weary night's uncertainty. He went with confidence to look up her number in the register.

"Bloomsbury!" He pulled out the card Jenkins had given him. The addresses were identical.

"Ach, himmel," said Mr. Ehrlebach, interiorly. "They say well. Truth *is* stranger than fiction."

CHAPTER XVI. — COASTING.

Miss Larkin was sitting that evening bolt upright in the corner of a sofa in the drawing-room of the Bloomsbury boarding-house looking at space. Rose was sitting in a low chair across the room, and Jenkins was talking to her. Madame Morena, comfortable in after-dinner gas-light, crocheted on a scarf, reading Ouida's last book in snatches. There was only one other boarder, a blonde and frightened-seeming young Englishman, who stared at Rose furtively, while pretending to be absorbed in his newspaper.

Rose looked bewilderingly pretty. An instinct of coquetry had made her curl her soft hair and wind a blue ribbon two or three times around her head, framing her face in coils of ringlets. She had doffed her blue-flannel bodice, and appeared in one of pale blue cashmere, with her pet Persian scarf over her shoulders in sweet affectation of chilliness.

Rose enjoyed everything. Jenkins flattered her assiduously, and Rose played with her one little ring and listened, liking it.

Kate, sitting in the corner of her sofa, wished that she had her little girl safe back in the hotel, distrusting Jenkins at first sight. There was an air of commonness about the landlady, about everything, which was painful to poor Kate. Thoroughly, indeed rabidly, democratic in her theories, Miss Larkin was miserable in reality at finding herself among people of less stature.

The drawing-room door opened. The small maid-servant who tended the door and "fetched errands" bobbed her capped head inside.

"A gintleman to see Miss Larkin," said she, ushering in Mr. Ehrlebach.

Kate rose and stood by her sofa. Rose flew across the room and shook hands with him.

"Oh, I thought you would come!" said she.

Ehrlebach bowed to Madame Morena, and nodded to Jenkins as he went over to Kate.

She gave him her hand. He took it lightly in his, then, feeling the trembling of the fingers, pressed it gently. He looked into her eyes.

He stood for an instant so, as a flame dyed Kate's cheeks, and shone from her eyes, burning out and leaving her pale to the temples. The seconds seemed dragging themselves out into cycles. Neither of the two spoke.

Jenkins turned around to look at them. Madame Morena, with romantic delicacy, absorbed herself in her novel.

When Jenkins turned he saw Ehrlebach patting Rose's shoulder, and heard him saying, —

"Are you very well, Fraulein Raffaella?"

"Yes, thank you; and you? Do sit down. There is room there on the sofa by Miss Larkin. That's it. Now I'll bring my chair, and we'll all have a good talk. Please excuse me, Mr. Jenkins. I shall like to hear your story another time."

"Oh, I'll tell it now," said Jenkins, placing her chair for her, and bringing himself into the circle, bowing again to Ehrlebach.

"I was saying" —

Ehrlebach glared at him angrily.

"Well, Max," said Jenkins, cheerfully, "glad to see you. Old friend of mine, you know, Miss Rosie. We two used to travel all over Europe together."

Kate shivered. Ehrlebach, with the absurdity of a lover's instinct, imagined that she felt a reflex of his own aversion for the person beside them.

In strong anger, yet with self-control, the German said, —

"Go away, Duncan."

"Well, I seem a little *de trop*. Too bad, must say," said Jenkins, rising. "But your 'Duncan' reminds me of my grandfather. Everybody since his time has called me Dunc, you know. Dunc Jenkins is your name, my lad; Dunc Jenkins is your man."

He went whistling over to the piano, where he commenced playing discords to his own satisfaction and the agony of Ehrlebach's musical soul.

"Now, tell us all about yesterday," said Rose. "I suppose Warwick is lovely."

"Indeed it is," said Ehrlebach, leaning

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back in his sofa corner and looking at Rose with serene satisfaction, glad that she was sitting there, so fearful was our brave hero of himself and his love.

Kate, studying his face with rapid scrutiny, saw the content written upon it, and her heart grew heavy.

"How did you find where we are?" went on the little querist. "Did Mr. Jenkins tell you?"

"He didn't know you. Kindly Providence has sent me here, fraulein. Is that not enough?"

"Yes, I suppose so. And will you take us to the National Gallery, and to the Dulwich, and the Windsor, and the Doré, and the Grosvenor?"

"And to Hampton Court and the Kensington Museum and to Madame Tussaud's wax-works? Of course I will, Gaisborough-Anna!"

Rose pouted a little.

"I don't think you ought to say Madame Tussaud's in the same sentence with galleries," said she.

"Why not?"—from Jenkins at the piano. "I consider the exhibition of Madame Tussaud one of the finest in Europe, if not in the world. The figures possess inherent life. Many of them seem really to breathe. I'd like to see anybody say they don't!"

Jenkins glared at the blonde Englishman, who promptly challenged him to a game of cards, thus charitably hoping to extinguish him. Madame Morena and the landlady made up the quartet, and, seeing Jenkins absorbed in cheating people out of sixpences, Ehrlebach felt a great sense of freedom come upon him.

Never did a man make himself more charming. He told the story of his morning ride to Warwick, and his long night ride up from Stratford, in delightfully dramatic manner. To be sure he did not say in words the unsung poetry of the starlit run; but the fierce jealousy beating in Kate's pulses interpreted the lover's words. With all her affection for poor little Rose she hated her sincerely.

Kate talked too, and talked brilliantly. She sparkled in repartee. She quoted aptly and well. She looked at Ehrlebach as often as she liked with shining eyes and pallid lips and scarlet cheeks.

In the midst of the electric atmosphere Rose blossomed. She laughed; she sang fragments of song; she talked, saying a thousand airy nothings that Ehrlebach applauded.

When he had gone, and Miss Larkin was taking down her hair before her mirror, Rose told her a secret.

"Miss Larkin, Mr. Jenkins says *he* is in love with me."

"I have seen that for weeks," said Kate, pulling out a handful of her own hair, though her voice was quite calm.

"What? Who? Weeks?" The personal pronoun "he" had not resolved itself into keen identity with Rose.

"What did you say, dear?" asked Kate, quite gently.

"Mr. Jenkins is in love with me. Isn't it awful? He says he knows it is soon to tell me, having seen me first at dinner this evening, but that I am the other half of his soul, for which he has been looking."

"He dared to say that to you?" cried Kate.

"Yes. He said that that white-headed Englishman was raving over me, but he meant to have the first chance. He tried to take my hand, but I put it behind me."

"When did this all happen?"

"On the stair, just now. He stopped me, you know, when I started with you, and he followed me into the hall."

"Why, you weren't there five minutes!"

"I know; but, Miss Larkin, dear, he told me something dreadful about Mr. Ehrlebach. He has a wife!"

"No, no, no!" cried Kate. Then the passion of tears which had been assaulting her eyes for hours had its way, and she threw herself, sobbing terribly, into a chair. Rose ran noiselessly for cologne. She was frightened into unwonted silence. She brushed out Miss Larkin's black hair when she grew calmer, and braided it in two long ends. She found her slippers for her, and begged her to let her put them on.

Seeing nothing more that she could do for her friend, Rose was attacked with a fit of industry, and put her own portmanteau in perfect order. Then she sat down and mended a rip in her blue dress.

Kate sat quietly, fearing to speak, and wondering what she should say to her charge.

It was Rose who spoke at last.

She came over to Miss Larkin, and, with all the straightforwardness of an untouched heart, spoke of the truth her prophetic woman's instinct had suddenly divined.

"You love Mr. Ehrlebach, don't you?" said she. "He is married. This Mr. Jenkins knows his wife. What *shall* we do?"

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A NEW IXION; OR, THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

I.

THE wealthy Dr. Graham had sold out his well-established practice in the thriving old country town where he had lived and worked from early youth, and the young man who followed in his footsteps was considered a very fortunate mortal indeed.

Glendora, although it prided itself upon its healthy situation and fine bracing air, contrived, nevertheless, to afford a sufficient supply of patients for any medical man who was at all popular to derive a rather enviable yearly income therefrom. And Dr. Gerrard McEwen was popular with old and young, sick and well. The children, especially, hailed him as their champion. Was he not the means — the blessed means — of having their school-hours shortened and their intermissions lengthened? And was it not a habit with him — nay, a trick, the urchins said — to drop in to see the school, in company with some influential trustee, upon unusually hot days, and beg for a holiday, on the plea of the injury done to health by close confinement in such weather? Oh, yes, the children loved the "new doctor," and no more welcome sight was known to them than that of their friend, Gerrard, spinning along the streets or over the green fields on his wonderful bicycle. It was a gratification which they enjoyed often enough, for Dr. McEwen's work came to him without being sought. He was successful, in a measure, before he began to practise. He was a gold medalist from his university, which was the finest on the Continent; and already his contributions to medical journals were attracting attention by the bold, original manner in which they treated important practical truths.

Gerrard was a poor man, and had been absolutely dependent upon his own exertions from early boyhood; but he was one of Fortune's pet children, and success waited upon his efforts. His poverty was one reason he gave, with a frank laugh, for his riding a bicycle instead of driving the orthodox and decorous horse and chaise like his predecessor. "You see," he said, "my wheel requires no stable, nor does it afflict me with that terrible necessity, a despotic groom! It needs no provender, the expense of which would strike terror into my penurious soul! Again, there is no time lost, in cases of emergency, by saddling or harnessing, and time is precious to me and to my suffering patients. Besides, the exercise prevents that plague of country doctors — corpulency, of which I have as much horror as Lord Byron himself!" And, with a ringing laugh, he sprang upon his charger with an action so swift and graceful as to allay all fear of the calamity he spoke of, at least for the present. Out into the perfumed air of the early summer morning, past lovely orchards with their trees weighed down by the pink and white blossoms, and along green, shady lanes, he sped along unconscious of any effort of his own, or of any exertion of will, simply drinking in the beauty of the day and the joy of existence. Before Dr. McEwen had gone very far he met a gentleman riding a magnificent chestnut, and, almost without thinking, he slackened his pace to admire both the animal and his rider, and to speak a word to the latter, whom he knew.

"Good-morning, Mr. Howard. How goes the headache?"

"It goes as I would wish it to go — away!" answered the young man, smiling. "I am much better, thank you; and up at the house they are of the opinion that you work with magic. My cousin is not averse to trying your art for her father's benefit, and I was now on my way to ask you to call. My uncle, you are aware, Dr. McEwen, has been an invalid for over a year, but of late has refused the advice of any physician. Jessie, however, has persuaded him to see you."

"I will attend at once," said Gerrard. "Will you ride back?" — for Harry Howard had turned his horse's head and walked side by side with his companion.

"No; I have some commissions farther on. I enjoy my morning run."

"Yes, it was a good prescription — this only is the witchcraft I have used. How superbly you ride! You reminded me, as you came along, of the centaurs of old, — man and horse in one."

"And you remind me of the father of the centaurs, — Ixion, the man on the wheel. You are literally tied to it; wherever I go, I catch a glimpse of you; it's only a glimpse, however, for you are out of sight in a moment."

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Gerrard laughed. "I'm a very modernized Ixion, I assure you. Yes, I'm very busy, and I work my steed without mercy; but he never grumbles. Could you say as much for yours?"

"Nay, I fear not. But still I have a preference for the living creature, although his comfort *has* to be consulted. At least, he is a companion that can sympathize with you, to a certain extent, and return your affection. I sometimes fancy my horse has a soul like a human being's."

"Better than some, I dare say," remarked Dr. McEwen, quietly, at which his friend smiled, and remembered he had heard it said that "McEwen had strange views."

"However, if it's only a matter of fancy, I can bestow one on my bicycle, and I often do. If you rode one, you would find how much like a friend it becomes — and you would also find that your headaches had *entirely* gone!" and with a nod and a laugh he darted ahead and disappeared in the distance, leaving young Howard and his wondering horse to retrace their steps.

"A handsome fellow," mused Howard, as he went off at a canter, "and looks as if he meant his life to arrange itself to his liking! I wonder what Jessie will think of him when she makes his acquaintance. I often watch her regard him with interest as he passes the house. He would be no mean rival if he chose to enter the lists, especially at this inauspicious time, when she treats me with such a strange coldness." And under the influence of these thoughts Mr. Harry Howard's face assumed an expression which quite changed it from the affable, debonair countenance that was so much admired by that portion of the Glendora population which is usually supposed to comprise the best critics upon such matters. He merited their favorable judgment, too, for, in his way, he, also, was a handsome fellow. He possessed a refined, regularly featured face, fine eyes as to size and color, though their setting and expression would not be apt to please a student of physiognomy. His hair was dark, remarkably fine and soft, and curled on his temples and brow, contrasting with the marble pallor of his complexion, which was quite perfect of its kind, and giving a certain woman-like grace to his appearance, which was yet far from being effeminate. He certainly had charms enough, both of person and manner, to justify him in considering his chances more than moderately fair where a woman's approbation or affection was in question. Nevertheless, he experienced a sense of uneasiness, which he had never known before, when he remembered that the young athlete who had just left him — whose figure, he thought, combined the strength of a youthful Hercules with the grace and beauty of an Apollo — was likely now to be a constant visitor at his uncle's house. He remembered how often Jessie had admired blue eyes, — her own were a golden brown, while *his* were black as sloes, — and surely Gerrard McEwen had wonderful eyes! They seemed, as he spoke or listened, to take every shade of that favorite color, from the deep violet of the velvet pansy to the clear gray of a summer lake. Even Howard, predisposed as he was to dislike his new acquaintance, could not but acknowledge their influence, and yield to the magnetism of the smile which danced around the fine mouth, disclosing a set of dazzling teeth which were yet innocent of dentists' steel. As one by one the advantages of his probable rival rose before him Harry Howard worked himself into a somewhat unpleasant state of mind, and proceeded moodily on his return journey.

The object of his meditation, riding out of the town into the more suburban portion, where Mr. Lindsay's house was situated, was serenely and blissfully unconscious of having caused any tumult in the mind of the young horseman. He took off his hat to enjoy the breeze, which caught the tawny masses of his hair and blew them back from his face, cooling, at the same time, the warm glow with which his rapid exercise had dyed his tanned cheek. If Jessie Lindsay had seen him then it is more than probable that she would have echoed her cousin's compliment. As he drew near the house he saw a slender, girlish figure pass along the hall, for the door stood open to the wall, bearing a small silver waiter, on which were placed a cup and saucer. She walked slowly, carrying her light burden with caution. "Taking something to her sick father, probably," thought Dr. McEwen, and, as her white dress disappeared from view, it flashed into his mind that Mr. Harry Howard was a particularly fortunate person to be in the daily society of this fair young Hebe. "They are cousins," he said; "but I wonder" — but here he suddenly turned into the garden-path, and, springing lightly to the ground, placed his bicycle against the stone side of the steps; then, ringing the door-bell, he waited to be admitted,

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with the serious gravity that was always characteristic of him when on important business.

II.

It had been, for some time back, Mr. Harry Howard's fixed intention to marry his cousin, Jessie Lindsay. He had never considered very deeply whether the young lady had a corresponding intention with regard to himself. Had he done so it is just possible that he might have observed something in her treatment of him that would have somewhat disturbed the serene complacency with which he contemplated his future matrimonial prospects. Jessie Lindsay did not love her cousin; indeed, had it not been for their relationship, she might have even disliked him. They had been brought up together in the same house, for Jessie's mother was dead, and Mrs. Howard, her father's widowed sister, had come, with her son, to take charge of Mr. Lindsay's household. Jessie was devotedly attached to her aunt, and had borne in silence, while still a little girl, many a childish wrong from Harry rather than trouble his mother by complaints. However, he had very soon gone to school, and Jessie contrived to possess her soul in patience during vacations, and endured his lordly patronage and boyish impertinences without much temper, and frequently with a rather sarcastic amusement, which would certainly have astonished the young gentleman had he known of its existence. Mrs. Howard was a doting mother, and quite blind to her boy's faults, and, in consequence, equally blind to the heroic efforts which Jessie made to preserve her amiability and present a friendly front.

"They suit each other exactly, and I shall have no difficulty in managing them," the mother thought; and so, congratulating herself, enjoyed peace of mind.

Of course, now that they were no longer boy and girl, matters were rather different between the cousins. Harry had taken his degree with honors, and had returned from college a handsome and attractive young man to find that Jessie had realized all the promise of beauty which her childhood had given. He was kind, attentive, and admiring, and if at times he was a little inclined to be supercilious or tyrannical, why, Jessie was quite able to defend herself by a friendly smile, which always took effect; for Mr. Harry was by no means a "thick-skinned" personage, although he *had* rather an exalted estimate of his own importance. Jessie was only too pleased, for her aunt's sake, to be on amicable terms, and had no desire, for her own, to be otherwise; but the idea of marriage with her cousin had simply never suggested itself to her mind, even as the remotest possibility.

Harry, on the other hand, felt so secure of her willingness to become his wife that he had, so far, not even thought it necessary to make his wishes known. He knew that such was the earnest desire of his mother's heart, and he anticipated no obstacle from his uncle, who had lately become an invalid, and who was anxious, as Harry had learned from his mother, to see his daughter happily married, in case of any sudden decline in his own health, which was now most precarious.

Young Howard had been, of late, slowly and gently veering round to the opinion that it would be to his advantage to "buckle to," as he termed settling down to steady work, and this idea of settling to work was indissolubly associated in his mind with "marrying a wife." Thus stood the affairs of Mr. Harry Howard when Dr. Gerrard McEwen appeared on his horizon and threatened to throw him into the shade by his superior brilliancy. Hitherto he had thought of a possible rival only with an incredulous smile and without a single extra heart-beat, when, lo, this knight of the 'cycle arrives on the scene, and Jessie, about whom he has felt so safe, is plainly interested. At the same time he was conscious of a slight coldness in her manner towards himself, — a new element in her treatment of him, which was plainly meant to be repellent, and for which he could only account by remembering that he had once or twice endeavored to show her more than the usual cousinly affection; that he had, indeed, approached love-making in a mild form. That his having done so should offend her quite startled the young man out of his blissful unconcern, and when, added to this, his apprehension respecting Dr. McEwen arose, his mental equipoise was completely upset, and he awoke to the consciousness that his love for Jessie Lindsay was of the kind that would not brook a rival, and would not be frustrated.

"I love her, and mine she shall be, let who will come between us!" he cried; and no one who saw his tightly compressed lips and set face would have doubted that Harry Howard had a will of his own.

"Papa, dear, let me wheel you out on

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the west piazza. The air is cool, and there is going to be a heavenly sunset this evening."

"A sunset that was not a heavenly one would be more interesting, by way of novelty, my dear," said Mr. Lindsay, with a smile, as he patted the slender white hand that rested on his invalid-chair.

"'Old Cassius still,'" returned his daughter, dropping a kiss light as a rose-leaf on his head. "Papa, you are as sharp as a needle. Talking of needles, I have one in some work in my pocket, which I will straightway engage myself upon, while you read to me from 'Sir Gebbie.' It will not tire you, dear?"

"Not at all, my love. You know I am more disabled than suffering, and perhaps would not find my affliction so hard to bear if I were not naturally of so active a temperament. But come, come, this won't do, my darling! We must not waste the time in useless complaints. Bring the book, dear."

She ran to procure it, glad of an excuse to hide the rebellious tears that had sprung to her eyes, for poor Jessie had not yet become reconciled to her father's crippled condition. She returned with the open book in her hand.

"Here is where we left off, papa, is it not?"

"Yes, but how is it, Jessie, that you have not read any since? I have always been told that a young lady could not tear herself away from a novel until the last page was reached. Surely, you find this an interesting story?"

"Oh, very, papa! I think George Macdonald an exceptionally fine writer, while his stories are always interesting enough, in themselves, to hold the attention of even an ordinary lover of novels — and you know, dear, I consider my literary taste just a little above that standard. But now don't be angry with poor Canadian bairnie, but the broad Scotch just bothers me a little bit! I love it, and can understand it when *you* read it aloud; but it is rather slow work when I read it myself."

Mr. Lindsay laughed.

"Hoot, lassie, is that it? Weel, weel, dinna fash yoursel! We mauna fret because our wee bairn is na sae Scotch as oursel! But ye maun read for practice, my dearie, an' keep up the dialec'. And the *Gaelic*, Jessie, we must begin on that, lassie. Since Dr. McEwen speaks it so well, and comes here so often, you have a good opportunity to acquire the language. You could easily do so, couldn't you?"

"Will you read, papa? It will soon be dusk," said Jessie, and as she bent her pretty head over her work there was a rosy flush upon her cheek which might have come from the sunset, only the sky had not yet begun to glow.

She drew her little cricket close to her father's chair, and in perfect quietness listened, apparently with the greatest interest, to his reading. At the end of half an hour she suddenly uttered a soft exclamation and moved back.

"What is it, dear?" her father asked, looking up.

"Oh, nothing, papa! Excuse me, I — I dropped my thimble! Please go on. Isn't it charming?"

Mr. Lindsay looked at his daughter with amazed inquiry, for he had just been reading one of the saddest portions of the story, — a passage, indeed, that was quite harrowing. He said nothing, however, but prepared to resume, when a tinkling sound attracted his notice, and he turned his head to see his young physician enter the gate on his bicycle. He seemed to have ridden fast, and to have afforded more than ordinary entertainment to the usual tribe of small boys that followed in his train. His warning bell had been in constant requisition, and Jessie had heard it some minutes before he arrived.

"Ah, 'The New Ixion,' as Harry calls him. He is very attentive, isn't he, Jessie — *to me?*"

But Jessie was deeply absorbed in a lily-stalk in her embroidery, which evidently called for her undivided attention, upon seeing which her father laughed, and said, "Young ears are sharper than old ones, lassie! Have you found your thimble, my dear?" And he pinched the tiny shell-like ear in question, for which there was certainly no necessity, for it was already like pink coral. Whereupon Miss Jessie really dropped her thimble, which rolled away and fell over the piazza upon Gerrard's head, as he knelt to place a stone under his wheel. He deftly caught it in the rebound and proceeded, with a merry laugh, to replace it upon the outstretched finger of the owner. No sooner had her little white fingers touched his hand than his laughter was suddenly checked; a thrill like electricity ran through his frame, and he gazed into her eyes as though spellbound. Jessie blushed and paled under his glance, and then withdrew her hand, which she had quite forgotten to do. There was a momentary pause, seeming longer to

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both than it really was, and then she said, —

"Papa, I will go and find auntie, and see about tea, while you talk with Dr. McEwen."

She went in and passed through the parlor, stopping at the hall door, which was open. Here her search for her aunt and her solicitude for the evening meal both came to an end, for she immediately fell into a fit of abstraction, leaning absently on the door-handle. She had not stood thus long, when Dr. McEwen came round, rolling his 'cycle along by his side.

"My visit this evening must be a short one, Miss Lindsay," he said. "I have to attend a club-meeting."

Jessie started and made an effort to recover herself.

"Have you really organized a bicycle club in Glendora?" she said. "We *are* progressing, then."

"Yes; very soon that place will indeed be a desolate one where we wheelmen are not represented. Your father seems better, Miss Lindsay. Do you observe any improvement?"

"Sometimes I venture to think so," she answered, eagerly, coming down the steps and walking with him. "In a general way he is certainly better, — not so easily tired, and usually he is much more cheerful; and he says he sleeps comparatively well."

"All good signs," said Dr. McEwen, watching her earnest face with a peculiar expression.

"O, Dr. McEwen, have you any hope?" And she laid her hand beseechingly on his arm and let it rest there.

"Have I any hope?" he answered, musingly. "Ah, it is for *you* to tell *me* that! Sometimes I *have* had hope."

Jessie raised her lovely brows inquiringly. "What do you mean?" she asked; "how can I tell you? I have often thought that if my father's general health were to improve sufficiently, he might, in time, recover the use of his limbs. Have you any hope that he will ever walk again?"

A shocked, pained look passed over Gerrard McEwen's face, and he became so pale that Jessie was startled. "I beg your pardon," he said. "For one moment I — I failed to follow what you were saying. You referred to your father?"

"To papa — of course. We were speaking of him. You do not apprehend any danger?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, no. On the contrary I have some slight ground for feeling hopeful of your father's recovery, or, at least, of his partial recovery; but he must not be led to anticipate it too ardently, for the excitement of hope, alternating with the natural fear of disappointment, would frustrate the desired end. You will be discreet, and not encourage him too much?"

"Oh, I will remember! Thank you a thousand times for even a thread of hope! If it should be realized I will bless you forever! I will ascribe all our happiness to you!" She raised two soft, dewy eyes to his, and Gerrard lost his head at once. However, as he had already lost his heart, it did no harm. He threw his disengaged arm around her and drew her to his side.

"Jessie, I love you! — I love you! *Will* you indeed bless me forever? Darling, will you be my wife? Say that I may cherish that hope."

Jessie struggled slightly to regain her freedom, then surrendered at discretion.

"I will allow you the tiniest bit of hope," she whispered, with a soft, shy laugh, "in return for what you have given me."

"My love!" he cried, and bending his handsome head, he kissed her soft, glowing cheek, upon which she entirely freed herself from his encircling arm and slipped round on the other side of his bicycle.

"I am half afraid to marry a wheelman," she said, mischievously. "See, your 'cycle has already come between us! You remember Tennyson's line, which I always thought described more of your sex than the clown to whom he referred. He held his wife 'Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.' Now, if he had had a bicycle, the poet would have been compelled to add, 'And not half so well as his wheel.'"

"Not even my beloved wheel shall come between us," Gerrard protested, laughingly, and whirled it around to the other side. "But tell me, Jessie, do you really care for me a little? It is not all gratitude that I may, perhaps, have been able to benefit your father?"

Jessie stopped before they reached the gate, and said, demurely, —

"My friend, I assure you that gratitude is a good thing, and should never be despised.

"*A propos*, would you be the least bit grateful if I were to give you this flower?" And she fastened in his button-hole, with deft white fingers, a magnificent crimson rose that had nestled in the rich masses of her gold-brown hair. Then she turned and fled towards the house like a startled fawn.

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The happy Gerrard mounted his "wiry steed," and, in the most blissful of lover's reveries, wheeled "his mystic way" down through the leafy avenue, — an avenue that would have been the delight of any wheelman's heart, — all unconscious that a pair of tender, loving eyes were watching him out of sight from an upper window.

III.

JESSIE LINDSAY came downstairs in answer to the tea-bell, and took her usual place by her father's side. She was radiantly lovely, with a slight self-conscious shyness, that only added to her beauty. She was in a soft flutter of subdued happiness, which her father was not slow to notice, for she was the idol of his heart, and he understood her with the delicate intuition of a woman; he patted her hand tenderly as she laid it on his shoulder in passing, and met her glance with a sympathetic smile. Mrs. Howard, also, noted the suppressed excitement and brilliant appearance.

"Why, Jessie, dear, how well you look this evening!" she said, then turned her smiling face towards her son, expecting to find corroboration in his. Her expression changed at once to one of anxious perplexity, for Harry sat moodily gazing at his plate, and idly chasing his strawberries around with his spoon, instead of putting them to the purpose for which they were given to him. He never opened his lips during the meal, and when at last he rose from the table, leaving his cup of tea untasted, Jessie, who had been equally abstracted and just as discourteous to the dainty viands placed before her, rose also, and walked out on the piazza. Harry followed her.

"Jessie," he said, abruptly and sharply, "I must speak to you at once."

She started, and looked at him in some surprise, then laughed and said, playfully,—

"I know of no law forbidding you to do so, Harry."

"Only that you have seldom given me the chance since"—

"Since when?" she asked, quietly, regarding him with calm, steady eyes.

"I have hardly found opportunity, for weeks, to speak to you at all, and, my dear little girl, I have something of importance to say to you."

"I am willing to hear it now — even curious," she answered, indifferently; and yet there was a slight trouble in her eyes as she looked at him and remembered that of late she had been puzzled at times by his behavior towards herself.

"I want to tell you, Jessie, — only what you must know already, dear, — that I love you, and wish you to be my wife."

"*You* wish *me* to be your wife!" gasped Jessie; "*you*, my cousin, Harry Howard!" And her astonishment was so genuine that Harry did not quite know whether to be displeased, or slightly flattered.

"Yes, my wife! Surely you cannot pretend to be unaware that such was my intention?"

"*Your* intention!" cried Jessie, with rising color and flashing eyes. "And pray, sir, were my wishes upon the subject to be entirely ignored?" Harry bethought himself suddenly that his method was at fault; he drew closer to his cousin, and, taking her hand, said, softly, and with his most insinuating smile,—

"Dearest girl, your wishes are always my first consideration. But in this case I trust they coincide with mine, for it is most essential to my happiness that they should."

Jessie flashed one scornful glance at him, for she knew from experience that the first part of his speech, at least, was the reverse of the truth. She drew back, and answered coldly, "Harry, if what you have stated is really your wish, it can never be realized. If you are in earnest I thank you, and am sorry to give you pain. I cannot marry you. But, Harry, you cannot mean it, and I am stupid and silly to answer you seriously. Why, we have been brought up like brother and sister!"

"Mean it? Good heavens! I have always meant it, and you knew it! It is my mother's earnest desire, and you *must* have known that!"

"Auntie's desire!" murmured Jessie, softened at once. "Why, she never even hinted"— and then she stopped short, remembering, like a flash, how often her aunt had spoken of a possible marriage with Harry, and how she had always laughed merrily at the idea as a little bit of absurd playfulness on her aunt's part, and which she had immediately forgotten. Jessie became grave.

"Harry, I am more than grieved if I disappoint your mother in any way. Make her understand, won't you, please, that such a thing could never be?

"But *why* can it never be?" he asked, a dark glitter in his black eyes and a deep red spot burning on each pallid cheek. "You would not have refused had I spoken before Gerrard McEwen came be-

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tween us. Curse him! Pushing himself in where his absence would be much preferred! He must have seen that we were all but engaged."

"All but engaged!" repeated Jessie, angrily. "How dare you say such a thing! I would never, under any possible circumstances, have married you, I do not love you; I never have done so, nor ever could. And now you take a very good way to make me despise you." And hot, angry tears sprang to her eyes, which she hastily dashed aside.

"You care for *him*, then, — this fool on the bicycle, who thinks the world should stand still or go round for him as obediently as the idiotic machine which he rides."

Jessie turned suddenly round. She almost laughed in spite of her anger. "You may abuse Dr. McEwen's bicycle as much as you choose, if it affords you any pleasure to do so; but not a word, if you please, against its rider, because" —

"Because what? Then you *do* love him? Nay, do not take the trouble to confess it, for I saw him kiss you in the Rose Walk! I heard" —

"Stop!" cried Jessie, and the blood rushed in a crimson flood over face and throat; she stood before him with her slender figure drawn up to its full height, and eyes literally flaming with indignation and rage, struggling, too, for self-control.

"If that be so," she said, at last, "how dare you come here and speak as you have done? What possible excuse have you for speaking of marriage to me, since you must have known from what you saw that I was pledged to another? Yes, he *did* kiss me in the Rose Walk, and there I promised to be his wife, which promise I mean to keep whenever he pleases. And now, if you will be so good as to consult your own comfort, and my pleasure, you will relieve me of your society."

She walked, as she spoke, to the other end of the piazza. Howard stood looking after her for a moment, his face working with passion, then striding after her, he cried, "He shall never marry you, — I swear it! You shall never be Gerrard McEwen's wife, even though I have no hope of making you mine! I would kill him rather — or you!"

"Ah, you threaten! Brave, manly gentleman to threaten a girl, simply because — but there, leave me! Go!" and she waved him scornfully from her.

With a muttered imprecation he turned and leaped from the piazza, and disappeared behind the trees.

Jessie went straight to her room, making some excuse to her aunt, and glad to find that her father had retired to his earlier than his wont. She threw herself on her little lounge by the window, and flung it wide open, to let the cool evening breeze blow upon her fevered brow and cheeks.

"Insolent and presumptuous!" she said, aloud, given vent to her outraged feelings. "If it were not for auntie I would not bear his presence in the house for another day. Marry you, indeed, Mr. Harry Howard, — I'd sooner die!"

At that moment she heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and looking out into the moon-lit yard, she saw her cousin mount his favorite horse, take the reins from the groom, and ride away. After he had passed rapidly out of sight she still heard the sound of the horse on the firm, dry road, and knew that he had been urged to a wild galop. She became frightened and uneasy, remembering his threatening words.

"What can he mean to do? And where is he going?" she asked herself anxiously. Then she leaned forward and called the groom.

"Stephen?"

"Yes, Miss Jessie."

"Did your master say where he was going?"

"No, ma'am," the man answered, with a slight grin at what he considered a marked interest in his master's affairs. "He only said it was a fine night for a ride."

"And so it is," said Jessie, drawing in her head.

"How foolish I am, as if Gerrard could not protect himself, anyway!" But she was not at rest, and passed many wretched hours that night.

Harry Howard dashed wildly on, giving his horse the rein, — much to the delight of the noble animal, who had had no exercise during the day. He took the road leading into the town, hoping, with no well-defined purpose in his mind, that he might meet his rival on some nightly visit. He was in the mood to say some very ugly things if he should have the opportunity, and was somewhat reckless with regard to the manner in which they might be received. After a breakneck ride of a couple of miles he slackened and cantered gently on, searching the way as he went.

Suddenly, from behind, without sound or warning, Gerrard McEwen glided along

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by his side on his wheel, looking, in the bright radiance of the moonlight, like a spirit-rider on a spirit-steed.

"Good-evening, Howard! A glorious night for a ride, isn't it?" Gerrard spoke in a perfectly friendly tone, though he had been for some time aware that Harry Howard did not cherish very cordial sentiments towards himself. He partly guessed the cause, and was disposed to feel charitable towards his less fortunate rival.

Howard did not answer for some seconds, then turned, with a scowl, and said, gruffly, "The night is fine enough, Dr. McEwen." Then, with a deeper frown, "You follow me on the road; have you come from my uncle's house?"

"No, I passed it, but feared to disturb him."

"You visited my uncle earlier in the day, if I mistake not?"

Gerrard laughed, then said, a trifle maliciously, "I very often go twice a day."

"You go much too often, — that's my opinion!" said Howard, through set teeth.

"Indeed! It is just as well that it should be expressed as not," replied McEwen, good-humoredly. "However, I have no reason to believe that it is held by any one beside yourself."

"If not, it should be," exclaimed Harry Howard, rashly. "Your too frequent visits to my uncle, who needs no such excessive medical attention, are the cause of country-gossip, in which my cousin's name is not left out."

"And what of that?" cried Dr. McEwen, with his gray eyes glittering like steel. "There is but one construction to be put upon my 'attention,' as you term it, at Mr. Lindsay's house. I sought his daughter's hand in marriage — aye, and I have won it, too! Your cousin is my betrothed wife, by her own promise, and I anticipate no dissent from her father. Is it also necessary to procure your consent? I was not aware of it. Have you any serious objection to offer? But, stay! Excuse me if I do not remain to hear it. I am not a quarrelsome man, Mr. Howard; but I have got rather a peppery temper when roused. Good-night!"

And, before Harry Howard clearly realized his last words, he had sped on before him. With a muttered exclamation, which was better unheard, the infuriated young man goaded his horse and sent him flying after the bicycle. Upon hearing him approach, Gerrard slackened until he came up with him.

"Mr. Howard, spare your horse, I beg. You stand no chance, as you know, and I am bound to hasten, for I am over time for an important case."

"By what right do you dictate to me?" cried Howard, dashing past. "My horse is my affair, not yours." And then there was a race between horse and 'cycle, which would certainly have been cruel to the beast had not Gerrard wheeled along at a moderate rate.

"Headstrong simpleton! Working his horse without aim or reason. It all comes of his being jealous as a Turk. Well, poor chap, it's not calculated to sweeten the temper, and I can afford to be generous."

He turned and looked back at Howard, and caught a gleam of triumph in his eye that caused him to seek a reason. He found it in a high fence just a little ahead.

"Ah, this was not up when last I rode this way. He thinks he has me now, and so, indeed, he has; but what is that? Surely I see a space. Yes, a couple of boards left out for some reason. Well, Mr. Howard, you shall not have things your own way, after all."

But Harry saw nothing but the fence, which he supposed must be an insurmountable barrier to the bicycle, while his magnificent horse could take it like a bird. On they went, Harry steadying and encouraging the spirited creature, and Gerrard wheeling swiftly along. Through the space in the fence he glided like a fairy thing, and was some distance away on the other side before he glanced back; then, hearing no tramp behind him, he turned his wheel. He saw at once that an accident had happened to Harry Howard and his horse. He returned to the spot and dismounted, resting his 'cycle against a tree. Howard was still lying on the ground where he had been thrown.

"Are you hurt, Howard?" Gerrard asked, bending over him.

At the sound of his voice the young man sprang to his feet. "Hurt? No — yes! What matters it whether I am hurt or not, to *you?* You are the cause of all my trouble. First, you win from me the girl who would have been my wife, and then you are the means of killing my magnificent beast yonder."

"There is about as much truth in one statement as in the other probably," said Dr. McEwen, sternly; "and they are both utterly false."

"What, you give me the lie! Your cool arrogance is more than I can bear!" and,

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with a swift, sudden movement, Harry Howard drew from his breast-pocket a pistol and aimed it, with evident and immediate intention, at McEwen's heart. With one calm, deft, quick movement, the latter grasped his wrist and wrenched it from his hand.

"For shame, Howard!" he said, scornfully. "I gave you credit for more manliness, if not more sense. See, I will put your weapon to a better purpose;" and, going over to where the poor horse lay dying in agony, Gerrard stooped, and, pausing one moment to pat the gentle creature in response to an eloquent look from the dying eyes, he put the pistol to its head and released it from pain. Then, seeing that his companion was unhurt, save, perhaps, for a few bruises, he quietly took possession of the pistol, and, remarking that Mr. Howard could have it whenever he chose to send for it, he mounted his uninjured steed and continued his way home.

Next day Jessie Lindsay learned of the death of her cousin's horse; how, in jumping a fence he had carried with him the upper beam, which had been insecurely fastened, and fallen, breaking both forelegs, and suffering other injuries. The particulars of the accident she could not learn, for her cousin left home the same day for an indefinite period, and she was not aware of Gerrard's knowledge of the affair. She may have her curiosity satisfied very soon, though, for it is said that young wives have the art of finding out their husbands' secrets, and she is to be Dr. McEwen's wife in a few weeks, and Gerrard is not at all the kind of man who could circumvent a woman's curiosity.

Belle Campbell.

THROUGH THE DEBATABLE GROUND ON A BICYCLE.

If the worthy secretary of the Cortlandt Wheelmen will not think a junior member is presumptuous, I will endeavor to give a description of a most enjoyable run that — we are sorry to say — the club did not take, as only four appeared at the scene of action when the roll was called. We will risk all comments from the above source, as the gentleman in question can prove an *alibi* by those present. The Cortlandt Wheelmen, as all the 'cycling fraternity who have studied the locality of each organization know, has its head-quarters at Peekskill, N.Y., and takes its name from the town wherein its members reside. Dame Nature, seemingly, has shown a very perturbed state of mind, in some period of the world's transformation, hereabouts, and, becoming so much ruffled, she has never subsided to any degree of smoothness; and, in consequence, the *terra firma* is mountainous and hilly, and our progenitors, not ever dreaming that a thing like unto a bicycle would ever be ridden by man, surveyed and built the highways over hills and dales, caring little either for steed or pedestrian. I am not digressing, but endeavoring to explain why we did not mount our bicycles, and spin towards our journey's end without first taking a steamboat to a neighboring village twenty miles distant. Our roads are as ill-adapted for long runs as the Atlantic Ocean is for a shell boat. Upon the morning of this eventful day, three wheelmen boarded the steamer "Chrystenah," at the village already named.

Four miles below, at another landing, one solitary wheelman awaited their coming. All aboard, a fine day, and the prospective ride glowing in the distance with innumerable anticipations, our fellow-passengers, one after another, stopped and gave us word of good cheer, — among them one who pretended to be a perfect encyclopædia on bicycling knowledge. He said he hailed from Albany. When asked what kind of a machine he rode, he said it was an Expert, but an old one, and did not amount to much, and he intended to purchase a new one. When asked whether he would get a Standard, Special, or Expert next, he said he did not know, but thought it would be a Pope. Sly winks were exchanged, and we each were able accurately to judge as to his intelligence on the subject in question.

From Tarrytown to New York City, a distance of twenty-seven miles, was the route settled upon. Not landing at the wharf, we met the ferry-boat "Tappanzee" in the middle of the river. Transferring our machines, we expected soon to be in the saddle, with our faces toward Gotham. Halloo! what is this? We are going in an opposite direction, and soon are on the

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side of the river just contrary to our desire. But Nyack has good streets, and a half-hour run is taken before the ferry-man steers his craft towards the place that invites a tarry. Having miles to conquer before dining, we mount, and soon are — well, two of our number are on the ground. Why is it? Can some local historian explain why fate decreed that all the beautiful villages of the Rhine of America are situated in bays, where the water is shallow and the main street rises from the river by a steep ascent to the village proper? This is the case at this place. And here it was, on a steep grade, the representatives of the Cortlandt Wheelmen made their bow. Some way the hill was too much for them, and their wheels became entangled; and, if the salutation was not graceful, it certainly was very impressive.

We did not mount again until the heights were gained, and then soon found ourselves jogging along at a ten-mile-an-hour gait. "Oh, what roads!" "Isn't this gallus?" "Just as hard as a floor!" were the exclamations heard. What coasting! On this occasion every one was exhilarated to the utmost as we spun through the debatable ground made classic by an Irving and a Cooper, through their world-renowned writings. This section of the country gained this title during the Revolutionary War, when the British held possession of New York City. The American line being among the Highlands, the intervening land was the debatable tract, subject to be harried by friend and foe, like the Scottish borders of yore. Our thoughts strayed backward to the time when those stories of haunted houses, witches, and the wonderful tale of the Headless Horseman, used to be unfolded to the visionary minds that encircled the crackling hearthstone fire of Wolfert's Roost. What would have been their astonishment if they had beheld us astride of a steed without a head! Great changes have taken place. Now handsome villas and palatial residences are on all sides. The millionnaire Gould, and the ambitious statesman, Samuel J. Tilden's, fine places of residence are passed. The surroundings are such that we can with the poet say, —

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that waves before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky."

On we speed. All are too much taken up to dismount for refreshments. The eldest member of our Association, who we will surname Ben, gives the boys good advice, and says, after a careful study of the question, he has come to the conclusion that one drink, at one dismount, is all the circumstances will allow. Ben was not with us. And, as the bicycle is an acknowledged promoter of the temperance cause, no one will be suspicious, if dismounts were made, that any other than refrigerating draughts were indulged in.

Yonkers was soon reached. Having registered at the Getty House, were informed dinner would be ready in an hour. This soon passed in social intercourse with members of other clubs, — the New York Bicycle Club, and one from Mount Vernon.

Dinner over, a quiet smoke, and, after grooming our steeds once again, we were soon whirling towards our destination, eighteen miles without stop; splendid roads, good company, soon decreased the number of miles. Soon we were coasting the hill near Kingbridge, when we heard our rear man call out, "Let me go by; my brake is broken." We gave him room down the steep grade. With lightning speed he went, not left half-way on the hill, but safely through. He will have a remembrance of this ride that will never be extinguished. Saint Nicholas avenue is reached. On, on we go. A sidewalk wit called out, "Where are you going?" Is quickly answered, "Going off; don't you want to go along?" This repartee is returned: "No, not with a crank." Wonder of the riders: What does the fellow mean? No time for an explanation. The suburbs of the city are reached, and we are gliding on the outskirts of the Bicycle Modern Debatable Ground, — the Central Park. Although wheelmen are as yet excluded, the temptation on this occasion was great. Seeing the splendid drives our foremost rider says, "Suppose we try our luck? Keep your eyes out for cops." We headed our machines for an entrance, and right in our pathway stood one of those gray-apparelled individuals that upholds the majesty of the law. Suffice it to say we did not venture farther. Down Fifth avenue; past the marble cathedral and the palaces of the Vanderbilts; over the rough stone pavement, until the Grand Central Depot was reached; supper at the Grand Union Hotel; home by cars; all delighted. Other members, chagrined because they were not of the party; other rides, yet to come; and other riders, we hope, will swell the number; but this, the maiden run, was one that will endure in the memories of its participants.

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"FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend." So runs the proverb, which I must point to in explanation of my singular conduct in adhering loyally for four seasons to the fortunes of "Number 234." It is only an old-fashioned little 46-incher, with cone-bearings and big pedals. There is nothing about its general appearance to hinder the casual examiner from sneering at it as "no great shakes of a bicycle"; but yet it gave me the greatest shake of my lifetime, the very first day I mounted it, and it has since been pushed by me over a greater stretch of American soil than any other wheel known to the records of bicycling. Men of more massive physique than mine have had their bones broken, and broken more thoroughly than mine were, by the kicking of the steely steed; men of longer purses than mine have emptied them more lavishly in the purchase of their mounts; but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I am the only American bicycler whose very first ride (completed in less than a minute of time and covering less than a rod of space) cost so great a sum of money as $234. Half of that amount was paid for the machine itself, and the other half went to the surgical machinists, who successfully mended my broken elbow; but I do not think I ought to be branded as a monument of duplicity if, in my more weary and deceitful moments, when questioned as to whether the "234" stamped on the cranks of my vehicle does not represent the number of dollars paid for the same, I use "Yes" as my easiest answer. It is evident, however, that no man — not even a man who earns his livelihood by newspaper writing — can ever be rich enough to pay that rate per minute for his fun, or that rate per rod for his travelling. Hence, in order to "bring down the average" to a point where the expense of riding might seem less absurdly disproportionate to my income, I have felt in duty bound to drive "Number 234," and none other, until now, at the end of my fourth season, I find that that original very costly rod of transportation on the 29th of May, 1879, has been expanded into more than 6,000 miles of riding, whereof the average cost per rod has been very slight. In order still further to reduce this average I shall postpone all notion of buying a new wheel for at least two seasons more, or until I have run the record of my old one up to 10,000 miles. Perhaps by that time I shall have become so firmly wedded to my first love that nothing but death can separate us; perhaps by that time all the blandishments of "the newer and better" will have no other effect than to make me cry out defiantly, in the words of *Puck's* professional poet, —

> "Nay! I'll cling to thee, old bicycle,
> Till thy round red rubber tires
> Pound to rags, and till to toothpicks
> Split thy tremulous steel wires!"

The chief object of the present article, however, is to describe the manner in which the tires, spokes, and other component parts of "Number 234," have stood the pounding I have subjected them to in driving it 6,175 miles, during the four seasons past. My tours, as outlined in last month's WHEELMAN, have extended into fifteen States and embraced 2,600 distinct miles of American roads; and I assume that no other bicycle than mine has yet made anything like as extensive a trial of them; but I may as well confess at the outset that, though I am as regards ancestry a thoroughbred Yankee from Yankeeville, I have somehow failed to inherit the aptitude and ingenuity popularly accredited to the race in respect to things mechanical.

To me such things are an abiding and oppressive mystery; to me the comparisons of "points" and the discussions about minute details of manufacture are apt to be wearisome, if not incomprehensible; to me a bicycle is a bicycle, and I am so much pleased at contemplating the superiority of this sort of vehicle over other vehicles, that I have no disposition to examine into the possible superiority of one variety of it over another variety. Hence, in spite of my great experience as a road-rider, my opinion as to the mechanical merits of "Number 234" cannot properly be considered that of an expert; cannot properly be accepted as decisive, or even weighty. I certainly think that my wheel is a very good one, and I certainly think that the story I have to tell about the way it has stood the strain put upon it is a story which ought to convince the most sceptical that "the bicycle is not an expensive and easily-spoiled toy, but rather a cheap and durable carriage for

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general usage on the road." At the same time, if I had chanced to purchase some other make than a Columbia, I presume that I should have stuck to it just as persistently, and given it just as thorough a trial; and, for aught I know or suspect, the result might have been just as satisfactory, or even more satisfactory. In other words, my facts are presented for what they are worth, in showing how the bicycle in general resists hard usage. They are not presented to show that one particular make is better than all others, or that my own individual "Number 234" is the best of all.

I had ridden 234 miles, on twenty different days, during which my machine had had a good many tumbles, before I asked any one to adjust its bearings, or otherwise repair it. Happening, then, to be at the Popes' office, in Boston, I indulged in 75 cents' worth of improvements, which included straightening the cranks, and cementing the loosened end of the splice of the small tire. As spectators always kindly drew my attention to this "cut," by poking it with their canes or fingers, the end soon worked loose again, and remained so until I secured new tires, a year later, though it never caused me any real trouble. Thirty-three more rides, and 673 more miles of riding, brought me to the meet at Newport, with pedals and bearings all so loose and rattling as to excite the surprise and pity of the first experienced riders I got into conversation with. They quickly "tightened me up," and instructed me how to adjust the various cones and cams; but until this time I believe I had never meddled with a single nut or screw belonging to my bicycle, except in moving back the saddle. At Stratford, on the previous November, however, I helped a blacksmith pull into shape a very badly bent crank (at the same time, as I suspect, pulling the axle a trifle out of shape); and, on returning from the Newport meet, my handle-bar got a severe twist, which my companions were able promptly to rectify. Perhaps, though, it was a result of this twist that, on the occasion of the next severe fall, at Washington, nine months later, with 1,350 more miles on my record, the right handle broke square off, and a new bar had to be secured. The part of my machine which first broke, however, was the spring, which cracked in two on the 23d August, 1880 (when my record of miles was 1,480, and my number of riding days was eighty-two), though the fracture did not loosen the saddle or prevent my wheeling homeward in safety. In fact, though the jarring and jolting seemed rather greater than usual, I probably should not have detected the crack in the spring at all had I not uncovered it in preparing to attach, for trial, a new "suspension saddle." I had bought this, not because my old block-mounted saddle was a bad fit, or in any way uncomfortable, but because I had read and heard so much about the superiority of this new variety, that I thought, being on the eve of departure on a tour of 500 miles, that I "must have the best." As the breaking of the spring prevented this preliminary trial of the new saddle, I tried it, for the first time, when I began my tour, and discovered before riding ten miles that it was far less comfortable than the old one. Nevertheless, I had to ride it 100 miles further, before I could get back the old one, which I immediately ordered sent to me; and I have made no further attempts at change. As that original saddle is now completely worn out at the edges, however, I propose to begin my fifth season with a new one of the "long-distance" variety.

I sent the machine to its birthplace in Hartford to have the broken spring replaced; and, as the pedals had become unduly worn, because of my using them for the first 900 miles without making any adjustment, I had them replaced by new ones; and I also ordered new tires, because, though they had always stuck tight to the rims, and were not perceptibly worn, the front one had received a deep cut straight across it, and I did not wish, at the outset of a long journey, to take the chance of its coming completely apart. For these renewals, and a general tightening up of the parts, I paid $15; and at the same place, three months before, I had paid $1.80 for other small repairs, which included new oil-cups and new cones for the rear axle. I may as well say here that I have driven my second set of tires 4,700 miles, and that I think at least another 1,000 miles will be required to really "pound them to rags." The splice in the big tire worked loose in this second set, just as the splice in the little one worked loose in the first, though not until I had driven it some 2,500 miles, or more than ten times as far as in the first case. After two or three unsatisfactory experiments with cement, I had the loose end of the splice sewed down with fine wire; and this improvement lasted for 500 miles, or until the tip of the splice broke off. Then, at Chicago, I had a part of the tire turned, so as to bring the good

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part of the splice outside. Three days later, with another 100 miles on my record, a wheelman in Kentucky drew attention to the looseness of another section of my tire, and kindly cemented it on for me. At the end of my Kentucky trip, when I had run 3,400 miles on this set of tires, I had them taken off and turned, so that my last 1,300 miles on them have been run with the original rim-sides outward. In saying this, I assume that when the tires were taken off, in January, 1881 (after 780 miles' service), in order to allow the rims to be nickelled, they were replaced as they stood originally. It appears from this statement, which is an exhaustive one, down to the very smallest facts of the case, that in all my thousands of miles of touring I have never had any serious trouble with my tires. They have never dropped off, or even worked loose to such a degree as to interfere at all with my riding, and I have never, personally, doctored them with a bit of cement.

The first serious break in my machine occurred on the 20th of January, 1881, when I was making my first trial of it in the snow, among the sleigh-riders on Sixth avenue, above Central Park, — the record then being 2,222 miles. The air was not particularly cold or frosty, the riding was reasonably smooth, and I had not been subjected to any serious jolts; but somehow, as I was jogging along a perfectly level stretch of the roadway, at a tolerably brisk pace, the front wheel gave a sudden lurch forward, and I found myself standing upright and still holding upright the front half of the machine, while the backbone and rear wheel lay prostrate in the snow. The upright part, which I think is called the neck, had broken off in the thread of the screw, just below the lock-nut. I paid a New York agency $5 to have it welded together again, and $20 more to have the whole machine newly nickelled in every part. Deep grief had oppressed me from the very outset of its career, because, though the contract said "full nickelled," the rims were painted. Hence, when I next met my replated "Number 234," and saw how bravely it glistened along the rims, my joy was great. But disgust quickly followed when I observed that, in the process of polishing the same, the spokes, at the points of juncture, had been cut nearly half through. My fear that after this weakening they would snap at the first severe strain has not been justified by actual trial, for only two of them have ever broken. One spoke in the rear wheel broke at the time of a severe fall, May 1, 1882, at Bloomfield, when the record stood at 4,285 miles; one spoke in the front wheel broke on a smooth path, at Chicopee, Dec. 30, 1882, when the record had reached 6,140 miles. Both these wires snapped at the points where they had been cut in polishing. I may add here, that none of my spokes have ever got loose enough to rattle, and that I have never had any of them tightened except when visiting a machine-shop for more important repairs. On a very few occasions I have screwed up some loosened lock-nuts, without affecting the spokes or nipples, and once, when a nipple broke off without loosening the wire, I pegged it in place to prevent rattling. The little bar, or rivet, which attaches the joint of the spring to the cylindrical plate sliding along the backbone, rattled out once, in Sept., 1880, when I was touring in Western New York; but a postal card sent to the manufactory caused a new rivet to reach me within three days, and a nail served as a satisfactory substitute during that interval.

"Number 234" was disabled for the second time on the 8th of June, 1881, when 2,993 miles had been traversed. As I dismounted for dinner at the hotel in Bernardston, after riding twenty miles, whereof the last three or four had been made without stop, a lounger drew my attention to an appearance of "something wrong" under the saddle; and I then discovered that the under side of the shell of the backbone had cracked open, at a distance of about six inches from the head, though the solid metal beneath prevented a complete break. I did not venture another mount, however, but trundled the cripple to the adjoining railroad station, and, next day, to the manufactory in Hartford. A new backbone was now put in, of somewhat different shape from the original, and the step was attached to it by two short screws, instead of by the old device of a bolt and nut. The change did not commend itself to my approval, however, for in touring along the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, four months later, the screws, after about 900 miles' service, persisted in working loose, until I lost one of them. Then I carefully bound cloth around the step to prevent the other one from rattling out. But it did, and I felt desperate, for I could not mount again without a screw to fasten the step on with, and I was "forty miles from any town." As I knew the loss had happened within a quarter of a mile, however, I scoured the tow-path for that distance, until, at last, I

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was rewarded by the glisten of the little speck of nickel in the sand, — though its recovery would seem hardly more likely, on general principles, than that of the traditional needle in the hay-mow. My second set of step-screws have not yet shown any signs of looseness in travelling some 2,200 miles. The screw at the top of my handle-bar broke off, however, last November, and I think that both it and the screw at the side of the same bar were put in as substitutes for the original ones, which were loose.

The third great calamity to my bicycle happened just a year after the second one, and was in character a repetition of the first. On the 9th of June, 1882, as I was just about finishing a ride of 340 miles among the hills of Kentucky, being some two miles from Maysville, on the Ohio river, where I intended to cross into the State of that name, and journey through it for another week, or until I reached Lake Erie, I noticed an unaccountable stiffening of the mechanism, which "refused to obey the helm." Careful examination finally showed me that the neck had been cracked through just below the lock-nut, though the adjustment was so tight that the parts did not fall away from each other, as in the similar break of January 20, 1881. It will be remembered that the neck then had a record of 2,222 miles; and between that break and this second one the record was 2,650 miles. I am told that the manufacturers, being convinced that this screw-threading on the neck is necessarily a source of weakness, long ago abandoned the production of necks of that pattern; but, as they attempted the introduction of no new device in welding "234's" together again, I suppose that, at some point between the 2,000th and 3,000th mile after this second mending, I may reasonably expect that the neck will break a third time. I can only hope, in such case, that my own neck may not get broken too! At the same time with this second mending of the neck, new bearings were attached to the fork, and it, together with the backbone, was newly nickelled. The lower bearings of the front wheel were also renewed; a new axle, new hubs, and new cranks were added thereto, and a new axle and new cones to the rear wheel; a filling was ingeniously inserted to reduce the size of the socket in which the pivot of the neck had been playing for 4,872 miles; and a special side-spring was attached to hold up the brake, as a substitute for the unsatisfactory rubber-bands previously employed. I may here add that considerable annoyance had been given me, at one time or another, by the jarring out of the brake-screws, and on the occasion of a certain tumble the loosened brake itself got knocked out; but for the last 1,300 miles the brake-screws have kept perfectly tight.

I think that the first time one of my cranks worked loose was on the 5th of August, 1881 (record, 3,000 miles), as a result of letting the machine fall heavily, and then letting myself fall heavily upon it. A few blows of the hammer put the crank right again, and the trouble has never been renewed. That same date was, I believe, the last of three or four occasions on which I have caused the two wheels to "interfere"; and my remedy in such cases has been to pull the backbone away from the fork by main strength, which strength some friendly spectator has helped me to apply. Less than 900 miles of riding sufficed to wear loose the second set of bearings on my front wheel, and I learned, at the manufactory, that the "shoulders" of the concave cones needed to be filed down in order to have them "take hold" again, in obedience to the tightening of the cams. I know, too, from my experience with the first set of bearings, that after there has been much filing, the cams themselves will fail to "take hold" unless little braces of iron are inserted between them and the cones. I paid a Yonkers blacksmith half a dollar for a half-hour's work in making me a rude pair of such braces, in August, 1880, when my record was 1,450 miles. I believe my record was 5,580 miles before I broke my first cam-bolt, by screwing it up too tightly, though I twisted off the head of a second one within less than 400 miles afterwards. Thus the pair of extra bolts I had carried so long were utilized at last.

A summary of the parts renewed, as described in the foregoing history of "Number 234," includes handle-bar, spring, backbone, step, pedals, cranks, hubs, axles and cones of both wheels, tires, bearings of fork, neck and socket of neck-pivot, oil-cups, spring-bolt, pair of cam-bolts, cam-braces, screws of step and brake, one long spoke and one short spoke. The total cost of these repairs was $43.65, to which should be added $20 for nickel-plating. The McKee & Harrington suspension saddle, which proved useless, cost $3.50; Pope cyclometer, $7; handy English tool-bag, $3; Lamson's luggage-carriers, $1.50; oil, $1.25; padlock and chain, pair

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of pocket oil-cans, monkey-wrench, three drinking-cups, rubber money-pouches, rubber cloth and bands, cement, sheet and chamois skins, cost altogether $5.25, making a total for "extras" of $21.50.

As regards the great subject of "clothes," the bicycle seems a most admirable instrument for getting the final service out of garments which have passed their first youth, and which, except for it, would be laid aside until sufficiently moth-eaten and antiquated to deserve "giving away to the poor." It is a sort of wheel which grinds up with equal relish the black doeskin trousers of the winter ball-room and the white-flannels of the summer hotel piazza, — concealing with equal charity the champagne stains of the one and the ice-cream smears of the other. I find, however, that, in addition to the numerous suits of "old clothes" which I have reduced to rags in the saddle, I have expended for distinctively bicycling habiliments the sum of $66, as follows: riding costume (green velveteen jacket, hat and cap, corduroy breeches and silk stockings), $29.50; seven white flannel shirts, $22.50; two pairs of white flannel knee-breeches, $6.50; six pairs of riding gloves, $5.50.

The cost of transporting the machine in its crate for 1,600 miles, on a half-dozen different occasions, has been $7.38. The fees given to baggage-men, with whom I and my wheel have ridden 5,535 miles, together with a few tolls and minor taxes, have amounted to $9. Express charges on baggage while touring have reached a similar sum; and I have paid $3 for rent of hired machines, and as much more for entrance tickets to races and the like. The sum total of all these figures is $181.53, which represents the direct cost of my four seasons' sport in addition to the $234 paid for my first mount on "Number 234." I explained in last month's article how I had been carried with my wheel 4,474 miles on land, 1,061 miles on water; and I should have said then that the distances I have travelled on account of it when not with it amount to 2,000 miles, mostly on land. If three cents be adopted as the probable average price paid per mile for the transportation of myself through this entire distance of 7,535 miles, the sum of $226 is obtained as the indirect expense of indulging in 6,175 miles of bicycling. That assumed "mileage" may be a little in advance of the true one, but as the cost of my personal subsistence while travelling must needs have been somewhat in advance of what its cost would have been had I stayed at home, the sum specified as a probable estimate of "indirect expenses" certainly cannot be greater than the true one. A combination of all these figures shows $641 expended during four years in travelling 13,710 miles. Of this exhibit I will simply say that I only wish I could always be sure of getting as much fun for my money; for no economist, in counting up the cost of his pleasuring, was ever better satisfied with the result than I am now, — unless, perhaps, I except the Arkansaw Traveller.

Karl Kron.

AN EPISTLE.

DEAR COUSIN LOUISE: —
I confess to neglecting
Your note under date of July; but reflecting
On all I've performed, and on all I'm projecting,
It's a wonder to me I've no bee in my bonnet,
And am still *compos mentis* to comment upon it.
Now, *what* do you think? I am going to marry!
The photo. I send you with this is my Harry.
He's *awfully* handsome! I'm sure, my dear Coz,
You'll like him immensely, as every one does.
He's so noble and brave, and so splendidly muscled,
He reminds me of those clever fellows who tussled
In Rome, don't you know? with such doughty demeanors
In th' What-do-you-call'-em? Oh, yes, the arenas.
Of course you are dying to know how we met:
Ah! Lu, it's a thing I can never forget;
So romantic — so — well, I've no leisure for gushing,
I expect him at three, and the moments are rushing,

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So judge for yourself. I am sure you remember
The pony I teased from papa in December,
And the cart he bestowed without asking, — the dear!
On condition I'd try not to flirt for a year? —
Well, while driving along on the 4th of July,
A contemptible, mischievous urchin let fly
A cracker. I instantly evil foreboded.
It sizzled a second, then stopped, then exploded.
The pony, with ears pricking forward in fright,
Stood trembling a moment — next danced to the right —
Then away went his heels — crack! the whiffletree parted,
And, with teeth clutching bit, Deuteronomy started.
Well, I yanked and I pulled till I thought I should drop,
I forgot to say Whoa! so I shouted out "Stop!"
Which of course showed the wretch I was out of my senses,
And away we went flying by trees and by fences.
And away went my beautiful Gainsborough hat, —
Forty dollars, my dear, — but I didn't mind that,
For the brute at each step was now galloping bolder,
As if bent upon jerking my arms from the shoulder.
On a sudden he turned down the road to the river.
It's impossible, Lu, to describe the cold shiver
That ran over my back. I was *thoroughly* scared,
For the bridge at the channel was being repaired.
I remembered a gap at the draw, and despaired.
I endeavored to fancy myself an Elaine
Floating sweetly along on the tide, but in vain:
I could only see eels, and such horrible creatures,
Making nibbling attacks on my classical features;
So dropping the reins — and I might have done rasher —
And bracing my feet at the foot of the dasher,
I fast to the sides of the village cart held,
And did as most any weak woman would — yelled.
"*Do be still*," said a voice, and my heart gave a bound,
It was close to my ear, yet I heard not a sound,
And, not daring to turn, I was left in the dark
As to who had expressed such a silly remark.
Now, imagine, dear Coz., if you'd have your teeth chatter,
Deuteronomy's feet on the bridge in a clatter,
The whip, and the blanket, and half of the load
(The wrong half, you know), lying back on the road,
And a sheet of dark, swift-running water before,
Looking black as a grave through the hole in the draw.
I was griping the sides with the grip of a vise,
And so cold, oh, so cold, like a figure of ice,
While King Terror was thumping big thumps on my heart,
When a man on a bicycle dashed by the cart.
It was done like a flash. With a shout and a leap
He had captured the horse, and we lay in a heap.
I was up on my feet in an instant, unhurt.
Such a sight as I saw! In the *débris* and dirt
Lay the pony, quite still, as if glad of the rest,
But, alas! with a hoof on the gentleman's breast.
He was pale as a ghost, with a bruise on his brow
(It's the gentleman, Lu, I am speaking of now).
In a jiffy I had the poor fellow extracted.
There was blood on his lips; I was nearly distracted,
And cried, like a goose, "He is dead! He is dead!"
He struggled for breath — he had heard what I said —
"Not quite, Mistress Gilpin"; then down flopped his head.

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Did you *ever* hear anything *quite* so provoking?
First to struggle for breath, then to waste it in joking.
I was *utterly* helpless, so sat there and trembled
Till the usual number of farm folk assembled.
Of the slow journey home let me skip the details:
How they carried him back on a litter of rails,
And how it took cooky, the coachman, and groom
To get him ensconced in our pretty spare room.
He'd received quite a shock, Dr. Simonson said,
A contusion, or something like that, on the head,
And a blood-vessel ruptured. Oh, dear, such a week!
He was out of his senses; did nothing but speak
Of runaway teams and his racing behind,
Till I was convinced when he *did* get his mind
The very first word that he'd utter would be
The fondest of queries, Louise — after me.
Then conjecture how rudely my feelings were dashed
When he simply remarked: "Was the bicycle smashed?"
It was, all to bits, but Papa got another,
A Semi-Pope-Harvard, or something or other,
And would you believe it, one, too, for himself.
Yes, Dixie, his trotter, is quite on the shelf;
Just stamps in his stall, and does nothing but squeal,
While Pa is enjoying himself on the wheel.
It is funny, Louise (this I ought not to mention),
He at one time declared 'em the devil's invention.
Such a radical change! But the thing the most rich is
To behold his extremities rigged in knee-breeches.
It's just striking three, and I hear Harry's whistle,
Which means I must close this protracted epistle.
I thought to be able to tell ere I stopped
The horrible manner in which Harry popped;
Just blurted it out without preface or warning.
(I made him propose, as he should, in the morning,
Just as Algernon Mandeville did in the book,
On his knees, don't you know? with an agonized look.)
He's so void of romance; I was dreadfully vexed;
But I'll give you the whole, word for word, in my next.
Let me close then, Louise, with a hug and a kiss.
I expect to receive a long answer to this.
Good-by. Love to all. Write as soon as you can.

Your own
loving cousin,
WINONA BEVAN.

P.S. —

Harry told me to-day he had bought me a "trike."
Being perfectly ignorant what it was like,
I blushed, for he said 'twas intended for two;
I thought of a cradle at once, wouldn't you?
It's a tricycle, dear. Please omit the above
If you read this aloud. With my kisses and love
I bid you, dear cousin, a second farewell.
My *trousseau* is just too-too-utterly swell,
And some of my presents are gorgeous to see.

Yours truly and lovingly — W. B.

S. Conant Foster.

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A BICYCLE PILGRIMAGE TO TWO SHRINES.[1]

On a cloudy Friday morning, the last day of September, 1881, I left Watertown, Mass., and, facing an easterly wind which was sweeping in from the sea, started for the famous Mt. Auburn cemetery.

I confess, with no shame, a propensity for visiting quiet rural cemeteries. Truths can there be felt which make but slight impression amid the din and stir of active life. I there perceive, as nowhere else, that Death confines his ravages to no single class, for there is buried, not alone the corpse of the man and the woman who attained venerable age; but, also, I look upon the sepulchre of the mature and strong, who laid them down to die with hands full of unfinished plans and tasks. There, too, is the tomb of the young man and the young woman, who looked out upon life with bright hopes and expectant hearts; but they went suddenly to the grave, in whose gloom those bright hopes were extinguished, and the bridal robe became the burial shroud. There, too, are scattered here and there those little mounds which suggest so sadly the premature close of a life over whose beginning there was so much joy.

There, too, my heart grows sick as I see with what tenacity of purpose and all-absorbing ardor we give ourselves to objects over which our spirits, in another world, can take no pleasure; and I there think, as nowhere else, how few are the objects which can worthily claim every power of a rational soul; and the old answer, as to the chief aim of man's life on earth, seems a truth more enduring than the solid marbles I see around. "What is the chief end of man?"—"To glorify God, and enjoy him forever."

In the quiet of a rural cemetery we can, as nowhere else, think of the noble deeds, the self-sacrifice, the devotion to truth and conscience of the illustrious dead. There is awakened in us an enthusiasm for virtue, and a desire to emulate the example of those who have passed into the invisible,—whether as patriots, as reformers, or as Christians.

No, a cemetery is not altogether a place for ghastly thoughts, nor only a sanctuary for private grief to resign itself to sorrow; it is also a place where the stranger and traveller may cultivate reverence and high purpose, consecration to God, and devotion to his fellow-men.

Judge Story has written some beautiful reflections upon visiting a rural cemetery. "A rural cemetery," he says, "seems to combine in itself all the objects which can be proposed to gratify human feelings or tranquillize human fears; to secure the best religious influences, and to cherish all those associations which cast a cheerful light over the darkness of the grave."

These thoughts were most probably started by visiting Mt. Auburn, for farther on he speaks of the "winding Charles," near by, "with its rippling current, like the stream of time, hastening to the ocean of eternity." He sees, "in the distance, the city, . . . the walls of our venerable University rise before us; in other directions the cultivated farm, the neat cottage, the village church, the sparkling lake, the rich valley and the distant hills." "We stand," says he, "as it were, upon the borders of two worlds; and as the mood of our mind may be, we may gather lessons of profound wisdom by contrasting the one with the other, or indulge in dreams of hope and ambition, or solace our hearts by melancholy meditations."

Within an hour after leaving the hotel at Watertown, on the Friday above-mentioned, I drew up at the entrance to the celebrated cemetery. My object was to visit the tomb of Judge Story's famous pupil, the noted Senator of Massachusetts, Charles Sumner. Inquiring of the superintendent of the grounds the way, I sauntered leisurely through the city of the dead. The paths in Mt. Auburn are named from flowers, while the avenues, with one exception (Central), are named from trees. Very near where the Arethusa path is entered from Walnut avenue is the Sumner lot. Arethusa path is so named from that most charming of all June wild flowers (*A. bulbosa*) to be found in all New England. The writer cannot well resist the temptation of recalling the delight he experienced when botanizing, some years ago, he discovered this modest flower, and identified it. In my walk through the cemetery I wound in and out amid scenes of artistic beauty, the sombre

[1] This itinerary was prepared, in part, from the notes of a Sabbath-evening address. This will explain the occasional departure from a style more suitable to a magazine article.

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suggestions of the place now relieved by a change in the weather, for the wind no longer swept in from the sea, bringing mist and rain. The clouds had parted, and Notus, favorable to us, ruled the air; the sun shone down upon fading flowers and the pomps of autumnal decay, and after a long but varied walk I stood before the small unenclosed space which constitutes the Sumner lot, which is overshadowed by the widespread branches of one of our native trees. The graves of the father, Charles Pinckney Sumner, and the mother, Relief Sumner, are here; also their children, Charles and his twin sister, Matilda; George, Jane, and Mary. But we are informed they are not all here. Two, Albert and Horace, were lost at sea, their bodies not being recovered. "Henry died in New Jersey, and was buried there by his widow, who survived him; while the last resting-place of Julia, the late Mrs. Hastings, of California, is on the far-off Pacific coast. Thus the graves of this matchless household

—— 'are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea.'"

It was the grave of but one of this family I had come to visit. On reaching the lot my eyes rested upon the inscription, "Charles Sumner"; the whole severely simple, — if I may venture the phrase, — and something also of classic elegance suggested to the beholder. But not long did the things I saw as I stood there impress my memory, for my mind went back nine years before. I recalled a morning spent in the gallery of the Senate chamber at Washington, D.C., and of looking down at him, seated at his desk, apparently the most unconcerned of all men, while "the Senator from Delaware," Bayard, was severely commenting upon the Civil Rights bill. And now I was standing at his grave!

I thought over his well-known career. Of his early advantages, which he did not waste; of his successful professional career as a teacher and practitioner of the law; of his thorough mental habits; of his quenchless zeal for peace and liberty; his elevation to the Senate; the brutal attack of a hot-headed partisan, and, as a resultant, his long years of keenest suffering, known at the time very largely only to his own physician; then the severing of the thread of life while his Civil Rights bill was pending.

Charles Sumner will ever be remembered in American history as the man who gave all his powers, in a time-serving generation, to the struggle for the most-despised class, advocating their claim to every human right; laboring to free the nation from that which he felt was blighting its growth, and paralyzing its noblest energies. And all will agree that, though in the long struggle for human liberty throughout this continent there were many men of great natural ability, — men whose names history will not let die, — there were none of such transcendent powers, who turned so bravely from the seductions of a compromising aristocracy to lay upon the altar of human rights so many personal sacrifices as Charles Sumner.

Into all lives, thank God, come Red-Letter days. The day following my visit to Sumner's grave was such a day to me. I had rested the previous night in the village of Wenham, well known to many of the readers of THE WHEELMAN. It is commonly taken in on the route going north from Boston, along the coast, into New Hampshire. As far back as 1686 an Englishman, John Duntan, was travelling in this country, and returning home published an account of his travels. He writes of this little village: "Wenham is a delicious paradise; it abounds with rural pleasures, and I would choose it above all other towns in America to dwell in; the lofty trees on each side of it are a sufficient shelter from the winds, and the warm sun so kindly ripens both the fruits and flowers, as if the spring, the summer, and the autumn had agreed together to thrust the winter out of doors." There have been some additions to the villages and towns in America in one hundred and seventy-six years; still I am bound to say, to the credit of Hobbs, mine host, and the place, that I had no experiences in this lovely village which contradicted the spirit of the Englishman's enthusiastic description. I left Wenham a little past 8 o'clock in the morning, for Newburyport. It was the first day of October, the month when, ". . . if ever, come perfect days"; this — with Mr. Lowell's permission — was "perfect" for a bicycler. I had rested thoroughly the night before, and felt in prime condition for my day's journey. I had more than a week of vacation left, so I felt a mental freedom and a physical tone conducive to exhilaration (brethren of the wheel understand).

Here floated above me ethereal masses of purest white, and, in the morning, sunshine spangling the blue dome above with delicate beauty. Purity garnishing Love, Mrs. Whitney would say. As I sit here

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this raw winter day, — no sun, no blue, no white, but the snow street-stained, — I live that day over again. It was one of those times when we hang up a choice picture in the mental gallery, to be looked upon by memory in future days of need. I was alone that morning, but did not feel lonesome. But this is enough of the subjective.

I passed towns and hamlets, — Ipswich, Rowley, etc., etc.,—reaching Newburyport, the location of the second shrine, somewhere between 11.30 and 12, October noon. My objective point here was the old Federal-street Congregational Church, where the remains of George Whitefield, the greatest preacher since Chrysostom, are entombed.

Newburyport is an interesting old historic town, and, with its stately elms, impresses the visitor pleasantly and quietly. The Federal-street Church, above-mentioned, has one marked peculiarity, — a whispering gallery, than which there are but two others in the world as perfect. Standing at the diagonally opposite corner from the sexton, a distance of one hundred and twenty feet, both of us facing the walls nearest us, we could, with startling distinctness, hear the faintest whisper. This acoustic property was accidentally discovered many years after the church was built.

George Whitefield, buried in a crypt under the church, has been dead one hundred and twelve years; and still the old church and his burial-place have visitors steadily from all over our wide land, and across the seas. Entering with the sexton a vestibule behind the pulpit, he raises a trap-door and you descend into a brick vault. As he lights a gas-jet three coffins are seen: two on the brick floor, and a third laid across these. This last one is that of George Whitefield. The upper part of each coffin is hinged, and, on being turned back, reveals the dessicated skeleton within. One is shown a small box on Whitefield's coffin. This is its history: A relic-hunter managed, in some way, to take the fore-bone of the right arm of Whitefield's skeleton, and carry it to England. Twenty years after, being conscience-smitten, on his death-bed, he gave directions to have it sent back, which was done, in this little box. This explains the sexton's remark, that while Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, his arm has crossed fifteen times. Were I to judge from my own feelings, I should say that it is nothing like relic-worship which leads the feet of so many pilgrims to this shrine. A recent visitor — a scholarly Protestant clergyman from Canada — has lately written that "it may lead to morbid sentimentality." With such misgivings, why did *he* go? I do not believe that it does. Those who visit the old church are, I suppose, generally, those who are familiar with the life of this wondrous man, and who revere his memory. And some of the reasons for which they revere his memory are his quenchless zeal, his self-denying labors, his tireless toil for what he conceived to be the highest good of his fellow-men. He was endowed with astonishing powers of delivery. But that which gave these power, was a flaming heart, which is the symbol that crowns the large marble cenotaph erected in the church to his memory, and which tells of his thirty-four years of ministerial life; of eighteen thousand sermons; his thirteen voyages across the Atlantic, and his wide journeyings between Georgia and New Hampshire, more than a century ago, — permanent and sacred results of which remain until now.

It might be thought that the career of such as he had no far-reaching consequences outside the religious circles he swayed; that it is not among the formative forces of civilization. And it is strangely true that a vast amount of history has been written which takes more account of battles, court intrigues, and the temporary exigencies of statesmen, than of those influences which directly affected the character and condition of millions. The historians of our time perceive this to be an erroneous conception of past events. Even Leslie Stephen grants, in substance, that other factors besides wise statesmanship affect national destinies. Lecky, in the second volume of his "England in the XVIIIth Century," writes: "Although the career of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his ministry, formed, unquestionably, the most dazzling episode in the reign of George III., they must yield, I think, in real importance to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield."

S. H. Day.

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A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Daughter," etc.

VI.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."

It was past the middle of June, and beautiful Paris, with its gay throngs and thousands of superb equipages, with its animation and feverish excitement, seemed to the delighted and bewildered stranger a wilderness of enchantment. The trees and shrubbery in its parks and gardens had put on their richest livery; the grass was never greener, and its dark, cool shades brought out more conspicuously the immense beds of flowers, with their rich ribbon borders and superb masses of solid color; and these appeared in endless shapes and designs, like splendid oases of floral beauty in a desert of verdure. The waters of innumerable fountains sparkled and danced in the bright sunlight, as their crystal gems leaped upward from a thousand jets, and came tumbling down again into the marble basins, or flung themselves to the smooth flagging below.

On this bright June morning Hoyt stood idly by the great Rond Point fountain, with its many circular basins in the Champs Elysées, now looking leisurely down the broad avenue towards the Place de la Concorde, now listlessly in the opposite direction, then intently surveying the gay scenes around him. For a long time he had waited there, and in no patient mood, as was evinced by the frequency with which he consulted his timepiece.

He had watched the groups of merry children, running mad races after each other in their play, until he had wished himself a boy again; the goat-carriages, with their proud little occupants, had amused him until they were no longer a novelty; then he sauntered slowly down the Avenue Montaigne, almost as far as the river, returning as leisurely, and here he finds himself at the fountain once more, gazing for the twentieth time at the little birds in the basins, gayly taking their morning baths.

"This is 'ten sharp,' with a vengeance!" he exclaimed, impatiently.

Readjusting his hat, he gave his mustache a twist and a pull, and throwing himself upon a convenient bench, assumed a most rigid and uncomfortable attitude, and gave himself up to martyrdom.

He was as much of a man of the world, in one sense, as Charles Wilson, — one who made it a point to hear a great deal, but to tell only what private interests demanded. Features and manners showed him to be not only an American, but the shrewd, wide-awake American, quick to see a point, or take in a situation, and always profiting by such observation. Of his parentage, early history, employments, and associates, when at home, he never spoke. Wellford did not care to question him upon these subjects, and all the young Englishman knew of his travelling companion was the little he was able to judge from appearances.

He remained seated but a few moments, and, rising to his feet, decided to give Manning up for lost, and return to the hotel, when he was accosted by a familiar voice,—

"Why, Hoyt, I supposed you were at the Louvre half an hour ago."

It was George Thorne.

"So I should have been, but for that scapegrace, Manning; but what are *you* doing here? I imagined you lost in the hall of Etruscan antiquities, and instead you are half-way to the Arc de l'Etoile, in an opposite direction, and alone. Where is your sister?"

"I have just left her in the galleries. Where is Manning?"

"Where is he, indeed?" Hoyt returned with feeling. "I wish you would tell *me*. 'Ten sharp, Ned, and don't keep a fellow waiting,' he said, as he left the breakfast-table. It is ten-*forty* sharp now, my patience exhausted, and still no Wellford."

George Thorne took his companion's arm, and turned his face toward the Tuileries.

"Come!" said he, "let us return to the Louvre. Grace is studying some old French pictures this morning, and prefers the enjoyment of her own company; but

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we can amuse ourselves in a hundred ways without disturbing anybody. What say you to the Musée Campana to-day? I should like an opportunity to examine the pottery collections, and, perhaps, trace —"

"For Heaven's sake, Thorne, let the old stuff alone, for one day at least, and let us try to see something better than the barbaric art of an age preceding the Christian era!"

"Well, you *have* a fine appreciation of art, Hoyt, and positively beyond comment," the young man replied, sarcastically. "It is from this 'old stuff,' as you call it, that we learn much of the dress, customs, and even the people, of past ages. For my part, I think the beautiful Greek and Etruscan vases, with their decorations of the human figure in vivid contrasts of red and black, appeal as forcibly to the artistic sense as the most famous examples of Grecian sculpture from Praxiteles to Lysippus."

"Shades of Minerva!" exclaimed Hoyt, jocularly. "Think of comparing the Venus of Milo to a cracked teapot. I am not personally acquainted with the Venus of Milo, it is true; but she is always double-starred in the catalogues, — and the cracked teapot is barbarous."

"Yet she has lost both her arms," Thorne suggested.

"But she hasn't a cracked *nose*," his companion retorted. "However, your broken statues, heathen ceramics and antiquated crockery-ware generally, are all in the same category. The less you collectors know about them the more they are prized. But please don't argue the thing, for I shall be beyond my depth in three minutes."

It was past eleven o'clock when the two gentlemen passed up the grand staircase of the Louvre. Although early, the delightful weather had called out the army of sight-seers in force, and its many halls of art treasures were already thronged.

To Thorne the study of human nature was fully as interesting as that of art, and for a little while he occupied himself in contemplating the examples of national character which constantly presented themselves on every side. The American seemed to predominate this morning, and while they were his own countrymen, he could not help being amused at their idiosyncrasies; nor could he separate them widely from the great heterogeneous mass of humanity around him; yet being American they amused him the more, because the types were so familiar.

A group standing before the noble painting by Paul Veronese, "The Marriage in Cana," in the Salon Carré, soon attracted his attention. They appeared to be a mother, son, and two daughters, and their dress betokened abundant means.

"O *maw*, what a horrid daub!" exclaimed the elder of the sisters, in a voice sufficiently loud to attract the attention of strangers near her.

"I think they are all horrid daubs," said her elegant brother, removing his eyeglasses, and yawning; "I wish it was dinner-time."

"Speaking of old masters," the girl continued, in the same tone of voice, "there is hardly a picture here that pleases *me* so well as our 'Falls of Neagara'; and it's by a modern artist too."

"Nothing but a copy," drawled her brother.

"Georgie!" said mamma, bringing her immense gold-bowed eye-glasses to bear upon the young gentleman; "you forget it cost your *paw* a *thousand* dollars, and Mr. Megilp, the artist, said it was all covered over with *charo oscury*, and it couldn't be *broader* unless it had a wider frame. As it was, the frame cost eighty-four dollars."

"I say, sis, do you know the French for beefsteak and onions?" George asked, *sotto voce*.

"Hush! George," sister number two interposed; "some one will hear you."

"I'm sure I don't care! I'm thinking about my dinner, and I want a square meal to-day — if the horrid waiters will understand a fellow."

"Very provoking," number one answered, languidly; "but then, you know, they belong to the *lower* classes."

"Go where you went yesterday, and you will have no trouble," the younger sister suggested, banteringly.

"You keep still," George demanded.

"What is it, my dove?"

Again mamma turned her eye-glasses upon her darling boy.

"You shut up, sis!" the youth whispered.

"I will tell."

The girl stepped behind her mother.

"Yesterday George took us to dinner in the Rue Saint Honore, and this is the way he gave his order: '*Garsong*, *garsong*, *donnie moie* — er! — *un demy poulette au* — *au* — *cressong* — er! — *aveck pommies des terres* — er! — ah! — *sil vous play!* Then the little waiter snapped at him: '*Oh*, *diable! Monsieur*, speak Englese, speak

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Englese!' and poor Georgy didn't enjoy his dinner at all because he couldn't order it in French."

The two sisters laughed immoderately while the brother frowned darkly.

"And the *hor*-rid waiters wouldn't understand him, would they? *Ah, ma foi, il est terrible!*"

"Nannie," said mamma, "I wonder if they haven't got some bricky-brack in the building. I want to see what it's like, and have your father order some before we go home."

"O *maw*, we don't want any," the elder daughter replied, in an undertone, drawing to her mother's side.

"Why not, my love?"

The girl exchanged glances with her mother, and replied, doubtfully, —

"I am not certain about it; but I think it means those broken-legged men and women without arms — or clothes either — in the rooms downstairs; they are *awful!*"

Thorne and his friend lingered no longer but made their way to the series of rooms devoted to examples of French art, in the New Louvre, and in a few moments found Grace before a famous picture by Girodet. She looked up hastily from the sketch she was making in a small pocket drawing-book, and, smiling, approached the gentlemen.

"So you have come at last. I flattered myself at breakfast I should have the company and criticisms of *three* gentlemen for my amusement, to-day; but, instead, I have been left to myself the whole morning."

She closed the book carefully, and stepped to her brother's side.

"You flatter, Miss Thorne, when you imply that our poor company is more enjoyable than your loved art," said Hoyt, gracefully.

"I did not say that, Mr. Hoyt; pardon me! If such were the case, I should have strolled in the gardens, or, at least, taken another day for study."

Hoyt laughed pleasantly.

"Then we are but accessories to your enjoyment, as the frame is accessory to the picture," he said, lightly. "Thanks for the compliment. May our gilding ever remain bright and untarnished!"

"Did it never occur to you that a dull frame sometimes brings out a picture better than a bright one?" she returned, with a merry twinkle.

"Call us but shadow-boxes, sister; we are content if we may remain," her brother answered, gallantly. "I propose now that we see some of the gems of the gallery, under your guidance."

"If Mr. Hoyt wishes," she replied, naïvely, glancing toward that gentleman. "What class of pictures do you admire, Mr. Hoyt? By the way, where is Mr. Manning?"

"Oh, anything I can understand, provided they are *chef d'œuvres*," said he, glancing about him carelessly. "Mr. Manning gave me the complete slip this morning; I have not seen him since breakfast. Are these 'old masters'?" He asked the question with the air of a man who feels he must get his money's worth, and stood awaiting her answer.

"These are early paintings of the French School. There is a portrait of Henry II., of France, by Clouet; there is a picture by Freminet — "

"Oh, I mean the *old* masters, — the ones it is considered the correct thing to see. I don't know anything about them, of course, and doubtless shan't appreciate them after having seen them; but then, when one comes all the way from America he *must* see the 'old masters,' surely."

Grace laughed at the satire.

"You mean the Raphaels and Rubens, the Van Dycks and Rembrandts. They are in the grand gallery beyond."

Leading the way, the girl entered the main hall and crossed the gallery, the gentlemen following closely. They were now in the section devoted to German and Flemish painters.

"There is a Rubens, though not one of his best works, — the Crucifixion. You should understand something of art, Mr. Hoyt, or you lose half the enjoyment of looking at these old gems. There is a portrait by Champaigne, and just beyond it a Van Dyck, — Vulcan and Venus."

"Heavens, what a likeness!" exclaimed Hoyt.

Brother and sister turned quickly, for the remark certainly had no connection whatever with either Vulcan or Venus. Hoyt was looking intently down the long gallery, toward the Salon Carré, and for the moment no one spoke.

"Did you see that face?" he asked, at length, still gazing in the same direction. "It surely was the original of Manning's photograph."

Thorne glanced quickly from group to group of visitors, moving slowly through the halls, or standing by twos and threes; but saw no face which reminded him of the picture.

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"Let us follow; I must have a second glimpse," Hoyt continued. He laid his hand upon his friend's arm, advanced a step or two, then, thinking of Grace, he paused and turned around. "With Miss Thorne's permission," he added, politely.

"Oh, certainly," she answered. "I have the pictures, you know."

The two men passed rapidly through the several sections of the main gallery, until the last apartment was reached, when they paused.

"Where did you see her?"

Thorne scanned rapidly the faces of the few visitors near them.

"Right here," Hoyt replied, in a low tone. "Strange! — she has disappeared. They must have passed into the Salon Carré."

They entered the gallery hastily, but she was not to be seen. The two men stared at each other without a word, then Hoyt hurriedly glanced at his watch; it was twelve o'clock.

"Could they have gone into the gallery of Apollo?" he asked.

The passage-way leading thither being in line with the arches separating the different sections of the grand gallery, and in plain view of Hoyt's first point of observation, Thorne was of the opinion that she must have entered the hall of Frescoes, on the left. But here they were again disappointed, as the place was almost deserted. They passed rapidly through, for the grand staircase was just beyond; but, upon reaching the corridor, were still more astonished, for there was not a living being to be seen.

Then they hurried into the Rotunda, or vestibule, leading to the Old Louvre; glancing into the Apollo Hall, upon the right, in passing, and thence to the Jewel room, when they again paused. The two men had now reached the entrance of the Old Louvre, with its long line of galleries extending around the four sides of the great court. The girl had eluded them thus far, and it was a question whether to return to Grace, or go farther.

"Can she be a myth, or a veritable shadow!" Hoyt exclaimed, as they paused at the door-way. He looked into the face of his companion with an expression of perplexed wonderment, and then back toward the empty staircase. "We can't give it up in this way, surely."

Consulting together, it was agreed that the round of the Old Louvre be made in opposite directions, and, if still unsuccessful, it would be reasonable to suppose she had, in some mysterious manner, quitted the building; so they parted.

Grace returned to her study of the Poussins, Claudes, Davids, Greuzes, and other painters of the French School, with which she had interested herself for several days past, and soon became so absorbed in her occupation that the circumstance calling her friends away had faded from her mind. She had been alone perhaps ten minutes after their sudden departure, when she felt conscious of another presence. She did not look up at once, as a concourse of people were continually moving through the galleries, and she had grown used to them. When she suddenly turned her head, however, in another moment, she beheld at her side the tall stranger with the black mustache and iron-gray hair. As she glanced up their eyes met, and 'neath the gaze of his piercing black orbs she felt the faint color rising to her cheeks.

In an instant he was looking beyond her, his gaze resting upon the picture she was studying.

"That man again!" she whispered, angrily.

But she worked away, with apparent unconcern, though her quick eyes noted his every movement. He had doubtless overheard her exclamation, for he viewed the picture but a moment, and, without even glancing in her direction, left the room as suddenly as he had entered it.

The girl looked after the retreating form as it vanished into the hall beyond, and this was her thought: —

"What a splendid figure! I would dearly love to sketch him."

VII.

"A gleam of blue,
A hat white plumed — there is no other form
As graceful; it is she."

Let us turn back the hands of all the Paris clocks and watches several hours, and follow, for a time, in the footsteps of Wellford Manning.

He had parted from his friends at the breakfast-table rather earlier than usual, that he might have time to attend to a business commission for his father in Rue d'Antin. Hoyt did not care to accompany him, and, half an hour later, wandered off alone, in the direction of the Champs Elysées, to enjoy the morning air amid the luxuriance of grass and flowers.

Wellford found the object of his search readily, and, to his great satisfaction, was

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able to transact his business without a moment's delay, thus securing the entire morning for his own enjoyments.

As he passed into the street it still lacked half an hour of ten, the time agreed upon for the meeting with his friend, and it occurred to him he might have time to run over to the Hotel Westminster, but a few steps away, and glance hurriedly at the list of arrivals. Turning to the left, he passed rapidly through one of the lesser streets, and into the Rue de la Paix, where the hotel was located. He sauntered through the corridors a few moments, scanned several pages of the register, and was about withdrawing when he was suddenly confronted by Dr. Mayne.

The surprise and pleasure of the meeting were shared mutually, the friends greeting each other with marked cordiality. The doctor had arrived in Paris within a couple of days, — much earlier than was anticipated before leaving Rome, — and as yet had not called at the American Legation to leave his address. In spite of his engagement Wellford accompanied his friend to one of the lounging-rooms, and a quarter of an hour was spent very pleasantly.

"I am sorry I must leave you now," the doctor said, at length, "but, having an engagement with friends, I must beg to be excused for the present; however, I am coming around to your hotel some morning very soon, and then, if you wish, we will visit together some points of historical interest not usually seen by tourists. Do you read French, Mr. Manning?"

"I read it, and speak it after a fashion," the Englishman answered, modestly, wondering why the doctor had asked the question.

"Then, before we go sight-seeing, I want you to look over a little French work I will send you, containing some interesting facts worth knowing and remembering, not found in either Baedeker or Galignani. Some time, if agreeable to you, we will give a day to the Bibliothèque; it is a rare place for a book-lover, and as visitors have access to its treasures we can pass the hours very enjoyably."

Wellford thoroughly appreciated the kind offers of his friend, and showed it unmistakably. They walked out of the hotel together, and parted upon the sidewalk, Wellford starting at once for the Boulevards, intending to call a moment at the Grand Hotel before taking a cab for the gardens, where Hoyt had agreed to await him.

As he passed up the splendid street, with its elegant shops and superb buildings, and beheld gay Paris in its brightest mood, his thoughts naturally reverted to the one subject nearest his heart, — his shadow-love. In his blind infatuation he had followed so many false hopes to the disappointing end, and had so many times been baffled in a pursuit which he felt should lead to success from the very persistency with which he clung to it, of late he had grown despondent.

With the blue sky above him, with gay Paris and the radiant sunshine around him, while everything was blithe, and bright, and joyous, he was sad; and he asked himself for the hundredth, ay, the thousandth, time, why his poor, foolish heart was so tormented. A careless remark of Hoyt's, upon a recent occasion, had caused him pain, and the suggestion was haunting him this morning, as with head bent down, and eyes looking to the pavement, he passed slowly along. This was the thought, —

"Did you ever stop to consider, Wellford, what pretty profiles some horribly homely women possess, or did you ever take into account what flatterers these photographic cameras are with certain faces?"

He recalled every word of the hateful speech, and asked himself if it could be possible that his imagination had run away with his good sense, and if it were not rank folly to longer pursue this will-o'-the-wisp, which seemed only leading him to desperation. Distasteful as were business pursuits, he was actually considering the wisdom of quitting Paris at once, giving up his year of travel, and devoting himself to that which he knew would leave him no time for dreaming or sentiment.

He had reached the Boulevard des Capucines, thronged with pedestrians and passing vehicles; he started to cross the street, his mind still occupied with his unhappy reflections, when, of a sudden, he heard an unusual clatter of hoofs upon the pavement beside him, as of horses suddenly checked; he felt the breath of their nostrils, and heard the sharp "*Gare! Gare!*" of the driver. Then he experienced a sensation of falling; he saw, as a vision, a whirl of wheels, and a row of startled faces above them, and beyond — the blue sky. It was only a glimpse, and but one face had he seen distinctly, — its features distorted by woful sympathy, as from the lips escaped a faint cry, — yet he would have known it among ten thousand, for it lived with him continually.

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"Great heavens!"

He had seen her; their eyes had met; she had bestowed upon him a glance of tender pity, and she was gone.

In a moment he found himself in a labyrinth of passing vehicles. A policeman was helping him to his feet, while a gaping crowd of men and boys surrounded him. He screamed to the driver of the omnibus to stop; but the man, mistaking his motive, only quickened the speed of his horses. The vehicle was fast disappearing in the distance when he broke through the crowd, and hailed a passing cab. He sprang upon the wheel, and pointing out the flying omnibus directed the cabman to overtake it if possible.

Away they sped out of Capucines into Italiens; Bonmartre was reached, and then the cab came to a sudden standstill beside an omnibus, the driver of which reined in his horse. He threw down a couple of francs and jumped to the pavement; then sprang upon the steps of the voiture, his face crimson with excitement. They were rolling away as he gave a rapid glance down the line of faces now turned toward him, only to realize the unhappy fact that the stupid cabman had hailed the wrong omnibus. If his cheeks had flushed with expectancy, they now reddened with the anger of disappointment, which soon gave way to chagrin. His first impulse was to retreat as precipitately as he had entered; then his natural coolness asserted itself; he calmly paid his fare and sat down to think. He tried to recall the number of the omnibus, but, in truth, there had been no opportunity for such observation; he could not as much as recall the color, so even the route was unknown to him.

Doomed to disappointment at the very moment when he felt sure of realizing his wildest dream, he experienced a new determination to find the original of his picture at whatever sacrifice or pains. He knew she was in Paris now; he had seen her, and he would see her again.

The passing glimpse had revealed to him a clear white face and wealth of rich brown hair, dark and wavy, caught in a simple knot at the back of the head. The eyes were brown, but dark and lustrous; the lips delicately cut and rosy; there was the straight nose, the shapely chin, and the face, like that of the picture, impressed him with its quiet dignity and great strength of character. It was not a beautiful face, but an interesting one; and the brief glance had only intensified the eagerness of pursuit. He was able now to compare the realization with the loved ideal, and he felt that it suffered nothing by the comparison.

It was now too late to fulfil his engagement with his friend, and farther pursuit was useless. His clothing was soiled, his linen crushed; so, alighting from the omnibus, he called a cab, and requested to be conveyed to his hotel.

For a half hour after Grace had been left alone in the gallery she amused herself with the pictures; but at length, feeling wearied, she closed her sketch-book, and endeavored to rest herself by gazing at the visitors and listening to their remarkable criticisms. Passing again into the grand gallery, she heard her name spoken, and, turning abruptly, beheld the truant Manning.

"I am glad to find some one that I know," he said, approaching the girl. "I was afraid I had missed you all by being so late."

He motioned to take her book.

"Thank you, it is no trouble," she said; but she let him take it, nevertheless.

"But why are you alone?" he asked. "Where are your brother and Mr. Hoyt?"

"They cannot be far away," she replied, appearing quiet unconcerned; "at least, they were here half an hour ago."

Wellford's morning adventure had made a noticeable impression upon him. He was nervous and excited; he looked at things without seeing them, and conversed in an absent-minded manner, or made answer to the remarks of his companion at random. Grace read it in his face, as soon as she saw him, and half divined the cause.

"I suppose it is lovely out of doors today," she remarked, as a bit of commonplace. "Did you not find all Paris in the streets?"

"The streets were *rather* full — I wish Hoyt would return." He glanced idly at the pictures, and added, "I am afraid I kept him waiting this morning; but I met with a slight accident, which obliged me to return to the hotel."

"An accident?" she repeated, looking into his face inquiringly.

"Oh, nothing serious," he answered, carelessly. "I came near to being run over by an omnibus."

Grace gave a shudder.

"As it was, I slipped on the pavement and found myself in the arms of a policeman. It was a trifling affair; I should have been less heedless."

Grace was certain he had met with an-

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other "adventure," though she did not feel sufficiently well acquainted to ask any questions. For the same reason she hesitated to mention the circumstance which had called her companions away so suddenly, though she could hardly restrain the impulse to do so. They sauntered leisurely along the entire length of the grand gallery, paused a moment in the Italian section, and then entered the narrow hall upon the left. The young man seemed wholly absorbed, and the silence was growing somewhat embarrassing.

"What a collection of Madonnas!" Grace remarked, with a smile, endeavoring to break the ice.

"Madonnas?"

"There are no less than nine in this one room, by as many different artists; and there is another by Botticelli. Do you see that magnificent Fra Angelico? — No. 182, Coronation."

"Who was Fra Angelico? — Miss Thorne, I think I like modern pictures better, for to me these religious subjects are but the same thing over and over again."

"Then we will go into the Old Louvre," she said, quietly.

The girl led the way to the grand staircase, and across to the Rotunda, — unconsciously following in her brother's footsteps, — then through it to the Salle des Bijoux. Here they loitered to view its rare collections of antiquities in gold and silver, or to admire its richer collections of precious stones, and at length passed into the gallery of French painters in the Old Louvre.

"They say Henry IV. died here," Grace remarked, upon entering.

"And I should have died in the other place had we remained; this is more to my liking. Won't you show me something of rare merit, Miss Thorne? You know I was reared on chromos; for father thinks they are just as good as originals in oil, when hanging, and far cheaper."

Grace laughed as she surveyed the pictures a moment, and rested her gaze upon a work on the wall to her right.

"*That* is considered one of the gems of the gallery."

She was pointing to the "Burial of Atala," by Girodet. They gazed at the picture for several minutes while the artist explained its beauties.

"What is that, please?"

He now indicated a Greek subject upon the opposite wall.

"Don't you know? That is Clytemnestra. Agamemnon, her husband, has just returned from the Trojan wars, and her lover, Ægisthus, is urging her to kill him."

"Did she do it?" Manning asked, looking into the girl's face with an expression of interest.

"Yes, she killed him in the bath."

"That was very wrong," he said, with an affectation of gravity, "she should have gone to America, and procured a divorce. *Don't* you know where Mr. Hoyt is?"

She did not answer at once, nor, when she did make reply, with the same directness with which the question had been asked, for she was thinking of the "shadow."

"He is *somewhere* in the Louvre with my brother." She looked toward the staircase as she stood thinking; then, speaking in a low tone, as though the words were but the echo of her thoughts, she said, "I wonder if they found her."

Wellford's quick ear caught the scarcely spoken words, and he urged an explanation. Again she hesitated, and the young man, reading her thoughts, questioned her eagerly.

"Do you mean — *her?*"

"Yes; Mr. Manning, your friend, was sure it could be no other."

"Here in the Louvre? — for I saw her myself, not two hours ago, in an omnibus on the Boulevards. Tell me which way they went. I *must* find her."

He spoke rapidly, and with an expression upon his face which startled his companion.

"They are, doubtless, here in the Old Louvre," she said; "at least they came this way."

In another moment she was alone.

VIII.

"One eternally thinking, and winking, and blinking at grubs."

THE two or three days following Wilson's call were so filled with engagements that Professor Gantier was entirely forgotten. Wilson had not forgotten his promise, however, and one evening made his appearance at an early hour to conduct his acquaintances to the house of his friend. The scientist resided at some distance from the hotel, but, taking a cab, the gentlemen were soon at his cosey lodgings.

The professor was in rare good-humor, and both Hoyt and Manning found themselves thoroughly at home, and upon the best of terms with their pleasant host, in a very brief space of time. After the stiff-

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ness and conventionality incident to a first meeting had worn away, the professor stepped across the room, and opened the doors of a splendid oaken cabinet.

"Have a glass of wine, Mr. Manning?"

"Thank you, professor, I never use it."

"Well, I'm sorry," he exclaimed, "though I never ask a friend a second time the same evening."

He turned to Hoyt and repeated the question.

"Excuse me to-night, professor," the American urged; "I think I will keep Manning company."

The old gentleman pushed his spectacles back upon his forehead, and gave Hoyt a quizzical stare.

"Here, Wilson; but I needn't have asked *you;* leave a little in the decanter, please."

"What do you call it?" the American inquired. He held the bottle up to the light, and added, "I'm looking, professor, to see how many June bugs you've pickled in it. You see I haven't forgotten that June-bug whiskey you dosed me with in Washington, several years ago, when I had more confidence in you."

The professor laughed quietly as he answered, with a twinkle,—

"That is the only way I could ever keep any, Wilson. However, as you are not used to *good* wine I have something which, doubtless, you will much prefer; but I don't keep it in the cabinet." He crossed to a bookcase, in another part of the room, and opened one of the doors. "As you are *afraid* of the wine, perhaps you will take, instead, a little 'Agriculture and Geology of Maine.'"

"A little *what?*"

Wilson looked at the professor curiously, and then at the rows of books.

"'Agriculture and Geology of Maine, second series, 1862'; can you read?"

The scientist laid his hand upon the top of a large black book bearing such a title, while the "ex-clerk" perused the gold lettering. Then the professor drew it from its position, disclosing, at the back of the book-shelf, a bottle of American whiskey.

"This is the kind of wine you Americans drink when you don't inflate yourselves with a worse beverage borrowed from the Germans. I hide it in this manner, because I mistrust Nanette has keys to the cabinet."

"Agriculture and geology!" repeated Wilson, with a loud laugh.

"Certainly, *rye and rock*," the professor answered, demurely. "I hide it behind an American volume, so I may always know where to find it."

Wilson helped himself very freely; the old Frenchman filled a dainty glass of wine, and together they drank the healths of the company.

Glancing around them, the visitors were struck with the quaintness of the professor's apartments. The polished floors were covered with rare Turkish rugs, or the skins of animals almost as taken from their bodies, some of them rich and costly and not altogether devoid of beauty. Two of the windows were filled with plants, and a mass of vines clambered upon strings almost to the ceiling. Near a side window was an aquarium, filled with fish and turtles, an ingenious fountain playing upon some rock-work in the centre, while ivies were trained upon a wire trellis against the window. A series of narrow high bookcases occupied positions against the walls where there was room for them; and the space between the windows was filled with a quaint dressing-case, upon the centre of which rested a heavy silver tankard, a family heirloom.

A handsome table in the centre of the room was covered with a heterogeneous collection of rare and costly books, Palissy ware, —or copies, —natural history specimens, and bric-à-brac; the mantle, opposite, supporting an immense bronze clock, with objects of pretty Swiss carving, or quaint metal-work, disposed upon the shelf. Against the heavy black panelling of the mantle were hung more than half a score of pipes from as many countries, a few of them being of Indian manufacture. Around the room, upon light circular stands, were displayed several glass cases of richly plumaged humming-birds and rare and gaudy forms of exotic insects. The wall-space not otherwise occupied was hidden from sight by paintings, and over the central bookcase perched a solemn white owl in spectacles, intently reading its own history from a work on ornithology.

The room adjoining is the professor's "chamber of horrors"; the wall upon one entire side of the room was covered with fire-arms, bows and arrows, tomahawks, and other warlike objects, a human scalp of long black hair forming the rosette to one of the fantastic trophies. Another part of the wall was devoted to rods, nets, and implements of piscatorial sport. At a bright window stood a large writing-table, and at another window a similar

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table was covered with bottles, boxes, and a microscope, as here the professor mounts his specimens, or examines them while studying species.

Around the wood-work of the open fireplace was hung camp-cooking apparatus, bearing evidence of hard usage, for the savant is *one* of the *field*-naturalists who have never crossed the American plains in a Pullman palace car. He has ceased from wandering now, though not from work, and is passing into old age, quietly and serenely, surrounded by his books and the souvenirs of travel in many lands.

"As I can't induce you to take a glass of wine, Mr. Manning, have a piece of cake or some fruit," the professor urged.

He returned to the cabinet and filled to heaping a couple of pretty pink plates, fashioned in imitation of sea-shells, and handed them to the gentlemen.

"I'd give you a kiss," the old naturalist continued, waving his hand toward some fluffy compound of egg and sugar, "but I reserve them all for my lady friends."

"And Heaven only knows how many pretty, innocent girls he has frightened half out of their wits by offering those same kisses," Wilson interposed. "He is forever scolding about women, too."

The professor whistled.

"Fright boys with bugs," said he. "A woman had rather kiss than eat."

"But it depends something upon what she kisses, and what she eats," Wilson added, dryly.

"I am inclined to think you are fond of the ladies, professor," said Wellford, pleasantly. "If you were not so comfortably fixed in your bachelor quarters, I should expect to hear of your marriage one of these days."

"Marriage? My dear boy, I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived. I shouldn't dare to, as I hope for pardon in the next world."

"I do not understand you," said Manning, inquiringly.

"The professor is a widower," said Wilson, in a whisper.

"Have you never heard the story of the two Irishmen who applied for permission to enter paradise?" the Frenchman asked, by way of explanation.

"No, indeed."

"Then you must hear it, and let it be a warning to you for all time. They were friends, and death came to them within a few moments of each other, and they reached the heavenly gates almost at the same time. Pat arrived first and knocked for admittance.

"'Who's there?' said Saint Peter.

"'Pat Murphy, your riverance.'

"'And phat do you want?'

"'Plase your riverance, I want to come in.'

"'And why should I lave you in at all, at all?' said Peter.

"'I'm a poor man, your riverance, and have had me full share of sorrow and grafe in the wicked wor-rld beyint. I've been *a married man* for twinty year.'

"'Come in, ye poor divil,' said Saint Peter, — 'come in and find a comfortable sate, and make yourself aisy. Ye've had throuble enough for one life; come in, I say!'

"Then the second Irishman came along," said the professor, "just as Peter was closing the gates. He had heard a part of the conversation, and thought he had a clearer case than Pat. He knocked and waited.

"'Who's there?' said Saint Peter, again.

"'It's me, sur — Mike Finnegan.'

"'And phat do you want here?'

"'Plase, good Saint Peter, will ye be afther lavin' another poor man come in?'

"'And phat have ye done that I should lave the likes of *you* in?'

"'I've been a married man, yer riverance, so long as I can remimber.'

"'Poor divil! come in and' —

"'Yis, I've been married *twice*.'

"'Twice! — just wait a bit — *twice*, ye spalpeen! Och, murther! and do ye think I'll lave ye in, at all, at all? To the divil wid ye! It's late ye're larnin it, but *once is a misfartune, twicc a crime!*' Then Peter shut the door in his face."

"You are not altogether favorable to marriage, I see," Manning remarked, at the close of the story.

"Oh, yes," the scientist answered; "it is well to have the disease *once*, if you can't help it. Of course you have heard of the fox who lost his brush in the trap — well, he gave bad advice to the other foxes. After all, women are like snakes, — as a friend of mine, a distinguished herpetologist, used to say, — harmless when very young; but they soon find their fangs."

"And the professor is like some civil-service reformers I have seen in Washington," said Wilson, "who preach what they have never practised, and never intend to practise, but only talk for pure *gush*. Such an undying admiration for the fair sex as he

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has always shown, would drive a woman-hater wild."

The professor protested it was rank calumny, though he seemed to enjoy the conversation intensely. Then Wilson and Hoyt passed into the adjoining apartment, leaving Wellford alone with the old scientist.

"You have not been long in Paris?" he began, taking a seat beside the Englishman.

"Only a few weeks; we were in Rome until May."

"Your friend is from near Boston, I understand?" the professor continued. "I have very pleasant recollections of Boston, and, outside of Paris, I would rather live there than in any other city of the world. You have never been there, Mr. Manning? Oh, you must go, then; you must visit America, by all means, for it is a world of itself."

"So Doctor Mayne tells me; he is an American gentleman whom I met in" —

"Doctor Mayne? Doctor Fred Mayne?" the professor exclaimed. "Oh, I am delighted! The doctor is one of my boys, — though he is getting to be an old boy himself now. So you have met Fred Mayne? Is he not the perfection of a gentleman, Mr. Manning? He should have been born a Frenchman. And you like him?"

"Very much, professor, though I have only known him a little while. He first spoke to me in Rome, a stranger."

"Oh, then he likes you, Mr. Manning, and the friendship of such a man is of priceless value. Is he in Rome still? — for he often comes to see me when in Paris."

"He is in Paris now," Wellford replied, "though he arrived but recently."

"Then I shall see him soon; and, Mr. Manning, some day we will take dinner together, — the doctor and you and I, — and after dinner we will go to the opera. Doctor Fred Mayne! How well I remember my first introduction to him! It was in Havana, twenty years ago — a Yorkshire Englishman locked him out of his room at the hotel, and I took pity on the boy. It is an odd story; but I'm going to tell it."

The professor paused a moment, wiped his glasses carefully, and, adjusting them to his nose, began his narrative: —

"There had been considerable talk about American whiskey, one evening, and the Englishman, stepping up to the bar, thought he would try some. He had been bragging pretty hard all the evening, and while his back was turned some Yankee midshipmen emptied a bottle of gin into the water pitcher. *Monsieur Anglais* poured out his dram, *watered* it with pure gin to the very brim, and drank it off. It nearly strangled the poor fellow, of course, and he frantically filled the glass from the water pitcher a second time, and had nearly swallowed the contents before he detected the trick they had played upon him. In a little while he staggered up to bed, getting into the doctor's room by mistake. Fred was out to the theatre, and when he returned, about midnight, there was trouble. They couldn't budge the Yorkshireman or even wake him, for, between Holland gin and American whiskey, he had evidently retired for the night. Fred could not be induced to set foot into the room in which the Yorkshireman properly belonged, under any consideration, and, as the hotel was full, I took pity on the boy, and invited him to my apartments.

"That was our first introduction. We travelled together subsequently, for several months, and the doctor and I became fast friends. He was but little over twenty then. Ah, me, how time flies! Mr. Manning, how old a man do you think I am?"

The professor sat erect as he asked the question, and, throwing his shoulders back, assumed an expression decidedly *à la militaire*, while he beamed placidly upon his companion.

"How old? You should ask how young, professor, for you are in the prime of life," Wellford answered, gracefully.

"That'll do!" said the savant, shaking his head deprecatingly. "No, I'm old, old enough to be two grandfathers; but I've enjoyed my sixty-five years. Yes, Mr. Manning, I've had my share of the pleasures of this world, and now I'm willing you young fellows should have a chance. But you will never know till you *are* old how much folly can be crowded into one short existence."

"Folly, with your name, Professor Gantier!" Wellford exclaimed, warmly. "Impossible!"

"Yes, folly. Could we but write our own epitaphs, and be honest, it would give a new color to tombstone literature, I assure you."

The two men were silent a moment, and Hoyt and his friend appearing at this juncture the subject was not continued.

"Well, gentlemen," said Wilson, advancing toward the sofa, "I must be going, for I must call upon Colonel Talcott to-night, without fail. He's an Albany man, you know, well up in State matters, — he's

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been in the Legislature,— and as he leaves town to-morrow it is my last chance to have a confidential talk with him. But don't hurry on my account! No, indeed, gentlemen. Where do you keep your matches, professor? All right, I see them. Oh! have a cigar, Gantier? Lord, but that whiskey was prime. No, thanks, Gantier! Truly, I mustn't, especially as I'm just off for Colonel Talcott's. However — well — since you are so very kind I *will* take another glass."

Then he lit his ever-present cigar and took his departure, Hoyt and Manning following in his footsteps a half hour later.

[To be continued.]

UNSATISFIED.

I SPIN all day from dawn till dark,
Bestriding a phantom pale,
And often I out-rise the lark, —
Out-speed the summer gale;
While, whether I halt by a cooling spring
Or ride with a burning zest,
A face that I know is following, —
A voice in my vagrant breast.

She haunts the sunshine and the shade,
The plain, the hill, the stream,
Till I doubt if she be an earthly maid,
Or only a young man's dream.
Astray if wrapped with the phantoms bright,
My life may be truly blessed
When the home-ing heart of the wheeling knight
Shall possess and be possessed.

Juvenis.

THE IDEAL TRICYCLE.

I DESIRE to express an opinion concerning the ideal tricycle with all that modesty which should appear in one who has had no practical experience of any account, and who has only studied the machine theoretically, with opportunities for observing but few of its many varieties. I have for excuse the fact that I know pretty clearly what I want for my own use when I purchase a tricycle. My notions of a perfect tricycle are as follows: —

It should have 50-inch driving-wheels. Both its large wheels should be drivers, exactly alike.

It should be a front-steerer, with the steering-wheel exactly in front of the centre, between the two large wheels.

The power should be applied to the centre of the shaft between the two driving-wheels. It is a departure from correct mechanical principles to apply the power either to one driving-wheel, at one end of the shaft, at the risk of the rider, or to both wheels, at both ends, at each side of the rider. Applying power to one wheel, or to the shaft at one end, brings a greater wear on the journals at that end; besides, every shock which springs, or tends to spring, the shaft interrupts the power by vibration and side-draft. Using double driving-wheels, with power applied to each, is a departure from simplicity of construction, involving double vibration, double wear, and double side-drafts when turning any curve. The power should be applied to the centre of the shaft, directly under and behind the saddle; and the shaft should drive the wheels.

Each of the driving-wheels should be arranged so that it will run loose on its journal, when not held by a simple and effective clutch. This clutch should be so arranged as to release the inside wheel, and permit it to turn slower, in rounding a curve, whenever the steering-bar is moved the least fraction either way from straight ahead. The outer wheel, rounding a curve, travels the farthest. There-

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fore, the power, which needs to be the greatest in turning, should be applied to the outer wheel, and thus have the advantage of following the longest line, producing the least strain on the machine. If the outer wheel were loosed, and the power applied to the inner driver, running the shortest distance, every curve would involve either a sudden increase of speed at the most dangerous moment, or else a sudden decrease of pedal-motion, with an increased drag on the pedals.

I observe that most tricycles transmit power from the pedals to the driving-wheels, or to their shaft, by chains, or metal-linked band. Inevitably these must rattle after a time to some degree, whatever ingenious, and therefore costly, device may be used to prevent this. According to mechanical principles the simplest and the best transmitter is a flexible band; preferably a round band. In most stationary machines leather is the best material for such bands; but leather is probably too elastic, and it certainly is not durable enough for use on the tricycle. If American invention can produce an exceedingly flexible steel wire cord (perhaps infiltrated, and loaded with rubber) — a cord which shall be as durable, and as even in tension, as steel, yet as flexible as leather, and, if possible, with a very slight elasticity; and if such belts can be manufactured in one piece complete, without any joining of ends (because cutting a certain length and then splicing, or otherwise joining the ends, creates a stiff and uneven place), it seems to me that one great advance will be made in tricycle construction. Perfect tension might be maintained by fixing the pedal-shaft in boxes in slots with springs, allowing for about an inch of play.

The rider should be able, by simply moving a lever, to vary his power at will without checking his pedal speed, so as to cause the driving-wheels to turn at any desired variation, from two turns of the pedal shaft to each one turn of the driving-wheels, up to two turns of the driving-wheels to one turn of the pedal shaft. Query: Would it not be possible to effect this in the simplest way by having the band run over cones, with the point of the pedal cone to the left, while that of the driving-wheel shaft should be to the right? These cones might have shallow grooves for the band, which some simple device should shift, on both cones at once, from one groove to another, while running. If this is impracticable, some other simple device, to obtain the same desirable results, should be invented.

A tricycle with this facility of "gearing up" and "gearing down" while in motion could ascend any hill going slow: could run over any sandy or rough road, at least, as fast as a man could walk; could run with level gear on a smooth, level road; could run faster than level on a fine path; could be driven at double speed down a slight decline. Its rider could, at will, make his pedal work light and easy by sacrificing speed; or could attain high speed by expending greater power.

All the advantages of back pedalling would be retained; and these are very important. It could be run backward almost as well as forward, with just as easy steering.

The saddle should be readily exchangeable for a seat when desired. Great care should be bestowed upon the spring, or springs. They should provide flexibility forward, backward, and sideway, as well as up and down, each in just the necessary degree, no more, no less.

Such a tricycle should be as light as possible, consistent with necessary strength and durability. It ought not to weigh much, if any, over sixty pounds. Lightness, with strength and durability, require the very best material and workmanship.

It should have ball-bearings, of course. It should be enamelled, rather than painted, whenever it is not nickelled.

I put this tentatively: Why would not flat, or nearly flat, rubber tires, only a quarter of an inch thick, be just as well, or better, for a tricycle? This would save weight. If such tires would answer, they should remain cemented better, and permit a light and shallow wheel rim, corrugated in its centre, to receive the heads of the spokes.

The brakes should bear with exactly equal power on each driving-wheel.

There should be convenient foot-rests out of reach of the pedals.

Specially designed luggage-carriers should be for sale, adapted expressly for this tricycle, to carry their loads in the easiest, safest, and most out-of-the-way style.

The saddle-height should be adjustable for any length of leg, and the handles for any length of arm. The saddle should also be adjustable, to bring the rider just so far over his pedal-work as may suit his individual fancy. It should be so adjustable every way as to fit either a lady or a gentleman.

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When tricycles possessing these advantages, however they are attained, are manufactured and sold by an American house, at reasonable prices, I believe they will very rapidly exceed bicycles in rapidity of sales and profits. I believe there is a much greater future for tricycles in this country than for bicycles, for obvious reasons. Anybody can ride a tricycle immediately, and without danger of falling. The young, the old, the weak, the strong, the awkward and the agile, the tall and stout, the fat and lean, can use the tricycle without fear, with ready ease, and almost anywhere, as soon as it is perfected with shifting gear, in the night as well as in the day. They can halt and sit at ease; they can read as they ride; they can stop to talk without dismounting; they can carry parcels without discomfort or trouble The same machine can be used by either a gentleman or lady, husband or wife, brother or sister, father or son, and be instantly shifted in its gear to fit the strength of its rider, and in its seat and pedal reach to suit either sex or any height. Some such machine is destined to be the popular vehicle of the future. The sooner it is invented and manufactured by an American house, at reasonable prices, the sooner will such house reap a golden reward for its enterprise, I believe, far beyond any profits which can be made by manufacturing bicycles.

President Bates.

"K. K."

HAS the psychological reader ever reflected how the smallest thought implanted in the brain may *grow* into a deep-rooted conviction, precisely as a seed grows to a tree in the material world? I could not help thinking of this idea upon reading the first chapters of the "Shadow Love," in the January WHEELMAN. The simple purchase of the picture of an unknown beauty implants a thought in the brain of an impulsive youth, which, expanding, takes possession of his very reason, and starts him on a series of crazy adventures, ending, goodness, or the author, only knows where.

However, this is not a *review*, but the introduction to an incident in my own life, which relates to the wheel only as far as the writer is a wheelman, and the incident a midnight occurrence in a bicycle club-room. I have said this is not a review; neither is it the prelude to a piece of blood-and-thunder fiction, but the plain recital of a circumstance, the recollection of which even now sends a cold chill down the spine. Apropos of this vertebral suggestion, I think I possess as much "backbone" as the average *wheel*, or wheelman, though it availed me little in the present instance.

Of course no one nowadays believes in the supernatural, yet wake a man out of sound sleep in the middle of the night, and place the germ of a supernatural idea in some fertile corner of his brain, the thought will grow into as strong a conviction, for the time being, as the reality of existence in more wakeful hours. So in that mental recreation called "day-dreaming," or "reverie," the body at rest, the mind, seizing upon some trifle light as air, enlarges upon it, step by step, until the dreamer, for the hour, dwells in a realm of enchantment as actual as the scenes of every-day life.

I had worn the club buttons but a single week, and, as it chanced, had never been beyond the machine and dressing rooms on the first floor. Spending the evening with an old friend, upon the night in question, I left my bicycle at head-quarters, and it was half-past eleven before I returned for it. As I reached the building, and found myself in the dark hall, something impressed me with a desire to visit the club reception-room, and, stumbling up the two flights of stairs, I found the door, — knowing it was the third one upon the left, — and noiselessly entered. Having no matches I was unable to light the gas; but it did not matter much, for the moonbeams streaming through the windows fell upon the floor, giving sufficient light to enable me to see objects dimly.

Despite the darkness and emptiness and loneliness of the place, with its close air and faint odor of cigar smoke, I could not help experiencing a sort of home feeling, fully realizing that I was a member of the club, with a key to the door in my pocket, and having, in common with half a hundred other "good men and true," an indisputable right to be there; so, seating myself at a table, I fell to musing over the brief period of my bicycle career, so

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crowded with *tender* memories, wondering where it would all end.

What if my health should improve to such an extent that my six feet of "good frame" should one day be incased in adipose of congressional proportions! Horrible suggestion! Then my fancy contemplated the possibilities of the future, in the way of touring. Eastport and the White Mountains, Lake Superior and Manitoba, or the far Eldorado, were all within easy reach after a few months' practice and runs with the "C. Bi. C."

It suddenly grew very still, and the streets seemed to be deserted. The monotonous whistling of the corner lounger ceased; the heavy tread of the patrolman, or the laughter of belated revellers, grew fainter and fainter, while the rumbling of car or carriage-wheel died away in echo. The very moonlight grew paler, and the shadows darker and more weirdly suggestive, as the silence became almost audible.

Then I recalled my wild ride down the breakneck steep at Arlington, when only four days out of the riding-school, and lived over again the horrors of a first "header." And then the memory of a half-mile coast on a crazy curve came over me, when the machine, becoming unmanageable, drew nearer and nearer to the edge of a precipitous embankment at the side of the roadway, until it seemed life's drama, for me, must draw to a sudden close. I felt once more the sickening faintness of that trying moment, and held to the chair-seat in the terror of desperation, while each hair seemed to grow rigid, and my very flesh to creep. I was becoming nervous. I turned from the window, and arose to take my departure, when a slight rustle, apparently at the end of the long table, attracted me.

I glanced up suddenly, but saw nothing, except a dim point of light, as though shining through some tiny aperture. It was not in the right position for a key-hole, and so I gazed and wondered. Then there seemed to be two points, though I was positive that only a solid wall existed beyond them. It was very puzzling, and peering into the darkness, while racking my brain for a solution of the mystery, I suddenly observed a number of triangular-shaped objects, just below the points of light, and immediately another row appeared almost parallel to it.

It certainly was a very astonishing experience, and my feelings were somewhat peculiar as I cautiously advanced a step to make a closer examination. Then my heart gave a leap into my mouth, and strength seemed failing, as I realized that I was face to face with a shape of horror! The points of light were glaring eyes, and below them gleamed a pair of gaping jaws, the cavernous depths beyond filling the dim outline of a face, which, for diabolical ugliness, surpassed my wildest fancy, even of the prince of darkness himself.

I could no more take my eyes from the terrible object than I could raise my hand to wipe the dampness from my forehead, and as I gazed and gazed, while the breath came quicker and shorter, and the heart-flutterings grew more acutely painful, I beheld dimly a short, rounded body, in a crouching attitude, beast-like in form, but hideous in its unshapeliness. The legs were stout and short, and seemed thrust out at right angles from each other, while at the end of the creature's body rose an appendage, which, from its position alone, could be thought a tail.

I attempted to rise, but the muscles refused to obey my will; I tried to scream, but the effort ended in a faint, despairing moan, which I thought only precipitated that which was most dreaded, for the fiendish shape seemed crouching for a fatal spring. Had the devil incarnate broken loose in a bicycle club-room? Was I dreaming, or losing my senses? No, for there was the table, and a portrait on the wall, and a chair and sofa beneath it, faintly discernible in the moonlight. It was all a reality, and I suddenly grew fainter; my brain reeled, and the very walls of the room, the picture, and other objects, were silently vanishing into space, and leaving me there alone with those wicked eyes and hellish jaws gleaming upon me.

For a second I closed my lids, and when I opened them again — oh, horror! — the thing was slowly moving with tiger-like tread towards me. My muscles grew rigid as iron; seconds seemed hours, and still those terrible eyes glared into mine as the creature came nearer and nearer. I could almost feel its breath upon my face; I thought my heart had stopped beating, and hoped it was so, for *sudden* death was infinitely preferable to the ghastliness of a lingering death in the insatiate jaws of such a monster.

Great heavens! how long is the agony to last?

It crouches lower — fiercer glares its awful eyes, and the gleaming jaws open

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wider as the devilish shape, with tail erect, makes a powerful spring.

Falling from the chair, I came to my senses to find myself reeking with perspiration. The moonlight was still streaming in at the windows, the clock again counted the seconds in rhythmic monotony, as the sound of weary footsteps, and the rattle of the last car up, greeted me from the street.

I looked around me, wondering if, indeed, 'twas but an idle fancy, when I beheld in the pale light of the moon a fantastic shape, almost the counterpart of the demon of my dream, — the "Klub Kat," — and, as I afterward learned, the patron saint of the Capital Bicycle Club.

Gazing upon the dim and shadowy objects around me, upon entering the club-room, this, then, had furnished the thought germ, which, falling upon my fancy-fevered brain, developed the fiendish form that, for the time being, had borne me through all the terrors of a horrible reality.

Arthur Penfield.

A SHORT RUN.

A MINISTER, a lawyer, a doctor, a journalist, an actor, two book-keepers, two business men, the minister's son, and two young gentlemen on whom fortune had smiled with a broad financial smile, which obviated all necessity for an occupation, save the search for enjoyment, — this was the party which gathered at the corner of Central Park, on Fifth avenue, one day last June, for an afternoon of pleasure on the wheel. From his reverence, who measures six feet two, and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, down to his son, aged twelve, who could almost hide in his father's hat, there was no member of the party who was not "Hail fellow! well met!" and a prince in his own particular way. I was in the party, and perhaps, for modesty's sake, I should state that since leaving college I have been tempted to amass a fortune by retailing my photograph as the picture of bad luck; but put me on a bicycle and I am quite another sort of fellow, you know.

There is something civilizing and reforming about a bicycle, and I verily believe that the meanest man on foot could be made quite tolerable by the purchase of a good bicycle, and its proper use.

We started two and two, with the stripling ahead as an *avant-courier*, and the bugler tooting his *tan-ta-ra* in the most approved style.

Every one knows what the boulevards in New York are to the bicycler, but every one does not know the pleasure of an afternoon's conversation in a company so diverse in character, yet so harmonious.

Exhilaration and keen enjoyment reigned supreme, whatever the combination: now it would be an animated discussion between the lawyer and the business man; and then again the minister and the actor would roll along together; then the parson's wee mite of a son would glide along in the shadow of the hale old doctor, or the book-keeper would attend the man of money. It was all the same, the hearts were in the right place, and bank-books or social rank were matters of little weight.

Leaving Fifth avenue the wheels glinted and gleamed across to Sixth, up Sixth, and then across to the big hill at 110th street. While crossing from Sixth to Eighth avenues, his reverence regaled himself with a fit of mental abstraction. He was, perhaps, thinking out the skeleton of his Sunday's sermon. At all events he rode deliberately against a stone, fully his equal in avoirdupois, and if he had been repeating

"Oh! could I soar on wings of light,"

he certainly could not have asked for a more literal fulfilment of his desires, for he certainly had nothing more tangible to rely upon when I saw him.

But, like Peter, his faith must have left him in mid-air, and he began to sink. There was a momentary struggle between the parson and his bicycle as to which could first effect an entrance into a Croton water main, which was lying beside the road, and then for an instant all was still.

It was not a very serious accident. The parson was very dusty, but very good-natured, and, though one side of the rear fork of his machine was broken, it carried one hundred and eighty pounds safely during the remainder of the ride.

It was to be a long pull and a strong pull up that long incline, and therefore it was not surprising that we stacked our bicycles in front of mynheer's establishment, and went to inquire for — water. While

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he was serving our drinks — of water — one of our number addressed him in German, and delighted his jovial old soul by telling him of bicycles and bicycling in his mother tongue — stepmother tongue, the actor said, it lacked so many requisites; however, it was a great stroke of diplomacy, for the portly Teuton made a dive underneath the bar, and when he next appeared it was with a large wicker basket overflowing with crispy, brown pretzels.

They disappeared like mist in the morning, and so strengthened the party that all climbed the hill without dismounting, except the moneyed man, who gave out on the last quarter. "Wealth always has drawbacks," said the actor. For this bad pun he was forbidden the pleasure of coasting down the hill; but the sentence was annulled upon promise of future abstinence.

What rattling, harum-scarum vernacular can I employ to describe the manner in which those twelve bicycles came down that hill! Such recklessness was positively criminal, but it was delightfully exciting.

It had just enough of rolling stones to make it dangerous, and was just uneven enough to make one yearn for an opportunity to take a long breath; but when we reached the foot, and felt that glow of satisfaction which always follows escaped dangers, we were ready to lift our voices in one long and loud unanimous cry, "*Vive la* Bicycle!" Coasting, as a rule, is dangerous pastime; but a little of it now and then adds considerable tone to the system, after all.

As we leaned upon our saddles at the foot of the hill, my wheel slipped and fell to the ground. It had probably gone through a thousand worse falls uninjured before I took it; but you remember what I said above about my photograph, so, of course, the handle-bar broke off short at the head. Consternation filled me as I thought of walking back to the city; but a picket from a neighboring fence, and a half-a-dozen handkerchiefs from my fellow-wheelmen, restored my steed and my peace of mind.

There only remains to be told the uninterrupted delight of the return over the Riverside drive, which is as level as a floor, not even a pebble to turn the wheel nor a handful of sand to impede its progress. There is a gentle decline all the way, which makes the use of the treadles a matter of choice, and the hour for driving was past, so we held undisputed sway.

It was an evening to be remembered forever. Here and there the note of a bird chirping his last good-night, and the muffled rumble of our rubber-tires, were the only sounds to be heard as we stole along.

The soft, sunset shadows were creeping over the woods beyond the river below, which seemed like a mighty silver sea-serpent, lying in a Rip-Van-Winkle-like sleep along the valley.

We were drinking in the intense delight of the time and place, when thoughts ethereal and æsthetic were summarily banished by an apparition of an arm of the law — a representative of our country's bravery and vigilance, in the shape of a red-headed son of Erin, with brass buttons, helmet hat, and a harelip. In vain we remonstrated, pleaded, and even threatened. The limb of the law refused to allow us to pursue our way.

Oh, could the men who make our laws have heard us!

Buttons expressed his regrets, but reiterated: "Gintilmin, ye's baint a-goin' to thrundle thim cyclopedias no furdher on this dhrive;" and he added, "Lah iz lah, and oi've got moi ordhers." So we turned aside with turbulent spirits, and wended our way homeward by a route which was bad only by comparison with the one we had left.

Those who placed a savory supper before us, an hour later, can best tell whether this incident was sufficiently annoying to remove the keen edge of our appetites and our enjoyment.

'CYCLING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

IT is in every way probable that the practice of bicycling, which has so enormously grown of late, has added many recruits to the amateur photographic ranks. Only those who have stridden the iron steed and felt its charm — which no other means of locomotion can rival — can have any conception of the enhanced beauties with which every passing scene is imbued. In the saddle, with the physical frame all

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aglow with an exercise which invigorates rather than fatigues, the rider is in the very pink of condition for the full appreciation of those delights in which nature abounds. Artistic feelings, hitherto latent, become developed, and in the more keenly susceptible a strong desire begins to grow for mementos of landscapes that have particularly charmed the eye.

Fresh excursions reveal fresh beauties, the fleeting glimpses of which tempt a farther pursuit away from the regular beaten track, where even more picturesque "bits" are discovered, which fully repay the trouble of the divergence.

Again in the saddle a few miles of dreary highway are soon slipped over; and when the pedestrian would be weary and ill-disposed to explore the windings of the promising scene opened to view, the newly awakened artistic bicyclist hails it as a pleasant change, rambles through its mazes, and more and more determines to be able to secure a few photographs, if for nothing more than to recall, at some future time, the many interesting incidents with which his excursions abound; indeed, the pursuit of photography under such circumstances must be specially interesting. The artistic and scientific hobby is also a good parry to the oft-expressed thrust respecting "always gadding about on that machine." The pictures produced prove his "gaddings" to be worth something, after all. Others become envious, and would like to join; *paterfamilias*, formerly "death on them," exhibits now some interest; even speculates on the possibility of excelling the young men; reads up bicycling intricacies, and, finally, "goes in" for a superior "rotary" motive, steady three-wheeler, and heads the ranks.

The tricycle is, of course, most useful as a camera-carrier, and is commonly used for the purpose, no great ingenuity being required to carry with ease a small outfit. An amateur acquaintance of mine, with a superabundance of energy, is continually tricycling across country with one of the lightest of half-plate cameras, a few pasteboard dark slides answering his purpose admirably; but, as the construction of the camera will only allow of a lens of one particular focus, it will be of limited use. A large apparatus is easily attached, and no doubt does able duty for many.

With the bicycle the case is different. Every little increase of weight is of moment; and the very lightest of materials, which also possess the best technical capabilities, should be selected. These are nowadays readily obtainable; indeed, they are special studies with manufacturers, and there need be little difficulty in procuring the right articles. Apparatus most wonderful in simplicity, plates miraculously responsive to almost every wish (so we are told), virtually flood the market; but it is a great mistake for the beginner to imagine, as a good many do, that the necessary taste, judgment, and skill are included in the purchase. The capabilities of our art have been so noised abroad of late that one is getting quite reconciled to the technical phrases and ostentatious familiarity of detail displayed by men who really have no more than a passing acquaintance with the subject. The tyro, lacking the necessary qualifications, however, very soon falls behind; but his short practical experience, at any rate, enables him to see beauties in photographs formerly unobserved; so his time is not altogether lost.

But to return to the equipment of a bicyclist. I have frequently carried a quarter-plate outfit with little or no inconvenience. In a leather case, strapped to the back as a knapsack, were closely fitted a bellows, camera, three double dark slides, focusing cloth, etc., and two or three pieces of turkey-red cloth, used when changing plates in strange places. One or two symmetrical lenses, which fit the same flange, are exceedingly convenient. Being very small, they can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. Many do not approve of a knapsack, and prefer a "*multum-in-parvo*" bag attached behind the saddle. The former is considered heating, although I have not found it so, — indeed, with custom it is never felt, — while with the latter, from its position behind the rider, the weight is intensified; and, further, the knapsack being on the person is always handy.

The tripod has ever been a great nuisance with travellers; indeed, I see in these pages, at the recent meeting of the Manchester Photographic Society a member advocated its disuse altogether, and, for instantaneous exposures, found holding the camera under the arm answer his purpose.

In general practice, though, drop-shutter exposures are not the rule; so we are compelled to retain the tripod. The bicycle itself has been recommended as a substitute, and many ingenious methods of balancing have been contrived; but it is simplest, in the end, to carry the right appliance. Mine was made of metal tubes, each leg in two parts, one sliding within the other when

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packed. It suited very well except for the vibration, which, when used its full length, was fearful; but used half length it was rigid enough. When folded the whole would be about two inches diameter, and very light. It was firmly secured to the backbone, and almost looked part of the machine. A leather socket fastened behind the saddle, another on the fork of the hind wheel, and a strap near the step, kept it in position; and, with some tiny India-rubber bands round each tube, not a rattle betrayed its presence. I believe there are many better to be had, combining lightness with rigidity.

A limited supply of plates can be strapped on the bicycle head, where a little weight is not so objectionable. Further supplies — if on a long tour — can, by prearrangement, be forwarded by rail. Exposed plates can also be got rid of in a similar manner. At a hotel a cigar-box is always obtainable, and with plenty of meal, bran, sawdust, or such like, there need be no great trouble in packing safe against breakage. The plates can be changed in absolute darkness with practice, or the turkey-red cloth, before-mentioned, can be employed. The necessary change of linen can be stowed in a satchel or "*multum*" behind the saddle.

Mr. L. Warnerke's famous roller dark slide, with endless band of tissue, is a marvel of ingenuity, and would save a world of trouble by the ease with which a large number of negatives can be taken, by simply turning a screw unrolling the sensitive material ready for consecutive exposure. With reliable films the extent of its utility would be unquestionably great, not only to bicyclists, but to all travellers wishing to bring home *souvenirs* of their tours.

Thomas M. Laws.

The British Journal of Photography, Nov. 10.

A TYPO'S RIDE ON THE ICE.

A BICYCLE ride on the ice? Yes, just so; and THE WHEELMAN readers shall know all about it, too.

'Twas on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 17, 1882, a beautiful day, not very cold, and roads in fair condition. My home is in the "Garden of the Keystone State"; but let me politely inform you that our roads are not of the best, and not near as good as might be expected in such a "garden."

But about the ride. Well, I hadn't my steed in winter-quarters in the attic yet, and everything being so lovely out-doors, I at once thought of taking a spin to Mt. Joy, a borough eight miles distant. Both of my parents and my sister urged me to go, too (they are interested in all that tends to wheel affairs; in fact, my sister had for quite a while a wheelman caller), so off I went.

If wheelmen in general would take a little advice, I would say don't store your wheels too far away, for in midwinter we have days, and even weeks, that would afford more than one pleasant ride.

Well, 'tis hardly necessary to enumerate all the pleasures of that ride. But, unluckily, I couldn't see a single wheelman, or he, too, could have enjoyed the experience I had on the ice on my return trip.

The Harrisburg pike crosses the Big Chigues creek at what is known as Garber's Mill, where there is a large dam. Here were dozens of merry skaters, gliding over the ice in all the freedom and sport which skating affords. I dismounted and watched them and suddenly a thought struck me: how would a bicycle run on ice? To me, to think is to act. When I rolled my bicycle on the smooth, hard surface I found that the ice was not so terrible a thing to try a ride on as I at first thought. After a few slides with the bicycle in front of me, I decided to mount it.

By this time some skaters came to me, and encouraged me, and said they believed it would work all right, and even invited a race. I then gave a slight push, and glided easily into the saddle. Away I went, slowly at first, and then up the stream, every moment working my trusty steed a little faster. Oh, the pleasures of that ride! Soon scores of skaters were after me, and how they tried to get ahead of me! Often they spurted suddenly around me, but my method of travel did not tire me in the least, and I soon outstripped all of them. I just then wished to have five other bicycling friends of my village (Landisville) with me. How grand it would be! But I perhaps enjoyed it all the more for never having heard or tried such an experimental ride before.

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After riding about two miles I ran out on the shore, which was on a level with the ice, at a certain point, and dismounted. The creek averages forty feet in width, but let me whisper to all such as want to try it, that forty feet of ice-surface is not quite enough in which to make a successful circle; so this explains my precaution in dismounting.

I soon started back again, and went around many beautiful curves, for the creek does not run in a straight course, and before long I came upon the skaters. How they laughed as I recognized them with cap and bell! 'Twas, indeed, a novel spectacle to them, as well as to some passing conveyances on the road near the creek.

I made three or four round trips, and on my last one tried one and then two "legs over the handles," "without hands," and other little tricks, to the great amusement of the assembled spectators. And all the while I was greatly amused myself, for I have experienced nothing so novel, so grand, I believe, in all my bicycle rides; and I have been around a little for two years, and have enjoyed fine roads. Some few have been in this section, and in Fairmount Park, at the late meet, and on the old Lancaster pike to Bryn Mawr, near Philadelphia; but I may say nothing in that line of *terra-firma* riding exceeded my first ride on the ice. I shall try it often, and advise my brother wheelmen to do likewise. A few precautions are necessary to those contemplating such rides: Don't go unless the ice is pretty solid; ride in as straight a line as possible; be careful in dismounting; have something rough on your heels,— it will prevent a slide or fall. And another, and not-to-be-laughed-at, fact is, you can't well take a header.

I have had numerous adventures on the wheel, and THE WHEELMAN readers will hear of some, perhaps, in future numbers.

Davy Derby.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

The Velocipede or Draisena.

RECENTLY in an old volume of the *Analectic Magazine*, published in Philadelphia in the year 1819, I came across an account of the draisena, together with a wood-cut of the same, — a machine invented in the year 1817, sixty-five years ago, and which, possibly, was the foundation of the bicycle of to-day. The account of the vehicle I have copied *verbatim*, and though the cut cannot be reproduced, the *modus operandi* of the bicyclist of half a century ago will be understood from the description.

The speed claimed for it is very remarkable, and approaches very nearly the average speed attained by the wheelman of to-day, — at least in this we are content to make from nine to ten miles per hour on our Columbias, Harvards, Yales, and 'Xtraordinaries.

I fear we would make a sorry figure in the saddle of the draisena, touring through the country, and yet it seems to have been a machine free from headers, — the dread of all amateurs, and among the possibilities of even the veteran.

I cannot learn that the machine came into general use, but it certainly attracted attention, as the magazine above-mentioned copied the account of it from a London paper of this day.

It certainly is interesting to those who are the fortunate owners of modern wheels and appreciate them, — and who does not? — to note the immense advance in style, beauty, and utility of the machines in use to-day over those of sixty-five years ago: —

This truly original machine was the invention of Charles De Drais, master of the woods and forests of H.R.H. the grand duke of Baden. The account given by the inventor of its nature and properties is, —

1. That on a well-maintained post-road it will travel up-hill as fast as an an active man can walk.

2. On a plain, even after a heavy rain, it will go six or seven miles an hour, which is as swift as a courier.

3. When roads are dry and firm it runs on a plain at a rate of eight or nine miles an hour, which is equal to a horse's gallop.

4. On a descent it equals a horse at full speed.

Its theory is founded on the application of a wheel to the action of a man in walking.

With respect to the economy of power this invention may be compared to that very ancient one of carriages. As a horse draws in a well-constructed carriage both the carriage and its load much easier than he could carry the load alone upon his back, so a man conducts, by means of the velocipede, his body easier than if he had its whole weight to support on his feet. It is equally incontestable that the velocipede, as it makes but one impression or rut, may always be directed on the best part of the road. On a hard road the rapidity of the velocipede resembles that of an expert skater, as the principles of the two motions are the same. In truth, it runs a considerable distance while the rider is inactive and with the same rapidity as when his feet are in motion, and in

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a descent it will beat the best horses in a great distance, without being exposed to the risks incidental to them, as it is guided by the mere gradual motion of the fingers, and may be instantly stopped by the feet.

It consists of two wheels, one behind the other, connected by a perch, on which a saddle is placed for the seat of the traveller. The front wheel is made to turn on a pivot. On a cushion in front the fore-arm is rested, and by this means the instrument and the traveller are kept in equilibrio.

Its Management. — The traveller, having placed himself in the position represented in the cut, his elbows extended and his body inclined a little forward, must place his arms on the cushion and preserve his equilibrium by pressing upon that side which appears to be rising. The rudder (if it may be so called) must be held by both hands, which are not to rest on the cushion, that they may be at full liberty, being as essential to the conduct of the machine as the arms are to the maintenance of the balance of it (attention will soon produce sufficient dexterity for this purpose); then, placing the feet lightly on the ground, long but very slow steps are to be taken, in a right line at first, taking care to avoid turning the toes out lest the heels should come in contact with the hind wheel. It is only after having acquired dexterity in the equilibrium and direction of the velocipede that the attempt to increase the motion of the feet or to keep them elevated while it is in rapid motion ought to be attempted. The saddle may be raised or lowered, as well as the cushion, at pleasure, and thus suited to the height of various persons.

The inventor proposes to construct them to carry two persons, and to be impelled by each alternately or by both at once, and also with three or four wheels, with a seat for a lady, besides the application of a parasol or umbrella; he also proposes to avail himself of a sail, with a favorable wind.

The instrument appears to have satisfied a desideratum in mechanics, all former attempts having failed upon the known principle that power is obtainable only at expense of velocity; but the impelling principle is totally different from all others: it is not derived from the body of the machine, but from a resistance operating externally, and in a manner most conformable to nature — the resistance of the feet upon the ground. The body is carried and supported, as it were, by two skates, while the impulse is given by the alternate motion of both legs.

The Germans call this machine "drais laufmashin" and the French "draisena."

Under the direction of Baron Drais a carriage was some years since constructed to go without horses; but as it required two servants to work it, and was a very complicated piece of workmanship, besides being heavy and expensive, the baron, after having brought it to some degree of perfection, relinquished the design altogether in favor of the present machine. It is stated that a person well practised can travel eight, nine, and even ten miles an hour, on good and level ground.

Try other Machines.

I make it a point to ride every new tricycle that I can get access to. I find ten minutes, or ten miles, if that is possible, better than ten years of theory and reading of circulars. Making proper allowances for the new circumstances of a different model machine, and for any lack of proper fit in seat, length of thrust, height of handle (which ought always to be adjustable), and one gets practical ideas of great value to an intelligent understanding of the pastime. For many years every rider will be asked hundreds of times for a practical opinion on the merits of different machines, and for his own sake, as well as his friends', who wish to get for themselves the best, he should take pains to inform himself.

Some men always decline all offers to change tricycles for a few miles on a run, and seem content to know absolutely nothing of other makes than their own. Of course, one who has a pet machine, free from scratch or bruise, will think twice before he exchanges with a careless rider; but no gentleman would forget to use special care, when temporarily on another's machine.

Nothing has done so much to make me content with my front-steering, double-driving Salvo as the few experiences with other makes that have come in my way. Besides the other reasons given, it is a very convenient thing to know something of other tricycles than one's own, so to be able, if occasion requires, to get on another machine and ride it without discredit.

This decade is to be a series of experiments in three wheels, and it will add to the pleasure and interest of each other to share as much as opportunity allows in working out the problems of the easiest, safest, and fastest machines and methods of care and riding.

"Improvements."

I was thinking, the other day, how strangely things seem to run in circles, or, rather, in spirals. We come around about once in so often to the same meridian, but we are a notch higher up. The idea was brought up by finding an old scrap from some London illustrated paper containing a picture of a four-wheeled velocipede, presented to the present Prince of Wales, when he and I were youths, — not exactly together, but simultaneously. Now, after passing through the stages of "bone-shaker" and bicycle, we find the three and four-wheeled pedomotive carriages again coming to the front as the favorite vehicles; but how different is the spider-wheeled, rubber-tired, ball-bearing, feather-weight machine of to-day, from the heavy, wooden machine of twenty odd years ago, — and where will we be twenty years hence? In advance, no doubt. But I want to enter my protest here and now against the idea that attaching some steam-boiler, electric-battery, or

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other source of power for propulsion, save the muscles of the rider, is a way of *improving* the bicycle or tricycle. That may be a way of improving on the horse and buggy, or the train-cars, or the stage-coach; but to furnish the bicycle or the tricycle with a mechanical motive is not progress; it is retrogression; it deprives them of their great charm; in fact, of their very *raison d'être*. Now the bicycler has a machine which ceases to be a mere machine, and becomes, in fact, an extension of the rider's personality as soon as mounted. It is a pair of seven-leagued boots; a pair of wings; it has power, but only to extend or multiply that of the rider; it has life, but it is only the projection of the life of the rider. It is as entirely dependent upon his volition—as entirely a part of himself—as his arm or his leg; and herein lies its charm, to say nothing of the sanitary considerations of healthful exercise. No steam or electric motor can ever replace the *alter ego*, much less be an improvement upon it; though, doubtless, for business purposes strictly, we may soon see tricycles or quadricycles flying over our country roads, urged forward by the mysterious power stored up in the leaden plates of a Faure or Brush accumulator. Such machines may be welcomed as improvements on hacks or street-cars, but that is all; they are only machines, and never can have souls in them, like the bicycle and tricycle of to-day.

Amateur Question.

I have been somewhat amused of late at the fuss made over the Amateur question, and the terror expressed by some writers lest the L.A.W. had done something that would prevent the recognition of its members as amateurs by English wheelmen. What the result of this non-recognition would be has not been clearly stated; but it seems to be assumed that, like the "Nephew's Curse," in "Patience," it would be "very terrible." For my own part, my curiosity so far outruns my discretion that I am willing to risk it; just to see what *would* happen. The more so as I am inclined to think that, strictly speaking, there are mighty few of us who are amateurs, in the true British sense, after all. A gentleman-amateur over there, in the strict meaning of the term, is a chap who is "a gentleman, you know," not a shopkeeper, or an attorney; much less a mechanic or a clerk; but a "gentleman." It is true that the strictness of this rule has been relaxed in matters bicycular; but I learn there is a strong feeling that things have been allowed to go too far in this direction. The treatment of the Shœwacamettes and the Hillsdale crews afford us a fair indication of what may be expected when we send over some bicyclers who have any show of winning any of the championships of the B.U.

In the meantime let us possess our souls in patience. The world won't come to an end, nor will this hemisphere go into permanent eclipse, even if we don't define amateurship, and measure our race-tracks in strict accordance with British precedent, and fall under the major excommunication in consequence.

In point of fact, dreadful as it may seem to certain Anglomaniac young "sassiety-men" in Boston and New York, it is a matter of supreme indifference to the majority of wheelmen in this country whether our way of doing things has the approval of our British cousins or not.

The Bicycle and Mechanical Ingenuity.

In the October issue of THE WHEELMAN is an article of very great interest, by Mr. C. E. Hawley, upon the uses of the bicycle. That article is worthy of careful study, as showing the far-reaching effect upon human civilization, in divers ways, of the growing use of the wheel. "The bicycle has stimulated mechanical tastes among thousands who would otherwise never have turned their attention in that direction. Many, from their love of it, have made a careful study of all its parts; much experimenting has been done, and men have become critical judges of this machine who were before indifferent to all machines and all tools."

There is no doubt of this. The writer would like to state that his own experience verifies this. His most patient friends have found great difficulty in making him comprehend some of the simplest principles of machinery. The trouble was that the pupil was not interested in mechanical matters.

Since "taking to" the bicycle I have found a growing interest in mechanical matters. From diagrams and specifications of bicycle construction the mind, by natural association, turns to other classes of machinery, and, by a necessary corollary, to the deft use of tools. "My best girl" has the past few months been constantly surprised over a nascent mechanical aptitude, which has subserved on occasions not a few, pocket-book, comfort, and time.

If it were not for taking up space of other

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members of the club, and more competent penmen, I could easily show how the constant use of a bicycle has so resulted. That which is true in my own case is, without doubt, true of hundreds of others.

The Bicycle as an Aid to Physicians.

Let me say another good word for the bicycle as an aid to the physician, feeling confident that one more life may be added to the list of those already saved through its instrumentality; and not alone a life, but the doubly precious one of a mother.

At an early hour in the morning of a day last month I was called to attend Mrs. W., living half a mile away, as soon as possible. Slipping on my clothing with all possible speed, I had not yet completed my hasty toilet before another messenger came, out of breath, to tell me that the lady was bleeding to death! No time to harness a horse — but the wheel! Ah, what an opportunity for my silent steed to win golden opinions! In a moment we were on the road, the spokes, first glinting like webs in the morning light, gradually weaving themselves into mist as our speed increased. Talk of horses entering into their riders' moods; but bring me the steed that feels every thrill of its rider like the steed of steel! The pedals scarcely felt my weight, yet how we flew! Down a little declivity and up the corresponding rise with a swoop like that of a bird; around corners with an inclination of wheel and rider that would seem almost impossible, and then on, for the last of the run, over a straight road. How the wind rushed past, taking away all thought of drowsiness, to produce in its place a species of intoxication that renders one insensible to fatigue. A moment more and the speed is slackened to dismount; just in time, for a minute or two later would have been fatal, as the patient was unconscious from loss of blood, having sunk back a short time previous, saying all was black before her eyes. After a hasty application of remedies we had the satisfaction of seeing the dangerous hemorrhage checked and our patient brought back to life; and now every one, at least in that portion of our village, says I ride the best horse in town.

Tricycles for Physicians.

Last June I purchased a Royal Salvo, and immediately commenced a practical test of its value by visiting my in-town patients. In the town proper we have excellent sidewalks and good carriage-roads and few elevations, so that I have met with a great deal of success, and have made a mile, without trouble, in six minutes. As to its value as a roadster I can hardly give testimony. From the fact that the long circuits, necessary to test it thoroughly, are so interspersed with rocky, sandy intervals, resulting from broken crust, caused by the extreme drought, I have not attempted them.

As to its value to me thus far I can safely say that, in the space of two months, I have saved harnessing perhaps one hundred times. I am forced to ride much, because of lameness from a broken femur, which is not noticed in running the machine. The future of the tricycle has yet to be proved, while it presents advantage over the bicycle in certain kinds of comfort and ease of mastery.

As an adjuvant to the apparatus for restoring health the tricycle takes a front rank, and will increase in favor as acquaintance with it increases, especially with ladies. The motion is not ungainly, and the ease with which one glides along invariably provokes attention and admiration. I can conceive of nothing in the shape of exercise likely to prove as valuable in incipient phthisis. It has all the advantage of horseback riding; it never sulks or balks. It promotes a vigorous circulation and imparts a buoyancy of feeling that nothing else does. As a phthisical patient avers that she can ride farther than she can walk, and that she has avoided a chill by a speedy recourse to a spin of half a mile and return. From my stand-point I should compare the tricycle to the accommodative locomotive for comfort, speed, and short trips, at present limited by the condition of roads, and the methods of manufacture, while the bicycle, as an express roadster, has already earned, and is every day establishing, its reputation.

In the summer of 1880 I started from college before breakfast, and took a run of about two miles, to a blacksmith shop, for a bit of repairing on my machine. I had nearly reached home, on my return trip, when I noticed that I had lost about an inch and a half of the rubber tire on my rear wheel. The road was smooth and slightly damp from a recent rain, so the mark of my wheel was easily traced, with the missing inch and a half of tire plainly revealed at every revolution; so I walked back slowly, expecting to find the piece somewhere in the vicinity of the point where

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the track was continuous, leaving no indication of the break. My search was protracted until I lost my breakfast and missed morning prayers at the chapel, when it suddenly dawned upon me that I had been searching for something which I had not lost; the tire had simply parted, and the elasticity of the rubber had drawn the ends away from each other just one inch and a half. I trust this confession of personal stupidity will not prove as expensive as it did when I confessed it first. The men in my class smoked very good cigars, and it was not a small class; but I paid the forfeit willingly, learning the lesson that it is better to think first and to act afterwards.

EDITORIAL.

The L.A.W. Elections.

By the rules of the League of American Wheelmen, adopted last May, the corresponding secretary will send to each member, between the first and tenth days of March, a voting-blank for a chief consul, and one representative for every hundred League members in his State. This blank is to be filled out by the member and returned to the corresponding secretary before the tenth day of April. That is the simple method of election, and is all there is of it, so far as the individual members of the League are concerned. There are other provisions in reference to counting the votes, making returns, election of executive officers, etc., which are to be observed by the officials who have to do with them.

There are, however, several things depending upon the right action of members in performing their part in conducting the elections. It goes without saying that the chief consul for any State should be not only a member of the League, — as all the officers must be to be eligible, — but should be an active, efficient, enthusiastic, earnest, and representative wheelman. Indeed, this may be said as truly of the choice for representatives; but as the chief consul is practically the head of the organization for the State, he should be the first choice in these qualities.

Another consideration to be borne in mind in the selection of these chief consuls and representatives, is the fact that, under the rule as adopted (though, as we think, mistakenly), the President and Vice-President of the League must be elected for the ensuing year by these chief consuls and representatives of all the States "from their number"; so that, if there be any choice with members of the League as to who in their State shall be eligible for President or Vice-President of the League, they will see to it that such choice is expressed by making it appear in the list of chief consuls and representatives voted for. For instance, in Ohio those who desire the reëlection of President Miller will place him on their ticket either for chief consul or representative, — probably the latter, — because they can, at the same time, express their choice for chief consul in so doing; and, in like manner, in Massachusetts, if the members desire the reëlection of Vice-President Parsons, they will probably see that his name is on the list for representatives of his State.

We refer our readers thus particularly to the provisions of the rules in detail at this time, because it is desirable that our March elections should result in a more full and correct expression of the wishes of League members than last June elections did in many States. At that time the new rule was scarcely understood, or even known of, by the greater number of League members. In Massachusetts, with a total membership of more than a thousand members, but one hundred and thirty-six ballots were cast. In Ohio, but forty-three ballots were cast; in Pennsylvania, but thirteen; in Connecticut, but twenty-five; in Michigan, but nine; in the District of Columbia, but two; and, amongst those who did remember the balloting and attempt to exercise their right of choice, there were so many irregularities as to perplex the returning-board. It is not probable, however, that any such paucity or dilatoriness of balloting will be found this year.

Our purpose is to call attention to the fact of the elections and the requirements of the rules, rather than to make any campaign suggestions. We trust, however, that there will be no such thing as "politics" in League matters. Offices in the League, as in bicycle clubs, should seek the members rather than be sought, and accepted as marks of confidence and esteem, and opportunities for usefulness conferred voluntarily and heartily.

If there be rivalry between sections, or between friends of individuals, it should be friendly and good-natured, and not descend to partisanship. Probably in some States, like that of Massachusetts, where the present League officers are not only popular, but very active, and efficient, and

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zealous in serving the League, they will be substantially reëlected; in other States, where similar conditions do not exist, or where the present officers are either prevented from serving, or are unwilling to serve with such sacrifices as the League demands may require, others may be chosen to fill their places, but without contention or disparagement.

Contributors' Department.

IN this number of the magazine we have opened what we call a "Contributors' Department," which will, no doubt, be read with interest by wheelmen. It is designed to be a sort of a "Contributors' Club," where will be found paragraphs and short articles upon subjects in the treatment of which little space is required. Here will be found practical hints and suggestions, bits of experience, the result of experiments, interesting anecdotes, and reminiscences, short notes on subjects relating to bicycling and tricycling, which will be deemed valuable or entertaining to wheelmen. In this department will be published only *short contributions* upon subjects which, from their nature, should be treated briefly, and do not require the space given to magazine articles. We wish our readers to feel free to make use of its columns to give others the benefit of their experiments, experiences, and opinions on matters relating to 'cycling. Here wheelmen can compare opinions and reminiscences, and exchange ideas, at the same time giving all our readers the benefit of their knowledge. We have no doubt that this department will prove entertaining and valuable, and will become an important feature of the magazine. We shall do all in our power to make it so, and, with the coöperation of the wheeling fraternity, which we can reasonably expect, cannot fail to bring this about.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our English Letter.[1]

COVENTRY, ENGLAND, Jan. 17, 1883.

To the Editor of The Wheelman: —

SIR, — Your issue for January contains an editorial article on the American edition of my "Indispensable Bicyclists' Handbook," which makes serious charges and assertions concerning not only the book in question, but my character for fairness and straight writing, which is more to me than the sale of a dozen editions of any book, and I cannot let such remarks pass without saying a word to put myself right with the great body of American bicyclists. In the first place, sir, I thank you for the preliminary eulogiums you have been pleased to bestow on my book and myself, but can assure you they will not serve to prevent my refuting the statements you follow up with. It is true my remarks, both in the "Indispensable" and here, may not be over-palatable to the company — I beg pardon, "corporation" — who monopolize the "wire-pulling of THE WHEELMAN"; but they are nevertheless *true*, and I challenge you or any one else to disprove them by actual production of *facts*, — for mere *assertion* to the contrary is not *proof*. You speak of me as an Englishman, as if that were detrimental to my character, etc., from an American point of view. Well, sir, I *am* an Englishman, and have the characteristic of all true Englishmen — and, also, I believe, of American gentlemen — in my nature, *i.e.*, I speak straight, and fear no man, and I will do so here. Your remarks are of a lengthy nature, so I will take your statements as they come, and comment thereon.

1. You make a great deal of my "one good turn deserves another" principle; so much so that you would lead American readers — English readers know me better — to believe that my remarks and comments on machines are based on the amount of advertising done by its makers. Now, sir, beyond directing "special attention" to my advertisers in the preface generally, and inserting the words (*see advertisement*) after the remarks on individual machines, I draw the line, and I defy any one, either British or American, to prove the contrary.

2. You say, "There are many good machines, specialties, and novelties and considerable manufactures not mentioned in the book." This I deny *in toto*. If I am wrong, NAME the "*good* machines, specialties, novelties, and *considerable manufactures*," which were before the public at the time I wrote the work, and which are not mentioned therein.

3. "Mr. Sturmey's book is incomplete, insular, and exclusive." I deny this, and will prove the contrary.

4. You say, "It would be desirable for

[1] We have received the above letter as we go to press. On account of its length it is deemed best to publish the letter in this number, and defer our comments upon the alleged mis-statements, and innuendoes against THE WHEELMAN, contained therein until another issue.

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American wheelmen that some one should compile a book on the same plan; . . . that should . . . include French, American, Belgian, Swiss, German, Australian, and other products and producers as well as English." I agree with you fully; it *would* be *very* "desirable"; but if you are accustomed to such an exercise of imagination as to even think of compiling a description of *things which are not in existence*, I am not. Now, sir, I flatter myself that I know a little about bicycles and their manufacture, and I *deny that there are any* MAKERS in either of the countries last mentioned — beyond one or two in Germany — who make mere toys and veritable bone-shakers, and I believe a single one on a *very* small scale in Australia. If you, sir, can enlighten me I shall be very glad, and I will ask you a plain question which you can as plainly answer. Can you name any makers of machines in these four countries worthy of being compared with even the Standard Columbia? If so, answer by naming them.

5. You wonder why I did not do this. Well, in the first place, I have given a very good reason above; whilst, in the second place, I would ask you what would be the use of an edition embracing French machines — there are only three makers — to a French-speaking population (to whom only it would be interesting), who would not be able to understand a word of it? I may here add that the entire edition is being now translated into German and published in Vienna.

6. "It might have been necessary for him to visit America himself." With respect to this remark I will only say that, with so few machines, and so many valued correspondents (Americans) in the States, I do not consider it "necessary." I hope to have the pleasure of doing so some day, but until "The Indispensable" does more than barely cover expenses — owing to its low price — my "business shrewdness" tells me that not even a Yankee would journey across the Atlantic on its special account. When you have fifty makers perhaps I may.

7. You object to my explanation that "the gradual shaping of the trade in the States has led to the issuing of this edition." I will only ask you here what would have been the use of, or how would it have been possible to have had, an "American edition" *if there had been no trade to shape?*

8. You are not satisfied that "five per cent." of the book is "ostensibly devoted to a view of the trade and wheel in America." As there are three hundred fifty-four machines made in England, as against fourteen made *and imported* into America, I contend that five per cent. is *more than duly proportionate.*

9. I deny that my book contains "a general attack upon one American concern in particular." I *do* attack the *principle of monopoly as a general thing*, and merely point out its existence, in doing which the monopolists are necessarily referred to; but I assert that I am as fair to them, as an individual firm, as to any other in the trade, either American or English.

10. Your remarks from line 24 to line 38, column 1, page 313, regarding the two American advertisers, are, I assert, *an attack upon them*; for, beyond "saying things" about them, you draw no connection between them and the contents of the work. The fact of the matter is that the "corporation" behind the THE WHEELMAN — most corporations are generally before — refused, when asked by my American agent, to support an English wheel publication, and now, because I don't say that they are the largest, greatest, and best wheel-makers in America, or any other country, — which they are NOT, — they are dissatisfied, and wish to cast a slur on those who were less narrow-minded in their views.

11. You say there are "at least eight bicycle makers and six importers in the States"; whereas I say, in my American edition, that there are three actual makers and "as many 'importing manufacturers,' *i.e., firms who import English-made bicycles built to their designs and specially constructed.*" Now, you have charged me with a lot of misdeeds by implication. I now charge YOU *with having withheld the qualifying words underlined*, in order to make your own case good. If you have not done so explain your course of action otherwise. I am very heavily handicapped by being so many thousand miles away, but I venture to assert that *I am right and you are wrong.* Of course I am only an Englishman, and don't know anything; but I will acknowledge myself to be wrong if you can tell me: (*a.*) The names of the makers of machines *worthy of mention* I have omitted. (*b.*) The other two manufacturing or *specially* importing firms in Boston. (*c.*) The other three New York houses having *special machines* not described elsewhere. (*d.*) The name of the importer of a *specially made and named machine* in Chicago. (*e.*) The names of the "two large manufacturing concerns" in Chicago, with a PROOF that they "*deal in* THOUSANDS *of bicycles a year* in America." (*f.*) If you are true on point *e*, why their names have never appeared in

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any American wheel journals, either in the literary or advertising columns. I am aware that there are other importers than those mentioned by me, but they import no *special* machines.

12. My remarks concerning the "Expert" ball-bearings are also offensive to your American ears. Can you tell me in what way, beyond the trivial items I mentioned, they differ from Bown's Æolus ball-bearings, and in what way they differ from these in principle? I may here say that it was only out of some — evidently unappreciated — deference to the Pope Company that I spoke of them at all, as there are *dozens* of bearings made by English makers and termed "our own ball-bearings," etc., etc., which I have not described, as they, like the Pope Company's, differ so little from described patterns. Were I to notice the *minute* differences of every part as made in this country, I could fill half-a-dozen "Indispensables" without giving one whit more actual information than at present. All actual practical differences are noted.

13. If the "Standard Columbia" differs much from the "Duplex Excelsior" of three or four years since, will you point out the differences, *i.e.*, the important ones? From a perusal of the catalogue, I understand it remains almost as introduced, improvements being added to subsequent patterns of machines.

14. That three American machines are ridden to one English I can readily understand, as their introduction into all parts of the States, where bicycles were till then unknown, has secured a practical monopoly with tyros, who, when they can ride, and have read a little about the wheel, and *understand that there is more than one make in the world*, go in for an English wheel, if they can afford it. I have this on the authority of dozens of American gentlemen-riders. As to what constitutes a "leading rider" I will not attempt to argue, as the Pope Company and THE WHEELMAN, like our English makers, consider the riders of their machines the only ones in this world who know their way about.

15. You say that when I speak of the monopoly having checked the inventive spirit of the American nation in the direction of the bicycle, I am "astray." Well, I may be — if you are the stand-point; but I made this statement as the result of similar ones made to me by American correspondents, coupled with the very natural and inevitable outcome of monopoly of any kind. You bring forward as proof that "in 1881, the number of patented inventions . . . was four times as great as in 1877 or 1878, *quite oblivious of the fact that in* 1877 *or* 1878 *the modern bicycle was hardly known in America*, whereas, in 1881, it was making a square stir. I would ask you how many of these "patented inventions" are now on the market, and how many would have been had there been no Pope monopoly?

16. In answer to your question, as to why I say the Pope company "*exact* a royalty"— call it a "monopoly" — and refer to your American licensees as "either lucky or wily," I will say that a royalty *is* paid, and if the patent holders don't "exact" it, why is it paid? Has not every maker or importer to pay this royalty or stop trading, and if this is not "monopoly" what is? Your licensees were either "lucky" enough to force the Pope Company into giving them a license, or "wily" enough to lay hold of the opportunity when they had it. I am only "calling a spade a spade." You asked questions and I have answered them.

17. I do not find fault with American any more than with English patents; but my English notions are up against *the way they are handled*. Besides, some — not all — of our English patents *will stand*.

18. Your remarks about the "Index," and out of date (or, more properly, "omitted from this (English) edition" columns), are trivial, whilst as to the price being 50 cents, I believe it was never sold at much less in the States, without any special matter. The British edition costs more than 1 shilling to print, and when the additional American matter is added to it and freight dues, and *your import duties* are added, there is not much left at trade price, for my American agents, at 50 cents. I may add that my American agents don't work for nothing, as I do, and that the American edition is not my property, but belongs to my agents, who take a large quantity, and have to *stand any loss on unsold copies*, and I think if they get $10 out of the transaction they will be lucky. I may add, too, that in intrusting its management to them *I can be certain that the English advertisements will not be detached, and the book put in covers and sold as issued by an American firm*, as was done when "our friends, the monopolists," were supplied by me.

In conclusion, I wrote to every one in the trade in America whose advertisement has appeared in any wheel organ, for particulars of their goods, and no one not "on the spot" could do more. I trust, sir, you will allow me these rather lengthy remarks in self-defence, and remain, Yours truly,

HENRY STURMEY.

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Massachusetts Division of the League of American Wheelmen.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO MEMBERS.

GENTLEMEN: — The officers of the Massachusetts Division call upon you to join with them in making this enterprise the success its praiseworthy ends deserve. It starts on its career with everything in its favor. No State in the Union could present equal advantages in point of numbers, and in all the elements needed to found a strong and permanent organization. Massachusetts takes pride in the historical distinction of antedating the rest of the country in her established bicycling interests, and her record of pioneer wheelmen. Let the same enterprising spirit animate this her first State Association of wheelmen to plant itself early upon a solid working basis. Let the men who compose the original membership of our Massachusetts Division signalize its opening year by raising it to the highest possible level of usefulness in the League. If every L.A.W. member in the fourteen counties of the Commonwealth realizes that an obligation is laid upon him to maintain the credit so long enjoyed by his State of ranking foremost in all that relates to the cause of bicycling, a prosperous future is assured to us.

Whether club members, or individual Leaguers, you have ample opportunities for helping along the cause. Your local consul needs an encouraging token now and then, in recognition of his official character. By directing touring members to his residence, or place of business, you will aid him in tendering the courtesies of your League district. A consul expects to receive occasional visits from wheelmen who are able to pay him the civility when riding through his town. Too little regard is paid to this duty, and thereby many an opportunity is lost for promoting the worthiest designs of our fraternity. You can also be of service to him in his work of preparing road maps and locating guide-boards. The signs themselves will be supplied by the Chief Consul upon the demand of local officers of the League; but in some cases the wheelmen of a place will be afforded the privilege of erecting suitable posts to mount them. The stencil figures shown in another page are intended to be used upon public guide-boards, where they are found to be well adapted for League purposes. Conveniently located buildings, posts, or fences, may be utilized in the same way. Consuls will be instructed to act under sanction of the proper authorities in all cases.

At the present time an efficient service can be rendered by well-directed efforts to recruit the membership of the League. The Massachusetts Division cannot yet claim even one-half the entire wheelmen in the State, and, since votaries of the wheel are steadily multiplying, it will be a long time before your field of labor will become sensibly narrowed. A good word for the League never requires an apology, and a single favorable remark upon occasion is sometimes turned to excellent account. Neither is it wise to ignore any faults of management when they are seen to stand in the way of League advantage. Do not be backward in gaining the public ear by candid expressions of opinion in the various cycling journals, whose columns are always open to such correspondence. Personal letters to League officers upon this subject are invariably welcomed, and cannot fail to be a valuable aid in the performance of their duties.

The League of American Wheelmen is now in a position to command your esteem as the representative cycling institution of this nation. It will soon enter upon the fourth year of its history with a *bona-fide* membership of two thousand. It is believed that the present L.A.W. roll contains very few but *staying* members, and it is reasonable to expect that future accessions will prove equally reliable.

The Massachusetts Division was organized Oct. 21, 1882, and can safely announce itself as fully equipped and ready for action. Fifty consuls, of known ability and enthusiasm, are at their posts in the various towns over the State, and nearly as many desirable hotels have been officially designated as head-quarters for the entertainment of touring Leaguers. For a complete list of Massachusetts Consuls and League Hotels, see Special Number of *Bicycling World* for January, 1883.

At a meeting of the officers of the Division, recently held in Boston (the January number of *The Wheelman* contains a full account of this meeting), a committee was chosen to prepare by-laws for the government of the State organization. They will submit their report at the next general meeting of the Division.

Every League member in the State is likewise a member of the Massachusetts Division, and entitled to all its privileges. The same entrance

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fee covers membership in both National and State bodies. Correspondence in relation to the business of L.A.W., or Massachusetts Division, may be addressed to the Division Secretary, who will be happy to supply you with circulars and blanks for membership applications or renewals. Nominations for consuls, or other special correspondence, will receive attention from any member of the Executive Board.

Fraternally,

FRED. S. PRATT, Worcester, *Chief Consul,*
CHAS. P. SHILLABER, Boston, *Treasurer,*
FRED. B. CARPENTER, Boston,
HENRY W. WILLIAMS, Boston,
CHARLES L. CLARK, Newton,
F. HAYWARD JOHNSON, Brockton,
FRANK S. WINSHIP, Lynn,
MAHLON D. CURRIER, Lawrence,
A. J. PHILBRICK, Salem,
EDWARD K. HILL, Worcester,
C. K. FERRY, Springfield,
L.A.W. Representatives, and Massachusetts Executive Board.

F. P. KENDALL,
Secretary Massachusetts Division,
Box 889, Worcester, Mass.

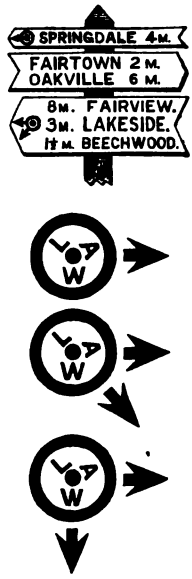
February 1, 1883.

GUIDE-BOARDS AND STENCIL-SIGNS ADOPTED BY THE MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

The following description is taken from the official report of EDWARD K. HILL, Worcester, Chairman of L.A.W. Committee on Guide-Boards, and Massachusetts Division Committee on Stencil-Signs: —

The accompanying electrotype shows the guide-board adopted by the Massachusetts Division, at the officers' meeting, and the official stencil-sign adopted by the L.A.W., at the semi-annual meeting of the board of officers. This stencil-sign was simply adopted at the last-mentioned meeting, without any rules for its use. The Massachusetts Division has adopted the shape of guide-board exhibited by the cut, and three combinations of the stencil-sign for use in the State of Massachusetts, with the recommendation that these be adopted by the League at large. The stencil-sign may be put on any post, fence, or existing board. It will be in neat, compact form to carry in the pocket, and the sign can be easily made on any conspicuous place in a few minutes. It may be placed on the guide-board or not, as the case demands. In Massachusetts the board is official in its shape, and the stencil-sign is not necessary in addition.

Guide-Boards.



The requirements are that the board shall exhibit the angles as shown in the cut, and the ground color must be white with lettering in black. There are no limitations as to dimensions or angles. It is simply necessary that the latter should be sufficient to render the board plainly distinguishable from the ordinary ones.

Stencil-Signs.

No. 1 is the direction-sign. It means: bicyclers go this way. The best road or way. At the top of a hill — may be safely coasted.

No. 2 is the cautionary sign. It means: ride with care. At the top of a hill — descend cautiously — dangerous coasting.

No. 3 is the danger-sign. It means: better dismount — unsafe riding — no coasting.

Notice to Massachusetts Consuls.

Guide-boards are to be ordered from the Chief Consul. Send him drawings of such signs as you need, indicating name, distance, and direction. The cut shown above may be followed as a sample. In many cases you will find that public road signs already in use will serve every purpose when made to signify their new meaning by the addition of the League stencil figure. Always obtain consent of local authorities before using the stencil upon public property, or setting guide-boards upon the same. Whenever a public sign does not point out the *best* road for cycling, endeavor to post a League guide-board conspicuously at the proper turn; but avoid needless multiplying of sign-boards.

You will soon be supplied with stencils, and, by reference to the combination symbols given above, they can be used freely and with good effect.

FRED. S. PRATT,
Chief Consul.

The Third Prince-Frye Race.

ON Jan. 20 the third contest between Prince and Frye took place. This one differed from the two preceding races as to the object, which was the professional championship and a stake

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of $600, Frye in the previous contests having run for a medal.

Nearly one thousand people were present. The race came off in the afternoon. Probably the attendance would have been larger had it been in the evening. Both men were feeling well. Just before the race Mr. Prince was presented with a gold medal by Chas. E. Pratt, in behalf of the Pope Mfg. Co. The medal is a very handsome one, of solid gold. On one side is the figure of Prince, riding his bicycle; on the other is this inscription: —

"Presented to
JOHN S. PRINCE
by
The Pope Mfg. Co.,
Boston, Mass.,
For winning the first championship of America on the First Columbia Racer, beating all previous American records.
Time, 10 miles in 32 min. 44 sec.,
Dec. 18th, 1882."

In presenting the medal, Mr. Pratt spoke highly of Mr. Prince's fairness in all previous races, and complimented him on having beaten so worthy a competitor as Mr. Frye; and, in closing, said, "Whatever machine you may ride, and whether you win in races or not, may you always wear this medal on as honest and manly breast as now."

The men shook hands, and, at the crack of the pistol, sped away, with Frye ahead. At the end of three miles Prince spurted ahead, and maintained the lead until the sixth mile, when Frye took the lead, which he held until the first lap on the seventh mile, when Prince again spurted to the front and set the pace for the seventh mile. At the beginning of the eighth mile, Frye, by a tremendous spurt, gained the lead, and held it until the third lap of the tenth mile, when Prince put in one of his usual spurts and dashed ahead. On the last lap Frye was taken with cramps and did not finish. Prince came in in fine form, having made his last mile in 3.3½.

The following table will show the time by miles, also the records: —

Miles.	Prince.	Frye.	Best record.	Made by.
1.....	3.10	3.09½	3.09½	Frye.
2.....	6.23½	6.23	6.24¾	Prince.
3.....	9.42½	9.42	9.41½	Frye.
4.....	13.00½	13.01	12.59¾	Prince.
5.....	16.26½	16.27	16.14¼	Prince.
6.....	19.42¼	19.41¾	19.35	Prince.
7.....	22.17	22.17½	22.54¼	Prince.
8.....	26.31½	26.31	26.14¾	Prince.
9.....	29.45½	29.45	29.33¼	Prince.
10.....	32.49	....	32.44	Prince.

The official timers were, W. H. Walsh, C. R. Percival, and Fred Jenkins; judges, A. Bassett, Eugene Merrell, J. Dean; referee, E. C. Hodges; starter, F. W. Weston; scorers, H. Cory, E. Norton; clerks of the course, A. L. Atkins, James Underwood.

Other events of the day were a 5-mile championship race of the Bay State Wheel Club, with C. C. Billings, H. H. Thompson, and F. R. Miller as contestants, won by Miller, with Thompson second; time: Miller, 19.49½, Thompson, 20.50½; and another five-mile race, open to all amateurs, for a gold and a silver medal. The starters were E. Burnham, H. M. Sabin, A. Dolph, C. Bent, and E. A. Thompson. The first place was hotly contested by Burnham and Thompson, but was finally won by the former. The time was as follows: —

Miles.	Burnham.	Thompson.	Sabin.
1.....	3.15	3.14	3.16
2.....	6.38	6.38½	6.41
3.....	9.58	9.57	10.02
4.....	13.16	13.15	13.18
5.....	16.25½	16.26¾	16.27

MR. Joseph Pennell, of Philadelphia, sailed for Liverpool, Jan. 9th, on the steamship "Arizona." Mr. Pennell is to sketch in France for the Century Co., and will travel on a tricycle, on which he can better carry his artist's materials than on his bicycle.

The Massachusetts Club Entertainment.

SATURDAY evening, Jan. 20th, the Massachusetts Bicycle Club gave an entertainment in Horticultural Hall. It was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience, who manifested their appreciation by frequent applause. The Banjo Quartette received several *encores*, as did other numbers. We give the programme below: —

PART FIRST.

1. SELECTION. — Double Quartette (male voices).
2. SONG. — "Sweethearts." Sullivan. Mr. WILLIS CLARK.
3. CHARACTER IMPERSONATION. — "Benjamin Butter Sniffles" . . . . . Mr. ED. T. PHELAN.
4. BANJO QUARTETTE. — Instrumental Medley of popular airs.
   Messrs. R. H. LEAVENS, G. W. WATERS . . . *Air.*
   Mr. F. A. FOSTER . . . . . *Tenor.*
   Mr. GEO. BARKER . . . . . *Accompanist.*
5. SONG. — "The Traitor Love." Roeckel. Mrs. Abby CLARK FORD.
6. READING. — "The Ghost" . . Mr. M. M. GRANT.

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PART SECOND.

7. IMPERSONATION. — "Capt. Dempsey" Mr. ED. T. PHELAN.
8. BICYCLE BALANCE ACTS. Messrs. WILMOT and ATKINS.
9. SELECTION . . . . . DOUBLE QUARTETTE.
10. READING. — "The Engineer's Story." Mr. M. M. GRANT.
11. SONG. — "A Summer Shower." Marziales. Mr. WILLIS CLARK.
12. IMPERSONATION. — "Dorcas Penroyal." Mr. ED. T. PHELAN.

Banquet to E. B. Sturges.

LAST evening the Scranton Bicycle Club entertained a few invited guests at a banquet to E. B. Sturges, Esq., President of the club, on his safe return from his European trip. The dining-room of the Forest House was handsomely decorated, and the banquet was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. We doubt if a more enjoyable affair of the kind has been given in this city. The *menu* was elaborate, and did credit to J. E. Payfair, who got it up in conjuntion with the committee, composed of George Sanderson, Jr., Dr. Charles Arthur, George Mayer, F. C. Hand, and J. W. Pentecost. Each guest found on his plate a handsomely embossed *menu* card and a button-hole bouquet. Toward the end of the banquet Mr. George Sanderson, Jr., as chairman, made a few remarks congratulating Mr. Sturges on his return; to which he feelingly responded. Remarks were made by Dr. Logan, Col. Boies, and others, and a poem was read by Dr. J. Emmett O'Brien. Among those present as guests of the club were, besides Mr. Sturges, Dr. Logan, Col. H. M. Boies, John Jermyn, Wm. Connell, W. T. Smith, H. Belin, Jr., J. G. Sanderson, W. W. Scranton, R. T. Black, J. Carmalt, Col. Schoonmaker, E. N. Willard, Chas. Welles, E. C. Fuller, William Silkman, J. Connell, C. Manness, E. Wade, F. Jermyn, G. Barnard, C. Bryant, T. Watts, C. E. Judson. Among the subjects discussed by some of the gentlemen present was that of the condition of our streets, Mr. Sturges causing much pleasure by his description of the roads of Europe. The *menu* was as follows: —

Blue Points.
Mock Turtle Soup.
Boiled Kennebec Salmon.
Hollandaise Sauce.
Parisienne Potatoes.
Roast Fillet of Beef, Larded, with Mushrooms.
Potato Puffs.
Chicken Croquettes.
French Peas.
Asparagus on Toast.
Lemon Sherbet. Cigarettes.
Quail on Toast, Parsley Sauce. Saratoga Potatoes.
Canvas-Back Duck, Game Sauce.
Celery.
Charlotte Russe.
Rum Jelly. Currant Jelly.
Chocolate Ice Cream. Banana Ice Cream.
Grapes. Florida Oranges. Bananas.
Almonds. Raisins.
Coffee. Cigars.

— *Scranton Republican.*

Professional Races at New York.

ON the evening of Friday, January 26th, at the American Institute Building, on Third Avenue and Sixty-Third Street, New York, began the professional bicycle tournament.

The first and most interesting event was the 25-mile race between John S. Prince, the champion, and Wm. M. Woodside, the Irish amateur champion, for a purse of $400. Prince adopted his usual tactics, and the contestants passed and repassed each other frequently to the great delight of the spectators, who cheered vociferously at each spurt. At the end of 22 miles Woodside's friends thought he was certain to win. He was leading Prince by 20 yards, and setting a tremendous pace, while Prince seemed to be working hard to keep the gap from growing wider.

On the last mile, however, he showed what he could do, and won the race easily. The time was far behind the records. The following is the score for 1, 5, 10, 15, 20, and 25 miles: —

Miles.	Prince.	Woodside.
1	3.47½	3.47
5	18.35¼	18.35
10	37.00¼	37.00
15	54.57¼	54.57
20	1.13.47⅝	1.13.47⅛
25	1.32.20⅛	1.32.22⅜

This race began about 8 P.M., and about half an hour after it was finished, that is, at 10 P.M., began the 26-hour race for a $200 medal, offered by the *Police Gazette*, and *a share of the gate receipts*. The following eight came to the scratch: W. J. Morgan, Canada; Frank Hart, Boston; William Oliver, Scotland; G. Gaisel, New York; John Wilson, Boston; Wm. M. Woodside, Ireland (not N. J. as the *N. Y. Herald* said); T. Harrison, Boston; and W. C. Young, Boston. Hart, who rode a poor machine, whose most prominent feature was its *squeak*, withdrew when he had covered 19 miles. Gaisel and Oliver were off and on frequently and variously, and soon withdrew altogether. Harrison left when he had done 62 miles. The other four continued all night, and up to Saturday afternoon. At half-past one Woodside went off, hav-

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ing done 193 miles, and at half-past three Wilson followed, with a score of 213. Young and Morgan then formed a procession and rode around the track, with occasional halts on the part of one or the other, until 8.20 P.M., when, by mutual consent, they stopped, Morgan having given it up, being 7 miles and 5 laps behind Young. Young made 254 miles and Morgan 246 miles and 4 laps. Time: 22 h. 19 min. 59 sec.

After the race Mr. Ford Mason, of New York, and Mr. J. D. Canary, of New Haven, did some very good fancy riding, which was warmly applauded. The attendance was small, and we fear the winner's share of the gate receipts was infinitesimally small.

The officers were: Referee, Fred Jenkins; Judges, Capt. N. M. Beckwith, Capt. W. R. Pittman, W. Brownson, and Edwin Oliver; Scorer, Edward Plummer, of the *Sportsman*.

While in New York our visit was rendered very pleasant by the genial editors of the *Wheel*, Messrs. Jenkins and Oliver. They are pleasant hosts; and do the work of a host on the *Wheel*, which improves with every number, and for which, if it continues under the same management, we predict brilliant and permanent success.

We also had a very pleasant visit to the Citizens' Bi. Club's rooms, where we met such prominent wheelmen as Capt. U. M. Beckwith, C. C. Fred. Bourne, Capt. W. R. Pittman, of the Ixion Bi. Club, and many others. Owing to lack of time we were compelled, regretfully, to postpone a similar visit to the Ixion Bi. Club's rooms.

The Fourth Anniversary of the Capital Club.

The Capital Club held their annual banquet Wednesday evening, Jan. 31. The toast programme was prepared by President L. O. Howard, and the *menu* card by Mr. Clarence G. Allen. We regret that a lack of space prevents us from printing the *menu*, which announces the banquet "open to all amateurs, — no handicapping; start from scratch," — as it is well gotten up. The song was written by Mr. Chas. R. Dodge.

ORDER OF LITERARY EXERCISES.

1. Opening Remarks by the President, Leland Howard.
2. Statistics of the Club . . S. Preston Moses, Jr.
3. Essay . . . . . Charles Richards Dodge.
4. Prophecy . . . . . L. W. Seely.

TOASTS.

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. — *Love's Labor Lost.*

1. The Capital Club . . . . . Philip T. Dodge.
   Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
   The cry is still *they come*. Our castle's strength
   Will laugh a siege to scorn. — *Macbeth.*
2. Our Honorary Members . . Col. F. A. Seely.
   Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors. — *Othello.*
3. The Garfield Fair Association, Col. A. F. Rockwell.
   And though he promise to his loss,
   He makes his promise good. — *Tate and Brady.*
4. The C. Bi. C. and District Government, Maj. Morgan.
   A cat may look at a king. — *Anon.*
5. The L.A.W. . . . . C. E. Hawley.
   If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
   — *Julius Cæsar.*
   Hence, horrible shadow,
   Unreal mockery, hence! — *Macbeth.*
6. The Bicycle of the Future . . Max Hansmann.
   And the grasshopper shall be a burden. — *Eccl.*
   As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. — *Ezekiel.*
   I'll put a girdle around the earth
   In forty minutes. — *Midsummer Night's Dream.*
7. The B.T.C. . . . . Harry Smith.
   'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. — *Campbell.*
8. Our Married Members . . . Edwin H. Fowler.
   He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or of mischief. — *Bacon.*
9. Our Bachelor Members . . . . H. W. Blair.
   A bold, bad man. — *Spenser.*
   In maiden meditation, fancy free.
   — *Midsummer Night's Dream.*
   How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. — *As you like it.*
10. The C. Bi. C. and the Law. . . Duane E. Fox.
    The gladsome light of jurisprudence. — *Coke.*
    Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk! — *Lee.*
    The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pockets. — *Macklin.*
11. The C. Bi. C. and Medicine . . T. A. Beryhill.
    But when ill indeed,
    E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed.
    — *Colman.*
    Physician, heal thyself! — *Luke.*
12. The American Star . . . . Herbert S. Owen.
    Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays.
    — *Pope* (M'f'g Co.!!!)
    Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
    How I wonder what you are
13. The Club Kid (boy) . . . S. Preston Moses, Jr.
    [Presentation of Cup.]
14. The C. Bi. C. and Local Journalism, H. H. Dewitt.
    Take away the sword;
    States can be saved without it; bring the *pen!* — *Bulwer.*
15. Watermelons . . . . . James McK. Borden
    He was a man of most unbounded stomach. — *Henry VIII.*
16. The Schoolmaster on the Bicycle, Frank R. Lane.
    Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
    To teach the young idea how to shoot. — *Thomson.*

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17. THE DEFUNCT ARLINGTON CLUB, HOWELL STEWART.
Whom the gods love, die young. — *Byron.*
The weakest goes to the wall. — *Romeo and Juliet.*

18. THE KLUB KAT! . . . . . CLARENCE G. ALLEN.
A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness. — *Keats.*
What a monstrous tail our cat has got! — *Carey.*

SONG.

C. BI. C.

Air. — Vive l'Amour.

1. Good fellows, come gather around in a ring.
Keep it away from the cat!
And all who can, and who cannot, must sing
Keep it away from the cat.

Chorus.

Vive la, vive la, vive la chat! (*ter.*)
Vive la C. Bi. C.!

2. We're jolly good wheelmen and don't you forget;
We're frequently dry, but we never get wet.

Chor.

3. Let every staunch bikler now fill to the brim,
With not a spoke loose from his hub to his rim.

Chor.

4. We'll drink to the patron saint of the club.
He'd drink if he could, but he can't — there's the rub.

Chor.

5. Here's health to the ladies, whose beauty ne'er fades;
A "header" apiece for all the old maids.

Chor.

6. We'll drink to our wives and our sweethearts, aye! aye!
And meet the dear creatures half way on the "tri."

Chor.

7. May Heaven watch over our fifty odd wrecks;
Protect us from "croppers" and save our poor necks.

Chor.

8. Now, fellows, a rouser for C. Bi. C.;
With every man sober as sober can be.

Chor.

Meeting of the Racing-Board, L.A.W.

THE first meeting of the Racing-Board was held on Wednesday evening, January 10th, at the Metropolitan Hotel. The following members were present: S. A. Marsden, New Haven; Geo. D. Gideon, Philadelphia; and Fred. Jenkins, New York. After an informal discussion of the prominent questions, the meeting was called to order at 8 P.M., and Mr. S. A. Marsden was chosen Chairman, and Mr. Fred. Jenkins, Secretary. The rules of the Racing-Board were taken up one by one, and the following changes were suggested, and will be presented at the next meeting of the Board of Officers for approval: —

RULE 1. The word *not* was stricken out from the sentence "whose games have not received the written sanction and indorsement of the League Racing-Committee," as it destroys the sense of the rule. It thus reads as follows: —

1. Entries and awards will be confined strictly to amateurs; and persons entering for these races, who are not members of bicycle or other athletic clubs whose rules for membership exclude professionals, must satisfy the judges that they are not professionals, either by their own statements in writing or otherwise. Any wheelman competing in races other than those held under the auspices of the League, or of a League club in good standing, or of an organization whose games have received the written sanction and indorsement of the League Racing-Committee, will be disqualified from competition in future League races, unless this disqualification shall be subsequently removed by the board of officers of the League.

RULE 14 was amended to read as follows: —

All championship races shall be held under the immediate supervision of the League or its constituent clubs, or the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America in conjunction with the League. No trotting, athletic, or other non-League organization shall be allowed to hold State bicycle championships in which League members shall compete, without the special sanction of the Racing-Board.

By this amendment it will be seen that championships must be given by the League or the National Association of Amateur Athletes in conjunction with it. Privilege to hold State championships may be granted to League clubs or authorized associations, when the importance of the meetings is sufficient to warrant the Racing-Board's special sanction, although it is recommended that not more than one race be offered as a State championship during the year, and that meeting must be announced at least one month in advance, in order to give intending contestants ample time for preparation.

OFFICIAL HANDICAPPER.

In accordance with the rules, an official handicapper remained to be appointed, whose duty it would be to frame handicaps for such clubs and associations as desired his services. Mr. Fred Jenkins was then elected "Official Handicapper

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of the League," and the following fees were fixed as compensation for the service to be rendered: —

FEES FOR HANDICAPPING.

A fee of one dollar for each race for which five or less contestants are entered, and fifty cents for each additional five names. Employment of the official handicapper is, of course, not compulsory, but nevertheless recommended. After a short discussion the following directions were suggested for those who desired the sanction of the League to their games: —

APPLICATION FOR THE SANCTION OF THE RACING-BOARD, L.A.W.,

must be made to any member of the Racing-Board, indorsed by a League officer or at least two League members, and a full statement of the character of the proposed race must accompany the application, which must be filed at least ten days previous to the date of the proposed meeting, in order to allow time for investigation: As it is not within the power of representatives and consuls or other League officers to sanction races, it is recommended that the *Bicycling World* and *The Wheel* publish regularly the names and addresses of the members of the Racing-Board under the L.A.W. standing notice.

OFFICIAL RETURNS.

Should the application receive the approval of the Board, a blank will be forwarded to the parties to whom the same is granted, which report must be filled out and returned to the secretary, accompanied by a list of field officers, or, better still, a printed programme, to be filed for reference. The Board is required to appoint a League member in the immediate vicinity of the races to see that the rules of the League are properly carried out.

FIELD OFFICERS.

At all race-meetings it is desired that the following officers be elected: a referee, two judges, clerk of the course, starter, and three time-keepers, who shall also act as scorers. At small race-meetings the number may be reduced according to circumstances, and it is not necessary that they be League members. But the Board requires that at least three time-keepers be on hand, one of whom shall be a member of the League.

RACING-RULES, ETC.

The secretary was directed to have copies of the racing-rules and instructions printed and supplied to the members of the Board for distribution to any one making application for the same. Ignorance is no excuse for the violation of the League rules, and racing-men are warned that, if found competing in unauthorized games, they will be debarred from entering any approved races or the championship games of the League and National Association of Amateur Athletes of America.

TRACK MEASUREMENT.

The Racing-Board recommends that the official measurement of racing-tracks be the same as the English and American athletic standard, which is as follows: "The measurement of tracks shall be made eighteen inches from the inner edge, which edge shall be a solid curb raised three inches above the level of the tracks." In connection with this subject the Board wishes to state that it is its intention to recommend this standard to the Bicycle Union of England and the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, so that the standard will be same all over the world, and comparison of records rendered intelligent and comprehensive.

The Board recognizes all records made in the past on tracks exceeding this standard, up to three feet, until the above amendment is adopted by the L.A.W. board of officers; but, from information at hand from reliable English and American authorities, they strongly recommend the eighteen inches measurement.

CLASS HANDICAPS.

As this subject has met with some discussion the matter was carefully looked into, and its advantages and disadvantages fully discussed. The Board feels, however, that the appointing of an official handicapper will tend to make future handicap races satisfactory, and do away with the necessary evils of the class system.

FLYING STARTS.

As the present rules provide that a start shall be made from a stand-still (the competitor mounted on his machine, and pushed off by an attendant), the Board sees no reason for recommending any change at present.

AMATEUR *v.* PROFESSIONAL.

The Racing-Board declines to sanction any race between an amateur and a professional, as tending to establish a bad precedent, and one not in accord with the N. A. A. A. A. The action of the Board in the recent Prince-Frye matter was indorsed unanimously by the meeting.

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ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

In view of the fact that the two annual race meetings of the League have resulted in financial failure, it was decided to ask the Board of Officers, at the next meeting, to amend Rule 11 of the Constitution, to read, "Once a year, preferably in autumn, there shall be held a race-meeting, under the auspices of the League and the National Association of Amateur Athletes, for which suitable championship medals shall be provided. These races are open to all amateurs. There shall also be a prize offered for the League championship (distance one mile), which shall remain the property of the League until it shall be won three times by the same competitor."

There being no further business before the Board, the meeting adjourned at 11.45 P.M.

FRED. JENKINS,
Secretary.

Prof. Benjamin Mason's Death.

MRS. BENJAMIN MASON, who was reported among the missing at the Milwaukee fire, telegraphed to her son, Mr. Elliot Mason, of this city, Wednesday, that she was at St. Louis visiting friends on the morning of the disaster, and announcing that her husband, Prof. Benjamin Mason, was lost in the burned hotel. Mrs. Mason immediately started for the scene of the conflagration on hearing the sad news. Mr. Mason had been for a short time Professor of English Literature and the English Language at the German-American Academy in Milwaukee, and was just entering upon his second term of service there. Prof. Mason had many friends in this city, especially in literary circles. That he was appreciated in Milwaukee is evident from the many telegrams of condolence and expressions of sorrow at his loss, as well as testifying to his brilliant literary accomplishments, that have been received by his near relatives in this city. Prof. Mason leaves a family of four children and a widow. Two sons, Mr. Elliot Mason and Mr. Crawford Mason, reside in this city, and are the managers of the Columbia Bicycle School, at No. 214 East Thirty-fourth street, all the male children of the family having taken a great interest in athletic sports. Even Prof. Mason himself only last summer ran foot-races with his sons at the sea-shore, and was an expert bicycle-rider. His health was excellent and his constitution robust. On leaving for the West, his sons wanted him to take a tricycle; but he answered that "tricycles were for old ladies," and demanded the two-wheeled vehicle. Of the two daughters in the family, one is married to Mr. George Mirick, of this city, and the other, Miss Anita Mason, is the well-known concert singer. — *N. Y. Times, Jan.* 12.

THE annual meeting of the San Francisco Bicycle Club was held on Thursday evening. Roll-call showed a large attendance. The President and secretary presented their annual reports, after which the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Columbus Waterhouse; Captain, Henry London; First Lieutenant, John C. Quinn; Second Lieutenant, F. A. McLaughlin; Secretary and Treasurer, George J. Hobe; Bugler, John W. Gibson. J. W. Kerr and Alfred H. Cables were elected to serve as a Club Committee. After tendering a vote of thanks to the Park Commissioners and to the retiring officers, the club adjourned to Campi's restaurant, where a collation was served to which ample justice was done. The following toasts were drunk: "The President of the Club," responded to by Mr. Waterhouse; "Ex-Captain Eggers and Wife," responded to by H. C. Eggers; "Mr. Aldrich, Our Absent Friend," "Our Worthy Secretary," responded to by George J. Hope; "The Oakland Bicycle Club," responded to by Captain Strong; "The Pioneer," responded to by H. de Clairmont; "The Wheel," responded to by J. Sanderson. — *San Francisco Chronicle, Jan.* 20, 1883.

THE New Haven Bicycle Club held its fourth annual meeting at its head-quarters, 42 Center street, Wednesday evening, January 24, and elected the following officers: M. F. Tyler, President; S. A. Marsden, Captain; T. R. Ackrill, First Lieutenant; J. W. Jewett, Second Lieutenant and Treasurer; Robert Christie, Secretary; F. W. Joyce, Standard-Bearer; W. H. Thomas, Bugler; H. D. Clark, Club Committee. At present there are thirty members in the club. The financial condition is satisfactory, the reports showing that there is a balance in the treasury of fifty dollars. Later in the season the club will give a select sociable, the date and place yet to be announced. Every one of the thirty members of the club owns a machine; and when the weather permits, and the roads are in reasonable condition, club-runs will be resumed. The coming season will see the organization greatly strengthened in membership, as there are evidences that many outsiders will seek to join.

A BICYCLE club has been formed in Hyde Park. The officers are as follows: President, T. O. Walter; Captain, A. D. Hale; Secretary and Treasurer, W. D. Smith.

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WE give below a clause from the much-talked-of bill brought forward in the Ohio Legislature, by Representative Green, of Shelby, which, through the efforts of wheelmen, will probably never get further than the committee-room: —

And any person using or riding a bicycle, tricycle, or velocipede upon or along any public road or street, shall, on seeing any person driving or riding any horse or horses thereon, from any direction, toward him, dismount at least twenty-five feet away from such horse or horses, and pass the same on foot, or permit the person managing the same to drive or ride past him, while so dismounted; and any person using a bicycle, tricycle, or velocipede, and failing to comply with the provisions of this section in regard to the same, shall be liable for all damages sustained in person or property, in any manner, by reason of such person failing so to do, and shall also, on conviction of failing to comply with the provisions hereof regarding bicycles, tricycles, and velocipedes, be fined not less than one nor more than five dollars; but no person using an engine, bicycle, tricycle, or velocipede, shall be required to wait or suspend his business to permit persons to pass, as herein provided, beyond a reasonable time.

THE Salt Lake Bicycle Club was organized about two years ago, and has a membership of fifteen. The roads about Salt Lake City have been in good condition nearly all winter, and the club have taken advantage of this fact. The present officers are as follows: President, G. H. Taylor; Vice-President, Ed. McClellan; Secretary, James E. Jennings; Captain, D. L. Davis; Sub-Captain, H. Cuttler.

A CLUB has been formed at Oberlin, O., called the Oberlin College Bicycle Club. Officers: President, C. H. Scott; Secretary and Treasurer, Gerald S. Lee; Captain, Walter Stone; Lieutenant, J. E. Williams.

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT, well known by many riders as a brother wheelman, has recently entered into an engagement with the Madison Square Theatre Company. We extend our wishes for his success in this new undertaking.

MR. FOSTER, President of the Badgeless Club, of Baltimore, was recently in Cincinnati, and attended the races which came off in that city Jan. 18.

VILLION and wife, and Mendoza, who are now travelling with the Devene troupe, are practising the single-wheel act. They have a single wheel, in every way the same as the large wheel of a bicycle, without the backbone, of course, and they propose to do some startling riding next season on the novel machine.

THE *Times-Star* of Cincinnati, publishes a "special despatch from Philadelphia," in which it is stated that Jabez Holman has been arrested on the charge of having aided in drugging and robbing Fred Rollinson, ex-champion bicyclist.

THE Cleveland Bicycle Riding-School was opened to the public Monday, Jan. 22. This hall is one hundred feet long, and forty-six wide.

LAST week witnessed an accession to the ranks of the Benedicts in the person of Herman C. Eggers, ex-Captain of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, and racing champion of the Pacific coast. A large number of friends assembled at Saratoga Hall in response to neat invitations; and, after an hour of social conversation, the party entered the parlors connected with the hall, and witnessed the ceremony. After congratulations, an hour's dancing was followed by supper, dancing being again pursued and continued until the small hours, when the party separated with many wishes for the future happiness of the contracting parties. — *Breeder and Sportsman, Jan.* 6.

THE races held Friday night at the Exposition track, under the auspices of the Kentucky Club, were well attended. The first thing on the programme was a club-drill, well executed by eight members of the club. This was followed by a splended exhibition of fancy riding by Huber on his Star and Chas. Jenkins on his Expert. Then came the two-mile race, two entries,— Young and Wells. Young won in 8.07½, Wells claiming a foul, which Young admitted to be accidental. Race given to Young. Second race, the great five-mile race. Entries: Crawford, of Louisville; Crawford, of Chicago; and Reed, of Cincinnati. Chicago fell on the third lap of the third mile, and withdrew. Reed was never in the race, and Louisville had his own way. Time was as follows: 1 mile, 3.32; 2 miles, 7.13; 3 miles, 10.42; 4 miles, 14.20; 5 miles, 17.58.

WE clip this notice from the *Evening Telegraph*, of January 12th: —

MARRIED.

BLAKISTON — JOHN. — At Trinity Church, West Philadelphia, Thursday, January 11, by the Rev. J Henry Morton, Miss Annie P. John and Horace A. Blakiston, both of Philadelphia.

Mr. Blakiston is, and has been since its organization, Secretary of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, and was one of the first bicycle-riders in that city, having a road record of no small amount.

ROCKFORD, Ill., now has a club. G. L. Wilkins is President, and L. S. Thomas, Secretary.

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THE New Year's greeting of *La Revue Velocipedique* and *La Velocipedie Illustrée*, the new illustrated French journal, has been received. E. Forestier is editor, R. Rigoley, manager, and F. Gèbert furnishes the illustrations.

IN the "Synopsis of all-day runs," in the January number of THE WHEELMAN, occurred a slight error. Mr. Thomas Midgley made his run of 179 miles upon an Expert, and not on a Matchless, as was there stated.

BOOK NOTICES.

The English People in its Three Homes, and Other Lectures.[1]

IN these lectures Mr. Freeman has said nothing new. He has only reiterated what he has been writing for the last twenty years. No doubt these lectures were very pleasing and instructive to the hearer; but to the reader they seem very much diluted, especially the first course. Whole chapters are occupied with stating and re-stating, in a great variety of forms, but one idea. Mr. Freeman seems to think that either his system of treating English history is totally unknown and seems unnatural to us, or else that we are unacquainted with the early history of our mother country. However, everything is said in such a pleasing and candid way, that one is willing to overlook minor faults. In the second course of lectures there is less of that diffuseness so objectionable in the first course, although even here it is occasionally found. It consists of six lectures, whose subjects are: "Causes and their Effects," "The Democratic City," "The Aristocratic City, "The Ruling City and its Empire," "The Elder and the Newer England," and "Rome Transplanted." The democratic city is Athens, the aristocratic city Rome, the ruling city and its empire is Rome with Venice and Bern. In these lectures Mr. Freeman applies the lessons of history to the problems of to-day, and does it well. The identity of the English race in its three homes is well brought out; and we are inclined to believe with him that, despite the Norman, the Irish, the German, the Sclav, and other heterogeneous elements which are commingled with us, we are still English by the inherent forces of character, language, and associations.

Mr. Freeman is a sound and vigorous thinker, and whatever he says is worthy of consideration. His remarks on American institutions and politics are especially worthy of notice, and will perhaps be found instructing, as political history has been his favorite study. And yet we do not think he distinguishes clearly and definitely the difference between a republican government like ours and a government like that of England.

He believes the stability of our government depends upon a strong, well-organized *machine*, which is just what *we* do *not* believe in. Being an Englishman, however, we could hardly expect him to believe differently.

The work is one of great value both to the scholar and the general reader. It is a vigorous candid exposition of Mr. Freeman's theory of English history, which we believe to be the correct one.

[1] Lectures to American audiences. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. I. The English People in its Three Homes. II. The Practical Bearings of General European History. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

Kennedy's "John Greenleaf Whittier."[1]

With commendable enterprise, Mr. Casino engaged Mr. Kennedy to write a biography of Whittier soon after Mr. Kennedy's "Life of Longfellow" was published. The excellence of the latter work leads us to expect a good book, and we are not disappointed. Mr. Kennedy divides his work into two parts. The first eight chapters treat of the outward doings and opinions and general facts of Whittier's life; the second part treats of his genius and writings.

No one will complain of the execution of the first part of the work. Mr. Kennedy writes in a dispassionate, straightforward manner, and writes comprehensively too. The principal facts in Whittier's life are set forth clearly, and in their proper relations. In the second part of the work the writer lets us see more of Kennedy; and while we like the candid way in which the author throws side-lights on his opinions, we can conceive of those who differ radically from his views to conceive a distaste for the really critical and just portions of the work. Overlooking these slight mannerisms of thought, the entire work is just what is needed by those who are familiar with the poetry of Whittier, and love the poet.

James Fenimore Cooper.[2]

THE latest issue of "American Men of Letters Series" is the volume before us.

As we learn from the preface, Cooper, on his deathbed, "enjoined his family to permit no authorized account of his life to be prepared." On account of this fact, no biography of this great novelist has heretofore appeared. Still, this does not seem to have hindered Prof. Lounsbury from giving a full sketch of Cooper's life and writings. The very clearness and

[1] John Greenleaf Whittier. His Life, Genius, and Writings. By W. Sloane Kennedy. [S. E. Casino, $1.50.]

[2] James Fenimore Cooper, by Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in Sheffield Scientific School, Yale College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1883.

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succintness of the biography shows that nothing of importance has been omitted.

The outlines of J. Fennimore Cooper's life, and the real features of his personality, are not generally known; and this book will be gladly welcomed by all interested in our literature.

That the biography of one who was so much a part of American literature of fifty years ago, and who had so much influence upon it, should be so long unwritten is only atoned by the production of such a really excellent one as this by Prof. Lounsbury. It is a model of its class. Written in no spirit of partisanship, but in a calm, unprejudiced manner, he neither aims to conceal in the least Cooper's faults, nor magnify his good qualities. In spite of the many slanderous statements made about Cooper during the latter part of his life, while engaged in those interminable lawsuits, Prof. Lounsbury is satisfied, and we all must be, with the fact that those who knew him best loved him best. Cooper, no doubt, was too quick to take up any petty charge, and fight as if in behalf of a great principle. Still we cannot but admire the sturdy persistence with which he put down every opprobrious accusation and criticism connected with the Mile-End controversy, the "Naval History," and the lawsuits which followed. The story of these trials, which followed one another in quick succession for several years, and in which Cooper nearly always pleaded his own cause, is full of interest, and shows a great deal of the real character and power of the man. It is well that the years have disconnected Cooper's name from these scenes; for their result was injurious to his fame as a writer and his reputation as a man, even though, as we read these pages, we see that he really triumphed.

Prof. Lounsbury has a remarkably clear and interesting style. Everything is put in good light, and can be seen for what it is worth. The criticisms upon Cooper's novels are incisive, and made with an air of impartiality that is convincing of their soundness. Prof. Lounsbury has given us one of the best biographies of a literary man that has been written in America, showing at once the literary and private life and personal character of Cooper.

Conway's "Emerson at Home and Abroad."[1]

MR. CONWAY'S book is well adapted for two classes of readers: Those who know little of Emerson, and wish to learn the general facts of his life, the secret of his influence, and the general trend of his teachings; and those who know and love Emerson. The author received his first intellectual impulse from reading one of Emerson's essays. From his youth he studied Emerson's writings, in early manhood met Emerson and conceived for him a deep love and admiration.

From this intimate acquaintance he is able to draw a consistent and satisfactory portrait of the Concord philosopher. The main incidents of Emerson's life are set forth in a clear manner.

The relations between Emerson and Carlyle are well set forth. "Carlyle's tones were tenderer even than his words, when, in the evening after his inauguration as Lord Rector at Edinburgh, he told me of this visit. 'He came from Dumfries in an old rusty gig, — came one day and vanished the next. I had never heard of him; he gave us his brief biography. We took a walk while dinner was prepared. We gave him welcome; we were glad to see him. I did not then adequately recognize Emerson's genius; but she and I thought him a beautiful soul, and he was always a very pleasant object to us in the distance. Now and then a letter still comes from him; and amid the smoke and mist of the world it is always as a window flung open in the azure.'" The book contains charming pictures of Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Thoreau, and others whose names are worthy of such companionship. Bright pictures of Emerson's home life are given. The work is one which leaves the impression of wholeness on the mind of the reader.

Ruth Eliott's Dream.[1]

"A STORY for girls," by Mary Lakeman, under the above title, is a tastefully bound and printed book. It is a simple story of every-day life among an ordinary class of people. No incidents raise the interest above a monotonous level, which is a little wearisome. The best portions of the book are the descriptions of scenes, which the writer brings out in a quiet but pleasing style. Everything about the story is pure and healthful; but these characteristics are not strongly enough presented to be of much value, or to be impressed upon the reader's mind. The story is not a unit. Ruth Eliott does not appear very often, and, when she does, the character is not made a central one at all, though the title of the book would seem to indicate this. There is no distinct line of argument, nor does the story require any. Many characters are brought in, — none made especially prominent. As we have said, there is a pure, innocent atmosphere about the whole story, which partially, if not wholly, makes up for the lack of other features of less importance in a book of this kind.

Whist, or Bumble-Puppy?[2]

"BUMBLE-PUPPY is persisting to play whist either in utter ignorance of all its known principles, or in defiance of them, or both." The writer says in the preface that he does not presume to teach the present

[1] Emerson at Home and Abroad. Moncure Daniel Conway. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. $1.50.

[1] Ruth Eliott's Dream, A Story for Girls. By Mary Lakeman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883.

[2] Whist, or Bumble-Puppy? Ten Lectures Addressed to Children. By Pembridge. From the Second London Edition. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1883.

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generation, who are so well acquainted with the game, and so calls the book "Ten Lectures Addressed to Children."

"Whist, or Bumble-Puppy," republished here by Roberts Bros., was well received in England. Its humor, its sarcastic drollery, together with the evident soundness of its maxims, make it amusing and instructive. Some of its suggestions will quite relieve many American whist-players who have rebelled against some of the incongruities and complexities of the "modern scientific game" of several years ago, but yet found no sympathy with the spirit of revolution. Pembridge makes everything plain, and makes his own opinions all the more telling by ludicrous mock-serious remarks about the absurdity of some of the rules which he opposes. Whist-players will find this little book full of practical hints, written in most entertaining style, something decidedly new in books of this kind, which are usually dry and uninteresting.

Living Truths.[1]

CHARLES KINGSLEY was a man after a wheelman's own heart. As Howells expresses it in the preface of the work before us, "He preached a red-blooded goodness."

There is the ring of the old viking spirit in all his works; the thought is there, although half-concealed, that living is living only when the life-blood leaps like a torrent through the veins, and in the face of faults too manifest, one would rather be a Hereward than take a city.

He believed what no scientist dare deny, that a perfect brain is a physical possession, not a spiritual one. That he who breaks one of nature's laws is guilty of all, and the whole universe, as it were, is in arms against him.

He wrote: "Without well-filled lungs robust health is impossible. And if any one shall answer, 'We do not want robust health so much as intellectual attainments; — the mortal body, being the lower organ, must take its chance, and be even sacrificed, if need be, to the higher organ — the immortal mind'; — to such I reply, you cannot do it. The laws of nature, which are the express will of God, laugh such attempts to scorn. Every organ of the body is formed out of the blood; and if the blood be vitiated, every organ suffers in proportion to its delicacy; and the brain, being the most delicate and highly specialized of all organs, suffers most and soonest of all."

This is sound doctrine for priest and layman, — doctrine never needed more than in this age of steam, and this book of extracts contains between its dark-red covers a multitude of sermons from that text.

"In spite of all man's sin, the world does prosper. . . . In spite of all, God is stronger than the devil!" And we may add, that muscul Christianity is as antagonistic to pessimism as light is to darkness.

[1] Spare Minute Series. Living Truths, from the writings of Charles Kingsley. Edited by E. E. Brown, with an introduction by W. D. Howells. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1882.

Calendars.

THE Longfellow & Emerson Calendars (Houghton Mifflin, & Co.) are among the most tasteful that have been issued this season. The selections are well chosen from the best works of these great men, one for each day in the year. The back in each case presents a portrait of the author, and views of his home and haunts.

Kate Sanborn's Sunshine Calendar is also beautifully and artistically gotten up. It is similar to the others in form, but the quotations are from various authors.

Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall.[1]

MACMILLAN & Co. have recently published these two choicest of the works of Irving, in a cheap form, similar to the *Franklin Square Library*, with numerous illustrations by Caldecott. The illustrations are quaint and well suited to the subject-matter, and add a new charm to these American classics.

Books Received.

FIRST GERMAN BOOK, after the Natural or Pestalozzian Method for Schools and Home Instruction. By James H. Worman, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE STILL-HUNTER. By Thomas S. Van Dyke, author of "The Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California," etc. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. 1883.

HOW TO USE WOOD-WORKING TOOLS. A Manual. Boston: Ginn & Heath, for the Industrial School Association. 1882.

ROOM AT THE TOP; OR, HOW TO REACH SUCCESS, HAPPINESS, FAME, AND FORTUNE. Compiled by A. Craig. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co. 1883.

SPARKS FROM A GEOLOGIST'S HAMMER. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., author of "Preadamites," etc., etc. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1882.

POCKET MANUAL OF RULES OF ORDER FOR DELIBERATIVE ASSEMBLIES. By Henry M. Robert, Corps of Engineers, U.S.A. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1883.

LECTURES TO AMERICAN AUDIENCES. The English People in its Three Homes. By Edward A. Freeman. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1882.

[1] Old Christmas, from Washington Irving's Sketch Books. With upwards of one hundred illustrations by R. Caldecott. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[1] Bracebridge Hall. With one hundred and twenty illustrations by R. Caldecott. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

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'CYCLING SKETCHES.

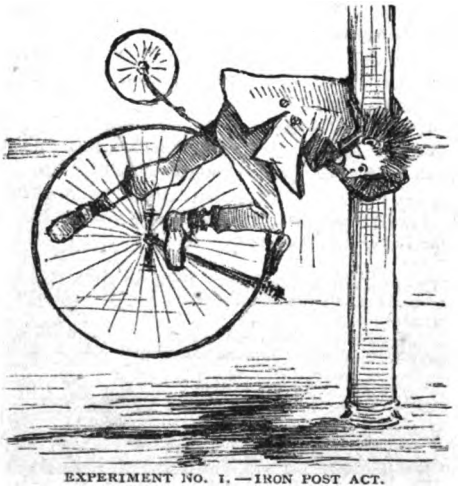








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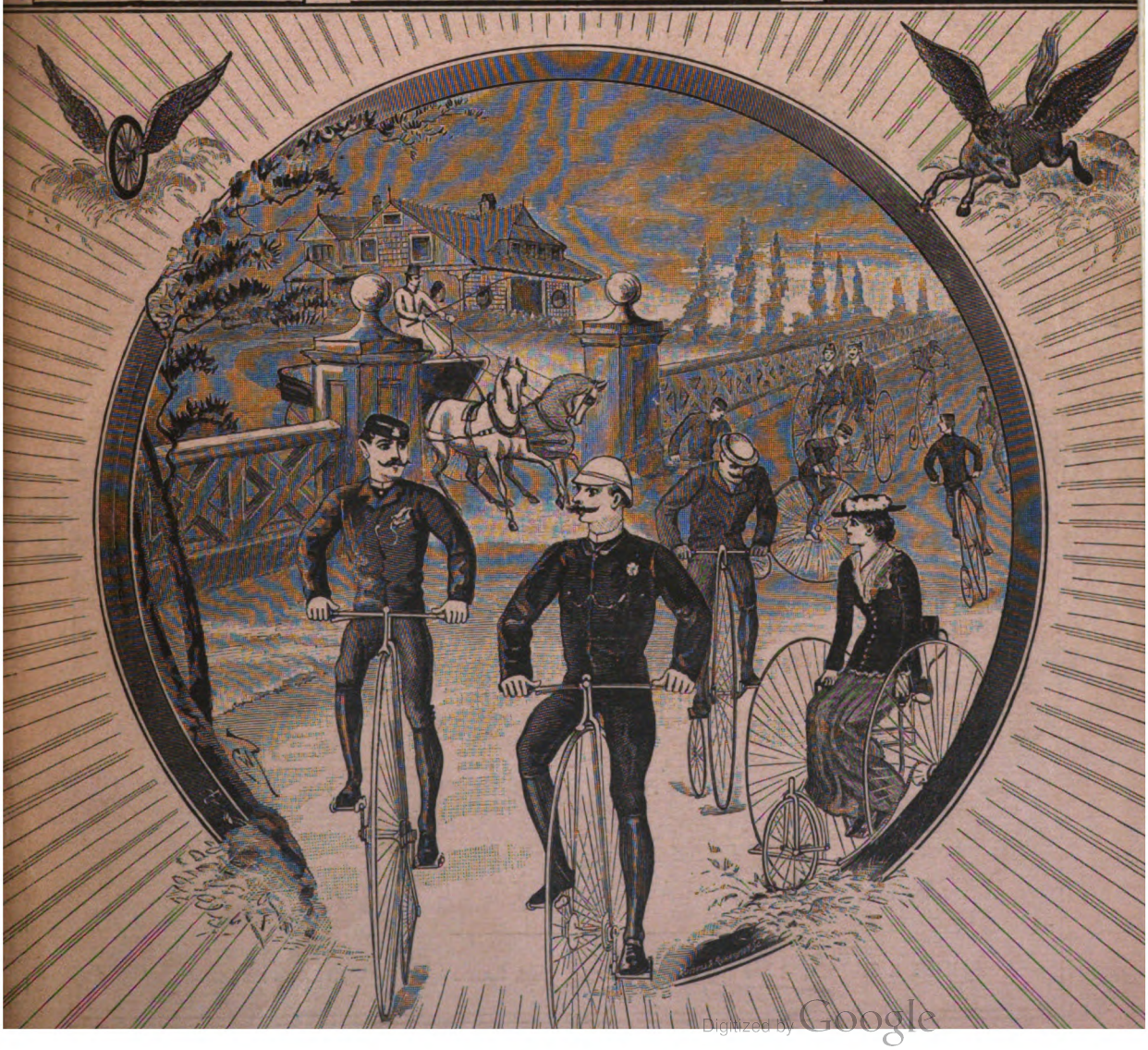


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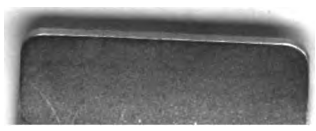
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